Summary

Following the defeat of Zamasu and the erasure of his own universe Trunks was able, thanks to Whis, to settle into a universe much like his own alongside Mai.

Only another Trunks and Mai existed in this one as well.

Ones who had never met Goku Black due to Whis awakening Beerus to stop him before he had grown too powerful.

With no threats remaining Trunks chose to alienate himself from this version of himself and made a peaceful life with Mai on an island far away from battle.

A few years later mysterious beings attacked Earth and the resident Trunks of this timeline faced them alone.

Trunks was too late to save his other native timeline self, who had never even unlocked the state of Super Saiyan 2, and without the Dragon Balls to revive the fallen Trunks his guilt over his inaction only intensified.

Was he right in trying to alienate himself from this timeline as he had done?
Did he really deserve to live in peace with Mai?

Soon enough an enraged Beerus, accompanied by Whis, appeared before Trunks to explain the situation...

Notes

"'Canon to Fic'"

* Dragon Ball Minus
* Jaco the Galactic Patrolman
* Dragon Ball
* Dragon Ball Z
*** The History of Trunks
*** Bojack Unbound
* Dragon Ball Super
*** Battle of Gods
*** Resurrection of 'F'
* Present: A few years after the Goku Black Arc

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We have a TV Tropes page thanks to Leirbag15! Yay! Feel free to contribute to it if you're a fan! I'll try too but I'm completely lost and new to editing TV Tropes.

Here's the link:


Thanks for the support everyone, especially those like Leirbag15 who went out of their way to do things like this. I really appreciate it!

See the end of the work for more notes.
Frightening Discovery: The Tournament of Power!

Chapter Summary

After the assassination of the Trunks of this timeline the remaining Trunks encounters Beerus and Whis in the aftermath.

It is through them that Trunks learns of the approaching Tournament of Power.

Beerus tapped his fingers upon his arms, he was clearly agitated. Everything before them was a mess, pure destruction really. Whomever had been here earlier had been quite thorough and efficient.

"Outrageous!" Boomed Beerus, "Those tricksters, fools even! How dare they come to my universe to cause trouble!"

Beerus turned to Whis, the angel smiled softly as he floated calmly in the air.

"Whis!"

"Yes, Lord Beerus?"

"Who was responsible for this?"

"Hohohoho... I wonder."

"Enough of your games, Whis!"

Trunks was flabbergasted, what was Lord Beerus and Whis doing here on Earth? Why should they be so concerned that it had been attacked specifically?

It had been around three years, hadn't it? Three years since the past Whis had introduced the Beerus and Whis of this timeline to him.

Initially Beerus had threatened to destroy him, for breaking the laws of time travel which was reserved only for a select few, but relented when the past Whis bribed him with ramen. Beef was it? Or chicken? Shrimp?

It didn't matter, really.

"Lord Beerus, Whis." Trunks bowed his head to both, being sure to be as respectful as possible. "Please forgive my transgression but I must say that your appearance here is most curious. Is there something that I could help you with?"

Beerus stopped yelling at Whis, turning his attention to Trunks. "He doesn't know?"

"Oh my, was I supposed to inform him?" Whis chuckled.

"Whis, you were supposed to inform him! I told you to do so as soon as we had been informed ourselves!"

"I supposed that it must have slipped my mind, Ohohohoho!"
Whis seemed to be enjoying this a bit too much.

"Ummm..." Trunks interrupted, "Inform me of what, exactly?"

"Rrgh... Fine, I'll do it since I'm already here." Beerus cleared his throat, "You better listen well, I will not repeat myself!"

"Loud and clear, Lord Beerus." Trunks said, straightening his back into a state of attention.

"Very well, I shall begin. Lord Zeno has decided to begin erasing universes of low Mortal Levels to reduce the amount of universes. Initially the weakest were to go, and in an instant they were gone."

Trunks had to gather his thoughts. Universes were being erased? Just like what happened to his in his native timeline?

"After erasing numerous Universes only four of the designated universes left for erasure remain - Universe Four, Universe Six, Universe Seven and Universe Eleven. And before you ask, yes the Universe that Zamasu was initially from has been erased too."

"Wait, hold on! That means Gowasu was erased? Tell me! How many Universes aren't at threat of being erased?" Trunks urgently asked.

"Yes, he's gone! Also, why does that matter at all?!" Yelled Beerus furiously.

Whis tapped his staff, shaking his head.

"Now, Lord Beerus..." Whis chided.

"Argh, fine! You're such a pest, Whis!"

Beerus cleared his throat once more.

"The Universes with the highest Mortal Levels and are above the scale Lord Zeno measures are exempt from erasure. They are Universes One, Five, Eight and Twelve."

"I see..."

Trunks was uncertain.

If Lord Zeno wished to erase the weaker universes then why was this Universe still in existence? If he recalled the past Whis, before he had left Trunks to reside in this timeline, had told him that this Universe was designated as the Seventh.

"May I now continue, hm?" Beerus looked agitated as he said that.

"O-oh! I'm sorry, please continue Lord Beerus!" Trunks said, bowing repeatedly.

"Oh, stop that." Beerus commanded. When Trunks did so Beerus continued. "As I was saying, Lord Zeno had intended to finish wiping out the remaining universes he felt weren't up to snuff per say. However, Whis here---..."

Beerus grabbed Whis by the neck and pulled him close.

"---managed to convince the Grand Priest to talk Lord Zeno into agreeing to a solution of sorts. What was said, I haven't a clue. What I do know is that a compromise was made."
Beerus released Whis and crushed his open palm into a fist.

"The compromise is quite simple, really. The remaining four universes, set to be erased, will enter a Tournament of Power for the amusement of Lord Zeno."

"Tournament of Power?" Questioned Trunks.

"Yes, yes. The rewards are quite simple, actually - Winner gets to continue to exist and have a wish from the Super Dragon Balls."

"A wish? Then..." Trunks pondered things.

This could allow him to bring back the Trunks of this timeline, to fix the failure of his inaction. Wait, what about the Namekian Dragon Balls?

"I see that look on your face. Don't try it." Beerus threatened.

Trunks was taken aback.

"I beg your pardon?"

"You were thinking of using those Namekian Dragon Balls, weren't you?"

Trunks sighed, was he that obvious?

"Don't bother!" Beerus exclaimed, "Where do you think I was just earlier? Namek! I was at Namek! Or so what was left of it."

Trunks backed away in shock.

"Namek is gone?"

Whis interjected.

"Yes, it would seem that whomever had attacked Earth recently had also made sure to level Namek beforehand. Interesting at how they knew of it, no?"

"Yes, yes. It is as Whis said." Beerus continued, "Another Universe had infiltrated our own with the sole intention of depleting our power before the Tournament."

"Quite underhanded, don't you agree?" Whis chuckled softly.

Beerus rolled his eyes.

"I really wished that you would take this more seriously, Whis." Beerus sighed, he almost sounded depressed.

"But I am! Can't you tell, Lord Beerus?" Whis started to laugh again.

"The rules..." Trunks finally said. "What should I expect?"

Beerus smiled a toothy grin, fangs protruding out.

"Finally we are getting somewhere! Whis, explain the him the rules!"

"As you say, Lord Beerus."
Whis bowed his head before beginning to outline the rules. An imagine appeared in air next to them, Whis tapped on each with his staff as he recited them.

"""""""Tournament of Power: Rules""""

* Four Universes; Four Warriors from each.

* Only Mortals, no Gods may participate.

* There will be multiple rounds per bracket with a short break between brackets to rest and recover.

* First Bracket: Two vs Two.

* Second Bracket: Two vs Two.

* Third Bracket: One vs One.

* Final Bracket: Remaining Two Fighters of opposing Universes, skipped if they're from the same Universe.

* Each Universe shall participate in every bracket, if possible, and there will only be One Universe which may be victorious per round.

* Said Victor shall advance to the next round and face those who also advance.

* Should members of the same Universe advance from separate rounds into the same one then the round is skipped and they will progress together. They may aid each other in future rounds.

* To be victorious all other Universes must be ringed out, no killing is allowed.

* Each round will last 30 minutes or when only One Universe remains. The one remaining with the least amount of damage may advance in the scenario that multiple universes remain after the allotted time.

* Being knocked out doesn't cause you to lose, only ring outs matter or outnumbering the other Universe after time out.

* If there is a dispute brought up over this and is accepted by Lord Zeno then the remaining fighters will be instructed to unleash their most powerful techniques. The Universe which impresses Lord Zeno the most may advance instead.

* No weapons, armor or items which grant an unfair advantage may be brought into the ring.

* Flying is forbidden, all must fight equally on the ground.

* The victorious Universe, the Universe to prevail in the final bracket, shall not be erased and will be granted a wish from the Super Dragon Balls.

* An MVP is chosen at any time by Lord Zeno to avoid erasure even if their Universe is erased. They are moved to the prevailing Universe at the Tournament's conclusion.
"I understand... Tell me, how long until this Tournament of Power begins?" Trunks slowly asked, trying to hide his lack of confidence.

"Ohhh... I believe that there should be around four months remaining." Whis responded.

"Huh, Lord Zeno must love the number four." Trunks chuckled nervously.

Beerus suddenly appeared in front of Trunks, frightening him.

"Don't you think about gathering warriors from different timelines. It's bad enough that you reside in this one. If Lord Zeno ever discovers the truth about you then he could easily have us all erased without question! So no time travel, **GOT IT**?"

Trunks nervously waved his hands in front of him.

"Alright, alright. I'll keep the promise that I made as my condition of staying in this timeline."

Beerus crossed his arms.

"Whis shall help you locate other fighters should you require his aid. Though I suspect that most will be coming from Earth."

"And whose fault is that? Hohohoho..." Whis teased.

"Argh, I didn't tell Freiza to wipe out all the powerful races while I slept! If he wasn't already dead then I would destroy him myself!" Beerus complained.

Eventually Beerus gritted his teeth.

"Fine, whatever. It's done already." Beerus turned to Whis before barking out a request. "Take me home, I desire to nap."

"As you say, Lord Beerus." Whis smiled to Trunks as he spoke gently. "I do wish you luck. If you require my aid then simply call out and I shall appear."

Whis tapped his staff into the air and a strange energy surrounded the pair. Moments later they were gone.

Trunks was alone, he had much to contemplate.

"Tournament of Power, huh... I'm sure Goku would have loved to attend that." Trunks mused aloud.

No, don't think about Goku. The Goku of this Universe was long dead and Trunks couldn't rely on him. No, Trunks had to focus! Not only to ensure that they weren't erased but to make amends and bring back the Trunks who had died defending this timeline as well as all the innocents who had been murdered.

At this moment Trunks paused, looking at the destruction before him once more. Not even a body remained of his other self, he couldn't even give him a proper burial. Shaking his head Trunks
powered up and started to fly off into the distance.

There was someone he had to see first.

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**Universe Four - Quitela's Inner Chamber**

"Kekekeke... Well done, Ganos! You succeed far beyond my wildest expectations!" Snickered the rat-like figure. "Universe Seven should no longer be a problem for us. Ah, I wish that I could have been there and seen the look on Beerus's face! It would have been priceless!"

Ganos was kneeling before Quitela, a smile on his face.

"I was disappointed, Lord Quitela."

"Oh?" Quitela ceased his snickering. "How so?"

"Well..." Ganos shrugged as he spoke. "When I arrived on that planet, Earth was it?, I felt a powerful being residing upon it. Yet the one I faced was no trouble at all for me to defeat. Afterward I tried to locate that power once more but felt nothing."

"Hah, it would appear that your senses aren't as refined as they once were." Quitela said firmly.

"Perhaps. That is why I look forward to your wise instruction, Lord Quitela."

"Kekekeke... Four Months is plenty of time to teach you how to master God Ki."

Quitela seemed pleased with himself.

"I won't disappoint." Ganos responded, hiding his own smirk from Quitela as he bowed his head.

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**Universe Seven - Lone Island**

Trunks had arrived, making sure to land softly. Brushing himself off he approached the only building on the island. With a smile he pushed his way inside.

"I'm home." Trunks called out.

"Already?" Came a feminine voice.

Scuttling of feet could be heard on the floor boards as a small figure charged at Trunks, jumping up into his open arms.

"Daddy!" Squealed the child, it was a young girl of only two years of age. Not just any girl but his pride and joy - Bulma, named after his deceased mother.

A smiling Mai peeked out from the kitchen, Trunks could feel the affection seeping out of those beautiful eyes of hers.

"Did you learn what was the cause of those explosions?" Mai asked, stirring a long wooden spoon into the boiling pot.

Trunks forced a smile. "No concrete details yet."

"I see..." Mai seemed disappointed. "Well, dinner will be ready soon. So why don't you two freshen
Trunks looked confused, then he realized that Mau meant their daughter too. "Of course. C'mon princess, let's go do that."

"Weeee!" The girl screamed out in joy as Trunks weaved her throughout the air like she was flying.

Mai couldn't help but giggle as she watched them disappear.

Later that night, after dinner, Trunks tucked in their daughter. Planting a kiss on her slumbering forehead he tip toed out of the room.

Arriving at his own he breathed a heavy sigh as he planted himself into bed. Mai was busy studying for her college exams, she had dedicated herself into becoming a Doctor since arriving though her pregnancy had delayed her studies somewhat. However, upon hearing her husband sigh she promptly placed her book aside.

"What's the matter?" Mai asked, rather firmly.

"Can't hide anything from you, can I?" Trunks chuckled, "I... I met with Lord Beerus."

"Lord Beerus? Of this Timeline? What did he want?"

"Well, he needs me to enter an upcoming tournament... And to gather 3 more members."

"I see..." Mai nodded. "So what is the problem? You're the strongest in this universe, aren't you? At least as far as mortals are concerned."

Trunks shrugged.

"I guess it's that I'm just worried that I may be out of it. It has been around two years since I even had to go Super Saiyan. I guess that..." Trunks looked at his clenched fists, voice full of doubt, "I'm just worried that I may not be good enough anymore."

It was now Mai's turn to laugh.

"What's so funny?" Trunks asked Mai.

"You always have that funny look on face when you're so deep in thought." Mai teased, "Really. After all we have gone through you still doubt yourself?"

Trunks felt like an idiot. He had just heard of the Tournament yet he was already in doubt? It was like he was giving up before even starting!

"You're right, Mai!" Trunks leaned in to kiss her softly. "What would I do without you?"

Mai blushed.

"I supposed you would be pretty hopeless on your own, huh?"

They both looked at each other then began to laugh in unison.

That's right, Trunks had no time to doubt - only to press forward!
In search of allies Trunks runs into a familiar yet unfamiliar face. This meeting would also bear with it another interesting surprise of its own...

"Mommy." Little Bulma asked her mother - Mai, "What's daddy doing?"

"Well..." Mai answered, "This is how your father concentrates when he has a lot on his mind."

The two of them watched from a distance as Trunks was levitating slightly off the ground with his legs crossed and eyes closed. In his silence he pondered where he could locate strong allies.

Not wishing to disturb her husband Mai took hold of her daughter's tiny hand. "Come dear, let us not disturb your father."

"Oh... Okay!" Responded Bulma.

Giving her hand a light squeeze Mai led Bulma back into the house.

Trunks couldn't help but smile. Despite his meditation he was quite aware of the presence of his family and he greatly appreciated that Mai understood that he needed time alone.

Returning to where he left off Trunks concentrated once more.

Allies...

They had been living in this timeline for over two years now yet Trunks hadn't encountered anyone of note let alone sensed any great power. Course that may be because he hadn't really left Earth outside of helping with a few errands for the Supreme Kai.

"This isn't really bearing any fruit, huh?" Trunks muttered.

No, it really wasn't much to his despair.

If he had the Dragon Balls he could very well supercede the ruling on reviving the dead after a certain time period and just have a powerful warrior brought to him. Or even just wish for one to be created.

Created...

"Of course!" Trunks exclaimed, pounding his fist into his open palm. "If I can't find an ally right now then why not just create one?"

But where would he find the means to that?

"There's only one place I know where to begin looking..." Trunks realized before breaking his meditation and flying off.
Wasteland - Babidi's Ship

When he had first arrived in this timeline it was right before Babidi and Dabura had attacked Earth in their attempt to revive Majin Buu. The other Trunks had been kept ignorant of their arrival as only one of them was needed to stop Babidi.

Thanks to his past tribulations Trunks easily thwarted Babidi's plot on his own, sparing the Supreme Kai a gruesome fate like in his own timeline. However, in victory Trunks chose to leave Babidi's ship and research untouched instead of destroying it.

It would seem that this act was a most sound one as if anyone had had the knowledge to create a powerful warrior it would have been Babidi.

Arriving at the location where he had hidden the ship Trunks began to make his way inside. However...

"Something isn't right." Trunks concluded.

Drawing his sword, quite similar in material to his old one that had long been destroyed, Trunks examined the entrance. For being nearly two years since he had last laid eyes upon it everything looked remarkably clean and well maintained. This could only lead to one conclusion.

"Someone else has been here and could still be within the vicinity." Was his first thought.

Slowly pushing open the entrance Trunks cautiously entered with sword gripped tightly in hand. The first thing to greet him was lit torches and the smell of fresh airflow. There was no mistake, whomever had discovered this location was still here.

Taking a deep breath Trunks drifted off the ground and began to fly through the ship as silently as possible. Even after all this time Trunks still remembered the layout perfectly, it didn't take him long to arrive at the main chamber.

Taking a position within the shadows as he hugged his back against the wall his eyes soon caught sight of a rather tall figure. It looked as though the figure was observing a pod.

"I know that you are here." Said the figure without turning around. "Your attempts of stealth will do you no good."

That voice, it was robotic and oddly familiar.

"Alright, you got me." Trunks conceded, stepping out of the shadows.

"Welcome." The figured greeted, turning to address Trunks. "I do not believe we have had ever met before."

"No, I guess not. At least not in this timeline."

The word timeline seemed to take the much larger red haired figure by surprise. It took him a few moments to compose himself.

"I see, that would explain your actions from the past records and how two of the same person could exist."

"Let me guess." Trunks replied. "Those little robotic flies have been observing and collecting data this entire time."
"Indeed." The robotic figure nodded. "Your knowledge of them too supports that you speak truthfully."

"So, do you still bear the same designation? Android 16, I believe."

"Yes."

That response brought some relief to Trunks. At the very least it wasn't a new model though he did have to wonder how Android 16 was even up and about. This timeline was similar to his own, yet Android 16 shouldn't exist in it... Right?

"Tell me." Trunks questioned, "How long have you been active?"

"An odd question." Android 16 responded. "Does the time frame of my activation differ from your own past experiences?"

"That it does. In my original timeline I never encountered you, while in the past timeline I initially traveled to you first activated alongside the Androids designated as 17 and 18."

Android 16 pondered this, running calculations in his head.

"That is quite troubling."

Trunks shrugged his shoulders. "That is all that you can say?"

"What more is there to say?" Was Android 16's response. "My creator and his creations have been decommissioned for years, long before my activation."

"Then why are you here? There is no way that Dr. Gero could have predicted the arrival of Babidi."

"No, he did not."

"So..." Trunks held out his hands, waving them near his waist as if prodding Android 16 for answers.

"Curiosity drew me here." Android 16 replied, taking the hint.

"Curiosity? But aren't you fully mechanical unlike the others?"

"Indeed I am." Android 16 walked over to place a hand on the pod before him. "Dr. Gero had implanted a scientific curiosity within my programming in the unlikely scenario that all his plans had failed and if abnormalities such as yourself were to appear."

"Don't tell me..." Trunks pointed his sword. "You're making a new Cell?"

"No. Your standing here is more than enough validation that Cell had failed to reach true Perfection and thus was a failure."

Trunks raised a brow, he was now curious. "Then what is in the pod?"

"A project that I have been working on since my awakening and enhanced with the discovery of this ship." Was the only response that Android 16 would give.

Not in the mood for games Trunks approached the pod, peering forward into it. Unfortunately he had trouble making out the features of the being within. The liquid it was submerged with was quite thick, oddly enough.
Android 16 took a seat nearby, opening one of the abandoned tomes that had belonged to Babidi.

"A creation born of both science and magic." Android 16 began. "It was the only logical evolution of Dr. Gero's previous works."

Trunks squinted, the slumbering being was becoming easier to identify now.

Its skin was a pale white, a body sculpted in pure muscle fully enshrined in a powerful armored carapace, small horns protruded from its head that bore short dark spikey hair, thin translucent lines ran down from its face, hands and feet to its abdomen and finally a long hairless tail was curled snugly around its waist.

"What have you created?" Trunks asked, slowly backing away.

"As I said, a being of both science and magic. All the data obtained by the drones over many years combined with the research into the mystic arts practiced by the being known as Babidi before his demise."

Trunks had to take a seat. What was he supposed to do?

Destroy this abomination due to the potential that it could be even more powerful then himself? If it turned out anything like Cell then this could be his only chance to prevent a repeat of history.

However, this being could be what he was looking for. Trunks needed powerful warriors and this being was apparently the complete compilation of all the work both Dr. Gero and Babidi had spent their lifetimes perfecting.

Suddenly the pod began to drain of its fluids, the being slowly drifted to the pod floor. Turning to Android 16, Trunks saw that he was standing before a panel of controls.

"What is the meaning of this?" Trunks demanded. "Is this your way of picking a fight?"

Android 16 gave Trunks a stoic stare.

"I know why you have come here. Did you forget of the drones?"

"Then what are you..."

"It is indeed a bit premature but..." Android 16 interrupted. "Time is no longer a luxury."

The being began to cough, liquid was soon being regurgitated from its mouth as it gasped for air.

"Trunks, your name I believe." Android 16 offered a hand. "Allow us to aid you."

Trunks wasn't a fool, this was too good to be true. "How do I know that this isn't a trick?" His hand gripped his sword in a threatening manner.

"I carry on the will of Dr. Gero and despite what he may or may not have done he was ultimately a scientist first and foremost." Responded Android 16. "Your power... It far surpasses my own. Thus my conclusion is that only you can potentially help my creation realise its true potential."

That logic was... Sound. If Android 16 had been observing Trunks this entire time since he had arrived in this timeline then it would make sense that he would desire for Trunks to continue where he couldn't.

"Very well." Trunks seathed his sword. "My choices are quite limited, as you know, so I will
cautiously accept your offer. Though know that if I suspect any foulplay that I will not hesitate to act."

"A prudent and logical stance. I approve."

The pod slowly began to open, Android 16 approached it. Stepping inside he helped his creation to its feet. It looked disoriented.

"So..." Trunks started to say, eyeing the being in question. "Does it have a name."

"It is male and yes. I have designated it as Android X0X."

"Not calling it that." Trunks said rather casually. "How about... Cross? Like the two X's crossing through the 0."

"That is not his designated name." Android 16 didn't seem pleased.

"Well, if I'm going to be training him then I should get to decide on a name that is easy for everyone to remember."

Android 16 contemplated this as he administered vaccinations and supplements into his creation.

"...Very well, I shall have his designation changed to Cross."

"Then it is settled." Trunks concluded. "Now then, I'll let you finish up here first. Afterward I have the perfect location where we can begin accessing what Cross is currently capable of."

Android 16 merely nodded, returning to his work. While Trunks on the other hand pulled out an object from his pocket and with a few taps it lit up with a miniaturized imagine of the Supreme Kai appearing from it.

"Trunks?" Questioned the image of Shin, the Supreme Kai.

Trunks offered a smile.

"Long time no see, Supreme Kai! You know that favor that you said that you owed me for the Babidi incident? Well, I need to call it in now."

"Ask away and if it is within my power then I shall grant your request."

From the corner of his eye Trunks glanced at Cross who was quickly gaining enough strength to stand on his own without needing assistance from Android 16.

"Well..."
Zajak the Bounty Hunter

Chapter Summary

Trunks is goes to meet the mysterious teal girl named Zajak, however things don't go as planned.

Chapter Notes

And the final warrior!

In the depths of space a massive creature bearing the face of a fish and the body of a walrus relaxed in his expensive self-massaging long couch. It was but only one of many fine luxuries that he enjoyed on his private pleasure space cruiser.

Lazily he clapped his hands together and the curtains were pulled aside to allow beautiful women, of diverse many alien species, to dance most elegantly into his private quarters.

One was multi-eyed, another had two heads, a tail protruded from yet another, and yet many more poured out from the curtain.

Blue, green, orange, red...

He was a creature of fine tastes and relished the thought of having a diverse assortment of beauty to select upon based on his current whims.

"Lord Kaldani." Bowed a wide eyed green alien, his mouth was thin and small. "Our client has agreed to pay the requested fee in full."

Kaldani growled softly, turning into a low purring as he oogled the women with his massive hands.

"Yes, good. Inform our client that the goods will be delivered in the coming hours."

The much smaller alien bowed once more before leaving without another word.

"Of course it would be improper..." Kaldani mused aloud, "If I didn't sample the product first."

By product he meant these luxurious goods that danced about his person without abandon. This was good as if they weren't enthusiastic then that could hurt their market value. Would be a real shame if he had to trigger their collars to inject that lethal poison into their bloodstream.

His attention diverted to the floor, for some reason his eyes were now latched upon the form of a beautiful creature - her eyes were bright red, her hair shoulder length and a rare orangish color and that skin of hers... Teal, was it?

Her body, enhanced by her revealing outfit which covered the bare minimum, itself was quite well
toned as well. It was strangely intoxicating to look upon even if her endowment and curves were at above average at the most.

Perhaps it was the way she carried herself, an air of confidence? It did seem as if she was dancing through water, Kaldani could swear that he could see light strings of blue energy emit from her fingertips then vanish soon after. Were his eyes playing tricks upon herself.

Kaldani clapped his hands in the manner that signaled all of the women to depart, however once his clapping had ceased he pointed to the teal beauty.

"You, stay."

She smiled most shyly, kneeling to bow her head in respect.

The others nervously shuffled their feet and scurried away through the curtain.

Kaldani gestured for the woman to approach and as she did he sat up. Admittedly it took him much effort, he was quite unaccustomed to moving too much due in part to his lifestyle of luxury. After a bit more of a struggle he finally made room for the teal woman to sit beside him.

Kaldani wrapped a massive arm around her figure, his hand resting on her exposed hip.

"What name marks this beautiful flower?" Kaldani cooed, pressing her against his wide and flabby stomach.

"Anything you desire, my Lord." Replied the woman.

She knew her place, this was good as it meant that little instruction would be required.

"My Lord?" The woman asked, resting her head against him. "Do you not find me attractive?"

Kaldani felt a surge of confusion, she was just product yet why was he finding himself more and more engrossed by her charms?

"Of course I find you most attractive." Was his response, it baffled him.

The woman giggled.

"My Lord, what is to become of me and the others? Are you not the only one worthy to be called Master by us?"

"That is..."

Kaldani felt himself grow light headed and he could swear that more of that blue light flashed about yet vanishing everytime he blinked.

"My Lord, you look unwell."

The woman removed his arm, standing up.

"I'm just..."

The woman smiled, leaning forward to kiss him, how he desired the warmth of her lips pressed upon his own.

Cha-kling!
Kaldani felt a collar placed around his neck, it was extremely tight which made it hard to breath.
The woman had her arm at her waist level, her hand clenching into a fist.
Suddenly Kaldani could see small blue light floating all around him.
"Ugh, I can't believe I let the Captain talk me into this."
The woman brushed her orangish hair away from her right ear, tapping into it to activate her com-link to speak.
"Status?"
There was a light buzz before a response.
"Hostages retrieved, and thanks to your technique the guards all succumbed rather easily."
The woman rolled her eyes, somewhat annoyed.
"It was a pain and very time consuming to stealthy envelop the entire crew into my energy and even hide this collar. Next time tell the Captain that the next one in going straight into smashing."
"I'm sure that he'll take that into consideration."
The woman could hear laughter from her com-link.
"Ugh... You're probably right, he'll want to do things peacefully first. How drool."
"Hey, Zajak, before you go..."
"What is it?"
"The guys and I were wondering if you wouldn't mind showing us that dance of yours later before changing out of that outfit."
"You guys are the worst!" Zajak moaned in frustration, ending her call.
To relieve her frustration Zajak tenderly rubbed her forehead.
"Zaldani the Slave Trafficker." Zajak announced, still gathering her wits. "The Vulnarius Monarchy is paying good money to have you brought back to them alive."
Zakdani was aware now, tugging at the locked collar - eyes wide with fear.
"Pretty stupid to struggle, you of all people should know." Zajak taunted, amused at his failed struggles.
"Wait, let's be reasonable! I can pay you much more than they can!"
"Probably."
"So...?" There was a desperate eagerness in his voice.
"Eh, I'll pass."
"But you're a bounty hunter, aren't you? Money is everything!"
"I don't really see the merit in helping someone as pathetic as you. Your security, for example, is a complete joke and even a novice would have hired some muscle that can detect the usage of ki."

"Ki? That superstitious belief?!" Gasped the fool.

Zajak could only sigh at the stupidity of their current target, so she decided to demonstrate. Holding her hand out a green energy appeared, soon blue and red lines began to swirl around it

"It would seem..." Zajak mused, "That ever since the fall of Freiza and the eventual collapse of his Empire all those years ago that things such as ki have become nothing but urban legends to the denizens of the universe. Course I wasn't even alive then for most of that, so whatever."

Zaldani lurched back into his couch, frightened as Zajak approached with that immense power floating above the palm of her hand.

"Oh?" Zajak noticed. "You can sense ki after all, albeit very weakly it would seem."

Zajak closed her hand, absorbing her energy back into herself.

"Relax, I'm not the one you should be afraid of. I'm sure that the Vulnarius Monarchy has such grand plans for the fool who had kidnapped and tried to sell their only son and heir into slavery."

"If I knew his birthright then I wouldn't have-" Zaldani began to protest.

Suddenly Zajak slapped him with the back of her hand, instantly knocking him out. His face was a mess, did she accidentally knock out some of his teeth?

"Darn, he was even weaker than I thought. This better not affect my pay."

The Sacred World of the Kai

"Woooo-weeee!" Exclaimed an overly excited Elder Kai.

Supreme Kai did his best to maintain his composure, though it was clear that he was embarrassed for his superior.

"What a looker!" Elder Kai pointed into the orb which they had used to observe the unsuspecting Zajak. "About time you found someone worth looking at!"

The Elder Kai looked over his shoulder, Android 16 was busy teaching Cross how to speak properly. To Cross's credit he was listening quite attentively and was quick to pick up the lessons given to him by his creator.

"Great Elder..." Shin, the Supreme Kai, said slowly. "My choice wasn't random, she really does have a great deal of untapped power."

Trunks, he was sitting around the orb as well, nodded in agreement. "I can sense something familiar about her too even from here."

It was strange, this was the first time he had ever laid eyes upon her yet why did she look so familiar to him? His face tightened into a serious one as he pondered it which prompted the Elder Kai to slap his cheeks.

"Stop looking so cross!" When he said this Cross turned his head to the Elder Kai. "Not you!" Snapped the Elder Kai which prompted Cross to return to his teachings.
"Resuming instruction." Android 16 could be heard saying.

"My apologies, Elder Kai." Trunks apologised. "I must have gotten lost in thought.

"Hmph, you kids these days always getting your heads lost in the clouds." Retorted an agitated Elder Kai. "Here we are basking in the glory of a beautiful woman in nothing but a very revealing metal bikini of sorts yet all you can do is scowl!"

"You do know that I'm happily married, right?" Trunks added.

The Elder Kai could only roll his eyes.

"That doesn't give you the right to ruin this for me! At least pretend to be interested!"

Shin intervened.

"Our time is limited, perhaps we should go retrieve this woman?"

"Finally!" Gasped the Elder Kai, "Someone finally speaks sense here! Yes, go retrieve this beauty already! I can't stand this waiting and unnecessary anticipation!"

Shin's shoulders slumped in defeat.

"Trunks, if you will..."

Trunks understood and placed a hand in Shin's shoulder. Normally such transportation would prove problematic for a mortal but as Trunks previously trained with Shin to serve as an apprentice during his time in this timeline it was manageable.

"Kai, Kai!" Shouted Shin.

In a blink of an eye they were gone.

The Elder Kai rested his cheek on his hand, bored.

"Great, now I'm stuck with a humorless robot and a being with the intelligence of a child."

Looking at Cross, the Elder Kai noticed that he felt something familiar. The magical energy that he was made up of was most intriguing.

"Android 16, was it? Tell me, how did you create the being known as Cross?"

Android 16 ceased his instruction momentarily.

"My creation - The being designated as Cross is a fusion of the works of my deceased creator Dr. Gero and the magical studies left behind by the deceased alien magician Babidi."

"Ah, yes... The works of your creator and..." the Elder Kai stopped mid-sentence. "Excuse me, what was that last part again?"

"-and the magical studies left behind by the deceased alien magician Babidi." Android 16 repeated in that monotone voice of his.

"I see, so I did hear correctly."

The Elder Kai felt his eyebrows twitching in growing agitation.
"Please, continue with your instruction."

"Resuming instruction."

Turning his back to the pair as they returned to their previous instruction the Elder Kai clenched his fists so tightly that they grew white. When Trunks returned he was going to have some choice words with him.

---

**Planet Distruno**

It was a mostly deserted arid world, sand covered nearly every inch of it that wasn't littered by deep valleys and sky piercing mountains. The only reason anyone came here was to perform exchanges away from prying eyes.

Zajak was in the comfort of a well cooled establishment. Unlike before she was now in her proper attire of choice - hardened black boots, a loose pair of dark blue pants tucked into her boots, a long sleeved black shirt, a sleeveless open blue vest over it and a red bandana used to tie her short orangish hair into a small ponytail.

At her feet was the crumbled forms of what appeared to be guards. Their master, however, was bending down on all fours as Zajak comfortably rested her crossed feet over her back.

"Lady Tokli." Zajak addressed. "Did you really think that the rest of the monarchy wouldn't have suspected your hand in all this?"

The thin old purple lady grimaced, gnarled teeth clenched in pain.

"To think that you not only wished to obtain their heir for yourself but had the audacity to also participate in the slave trade. Tell me, how did it feel looking those poor souls in the eyes as you doomed them to a life of slavery until the day they expire?"

Tokli's only response was to spit on the ground.

Before Zajak could resume taunting the defeated Tokli her Captain entered the room.

He was a rather large fellow, skin that of a dark purplish hue and muscles bulging underneath his military grade outfit which itself was drapped over by a long red flowing coat, covered in many golden ornaments and medals, which nearly touched the floor. Most pronounced, however, was his big red pirate hat.

"Zajak, stop wasting time."

Zajak frowned.

"Says the old pervert who had me wear that disgusting slave outfit. I can still feel that metal thong riding up on me."

The Captain ignored Zajak as she rubbed her bottom tenderly in protest.

"You know that it was the best plan for the job." Was his reply.

"Maybe you should hire more women who can actually fight, old man."

"Dr. Girna does good work for us. If I recall she's the reason you survived that botched operation a few years back."
"I was only a kid." Zajak protested. "If anything it was your fault for sending me out there by myself."

"Oh?" The Captain mused playfully. "Wasn't it you who insisted that I let you partake in what would be your first official hunt?"

Zajak blushed slightly, digging her boots into the back of Tokli which garnered a low yelp.

"Whatever. I'm ju-"

Zajak blinked.

In the center of the room were now two strange looking people who had seemingly appeared out of thin air. One had bluish hair, tanned white skin and a strange outfit bearing the CC logo and the other was fairly short and had a white mohawk of sorts yet carried a dignified air about him.

Immediately she pointed her open palmed hand at them.

"An assassination attempt? Why didn't you tell me you had more guards left in reserve, Lady Tokli?" A hungry smile painted itself on Zajak's face. "I was bored anyway."

Trunks put his hands in front of himself, waving about.

"Stop, we don't want trouble! We just came here to talk!"

"Not fooling me, assassin!"

Zajak fired a blast, which Trunks easily deflected only to be met by an unexpected punch as Zajak had charged forward.

"S-stop this!" Trunks yelled out as Zajak revved a kick and sent him flying through the window, shattering it in the process, into the arid landscape.

Zajak soon followed after him, that smile of hers twisting into a devilish one at the sight of Trunks showing that he too could use ki to fly.

Shin, meanwhile, turned his attention to the Captain. "I assure you, we mean no harm."

"I figured." The Captain said, grabbing a frozen in fright Tokli by the collar.

"Then why did she attack?" Shin question.

"Zajak is a special case." The captain tried to explain. "Whenever she can sense a powerful opponent she tends to get carried away. We have started calling it the Battlelust. Personally I can't sense this ki mumbo jumbo stuff anyway so I may just be oversimplifying things."

Shin was somewhat concerned. Ever since Freiza killed off nearly the powerful threats in the universe to himself, save Lord Beerus and his attendant Whis, and was subsequently destroyed years later the mortal level has dropped immensely. To think that Shin would be unfortunate enough to live in a time where ki was considered mere superstition or magical in nature.

"Well then, shall we speak peacefully?" Shin offered.

"I would prefer that, yes."
Outside

Trunks outstretched his arms and legs, stopping himself from falling any further in the air.

"Will you just listen to me!" Trunks angrily shouted.

Zajak could only see red, her breathing quickening.

She could feel it.

This person may be hiding it but she could feel his power!

It was driving her crazy! Never before had she encountered such a powerful opponent! Her blood boiled with anticipation. Finally she could let loose without having to worry about holding back!

"Are you even listening to me?" Trunks tried once more.

Zajak was now in front of him, swinging. Trunks caught her fist and his knee came up to meet hers.

The air seemed to shake at the contact between them, vibrations emitting as they began to quickly trade blows.

"Yes, yes! This is what I've always desired!" Screamed Zajak in joy as she started getting warmed up.

Trunks was beginning to realize that this young woman was beyond reason at this point - had she been over taken by some sort of lust for battle?!

Her strength was actually pretty astonishing, the more they traded blows the more powerful and stronger she seemed to become. It was quite clear that based upon her eagerness that she had never pushed herself this far before.

"Despite being so young she's pretty strong. Most assuredly Freiza would have eliminated her as a potential threat before she could have progressed this far if he still lived." Trunks thought. "I better try to end this quickly."

Gathering his ki Trunks pushed out an explosive barrier which hurled Zajak back slightly.

"Don't run! Things are just getting good!" Zajak whined.

As the barrier dissipated Trunks was revealed to have golden hair now, spiked up - he was now a Super Saiyan.

"Eh?" Zajak scratched her cheek. "You're blonde now."

Trunks rushed her, no words. Zajak barely had time to block his strike. Instead of the shocked look that Trunks had expected Zajak was smiling.

"You got stronger!" Zajak exclaimed. "I knew you were holding back! That means I don't have to either!"

"Either?" Trunks thought.

Zajak's eyes began to grow red, red lines zipping about as she started to dart around Trunks in a speed that made her appear blurry.
Faster, faster and faster she went!

Trunks was having trouble keeping his eyes on her movements.

"Not only can you use ki but you can sense ki too?" Zajak happily questioned. "You're amazing! Then I can try this!"

Zajak started to spread small blue energy out of her fingertips which surrounded Trunks. Was it from when she disoriented that slave owner? No, this was different.

Trunks realized it now, he no longer could sense her exact location as she moved about in a blur save a traveling red line emitting from her eyes before quickly fading away.

It was quite evident that he was both out of practice and that he had underestimated her. All he could do was defend as she zipped around, striking at him when she should.

Trunks had wanted this to end quickly, that was his goal from the start, but he couldn't do it at only the first level.

With a mighty shout Trunks unleashed his energy and went to the next level - Super Saiyan 2!

Lighting cackled in the air and danced about his body, his expression hardened and hair took a more refined spiked state.

Zajak was no longer too fast for him, he didn't need to sense her ki any longer to track her movements.

So as she went to strike him again it was like she was in slow motion, he simply raised her arm up to expose her abdomen and planted his other fist into her before unleashing a powerful ki blast.

It had happened so fast, Zajak was suddenly sent flying into a mountain. An explosion from the ki blast followed soon after.

Trunks floated to where Zajak was planted into the mountain, clutching her abdomen in pain and a small bit of blood seeped from her closed lips.

"Heh... To be killed by someone so strong is alright with me." Zajak joked, though Trunks could tell that the young woman was merely pretending to be courageous before potential certain death.

It was obvious to a hardened warrior like himself that she did indeed fear death and valued her life - she never intended to throw it away so recklessly. Or so he hoped.

Exhaling Trunks reverted to his base state. This young woman had a lot of untapped potential, he could only imagine how strong she could get under some proper tutelage from him.

"If you just listened to me then you would know that I'm not here to kill you." Trunks sighed, chiding her.

Zajak started to laugh.

"Hehehe... Forgive me. I couldn't help it. Your power was just so memorizing, my very being demanded I see at least some of it in action." Zajak began to scowl after saying that. "Though I must admit that I'm pretty annoyed they you still held back in the end."

That's right, Trunks did use only the necessary amount of power to defeat her. There was no need for him to unleash his Super Saiyan Rage state, the difference between them would have been far too
great even with him out of practice.

"So." Trunks began his interrogation. "You attacked me despite knowing that I'm far more powerful than you."

Zajak frantically nodded with a hugely intense smile.

"...Why?"

"Because you looked like fun."

Trunks wasn't exactly sure how to take that comment.

Chapter End Notes

They have less than 4 months, can Trunks get the team up and ready in time?

What of the other universes? How will they be preparing?
Trunks negotiates for the services of Zajak before returning to The Sacred World of The Kai. With a full roster Trunks has 4 months to prepare his newfound allies for the Tournament of Power.

**Planet Distruno - The Captain's Ship**

"Zajak, you foolish girl! You let your bloodlust take over yet again! Had your opponent been serious you would have been killed! How ever did I raise such a foolish, foolish girl?!" Yelled The Captain as he scolded a seated submissive Zajak.

Though his words were somewhat harsh they came not of anger but concern. This much was obvious as he busied himself with treating her wounds. Ever so gently at even at, as when she winced from contact of the medicine he would temporarily recoil his hand before proceeding once more.

"I'm sorry..." Zajak said meekly, hanging her head low. "I lost control, I take full responsibility."

"Tch, not up to me."

The Captain cocked his head over to Trunks.

"She attacked you, so what would you believe could serve as adequate compensation?"

Trunks himself was seated from across the room, arms folded. His eyes remained on Zajak, studying her abrupt change of behavior after she had calmed down and the adrenaline had passed through her system. What he saw had given him hope, her sincerity meant that she had potential to learn.

"When I came here it wasn't to start a fight." Trunks slowly began to say.

Zajak blushed in embarrassment as she tried to bury her face into her hands.

"If you would consider my original proposal, it remains unchanged."

The Captain lightly stroked his chin, considering things.

"Your comrade, Shin, informed me that he was the Supreme Kai and that you've come to recruit Zajak for an upcoming tournament."

Zajak's eyes lit up in joy.

"Tournament?!" Said Zajak, her voice trembling with anticipation.

Rolling his eyes the Captain ignored the sudden shift of excitement by Zajak.

"Is it true, stranger?" Asked The Captain. "It is a battle that will determine if our Universe is erased or not?"
"That is indeed the correct state of affairs." Trunks replied, nodding. "Already numerous other universes have been erased and should we fail to grasp victory this universe will meet erasure as well."

"Tournament~, tournament~, tournament~" Zajak began to sing softly, her eyes sparkling. "If there are others that are strong just like you or even stronger then I'll happily enter! We can save my IOU for you til later, consider this a freebie!"

"Siiigh... Zajak why must you always follow your baser urges?" The Captain scolded. "Do you even understand what's going on? Only 4 may enter for each of the participating universes. Do you really think that you're strong and skilled enough to represent an entire universe? Eh, Zajak?"

"Obviously!" Zajak responded with zero hesitation.

"Yet you lost to that guy." Said the Captain as he pointed to Trunks.

"Yeah, well..."

Trunks cleared his throat, both looked to him.

"Good sir." Trunks began. "Zajak here has an immense potential and there is 4 months until the Tournament is to begin. If you would allow me I would gladly take her to The Sacred World of The Kai and train her under the watchful eyes of the Elder and Supreme Kais."

"Hmmm..." The Captain pondered, rubbing his chin again. "What say you, Zajak? Are you prepared to finally leave my care and go with this man?"

"Well..."

Zajak felt conflicted. The Captain and the crew were her family, she was also the most powerful of them. With her gone for so long they could get in to all kinds of trouble only she wouldn't be there to lend a hand.

The thought of them getting hurt or worse in her absence shook her to her very core.

"Oi..."

The Captain flicked Zajak on the forehead.

"You were just thinking that we were useless and would die without you here, weren't you?"

"I wasn't---!"

Another flick came, it caused Zajak to flinch.

"Don't lie to me, girl. I know what you're about and how that fool head of yours functions. Now don't you even think of using us as an excuse or anything. I wouldn't be able to forgive you if you did."

"...."

The room grew silent, all eyes on Zajak who quietly bit down on her lower lip.

As the silence persisted the door opened and Shin, the Supreme Kai, entered. "What is the word, Trunks? Our time is limited."
"Well..." Trunks began to say as he approached Zajak. "What will it be?"

"...Okay..." Muttered Zajak in a low voice. "I'll go with you. J-... Just give me a moment to say goodbye first."

Without waiting for his input Zajak pushed past Trunks and Shin to exit the room so that she could say her farewells to the crew.

"Will you not accompany her?" Asked Shin.

The Captain took a seat, a sigh puffed out from his lips.

"Zajak and I need no more words. I've always been prepared for her departure and I'm sure that she understands, just as I do, that things will be different after this is all said and done."

He lazily bent his neck to look upon Trunks.

"Listen here, alright? Zajak is young but she's also a curious one. By allowing her to leave with you I would be both bold and selfish enough to request that you take her with you even after the Tournament ends without our erasure."

"I don't understand." Trunks replied. "Isn't she your family?"

"Tch, not by blood and the life I hold isn't what I wanted for her. Besides... Zajak is special, we all knew it the moment we laid eyes on her. We also knew that we could never offer her the opportunities to foster her potential or give her a life that she deserved."

"Then you never expect to see her again?" Shin asked, curiosity filled his voice.

"I'm getting old and this latest contract..." The Captain waved a stack of papers in the air before continuing. "Will either kill me or force me to retire. Maybe Zajak would increase my odds but compared to the erasure of the universe how does my life or my crews even begin to compare?"

"Perhaps we could---."

Raising a hand up The Captain stopped Trunks from continuing.

"Zajak has never had formal training." He clarified. "Even with those four months you may not be able to bring out her full potential and fully instruct her before the Tournament. So the sooner you can begin instructing her the better. Besides, time isn't something that I could ask of you to so carelessly waste nor would I presume to be so arrogant as to ask the Supreme Kai to wait on my affairs."

Before Trunks could make a rebuttal Shin stepped forward and put an arm in front of Trunks.

"I thank you for your understanding and assure you that Zajak will be well cared for."

"Hah. To think that the Supreme Kai would be offering thanks to me. What a day to be alive." The Captain chuckled. "Please depart with Zajak, I wish to be alone."

Shin looked to Trunks who reluctantly nodded. The pair then offered silent bows before exiting.

Once they were gone The Captain dimed the lights, to hide his watery eyes, and turned on a monitor to replay an old recording.
"C-captain! We have a survivor!"

"By the Kais... She's a baby!"

"Move over lads, let me see!"

The Captain approached the young child - barely a few years of age, taking a knee so as to wrap his arms around her tiny fragile form.

A loud screeching noise screamed through the air only to crash into a nearby explosion, shrapnel scattered about in a fiery and bloody display. There was much beams of light filling the skies, bloodcurling screams echoed throughout the raging battlefield.

Even as the battle raged The Captain seemed unphased, instead focusing on checking the child's pulse and breathing.

"She's a tough one, eh? Still kicking even with those wounds at her age."

A crew member panickedly approached.

"Captain, captain! We have to go! Word is that a planet buster is above the planet's atmosphere! The Remnant Freiza Forces have all received the call leave the planet immediately!"

"Curses..." The Captain muttered, rising up with the child in his arms. "Contact the crew! We need to get off Planet Zajak now, they intend to destroy it outright!"

"Yes, sir!"

As the crew member scrambled away to contact the rest The Captain looked to the passed out tiny child held within his big burly arms.

"It's a miracle that you still yet draw breath, child." He whispered gently. "I won't waste it, you're coming with me from now on. And as for the rest of you..."

The Captain looked at the crew still present.

"Stop recording you lots! We need to move, now!"

"Y-yes!"

Recording End

Feeling tears roll down his cheeks the Captain sighed, wiping them away. It had been so long ago since he had adopted Zajak and the remaining remnants of Frieza's Empire had since fizzled out as none was ever strong enough to replace Frieza. He wasn't sure how nor even cared, but he did know that he felt great relief that a better future that he couldn't give her awaited Zajak.

The Sacred World of The Kai

"Kai Kai!"

Shin materialized upon his beloved planet once more. Behind him, with a hand on either of his...
shoulders, was Trunks and Zajak.

"Whoa..." Zajak mumbled, feeling disoriented.

"It takes getting used to." Trunks said reassuringly.

Just as they had prepared to depart Zajak had taken a deep breath before requesting that nothing involving her past or the crew be mentioned. Trunks understood, they were her treasured memories and it would only bring her pain and distraction to speak of them so he promised to her to still his tongue.

"We have returned." Shin called out.

"It's about time!" Huffed Elder Kai, rising from his seated position. "Now you there, mister! I have words for you in regards to that-that-that abomination!"

Elder Kai pointed furiously at an unsuspecting Cross.

"Cross?" Trunks questioned, soon enough he realized his mistake and quickly bowed. "I apologize, Elder Kai! I should have informed you of his origins! Please forgive me for my transaction!"

"Hmph, hmph! If the Universe wasn't in such danger I would thoroughly scold you." Replied a fuming Elder Kai. "Due to our circumstances, however, I shall overlook this transaction this time only. Do I make myself clear, Trunks?"

"Y-yes, of course!"

Trunks attempted to bow again but Zajak grabbed him by the collar to pull him up.

"He's so weak! Why do you prostate yourself to him? It's pure insanity!" Zajak asked, very much unimpressed by the Elder Kai.

"Who said that?! Why you----... Oh my!"

Upon seeing the beautiful female figure of Zajak, the Elder Kai retracted his words immediately.

"You must be that beautiful young woman that Trunks and Shin had went to retrieve. Truely the orb had failed to accurately portray your beauty!"

"Errrr..." Zajak mumbled nervously as the Elder Kai approached her. "Thank you?"

"No, thank you!"

"A-hem..." Shin cleared his throat. "Great Elder, please..."

"Tch. Fine, fine! Let us proceed!"

"Proceed?" Zajak asked, looking to Trunks.

"As you know our time is limited so before any training begins the Elder Kai shall unlock your potential." Trunks responded. "If we're to succeed we must surpass our already set limits."

"I think I understand." Zajak said. "So, how does he... Ummm... Unlock my potential?"

"Ohohohoho! That, my dear, only requires that you remain still for a time while I do all the work."
"...How long would I have to remain still?"

"Depending on yours and... His..." Elder Kai cast an angry look at Cross before continuing.
"Potential it could take hours or even the entire day."

Zajak shifted slightly on her feet.

"M-may I eat and bathe beforehand?"

"I would prefer we begin immediately, young dame, but I suppose your request shall be granted.
After all, should you faint I would have to restart from the beginning."

"Thank you... Ummm... Where may I eat and bathe?" Asked Zajak, looking around in confusion.

"Ah yes, follow me."

Zajak departed, following a much happier Elder Kai.

"The Great Elder truly has a strange change of character when it comes to beautiful young
women..." Shin pondered aloud.

"Supreme Kai." Trunks said. "It's getting late. Could you return me home for today? I don't wish for
Mai or our daughter to worry."

"Understandable, Trunks. I shall next contact you once the Great Elder has unlocked the potentials
of Zajak and Cross."

"Thank you." Breathed a fatigued Trunks.

"Such modesty... Now hold on."

Shin waited for Trunks to put a hand on his shoulder.

"Kai Kai!"

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**Lone Island - Briefs Household**

In a flash Trunks was returned to the front of his household. The sound of the waves lightly striking
the moist beach sand upon the beach then receding and the smell of salty water in the air brought
about a familiar calming within Trunks.

"Til we next meet, Trunks. Kai Kai!"

With that the Supreme Kai had vanished.

Laughter could be heard, Trunks turned to spot his daughter, Bulma - named after his deceased
mother, was playing in the ocean water as Mai watched attentively in a seat. Sensing his presence
Mai looked up to see him, her affectionate smile soon followed.

"Hey there, tough guy. Pretty late, huh?"

It was indeed after dark. Trunks hadn't intended to take so long but he had simply lost track of time.

"Does that mean I've missed dinner?" Trunks replied with a smile.
"Nonsense." Mai said, a coy smirk on her face. "I figured that you would arrive after dark so I had prepared a meal in the slow cooker. It should be done soon, actually."

"I don't deserve you."

"I would disagree."

Trunks laughed, he just couldn't win.

"Since we have time would you care to watch our daughter while I check on the meal?" Mai asked.

"I would love to."

"I shall return soon." Mai said, walking over to kiss Trunks on the cheek before leaving to enter their house.

Taking a seat in one of their beach chairs Trunks tenderly smiled as he watched their daughter play. When she finally noticed him she began to wave frantically. Waving back he felt pride at seeing how much she had grown and had to fight off the dread of one day letting go of her hand as she attended school for the first time.

That was still years off but as a father it was a day he would forever fear yet love as it would be her first step of not having to rely so much on him or Mai and becoming her own woman.

"I cannot afford to lose." Thought Trunks.

If he wished to see that day become a reality he had to get stronger and win the Tournament of Power...
Chapter Summary

Well into the first month of training an unexpected arrival occurs much to the rage of Beerus.

Inner Chambers of Beerus' Planet

"Tch... Uuuuughhh.... Ruuuump.... Zzzzz..."

Beerus twitched occasionnally, limbs extending and withdrawing in light stretches as the infamous God of Destruction slumbered. Standing to the side at the ready, should their attendance ever be required, was Whis the angel. Bored out of his mind he waved out a whispering sigh away from Beerus' general direction.

"My, my, Lord Beerus is ever the bellowing sleeper. Hopefully his dreams are pleasant enough to distract him from impending erasure. Ohohohoho."

The ears of Beerus' alertly perked up in annoyance. Beerus was no longer slumbering.

"What was that, Whis?" Beerus growled, teeth bared. "Did I hear correctly? Erasure, you say?"

"Hohohoho! You mistaken me, Lord Beerus." Camly replied Whis with a bow. "I was merely making an observation."

"And your observation is of what, Whis? That my Universe, the Universe I oversee as the sole God of Destruction, will be erased?"

Whis chuckled some more as he motioned a fan to his hand with his godly ki. Grasping it firmly he slowly began to fan Beerus who was very much seething in his rage rather openly.

"Lord Beerus, Lord Beerus." Chided Whis with a tender smile. "If this continues as is I would say that erasure is all but guaranteed. Surely you cannot expect me to lie for your peace of mind, yes?"

"Tch. Alright, alright! I get it!" Loudly huffed Beerus who was now climbing out of bed. "Whis, update me on how things have progressed."

"Yes, Lord Beerus."

Tapping the foot of his staff on the ground caused the sphere in the top to light up.

"Ahem. First let me begin by introducing you to who shall be representing Universe Seven in the upcoming Tournament of Power."

Cross and Trunks

The creature lashed forward with his tail, a light blur of strikes made way to assault Trunks who was still in base form.
"Speed is fine, Cross, but it's a waste of energy if you lack accuracy."

Trunks easily dodged the strikes as if he could predict where they were coming from before Cross did. Frustrated by this Cross grinded together his sharp toothy teeth.

"If you cannot predict where I would go then you'll never hit me."

Teleporting behind Cross, Trunks spun around to build momentum before connecting a kick into Cross' abdomen.

"Haaaaaaaah!!" Yelled Cross as he clutched at his abdomen, his legs staggered slightly.

"You must also keep in mind that sometimes your opponent will never leave an opening." Said Trunks with closed eyes and a raised index finger. "In that scenario you must force an opening out or be willing to sacrifice something so that it will appear."

"Grrrr...."

Cross raised his arms up with small razor sharp pearly white claws extending out of his finger tips.

"Interesting."

Trunks leapt backwards then raised a hand forward to taunt Cross.

"C'mon then."

"Raaaaaaaaargh!!!"

Cross knelt downwards to gather momentum before launching forward with arms out. A smile crept up on Trunks' face when they met to exchange blows.

As before Trunks had no issue dodging the strikes. However, his eye caught a glint and he was forced to maneuver slightly back as Cross suddenly struck his oncoming location with his long piercing tail.

"Not bad---"

Without letting up Cross leapt forward at Trunks. Moving to block the striking tail Trunks was surprised to see it pull back. Instead Cross was now striking with his knee at a great speed after forcing Trunks to dodge with those clawed hand strikes of his.

"Hah!!!"

Trunks instantly transformed into Super Saiyan to boost his strength and speed which allowed him to catch the blow. With a returning smile Trunks pushed Cross away. Cross himself smiled back to widely show off those sharp pearly white teeth of his.

"A... Ag... Again." Cross said, trying his best not to stumble on his words.

"You're learning language just as fast as your improving combat ability. I'm impressed Cross. If this keeps up we'll be able to move to ki and ki blast practice much sooner than planned."

"Heh..."

Cross took his stance once more.
"Alright, let's see if you can keep up with me as a Super Saiyan." Trunks responded in kind.

---

**Beerus' Planet**

As the feed played Beerus had long since finished dressing himself. Now the duo began their descent from the Castle.

"This Cross fellow looks a bit like Frieza, don't you agree Whis?" Commented Beerus.

The feed continued to play itself in the air as they walked.

"Perhaps there may be some relation?"

"Perhaps. Hmmmm... Whis, show me the remaining two who shall be entering."

---

**Zajak and Android #16**

Seated against a tree was Android 16 with his chest opened up. Hovering with hands resting on her hips just to his left was a very curious Zajak.

"Greetings female humanoid creature designated as Zajak. May I be of service to saite your ever engrossing curiosity?" Asked Android 16 without looking away from his current tinkering.

"Are you even a living creature?" Zajak blurted out without any restraint. "All I can see is metal, lights and wires. Do you not bleed?"

"I am an Android, a creation of Doctor Gero whom was my former creator, and my designation is the sixteenth of my series. No biomaterials were utilized in my creation as per the specifications imprinted within my database. So as to correctly answer your inquiry - No, I do not bleed."

"What of that strange foul smelling and tasting black fluid when I accidently punched a hole into your arm yesterday? Sorry about that by the way."

"Oil is not the same as blood. I'm fully capable of functioning with just my head and will simply cease function once my oil reserves have become depleted. Unlike humanoids I can easily be rebooted within any time frame once my fuel, oil, has been replenished."

"So you only need it to function but going on empty doesn't kill you and instead puts you in like sleep mode?"

"That is correct." Android #16 replied as he swung his chest plate closed.

Pulling himself up off the ground he proceeded to replace his old worn green armoring for a much more sleek looking version.

"My current improvements have reached satisfactory levels. Come then, I wish to test them once more."

Zajak eyed Android #16, even poking at his new chest piece.

"So... You can just improve yourself by adding new stuff? Isn't that kinda cheating?"

"Negative."
"Eh, you're probably right. Alright!" Zajak shouted as she punched her right fist into her left palm. "Here I go!"

Revving her right arm back she quickly swung towards the chest plate.

"Owwwwww!!" Screamed Zajak as she recoiled her hand in pain. "You're like a hundred times harder now! What gives!?!"

"I merely adjusted my settings and configuration to align and then surpass the amount of force applied by you to my body yesterday."

"You already countered me in a single day?"

"Understanding the tenacity and adaptability of science has been the gravest mistake of many humanoid creatures in the past."

"Yeah, well----"

Zajak finally noticed strange runes freshly inscribed into the armoring and body as a whole of Android #16. A faint greenish glow emitted from them in soft resonating waves.

"Is that...? Well, I'm not sure. What is that stuff?"

"Runic inscriptions." Android #16 responded. "The powerful magician Babidi had left behind numerous texts and magical artifacts upon his vessel. With my advanced understandings of all things scientifically inclined I was able to develop a device which allowed me to inscribe the power of those magical artifacts onto my body in the form of mythical runes."

"Huh." Said Zajak, tenderly rubbing her wrist. "Guess that's one way of getting around having no magical potential due to being an Android thing."

"Indeed." Agreed Android #16. "Now I suggest dodging."

Pointing both raised arms at Zajak a click occured to pull the forearms upwards. Following soon after was the sound of compressed energy being shot out in rapid fire of the exposed elbow region.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa! Hey!" Zajak complained as she narrowly dodged the energy bullets. "We are doing this again? Already?"

"Correct. I must continue testing the various other improvements to my systems and arsenal."

"Ugh, fine! Let's do this!"

---

**Beerus' Planet**

Standing outside Beerus tapped his foot on the ground angrily and with a twisted scowl on his distorted face.

"An Android? A teal woman with orangish? That's the best you could find?"

"Trunks found. It would appear that he never required my assistance in his recruiting endeavors."

"Tch. Cheeky brat." Mumbled Beerus. "Tell me, Whis. What exactly is the issue?"

Whis coughed to clear his throat.
"At their current pace I must wonder if they'll be prepared in time. The potential is there but I worry that without a push... Well..."

"I understand. You believe that my presence is required to encourage them to further heights. Alright then, Whis. How much time do I have left to work with?"

"Oh, about three months."

"Yes, yes. Three months is ple---"

Beeerus stopped in his tracks.

"Whis." Beerus warned. "Three months you say? Did I hear you correctly, Whis?"

"That is correct, Lord Beerus."

Beeerus began to shake completely as did his planet. The grinding of his teeth pierced the air as well yet all the while Whis stood by confidently.

"Is something the matter, Lord Beerus?"

His calming tone was seriously aggravating Beeerus who could barely control his rage.

"Whhhhhhhhhhis!!!" Beerus furiously shouted. "You mean to tell me that you allowed me to nap for nearly an entire month despite having overseen their progress this entire time?! Why didn't you wake me earlier?!?!?"

"My apologises, Lord Beerus, but you simply looked too content to awaken. I had hoped that their progress would increase in time but sadly it hasn't reached a satisfactory pace as of yet. Hence my lack of action to awaken you."

"Darn it, Whis! Our Universe is potentially going to be erased! If there is an issue that requires my correction then you should have addressed it to me posthaste! Your delay may have doomed us all!"

Whis couldn't help but chuckle.

"Ohohohoho, but Lord Beerus! I have already taken precautions."

With a wave of his staff a portal opened and out stepped two figures.

"Greetings, Lord Beerus." Vados said with a quick bow. "It has been some time hasn't it?"

"Vados." Coldly acknowledged Beerus. "And you...."

"Whahahahahaha! If it isn't little Beerus come crying for help!" Champa taunted. "What's the matter? Your fighters not up to snuff? Course what else could be expected from an underperforming and delinquent God of Destruction? Hahahaha!"

"Tch, keep talking Fatso. Besides, I'm the older twin anyway!" Barked an irritated Beerus.

"Oi? What was that? Sounded like the mellow wailing of a degenerate desperately looking for their misplaced pride!"

"Champa, I'm warning you...."

"Or what? Nothing! Whahahahaha!!"
"That's it!"

With a shout Beerus charged Champa who happily locked hands into a fierce struggle against Beerus.

"Tch, thin skinned as ever. Huh, Beerus?" Grunted Champa as he exerted himself.

"Better thin than a fat blob!" Beerus quibbed back.

"Again you insult my perfectly plump figure! I have no choice but to punish you!"

"Bring it, fatty!"

"Rrrrrarrrrgh!"

The two began to exchange blows. So powerful were they that the planet shook and the Universe itself began to rumble and shiver.

Sighing at the childishness of the brothers, Whis and Vados activated their staves to separate them.

"No fighting." Whis commanded.

"It's against the Laws of Lord Zeno for any God of Destruction to strike another without explicit permission from Lord Zeno himself." Vados continued after Whis. "Now do behave yourselves Lords Champa and Beerus."

"Tch."

Beerus spat blood on the ground.

"Whatever. I was getting bored anyway." Replied Champa as he crossed his arms.

"Fine, it's done. Whis, why are they here?" Beerus asked.

"Out of the four Universes entering our two are the closest in power. So I wished to speed things along and my sister, Vados, agreed with my proposal of entering an arrangement between Universes Six and Seven."

"Without my input, I see." An annoyed Beerus growled.

"It must have slipped my hand, Ohohohoho!"

"Then tell me. What are the conditions to this... Mutually beneficial agreement."

"Please, allow me." Vados chirped as she hovered to Beerus.

"Knock yourself out, Vados." Champs replied with a dismissive wave.

"Thank you, Lord Champa." Vados then cleared her throat before continuing. "Our arrangement is simple. Considering our similar levels in power our Universes shall train together. In return this should dramatically increase the strength of both Universes which will increase our odds for achieving victory."

"Go on..." Mumbled a slightly interested Universe.

"As you know, a losing Universe is erased. That cannot be prevented, only a single Universe out of
the competing four will remain."

"Yes, I know that."

"Indeed, you do - we all do. So my brother, Whis, proposed that the victorious Universe would use the wish from the Super Dragon Balls to transfer the erased Universe back into existence into their own."

"Interesting... Yes, yes indeed." Beerus grinned and clasped his hands together. "This not only goes with the wishes of Lord Zeno to trim the Universes down but it also would serve to increase the Mortal Level of the victorious Universe! Well done, Whis and Vados!"

Champa had seated himself on a nearby rock. In his hand was a sugary purple snack which he munched upon most greedily.

"Nom... Nom... Gulp. So I assume it's a deal?"

"Yes, of course it's a deal."

"Good." Champa stood up to brush his baggy pants off. "Then I suggest a more neutral grounds for where we will introduce our fighters with your own."

"What do you have in mind?" Questioned Beerus.

"Vados, explain."

"Yes, of course, Lord Champa. Our meeting shall occur in a Pocket Universe."

"Pocket Universe? Whis, explain."

"Very well." Whis responded. "With the combined powers of my sister, Vados, and I stored within our staves we are able to create a miniature Pocket Universe which may temporarily exist between the two of our own Universes. In this Pocket Universe we will be able to manipulate it as we see fit to suit the training regiments. Such as altering gravity or creating material or even an arena."

"I see, I see... Strange you're only now telling me about this, Whis."

"Oh? This is the first time?"

"Hahahahaha!" Laughed Champa. "You didn't know? Hah, that's what you get for always napping."

"Champa...!"

"Let's go, Vados. Oh, and you - Whis. Prepare on your end. The sooner this temporary Pocket Universe is created the better."

"As you say, Lord Champa."

Whis tried to bow to the vanishing forms of Champa and Vados but was stopped by Beerus.

"You only bow to me, your father and Lord Zeno! Got that?!"

"As you say, Lord Beerus."

Mentally exhausted from the exchange Beerus breathed out a heavy sigh of relief.
"Whis. Once this Pocket Universe has been prepared we shall retrieve our fighters."

"Yes, Lord Beerus."
Chapter Summary

An agreement has been made between Beerus and Champa. Their two universes would meet within a Pocket Universe temporarily created by Whis and Vados as a staging ground to increase their strengths and abilities. Now the combatants of the two Universes would meet for the first time.

What awaits?

The Sacred World of The Kai

"L-lord Beerus?! You're here?!!?" Stampered a very much flustered Elder Kai.

"Tch."

Beerus spat on the ground.

"You winkled sack of waste, utterly pathetic. In my slumber you were meant to instruct the chosen fighters for Universe Seven yet word reaches my ears of your complete incompetence. Are you trying to tempt me to seal you within a jar this time? Perhaps a bottle? Because that's exactly what it sounds like to me."

The threatening tone emanating from Beerus shook the usually care-free Elder Kai to the very core. Those words were no empty threat. The purplish, tall and very much thin cat-like festured creature had, after all, sealed the Elder Kai within the Z-Sword in the past. Now he would utilise a jar or even a bottle? Those things sounded much much more uncomfortable than his time within that sword.

"F-f-forgive me, Lord Beerus!" Pledged the Elder Kai who planted his face into the grass.

"Forgiveness?" Pondered Beerus. "Denied."

Beerus pointed a finger at the Elder Kai, a small red energy formed upon it in the shape on a sphere.

"Please, wait - Lord Beerus!"

Turning towards the sound of the voice Beerus gritted his teeth in greater annoyance. The speaker was none other than the even more pathetic and much younger Supreme Kai. Beerus recalled that the child, in his eyes, went by the name Shin.

"Oh, it's you. Tell me, nat, where is your red servant? Kibito was it? Whis! Was it Kibito?"

Whis bowed his head slightly before responding.

"Yes, Lord Beerus."

"Very well." Continued Beerus. "So it was Kibito. Now then, where is your servant?"

Shin felt himself gulp.
"Kibito is currently overseeing another section of the Universe in my name, Lord Beerus."

"Incompetence all around!" Beerus snarled with beared teeth. "I don't recall either I nor Whis approving of your servant unofficially fulfilling the role of the Kai! How DARE you make such a monumental decision without my knowledge! Perhaps you too wish to be sealed after you've been appropriately punished!"

"Eeeeeeek!"

Shin ran over to the Elder Kai to embrace him in a frightened ug.

Whis began to tap his staff into the open palm of his.

"Tsk, tsk, Lord Beerus. Have you forgotten why we have arrived here unannounced?"

Beerus felt himself roll his eyes in annoyance.

"Fine!" Beerus angrily shouted. "Your punishments for your arrogance shall be carried out at another time."

The two Kai breathed sighs of relief. Beerus noted this as he crossed his arms.

"No more insolence." Faintly warned Beerus. "Gather the selected fighters of Universe Seven. It would seem that they require a push to reach a level more befitting of my expectations. They shall receive it. Now do as I say!"

Scrambling to their feet the Kai quickly stood up and bowed repeatedly.

"Yes, of course! We shall retrieve them immediately, Lord Beerus! Kai Kai!"

In an instant the Kai were gone.

Nearby a door open and a tealish woman walked out wearing blue pajamas. In her mouth was a toothbrush while her hands were raised up to tie her long orange hair into a ponytail.

"Oi..." She mumbled with some effort. "Who're you supposed to be? The pet? Mascot? Either way not really a cat fan, you'know. Can we return you?"

Rage instantly welled up within Beerus.

"I am not an earthen feline, you ignorant woman! Are you trying to be destroyed? I have no qualms doing just that!"

"Destroy?" The woman asked, a look of extreme puzzlement on her face. "What are you talking about?"

The woman had since removed the toothbrush and finished tying up her hair. With her hands freed she would then cross her arms as she approached an agitated Beerus.

"Hey. Where's your body hair? You look so smooth." Said the woman nonchalantly, completely unaware of the danger before her.

Beerus suddenly placed his open and straight palm in front of her face.

"Hak~~~"
"Lord Beerus, don't! That's one of our fighters!" Trunks shouted, running towards Beerus.

Shin scratched his chin slightly. In their rush he had forgotten that Zajak was already on the planet. It was her decision to reside upon it since her recruitment. His mistake nearly cost them a member. Had he returned even a second later...

"Tch, annoying." Beerus muttered, placing his hand down to his side. "Hmph. I suppose she does bear similarity to the women that Whis had shown me."

"Thank you, Lord Beerus!" Trunks replied in a bowed position.

Zajak felt her face turn a bright red in her embarrassment. Though she had never met Beerus before she had heard of him from Trunks and the Kai. Quickly she prostrated herself next to Trunks in an attempt to placate Beerus.

"Forgive my ignorance and rudeness, Lord Beerus!"

"Better." Was the cold reply of Beerus. "Now get up. I'll overlook your antics just this once. There will be no second time. Understood?"

"Y-yes!" Zajak nervously replied.

"Ohohoho! Such kindness is unlike you, Lord Beerus! Ohohohoho!"

"Whis.....!"

Before another confrontation could happen Android 16 and Cross approached.

"God of Destruction - aptly referred to as Lord Beerus. I am Android designated as 16. Please refer to me as simply Android 16 if you will."

Android 16 then gestured to Cross.

"I.... I.... Am.... Cro...ss...." Mumbled Cross inbetween his struggles.

Fighting was easy for him, it was what he was created for. Speaking was not something he had fully grasped yet. So his best attempt to follow up on his introduction was to offer a toothy smile.

Beerus was far from amused.

"A colorful assorted batch. Deplorable." Was his response.

Trunks quickly waved his hands in the air as sweat formed on the back of his neck.

"They're totally strong, Lord Beerus! Really! They just need some help reaching their potential! Give me time!"

"There's only around three months remaining. Time is not your luxury to waste. Whis!"

Whis floated over to Beerus. He had been studying Cross with some interest beforehand.

"Yes, Lord Beerus?"

"Explain to them of the plan."

"Very well. Everyone, please gather around." Whis chirped and clapped his hands once. "We have
prepared a special treat for you all! Come, come.

Those present gave each other nervous looks before approaching a smiling Whis.

---

**The Pocket Universe**

The participants of Universe Six had arrived already. As they waited for the participants of Universe Seven to arrive as well a small conflict would arise.

"Why is 'he' here too?"

The speaker was a somewhat short tanned woman with long dark spikey hair. She wore large purple pants, black shoes and a tube top. Her build was somewhat slim, though definitely toned and muscles hide themselves well within her build. She was a warrior for true even if it was hard to tell due to how fragile and beautiful her face looked despite her scowling.

At her side was a muscular man, who too bore somewhat tanned skin, in what could be described as light battle armor of sorts. He was noticeably taller than his female counterpart and sported short spiked up black hair. While the female brimed with confidence the man was much more unsure of himself.

To think that once upon a time the man was scrawny and the shorter of the pair. It did annoy the woman quite a bit that the lanky and thin beansprout had grown so greatly in height and muscle mass while she had remained mostly the same save a couple inches and a toner body.

"Caulifla~." Mumbled the dark haired man. "We mustn't be rude. He was invited here by Lord Champa. There is no denying his power either, we've both seen it first hand."

"Tch. Grow a backbone, Cabba!" Caulifla scolded. "Geeze. I can't believe I ever agreed to allow such a spineless tool to become my first and only."

"Don't you mean lover?" Cabba teased.

A reddened face Caulifla puffed out her chest and stared up in defiance at the taller Cabba.

"You haven't earned that right, Cabba!"

Cabba smiled nervously, waving his hands slightly in the air.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I just can't help myself."

"Keep pressing my buttons Cabba. Go ahead. We both know that despite our height differences that I'm still the stronger."

"... Are you still mad about my growth spurt? It's been years, Caulifla."

"S-shut up!"

At the distance was a lone figure, the object of Caulifla's resentment, seated at the newly created stands. His name was Hit, the notorious hitman with a perfectly flawless record. Clothed in his trademark darkish armor the purple assassin paid no mind to the saiyan pair. Much more important things had filled his thoughts.

"Whatever." Concluded a crossed armed Caulifla. "I still refuse to be respectful to that man. Not after-..."
"Greetings, Cabba. It's been some time, has it not?"

Stepping out of the shadows was the frost demon known as Frost. As his name indicated he was both a light bluish color with his armored exoskeleton being of the white variety.

Cabba grinned at the sight of Frost.

"Frost!" Excitedly shouted Cabba who ran towards him.

"Oiii! I'm not finished!" Caulifla yelled after Cabba.

When the pair reached each other they locked right arms tightly as a form of greetings.

"It has been too long, Frost! How have you been since the Liberation of Planet Kattegat?" Cabba asked, ignoring Caulifla's shouts.

"Oh, simply handling some business ventures inbetween being called upon to put down rebellions and end conflicts. The usual." Coyly replied Frost with a smirk.

"Never change, huh?"

"Never." Frost said with that smirk of his.

Leaning slightly in he then peered past Cabba to spot a very much angry Caulifla approaching.

"Is that your life mate?" Frost curiously asked.

"In a matter of speaking, you could describe us as such..."

Frost noticed that Cabba was sweating.

"Then she is every bit as you had described her to be. Very well, I'll allow you space to placate her fury less it implode."

"M-much appreciated."

Cabba left to return to an already fussing and fuming Caulifla. Despite her anger Frost could pick up hints that she very much was fond of the proud warrior. On the other hand Cabba wad completely wrapped around her finger and despite his nervousness Frost could sense a feeling of lust, something Cabba would never admit to, and care as he stared into Caulifla's eyes even while being scolded.

It made Frost sick to the stomach.

"That Cabba is just as naive as ever." Thought Frost.

Champa began to clap vigorously from the stands.

"Finally you're all here! Good, good! Now where is Beerus that lazy mongrel?!!"

"Champa." Prodded Vados.

"I bet he went to take another nap! Snoring as he did! Hahahahaha!"

"Champa."

"Or maybe he's throwing a tantrum over being served less than stellar food! Like a baby! Boohoo! Waaaaaaah!"
"Champa!" Vados was shouting now.

"What?!"

Vados silently pointed to the newly arrived Beerus.

"A baby, huh?" Beerus sneered, cracking his knuckles. "Care to repeat that?"

"Beerus!" Yelled Champa who jumped to his feet. "You're here already?!"

"How long did you think it would take me to gather my fighters? Hmmmmm?"

"Tch."

Champa bit down on his thumb. How he hated at how easily Beerus could get under his skin.

"Now, now." Whis floated between them as he spoke. "Let's be civil. This is a mutually beneficial arrangement between both our Universes, no?"

"Indeed. No more fighting." Warned Vados. "We have limited time."

"Fine!"

Beerus and Champa shouted in unison, crossed their arms and looked away.

"Ahhh... That was close." Breathed out Shin who had been holding his breath the entire time.

"Your darn tooting it was!" The Elder Kai yelled. "We nearly witnessed two Gods of Destruction fight! It could have torn apart this fragile pocket universe in an instant!"

Trunks ignored the events entirely. Pushing past the rest he stepped out to get a better look of Universe Six's fighters.

"Freiza?" Was his first and very much alarmed words. "Even in another Universe you exist!?!"

Trunks nearly drew his sword but the strange armored black haired man leapt infront of Frost.

"Hold! This isn't that Freiza person whom you obviously bear animosity towards! This is Frost, a renowned hero of Universe Six!"

"Hero?" Trunks responded in disbelief.

Caulifla stomped towards Trunks, her angered face surprised him as she approached.

"Grrr... Don't you dare think of drawing that pointy stick at Cabba! I won't allow it! Do you hear me? Ehhhh?!?"

"C-caulifla! That's unneeded!"

"Shut up, Cabba!"

Cabba promptly ceased protesting. It was now clear to Trunks on who was the one, literally, wearing the pants in that relationship.

Sighing Trunks slowly retreated his hand away from the hilt of his blade.

"I apologise, I was mistaken."
"Good." Caulifla huffed.

Trunks felt compelled to look at Caulifla more attently. Sure she was beautiful but that wasn't why.

"Oi." Caulifla said, noticing that Trunks was scanning and thoroughly examining her body. "Ain't interested. Saiyans only take one to their bed."

"Saiyans...?"

It was Zajak who had rushed over to back up Trunks. Only her aid was apparently unneeded.

"Isn't that what you said you were? A half-saiyan... Trunks?"

"T-that's correct."

Trunks was simply in shock at the revelation that actual saiyans existed in other Universes. His father would have lost his mind if he had known!

Caulifla smirked.

"Huuuuh? What was that?" She teased. "You're a halfbreed? Huuuuh? Such a strange concept. In Universe Six our race is incompatible with all others in terms of breeding... Not without much trying from some, obviously. Yet saiyans from your Universe aren't! Why is that?"

"Perhaps... Perhaps it had to do with my mother being human?" Was the only explanation that Trunks could offer.

Caulifla and Cabba looked to each other in confusion.

"Humans don't exist in your Universe?" Trunks asked with much curiosity. "What of the Planet Earth?"

Still only confusion.

"It can be summarized that neither exist in the Universe designated as Six. Or it may also be concluded that both existed prior to their destruction."

Android 16 stated as he approached.

"Am I incorrect in this assessment?"

"I'm not entirely sure..." Cabba replied. "I've never heard of either and I'm part of the force that oversees the Universe to maintain peace and order."

"Interesting. Truly it all is." Frost finally spoke. "I would very much like to speak with you, Trunks I believe, about this Freiza fellow later. For now let us focus our efforts to the matters at hand."

"Well said, Frost!" Cheered Champa.

"The Frost Demon is right." Beerus chimed in after clearing his throat. "Let us get back on topic as to why you're here."

"To train, correct?" Shin asked.

"Not you! Them!" An annoyed Beerus replied. "Interrupt me again. I dare you."
Shin swallowed his pride and replaced it with fear.

"As I was saying you will be training together to vastly speed up your progress. For that matter... Trunks!"

"Yes, Lord Beerus?"

"I wish for you to offer a demonstration to those two saiyan's of Universe 6."

"Demonstration...?"

Beerus smiled arrogantly, his eyes diverted towards a suspicious yet curious Champa.
Chapter Summary

Beerus has instructed Trunks to show the Saiyans of Universe Six, Cabba and Caulifla, the Super Saiyan state. Trunks obliges but strangely enough Caulifla isn't impressed until...

The Saiyans

"Alright, I'll begin now."

Trunks had lead Cabba and Caulifla away from the others, as per the instructions from Beerus, to a more open spaced secluded foundation that was floating nearby from their training grounds.

There was no point in inviting the non-Saiyans as in the opinion of Beerus they wouldn't be able to utilise the knowledge anyway in a meaningful manner.

Moving his feet apart slightly Trunks concentrated and in an instant his ki changed and warped to suit the Super Saiyan state. Most defining was his hair sticking up and becoming a nice golden blonde coloring.

It was only the first state of the Super Saiyan line, by no means was Trunks even winded. Even with his lapse in training, thanks to happy peaceful times with Mai and their daughter, Trunks could enter the state with a mere casual thought.

"Yaaaaaawn."

Trunks raised a brow as his eyes trailed over to the seated figure of Caulifla. Her hand was over her mouth as she continued her fake yawning.

"Yaaaaaawn."

"C-caulifla, you're being rude." Cabba cautioned, trying and failing to curb the inherent arrogance of Caulifla.

"Pssssh. I expected something interesting, not something I mastered on a whim." Caulifla complained with rolling eyes.

This brought a smile to Trunks' face.

"I see. So you already know of the Super Saiyan state. Interesting, really. Care to share your story with me?"

Caulifla grumbled, the question had soured her mood.

"If you can impress me." Was her only demand.

"Very well."
Concentrating a bit harder Trunks skipped the inefficient Super state and unleashed himself into the Super Saiyan 2 state.

Lightning danced about his body, practically singing throughout the ki that flowed freely around him. His face had changed too, a far more serious look had replaced the previous one and his hair, in reflecting of this, was sleeker, spiker and more intimidating.

"Well? How do you like me as a Super Saiyan 2? Impressed?"

Caulifla shook her head in disapproval.

"So that's what they're called? Super Saiyan and Super Saiyan 2? Huh. No matter, even I can take such a form too." Caulifla flashed a glare at Cabba after saying this. "Unfortunately my husband has yet to achieve that state no matter how much we train."

"My apologises, Caulifla." Cabba quickly said in response.

"Tch. You're plenty strong. It makes no sense that you couldn't change like me."

"My apologises..."

"Stop apologising!" Caulifla sharply snapped. "You're my husband! The husband of the most powerful Saiyan in our Universe! Me, Caulifla! Where is your pride? Haaaaaah?!

Now Caulifla was standing, somehow despite Cabba being taller it looked as if it was Caulifla towering over him.

"...."

His silence and pitiful expression only served to anger Caulifla even more.

"This looks bad." Trunks thought.

"Pardon the intrusion." Said Trunks casually as he attempted to defuse the situation. "But I wasn't finished."

This instantly piqued the attention of Caulifla.

"Oh? There's something more?"

"Based upon your answer I can assume that even you hadn't achieved this state?" Trunks teased.

"Tch. Don't mock me. Either put up or shut up, alright?"

"Alright." Trunks replied with a smirk. "You asked for this."

Suddenly his ki began to rapidly climb and pushed Caulifla back slightly. Noticing Cabba was losing his footing she leapt in front of him, as she shielded her eyes with one arm, and grabbed Cabba by the hand with the other.

"Haaaaaa!

All of a sudden Caulifla had severe trouble sensing Trunks' power. His ki was changing, or at least partially.

"What the?!!"
The inner ki surrounding Trunks twisted and turned into a state of blue, the outer remained golden.

A strange light, starting from his feet, surged forward rapidly to engulf Trunks. It was only for a brief moment until it shattered to reveal a slightly more muscular, taller and very much more powerful Trunks bearing no pupils.

Taking a breath Trunks let go of the burning rage inside himself thus triggering the return of his sanity and the reemergence of his pupils.

"This... This is the state known as Super Saiyan Rage(Anger)."

"Darn. It's been so long since I've used this state." Trunks worridly thought. "I had almost lost control but there was this spark that pulled me back. Hmmm... It would seem that I've still got further heights to reach after all just like Father and Goku."

For a time Caulifla gave a horrified look, her hands trembled and her body shook uncontrollably.

Tears... Tears freely rolled from her eyes.

"K-kale?" Caulifla softly whimpered. "Kale?!"

Instantly Cabba stepped forward and grabbed Caulifla before burying her face into his chest.

"K-k-kale..."

"Shhhh.... I'm here." Cabba gently cooed.

"K-k-...." 

Caulifla wrapped her arms around Cabba and began to sob loudly onto his chest which muffled her voice.

Trunks stood nearby at a complete loss of words. For some reason he felt really bad, as if he was the cause of this.

---

**The Gods and Attendants**

While Trunks had went off with the two Saiyans of Universe Six, Beerus had decided to enjoy a meal on one of the floating platforms. Champa somehow, after obtaining the scent of delicious yet unknown food, managed to force himself into the meal as well. Nearby Whis and Vados watched curiously, all too aware that a fight could break out between the siblings.

"What is this?! It tastes of fine desire, smells of delicious meat, slips down as if it is silk and has my stomach demanding for more!" Champa stated enthusiastically.

Beerus simply rolled his eyes.

"It's ramen, from the Planet Earth. It's honestly no big deal."

"Oooooo! More, more!"

Champa raised his chopsticks to obtain more only for Beerus to deflect them aside with his own.

"You'll bleed me dry, you glutton!" Beerus yelled.
"Like you're one to talk, Beerus! Bleeeeh!"

The sight of Champa sticking out his tongue at him in such a childish manner infuriated Beerus.

"Here I go, letting you try human cuisine out of pity for you yet you disrespect my generosity! Enough, Champa!"

"Ooooo! So scared! Now gimmie more!"

"Grrrr..."

Just as Beerus was about to rise he, and as did the others, felt the change in Trunks' ki.

"That's..." Beerus trailed off.

"That Trunks! He kept this from me?!"

Whis stepped forward, stroking his chin slowly.

"It's incomplete but... I must say, it would seem that Trunks may be on a path of obtaining mastery of God ki. A most fascinating discovery."

"Most intriguing." Vados added. "Only God of Destruction candidates should bear such potential mastery of God ki. Could it be? Are you thinking of retiring, Lord Beerus?"

That slight smirk on Vados' face caused Beerus to shake slightly in anger.

"No!" Shouted Beerus. "I had no idea Trunks could already utilise a state inbetween mortal and God ki!"

"Huh? You're not lying?" Champa asked innocently as he snatched the rest of the bowl for himself while Beerus was distracted.

"Lord Beerus speaks the truth." Admitted Whis. "Honestly neither of us ever saw Trunks go beyond the state of Super Saiyan 2, so this is a complete surprise to us both. Course, I suppose, there was never a need considering how low the mortal level is in our Universe. Ohohohoho!"

"Whis..." Angerily warned Beerus.

"Well, what's done is done." Whis continued.

Vados looked to Whis with a most curious smile.

"Candidates for God of Destruction aren't banned from the tournament. This could play to our benefit. Especially since the last one to show potential is now currently a God of Destruction themself nowadays. Indeed, it's fortunate that he ascended and thus is no longer a threat. Hmmm... Ah, yes! Toppo! His name is Toppo!"

Champa slurped down the ramen rather furiously.

"Urgh, that former justice freak? His inauguration ceremony, which we all had to attend as per the orders of Lord Zeno, was such a bore."

Beerus felt himself relax slightly, he could yell at Trunks later.

"You may be right. Trunks mastering God ki could lead to a new stage in his power. Not to mention
the benefits God ki enjoys that mortal ki lacks."

Reaching his chopsticks forward Beerus attempted to obtain more ramen.

"Whis, see to it that Trunks receives proper training. As for the matter of his potential candidacy, well... We shall speak of it again after the Tournament."

"As you say, Lord Beerus." Whis replied with a respectful bow.

"As for----..."

B Beerus tapped around with his chopsticks.

"As------..."

Still nothing

Quickly Beerus looked to spot emptiness where the bowl last was.

"Champa!!!"

The Stands

Seated at the stands was Hit, Android 16 and Cross. All had their arms crossed and eyes closed.

"...."

"...."

"...."

Neither said a word, they simply waited in silence.

The Arena

It was a flat arena, a barrier had formed around it to ensure the fighters don't accidentally harm bystanders or interrupt the training of others.

In the arena, within the barrier, was Zajak. Her current sparring partner was the being known as Frost. While Zajak never met Frieza personally, as he was killed a long time ago, she had seen the holo-vids and heard many stories of the being. This Frost looked so similar to Frieza, but more importantly Zajak could sense a murderous intent from Frost. It unsettled her.

"Oh? If that alone can unnerve you then I daresay you may find yourself as a burden during the Tournament." Frost mused coldly. "I suggest adapting to this feeling. After all, while killing isn't allowed your opponent will nonetheless fight as if they are a caged rat looking to its own desperate survival. Expect them to be willing stand at the edge towards life and death."

"I'll consider your words." Zajak acknowledged reluctantly.

"Hm? You adapt fast." Laughed Frost. "Very well. Shall we begin?"

"When I hear the bell."
Looking up Zajak nodded to the Supreme Kai who in turn nodded back. Grasping the stick in his hand he gently hit the tip on to a metal gong. Its sound resonated throughout the empty space.

Zajak instantly dashed towards a grinning Frost, unaware of a strange purple liquid dripping from his right forearm concealed behind his back.

"Hah!"

With not a moment to spare Zajak was upon Frost and began exchanging rapid blows and strikes. Faster, faster. Zajak was quickly picking up speed. This caught Frost completely unaware, he hadn’t expected such power from her let alone speed.

"Tch."

Forming a barrier around his body Frost forced it to explode to push Zajak back.

"I see that you aren't one to take lightly. Very well, bear witness to my true form!"

Zajak was temporarily blinded, when her vision returned Frost was now slightly taller, his body was smooth and sleek, muscles rippled causally throughout.

"So, you can change like Trunks." Zajak concluded.

"My transformations are very much different from the Saiyans, I assure you."

"Prove it!"

A wild grin formed on Zajak's face as she resumed her assault. Her eyes began to turn reddish as her pace continued to increase.

This frustrated Frost as he felt that even his true form was losing ground to the teal female creature of Universe Seven.

"Her power reminds me of that crazed woman, Caulifla. If she's even close to her level then this fight is lost unless..."

Frost pointed his arms towards Zajak and unleashed a purplish toxic cloud into her face. Its effect was immediate, Zajak had to leap back as she entered a coughing fit.

"What did you...?"

"Be prepared for anything. For all we know we may encounter opponents who naturally can poison their opponents or much worse. Never expect any to fight you fairly, it's naivety at its finest and will get you killed or in the case of the Tournament - erased."

Striking a pose, with arms extended, Frost grinned.

"Not even Cabba has seen this. It's a very close secret of mine, after all, so do feel free to indulge yourself to my visage. Haaaaaaah!"

Suddenly Frost's body began to distort and grow massively in size. A bluish armor grew over his body completely and white spikes, large with sharpness that gleamed, protruded from his legs, arms, torso and shoulders. His tail too grew small spikes leading about it with a massive one at the end. Then his head became engulfed in a mask, covering it entirely, with only a single slot for his eyes while at the outer layer grew two horns from the top edges and a massive horn protruding forward from the center, it spun slightly.
"Now then." Frost said in a much more menacing voice. "Let us continue."

Before Frost had been shorter than Zajak, then taller but now? He completed towered over her.

Wiping her eyes one last time Zajak felt herself gasp as Frost hurdled towards her in a single bound.

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**The Stands**

Cross opened an eye, gazing over at the new form of Frost.

"Hrmm...."

"Indeed. Your potential is even greater. Commence analyzing." Replied Android 16.

"Hm!"

As both intently watched the match Hit on the other hand remained unimpressed. However, while the others were distracted Hit's eyebrow twitched ever so slightly when he felt Trunks transform in the distance.

---

**The Arena**

Zajak was currently being held down by Frost who proceeded to pummel her with his gigantic right fist.

"Such power! He's far stronger than he was earlier!"

Her face was becoming bloodied and bruised but even then she wasn't finished.

"Surrender, you're not my match." Frost demanded.

Taking a breath Zajak would then open her mouth to fire a thick ki blast towards Frost. In response his tail moved in the way to block it.

"That was an attempt."

"Aaaaaaaah!"

Pushing her right knee forward Zajak slammed it into Frost's abdomen repeatedly to no real effect.

"This armor isn't for show! I've perfected an art that has long since been lost to my people!" Frost gloated. "Surrender!"

Zajak fired another blast for her mouth.

"This again?"

Shifting her weight Zajak placed her feet on Frost's abdomen and then unleashed ki from them.

"What?!"

"Haaaaaa!"

This dislodged Frost enough for Zajak to point the palm of her hands towards Frost and utilise a ki wave to blast herself free.
"Why you...."

Frost was visibly shaking from agitation.

Without a word Zajak began to move around Frost rapidly, so fast that she became a blur save a red line from her eyes.

"Speed is meaningless if you cannot harm me."

Frost pointed his tail, a thin ki line appeared followed by a continuous beam which began to cut into the arena as it chased after Zajak. Raising his hands up he extended his fingers and unleashed thin ki as well which rose then fell upon the arena - creating a painful ki cage to restrict Zajak's movements.

"Argh!"

Zajak had been cut by them.

"There!"

Frost's chest piece opened up to reveal his smooth blue gem-like center. Energy focused into it then exploded forth in a massive ball. As the ball flew out it distorted and energy lines sparked in all directions from its center.

Zajak tried firing at it but the ball seemed to eat her blasts, the lines grew larger.

"No, if that touches me!"

With no other recourse Zajak suddenly launched pass the ki lines, barely avoiding serious injury though received cuts and torn clothing, towards Frost. Frost in turn pointed the beam stream from his tail towards her.

"No!"

Using her speed Zajak dodged the beam and once close grabbed the tail and pointed it upwards, it took much of her strength to do so as Frost playfully pushed back slightly.

"What are you planning?" Frost asked, grinning underneath his mask as he assumed she had wished to strike his now non-exposed chest.

"Tch!"

With her free hand Zajak pointed to the floor and concentrated.

"Haaaaaa!"

It wasn't a blast but a wave, Frost could feel an intense air pressure from it. Taking the initiative Zajak then pulled back in the air and swung back to strike Frost's kneecaps, on impact she blasted them full of ki to stumble him.

"Yaaaaa!"

Forcing more energy into her arm Zajak used the intense wind pressure to send them hurtling out of the arena.

"Y-you!" Frost began to say, visibly unharmed, as he immediately rose to his feet.
"That is enough!" The Elder Kai scolded as he approached. "It's a double ring out. Though you're clearly stronger, Zajak turned an unwinnable scenario into a draw. That is commendable."

"Indeed." Said an approaching Supreme Kai. "Had you not wished to show off and continued to underestimate Zajak it would easily have been your victory, Frost."

Kibito floated in as well to tend to the injuries of an exhausted Zajak.

"...Your advice and criticism is noted." Frost finally said, reverting to his restricted state.

As he turned to leave Zajak smiled.

"He's strong but I could feel it. Trunks is stronger, far stronger, and I... I will become much stronger than him so that..."

The Saiyans

"If I offended you by any means then-----..."

"S-shut up!" Caulifla mumbled towards Trunks inbetween sobs.

Cabba began to softly stroke Caulifla's back before glancing over to Trunks.

"Well, you've impressed us and then some. Only fair I tell you the story of how we learned of Super Saiyans." Cabba said soberly. "It all started that one faithful day..."

"Kale..." Sobbed Caulifla.
Universe Six - Prelude to Calamity

Chapter Summary

The story of Cabba and Caulifla, a prelude to Calamity!

Many many years ago - Planet Sadala

"My name is Cabba, a young Saiyan of Planet Sadala, and one day I will travel the stars."

Cabba had at a young age made it his life goal to enter the sea of stars. Normally Saiyans stayed on Planet Sadala, few left for any reason. Even the famed Sadala Defense Force typically opted to merely defend the borders of Sadala over any extensive travel.

That was all going to change, at least if Renso, a rising star within the force over the last decade, had his way.

His opinion was that they, Saiyans, had an obligation to serve the entire Universe and not just themselves. After all, intergalactic trade and allies were necessities to their growth and survival. This was a highly controversial opinion to bear, it made Renso extremely unpopular with the wealthy elite whom had a stranglehold on intergalactic trade in regards to Planet Sadala thus highly inflating costs to the more isolated commonfolk. If Renso had his way they would stand to lose everything.

Cabba admired Renso, he was his hero. Despite numerous smear campaigns, corruption in the Sadala Defense Force as well as multiple rumored assassination attempts Renso remained steadfast in his beliefs.

So Cabba decided that he just had to meet Renso and beg him to teach him as his student. Naturally he didn't inform his parents before departing as they wouldn't understand.

It had taken a number of days for Cabba to arrive to the isolated dwelling. He would have arrived sooner but he hadn't exactly mastered flight yet, what with still being a child with apparently no talent.

"Oi."

Came an unfamiliar feminine voice to the side.

Cabba slowly moved to face the speaker.

It was a female Saiyan, she was slightly taller than him despite being similar of age. Her build was slim, yet toned, with thick spiky black hair. The attire she wore was a black sports bra and short spandex accompanied by a pair of comfortable greyish athletic shoes. Based off her somewhat heavy breathing, water bottle in hand, towel over her shoulders, and sweat glistened skin Cabba could only assumed that she had just recently been working out.

"Who are you supposed to be?" The girl asked adamantly.

"C-cabba." Cabba responded without much thought. For some reason he felt intimidated by her presence.
"Cabba, eh? Well, out with it! Why are you on my brother's property?"

"I-"

The girl had moved so fast, in an instant she was in front of Cabba. Instinctively Cabba took a nervous step backwards to create some distance.

"Oh?"

Smirking the girl took a step every time Cabba did. This proceeded for a few steps longer until Cabba lost his nerve entirely.

"I'm sorry." Cabba worridly apologised. "Is there a problem?"

"Are you here to try and kill my brother?"

The fact that the girl had been so blunt about her accusation caused Cabba to trip and fall on his rear.

"Hahahaha!" Laughed the girl in response. "No way they would send such a scrawny and frightened beansprout to do the deed! Hahahaha! You're pathetic!"

The taunting was enough to force a still shaky Cabba to stand.

"I-i-i'm going to see him!"

The girl suddenly ceased her laughter to form a disgusted frown.

"You serious?"

"Y-y-y-...."

"Ehhhh? Speak up, kid!"

"Y-yes!"

The girl grabbed Cabba by the collar and hurled him into a nearby rock formation. Cabba didn't even finish coughing up the blood spurting out of his throat before the girl's hand was on his throat to lift him in the air.

"Leave. NOW!"

Not waiting for Cabba to respond she tossed him roughly on the dirt road.

Cabba felt his head spin as he tumbled, cuts and bruises formed rather easily all over his body.

"You will get no more warnings!"

Struggling to his feet Cabba brushed himself off as gently as possible, for his injuries stung.

"L-let me s-s-see Renso!"

"Tch."

Biting her lower lip the girl pointed her hand towards Cabba. Red ki began to form into a torrential ball, energy danced within in a swirling manner.

"I warned you."
"Caulifla!"

The red ki vanished, Caulifla turned to face her brother who stared back with both arms crossed over his chest.

"Why are you assaulting that boy, Caulifla?"

"Tch..."

For a moment it seemed as if Caulifla was about to say something but ultimately held her tongue.

"Whatever. Your problem now."

With a shrug Caulifla proceeded to walk away. Not before offering a cold stare at Cabba, warning him of her sour mood first.

As she left Renso sighed and shook his head before flying over to Cabba.

"You have guts, kid. Even most adults know not to get on Caulifla's bad side, she has a reputation after all. Not to mention that her raw natural talent when it comes to fighting and lust for power is second to none, very rare among us Saiyans. In a few years time, if even that, she will surpass me if she maintains her training."

Renso chuckled.

"Oh, look. I wandered off subject. My apologies, allow me to introduce myself."

Offering a hand Renso grinned down at a starry eyed Cabba.

"My name is Renso and you are...?"

"Haaaaaa!!!"

Cabba suddenly clung to a confused Renso, crying that he finally met his hero in the flesh.

At some distance away Caulifla watched in complete and utter disgust, losing her appetite immediately.

"A crybaby stood up to me?! Aaaaargh! Disgusting!"

Tossing a can of food, that she had recently retrieved, aside her ears soon perked up when it made no sound.

"Kale." Caulifla called out. "You didn't have to do that."

A young meek girl in red, with slightly tanner skin, and long black hair tied up in a ponytail emerged from the shadows. Casting a downward gaze to the floor Kale offered the can in her hands forward.

"H-here, sis..."

"Sis, huh?" Caulifla mused as she accepted the can. "We aren't blood related yet ever since I saved you from that gang of losers you've been hovering around me and calling me sis."

"..."

Kale only offered a weak smile, fearful to make eye contact.
"Ugh. Fine. I'll let you follow me around since clearly you have nowhere else to go for whatever reason."

"Thank you..."

"Oi! I'm not doing this to be nice! Geez... I was just thinking that I need subordinates so that I could start my own gang, like those losers, and take over this area."

"..."

Just a wordless smile, it for some reason made Caulifla feel kinda bad for Kale. Whatever her past was it must have been pretty traumatizing to cause her to act so subservant and docile.

"Whatever. Let's go, Kale. I wanna scout out those losers, see if any are worth taking in."

"Y-yes, sis."

A Few Years Later

"Big sis!"

A rather large man, clearly much older than Caulifla, entered the meeting hall for their gang in a panic and breathless rush.

"Oi, what is it?" Caulifla mumbled, very much bored.

"Your brother has been severely injured!" He exclaimed loudly with what breath he could muster.

"Tch."

Caulifla grinded her teeth together in frustration.

"That idiot..."

Outside Renso's House

Arriving by flight Caulifla was now standing outside the household. Her hand was shaking in anger, yet a rare look of concern painted itself on her face.

"Sis..."

Kale had accompanied Caulifla but this was as far as she could go. Caulifla needed to see her brother alone.

"Stay here Kale, alright? I won't be long."

Kale nodded reluctantly, she would obey.

Inside Renso's House

Kicking the door in Caulifla made her entrance much to the surprise of the unsuspecting men and women gathered inside.
“Who the hell are all of you?! Huuuh?!”

Caulifla held out her hand in a very much threatening manner.

"Answer me!"

A young Saiyan stepped away from the bedside. He was unfamiliar.

"We are Renso’s squadmates, members of the Elite testbed incorporating allied alien species within our ranks. You must be his sister, Caulifla."

"How do you know that?"

Another chimed in, a green alien creature this time.

"Renso often spoke of his prodigal sister, always showing us pictures. Many, many pictures."

"Pfft. Like I care." Caulifla interrupted, rolling her eyes. "Why are you all here?"

Everyone present, save an unconscious Renso, had looks of nervousness.

"W-we are his-"

"Like. I. CARE!" Caulifla furiously shouted. "Get away from my brother and leave!"

A few looked to each other, a blue alien female looked to Caulifla.

"We don't understand."

"You don't understand?!” Red ki formed in both of her hands to give materialization to her fury. "You failed my brother! Failures have no right to lick their chops and put on fake faces of mourning to those they failed! Now leave or I will MAKE you leave!"

While still quite young she was nonetheless a prodigy, Renso often proudly and drunkenly stated that his sister had surpassed him years ago and that she still had yet to tap into even a mere portion of her potential. Sure they outnumbered her but none desired to explain to Renso that they fought his beloved little sister while he was resting.

"Very well. We were just leaving."

With no other choice they all reluctantly filed out without another word.

No sooner had they shut the door did Caulifla approached her brother's bedside.

"Look at you. You relied on a bunch of weaklings and when you actually needed help for a change they failed you."

Caulifla spit on the ground.

"Damn Sadala Defense Force, they just dropped you off here. Not even a dip in a healing tank the nobility keeps for themselves even after all the blood you gave for Sadala."

The door crept open behind Caulifla.

"I told you to leave!"

"Caulifla?"
The speaker was that scrawny boy - Cabba. After Renso had met with Cabba, Cabba begged to become his apprentice. Renso declined over and over until he got tired of it and humored Cabba.

Despite zero talent Cabba worked hard every day to improve and soon became the youngest member of the Sadala Defense Force in its entire history. Many mistakenly called him a prodigy, Caulifla considered it an insult as she had seen the training Renso put Cabba through over the years.

"It's you." Caulifla said flatly.

"Yeah, it's me. Cabba." Cabba responded, peering around Caulifla. "How is he?"

"As if I should know." Caulifla dismissively stated, shrugging her shoulders. "Whatever. I'm leaving. Go ahead and cry or something. I don't care, won't change anything."

"W-wait, you're leaving just like that?"

"What of it?" Caulifla shot back. "I have no obligation to stay."

"Renso raised you!"

Caulifla shrugged half-heartedly.

"Never asked him to."

"Caulifla!"

Cabba reached out to grab her arm, preventing her from leaving.

"Let go." Caulifla growled. "Or lose it."

As frustrated as Cabba was he didn't want to escalate things into a fight. Renso could get hurt... And he was sure that Caulifla would win. So he released her.

"Fine, leave."

"Already said I was, moron."

Aggressively pulling her arm back Caulifla stormed out of the building.

"I'm just not good at dealing with her. Why is she always like that?"

Breathing a heavy sigh Cabba approached Renso's bedside. Based off what Renso's team told Cabba, who was just a regular grunt in the Sadala Defense Force currently, it was pretty bad.

Gulping slightly his eyes trailed over to Renso's leg.

"It's true. He'll never walk properly again."

Thanks to Planet Sadala being isolated for so long their medical technology was sorely lacking. Obtaining a healing tank to soak Renso in time to prevent permanent damage was impossible thanks to his many enemies that would never allow it.

"If only I was stronger. Then I could have been assigned to your squad."

Taking hold of Renso's hand he gave a slight squeeze.

"I will finish what you started, I swear it. So rest easy now and watch your dream become a reality."
"Kale." Caulifla quietly said, her back facing her. "Go on ahead, will you? I need to be alone for a bit."

Kale looked uncertain, this was very unlike Caulifla.

"Kale." Caulifla repeated.

"Y-yes, sis!"

Without any more prodding Kale took off to the skies and left.

Once Caulifla was sure that she was alone she took a seat on a rock. Looking up at the moon she finally let her tears fall freely.

"You idiot..."

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**Three Years Later - Cabba the Hero**

A massive parade at Aversta, a massive intergalactic hub, was well under way - Renso could see it from his tv. At the center of it was the proclaimed Heroes - Cabba and his recent friend and ally. This being bore the name Frost. Like Cabba he was fairly small, though his body was naturally armored in a white exoskeleton like his near extinct race.

"And here are our heroes! Cabba and Frost!" Shouted an overtly excited newscaster. "Billions owe their lives thanks to their actions, and the sacrifices of the Sadala Defense Force, which proved pivotal to ending the Machine Empire threat once and for all!"

"Right you are, Ozra!

"Thank you, Yulonag!"

"To think that in a few short years young Cabba rose up the ranks and spearheaded the Sadala Defense Force into integrating more with other species which too had been isolated from Universal affairs! It was thanks to his initiatives that a united Universe stood ready in its hour of most need!"

"Indeed! Already the Galactic Council is passing a bill to name the Sadala Defense Force as the main body of all Universal Forces!"

"No doubt King Sadala must be enjoying this surge of newfound clout, don't you agree?"

"I do! In fact, we've received a recent report that King Sadala has already begun bringing charges against allegedly corrupt members of the nobility."

"The same nobility accused of trying to have Renso, Cabba's mentor, assassinated?"

"Ah, yes! Renso! It was thanks to his tutelege and setting everything in motion, before his tragic accident, that Cabba was able to bring about necessary changes."

"Well, if you're watching Renso we would like you to know that your student is our Hero!"

Renso flipped off the tv. His eyes were getting teary.
Caulifla, alone, let out a rare smirk as she watched from her phone while in bed.
"Not bad, I suppose."

One Year Later - Cabba returns to Planet Sadala

As soon as he had made planet fall Cabba decided against immediately seeing King Sadala, as he was originally meant to, and instead decided to visit Renso. Surely the King would understand.

Racing to Renso's house Cabba would find him sitting outside.

"Well, well. The hero comes to visit an old man." Renso teased.

"You're not that much older than me, Renso. Saiyans age slowly remember, you have at least 60 more years of youth."

"You'll understand old age one day, Cabba. Numbers got nothing to do with it."

Both laughed.

"So, tell me. How'd you beat the Machine Empire?"

"Well, truthful they weren't really machines. That's just the story the media ran with. In actuality they were just rather small pink pudgy creatures manning their machinery. Turns out when I let this truth leak throughout the rank and file, everyone was emboldened a great deal. The sudden shift in overall temperament and morale worked greatly in our favor."

"And...?"

"...And Frost and I blasted apart their ships and after defeating their leader in battle we forced a surrender. Now they're being disarmed and steps are being taken to someday integrate them into galactic society. Assuming they bear good behavior as their planet is monitored."

"Interesting. Figured they would be wiped out."

"I insisted against genocide." Cabba admitted.

"Oh? Weren't they trying to attempt that?"

"Perhaps." Cabba conceded. "But we're better than that. I also believe that their knowledge in regards to mechanical marvels could potentially prove an asset to the universe as a whole, one day."

"That indeed sounds like you. I approve of your keen foresight."

"Your approval means a great deal to me, ...Master."

The sound of feet landing on the nearby grass drew the pair's attention.

"Renso said you were going to meet with King Sadala... Not be here."

It was Caulifla, her face bore a sour look.

"Whatever. I'll come later."
Before she could fly off Renso called out.

"Caulifla, show some respect. Cabba here is a hero."


"... Take that back." Cabba uttered.

"No."

"Take it back!"

"I already said no! Weren't you listening?"

"You... You're always like this! I can't ever deal with, let alone understand, you! Renso gave everything to the Sadala Defense Force, it was through them that his dream came true! Yet you refuse to see that!"

"Tch! You...!"

Caulifla flew towards Cabba, she was fuming.

"You never should have come here!"

"What right do you have to order me around? Enough, Caulifla! Apologise to Renso!"

Renso meanwhile propped up his crutches and headed inside.

"You... You... Arrrrgh!"

Caulifla charged into Cabba, sending them both flying away from Renso's house.

---

**Wasteland**

Hurtling through the air Cabba forced himself to stop spinning through the use of his ki.

"I don't want to fight you!" Cabba shouted to Caulifla.

"I dont care!"

Caulifla swung at Cabba, though Cabba blocked he was nearly sent flying again. It was obvious to him that Caulifla was still as absurdly strong as ever.

"Stop this! Renso wouldn't want us to exchange blows!"

"Shut up and fight me, beansprout!"

With no other choice left Cabba reluctantly engaged, exchanging high speed blows with Caulifla.

"Screw the Sadala Defense Force! Bunch of weaklings! Because of their uselessness, Renso... Renso... Aaaarrgh!"

"Caulifla---ooof!!"

Caulifla had landed a solid blow to his face.
"You sold out! You sold out, Cabba! How DARE you!"

Cabba moved to protect his face, blocking the barrage of blows.

"They betrayed my brother! They crippled him! They denied him treatment! I HATE them! Yet you... You not only joined them but became their poster boy!"

"Caulifla...? What are you trying to say?"

"I hate you! I hate you, haaaate you!!" Caulifla shouted. "You stood up to me yet lost your spine, to be a lapdog to those weaklings! I cannot forgive this!"

"C---"

Not letting Cabba speak, Caulifla grabbed him by the leg, spun him, then smashed him into a small rocky mound. Cabba stayed down.

"G-get up!"

As Caulifla stomped towards Cabba, Kale secretly was observing from a short distance.

"Teach him a lesson, sis, so that he never gets near you again. If you don't then I will do it for you. Just like the rest..."

Now standing above Cabba, Caulifla began to shout angrily.

"Get up! I'm not done--"

Cabba flung upwards, grabbing Caulifla into a full body hold. Their faces inches apart.

"Calm down, Caulifla!"

"Unhand me!"

"Not until you calm down!"

"Raaaaarrgh!"

Caulifla began to struggle but couldn't get loose.

"I'm stronger! Far stronger! Why... Why?!"

"With the right technique even a weakling can best a goliath. I learned this from my time in space. Now start breathing and calm down, Caulifla!"

Kale, still a distance away, gritted her teeth.

"Who gave him permission to touch sis?!"

Slowly but surely Caulifla started to cease struggling.

"Are you calm?" Cabba asked, a look of worry filled his eyes.

"... Let me go."

Cabba released his hold.
Once released Caulifla took a seat nearby. Her expression was regretful and pained.

"S... Sorry."

This caught Cabba off guard.

"Tch." Caulifla clicked her tongue. "You really have gotten stronger. Stronger than my brother, that's for sure."

Cautiously Cabba took a seat next to a withdrawn Caulifla.

"Yet I still can't hold a candle compared to you."

"..."

"I'm sorry." Cabba finally said. "In my fervor to make Renso's dream a reality I never considered how you felt about everything."

"... Don't read into it so much."

"The Sadala Defense Force failed Renso, that's true. But I assure you, things are different. A lot has changed already and more changes will follow. That is how I plan to avenge Renso by ensuring his fate never befalls another."

"..."

"Caulifla..."

"I... I misjudged you. You aren't weak."

Caulifla got up, brushing her pants clean of dust.

"Stop by some time. I'll treat you." Caulifla commanded, this was not an offer to refuse.

"Is this your way of apologising?" Cabba replied, an amused albeit bruised smile on his face.

"Think of it as you will, I don't care."

Focusing her ki Caulifla began to hover. Though she didn't say another word Caulifla spared one last glance on Cabba before departing.

"Huh. So she can be like that too."

Kale, meanwhile, was furious.

"Why... Why didn't you destroy him, sis? I thought you hated him! Sis!??!!"

Following Months

Now stationed back on Planet Sadala for a time Cabba began to visit Caulifla more and more frequently. Her overbearing attitude was starting to develop a charm in of itself. Cabba couldn't exactly explain why, just that it did.

On one of these visits he was stopped by the girl who called Caulifla, 'sis'.

"Stop... G-go..." Kale fumbled with her words.
Those were the first few words Kale ever said to Cabba.

"I don't understand...?" Cabba awkwardly responded.

"Leave... Leave sis alone."

Cabba couldn't contain a laugh.

"I can't. You know how Caulifla is. She demands my presence. Saying no to her demands wouldn't end well for me."

"...Tch." Kale mumbled, biting her tongue.

"Hm?"

"Oi, Cabba!"

Caulifla had just exited the gang hideout, waving to Cabba.

"We're training today."

"O-of course..." Cabba said, hanging his head low.

"Haaaaa? What's that attitude for?"

Her eyes moved from Cabba and fell on to Kale.

"Kale? Why are you greeting Cabba?"

"P-pardon me, sis."

Kale quickly shifted her feet so as to depart.

"Eh? What's with Kale?"

"Apparently she doesn't like me being near you." Cabba said with a shrug. "Have I angered her somehow?"

"...Hey..."

Caulifla turned around to yell at Kale.

"Why are you angry at Cabba?"

Naturally Kale didn't respond, simply vanishing.

Caulifla gave a shrug.

"Whatever. Let's train."

---

**Elsewhere**

Kale kept moving until she arrived at an isolated pond. Waiting for her was a horned demon of icy blue skin, a white exoskeleton and a long muscular tail.

"Ah, so have you considered my offer?"
"Come now. We should be allies. Cabba, after all, opened my eyes to the power of the Saiyans when we fought side by side. Naturally I had to seek out Saiyans as potential allies. However, Cabba is clearly the exception as the only other Saiyan with any real power is your beloved sister."

"..."

"That is until I saw you."

Frost grinned slightly.

"I know all about deception and hiding power. Of course, you already know this don't you?"

Kale glared at Frost, her eyes burned a fiery consistency.

"I can only imagine how powerful you truly are once you let go. Hmmm... But what could trigger you enough to cast aside your deep rooted insecurities?"

"... Leave."

"Hah. Amusing."

Frost stood up, arms crossed.

"You should keep an eye on those two. Surely you too can see the way they've begun looking at each other in recent weeks. It's only a matter of time until Cabba steals your precious sister away from you forever."

"Tch!!!"

Power temporarily surged around Kale only to immediately dissipate.

"Disappointing." Frost said, shaking his head.

With Kale not being complaint Frost decided to fly off, he had a meeting to keep with King Sadala anyway.

"Sis would never..."

---

**Hours later**

Both Cabba and Caulifla were panting in exhaustion, it was quite late with the full moon twinkling gently above them.

"Aaaaaahhhh..." Caulifla sighed, the cool night breeze making contact upon her sweat glazed skin felt amazing.

"Six hours..." Mumbled Cabba. "We trained... For six hours..."

"Eh? What was that?"

"N-nothing..."

The two sat in silence for a time.
"Hey, Cabba..." Caulifla finally said, breaking the silence. "When do you leave again?"

"In a few days. I'm needed to deal with a dispute arising between the Globums and Zerithians. A trade dispute, most likely."

"How long will you be gone?"

"Why? Don't tell me you'll actually miss me."

"..."

"Caulifla?"

"Cabba." Caulifla breathed, now standing so as to approach Cabba. "You're the strongest man I've ever met."

"Thanks, I guess?"

"... Everyone fears my power but you, even as a no-talent weakling, constantly stood up to me. You aren't like anyone I've ever known in my entire life. Even my brother holds his tongue when I'm angry but not you... In your own way."

"..."

"Cabba..." Caulifla breathed, taking a seat next to him. "You vex me. I... I keep finding my thoughts turning to you more and more often. It doesn't make sense."

"Oh."

"Oh?! That's it?!?"

"I mean..." Cabba fumbled around with his thoughts as he scratched his head. "I never expected you to take a liking to me. We're so very different from each other."

"Then it's just me?"

"I...I never said that." Cabba admitted. "You... Errr... Have a certain charm, I'll give you that."

"What are you trying to say?!" Caulifla suddenly shouted, her feelings were a mixture of frustration, rage and embarassment. "Huuuh?!"

Cabba leaned into Caulifla slightly, this momentarily staggered her.

"Well, why don't we try... Ummmm... K-k-kissing?" Cabba shyly suggested.

"W-what?!"

"J-just to see if there's anything there! If neither of us feel anything then we can just pretend nothing happened!"

"What if we do?!"

"I don't know! We'll figure it out if it happens!"

Caulifla took a deep gulp, trying to muster her courage.

"Aaaaaargh! Fine, whatever! Kiss me, get it over with!"
"O... okay."

Cabba, with intensely shaking arms and sweaty palms, placed a hand on each of Caulifla's shoulders and pulled her into a kiss.

It was...

Warm...

Wet...

Sloppy...

Neither knew what they were doing, they had only seen it but never experienced it until now.

Yet, despite that as their lips touched more and more they drew closer and closer together. It wasn't long until they were in a full embrace with Cabba's hands having moved to cradle Caulifla's surprisingly soft cheeks and chin.

"Cабба... Сабба... Сабба!!" Kale shrieked, at a distance. Whether they heard her not she didn't care.

"You... I won't... I won't let you take sis away from me! Сабба!!"

Power began to well up inside, red filled her eyesight. Even if she wanted to target Cabba she couldn't as a rage took her. More and more power exploded inside her, her body distorted and grew massively in size to accommodate. Hair once tied in a ponytail now grew in length and freely spiked up in a greenish color.

"Рrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrghhhhh!!"

Kale, fully lost in her power and grief, flew off in a random direction. Unfortunately this lead to a nearby city of tens of thousands of soon to be victims.

Just as Kale left Caulifla and Cabba broke off their kiss.

"Wow, that was---"

Caulifla cut off Cabba, kissing him again as her eyes beamed with desire. Rolling on top of Cabba she straddled herself over his lower torso and gave an inviting smirk. Without a word she removed her tub top and tossed it aside - exposing her chest.

"Wow... Those... Those are nice." Cabba gasped, staring wide eyed at a Caulifla full of wanting just as she leaned over him for another embrace.

---

**Champa and Vados**

Champa's ears perked up.

"Oi, Vados. What was that?"

"That would be a surge of mortal ki, Lord Champa."

"Is it Hit?"
"Hmmm..."

Vados tapped her staff and with a few prompts it focused on to Planet Sadala. Zooming in more it brought forth the image of Kale slaughtering Saiyans and destroying an entire city without effort.

"Huh. Why is that creature's hair like that?"

"Godtube, Lord Champa." Vados scolded. "This looks similar to the form that one Saiyan of Universe Seven undertook many years ago."

"Oh, right! Planet Sadala is a Saiyan planet! Sorta like Planet Veg... Whatever from Beerus's pathetic Universe."

"Only Saiyans in our Universe evolved without tails, Lord Champa."

"Huh. Well, I thought ours were too weak to do that anyway - tail or not." Champa mumbled. "Whatever, I'm taking a nap."

Champa proceeded to lay down, shifting to get comfortable in his fluffy bedding.

"Lord Champa."

"...."

"Lord Champa."

"...."

"Lord Champa!"

"What?!"

"Planet Sadala features a high concentration of the Universe Six mortal level and this enraged Saiyan has more power already than over half of the Universe in its entirety. Only Hit bears more power currently in regards to mortals but with their constantly rising power that could change in time."

"So...?"

"Lord Zeno would notice a drastic drop in the mortal level of Universe Six, Lord Champa."

"!"

Champa sat up.

"L-lord Zeno?!" Champa yelled out in his fright. "Vados! Quickly, quickly retrieve Hit! Hit! We need Hit!!!"

"As you say, Lord Champa."
Rainy Days, Dark Allyways

"Huff, huff, huff!"

The man was running... Running, running, running. As he ran he pushed pedestrians to the ground if they had been unfortunate enough to be in his way, even tossing trash about as if such a futile showing would somehow increase his odds.

"Huff! Weeeeeze! O-out of my way!"

Still did this foolish tub of lard run, a miracle really. Considering his extreme obese state and advanced age the man could still move at a surprisingly fast pace.

Not that it mattered.

"No, no, noooo! Get away from me!" Hollered the terrified man, his face taking up a pigment of extreme paleness as if he had seen the reaper in the ever dwindling crowd.

"Weeeze, weeeeeeze! Huuuuuuff, huff, huff!"

No matter where he looked he could only see that horrifying face bearing no emotion save a serious expression stalking him from the shadows.

Panicking the man pushed past more pedestrians, concerned looks painted their faces, as he disappeared into a nearby alleyway as it was the only place where he didn't see that face.

The face of death.

"Oooof!"

The man had run into something... Something hard.

"Noooooo!"

No words, no words.

The man was dead after a mere gesture from his assailant.

Hit

The large framed and bald purplish male humanoid clad in a darkish armored suit, with rippling muscles underneath, stared down at his latest completed contract. If he felt anything at all his face gave zero indication. It was just work, after all.
Kneeling down next to the body the man ruffled through the victim's pockets until he had retrieved a small storage device. Pocking it the man's hands soon were pocketed themselves.

Just as he was to depart a familiar sound perked his attention.

He didn't turn to face the visitor.

"Vados." Hit acknowledged.

"Oho! So you do remember me." Vados said, giggling falsely. Her demeanor always did leave Hit guessing and on guard.

This was not an attractive trait.

"What does the Lord of Destruction require of me now?"

"Oh, my. Always so formal and cold. Could I perhaps not only desire to simply visit the Prodigal Son of Universe Six?"

"..."

Hit loathed how the seemingly carefree, he assumed was an act, Vados insisted on giving him such crude nicknames. Never once did Vados remember them, always a new one whenever the whim struck her.

"Very well, I understand - You're a busy man, after all. Ahem, then let me get to the point as well."

Coughing slightly into her sleeve to clear her throat Vados would then tap her staff three times on the solid pavement. Soon afterward an image emerged from the staff and projected itself in the air.

"Planet Sadala." Hit noted.

"Yes, Planet Sadala. I'm to take you there."

"... What of my target?"

Nodding Vados tapped again to reveal the image of a massive female Saiyan warrior who was currently slaughtering her fellow Saiyans without abandon. The few who did muster up the courage to face her were immediately disposed of.

"Hmph. Payment?" Said Hit after sizing up his target.

"Me, of course." Vados teased.

Hit closed his eyes, a frown on his face.

"Payment, not punishment."

"Oho!" Laughed Vados. "Very well. Lord Champa has agreed to grant you access to a lesser version of my travel abilities in the form of a travel tattoo placed on your back. You would be able to leap between planets once a day instantaneously - all you must do is picture your destination in your mind. Considering your profession I assume that this is more than adequate in regards to payment?"

"... I accept this contract."

"A wise decision, Hit." Vados said with a nod and a pleasant smile. "Now take your place at my side
so that I may take you to Planet Sadala."

Having accepted the contract Hit casually approached Vados.

"Oh." Noted Vados as Hit now stood at her side. "Lord Champa desires the target alive."

"Tch."

"Now, now, Hit. Lord Champa has his reasons."

"Hiring an assassin not to kill? He should have went himself then."

"Well..."

---

**Lord Champa**

"Forgive me, Lord Zeno!" Begged Champa, groveling on the floor as he did.

"Unsightly." Proclaimed the Grand Priest.

"Yes, yes! Unsightly!" Repeated Lord Zeno. "... Stop it or I'll erase you."

Immediately Champa ceased his sobs and hurriedly jumped to his feet.

"You're a God of Destruction yet have skirted your duties at a level far beyond mere incompetence." The Grand Priest scolded. "Lord Zeno is most displeased by your failures."

Never did the Grand Priest address them directly, it was beneath him. Always he would speak down to them, his way of asserting his own position well above their own.

"L-l-lord Zeno..." Champa quietly whimpered inbetween chattering teeth.

"This is boring." Lord Zeno said, sighing.

"I agree. This is a waste of your precious time, Lord Zeno."

"I'll erase then."

Before Lord Zeno could raise his hand up Champa, in a desperate move, threw himself on the floor.

"W-w-wait!"

"... You're annoying."

"This... This..." Champa looked behind himself to note the image of Kale going on a rampage. "This is all for your entertainment, Lord Zeno!"

Pausing, Lord Zeno lowered his hand then looked to the Grand Priest.

"Explain." Demanded the Grand Priest.

"Y-yes! Of course!" Champa cleared his throat, he swallowed his pride as he did so.

"Lord Zeno, behold! Universe Six has grown stagnant as of late so I, Champa your ever obedient servant, decided to set up a game!"
"A game?" Asked Lord Zeno, his face bore a puzzled look yet... He was intrigued.

"Indeed, indeed!" Champa gleefully said with a clap. "Mortals grow more powerful when faced with adversity! So what better way to spur an increase in their potential then to present them with a seemingly unstoppable adversary?"

"Oh! Ooooohhh! This looks fun after all!"

"As you say, Lord Zeno." Agreed the Grand Priest. "However... Surely there is more?"

"O-of course!" Stammered the extremely nervous Champa. "Already Universe Six is sending their best to confront this monster! ... All for your entertainment of course, Lord Zeno!"

"I see, I see! I'll watch, I'll watch! Heehee!"

"Y-y-you won't be disappointed, Lord Zeno!"

---

**Planet Sadala - Cabba and Caulifla**

"Ugh..." Cabba groaned, his body ached all over and sported quite a few bite marks. Running a hand through his messy hair he felt a smile creep up on his face as he turned to gaze over the form of a slumbering Caulifla.

Time had been lost to them both.

So had sound, or even awareness of anything but the pleasure and warmth they had indulged upon together for what felt like an eternity of bliss.

It was... Amazing.

"Uuuuuhhh..."

Caulifla was now stirring, slowly awakening from her pleasing slumber.

"Hey." Cabba whispered into her ear as he leaned in to kiss her.

"H-hey..." Mumbled the drowsy Caulifla.

Cabba felt his eyes trail over her beautiful and lithe naked body, he could still hardly believe that just an hour earlier her body had been pressed up against his as she screamed out his name in pure escatsy.

"Hm?"

His eyes stopped at her legs. No, between them.

There was blood. Dried blood, to be exact.

"C-caulifla! You were bleeding? Did I hurt you!"

"Hah." Caulifla laughed. "So innocent, naive... All Saiyan women bleed on their first time."

"First... Time...? Huh?"

A vein threatened to protrude from Caulifla's forehead.
"Whaaaat?! You think that I would just let anyone stick it in? Oi, Cabba! I've never even kissed anyone before you!"

"Yeah, well... That makes sense it's just that..."

"Just what? Huuuuuuh?!"

"Well... You're so beautiful. If you wanted you could lay with any guy you desired yet... Yet... You chose me."

".... Hmph."

Caulifla rose to retrieve her clothes.

"I'm sorry, that was uncalled for of me."

"It was." Caulifla scolded. "Make it up to me later."

"R-r-right."

It was at this time Cabba noticed a buzzing sound. Heading over to his belongings he rummaged through them until he retrieved his communication device.

"Oh, yes, Cabba. You've finally responded." Frost was on the receiving end. "King Sadala desires your immediate presence. Your planet is currently facing a crisis of sorts."

"What type of crisis?"

The image of Frost moved to peer behind Cabba to note the half naked Caulifla.

"... Well, that explains your lack of responding."

"Frost!" Shouted a blushing Cabba which drew the curiosity of Caulifla.

"It'll be easier to show you."

With a click an image popped up to show the form of the massive Saiyan currently demolishing another city. Next to it was a rising number to account for casualties and the estimated death toll.

"Huh?" Caulifla said, pushing next to Cabba to view the image.

As she examined it closely her expression changed to a horrified one, something caught her eye.

"Wait, that outfit..."

Sure enough, there was no mistaking the attire of the berserk Saiyan. It even had the symbol of Caulifla's gang on the lower skirt.

"Kale?!" Shouted a frantic Caulifla.

Cabba felt his mouth fall to the ground in disbelief.

Kale

"Hrrrrrrnnggg!"
Kale grunted as she picked up a struggling flower. How it stung at her hand whilst in her grip, tickling her even.

That was annoying, sis wouldn't stand for annoyances so why should she?

So Kale tore it in half.

Strange. Fluids came from the flower, no... It gushed out.

Just like the others from before.

"Rraaaaaaaa!"

A building? Over there? It was ugly. Too ugly! That wouldn't do! Not at all! If her beloved sis saw it then it would ruin her day!

So Kale tossed a green ball at it.

Crumble, crumble, crumble...

No more ugly building to strain the eyes of sis.

"Haaaa.... Haaa... Haaaa!!!"

Taking a breather Kale suddenly felt pellets hitting her. Shifting her burning body, how it burned, she noticed strange chocolate candy hurl chocolate chunks at her.

Not wishing to be rude Kale flew over and grabbed a handful. Even the ones that had begun to scatter. After all, sis always told her not to leave a mess behind.

How the chocolate pieces squirmed in her hands as she squeezes down on them. It was funny, cute...

So Kale took a bite.

And a bite...

And a bite.

No more chocolate, though her hands were now coated with its filling. Sis would surely scold her for not washing up later.

"Raaargh!"

More pellets? Indeed, more pellets came at her but from all directions this time.

Then those screams. Never ending screams! Sis always hated it when weaklings wouldn't shut up!

"Nnnnnnnn.... Aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!"

A sphere of ki appeared around Kale, then it burst as instantly as it had appeared.

Light...

Green, light... Beautiful. Sis would praise her, tell her that it was as beautiful as herself.

Then there was nothing left.
"Nnngh...."
Kale flew off. In her departing wake was but a crater of a once bustling city of a hundred thousand.
No survivors.

---

**Hit**

"Planet Sadala... Hmph." Hit remarked, taking his hands out of his pockets.

"The target should be approaching this city soon. Perhaps it would be wise to confront her first?"

"...

Hit started to float off the ground.

"Oh, and Hit? No killing."

"...

Ignoring Vados, Hit flew off hastily to intercept Kale.

"Oh, dear... Lord Champa really made him angry." Sighed the oblivious Vados, taking no responsibility in her teasing of Hit.

---

**Hit vs Kale**

"Hnnnn...."

Kale ceased her flight, opting to direct her attention to a fast approaching being. Soon enough the energy she felt took up a purplish humanoid form.

"...

Hit silently landed on a nearby mountain top, arms crossed over his armored chest.

"Hnnn... Hnnnnggg.... Rrrrr...."

Kale was panting like a crazed beast, her body looked to be devouring itself from the unchecked surging of power.

Hit knew instantly.

His target wasn't going to survive without intervention from Vados.

An hour, maybe two tops before her unrestrained ki burns her out completely.

However... That was more than enough time to devastate the rest of Planet Sadala. Hit could only assume his contractor wouldn't be so keen to accept that.

"Rrrrraaaaaaarrrrggghh!!"

Kale suddenly surged towards Hit's position.

"Tch."
Just as Kale was upon Hit, time seemed to stop.

Casually Hit aimed his tightened right fist and struck Kale in the heart, the lungs and the jugular with ki bursting out from Kale's back.

Kale blinked, blood poured from her mouth.

Hit was safely behind her.

Yet...

"Hnnnggg..."

Kale didn't fall.

"Hm?"

A burst of ki exploded from Kale's back - striking Hit.

"..."

Hit leapt back, brushing at his seared armor plating.

"..."

As Hit entered a defensive pose Kale struck her chest, forcing her heart to beat normally, before turning to face Hit again.

"Could she be immune to pain? Is it due to the bloodlust?" Thought Hit.

"Haaaaaaaaa!"

A beam erupted forth from Kale's mouth, followed by two circling green spheres from her hands. Hit dodged... Or so he thought. The beam, still connected to Kale, followed Hit as the spheres exploded into thousands of small spheres which chased Hit as well.

Hit flew this way and that, activating his time skip to dodge and sway so as to avoid contact. Often he would blast back at the spheres to force them to discharge.

Not content to watch, Kale fired more and more spheres out.

Her ki was seemingly unlimited, her body burned hotter and hotter.

As Hit flew he destroyed more and more spheres but something grabbed his attention and...

An explosion.

"Hnnnnn... ?"

Hit had vanished much to the bewilderment of Kale.

---

**Kale vs Caulifla, Cabba and Frost**

The sight of energy blasting about into the sky and the sound of explosions drew the trio towards Kale. Frost had met up with Cabba before he and Caulifla were able to meet with King Sadala. This was a wise decision as Frost realised that only they stood a chance.
"There!" Cabba yelled, noting the smoke in the air. "She must have just finished off whoever she was fighting!"

"Kaaaaale!" Shouted Caulifla, hands cupping around the sides of her mouth. "It's you, isn't it! Kaaaaaaale!"

"Kale?" Frost thought. "So this is what she was hiding all this time?"

"Raaaragh?"

The massive Saiyan moved its entire body to face the floating trio.

"Kaaaaale! It's me!" Caulifla shouted once more.

"Si...sis...?" Kale struggled to say.

"Yes, it's me!"

"Sis..."

"Yes, she recognises you Caulifla! You were right! It is Kale!" Exclaimed Cabba.

"Nnnggg... Nnnnnnggggg!!!" Kale began to fume. "Cabba!!!!"

"Hmmm... I believe she is maddened again." Frost observed. "And now she's approaching Cabba."

Pushing hard against the surface, forcing it to press down onto the ground in a compressed state, Kale flung herself at Cabba.

"W-wait! K----..."

Kale grabbed Cabba by the head, swung him about, then tossed him into a mountain.

"Cabba!"

Caulifla flew after Cabba.

Then there was just Frost and Kale.

"You are brilliant, Kale. Finally you let go and are ready to serve under me. Come now, let's leave this filthy planet."

Frost made the mistake of offering his hand.

Without hesitation Kale grabbed the hand and crushed it.

"Aaaaarrgh!" Screamed Frost.

Kale pulled him closer and proceed to strike his face repeatedly. It wasn't long until it was a right bloody blue mess.

"H-help..."

Without relenting Kale grabbed Frost's tail and began to rapidly swing him in the air as she flew downwards.

"Cabba! Are you--"
Caulifla, having recently reached Cabba, didn't even get to finish her sentence before Cabba was smacked with Frost by Kale which sent him flying.

"Ghaaaaaa!"

Blood spurted out his mouth as Kale proceed to repeatedly beat Cabba with the bloodied and broken form of Frost in rapid, unrelenting motion.

"Gi... Give.... Give back..."

"Kale, stop!"

Caulifla flew after the much faster Kale.

"Give back... Give back... Sis!!!!"

"Give back...?"

Tears... Caulifla could see tears coming from Kale's scorched eyes, rolling down her charred cheeks.

"Kale... Why... Kale... Kale!!!"

Finally words reached Kale.

A thump hit the ground as Kale released Frost and discarded his unconscious body over the barely breathing Cabba.

"Sis..."

Kale began to approach Caulifla, arm extended. Caulifla could see... Smoke bellowed out of her skin. It was obvious...

Kale was...

"Sis---"

Then there was a large hole sticking out of Kale's abdomen all of a sudden.

"..."

Hit placed his hands back in his pockets and proceeded to walk away.

"Hnnnn...."

Kale fell, and as she fell her body shrunk and shrunk until she had returned to her base state.

Only with a massive hole in her abdomen that gushed out blood.

"S... Sis."

Immediately Caulifla had run over to hold Kale, pulling her up into an embrace.

"Kale... Kale..." Sobbed Caulifla.

The injury was near fatal. Right? If Kale was put in a healing tank then she would survive as every major organ had been missed. If... No... They would never make it in time. It was a powerful realization which crushed Caulifla's heart.
"Sis... I..." Kale mumbled, crying.

"Save your strength!"

"I... I... love... you...

Then it hit Caulifla. Everything now made sense! This entire time, since they met, Kale had...

"..."

Blood streamed slowly out of Kale's mouth, she was beyond words. Caulifla felt herself grip Kale's hand ever tightly, hugging her close.

"I... I know."

Caulifla could never see Kale as her lover, even before she gave her heart to Cabba. It was because to her Kale was the little sister she never had but...

Moving their faces apart Caulifla looked Kale in the eyes for a time before slowly leaning in to kiss her on the lips.

Kale... Kale needed this, Caulifla knew it. Even if it wasn't real for Caulifla it was at least real to Kale.

And that was enough.

Nearby Hit waited patiently for Vados to arrive.

"I didn't keep you waiting for too long, did I?" Said Vados as she teleported next to Hit.

"Hmph. I didn't kill her."

"Oh my..." Vados observed the injury on Kale. "Well, I suppose this was the best you could do considering all your techniques are killing ones. No matter, just allow me to heal her and... Oh, my..."

Red energy exploded, a teary eyed Caulifla had reluctantly put Kale out of her pained existence as well as avenging all the lives Kale had recently taken.

Nothing of Kale remained.

"You fool!" Hit uncharacteristicly shouted out in anger.

"S... shut up!"

Energy began to swell up inside the distraught and crying Caulifla.

"Shut up, shut up, shut up!!!!"

A golden light formed around Caulifla, it engulfed her as rage overtook her everything. It was blinding, the ground trembled and then... and then... It was gone in a flash. In its place was an enraged Caulifla whose ki was now golden to match her now blonde hair.

"I'll kill you!!"

Before Caulifla could act Vados teleported behind her and gave a swift chop to the back of her neck.
"K...kale..."

With that Caulifla passed out, Vados grabbed her in one arm before Caulifla touched the dirt.

"That's enough fighting for today." Vados announced as she proceed to wrap Cabba and Frost in energy to float their bodies to her.

"..."

Vados noticed that Hit was scowling.

"You need not worry, Hit. Payment shall still be rendered as you did as agreed upon. Though it is a shame that you never informed this interesting girl that her friend could be saved by my divine intervention. Regardless, you did well."

"... I expect immediate payment."

"So impatient. Very well."

Vados tapped her staff, energy flowed out of it and surrounded Hit before settling on his back in the form of Vados's face.

"... Is this for your amusement?" Hit noted, feeling the imprintion underneath his armor.

"You amuse me, so now you shall doubly amuse me."

"..."

Hit merely gestured a farewell, his tattoo flashed and then he vanished.

"My, oh my... Lord Champa must have really angered him."

---

**Aftermath**

"Ooooooh! That was fun!" Squealed an overjoyed Lord Zeno. "That mortal at the end went all shiny too after the fight!"

"It was most entertaining, surprisingly." Noted the Grand Priest as he stroked his chin.

"T-then...?" Champa asked desperately.

"Okay! I want to see more of Universe Six!"

"Aaaahhh... O-of course you do, Lord Zeno." Champa hung his head low, sighing.

"Will that be a problem?" The Grand Priest asked in a threatening manner.

"N-not at all!"

"Very good."

Lord Zeno reached out to the screen and zoomed in on Caulifla in her Super Saiyan state.

"Ooooh! I wanna meet that mortal!"

"Errrr..." Champa hesistated in his words.
"Will such a meeting prove problematic?" Asked the intimidating Grand Priest.

"O-o-of course not! I will arrange it right away!"

Champa quickly scurried off as a smiling Lord Zeno giggled as he innocently looked at the image of Super Saiyan Caulifla.

Present

Trunks was shocked, his expression said what words that he couldn’t.

"W-wait..." Trunks finally said. "You met Lord Zeno afterward and weren’t erased?"

Caulifla, no longer depressed, clicked her tongue in annoyance.

"Huuuuuuh?! You think that I would have gotten myself erased just like that?!!"

"W-w-well... Considering your personality..."

"Enough!"

"... I’m sorry, forgive my rudeness."

"..."

Caulifla crossed her arms.

"But... How did your meeting with Lord Zeno go, exactly?"

"I’m leaving, come Cabba!"

With a huff Caulifla stormed off.

"Sorry. That is a touchy subject for her, she won't even tell me what Lord Zeno and she talked about."

"Understandable." Trunks conceded. "But really,... Thanks for sharing your story but... Ummm...

"Yes?"

"... Did you really have to mention how you and Caulifla had... relations... and that you were at it for hours?"

"... I... I must have gotten too engrossed in the details. My apologises."

Cabba, now realising that he had told a stranger of his first sexual experience with Caulifla, felt his face burn a beet red before excusing himself.

"Hmmm..."

As Trunks began to contemplate things a smiling Whis appeared.

"Why hello there, Trunks."

"Whis?"
Whis continued to smile.
Chosen Paths

Chapter Summary

The Fighters must choose their own paths, time is ticking.

Trunks

"Well, well, Trunks. You've been quite naughty, haven't you?" Whis jested. "If only you could have seen the look on Lord Beerus's face when he learned of that fascinating transformation of yours. Why, I must say... Well done."

A cool sweat had begun to form on the back of Trunks neck. Angering Lord Beerus had never been his intention.

"Y-you don't say?"

"Hahaha... Do calm down, Trunks. If Lord Beerus had planned to punish you then it would have been him, and not I, greeting you."

"I see..."

"Well, enough of this small talk. Come now, Trunks. Let me see about bringing about that most intriguing potential of yours."

"Huh?" Trunks questioned with no attempt to hide his confusion. "Am I hearing incorrectly or are you implying that you'll be my instructor?"

"Hoho! Quite the observant one, aren't you Trunks?" Chuckled Whis inbetween his words. "Why yes, you're most correct. Having felt your latest display of power I have concluded that you could perhaps survive a training regiment of sorts that I've concocted."

"S-survive? You're joking about that part, right?"

Whis was now frowning.

"No, I'm very much serious in my statement."

"..."

"Oh, don't be like that Trunks." Whis said in a comforting tone. "Be proud that I have decided of your worth being worth my personal time. Though if you slip up even a little you shall most assuredly die. After all, my tutelage is one of which I had placed Lord Beerus under once upon a time."

"... I accept then." Came Trunks's response.

"Interesting, most fascinating." Whis mused, somewhat proud. "Even after hearing that what I offer you is something fit only for a God of Destruction you still readily accept without fear or hesitation. Truly my assessment of you is paying off in spades as you mortals would say, ohohoho."
Trunks shook his head in disagreement.

"I accept because I'm afraid."

This made Whis tilt his head to the side, hand reaching to strike his chin as he entered a state of puzzlement.

"You are fearful yet still insist on accepting my offer?"

"Yes." Trunks said before elaborating. "I'm frightened that I'll die, this fear even overpowers a latent desire from the blood of my father to face any challenge like the Saiyan warrior that he was. Yet..."

"Yet...?"

"It is because I'm afraid that I know that I have no choice but to accept. This tournament is unlike any I've ever born witness to, with stakes far too high, and I know that you wouldn't have ever offered such an opportunity to me unless you believed, as of now, that I would never stand even a remote of a chance if left to my own devices."

"Hmmm..." Whis pondered aloud. "It is true. You're fairly powerful here compared to those mortals present save that purple fellow but compared to the remaining two Universes? Well, do try not take insult to my words but my assessment aligns with it not being nearly adequate enough to pull off a decisive victory on your part."

"I see..." Sighed Trunks. "But I must ask."

"You may, Trunks."

"Tell me then, plainly if you will. Would you have offered your tutelage had I not showcased this power I've kept hidden for all this time?"

"Hmmm... I wonder."

"..."

"Well, then." Whis snapped his fingers. "What matters is that with your current power I have been able to determine that you currently bear a 1% chance of survival under my watchful eye."

"That sounds... Wait, 1% only?"

"Indeed." Whis affirmed. "Naturally I have already tailored my regiment to fit into consideration your mortal status and the vast potential of that most fascinating Saiyan bloodline of yours."

"Actually, maybe we should... Hold off on this until a later date?--"

Trunks was cut off the moment the words left his mouth. Energy from Whis's staff engulfed him into a sphere, entrapping him completely with no avenue for escape.

"Nonsense! You have already agreed! Besides, why delay the inevitable?" Whis smiled, laughter in his eyes. "Oh, I can't wait to see how your body adapts to what I already have planned!"

"W-wait a second!"

"Hmmm? What now, Trunks? We haven't much time to dillydally if I'm to finish your transition into the usage of God ki."
"God ki? Like what my father and Goku used against Black and Zamasu?"

"... Look, I can see that there's no getting out of this for me, your mind was made up before you appeared before me." Conceded a defeated Trunks. "But may I at least be granted a single request before you put me through the ropes of the potentially fatal variety?"

"Oh, I suppose... Depending upon the request, of course."

"Don't worry, it isn't anything so grand. I just... I just want to see my family again beforehand as something tells me that I may not get this opportunity until the time of the Tournament approaches. So I would like this chance to explain things to them and say goodbye."

"Such confidence you have in your survival." Whis teased. "Very well. I shall take you to your loved ones beforehand then we shall commence your training with due haste."

"Thank you, Whis."

"Oh, don't thank me so prematurely - Trunks. Lest you find yourself in an odd predicament of cursing my name soon after."

With no further ado Whis tapped his staff to float the entrapped Trunks to his side then tapped it again to warp them away.

---

**Android 16**

It had been only recently that he was seated upon the bleachers, watching Zajak face Frost in the arena. Though Frost had proven the stronger of the two, Zajak had managed to pull off a personal victory by ringing out Frost alongside herself instead of a complete defeat. Regardless of the outcome the match had proven most informative to the Android.

Now he was currently trailing behind the silent purple humanoid who had decided on an uneventful walk. For reasons that escaped his own scientific logic, which he couldn't fathom why, he nonetheless continued as if compelled to by an unseen guidance.

"... You."

The purple humanoid had finally had enough of Android 16's stalking of him and was now facing him.

"I am Android 16."

"..."

"You are the alien humanoid designated as Hit."

"... You're alone."

This was true. Normally Cross would have accompanied Android 16 as he always did but this time he was oddly absent.

"My creation, Cross, has unrelated matters to see to as per my instruction."

"Hmph." Hit crossed his arms, sizing up Android 16. "What do you want?"

"From the information I've obtained from the collective sharing of our Universes and currently stored
within my records I wish to verify claims of your profession as an Assassin."

"...

"I shall accept your silence as confirmation."

"...

"Alien humanoid designated as Hit, profession - Assassin. I offer you a mutually beneficial proposal."

"... Speak."

"Very well." Android 16 responded with a stiff nod. "Your techniques are meant to kill, the Tournament has explicitly barred such conduct. My proposal is simple. Accept me as a means to perfect your killing technique so that they may be utilised without inducing their standard conclusion."

"...

"Was my proposal not satisfactory?"

"...

Hit suddenly struck out at Android 16 in the chest. Ki exploded from his back from contact but other than an imprinted dent on his torso Android 16 was unmoved, staring down at Hit in silence.

"Hmph. Your lack of vital organs is useful." Hit admitted.

"That is but only one benefit. My internal hardware, in accord with the calculations of my software, is able to accurately account and track the lethality of your strikes. It is of my conclusion that if tempered you would be able to fully utilise your entire arsenal without killing your adversary if absent of your express intent to do so."

"Perhaps."

Hit struck Android 16 once more, another dent formed.

"You desire assurances upon the fortitude of my exterior."

Suddenly a vibrating cloud emerged from Android 16's body, floating over to the dents. A few short moments would pass until they departed, in their wake the dents had been mended.

"Nanomachines." Muttered Hit.

"A conclusion my body has adapted to in reference to the study of Saiyan biology." Android 16 explained. "Repairs alone do not suffice. Improvements are made."

"... The more damage you take, the more your body improves."

"That is correct."

Strange lights suddenly began to glow all over Android 16, they took on the symbols of the elements. Red for fire, blue for water, green for wind and brown for earth.

"Tenacity and self-improvement alone would prove insuffice. Engraved upon my exterior are runes
of most ancient of magics once studied by the being known as Babidi. I have chosen to undertake the runes that of which best emulate the elements of the Planet known as Earth of Universe Seven."

"..."

Hit placed his hands into his pockets.

"So, you aren't just a glorified punching bag after all."

"No, I am not. I am Android 16."

"... Very well. I shall accept your proposal, Android 16. Perhaps this mutually beneficial arrangement shall lead to self improvement within the both of us."

Cross

"Him... Him... I wish to learn!" Thought Cross, happily flying over to where Frost had decided to take a short rest.

"T... Teach..."

His words were crude, unsophisticated.

Cross hated how words were still so hard for him. Even despite Android 16 assuring him that he was growing in both strength and intelligent at an astounding rate, far ahead of initial calculations, Cross still felt impatient and burdened.

"T...each."

Noticing that Cross had no intention of leaving him in peace Frost decided to finally address what he assumed was but a simpleton.

"What could I possibly teach you? We aren't even of the same race." Frost's words trailed off as he took better notice of Cross's tail. It had an odd familiarity to it.

"Me... You..." Cross smacked his chest. "Same... D.. Di... Different."

Frost rolled his eyes in annoyance.

"Well, what is it? Are we the same or are we not?"

"..."

Cross gave a look of confusion. Internally he continued to wrestle with his words, trying to find the ones to best explain things as simply as possible.

"I... Cre...ation..."

Now this piqued the interest of Frost.

"Hmmm... I believe that I understand now." Frost deduced. "You're a biological lab rat who shares dna, among others based off your twisted appearance, with a being of my race only native to your own Universe."

Lifting his hand up Cross pointed to himself, stared bleakly for a time before nodding.
"Facinating."

"Based off his limited vocabulary and simple persona I can assume that this abomination is still quite fresh and ignorant. However... I can sense a great power from within him, perhaps he could prove useful. Assuming, of course, I can influence him to abandon his tin can of a Master for myself."

"Very well." Frost continued. "I am willing to teach you, though what benefit that may garner either you or myself I wouldn't know."

Cross smiled.

"However!" Exclaimed Frost. "First and foremost you will learn to speak properly... Properly. Not for your own benefit but to ensure my own sanity as I will not tolerate such an unsophisticated manner of speaking."

At first Cross was silent, then a slow nodding began. The more he nodded the more earnest they became.

"Right... Well, let us begin your first lessons in speech then."

---

**Cabba and Caulifla**

"Hey, catch."

Cabba tossed Caulifla a bottled water. The female Saiyan caught it without exiting her current state of meditation, hovering gently over the grass with legs crossed.

"This doesn't suit you, Caulifla."

"Cabba... Shhh..."

"Wouldn't you rather spar?"

"..."

"Caulifla?"

Her face turned red in anger.

"Silence, Cabba! I need to focus my thoughts! Sparring alone won't allow me to reach the same transformation as that man!"

"Trunks is his name, Caulifla."

"Whatever." Caulifla scowled.

"Well, then." Cabba dusted his hands off. "If you're not going to spar then perhaps I should seek out another partner? Perhaps that teal warrioress from Universe Seven?"

"Don't try it, Cabba." Warned Caulifla. "As she is now you wouldn't garner much benefit from training with her."

"I disagree."
"So? You're still wrong. Have you forgotten that I'm far better at sensing ki than you are?"

"Ah yes, Caulifla the prodigy."

Caulifla didn't hide her frown.

"I'm not a child. A child would have given up after ascending as I first did - foolishly believing that they've achieved the pinnacle of their self-labeled natural born talent."

"Caulifla. You know that I'm just teasing you, right?"

"Tease me after you've achieved Super Saiyan 2, Cabba."

"Well..."

Cabba proceed to step behind the floating Caulifla and began to massage her shoulders. To his credit, he was really good at it as Caulifla was unable to prevent a gentle, though quiet as a whisper, blissful moan escape her moistened lips.

"Perhaps I can achieve it with your help. With that Kibito figure here we can go all out and have him heal my injuries over and over. Than once I've obtained it we can then both ascend even further. Together."

"Mmm..." Caulifla smiled as Cabba continued massaging her shoulders. "How bold. When we were younger I was the one who was considered a bad influence but then you go and say such things."

"It's your fault, Caulifla."

"Perhaps..." Caulifla descended from her meditation, then placed her arms around Cabba in a warm embrace as she buried her head into his chest. "Forgive me if I hurt you."

"Always."

"Hmph... Then let's go see this Kibito person and clue him in on our plans. Wouldn't want him to ignorantly allow you to wallow in agony even a second longer than need be. After all, you still haven't yet given me a child to negatively influence."

"Hahahaha... hah... You're joking about that last part, right?"

Caulifla simply smiled, leaning up on her tippy toes to kiss Cabba on the lips before blitzing off to locate Kibito.

"Uhhh... Caulifla? That was a joke right? You're not actually planning to negatively influence any of our potential children in the future... Right? Caulifla?"

---

**Zajak**

Zajak had secretly observed Whis swipe Trunks away after basically forcing him to accept a potentially fatal training regiment. How Zajak wished to join in but after her fight with Frost she knew that without a doubt that she would only prove a hinderance to Trunks if she insisted.

Shaking her head, Zajak prepared to return to the arena for some sparring.

"Going somewhere? So soon?"
Just as Zajak turned she felt the head of a metallic staff tap her on the forehead.

"Curious, aren't you? Well, I suppose it is a rarity for my brother to offer to train anyone since Lord Beerus."

"Wait... You are...?"

"Ah, yes! Introductions!" Vados chirped in a happy melody. "I am Vados! Caretaker of Lord Champa, twin sister to Whis!"

"I... I... See?" Zajak said, her face full of disbelief that such a powerful and beautiful entity would so casually address her.

"Oho! I can summarize from your expression that you're confused." Vados summed up.

"I won't deny it." Shrugged a still somewhat surprised Zajak. "Compared to Trunks I'm really not that powerful."

"Oh, dear..." Sighed Vados, pretending to be distraught. "If you keep comparing yourself to your idol then you'll never achieve your own potential."

"I-idol?!" Stammered a blushing Zajak.

"Dear, oh dear... Are you that blind to your own desires?"

Zajak looked away, crossing her arms over her abdomen.

"... I don't know what you're talking about."

"I see. You must be confused because that powerful, muscular, handsome man you idolize is already happily married."

"It's not like that!" Zajak shouted, surprising even herself at her childish outburst. "... It's not like that..."

Vados, wearing a wide grin, floated over to Zajak to place a hand on her shoulder.

"Then what is it?"

What exactly? Zajak knew that it couldn't be something as simple as love, she respected Trunks too much to complicate things like that. Especially since Trunks was truly happy and dedicated to his wife. Yet this emotion she felt was definitely something that couldn't be so easily brushed aside.

It was a wanting of sorts...

"I... I want to fight him again one day..."

"Why is that?" Asked Vados.

"Because... Because..."

"Because?"

"... I want to be acknowledged as his equal."

"Just his equal?"
"I..."

Zajak was unsure.

Being acknowledged by Trunks as his equal, even if she never truly could reach him power-wise, would mean the universe to her but...

"I don't know..."

Vados promptly tapped Zajak on the head again.

"Then allow me to help you find that answer."

"Find?"

"Yes! ... That is if you're willing."

Did such a thing even need any other response?

Bending a knee Zajak had now presented herself before Vados in a kneeling position.

"Please... Please instruct me on how to reach my potential."

"Hmmmm... Well..." Vados tapped her staff casually on the ground. "Truth be told I initially wished to instruct Hit but for some reason he declined without much fanfare. Then I noticed your fight with Frost and saw the bearings of something... Interesting."

"Interesting?"

Vados cupped Zajak's chin, leading her head up so that their eyes met.

"You have such beautiful red eyes, they shine most magnificently when you fight. Is it really that surprising that I simply wish to see how bright they can burn before they extinguish?"

"I... I wouldn't know."

Vados chuckled innocently.

"Oh, but you will understand... Eventually."

---

**Trunks**

In a flash Whis and Trunks were now outside Trunks's residence.

"Thank you again, Whis."

"Now, now, Trunks. You mustn't waste such precious and very much limited time on idle chat. After all, the most that I shall offer you is a single night. Following that your time before the Tournament shall be strictly monitored by myself. Do I make myself clear?"

"Loud and clear."

Whis offered a reassuring grin.

"Go ahead then. Your wife and child are most assuredly awaiting you in earnest."
Not needing anymore prodding Trunks waved to Whis before proceeding to enter his household.

"Ah, mortals. Quite the fascination." Whis mumbled softly.

Lifting his staff up he gave it a light tap, then he was gone.

---

**Trunks, Mai and Little Bulma**

"I'm home." Trunks announced.

"Trunks." Mai affectionately called out, exiting the living room to greet Trunks. In her arms was their sleeping daughter - Bulma, named after Trunks's mother.

"Ah, Bulma is already sleeping?"

"She is." Responded Mai who proceed to study Trunks's face. "Something is wrong."

"... You're right."

"Do you wish to talk about it or...?"

"..."

"Trunks?"

"... You deserve to know the whole truth."

"The whole Truth?"

---

**An hour later**

Trunks and Mai silently watched Bulma's chest rise and fall, they had just recently tucked her into her own bed. So fragile did she look, it only served to ignite Trunks's desire to protect her and her smile from all things.

Placing a finger over her lips Mai motioned for Trunks to be silent as they both proceed to creep out of Bulma's room, softly closing the door behind themselves.

"Trunks..." Whispered Mai. "I understand."

"Just like that? I'll be gone for a long time and... And even then there's no guarantee that I will become strong enough to win. If that proves the case then--- mmmpphh?"

Not accepting Trunks self-doubting himself any longer Mai proceed to passionately place her lips over his own. Trunks felt his arms, as they always did, pull Mai into a close embrace.

"Trunks..."

"Mai..."

Mai proceed to place both hands on his cheeks, softly caressing them.

"You always doubt yourself, because you fear that you'll not fail yourself but the expectations that others place in you. If you keep thinking like that then you will set yourself up for failure."
"I-mmmpph?"

Mai had kissed him again, no warning giving.

"Trunks. Fighting for others is a worthy goal but if you don't first fight for yourself then how can others believe in your sincerity to fight upon their behalf?"

"Fight... For myself?"

"Yes." Another kiss. "I love you Trunks, so please remember... You're the one on the frontlines, not us. It's okay to be selfish and desire your own survival above any others."

"..."

"Besides... If you aren't selfish to your own well-being then how else may I selfishly keep you for myself?"

Trunks felt himself blush.

"Mai...?"

Mai tugged at him, leading him towards their bedroom.

"One night. That's what you said, correct?" Mai asked for clarification.

"Y-yes... One night is all Whis will grant me, the rest he claims up until the Tournament. Ummm.. What are you...?"

Hurriedly Mai pushed open their door and swung Trunks on to their king-sized bed before promptly shutting the door behind herself.

"One night." Mai repeated. "It is all I need to remind you to be a little more selfish with your life."

"Mai, I don't understand."

Not waiting for Trunks to actually read the atmosphere, Mai tossed aside her nightgown - exposing herself fully to Trunks who was just now starting to understand.

"One night."
Universe Four Gathers

Chapter Summary

With Universes 6 and 7 treading upon their chosen paths another Universe too sets things in motion as well. That Universe is Universe 4...

Universe 4 - Planet Ru'lathum

Arid, barren, deprived of life... Those were always the first thoughts on the minds of those unfortunate enough to find themselves sent here through the slave fleets. Yes, slavery. A detestable thing for sure but the profits indicated an unfathomable and gluttonous desire for more able bodies to be used and discarded by the more pretegeious and wealthy of species.

While slavery is indeed the main reason anyone comes to Ru'lathum, one of the few sanctuary slaver planets, there was also another very attractive attraction...

"Yaaaaarrrgggghhh!"

A powerful warcry resonated throughout the arena, the ancient stone walls shook from the sonic vibrations.

"Haaaaaaa!"

The air drank its fill of a crimson red as blood spurted about, bones caved into a sickening crunch as powerful fists twisted and tore them apart.

Surrounding the arena proper were shielded stone bleachers, not made for any comfort, where thousands watched with utter fasination at the sight of pure, brutal and uncensored blood sport.

This arena is infamous for producing some of the greatest warriors to have ever existed in Universe 4. The cost of such power is the countless bodies and spilled blood of its victims who would only serve to ascend other greater being to heights unimaginable.

"Haaa... Haaa... Rrrrraaaargh!"

Gasps ran amongst the crowd, some even covered their eyes, with just enough to somewhat witness the display, as a massive greenish fighter gripped his opponents head. Grunting as he did the fighter twisted, twisted... Then a tear.

"Hahahaha!" Laughed the fighter, blood running down his arm as he raised up the torn head up in the air to admire his glorious victory.

Post-Match

"Did you see that, my friends? Despite his tiny frame little Fleetfoot put up quite a fight! His death was worthy of that of a true warrior! Come, come! Drink up! Drink, drink! It is how we shall honor him!"
Raising up a mug the fighter drank, and drank, and drank until he had had his fill. As he had drunk the cheers had quieted, a darkness enveloped the entire room.

Placing his mug down the fighter proceeded to refill it, unalarmed by the change of scenery.

"Still indulging in blood sport, I see." Came a very familiar voice. "Nink."

Nink did little to hide his toothy smile. He knew that voice, it brought a warmth to his chest from hearing once more from a kindred soul.

"Ganos! Come, drink with me!" Nink bellowed out his hardy and friendly greeting.

Emerging from the darkness was Ganos followed close behind by the beautiful grayish Dercori, her long green hair flowing freely behind her with each step. Even with the years passed she was still a sight to behold, Nink could only assume that unnatural magics had frozen her visage to that of her prime.

Ganos proceeded to seat himself across from Nink, Dercori took her place to his right.

"You've gotten stronger, Nink. I'm actually really impressed."

"You flatter me." Nink brushed off, rubbing his flustered face. "What brings you to this backwater world, Ganos? It is no secret that you don't share the same love for the blood sports as I."

"Indeed. I find such brutality to be... Excessive." Ganos replied with a defeated shrug. "You also know my views in regards to slavery."

"Ah, yes..." Nink looked to Dercori, she didn't hide her look of displeasure. "Hmmm... Are you still displeased with those results?"

"Hmph." Dercori clicked her tongue. "Did killing those old worn out men truly make you any stronger?"

Nink laughed heartily to that comment.

"Hahaha! Of course it did! They came at me with everything they had before all the spectators! It was truly a thing of beauty to bear witness to their flickering flames just before I snuffed them out! They died as the warriors that they are, their teachings live on through the scars they left upon this body of mine!"

Dercori flipped her bang, turning her head away in utter disgust.

"Such simple mindedness..."

"Please, peace you two." Ganos said calmly. "It is unfortunate but Majora and Shosa aged much faster than our races, death was inevitable to them. Nink merely gave them the deaths they had desired, while they could still fight, and imprinted their masteries into himself. I personally find the underlying message to be quite respectful... Though I could do without the unnecessarily bloody display."

"Hahahaha! Nothing is unnecessary when you fight as if the next breath you draw would be your last! Now, come! Drink up you two!"

Dercori looked to Ganos who nodded slowly back. The two then proceeded to partake in the alcohol offered to them.
"Gaaah! This is horrible!" Complained Dercori who pulled out a talisman to cleanse her body of such filthy poison.

"Eh. Not as powerful as I had expected, Nink." Ganos nodded, sipping more.

"Gwahahaha! I always temper my guest's drinks upon the assumption that everyone is a light weight when compared to me! Pretty considerate, I would say."

"Very." Ganos said, taking another swing. "Nink. As good as it is to see a fellow comrade after all these years, I actually have come for purely business reasons."

"Hmmm...? Do tell." Nink replied, swallowing the rest of his drink down in a single gulp much to the displeasure of Dercori.

"Well, there's this tournament coming up. I figured that you would be up for it."

"Depends." Said Nink. "What are the rules, what is the reward, and what are the stakes?"

"It's all here."

Ganos opened his hand towards Dercori who sighed before withdrawing a scroll from the sleeve of her long flowing robe. Retrieving it Ganos then tossed it to Nink to read.

Nink took a fair bit of time examining the contents, as admittedly reading wasn't his strongest suit, before he pushed it back towards Ganos.

"No killing?" Asked Nink.

"No killing." Ganos repeated.

"A shame. True camaraderie can only be forged between allies when their lives are mutually upon the chopping block."

"Nink." Sternly said Ganos.

Nink shrugged, offering a gentle smile.

"Since my good friend Ganos asked I see no reason not to accept this invitation. However, who will be the forth?"

Dercori chuckled softly.

"You truly have poor observation skills, you brute. We already have four."

Waving a talisman in the air Dercori forced the reptilian creature known as Gamisaras to materialise temporarily. Immediately, upon seeing the creature, Nink got up and charged at him.

"Gamisaras! You sly lizard! Why didn't you greet me earlier? How I've missed fighting you! Come, let us embrace as the comrades of old that we are!"

Without waiting for Gamisaras to speak, Nink pulled him into a tight brotherly embrace.

"This is why I didn't want to be noticed." Gamisaras thought, flashing a glare at Dercori.

Dercori playfully waved a handful of talisman in the air.
"Oh, just bear with it." Dercori worded silently with her lips. "If you can endure something as trivial as this than I'll be more than happy to reward you later."

"I'll hold you to it!"

**Quitela's Chambers**

Seated crossed legged Quitela sat before a clear or, its insides were filled with dancing energy.

"Have you considered my offer, Toppo?" Quitela asked mentally.

An image of a massive bald creature, covered in a swirling darkened energy, stared out from the orb and at the far smaller Quitela.

"You seek my approval for your actions? Foolishness."

"It is thanks to my actions that Universe Seven has grown all that much weaker. When the tournament commences they shall prove to be of no consequence."

Toppo was unimpressed.

"Perhaps your Universe requires the usage of such underhanded tactics, unlike mine, just to scrap by."

Quitela felt his eyes rolling underneath his eyelids.

"You're still young for a God of Destruction, Toppo. That is why I shall forgive your arrogance and lack of respect."

"Hmph."

"How things have fallen apart since you ascended, no?"

"Speak your accusations plainly, Quitela. My patience is far thinner than what little time remains of this communication."

"Hah!" Laughed Quitela. "You know what I speak of. Your great shame!"

"..."

"How foolish you were to rely solely on your favorite - Jiren. Funny how that paid off in the end, didn't it?"

"... If you desire to anger me then know that you have succeeded, Quitela."

"Hmph." Quitela huffed. "I taunt you so that you may learn to see reason, Toppo. Even now you believe that if you rely solely on Jiren's strength that all will be well. Course as we all saw through Godtube, your blind faith in Jiren had--"

"Enough." Commanded Toppo. "This communication is over."

As Toppo's image faded Quitela began to laugh.

"Kekekeke... You know that I'm right. So I have faith that you'll come around eventually, Toppo."
After having ended the call Toppo sat for time in silence. In his hands was the old Pride Trooper communicator, something he should have discarded upon his ascension to God of Destruction.

Should have... But didn't.

Flipping it on Toppo hesitantly entered in the code to a specific Pride Trooper.

"...."
"...."
"...."

"This is Kahseral speaking."

"Kahseral." Toppo spoke, his voice was both commanding and resolute - not friendly in the least. "Release Fugitive Prime from ice. I will have words with them."

"Perhaps Quitela is correct. Relying solely on Jiren, who has always done as he pleases, could spell disaster. Even still..."

Toppo shook his head.

"I am the God of Destruction of Universe 11! Such feelings belong to mortals, not a God! If this act could ensure our existence before the eyes of Lord Zeno then so be it!"
Dust suffocated the oxygen out of the air, heavy panting intensified as desperate gasps begged for a relief that would never arrive in time. Then a scream. It was loud, shrill and full of panic.

Thud!

Inside a protective sphere, or zone per-say, was a bloodied Cocotte who gripped tightly a broken arm. Sweat beads rolled down her dirtied face, it took her full concentration to maintain her miniature zone alongside the even larger zone over the surrounding wider area.

Thud!

Just outside her personal sphere was a shadowed figure whom repeatedly smashed in the head of her orange Jurassic comrade - Vuon. Cocotte cringed, shutting her eyes with each thud - yet even without sight she could still hear It! Bones crunching into itself, ligaments tearing, cartilage snapping.

Vomit threatened to emerge, Cocotte buried her head into her good shoulder to try to distract from that feeling.

Keeeessssshhhhh...

Steam began to bellow as what remained of Vuon's head began to melt away thanks to the heat generated from the hand holding it.

"Shame. I should have charged for this facial reconstruction. My work is quite unmistakable, after all." Said the figure in a warm, calm and all too inviting voice.

"Voice!" Cocotte thought. "I need to cover my ears or...!"

Cocotte knew that she needed to do this, she knew it but her options were limited. With a broken arm hanging loosely at her side and the other focusing on her zones she could do little to block out the sound. If only her headset hadn't been blown away earlier on!

"Ahhhh!" A shrill scream rang out.

"That voice...!"

"Ahhhhh!!"

"Now, now. Consider this theeeeeer-"

Snap!

"-aphy!" The figure explained, a loud snap could be heard.

"Dyspo!" Screamed out Cocotte only for her voice to be flooded out by the screams of Dyspo.

Smack!

Something had been flung at her zone. Worry filled her, Cocotte sneaked a peak.
What she saw startled her.

A wide smile, fangs beared, met her gaze as two sinister red eyes back stared in her trembling eyes.

Drip... drip... drip...

In one slender suited arm the figure held an unconscious Dyspo. In his other..

"No..."

The other arm held what remained of Dyspo's torn off leg. Blood dripped continuously from it and Dyspo himself.

"Oh, dearie me..." Said the figure, feigning surprise and distraught. "The session ended unpredictably. Should immediate aid not be rendered I can only presume that there shall be another fatality. Cocotte, my dear, would you be so kind as to release this zone of yours so that proper aid may be rendered?"

"S-stay... b...b--back!" Cocotte stammered, eyes shutting again.

"Tis a shame. Here, let me fetch another with a bit more kick left in them."

Haphazardly the figure tossed Dyspo to the side like some common trash. It took intense willpower from Cocotte not to to tear down her zone and rush over to apply medical care to a bleeding out Dyspo.

"Justice spin!"

It was Zoiray. Cocotte could recognise that voice anywhere.

"Huuuuuuuu!"

"Waaaaaahh!"

The spinning ceased immediately, the figure had taken a breath and drew Zoiray in.

"Agghhh! Lemmie go! Lemmie go!"

"Zoiray!" Shouted Tupper.

Cocotte could hear a struggle, she assumed Tupper had attempted to grab hold of that monster.

"An embrace? Here? Good sir! I would have you know that my eye currently only has sights upon dear Cocotte." Taunted the figure. "Sure, I could escape this entrapment all on my own but tell me, if you would? Where would the fun be in that?"

"Aaaaahhh! My arms!"

"Hmmm...Oh, my. Dare I say it? I dare!" Chuckled the figure. "It is quite evident from your display of immense pain that those arms of yours were never meant to bend that way. Here, allow me to put them back for you."

"Ahhhhhh!"

Snap, snap, snaaaaap!
"Tupper!"

"Now, now. No one desires to tolerate one so impatient." The figure scolded. "Here, here! Enjoy to your hearts content! I insist!"

"Glub, glib, glub....!"

Thrashing could be heard, it went on for some time then... Nothing.

Thud! Thud!

Cocotte fell over, she felt her mind breaking as the mutilated corpse of Tupper laid before her zone. Atop him was what remained of Zoiray, her stomach bulging from being forced to swallow Tupper's blood until she literally drowned in it.

"What a fine pair of friends. Truly a friendship most beautiful to bear witness to."

"Y-you monster!"

"Hmmm? I suppose that could accurately describe me." Conceded the figure. "But enough about me! Tell me, Cocotte, my dear, how long can you, a Pride Trooper, remain cowering in your little ball? Will you cease such cowardice and go to the aid of your comrades or...?"

"Raaaaa!"

Rapid ki blasts emerged from the ground and rubble all about, they flung themselves at the figure who remained motionless.

"Cocotte, don't lose faith! Jiren will come, we just need to hold out!" Shouted a flying figure.

"Kettol! You're alive!"

Kettol was a green aquatic humanoid creature, his speciality was guiding and practically remote controlling their ki from all distances.

"Of course! N-"

A thin red beam burst from the smoke and pierced into Kettol.

"O---"

Instantly the figure was floating in front of Kettol.

"Interesting display. It is a pity that you lack any semblance of power to actually pull off anything of note."

With a thrust the figure drove their arm into Kettol's abdomen.

"J-jiren..." Kettol muttered before he was tossed aside.

A ki blast followed, evaporating him.

"Now, where was I-"

"You'll pay! You'll pay, you'll pay! Monster!"

"Oh?"
Energy threads emerged from ground, shooting up into the air to grab hold of the figure.

"I see. You must be the little trickster known as Kunshi." Mused the figure.

"Keep him still! Just a bit longer!"

A powerful stench of dried oil wafted throughout the air as the heavily damaged cyborg known as Kahseral burst out of some nearby debris. His arms glowed as ki formed over them in the image of long blades.

Swinging rapidly he twisted and turned in the air so as to enter a spinning piercing attack.

"Why can't you all just stay down? Here I am giving you the choice to play possum yet you continuously choose death! You Pride Troopers must have never heard the phrase 'live to fight another day'."

"Silence!" Kahseral yelled.

"If only you could back up your demands with... Force!"

Waves resonated from the figure, sending Kahseral tumbling back down towards Cocotte's zone.

"As for you..."

Thrusting his chest out the figure broke out of the sizzling energy threads. However, he wasn't finished. As if plucking an apple from a tree the figure grabbed the ki itself and used it to drag Kunshi out of hiding and into the air.

"Aaaaaahhh!"

Pulling Kunshi from his own energy, Cocotte couldn't believe what she was seeing. Her eyes trembled from horror as she watched Kunshi struggle and scream out in pure agony.

"I can think of a better usage of these strings."

In swift motions the figure wrapped Kunshi in his own energy - tightly.

"Let us have a show, alright?"

Placing a hand on Kunshi the figure blasted him away, causing a chain reaction. Kunshi didn't even get a chance to utter a word before he exploded.

"Kahseral was it?" The figure asked, patting his gloved hands clean. "How much more of your little riffraff still draws breath? I would prefer no more little surprises."

"Tch..." Kahseral looked over his shoulder at Cocotte. "Run. Find a way to release Jiren."

"But Jiren..."

"Should actually be emerging from my little trap any minute now." Chuckled the figure. "What? Did you truly believe that such a thing could keep him away for too long?"

"What?" Gasped Kahseral.

"It's a magic box, nothing more. Had you all simply waited an hour than Jiren would have been at your side instead of... Whatever this feeble attempt was." He shrugged. "Considering how you lost
that right proper Toppo fellow to the Gods I would have assumed that you would have insisted on a tactical retreat until you found a way to release Jiren. After all..." A sinister grin formed on his face. "Only Jiren has the power to pose a threat to me."

"No... No, no, no... Everyone... They died for... Nothing?!" Wailed the distraught Cocotte, her zones fading.

"Cocotte! No!"

"Oh, hush." Scolded the figure, blasting Kahseral aside. "Now, was that so hard Cocotte?"

"Why..." She sniffled, tears streaming down her eyes. "Why did you remain? You could have easily escaped my zone with your own power at any time!"

"Why?" He repeated. "Oh, dear Cocotte. I merely wished for a bit of sport while conserving my energy. To pass the time, per-say."

"To pass the time..!?!"

Cocotte rose, running towards that hated monster with an intense desire to kill.

Then he was behind her.

"Wha--"

Suddenly she felt multiple powerful strikes make contact, her bones shattering.

"-t?"

Cocotte slumped over, unable to move.

"I must apologise." He said. "I do loathe the prospect of my inferiors daring to lay even a finger upon this quite strapping suit of mine. After all, you couldn't afford even a single thread upon it."

"C-cocotte..." Kahseral moaned, attempting to claw his way towards her.

"Well then! This has been somewhat entertaining but Jiren awaits. Oh, how I cannot wait to see the look upon his face when I leave him bloodied and bruised for a third time!" A sigh came from his parted lips. "Ahhh... Such fond memories."

"You will not face Jiren."

"Aaaaahhh..." Breathed the figure. "Now if it isn't the right proper lad - , Toppo! I see, I see! The good boy finally earned his wings and prostrates himself before the Gods in full dress and form!"

"Destroy."

A powerful swirling chaotic energy flung itself at the figure, engulfing him.

"Raaaaaaaaarrgrghhh!" Screamed the figure.

"Kneel, beg for succor for your insolence."

"Toppo is.... Here?" Mumbled a collapsed Kahseral, failing to reach Cocotte.

"Raaaaaaaa----- Just kidding."
Pulling his hands together the figure concentrated and rapidly the destruction energy surrounding him was condensed into a tiny ball of energy.

"Here, it's yours."

He tossed it at Toppo who simply re-absorbed it.

"I see. You didn't come for your... Former comrades. No, no! You only came here because of your duties as a newborn God of Destruction!"

"... Answer. How are you alive?"

"How indeed..." Replied the figure, grinning as he did. "Let's just say that Jiren couldn't finish the job."

"Jiren." Toppo stated. "What have you done with Jiren?"

"Oh, no need to panic. Your favorite is doing just fine. Why, he should be escaping from that magic box I trapped him in any second now. Assuming, of course, he didn't lose his mind after being forced to relive his past failures over and over in an eternal loop."

"I should destroy you."

Laughter erupted from the figure.

"Is that really a wise... Attempt?"

"Destroy---"

"Toppo." Came the voice of the angel Marcarita from behind. "I have retrieved Jiren."

"..."

Jiren stood crossed arm, examining the destruction all about. That was his priority, for he wished to ensure that no innocents had been harmed. Once concluding that none were he looked to his opponent, to Toppo than to what remained of his deceased or barely breathing comrades.

"..."

"Nothing to say, Jiren?" Said the figure.

"... They knew the risks."

The response from Jiren made the figure frown.

"Hmph. Very well, I surrender then."

"!" A vein threatened to protrude from Jiren's forehead only to recede.

"Explain yourself." Toppo demanded.

"Perhaps I was merely enchanted by the beauty of your assistant?" He offered.

"Very well. Destroy-"

"No." Marcarita intervened. "His power rivals that of Jiren's, perhaps even greater. Destroying him after such losses would greatly reduce the mortal level of Universe Eleven."
"Power can be regained." Toppo suggested.

"You're allowing your previous emotions as a mortal to intervene with the duties of your station as a God of Destruction. I shall not allow it."

"..."

Though Toppo showed no emotion he nonetheless was conflicted mentally. No doubt that monster desired this internal struggle.

If Toppo attempts to destroy him than he has failed in his duties as a God of Destruction.

If Toppo spares him than he has truly given up his mortality and past connections.

"You..."

The figure offered a bow as if expecting a glorious round of applause.

"I win." He said, all knowing that he could always face Jiren again one day - without interference. All he had to do was wait.

Present - Prime's holding cell.

Mists of chilled air poured out of the container. Cracking could be heard followed by a yawn.

"Yaaaaaawn...." Prime, the name he was given as he never gave his true one, yawned as he finished cracking his neck and knuckles. "Didn't take you all that long now did it, Toppo."

"Sit. Down." Commanded Toppo, not hiding the malice in his voice.

"How good ol'Belmod would feel if he could see you now - begging the boogeyman of Universe Eleven for aid."

"... I require no aid."

"No need to lie, it doesn't suit a right proper lad such as yourself! Besides. If this was an untrue statement than you wouldn't have personally come to pay me a visit."

"..."

"Oh, stop scowling and silently glaring. You're picking up bad habits from Jiren."

"You carry a tone of familiarity when you speak of him."

Prime laughed.

"In a way, I am his father of sorts. After all, I set into motion the man that Jiren would presently become."

Toppo couldn't refute that, not truly. After all, Jiren would never have sought strength had it not been for all the pain and loss this monster had inflicted upon him.

"You consider Jiren an investment." Toppo concluded.

"I do." Admitted Prime.
"Why?"

"Now, now. You need my help, not the other way around. I personally wouldn't mind another gentle nap under the ice or even accepting the embrace of nothingness." Prime taunted. "So, tell me. What does good ol'Toppo require?"

"..."

Toppo tossed a scroll over to Prime he happily retrieved it for his own eyes.

"Mmm... Mmmmhmmm... Hmmm..."

"Enter or be destroyed."

"Ah, ah, ah!" Prime interrupted, waving a finger. "I have conditions."

"You dare make demands of a God?"

"Obviously." Said Prime, tossing the scroll back at Toppo in a disrespectful manner. "Grant them and I'll fight for you."

"..." Toppo fell silent for a time. "I'll consider them after hearing them."

"Oh. They're quite simple."

---

**Aftermath**

Prime admired himself in the mirror, enjoying that he had been granted his old highly expensive suit back. Opening his mouth widely he looked over he fangs, taking great joy in their sharpness.

"I won't work with him!" Shouted a familiar voice. "Not after what he did! Especially when Cocotte is still recovering in a psyche ward because of what she witnessed!"

"Dyspo!" Kahseral shouted. "The God of Destruction has already spoken! Show some respect!"

"Kahseral you approve? No... no, Toppo! How can you---" Dyspo began to shout.

Toppo cut off Dyspo.

"I shall not tolerate the questioning of a Mortal over my decision as God of Destruction."

"Toppo---... Tch!" Dyspo looked away, rapidly tapping his cybernetic leg, which had replaced the one Prime had torn off, in extreme frustration.

"I can just feel the love in the air!" Prime remarked, slipping his gloves on. How he loved those soft black gloves of his as they always did make him look sophisticated - cultured. It did well to mask his innate brutality. "What of you... Jiren? Any comment?"

Jiren floated a distance away, focused intensely on meditating and ignoring Prime. Despite his emotionless look, Prime could sense the agitation and anger in the air from the ki constantly resonating from Jiren. This was good, it was what Prime desired.

"What an investment. I simply cannot wait for the time of harvest!" Prime thought, his lips curling into a wicked smile.
Tournament of Power: Origin and Prelude

Chapter Summary

How the Tournament of Power came to be.

After months of intense training the day before the Tournament has finally arrived!

Tournament Origin - Lord Zeno

"Yoink!"

In a single word, with a careless gesture, a billion lifeforms ceased to exist. What remained of Universe Nine was nothing but a mere memory - soon to be forgotten without the slightest bit of concern.

"This should now bring the Universal count to eleven, Lord Zeno." The Grand Priest announced.

"Hehehe."

"Surely your burden shall decrease dramatically should you desire to continue, Lord Zeno."

"Yup, yup!"

Lord Zeno proceeded to flip through his God Pad with abandon, no clear desire on which Universe was to be erased next.

"Oh, oooooohhh!" Lord Zeno pulled up the tags for Universes One, Five, Eight, and Twelve.

"Such wisdom, Lord Zeno!" Cheered the Grand Priest. "Those are the Universes above the average mortal level of seven, one is even at a level of nine! Truly, if any deserve to exist and be graced by your ever watchful eyes it is those!"

"Yup! They will stay existing!"

With a simple wave the four Universes were removed from the God Pad.

"Oh..." Lord Zeno ceased his trigger finger on the God Pad, looking with empty eyes at the Universe designated as Universe Six.

"Ah. Is that not the Universe where that loud humanoid female resides, Lord Zeno?"

"Caulifla, hehehehe." Lord Zeno replied.

The Grand Priest pulled out his own God Pad and cast out a floating image of Universe Six for both to observe more easily.

"Universe Six. Cultural level is at a six, overall population is at five, intelligent lifeforms is a remarkable eight, technological advancement is at six, while power is at a disappointing three. This grants them an average Mortal Level of five point six (5.6), Lord Zeno."
"Awww... That's too low." Whined Lord Zeno.

"It is indeed much lower than the criteria that you have set, Lord Zeno."

"Hmmmm..."

---

**Flashback**

"Tch! Just you wait, Lil'Zeno! I'll show you something truly amazing one day! It's a promise!"
Caulifla proudly stated, thumping her fist over her chest before an enthusiastic Lord Zeno.

"..." Lord Zeno continued to stare blankly at the God Pad.

"We shall return to the fate of Universe Six after the rest have been concluded. Is that acceptable, Lord Zeno?"

"Mmmhmm."

"Very well." The Grand Priest flipped to the next random Universe on the list. "Universe Two; Average Mortal Level of five point seven (5.7)."

"I don't understand this Universe." Lord Zeno said.

"Ah, yes. They apparently derive much of their power from a strange source called Love."

"What is love?" Asked Lord Zeno.

"I assume that it is a mortal trait, something you granted exclusively to them upon their creation."

"Ah... But still, they are below seven." Lord Zeno proceed to erase them. "Yoink!"

"Very well. The next Universe is---"

"Pardon my intrusion."

Lord Zeno and the Grand Priest looked over to notice that Whis had just warped into the chambers unannounced.

"Oh, oooh! It's the one who brought me those nice things to try! Hehehe, they tasted funny."

"Whis. What has brought you here --- unannounced?" Asked the Grand Priest, his voice bearing a hint of annoyance.

"Ohohoho! No need to stare daggers at me, father! I merely wished to share more fascinating things with Lord Zeno! I did receive his permission to drop on by whenever I found something noteworthy, after all."

"... Very well, Whis. What have you brought before Lord Zeno this day?"

Whis produced a miniature wheel of sorts with a string attached to it.

"This is called a yo-yo. Humans of Universe Seven find all matters of enjoyment from such a simple object. Allow me to demonstrate."

Who's began to play with the yo-yo, Lord Zeno's eyes lit up in amazement.
"Amazing, cool! It can do so much!" Exclaimed the excited Lord Zeno, his eyes following the yo-yo as it flew about in the air for tricks only to return immediately on Whis's simple tugging at the string.

"I am pleased that you find this enjoyable, Lord Zeno."

"Hehehehe."

"Lord Zeno, shall we proceed?"

"Oh, right. Okay!"

The Grand Priest sighed, shaking his head as he flipped to the next Universe.

"Universe Seven, average Mortal Level of one point eight (1.8)."

"That's pretty low." Concluded Lord Zeno.

"Ohohoho... Is it now, Lord Zeno?"

"Ohhhh?"

Whis smiled warmly before replying.

"Universe Seven is full of interesting things exclusive to it - Such as that yo-yo. Wouldn't you agree, Lord Zeno?"

"I do."

"Wonderful!" Whis clapped his hands together. "Oh, but... Why mention Mortal Levels, Lord Zeno? Have I interrupted something of great importance?"

"I'm just erasing the Universes that I don't feel like watching anymore."

"Indeed. Twelve Universes is too burdensome to oversee. Lord Zeno has concluded that his time may best be utilised elsewhere. Thus all Universes under the Mortal Level of Seven are to be judged for erasure." Announced the Grand Priest.

"I see." Whis replied with a smile.

"This is just as my other self had said. I suppose it is my fault as well since I have been prodding Lord Zeno about the many Universes during each of my visits. It is quite fortunate, however, that I had arrived, after noticing the erasure of Universe Nine, so quickly before Universe Seven was erased."

"Continuing on, what is your judgment over Universe Seven, Lord Zeno?" The Grand Priest asked.

"Ummm... Let's get back to it."

The Grand Priest flashed a glare at Whis.

"Very well. The next Universe is Universe Three with an average Mortal Level of six point nine and a half repeating (6.95*)."

"So close! So close!" Lord Zeno chanted.

"Tsk. Tsk. Such a pity."
"Oh? Why do you say that?" Lord Zeno asked Whis who was clicking his tongue.

"I simply find it insulting that they would be so disrespectful to you, Lord Zeno, that they would just miss the mark. The audacity of it, really."

Lord Zeno pondered Whis's words quietly.

"I agree. That is disrespectful." Lord Zeno the swiped to erase Universe Three. "Yoink!"

"That leaves just Universes Four, Six, Seven, Ten and Eleven to be rendered judgement, Lord Zeno." Said the Grand Priest. "The next Universe is Universe Ten with an average Mortal Level of one point five (1.5)."

"Yoink." Lord Zeno immediately erased it.

"Oh, dear. There goes Gowasu and his God Tube channel." Sighed Whis.

"Following that is Universe Eleven with an average Mortal Level of six point nine repeating. (6.9+*)."

"Oooohhh!!! That is the closest so far!" Happily clapped Lord Zeno.

"Indeed."

"Wouldn't that--"

The Grand Priest shot Whis a glare, immediately silencing him.

"Hmmmm... Now I'm not so sure---"

Lord Zeno was interrupted by the doors swinging open and Quitela promptly tossing himself on the floor to prostrate himself before Lord Zeno.

"L-l-lord Zeno! Your h-h-h-umble servant, Quitela, begs for your mercy!"

"I should erase you." Lord Zeno said, frowning.

"Eeeekkk!" Screamed Quitela. "Please don't! I'm ever loyal and obedient!"

"Okay. Then I want you gone."

"W-w-w-wait!"

Whis, sensing an opportunity, decided to make the suggestion his other self had informed him of. After all, Whis figured that he wasn't going to succeed in getting Universe Eleven erased before Universe Seven was threatened again.

"Wait? I agree with Quitela, Lord Zeno."

"Awww... Why?"

"Why, indeed." The Grand Priest asked, his voice was threatening.

"Ohohoho! Lord Zeno, four Universes now remain to be judged! So I, your humble servant Whis, would like to suggest a more entertaining way that they may obtain your benevolent favor as you consider their ultimate fates!"
"Entertaining? I like entertaining!" Replied Lord Zeno.

"Entertaining, how?" The Grand Priest asked with a speculative raised eyebrow.

"Y-yes, h---"

The Grand Priest silenced Quitela with a glare.

"How? Well, Lord Zeno, have you ever heard the concept of a Tournament?"

"Tournament?" Asked the curious Lord Zeno.

"Well..."

Present - The Day Before The Tournament: Trunks

Whis floated gently in the air, just meters off the ground, as he observed Trunks running up a debris littered hill while wearing the speciality weights that Whis had given him to train in. It had been months since Whis started overseeing Trunks's training and as each day had passed Trunks continued to surprise Whis with his seemingly endless potential.

"Huff... Huff... That good, Whis?"

"Quite."

"Now what?"

"Now you get to enjoy the rest of the day off, Trunks. You must be well rested for the Tournament tomorrow."

"I see..." Trunks replied, casting off the weights.

"To think how you struggled with them at the beginning yet now they barely phase you." Mused Whis.

"Hahahaha. You're embarrassing me, Whis."

"Oh, but it is the truth. Your power has grown immensely over these past few months."

Trunks looked to his hands, flexing them open and closed.

"Yeah... I've never been this powerful before, not even close. Truly it is a world of difference between my past training and being trained by you, Whis."

"Obviously. I mean, I did train Lord Beerus after all."

Whis proceeded to land and walked over to Trunks.

"Do recall what I said during your training, Trunks."

Trunks sighed, slumping his head.

"Don't reveal my full power unless necessary during the tournament."

"Exactly!" Whis said, clasping his hands together. "With the way the tournament is set up it would be detrimental to have the other Universes realize just what you're capable of sooner than
necessary."

"Alright, you can count on me. I'll be discrete."

"Absolutely wonderful!" Said Whis. "Now then, let us be off. I simply must try some of your wife's cooking! I'm also sure that after all this time you share this craving too, Trunks!"

"Y-yeah..."

"Mai.... My little Bulma... I'm sorry it took so long but I'm finally coming home to see you two."

---

**Zajak**

Zajak laid back on the grass, gasping repeatedly, her chest rising and falling in response, as Vados stared down at her with a pleasant smile.

"You mastered it at long last, and not a moment too soon."

"Huff... Huff... Our last... Resort..."

"Yes," Vados chirped.

"With this... Can we... really... win?"

"Why, Zajak." Vados replied in a calming tone. "That is entirely up to Trunks."

---

**Android 16 and Hit**

Hit crossed arms with Android 16, both were sharing a rare smile between each other under the cover of shadows.

"It is thanks to you that I may now fight to the full extent of my abilities without requiring a killing intent. You have my thanks, Android 16."

"Likewise. Thanks to your relentless assaults I have reached a state once considered unfathomable to my calculations."

Hit proceeded to place his hands back into their pockets.

"With that said..." Hit began to walk away. "Next we meet may be as enemies. If that is so than I shall look forward to a true match against you."

"I am in agreement. Farewell, Hit..." As Hit walked out of ear shot Android 16 continued. "... My Friend."

---

**Caulifla and Cabba**

"Huff... Huff... Caulifla, I did It! I mastered the Super Saiyan 2 state without the massive ki drain!"

"About time." Caulifla replied to Cabba, crossing her arms over her chest.

"Awww, don't be like that. We both know that I lack anywhere near the potential that you have, Caulifla."
"Whatever."

Cabba then approached Caulifla from behind, embracing her.

"You know... With all this training together we haven't had a chance for any private alone time for quite awhile. What do you say to a date? I'll take you to that one place that you absolutely love."

"Tch... Trying to be a romantic right before our possible erasure." Caulifla said, clicking her tongue.

"And yet I believe that you're quite excited by the prospect of some alone time together. Especially later tonight..."

A powerful scarlet red painted itself on Caulifla's flustered face.

"W-whatever..."

Watching them from the distance, undetected, was Vados.

"How adorable. Though what would Cabba say if he knew that Caulifla had secretly visited me quite often for additional secret training when I wasn't pre-occupied with Zajak? No matter. I look forward to when Caulifla unleashes what I taught her. Hehehe... I wonder. Which humanoid within the Saiyan bloodline is the strongest... Caulifla, thanks to me, or Trunks, thanks to Whis?"

---

**Cross and Frost**

"I hope that you've finally reached the proper conclusion, Cross, on what you must do to obtain a power that could potentially rival the Gods."

Cross had grown in height over the months, his body was much sleeker and shinier now. Then there was his long muscular tail that he repeatedly smacked on to the ground.

"Evolution..." Cross mumbled, looking towards an unaware Android 16. "Father..."

"Yes, that is the correct conclusion. You've learned well, Cross. I'm quite proud of you."

Internally Frost bore a sinister smile to himself.

---

**Trunks**

When they had arrived Mai was already making dinner. Though when she saw Trunks she nearly tackled him to the ground and after a series of kisses they both excitedly disappeared upstairs for a time.

This left Whis to watch over little Bulma who seemed unphased by all the chaos her parents had recently made.

"Oh? What do you have there?" Asked Whis, most curiously.

"Just Sailor Awesome and her beloved Mysterious Stud. They fight crime together and loooove each other! See! Muuuuh, muuuh!"

Little Bulma made the dolls press lips together, making kissy sounds.

Whis chuckled. Initially when they had first met the girl was so facinated by him, constantly calling
him Mr. Blue. Now little Bulma, far more intelligent than any other in her age bracket, treated Whis as a simple part of the family.

"You know... I know your parents say it often but you're far more intelligent than your young peers."

"I supposedly get it from Granny... I think. I.. I never got a chance to meet her."

Whis could sense the hesitation in the tiny child's voice. Even at a young age she already was experiencing advanced emotions and able to express them maturely. However, that comment about her granny...

"She must be referring to Trunks's mother who had died to the Goku Black who had invaded his previous timeline. That, of course, isn't the case in this Universe and timeline as a Bulma still exists here. Though I can see why Trunks wouldn't desire to see her, it would bring back the pain of his own loss and remind her of the deceased Trunks of this timeline. He also must, no doubt, feel immense guilt over the fate of the native Trunks of this Universe that he doesn't feel worthy of facing her. Mortals are quite odd sometimes."

"Mr. Whis, are you okay?" Little Bulma asked innocently.

"Oh dear, my mind must have wandered. My apologies, Bulma."

The little girl flashed a grin.

"It's okay! Now then... Where was I?"

"Wasn't Mysterious Stud just about to wisk Sailor Awesome off in the middle of the night for a romantic dinner?"

"Yes, yes! You were paying attention, Mr. Whis!"

"Hahaha... Of course."

At that point Trunks and Mai returned, straightening out their clothes as they did, and entered the room.

"So." Breathed an out of breath Mai. "Whose hungry?"

"Meeee!" Yelled a happy little Bulma.

"I look forward to the meal that you have prepared, Mai."

"Thank you, Whis."

"No, thank you for having me."

---

Elsewhere - ???

"Do we have a deal?"

"I am a man of my word."

"Then...?"

"For now we have an accord. Just don't forget to retrieve that little something that I require."
"Kekekeke... Already you're planning to backstab your allies."

"Perish the thought, Lord Quitela. I bear no love for my Universe or its inhabitants, so how can it be a betrayal? Especially when they desire my own destruction. No, they're simply a means to an end - That is all, to discard as need be."

"And what end is that?"

"I wonder that myself sometimes but then I merely need to look upon Jiren and I have my answer."

"Jiren? What does he have to do with anything?"

A ferocious grin widely grew on Prime's face, his fangs gleaming a pearly white.

"Everything."

Prime cut the secret transmission with Quitela.
Chapter Summary

At long last the day has arrived!

As Trunks heads to the Opening Ceremony for the Tournament of Power he tries keep an open mind on what to expect. A very open mind.

As the other participating Universes gather The Grand Priest announces the first match of the first round and it is between...

Trunks's House

"Well, I guess this is the big day." Trunks sighed, slipping on his jacket after having just gotten changed following a refreshing shower.

Behind him came Mai, pulling him into an embrace. Leaning in she missed him on the check, her hands interlocking around those well sculpted abs of his that she greatly appreciated.

"You'll do fine." Mai softly whispered into his ear, enjoying the sight of him flinching slightly from the contact of her cool minty fresh breath.

Trunks gave a reassuring nod, he was beyond hesitation at this point.

"I just can't wait for it all to be over. I mean, Bulma wants to go to the park this weekend."

Mai laughed at Trunks's remark.

"Hahaha... I'm sure that it will be a grand day."

A knock came at the door.

"Are you ready, Trunks?"

It was the Supreme Kai, Shin. Beerus had ordered him to retrieve Trunks as Whis was recalled earlier by the Grand Priest for whatever reason.

"Just a moment." Trunks called out before proceeding to spin Mai in front of him so as to plant a firm yet gentle kiss on her lush lips.

"Well, well..." Purred Mai. "Didn't get enough of me last night?"

Trunks felt his face flush red. He was an adult yet Mai always seemed to know how to bring out that awkwardness that he had thought was lost when he stopped being a teenager.

"I suppose not." Trunks replied as his counterattack. "Very tempting... But..." Trunks pulled away from their embrace. "Duty first."

"Such a professional." Teased Mai.
Outside

Shin waited for Trunks who waved to him as he exited the house.

"Sorry for the delay." Trunks apologised. "Had to kiss my daughter on the cheek on the way out."

Shin gave him a peculiar look, an eyebrow raised.

"Your family won't be accompanying you?"

Now it was Trunks's turn to give his own look, only that of confusion.

"Pardon me?"

"Whis never told you, Trunks?" Asked Shin. "Lord Zeno has allowed for spectators to fill the seats in the stands."

"...Excuse me?"

Shin blinked a few times in shock before being able to continue explaining.

"The Tournament of Power is modeled off how humans hold fighting Tournaments, with some liberties - of course. It was Whis's idea which Lord Zeno approved as the concept seemed quite entertaining to him."

"So what you're saying is..."

"... Yes, Trunks. Your wife and daughter may accompany you as a source of encouragement." Shin slowly replied.

The Tournament of Power - Trunks

"This... Was not what I expected." Trunks mumbled, legs locked in place. At his side was an excited Bulma tugging earnestly at his arm.

Lined up from the entrances towards to the stands was attractions of all sorts. From colorful arcade games to varieties of foods that enhance the diverse palettes of each of the competing Universes.

"Oh, oh, oh! Look, Daddy! Looook!" Bulma excitedly said, hopping up and down. "I want to try that!"

Not only was there stands but there were crowds of many different creatures, all walking about like this was some kind of grand event to enjoy. It mustn't had hit them yet on what was exactly at stake.

"Daddy!" Bulma said again, tugging harder.

"Now, dear..." Mai began to say.

Trunks continued to overlook the chaos currently occurring, watching the strange and numerous species scuffling about the stands and varied entertainment attractions attempting to attract the most business.

"Ohohoho... I dare say that we should consider preserving some of these outlandish and outer-universal cuisines!"
Trunks heard one creature, long in neck of a purple scaly complexion, say as they walked by with their friends.

"I do so much agree! Indeed! Think of the profits to be had should we advertise it as lost artifacts of an erased Universe."

"Naturally we could stand to make trillions!"

"I almost pity the other Universes for not having inhabitants think of such things! Than again, they never stood chance anyway. Not when the assured winner is our Jiren!"

"Indeed, indeed! Hohohoho!"

"Come, come! Let us try that ramen thing from that Universe Seven! I heard that the talk of the crowds is that it is simply to die for!"

"Ooh! Let us partake than!"

The crowds continued to shuffle about witjout a care, Trunks felt his hands shaking in anger.

"Are there really those out there trying to profit from this? Don't they understand how many lives are at stake?!"

Bulma had noticed her father's distraction, as he wasn't responding to her demands. Than she noticed his shaking hands, so she reached up her hand to place it into his. With a tiny squeeze from her, Trunks snapped back into reality.

"Daddy...?"

Trunks shook his head than forced a smile for his daughter.

"I'm fine. I just... Wasn't expecting this is all."

"..."

Mai didn't say a word, she understood that even a single loss of innocent life was painful for Trunks.

"Oh, okay!" Bulma replied, smiling back. "Let's go see that then!"

"...I suppose that we have time until the rest of the fighters arrive."

Lord Zeno

"Oh, oh, oooooh! Hehehe..." Lord Zeno stared in delight at the many sights, colors and crowds flickering about just outside the stands area.

"I am glad that you're pleased with my efforts, Lord Zeno." Whis said, bowing in respect.

The Grand Priest stood nearby, scratching his chin.

"Even I am impressed, Whis. I never would have expected such results when Lord Zeno granted you the honor to plan out the rest of the Tournament while I constructed the Arena, barriers and seatings."

"You do me a great honor, father."
"Oh! That's!" Lord Zeno excitedly said before teleporting away.

"Oh, my..." Whis said.

**Caulifla and Cabba**

Shifting through the crowds was Caulifla who was walking next to Cabba, her hands interlocked behind her head. Her face was full of contentness, while Cabba looked to be deathly exhausted.

"I'm hungry." Announced Caulifla, still munching on a previous meal in her mouth before swallowing. "Treat me to something nice, Cabba."

Cabba sighed, hanging his head down.

"Didn't we just eat...?" Cabba asked.

Caulifla rolled her eyes in annoyance.

"Well, I'm still hungry. Feed me."

"...As you say, Caulifla."

"Oi." Caulifla stopped walking to look up at Cabba. "Why do you look like you're staring death in the face?"

"I wonder..." Cabba replied, shuddering at what had occurred between them the night earlier. His body still felt the soreness from the hours upon hours of activity that had occurred between them. Clearly he had greatly underestimated how pent up Caulifla had been after months of continuous training and no intimate contact.

"What's that supposed to mean, huh?"

Pop!

Floating in front of Caulifla and staring into her eyes with their own large blank ones was Lord Zeno.

Everyone in the crowd recognised him immediately, thanks to a prior demonstration of Lord Zeno earlier erasing a rude patron, and rushed to slam their heads to the ground in worship.

Lord Zeno ignored them entirely.

"Caulifla, hehehe." Lord Zeno giggled.

"Oi." Caulifla waved. "Long time no see, Lil'Zeno."

"C-caulifla..." Cabba whispered only to get elbowed in the abdomen by Caulifla to silence him.

"I wanna see it! I wanna see it!" Lord Zeno insisted.

Caulifla placed her fists on her sides and thrust out her chest egotistically.

"Haha! You remembered!" Proudly said Caulifla. "I did get a new form! It is awesome and powerful! You'll be so impressed when you see it!"
"Ooooooh! Lemmie see!" Insisted Lord Zeno again.

Caulifla casually shrugged.

"Nuh-uh!" Caulifla scolded. "I wanna save this for the Tournament!"

"Awww.... Why? Why?"

The air turned tense for everyone else present. They knew that Lord Zeno could erase any present instantly if he so desired. Yet this young female Saiyan was openly denying a request from Lord Zeno!

"Obviously because..." Caulifla pointed a finger up in the air. "It'll look way cooler when I show you it as I pummel some sorry lot in the arena! That way you'll get to see just what I can do in full view!"

"Oooo....! Ooooo!!!!" Lord Zeno began to clap his hands in excitement. "That sounds so cool!"

"Obviously!" Caulifla replied, running a hand through her thick black hair. "Now if you'll excuse me but I'm hungry. I'll need to eat before my match starts, that way I'll be at full power just for you to see Lil'Zeno!"

"Hehehehe... Okay!"

Pop!

Lord Zeno had vanished in a single blink.

Cabba collapsed on to his knees, a shaking hand holding on to Caulifla.

Caulifla bent down to eyeball him, confused by his current state.

"... What?" Caulifla asked, completely oblivious to the danger that she had been in.

---

**Trunks**

The day was just getting weirder for Trunks. After all, he was just welcomed to the sight of Android 16 and Cross exiting an arcade. Thanks to being an Android with an ever calculating series of software, Android 16 had handily won every prize and had just been asked to leave.

"Quite a handful there..." Trunks said, wide-eyed.

"Indeed." Android 16 than proceeded to hand the gifts over to Trunks who nearly toppled over.

"T-thanks...?"

"As the designated father it is your duty to carry the burden of your offspring."

"...What?"

Mai chuckled.

"I think your friend here means to say that those gifts are for our daughter."

"O-oh..." Trunks blushed in embarassment.

"For me? Yay!!!" Cheered Bulma. "Thank you, Mr....Umm... Sixteen!"
"I am designated as Android 16."

"Okay, Mr. Sixteen!"

"I am designated as---"

"Aaaaanyway" Trunks interjected. "Have you two seen Zajak? Or Lord Beerus for that matter?"

"Negative." Replied Android 16.

"What of you, Cross?"

Cross, who had been silent the entire time, nodded his head towards the north.

"Are you saying to look there?"

"...Yes."

Trunks nodded back. Though Cross could speak plainly now it was still a burden for him, so he preferred to keep his verbal interactions short.

"Very well. Thanks for the heads up."

"We shall proceed to the arena entryway." Stated Android 16. "The Supreme Kai and Kibito are currently engaged in proper registrations at that location."

"I'll meet you there after I find Zajak and Lord Beerus."

"Affirmative."

Android 16 proceeded to depart with Cross following behind him. As he did Trunks felt an odd feeling from Cross. It was fleeting and by the time Trunks had registered it that feeling had passed.

"What was that about?" Trunks thought, feeling uneasy.

---

**Zajak**

Zajak leaned against a post with her arms crossed. Nearby at another post was the fighter known as Hit. While she never got a chance to personally train with the man she did feel a certain amount of respect for him and his professionalism. It was also nice to be in the presence of one who didn't feel the need to talk all the time.

"Ah, Zajak! There you are, you pretty little thing!" Came the overtly excited voice of the Elder Kai. "I lost sight of you after you had finished your meal at the Universe Six's famous Meat Bowl Extravagant!"

Zajak didn't hide her annoyed raised eyebrow or the rolling of her eyes. This man was the Elder Kai, a man to be respected. Yet... Yet...

"*He's a disgusting pervert.* Thought Zajak.

It wasn't just that. Zajak was used to men, and even women, complimenting her on her natural beauty and toned body. The Elder Kai went farther than that. Such as trying to peek on her when she was bathing, trying to convince her to go on dates and all the other weird requests since she met him! It was getting way out of hand!
"Elder Kai, please." Zajak struggled to say as kindly as possible. "I wish to spend what few moments we have left before the tournament in meditation."

"No problem! No problem! I'll join you!"

"Errrr... Well..."

Hit clicked his tongue.

"Your presence would disturb our meditation session." Hit suddenly said without any prompting.

"...Our?" The Elder Kai looked at Hit, who he just noticed, than back to Zajak than back to Hit. His eyes than narrowed. "So you prefer the strong, tall and silent type?"

"W-what?!"

"Don't act all surprised that I can read inbetween the lines!" Elder Kai said. "Fine, fine. I won't stand in the way of two young lovebirds."

"Huh?!"

The Elder Kai huffed as he proceeded towards the arena entryway. Zajak was absolutely flabbergasted at not only what had occurred but that that was all it took to ward off the advances of the Elder Kai!

"..."

Hit proceeded to rest his back against the post again.

"Ummm... T-thanks?" Zajak awkwardly said.

"..."

Hit crossed his arms.

"R-right... You don't like talking all that much, do you?"

"..."

Hit closed his eyes.

"I'll... I'll shut up now."

---

**Beerus**

"Ahhh! Positively delicious!" Beerus yelled out in bliss, sighing constantly.

"Oi! We need more, more!" Champa shouted, raising his empty bowl up in the air.

"Careful, Champa. Wouldn't want to gain even more pounds to that gut of yours."

"Shut up, Beerus! You're just mad that I'm currently beating you!"

"What was that?!" Beerus shouted at Champa. "I do not recall ever challenging you!"

"That's what a forgetful loser would say!" Champa replied, sticking out his tongue.
Beerus slammed his fists on the table, breaking it.

"Another, then!"

"Siiiiigh..." A loud depressed sigh interrupted the antics of Beerus and Champa.

"Hm?" Beerus turned to the sigher. "You're... Cus, am I correct?"

Cus sighed once more, her head rising up from her folded arms. "G-greetings... Lords Beerus and Champa."

"Wait, isn't she from..." Champa tried to whisper only to be ignored from Beerus.

"You are the former attendant of Universe Ten, are you not?"

"Yes... Forgive me..." Cus said, fiddling with her empty bowl as she did. "I'm... I'm not feeling well."

Beerus felt his face turn grave.

An attendant is assigned to watch over a chosen Universe and to support and guide that Universe's God of Destruction. It is a very powerful bond formed over innumerable amounts of years.

Cus was the attendant who had presided over the Universe Designated as the Tenth. That Universe no longer existed, it was erased many months ago without any warning. One moment Cus could have been speaking to her ward and the next there was nothing but her remaining until the Grand Priest retrieved her.

"You have my condolences." Beerus said, bowing his head in respect.

Champa promptly, after seeing Beerus bow, bowed his head as well.

"T-thank you..." Cus replied, before resting her head back into her folded arms.

---

**Trunks**

"Hehehehe..." Laughed the angel, happily slurping down his meal. "Hehehehe!!!"

Everyone seemed to be avoiding the tall pale blue Angel. Ever since he had appeared at the stands the Angel had been laughing to himself and carrying a very satisfied smile.

"Mr, mr..." Bulma said, running up to the man. "Why are you laughing all by yourself? Isn't that sad?"

"Hehehehe... Liberation is never sad." Said the Angel, not even looking at Bulma.

Mai came running to retrieve Bulma.

"I'm sorry! My daughter managed to slip by me when I was talking to my husband and..."

"Hehehehe..."

"Sir...?"

"Hehehe... Pardon me... Hehehe... I've just been in such a, hehe, fantastic mood lately."
"I see... Come along Bulma."

Mai proceeded to take Bulma up into her arms and slowly backed away from the strange laughing man.

"Hehehe..."

As the two returned to Trunks, Trunks noticed Lords Beerus and Champa exiting a food stand.

"Lords Beerus and Champa!" Greeted Trunks.

"Oh? You're finally here?" Beerus asked, noticing Mai and Bulma with Trunks.

"Y-yeah... Sorry for the delay. Whis had forgotten to mention that I could bring my family to watch me fight."

"I see..."

"Hehehehe..." Laughter sounded out.

"Huh?" Trunks asked in response.

Champa shrugged.

"That's that Mojito. Ever since his Universe got erased he's been like that."

"It is actually quite unnerving, to say the least." Beerus added.

"Did he lose his mind at the loss?" Mai asked, hugging Bulma tightly due to talk of erasure.

"Loss?" Beerus asked. "That's... A word."

"I-i see..." Mai said, nervously looking back at the laughing Mojito.

"Ahem." Trunks cleared his throat. "Everyone else is gathering at the arena entrance. The only one left unaccounted for is Zajak."

"Don't bother." Champa said. "Last I saw of your little teal female humanoid she was already near the entrance with Hit."

"With Hit...?"

"Whatever! Let's get going Beerus!"

"Tch, I know Champa!" Sneered the annoyed Beerus. "And you too, Trunks! Lord Zeno will be announcing the first match of the beginning round shortly!"

"Ah! Really?!"

"Yes, so kiss your wife and daughter goodbye and send them to take their seats under the Universe Seven designated seating area!"

"R-right. Ahem, Mai--"

Mai was already kissing Trunks.

"Mmmmmm..." Mai pulled away, their daughter stuck out her tongue in disgust. "We'll see you
soon.”

They than left a stunned Trunks who watched Mai’s swaying hips vanish into the crowd that too was moving towards the stands.

"Stop gawking and get moving!" Shouted an impatient Beerus.

"R-right!"

Opening Ceremony

Fireworks roared into the empty blackness of space itself, Lord Zeno clapped with joy at the sight of all the beautiful bright colors exploding. Music performed by the greatest musicians, handpicked by the Angels of each Universe, played and competed for the adoration of Lord Zeno.

The crowds filling the stands cheered and settled into enjoying the soon to be occurring Tournament. Already many were placing bets on which Universe would remain and the possible outcomes of possible match ups. This was due to everyone being given miniature observation pads to keep track of the stats and information of the fighters as well as an option to vote for their favorites.

Not that it mattered, Lord Zeno had the final say.

Trunks and the rest of Universe Seven’s fighters had been moved to an exclusive resting area as the match ups were being sorted out. Truthfully Trunks wanted to wait with Mai and Bulma but Lord Beerus forbade it - at least until they knew the match ups first.

"Attention." Resonated the voice of the Grand Priest for all to clearly hear. Silence also overcame the crowd, not only out of respect but out of fear too. "Lord Zeno has decided the first set of matches for the beginning round! If you all would please check the pads before you..."

Round One

First Match

Hit and Caulifla of Universe Six vs Dyspo and Kahseral of Universe Eleven.

Second Match

Dercori and Gamisaras of Universe Four vs Trunks and Zajak of Universe Seven.

Third Match

Ganos and Nink of Universe Four vs Cabba and Frost of Universe Six.

Final Match

Android 16 and Cross of Universe Seven vs Jiren and Prime of Universe Eleven.

Round One Ends

Reactions - Universe Four

"Hm?!” Ganos gazed at the image of Trunks of Universe Seven in disbelief.
"Oh? Is something the matter, Ganos?" Asked Quitela.

"N-no... Nothing at all, Lord Quitela."

"How is he here? I killed him already! There was nothing left!" Thought Ganos. "If he's here then he will know what I had done to weaken Universe Seven! That... No, no. Don't panic! He couldn't prove anything! Godtube went to hell after Universe Ten was erased!"

Ganos nearly jumped when Nink placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Whoa, there. Are you not well, Ganos?"

"It's nothing, really. I'm just... Excited for our match is all."

"If you say so."

Nearby Nercori was sorting through her talisman, humming a happy tune as she did.

"You seem pleased..." Gamisaras, still invisible, mumbled softly.

"I am. It isn't every day that I get to pull out the good talisman."

"I'll never understand you..."

"You aren't supposed to, Gamisaras dear."

---

**Universe Six**

Caulifla was scowling at Champa, not even attempting to hide how pissed off she was currently feeling.

"Oi! Champa! Why am I teamed up with that bastard and not my Cabba? What game are you playing at, huuuuuh?!

"Listen here! I am the God of Destruction here, I make the teams!"

"I don't care! Move Cabba to my team!"

"Shut up, girl! I won't risk losing both of my Saiyan fighters on the same team!"

"I won't work with that bastard! Even Frost is a better option!" Caulifla yelled, crossing her arms as she did.

"...Thank you?" Frost said slowly.

"C-caulifla..." Cabba tried to calm her.

"Silence, Cabba! Let me fix this!" Caulifla shot back.

"Too bad!" Champa yelled himself. "It is already decided! Now you better learn to play nice with Hit or I'll destroy you!"

"Go ahead! Than you get to explain to Lil'Zeno why he won't get to see my amazing transformations!"

"Aaaaargh! Vados! Talk sense into her!"
Vados, standing nearby, sighed and approached Caulifla.

"What Lord Champa has merit. We cannot risk losing both of our Saiyans so early on. So you will simply have to learn to tolerate this for now."

"Tch..." Caulifla looked away. "I hate this."

Champa looked to Vados in shock.

"Why does she listen to you but not me?!"

"Oho! I haven't a clue, Lord Champa." Vados responded innocently.

The entire time Hit ignored them all, it wasn't worth his time.

---

**Universe Seven**

Zajak felt very pleased that the Supreme Kai had chosen to assign her with Trunks. They shared a close kinship and it allowed her the opportunity to show off more of what she can do. Surely Trunks would truly appreciate just how much she has improved thanks to the intense tutelage of Vados.

"Are you prepared?" Android 16 suddenly said to Cross.

"Always."

A strange chill ran up Zajak's spine as she heard Cross speak. Something was different about him, something cold and calculating...

Zajak shook her head to clear her mind. Clearly she was just letting her excitement to cause her to feel strangely for some reason.

Meanwhile Trunks looked at the match ups.

"One, if not more, of these fighters is responsible for killing the Trunks of this timeline and causing the destruction of the Namekians. I currently lack the information to pinpoint who the responsible ones are but after seeing my face on the roster it should cause them to start questioning how I am here when they had killed the other me."

Trunks looked to Lord Beerus. Both of them nodded to each other without a single word uttered between them. It was a mutual understanding that one of the four Universes acted against them in secret and that they would surely act again if they see the opportunity.

---

**Universe Eleven**

Toppo sat with crossed arms, his eyes remained closed.

"You paired that monster with Jiren?! Are you insane, Toppo?!!" Angerily shouted Dyspo. "After all that he has done for us you do this to Jiren?!!"

It had been a request of Prime's for his participation. Either Jiren was teemed up with him for the initial rounds or he wouldn't fight. Why, Toppo didn't know but it was an easy request to grant because...

"Prime and Jiren are our most powerful fighters. Together none of the other participants are a threat."
"Even still---"

"Oh, calm yourself already." Prime interrupted as he sipped his tea. "You're ruinin tea time."

Dyspo ran over to Prime and smacked the tea cup out of his hand.

Prime frowned.

"Must I tear off your other leg as well to make it a pair?" Prime gently asked with a smile.

"Why you---!"

"Enough!" Toppo shouted. "I will not tolerate infighting!"

"Damn it!" Dyspo stormed off.

Kahseral could only shake his head.

"I hope you know what you're doing, Toppo." Was all he said before following after Dyspo.

"...."

Jiren tried to hide his anger but Toppo could feel it. It was hard not to, Jiren had to concentrate quite a bit to mask that vast power of his. Anger made that concentration all that much harder.

Prime also noticed the power emitting from Jiren. It was marvelous.

\[\text{First Match - Ready...}\]

Pop, pop, pop, pop!

Caulifla and Hit appeared within the arena, Dyspo and Kahseral appeared as well at their opposite.

"Hmph." Caulifla huffed. "Stay out of my way."

"...."

The Grand Priest than appeared above the arena to explain.

"An explanation is in order!" He began. "The arena is created from a material of my own devices. It has been tested repeatedly by the Gods of Destruction of the non-participating Universes to verify their durability over the passing months. It will assuredly hold its structure outside any highly unexpected developments. If such occurs know that Lord Zeno looks forward to witnessing them. Next the arena is constantly evolving to provide new and entertaining scenarios and is shielded by a powerful series of barriers to protect the audience. Finally flight is restricted within the arena. This is to keep the fights more grounded and entertaining. Now as for the rules---..."

Caulifla began to crack her knuckles, Hit finally opened his eyes to stare at their opponents.

Dyspo took up a launching stance, Kahseral ignited ki blades around his hands.

"--and that is the rules of the Tournament of Power!" The Grand Priest finished explaining the rules. "Without further explanation the match shall now proceed with the takks counting down."

At the center of the arena was a large tower, sections separated to represent each takk which would
measure the time of the match.

One takk falls.

Dyspo launched himself at a blinding speed towards Caulifla, Kahseral charged at Hit. Caulifla was caught off guard by the speed, Hit attempted to dodge the ki blades and nearly did until Dyspo, zipping about, kicked Kahseral forward towards Hit before returning to rain a barrage of pummeling fists at a guarding Caulifla.

The match had begun in earnest!

As the fighting began Prime, in the exclusive Universe Eleven fighters section, fumbled with something in his pocket. A devilish smirk played itself on his face, shielded by having his back turned from the others in the room.
Round One: Match One - Caulifla and Hit vs Dyspo and Kahseral

Chapter Summary

Thus rages on the first match of the first round!

Universe Six vs Universe Eleven!

As the fighting intensifies Caulifla finds herself at the ropes. Hit on the other hand is caught in a relentless assault by Kahseral who is continuously aided by the light speed antics of Dyspo. Just as things begin to take a turn for Universe Six something unexpected happens much to the confusion and rage of Caulifla.

Caulifla

"Gaaaaaa!" Shrieked Caulifla, clutching her abdomen. Her legs shook, her body moved backwards as she forced herself to lean forward.

"Cough! Cough! Blaaaargh!"

Caulifla had coughed up an alarming portion of blood, it dripped from her parted lips that gasped for oxygen. With the back of her arm Caulifla wiped her lips clean, though stains of quickly drying blood remained on her lower face with much of it on her chin.

Raising her arms up in a guarding position her eyes searched and searched for her opponent.

A blur and then...

"Aaaaaa!!"

Caulifla felt herself get sent flying, her body spinning as it crashed through rocky formations. Her lower back felt enflamed, the kick that had sent her flying had been of a metallic texture and bluntness - not soft like flesh. Even the tonest and most muscular of flesh still retained some measure of softness.

"Gah! His leg! It isn't just some flimsy metal! If it was then it would have shattered the moment even a meager amount of force was applied against me! Argh, damn it! Damn it, damn it, damn it!"

Blasting the ground as she continued to tumble through the air Caulifla sent herself flying back towards where the fighting was going on. Her opponent, thinking her weak, must have decided to tag team on Hit.

"Hit... That bastard! Damn that Champa for teaming me up with Hit! I can't believe that I have to bail that bastard out!" Caulifla spit out some blood in annoyance. "Tch! Whatever, I'm just paying that loser back for ignoring me like trash. Hit, that bastard, just happens to benefit from it!"

Hit

Hit grabbed hold of Kahseral's wrist, twisting it around to push the erratically discharging ki blade
away from him. Kahseral grinned at this, his cybernetic eye lit up a bright red than fired a thick beam out at Hit. It was at close range, Hit shouldn't have been able to dodge it.

Or so that's what Kahseral had foolishly thought.

Activating his Time Skip, Hit easily stepped out of the way and proceeded to jam his fist into Kahseral's chest. An invisible ki wave exploded from his closed fist, striking at the internal organs of Kahseral.

The Time Skip ended instaneously. Had Hit not been naturally fast in his own right then even something like the Time Skip would have been utterly useless.

Kahseral's mind was still processing what had happened, his body nearly caving over as his pain receptors went haywire in trying yo make sense of this sudden surge of agony.

"Gaaah! What did you do?!" Kahseral demanded.

Hit wasn't going to humor his opponent, this wasn't some game or sport to him. With a re-clutched knuckle Hit made a long step forward and struck Kahseral again, this time at the right shoulder.

"!!!"

Kahseral toppled over, his right shoulder to the rest of his right arm had gone lame.

Dyspo suddenly appeared in a burst of dust to be at the downed Kahseral's side.

"You honorless cur! I see what you're doing!" Accused Dyspo. "Every villain I've faced has beared the same killing intent as you!"

"Hmph." Was Hit's response.

---

**Flashback**

"Hit." Android 16 said in a monotonous voice. "Your blows are of the killing nature."

"That is correct." Hit responded, striking Android 16 square in the face. "Killing is forbidden in the tournament."

Nanomachines crawled out of Android 16's pours to repair the facial damage and hefty dent Hit had left after withdrawing his hand.

"Killing is forbidden." Android 16 repeated. "But... Killing of muscles, bones, and organs is not forbidden."

Hit swayed out of a strike from Android 16.

"Explain to me your thought process."

"Very well."

---

**Hit**

Kahseral let out a howling scream, his body trembled as he forced himself up on his feet.
"Cough... cough... My left lung..." Mumbled the barely audible Kahseral to Dyspo. "It... Doesn't... Function..."

Dyspo wasn't an idiot, he knew from the dossier that Hit was an assassin. There was only one explanation that fit.

"He... He killed your left lung?!!" Dyspo shouted in anger.

"And..." Kahseral felt his right shoulder with his left arm. "The muscles... they..."

"I understand!" Dyspo said inbetween clenched teeth. "He killed the very muscles in your right shoulder! They're already showing signs of necrosis! Curses! Curses!!" Dyspo pointed a finger at Hit. "You monster! What are you? Death itself?!!"

Hit said nothing, he merely dashed forward as quickly as he could.

Activating his Time Skip he attempted to strike the left, non-cybernetic, leg of Dyspo only Dyspo wasn't there anymore.

"What?"

Dyspo was fast, too fast for the Time Skip to keep up. Hit felt a powerful thrust of a knee into his abdomen, then a chopping strike to the back of his neck followed by swift kicks into his kneecaps than at last an unrelenting ki blast to his back that sent him flying.

It had all happened in mere seconds.

Hit utilised his Time Skip to soften his fall as best as he could but the moment it ended Dyspo was in front of him with a prepared elbow to Hit's face. Hit was only able to force it into a glancing blow but with the combined speed and power behind it the blow was still painful and sizzled as it slashed across his chest.

"And another! Justice Blast!" Dyspo yelled, firing another charged ki blast at point blank range at Hit.

---

**Universe Eleven Waiting Room**

Prime watched the fight unfold silently, a look of displeasure was plainly on his face. The outcome wasn't going the way he desired. Agitated he lightly tapped something impatiently in his pocket.

"Not yet."

---

**Caulifla**

Just as Dyspo attempted to follow up on his assault on Hit, Caulifla burst out of a nearby rock formation.

"What the--" Dyspo muttered just as a palm ki blast smacked him in the face to sent him spinning in the air.

Caulifla landed next to the downed Hit, her hair was glowing a brilliant golden color and her normally red aura had changed into that of a golden look as well. Only her ki blasts retained her trademark violent red ki.
"Get up already!" Caulifla demanded of Hit. "Attacks like that shouldn't phase such a tough meathead like you. So spare me the pity party! Bad enough I gotta work with you!"

"Hmph." Hit grumbled, pulling himself up to his feet. Brushing the dust off his armored outfit he gave a piercing glare at Caulifla.

"What the hell is that for? Huuuuuh?!!" Demanded an irritated Caulifla. "Got something to say?!!?"

"Dodge." Hit responded.

"Eh?!"

Caulifla leapt backwards, just barely dodging a hurled ki blade from a resting Kahseral. The blade itself embedded itself into the arena, searing through it before proceeding to travel further.

"Huh? That thing keeps going!" Exclaimed Caulifla, her excitement rising. "Why didn't I ever think of that---"

Dyspo zipped in front of Caulifla to firmly plant his knee to her chin and sent her flying.

**Universe Six Waiting Room**

Cabba slapped his hand over his face. Once again Caulifla had let her excitement get the best of her and paid for it.

"Oi! Caulifla! Stop screwing around!" Shouted a nearby Champa.

"Oh my, oh my, oh my..." Worriedly mumbled the flustered and normally quiet Fuwa - Supreme Kai of Universe Six. "That child still hasn't addressed that glaring weakness of hers."

"Damn it! Cabba!" Shouted Champa who turned to face a flinching Cabba. "Learn to control your woman!"

"Ehehehe... About that..."

Vados coughed to interrupt Cabba.

Champa looked at Vados then paused as he considered his words.

"I-it was just a joke! Chill out, Vados!" Champa quickly explained, sweat beads forming on his forehead.

"... As you say." Vados said in an annoyed tone. "Lord Champa."

"Why do I feel like this is somehow my fault even though it isn't?" Cabba thought as he sunk into his chair in fearful worry.

**Hit**

Back into the fight once more Hit engaged Dyspo, constantly using his Time Skip to try to make up the speed difference. Yet no matter how much he used it he just couldn't get a read on Dyspo. This speed was unexpected and it was starting to strain his mental fortitude as well as wear down his body from the constant and unrelenting assault from Dyspo.
"Hahaha! I'm the fastest in my Universe! Even Jiren has to focus just to catch a glimpse of me after I've built up momentum!" Taunted Dyspo.

"Is he bluffing? I've read the dossier on that Jiren person he speaks highly of. All indications suggest that he is their ace in the hole. I find it hard to believe that their main attraction would be slower than this annoyance." Jiren thought, entering another Time Skip.

Suddenly things were different.

Everything moved even slower, expect him. Hit was now faster, his mind was cleared. It was almost as if he had pushed beyond a previous mental block and entered a state that had surpassed his own limitations.

He struck at Dyspo and...

"That smarts!" Complained Dyspo who had barely dodged the strike. His face bleed from the wind pressure that had passed over, a nasty long cut ran across his left cheek.

"Dyspo!" Kahseral shouted.

"Hmph. I forgot about his downed ally." Hit cursed mentally.

"Right!" Dyspo sped over to a running Kahseral, grabbed his outstretched arm - his left one, than began to run.

Faster and faster.

As Dyspo ran, Kahseral ignited the ki into his arms even if one arm was lame currently.

A massive tornado had formed thanks to Dyspo and hungerily engulfed Hit, surrounding and trapping him.

Attempting to use his Time Skip, Hit tried to find an escape but couldn't find a way out. Dyspo was moving even faster than before thanks to the increased momentum and circular running motion, his Time Skip couldn't keep up. Even worse the wind generated from Dyspo lashed out of the tornado and slashed into Hit.

Hit flinched as he was cut from all directions. The wind was...

"No! It isn't just the wind! This is--!!"

Blood came from Hit, it oozed out from his growing number of cuts.

"Ki! There is ki, sharpened and refined, mixed into the wind currents!"

"Correct!" Shouted Dyspo, his voice bouncing this way and that. "Kahseral here is a Master of the Ki Blade discipline! He spent many years of his life in total dedication to the art of sharpening even the tiniest of ki into a deadly searing blade! Added alongside the momentum of the wind I have generated and the unpredictability of a tornado and it has reached the perfected usage!"

"Gaaah!" Grunted Hit inbetween clenched teeth. A larger unexpected ki blade had hurled out of the tornado and spun rapidly in the air before embedding itself into his right leg.

"Don't worry. We're heroes of justice." Dyspo exclaimed. "We won't kill you.... Though we can't guarantee you'll have all your pieces in place if you refuse to surrender."
"Hmph."

"Caulifla is still free. If I'm to get out of this trap in one piece it will depend on what she does. I merely must endure this a bit longer. Though if she fails then I will be forced to enact more drastic measures which I doubt will leave me as unscathed."

Lord Zeno

"Oooooo! So pretty! That tornado keeps flashing green lights inside it!" Lord Zeno observed with a smile.

"Indeed. It does create such a marvelous display, Lord Zeno." The Grand Priest agreed.

"But I can't see what's going on inside..." Sighed Lord Zeno, disappointment hung heavy in his voice.

"You need not worry, Lord Zeno. I believe that wild girl that you maintain an attachment to is about to do something rather entertaining."

"Caulifla!" Squealed Lord Zeno who motioned for the screen to zoom in on her.

Caulifla

Crossing her arms and legs, Caulifla was seated contently nearby as she tried to size up just what that tornado was truly capable of. Rushing in rashly could cause it to expand and trap her inside as well. Getting trapped alongside Hit already made her stomach turn at the mere thought and that was before even considering the danger that the tornado itself already possessed.

"Tch. I can't ponder this forever, damn it! Even that bastard has limits! If I take too long he might get too banged up and kicked out of the ring even with that stupid cheating Time Skip bullshit of his!" Angerily muttered Caulifla. "Okay, focus! Focus, Caulifla! What do you see?"

Caulifla leaned in and peered deeply at the raging tornado. Her eyes focused harder, harder and... It was faint but she could see. There were green lights, her senses indicated to her that they were ki in nature - most likely attacks meant to harm Hit. However, that wasn't all.

"That's it!" Proclaimed Caulifla who pounded a fist into an open palm. "They're traveling in the same direction! I can just throw them off by blasting at the opposite direction! It'll send the tornado into flux of confusion due to it wanting to go both ways and give that bastard time to get out of it!"

Caulifla stood up and began to leap to a better position.

Hit

"Surrender. This is your last warning." This time it was Kahseral who spoke.

Hit punched a ki blade away with his ki engulfed fists. It was the only way he saw that prevented him from being cut. The issue was that the ki blades just bounced around until being picked back up by the tornado to be hurled out again. They were seemingly unbreakable as long as Kahseral was still conscious.

"You were warned!" Shouted Dyspo.
Moments later hundreds of ki blades were hurled out of the tornado and flung at blinding speed towards Hit. Hit forced himself into a Time Skip and began striking at each of the falling blades. However, it wasn't enough, his mind was too strained from repeated usage of the Time Skip.

At least twenty of the blades made it past as his Time Skip ended and fell upon Hit, cutting into him. Hit didn't scream, he maintained his guard up as he waited for the next barrage.

"Just fall already!" Ordered a very much annoyed Dyspo.

As more blades gathered and the wind speed increased a light began to shine and...

**Caulifla**

"Haaaaa!!! Take this for pretending that I didn't exist, you assholes! I'm the main attraction, damn it!" Yelled out Caulifla who hurled her massively charged ki blast into the tornado at the opposite direction Dyspo was traveling. "I'm not done! I also got another idea!"

Caulifla charged up another massive blast and made it float in her hand.

"Catch, idiots! It's a special hurling Ba-Boom for'ya!"

---

**Universe Six Waiting Room**

".... I really need to help her with coming up with the future names for any new attacks that she comes up with." Groaned an embarrassed Cabba.

---

**Caulifla**

Caulifla threw her Ba-Boom into the air then leapt up after it. Once she was just across from it Caulifla flipped her body in the air with her abdominal muscles and transformed from her Super Saiyan state into Super Saiyan Two just as her foot connected with the Ba-Boom. The Ba-Boom erratically and violently hurled downwards into the tornado at top speed and ignited into an ultra-hot explosion.

---

**Hit**

"What the hell?!" Dyspo shrieked as the first hit from Caulifla dislodged him and pushed the tornado into a chaotic and uncontrollable state. "That crazy b---" He was cut off as the Ba-Boom had just penetrated the tornado and exploded.

"Argh! What is this heat?!" Waiked Kahseral who found himself flung further and further away from the arena as the tornado was no longer under their control.

"**Kahseral of Universe Eleven has been eliminated!!**" Rang out the voice the Grand Priest.

---

**Universe Eleven Waiting Room**

Kahseral found himself warped safely back into the waiting room.

"Toppo, I--" He tried to explain.
"Khai, Marcarita. Tend to Kahseral."

"Of course." Khai, the small framed Supreme Kai of Universe Eleven, replied.

"Very well." Marcarita, the angel assigned to Universe Eleven, sighed.

"Thank you, Toppo...?"

Toppo ignored Kahseral, his eyes remained fixed on the match as did Primes'.

Caulifla

"No more running, huh?" Taunted an overjoyed Caulifla, gripping Dyspo from the collar.

"You animal! Your own ally was caught in that blast!"

"Blasts." Caulifla corrected Dyspo. "Besides. He isn't dead or anything and we can just have him healed after the match. So it is okay, it is okay!"

Hit pushed himself out of some nearby rubble. He was taking deep breaths, his body was littered in cuts, stab wounds and bruises. Wet and dry blood decorated him in full yet he still stood resolute, he was far from being defeated.

"Oh yeah!"

Caulifla pointed a palm at Dyspo and blasted him towards the edge.

"Gonna need you to get ringed out now. I mean, I would play around and maybe get too over confident thus giving you an opening but you pissed me off by treating me like trash and ignoring me for that bastard." Caulifla pointed a thumb over her shoulder at Hit. "So either fall off on your own or I'll make you fall in a much less pleasant way."

"I'm not through yet!" Dyspo shouted registering to charge.

"Hah! What a waste of time!" Caulifla said with a grin. "Okay, let's play then!"

"I'll defeat you two! For justice---" Howled Dyspo who was now speeding towards Caulifla.

Universe 11 Waiting Room

"No. This little charade is over. Now you get to suffer, you annoying, pathetic and ultimately disgustingly filthy sack of trash and your sugar rush tantrums." Prime thought as he pressed a button in his pocket while the rest were busy tending to Kahseral or watching the match. "Oh. And consider this as karma for spilling my tea. It was extracted from a now extinct strain. Yes, I admit that it only went extinct because I blew up the only planet that it grew on but that is just schematics. It was still mine to enjoy, not yours to defile."

The device Prime had activated disintegrated into nothing as he used his ki to erase the evidence.

Jiren twitched, he sensed something but remained silent for the time being.

Caulifla
Dyspo felt himself topple and flip over the ground - hard and fast. His body was battered and bruised, even bones fracturing. Somehow his right leg, his cybernetic leg, had locked up without warning. Worst of all it occurred as he had already began to run at high speeds towards Caulifla.

Now he was laying at her feet in a bloody and pathetic state.

Caulifla frowned. She had entered a defensive stance and had been looking forward to facing Dyspo again, this time as her much faster state of Super Saiyan Two. Instead she was met by a foe who was now unable to rise.

"Tch." Caulifla turned her back to Dyspo. "Get your shit together. We have like ten minutes left before time runs out. I'll give you five to come at me again."

"You...?"

Just as Dyspo spoke Hit rushed over, grabbed Dyspo and tossed him in the air. Without a word Hit pointed a palm at Dyspo and turned it into a fist which he used to punch into the air. A ki wave struck Dyspo and sent him flying over the edge.

"Dyspo of Universe Eleven has been eliminated. Universe Six's Caulifla and Hit may progress to the next round!" Came the booming voice of the Grand Priest.

"The fuck?!!" Caulifla raged over to Hit, puffing out her chest as she did. "I gave him five minutes!"

"This isn't a game." Hit stated firmly, his voice didn't hide his annoyance. "We either win or we cease to exist. Get that through your head."

"Don't lecture me! I'll fight you here and now, bastard!"

"How cheaply you value your own life but I wonder." Hit began to say, putting his hands into his pockets. "How much do you value his life?"

The one Hit spoke of was Cabba. Just mentioning him was enough to calm down Caulifla. Her life was cheap in her eyes but if she lost the man she gave her heart to then...

"Tch... Don't you dare bring him up."

"...."

Hit looked up towards the smiling Grand Priest now floating above them. There was a strange look in his eyes, it was hard to describe, before he snapped his fingers and Hit and Caulifla were transferred back to their waiting room. Or so Caulifla assumed but...

---

**Universe Eleven Waiting Room**

Dyspo screamed and thrashed about, his implants from the cybernetics were combusting into him. It was a sickening sight and smelled of burning flesh, Khai was barely able to stop it from spreading any further.

"Take it off! Arrrgh!"

Since exiting the arena his pain had increased tenfold. There was no explanation for it, such a thing never should have happened.
"Sigh... Very well."

Prime suddenly got up from his seat, teleported to Dyspo, and proceeded to tear off the cybernetic leg without hesitation or any consideration for inflicted pain. Not once did Prime even attempt to hide his gleeful smile, his tongue even licked his own face clean as blood and oil splattered everywhere.

"Aaaaahhhhh! Aaaaaaaaahhhh!"

"Prime!" Toppo raged, throwing himself at Prime and pinning him against the wall. "How dare you!"

"I did as he asked." Prime explained without a shred of guilt in his voice. "Now be a good and obedient God of Destruction and tell your beautiful Attendant to put that screaming buffon to sleep before he enters a state of shock." Prime looked over Dyspo who was now shuddering, twisting and shaking now. "Well, I suppose that it is a bit too late for that now."

"Insolence!" Hollered Toppo, slamming Prime against the wall. "I'll destroy you!"

Marcarita tapped Toppo on the head with her staff.

"Release him, Toppo."

"Marcarita?"

"We need Jiren and Prime going forward in the tournament. Or are you intent on Universe Eleven being disqualified and erased?"

"..."

Toppo released Prime, who adjusted his collar, and turned to face Dyspo.

"Tend to Dyspo at once."

Jiren's eyes were open now, he stared at Prime with a burning hatred. It was something his comrades had never seen before.

But Prime had.

When he killed Jiren's parents.

When he killed Jiren's Master.

When he killed Jiren's friends.

And when...

Well, it didn't matter to Prime on the how, all things considered. Only that it occured many times and that it made Prime feel absolutely gitty with excitement every single time.

---

**Universe Seven Waiting Room**

Trunks re-adjusted his jacket and tugged at his sleeves. He pondered something before finally removing the jacket that bore the CC logo. After watching the carnage of the first match he didn't want to risk it being damaged. Sure Kibito could mend it later but it wouldn't be the same.
Next to him was Zajak who was busy fiddling with the band holding her hair up in a ponytail. Noticing Trunks looking at her she smiled softly, though she felt a tinge of awkwardness when she noticed that Trunks was just wearing a black tank top over his torso now.

"Ummmm... That was a very interesting fight, wasn't it?" Zajak said, striking conversation with Trunks. It was her attempt to distract her wandering eyes.

"It was." Trunks acknowledged. "A great refresher not to let our guards down. Anything could happen out there and as long as it doesn't violate the rules it seems to be fair game."

The Supreme Kai nodded his head as he approached.

"You two must be careful out there." He said. "Although... Hmmmm..."

"Something on your mind, Supreme Kai?"

"It is nothing conclusive yet, Trunks. Give me a bit more time to consult Whis about it first."

Zajak frowned somewhat upon hearing that.

"I don't like that..."

"Really! It's nothing, you two! Just focus on your match, okay?"

"Indeed! It should be starting soon after the brief snack and bathroom interlude is over!" Exclaimed an irritated Elder Kai who was laying down on a couch watching cartoons. "So get out there and don't do anything extreme like break a leg like that Dyspo fellow did!"

"If you say so..." Trunks replied, exchanging a concerned look with Zajak.

---

**Next Round Begins**

"Please return to your seats, the next match is about to begin shortly."

The crowds began to file back in to their seats. There was sounds of bickering within as quite a few had lost a lot of money as they had predicted a victory for their Universe. On the other hand there were plenty others happy over the results of the first round.

In one of the seats, for Universe Seven, was Mai holding Bulma.

Bulma giggled gently, pointing at the tablet pictures.

"Daddy will be fighting next!" Bulma exclaimed. "He's going to win!"

"That's right dear." Cooed Mai. "Your father won't lose to anyone."

"Trunks..." Mai thought. "Be careful. I know that you aren't one to show off or be swallowed by pride so I don't have to worry about that but... You're always trying to shoulder everything on your shoulders. Please try to remember that you are never alone."

"Ahem." Boomed the Grand Priest's voice. "The next match shall now begin."

Trunks and Zajak were warped into the arena, already attempting to self-repair from the last match, and opposite of them was just Dercori.
"Huh?" Trunks said aloud. "Just one?"

"Universe Four's Dercori and Gamisaras versus Universe Seven's Trunks and Zajak!" Proclaimed the Grand Priest who then returned to Lord Zeno's side.

"Gamisaras? Her partner is here with her? Where? Were they warped elsewhere?" Zajak asked, looking around in confusion.

"Begin!"

Immediately Dercori threw talisman into the air which rapidly flew to each corner of the arena and began to spin.

Suddenly everything grew dark, Trunks and Zajak instinctly pressed their backs together as Dercori's malicious laughter echoed throughout the entire arena.
Round One: Match Two - Trunks and Zajak vs Dercori and Gamisaras

Chapter Summary

As the match continues underway Universe Four plots.

Before The Match - Universe Four

"Hey, hold up for a second will you, Dercori?" Ganos said, reaching an arm out to place upon her right shoulder.

Dercori shrugged it off before returning to admiring her talisman.

"What is it, Ganos? As you can see my match is about to start." Replied Dercori.

"Hahaha. I wouldn't wish to get in the way of something as thrilling as that, believe me. However, I do have a favor to ask of you."

"Hm?" Dercori placed her talisman down and shifted her body to face Ganos. "And what, pray tell, could you possibly need of me at the last minute, Ganos?"

"Allow me to be blunt then." Ganos said. "I wish for you to use "that" talisman on one of the warrior's of Universe Seven during the match."

Dercori paused, lightly tapping a finger in slow repeated taps as she pondered this before responding back.

"Ganos, dear. You of all people should know that to fully utilise "that" talisman that I will require very specific information."

"Oh, that won't be a problem." Ganos replied with an all-knowing smirk. "Universe Seven, the designated Planet known as Earth at exactly three months and twenty-nine days from now. The time would be between two to four pm, Earth Time. The target is a male humanoid native to the Planet Earth - Trunks."

"Yes, that would be set right after I had killed him and returned to Universe Four to avoid discovery. If my hunch is correct then this Trunks had either avoided death, somehow was resurrected or..." Ganos thought to himself.

"This is surprisingly accurate..." Dercori began to say. "How do you know all of this? Is there something that you did that you shouldn't have, Ganos? Be frank with me."

"That I cannot confirm nor deny." Ganos responded. "Are you willing to indulge my curiosity or not, Dercori?"

Dercori looked to Quitela from the corner of her eyes. To her it looked like he was laughing quietly to himself, most assuredly plotting something. Based on the natural instinct to scheme of Quitela and the odd request from Ganos it wasn't hard for Dercori to get a good idea on what had occurred.

"... On second thought, I'm no longer curious. Keep your secrets Ganos, even this one."
..."

"Your silence speaks volumes, Ganos. Very well, I'll help you but I will not personally view the contents of what the talisman undercovers. I have enough skeletons in my closet as is, I don't need yours as well."

"I thank you, Dercori. Truly."

---

**Present - The Audience**

"I can't believe our Pride Troopers lost to such riff raff in the very first match! It is an absolutely disgrace!" Angerily stated one alien of Universe Eleven. "It would seem that our faith in them has been misplaced!"

"Ever since the massacre they haven't been the same." Commuted a much younger alien.

"Indeed." Said the child's father. "How far have our Pride Troopers have fallen!"

"That isn't all." Quibbled another much younger alien. "Who is that Prime person? The Pride Troopers have always announced when they obtained new recruits. Something that I would like to note hasn't been done in such a long time ever since Jiren began screening potential recruits."

"Oh, my... That's..." It was a much much older Alien this time who stared at the image of Prime. "That... He looks different but that... that... that sinister aura! I can sense it from just his image yet... Yet!!!"

The old alien suddenly clenched his chest in shock just before toppling over dead. There were sharp gasps within the crowd and upon hearing the commotion emergency personnel quickly ran down the stairs inbetween the stands to retrieve the body before Lord Zeno could notice.

"Not one word of this." The blue humanoid creature warned the prying eyes of Universe Eleven before rushing off with the body.

The entirety of the Universe Eleven remained silent, unsure what to make of what had happened. Fear of the unknown had shaken them to the core, only returning to the ongoing match could they calm their nerves and numb their growing suspicions.

---

**The Match**

After Zajak had fired ki blasts at Dercori large tendrils made of shadow shot out from the darkness, the directions were random and not so easily anticipated. Trunks blasted them away as best he could, Zajak backed him up by kicking back the ones had missed. Her eyes had adjusted much more quickly than Trunks's, it was the least she could do.

"This could prove problematic." Trunks joked, pressing his back against Zajak's as he did. "Any ideas?"

"Tch. I know that my blasts made contact with her earlier but she seemed unphased. It's pretty annoying and a waste of my time." Zajak pouted in frustration. "I reaaaally want to kick her around for being such a frustrating and cowardly fighter! This is supposed to be a match, not hide like a rat!"

"Your attacks connected, huh?" Trunks replied as he and Zajak leapt out of the way of a burning molten boulder that had materialised out of a hurled talisman. "Perhaps it may be safe to conclude
that she may garner some form of invulnerability when shielded by darkness?"

"Seems about--... Wait, hold on a second."

Zajak grabbed Trunks by the forearm, spun him, and tossed him away from a ball of erratically discharging electricity. Trunks took that initiative to land just behind it and formed three thin ki rings to engulf and squeeze it into prematurely detonating it safely at a distance.

"Huh. So it does work. Guess I owe Gohan big for telling me about that Gotenks fellow and his weirdly named abilities. Hmmm... Now that I think of it... Wasn't he some sorta fusion between my younger self and Gohan's little brother?" Thought Trunks.

"Duck!" Zajak shouted as she slashed at the air to create a ki energy wave. It sailed past the head of a ducking Trunks and cleanly cut into a series of ki infused glowing bubbles. Searing liquid seeped out of them just as the ki energy wave dissipated.

"Hmmm..." Trunks began to tap his chin. "If we keep this up we'll risk getting seperated and picked off."

"Especially since we haven't located her partner yet." Zajak agreed with Trunks. "So, any ideas?"

"Well... We've established that we can't hurt Dercori while the arena is covered in shadows. That much is a given since she intentionally did so as her first move and your attacks proving ineffective despite being more powerful than she is."

"Right, with those pieces of paper with hers!"

"Talisman and that's not paper, it's her ki shaped into talisman." Trunks corrected. "Our first priority would be to destroy them so that she cannot just--... Hold on." Trunks placed his hands together and launched a Finish Buster and what appeared to be a giant shadowy Crow. It was destroyed rather effortlessly. "As I was saying... We must destroy those talisman first so that she can no longer attack us so indiscriminately."

"But they're located at each corner of the arena and..."

Suddenly the arena itself twisted and turned, mountains rose up and craters began to litter the arena floor. The sound of rushing water could be heard soon after, it was a rushing river forming out of thin air. That river room transversed the entire arena and entered a circular loop of sorts as it winded inbetween, over and under the forming mountains and now hills. Even the ground changed from a rocky footing into smooth soil that was eventually covered by a familiar green grassy look and texture.

It had happened almost instantly, Trunks and Zajak could barely believe their eyes. Before the arena had been a desolate rocky mess, now it was a rather beautiful rolling hills and lush mountainous environment with blooming flowers.

"Huh?!" Zajak shouted in suprise as she jumped back, accidentally bumping into Trunks.

"Hahaha. So that's what they meant." Chuckled Trunks who didn't seem to mind that Zajak had bumped him a few steps back. "Looks like we'll have to keep that in mind for future matches, huh?"

"R-r-right..." Zajak suspiciously stared at the new surroundings before regaining her own footing.

"Who gave you permission to admire the flowers?" Boomed the voice of Dercori. "But perhaps..."
Multiple talisman fluttered out of the shadows to create multiple creatures. One was the image of an ever burning unicorn, the other was that of a six-legged serpentine creature with three heads and two tails - a purple noxious fluid dripped from its barred fangs. Following them were explosions of fire, water, lightning and noxious clouds.

"Tch. Trunks, let me get the Talisman. I've worked on my speed a ton since we last fought." Zajak said, eyeing the charging creatures. "Though you better not beat her until I get back to get my hits in!"

"I wanted to avoid splitting up." Trunks admitted. "But we are on a time limit and as far as we can tell it is taking her no energy to utilise those talisman."

"Ugh!" Zajak leapt away from Trunks. "I thought weapons were forbidden!"

"They are but..." Trunks side stepped the unicorn then leapt behind the reptile before blasting it a few times. "The talisman themselves are harmless. My guess is that she has the ability to create actual talisman then copy their stored ability into herself so that she can later unleash them in the form of ki. This allows her to prepare many attacks before a match while exerting as little energy as possible."

"Such cowardice!" Zajak yelled as she began to leap away to deal with the talisman.

"Oh? Alone now?" Whispered Dercori's voice. It felt as if it was all around Trunks. "Surely you realise that my intention from the beginning was to seperate you two, right?"

"I'm well aware of that. I also have a theory as to why you're still here with me and not chasing my comrade." Trunks replied, a slight smirk formed at the edge of his mouth. "Would you care to hear my theory?"

"... Hmph."

"I'll take that as a yes." Trunks said. "When the match started your ally was nowhere in sight. That got me thinking, you know? Such as, where they were for starters."

Dercori's head peered out of the shadows, talisman flew out and sharpened into blades to strike Trunks who easily teleported away from them.

"Then it hit me. The Grand Priest isn't one for mistakes and things that we cannot see he surely could as he isn't restricted by mortal eyes. In fact, his eyes should be second only to Lord Zeno himself. Basically what I'm trying to say is..."

Trunks suddenly thrust his hand out and squeezed into the air. Gurgling noises could be heard as he tightened his grip.

"The Grand Priest could see your friend the entire time, that's why he didn't seem concerned. It was his lack of concern that helped me realise that your friend has an ability to cloak himself but not to the extent to deceive the Grand Priest himself as that would have raises alarms. I also came to another conclusion."

Trunks, without averting his eyes from Dercori, pulled the struggling Gamisaras closer.

"That based off the skillsets of all the participating Universes and the deposition of the Gods and their Attendants that the Universe that was most likely to have sabotaged Universe Seven before the Tournament would most likely be Universe Four." Trunks said quietly for only Dercori to hear. "Am I wrong in this conclusion?"
Dercori gritted her teeth and flung more talisman at Trunks and commanded the ki constricted talisman beasts to charge.

"You dare levy such an accusation so casually?! How dare you!"

Trunks grinned to himself as he released Gamisaras, swerved behind him and proceeded to blast him into the charging beasts.

"I guess that they didn't realise that Zajak was formerly a bounty hunter - raised as one since her youth." Trunks thought. "After the initial shock of seeing only Dercori, Zajak heard approaching light footsteps and a strange highly masked smell that didn't match Dercori's thanks to her refined hunting instinct and senses. After realising that we were dealing with a stealth based opponent, something Zajak has hunted at least twice in her career, Zajak had me play along as we feigned ignorance and pretended to be worried about being seperated. That was exactly what we wanted as they would surely attempt to attack me first, as I was the unmoving target, and allow Zajak to deal with the Talisman as quickly as possible. It also helps that they greatly underestimate just how fast Zajak has become."

"Hold still you--!!!"

The shadows around the arena began to recede back towards Dercori.

"What?! How?!? It hasn't even been two minutes!" Dercori shouted, the worry in her voice was impossible to hide.

"Right on time." Trunks said with a smile. "Now then."

"Solar Flare!!!"

A blinding light engulfed the arena.

Lord Zeno

"Hehehe! Shiny! Shiny!" Cheered Lord Zeno who was unphased by the blinding solar flare.

"Geeze! I can't see anything but you just keep staring like it's nothing!"

Lord Zeno turned in his seat and beamed a smiled up Caulifla who was shielding her eyes.

"I can make you see it too if you want!" Happily offered Lord Zeno.

"No, that's fine." Said Caulifla. "I wanna be able to overcome such stuff on my own. Getting helped in fights isn't exactly my style, gets in the way of me getting stronger."

Caulifla then proceeded to sit down in the empty seat next to Lord Zeno's seat.

"So... Lil'Zeno." Caulifla spoke up after getting comfortable. "Wasn't I supposed to get sent back to the Universe Six waiting room after winning my match? Instead I ended up here."

"Better view, better view!" Explained a clapping Lord Zeno. "Much more fun this way, yes, yes?"

"I suppose it is." Caulifla admitted while smiling. "Alright! Then since I'm here let's really enjoy this match!"

"Really enjoy?" Lord Zeno asked, his eyes burned with facinated curiosity.
"Yeah! We gotta shout, cheer and have fun!" Caulifla explained. "C'mon! If we aren't having fun then what's the point in watching, right?!"

Lord Zeno pondered Caulifla's words for a few moments before smiling back at her.

"Right! Fun is fun!"

"That's the spirit, Lil'Zeno!"

---

**The Match**

Just as Trunks finished dispatching the creatures formed by the talisman, Gamisaras spun through the air and snapped his jaws at Trunks. Trunks in turn raised both hands and grabbed Gamisaras from those salivating jaws of his.

"I admire the effort but you're just too far outmatched." Trunks said before spinning Gamisaras and kicking him away.

It wasn't an insult persay, it was simply the truth. Neither opponent had even forced Trunks to go to the first Super Saiyan level, not that there was even a need for it. All they had going for them was their trickery and without it they were severely disadvantaged.

"Alright!"

It was Zajak who had just returned from destroying the talisman. Cracking her knuckles she grinned sinisterly at the retreating form of Dercori who desperately tried to hide in what remaining shadows there were.

"Hey, Trunks." Zajak called from over her shoulder. "I'm gonna do that thing that I wanted to do earlier. You know, to really hammer in that we're really tired of dealing with such cowardice."

"It isn't cowardice, it's fighting smart." Trunks stated his opinion. "They had no other option considering how vast a difference there is in our power."

"Posh!" Scolded Zajak. "You're taking their side?!"

"H-hold up! Why are you getting angry, Zajak?"

"You know why! I hate cowards who refuse to give me a good fight! Did you forget? I love fighting! But not just fighting, I love fighting strong opponents!" Zajak explained in an agitated and angered voice.

"Huh... I... Errr.... I actually kinda forgot about that. I guess all our training has left me too preoccupied. And.. Huh? Are you... Seriously... Angry?"

"Ehhhh?!"

Just as the two started to argue, with Trunks not understanding what he even did wrong, Dercori flung multiple talisman at them. Trunks raised a hand and blasted them into nothingness before they could trigger.

"Alright, alright. I admit it." Trunks conceded. "They are not the most honorable of fighters."

"Hmph!" Zajak crossed her arms. "I guess that's the best that I can get out of you. Fine." Unfolding her arms and cacking her knuckles once again Zajak walked past Trunks and glared at Dercori. "No
more little toys. You're mine!" With eyes flaring red Zajak zipped towards the unprepared Dercori.

"Got you!"

Gamisaras had suddenly appeared behind Trunks and got him into a full body hold.

"You sure are tenacious but it's over. I'm going to ring you out now." Trunks said before exerting his muscles to slowly loosen the hold Gamisaras had on him.

"Dercori! Do what you need to do!" Shouted Gamisaras.

"Eh?"

A single talisman flung out of a nearby crater and hurled itself in front of Trunks.

"Haaa!" Trunks blew Gamisaras off of him with just his ki then raised a hand to blast the talisman. He was too slow, it ignited in a flash of light. When that light had faded Trunks remained standing with a blank look in his eyes.

"Finally!"

Gamisaras grabbed Trunks, tossed him over his shoulders and began to make a beeline towards the nearest edge of the arena.

---

**Universe Seven - Mai**

Seated at the hands Mai tried to control her struggling daughter who was very clearly upset.

"No fair! Fight daddy fairly! Stop cheating you invisible meanie face!"

"Now, now, dear. Be a good girl." Mai tried to soothe Bulma. "Your father will be alright, just calm down."

"No! It isn't fair! They keep being mean and doing cheating stuff! It's rude and mean!"

"It isn't against the rules." Mai tried to explain. "We just have to hope that your father will pull through in the end."

"It isn't fair..." Pouted a now cross armed Bulma.

---

**Universe Seven Waiting Room**

"Oh, dear." Elder Kai said. "Trunks is simply too kind. Had he been ruthless and just rung out Gamisaras when he had a chance then he wouldn't have gotten into this pickle!"

"It is most unfortunate, indeed. Trunks is a half Saiyan so while he enjoys fighting like a Saiyan, a race known to greatly enjoy fighting, he also shares a natural empathy for others due to his human nature and upbringing. Trunks must have emphasised with Gamisaras for his tenacity to fight for his Universe despite being severely outmatched."

"Darn kids these days! This is no time for kindness! Not when the Universe is on the line!" Said the Elder Kai.

"I agree with you for once, old Kai!" Beerus said between clenched teeth. "That Trunks better not
"screw everything up or I'll destroy him!"

---

**The Match**

"You foolish girl! You cannot hurt me! I'm untouchable in the shadows and your little crush isn't here to use that annoying ability of his anymore!"

"Idiot!" Yelled Zajak. "It isn't like that between us!"

"The girl protests too much! Hahahahaah!"

Talisman and shadowed tendrils shot towards Zajak. Zajak spun and as she did she fired small ki blasts that flew too fast, thanks to the momentum generated from spinning, for the talisman to activate before they were destroyed. As for the tendrils she landed on one and began to run and slide between them towards Dercori with her arms extended and palms now open.

"Did you not hear what I said?! You can't hurt me!"

"In those shadows, right?" Zajak interrupted. "There's a reason Trunks and I ran together for so long before splitting up! Now you get to see why!"

Gesturing with her hands the ground began to shake.

"What the---"

Dercori flinched as ki spheres shot out of the ground and flung towards Dercori as Zajak commanded.

"Hah! That's it? Such a foolish and incompetent girl you are!" Dercori gloated.

"Oh?" Zajak grinned. "The ki spheres are mine but.." Not bothering to finish Zajak closed her eyes. "What's inside belongs to Trunks!"

"What?!

The ki spheres exploded and as they did blinding light burst out from inside of them, piercing continuously into the darkness. Dercori, in her panic, tried to leap away but was too blinded to see where she was going and lost her footing.

Hearing Dercori losing her footing Zajak, eyes still held tightly closed, leapt to Dercori and dragged her out of the shadows with a forceful yank.

"Unhand me, cretin!"

"If you say so!"

Zajak spun Dercori around over and over and over.

"Y-y-y... B..b... blaaarrgh!" Dercori let out her earlier meal.

"Here, let me take you to a wash room!"

Zajak released Dercori into the air and placed her hands together and pointed her open palms at the tumbling Dercori in the air.
"Just like Trunks did It! I can do it too!"

"Finish Buster!"

Energy formed and instantly fired out of her extended palms like a bullet. It connected with Dercori and flung her way out of bounds.

"Dercori of Universe Four has been eliminated!!"

---

**Trunks**

Gamisaras had reached the edge of the arena and prepared to toss Trunks off. However, just as he was about to Trunks painfully gripped into the shoulder of Gamisaras.

"Interesting trick. It had me for a moment or two." Trunks admitted. "But... Well, you took me where I wanted you."

Before Gamisaras could speak Trunks blasted him in the head to release his hold on him. Trunks then twisted himself to be straight up in the air before proceeding to thrust his kneecap into Gamisaras's back. The impact was enough to send Gamisaras straight out of bounds while Trunks safely landed back on the arena ground.

"Gamisaras of Universe Four has been eliminated! Trunks and Zajak of Universe Seven may proceed to the next Round!"

After the announcement Zajak landed next to Trunks, she was smiling.

"I didn't get to punch her like I wanted but I did get to do a really cool send off for her." Zajak folded her arms behind her head. "Well... Anyway... Now that we have some free time... Ummm... D-d-do you w-wanna grab something to eat?"

"Hm?" Trunks had been lost in thought.

Zajak suddenly blushed and looked away.

"N-nothing..."

"So, he didn't notice that I learned to do that Finish Buster technique? I wanted to celebrate with him..."

---

**Universe Four Waiting Room**

Quitela started to cackle loudly as he and Ganos observed the ki talisman held in the palm of Dercori. Dercori looked disgusted with herself as she handed it over. The bitter taste of defeat was quite painful.

"Kekekeke... Perfect, Dercori! You did well!" Quitela congratulated.

"Gamisaras and I still lost. Our opponents toyed with us the entire time."

"Perhaps, but you see, Dercori, yours and Gamisaras's talents can be put to far better use outside the arena than within."

Dercori raised a concerned brow.
"What are you implying, Lord Quitela?"

"Kekekekeke..."
Round One: Match Three - Ganos and Nink vs Cabba and Frost

Chapter Summary

Ganos conveys a message to Trunks through the match.

Caulifla loses control.

"-Ganos and Nink of Universe Four vs. Cabba and Frost of Universe Six!" Announced the Grand Priest.

Lord Zeno's VIP Room

"Woohoo! Go get'em Cabba! Show'em what you learned from training with me!" Caulifla shouted out in encouragement.

"Cabba...?" Lord Zeno asked Caulifla with a look of puzzlement on his face.

"Ah, you forgot? I already told you before, Lil'Zeno! Cabba is my life mate and my one and only! It's a high honor considering how awesome and amazing I am!"

"Life mate?"

Lord Zeno is immortal, what with being a God who was King of Everything. To him the concept of life and death eluded him as he could never experience it for himself. Not that he tried but it was a safe assumption that it was an exclusivity of mortals.

"Oh, right!" Caulifla exclaimed. "Ummm... Okay! Listen well, Lil'Zeno! A life mate is... Uhhh..." Caulifla took in a few quick breaths before proceeding. "Basically, ummm, a life mate shares their life with me and only me and joins me in my bed and stuff. Same goes for me to them."

"That's confusing..."

"Ooo...? Confusing you say?" Caulifla leered a smile. "Or are you jealous that my Cabba is the one closest to my heart?"

"Hmmmm..." Lord Zeno began to scratch his head. "What's a heart?"

"What's a... Geez! For being King of Everything you are woefully out of the loop. Like, aren't you supposed to be all knowing?"

After Caulifla had spoken the visage of the Grand Priest popped out inbetween them.

"That would be against the Grand design of Lord Zeno." The Grand Priest said.

Caulifla hopped back slightly in shock, she hadn't sensed the Grand Priest at all. Gods and the such utilised a different type of ki, Caulifla knew this, but it was never going to be something she would ever allow herself to grow accustomed too. It would be too dangerous.
"H-hey! Let me know before sneaking up on me like that!" Shouted the now agitated Caulifla. "Geez! You're the absolute worst sometimes, Mr. Butler."

"... Why do you insist on calling me by that name?" The Grand Priest sincerely asked. "It would be correct to address me as the Grand Priest as that is what I am."

"Eh. You act more like Lord Zeno's personal butler than a priest. Or at least any priest that has ever existed." Caulifla reasoned with an uncaring shrug. "So you're Mr. Butler or The Butler. Whatever I fancy at that given moment when addressing or speaking of you."

The Grand Priest shook his head.

"I suppose it was too much to expect a brutish child such as yourself to exhibit what you mortals would consider respectful maturity."

"Hah! See! I knew it all along! You can tell jokes after all!" Chuckled Caulifla.

"Sigh..." The Grand Priest floated over to Lord Zeno. "I trust that you're enjoying yourself, Lord Zeno?"

"MmmHmm!" Mumbled a nodding Lord Zeno. "Caulifla made this even more fun!"

"Obviously." Caulifla said in the background.

"Then it was the correct decision on my part to transport her here instead of back to her waiting room." Confirmed the Grand Priest.

"Eh?" Caulifla responded to that confirmation. "What are you? My chaperone as well? Only you don't tell me where I'm headed first? Wait... No, that makes you a kidnapper! That's creepy and rude!"

"... I shall allow you to continuing enjoying the match, Lord Zeno!"

"Hey, wait--"

The Grand Priest was already gone.

"Damn! How dare he just run off like that! I wasn't finished!" Caulifla, even more annoyed than usual, stormed over to her seat near Lord Zeno's before turning to him. "Now I'm hungry! Got any snacks or anything, Lil'Zeno?"

"Snacks?"

---

**The Arena - Cabba**

"I wanted to talk to Caulifla after her match but she's stuck entertaining that Lord Zeno. Vados had informed me that it would be unwise to press the issue and that I could see her after the first series of matches had been completed. I'm trusting her on that but knowing Caulifla's... Rough... personality I can't help but assume the worst."

Not totally lost in thought Cabba swirved out of the way of a massive saw created out of ki. He could feel it cutting into the air.

"Not bad." Said the approaching Ganos. "Course you are a Saiyan Warrior, similar to the one showcased on Godtube. I expected at least this much from you."
"You're singling me out... Why?" Asked the cautious Cabba who took a defensive stance.

"... Go ahead and transform already. I know that you're able to, just like that rather beautiful female of yours."

"Caulifla?" Cabba thought. "Hmmm... He saw her power, or at least what she felt liking showing already, yet he's goading me to transform just like her? What is his angle?"

"I don't have all day. Either transform now or regret it later."

"Fine." Cabba said to Ganos. "Fair warning. I'm not like Caulifla, I'm not going to hold back just for fun."

"Oh? So she WAS holding back! Lord Quintela should find this type of information quite useful."

"I doubt so." Replied Cabba whose energy began to rise.

"Hm? How so?"

"Because once you and your ally have been bested you'll be taking a one way ticket to erasure."

"Interesting..." Ganos said with a smile. "You're becoming quite a bit more aggressive. Could that be a side effect of transforming? Seems ripe for exploitation."

"Enough!"

Golden light engulfed Cabba only to fade off into the air immediately. However, it wasn't just a light show. Cabba's hair was golden and much more sleeker now, lightning occasionally sparked and danced about the ki surrounding his body.

---

**Caulifla**

Seeing Cabba utilising the mastered state of Super Saiyan Two made Caulifla blush slightly to herself, she even turned so that Lord Zeno wouldn't notice. To her Cabba just looked so cool and sexy serious as a Super Saiyan Two, her heart was already throbbing and her eyes closed slightly as she stared at him in admiration and adoration.

"My Cabba may be weaker than me, yeah, yet he still manages to make my heart skip a beat and cause my knees to grow weak when he does stuff like this. Man... What is with me?"

Caulifla slapped her palms to her cheeks to refocus herself back to the match.

---

**Frost**

"You could surrender. Save us both the trouble, really." Taunted Frost who flung Nink into a nearby wall of hardened rock-like material.

"Heh..." Nink coughed as he pulled himself up. "You're holding back. Insulting."

"Hmph." Frost shot a Chaos Beam at Nink, piercing into his shoulder.

"Argh!" Screamed out Nink in pain. "That's better!"

"Better? Pray tell. What could possibly be better with a hole in your shoulder?"
"Hahaha!" Nink's body began to glow his pupils vanished and his entire eyes shifted into a crazed red. "Much better!"

"Wh---"

Nink shoulder tackled into Frost and began wailing at him without direction or abandon.

"Argh! What is this change? He wasn't like this earlier!" Frost thought as he blocked as many blows as he could. "I better transform into... No. My second and assault forms would be playing it too close to the letter of caution and could prove risky. Instead I'll utilise my Final form! My augmented form should be saved for as long as possible."

Gathering his energy he forced Nink back with a ki explosion. Before Nink could recover enough to charge him again Frost began to glow and his body quickly shaped itself into his much sleeker Final form.

"I apologise for the wait." Frost apologised as he began to stretch. "I had wanted to keep my transformations a secret a bit longer but alas I cannot afford to be too cautious. Forgive me, but there will be much pain."

"Hehehe. Bring it on then."

Despite his bravado Nink knew that he was outmatched. Normally he would consider a retreat and meet up with Ganos, however his role wasn't to win. Instead he was to use his extremely high tolerance for pain and tenacity to hold his opponent in place until Ganos had dealt with the other opponent of theirs.

---

**Cabba**

"Haaaa! Ha, ha, haaaa!"

Cabba was raining speedy blows at the now defensive Ganos. He felt every blow connect yet his opponent simply refused to react beyond merely defending himself.

"Fine! If you won't fight then I'll just ring you out--!"

Just as Cabba swung a powerful kick in, Ganos smirked and his arm shot out and grabbed Cabba's leg. Cabba tried to pull free but couldn't.

"You're stronger than he was but your little golden trick is not a threat just like it wasn't when he used it on me."

"Who are you--- Aaaarrrggghh!"

Ganos crushed Cabba's leg and then flung him to the ground. Cabba entered a state of shock, he was unable to understand what had just happened.

"This power is quite facinating. As expected considering it was meant to be reserved for only the Gods themselves."

"W---"

Interrupting Cabba, Ganos dashed instantly to him and held the golden warrior up into the air by his throat.
"Shhhh... We've only just begun. You haven't yet been thoroughly educated on just how outclassed a Saiyan is before a champion of a God of Destruction."

An invisible blue ki aura danced all around Ganos, gently engulfing him. Unlike normal ki, which requires mortals to bring about their power forcibly, God ki worked in harmony with the body of the user and could bring out all the power that would have otherwise been outright lost or remained dormant. It also brought with it unprecedented ki control that far exceed that of mortal ki.

It also helped that Lord Quitela had viciously trained Ganos almost constantly with no rest for nearly four months. Such guidance is a rarity, though it was even more rare that he had actually survived it.

Ganos pulled his other arm back and then proceeded to slam it into Cabba's abdomen.

"Gaaaahh!" Cabba coughed, his body shook but refused to heed his mental demands to focus. Instead he began blasting ki out of his hands and feet haphazardly as Ganos repeatedly struck him. Cabba felt his vision grow blurry due to the lack of oxygen from being struck and choked.

"You'll serve as a fine example for him, Saiyan."

---

**Caulifla**

"Hey! Hey! Heeeey! You stop abusing my Cabba! You just wait, when I get down there I'm gonna give you a real painful walloping, you hear me?!!"

Caulifla attempted to jump out of the vip stand but just as she did she found herself teleported away. Blinking continuously Caulifla's eyes eventually refocused enough to see that she was now seated in an open grassy plain. Standing next to her was Vados.

"Do try not to get yourself pre-maturely erased, Caulifla."

"You!" Caulifla shouted as she jumped to her feet. "Don't get in my way! Cabba needs me!"

"You can't always coddle him." Vados sternly scolded. "Besides, I'll see to it that he's properly tended to after his defeat."

"Defeat? Oi! What are you saying? That MY Cabba will lose?!?"

"Indeed. Cabba nor Frost share even a fraction of your natural affinity for fighting, they will lack the drive to press on to greater heights as you've always done. Besides..." Vados said matter factly. "Surely you noticed it too."

"Noticed...?"

Vados tapped Caulifla on the forehead with her staff.

"Lord Quitela did it. He actually managed to teach a mortal of his own Universe how to utilise and master God ki. Considering how weak his Universe scales in regards to power that is most impressive."

"Then all the more reason for me to help Cabba! Ooof--!!!"

Vados had placed Caulifla in a ki created prison.

"Stay put." Warned Vados. "Now isn't the time to show your true powers nor will I allow you to get
yourself erased or disqualified because you're not thinking clearly due to your unstable and highly emotional mental state."

"Vados!!!! Let me out, you hear?! Let me ouuuuuut!!!"

Caulifla instantly went Super Saiyan Two and began pounding on the ki prison.

"Vadooooossss!!!!" Frantically screamed a desperate Caulifla as her eyes began to tear up at the thought of Cabba being brutalized while she was powerless to stop it.

"VAAAAAADDDDOOOOSSSSSS!!!"

Caulifla's pupils began to blink out as she began to enter a form even further beyond as rage and despair engulfed her entire being.

Frost

"Hmph. Is that all?" Frost asked as he picked up the passed out form of Nink. "Well, I suppose you did hold out for quite awhile. And-... Hmmm?!!?"

Frost leapt back as three ki saws were flung at him.

"Cabba lost? To you? Impossible! You're a weakling!" Shouted the surprised Frost.

Ganos casually tossed the passed out and heavily brutalized form of Cabba at Frost's feet. No longer was Cabba's hair a golden blonde, it had long reverted to his natural jet black.

Frost could see that both legs and arms had either been crushed or broken, the abdomen and chest looked slightly caved in. Bruises and welts covered Cabba's nearly naked body as only scraps on torn armor remained and his eyes were both blackened and swollen shut. It was hard not to notice the dried blood all over his broken body as well. At least Frost could assume that it had long dried though he suspected it was a recent endeavour.

"..."

Frost forced himself into his augmented state.

"Not taking me lightly, are you?" Ganos asked with a fiendish and mocking smirk. As he did his eyes wandered over to Nink. "Good job Nink. Allow me the pleasure of finishing this up in your honor."

"As if I would---"

Frost felt a powerful turbulence as Ganos finished his transformation. His body grew slightly in muscle mass, his normally green hair gained a bluish tint to it and his pupils changed into a deep bluish green color.

"Tch! I'm not so easily impressed by such antics! Do you think that I'm a mere child!?"

Frost opened his chest pieces and prepared to fire a massive Chaos Ball out. It began to spin as the ki formed, building momentum. However, Ganos wasn't going to wait and with a single step he was before Frost.

"What?!!"

Ganos engulfed his fist in blue ki and stabbed it into Frost.
"...!!!"

Frost staggered and tried to blast energy from his mouth. This proved futile as Ganos tore his arm out of Frost's chest then leapt up to kick Frost square in the jaw, dislocating it, to divert the blast safely away.

Clutching his jaw and the gaping hole in his chest Frost took a few steps back. He couldn't even speak, only bloody gurgling noises came from him.

"I'll ring you out fast. Can't have you dying in the ring."

"F...ff...fr...o..s..s...t..." Cabba mumbled, forcing his broken and crushed arms to prop him up. Unfortunately Cabba, still blinded and battered, simply fell back down on his stomach.

Ganos leapt into the air and then slammed his talons into Cabba's back.

"AAAAAAAHHHH!!" Shrieked Cabba in agony.

"I just severed your spinal cord. You'll require intense treatment from a dedicated Kai if you're to move again. I would say about an entire days rest, bare minimum. Assuming you--"

Frost forced himself to leap to Ganos. His hands were engulfed in ki which he utilised to slash at Ganos. Ganos responded by doing the same, only his God ki infused blades proved the superior. Not to give up so easily Frost pressed his palms together and created an instant Chaos Wave which blasted at Ganos.

Ganos ate the hit, his body shielding itself with a barrier, and grabbed Frost by the shoulders. Before Frost could respond he crushed them inward.

Frost tried to scream but couldn't.

"I'm amazed that you can still move. You must truly despise me."

Ganos then thrust his foot onto Frost's chest and fired a powerful ki stream from it. This sent Frost flying right out of the ring.

"Frost of Universe Six has been eliminated!"

Turning his attention back to Cabba, Ganos lifted him up into the air.

"I'm normally not so brutal but Lord Quitela requested that I make a show of this." Explained Ganos to the barely conscious Cabba. "Don't worry. It'll be over soon."

Ganos approached the edge of the arena with Cabba held firmly in the air. Once reaching it he placed his free hand on Cabba's back. Then he looked up at the Universe Seven Waiting Room before igniting his hand with ki to pierce Cabba.

"AAAAAAAHHHHH, AAAAAAHHHHHH!!" Cabba screamed and screamed, his body twitching as he did.

The entire audience grew deathly silent as Ganos allowed the blade to remain in place. He wanted to ensure that Trunks of Universe Seven saw it in full and had received the message. After waiting a minute longer he twisted the blade, causing Cabba to scream even louder than ever before, then blasted Cabba outside the ring.
"Cabba of Universe Six has been eliminated! Ganos and Nink of Universe Four may progress to the next Round!"

The audience remained silent, unsure how to react to what they had just witnessed. None of them had expected any fighter to cause such suffering to their opponents and just barely skirting the no killing rule.

---

**Quitela**

"Kekekeke... As long as they don't die in the ring then all is fair as far as the rules are concerned." Snickered the overjoyed Quitela.

---

**Universe Seven Waiting Room**

Trunks slammed his fist against the overlooking balcony. It was obvious to him that Universe Four had specifically wished to direct a message to him. It was their way of saying that they were the suspected culprits and that they were out for blood. Suddenly Trunks felt a hand on his shoulder, it was soft and gentle.

"Mai...?"

Trunks turned and saw that it wasn't Mai, his beloved wife, but a very much speechless and highly embarrassed Zajak.

"I... I..." Zajak was at a loss of words, she could only stare wide eyed at Trunks.

"Sorry, I didn't-"

Before Trunks could finish Zajak, as if in a shocked daze, released her hand from his shoulder and began to walk away without another word. Trunks wanted to follow after her, to see what was wrong but...

"Trunks." It was Beerus. "That crafty Quitela has properly instructed his lowly peon Ganos in the mastery and usage of God ki. It goes without saying that this Ganos in particular is most assuredly his favored lapdog whom he had sent to cause trouble for us. I had my suspicions but this blatant display of power and cruelty was meant to convey a certain message to us specifically."

Trunks tightened his hands into fists.

"Yeah... Consider their message received."

"Hmph. You're angry, I see." Beerus began to scratch his chin. "Perhaps I can ask a favor of Whis to ensure that you be given a proper outlet to channel that rage of yours next round. Sounds enticing, right?"

"Lord Beerus...?"

---

**Vados**

Vados warped into the Universe Six waiting room with a passed out Caulifla tucked under her arm. Observing the situation she instantly took notice to the state of the passed out Frost and Cabba.
"Oh, dear... I suppose it was correct of me to bring her back in a slumbering state after all. This is far worse than I could have imagined."

"Vados! Where have you been?" Hollered a shaken Champa.

"Oho! I was off giving Caulifla here a private lesson in controlling one's enormous power. As you can see she's positively exhausted following the ordeal." Explained Vados.

"Tch... Fine." Champa conceded. "Go help fix up Cabba and Frost. I don't want to risk Caulifla throwing a tantrum when she wakes up."

"I'll do what I can but considering the potential mental trauma that they may have received they potentially may be out for the rest of the day." Vados replied before setting Caulifla gently down on a couch.

"... Do what you can. We'll need Caulifla at her best with Hit for the next round." Champa said as he turned his back away from the defeated fighters.
Android 16 and Cross of Universe Seven vs Jiren and Prime of Universe 11!

Universe Seven Waiting Room

"I know that we haven't really bonded or anything but I still want you to know that it's okay to throw in the towel if things start to turn sour. There's no shame in it, believe me." Trunks said after resting a hand on the shoulder of Android 16. This was no simple feat considering just how tall the Android was in comparison to Trunks himself. "Don't throw your life... Errr... Existence away if you have to option to forfeit."

Trunks knew that this Android 16 wasn't the same one that Gohan and the others had ended up befriending in the past. This version was far more mechanical, logical and seemingly unfeeling. Nonetheless Trunks did feel a certain kinship with what should have been an enemy of his. This was most likely born of his own memories and not of any substance in regards to this version of Android 16. Yet even still he couldn't help but feel the way that he felt.

"Throw in the towel? Turn sour?" Questioned Android 16 in a monotone voice. "These plays on words and their meanings are unknown entries within the database that Dr. Gero had established into my directories. Clarification and elaboration is required."

"Ah... Right." Trunks began to scratch the back of his head as he struggled with an explanation. "Basically I'm suggesting that you surrender if you are losing pretty badly. I would much prefer we not have a repeat of the last match."

That last match had left a sour taste in his mouth, even temporary murderous thoughts still lingered within the back of his mind. They, Universe Four, had set out to send a message to Trunks - to let him know that they are suspicious of him and that their hands are stained red.

Now wasn't the time to confront them, at least not while a match was well underway. Trunks had no other choice but to suck it up for the time being. Though once the first series of matches were over he planned to do... Something. He wasn't sure what but he figured that it would come to him sooner rather than later.

"The objective is to ensure victory." Android 16 finally replied. "The option to retreat is both documented and overruled. I and my creation Cross shall fight until neither of us are able to any longer."

"You aren't wrong but--"

"Stop coddling the Android, Trunks. If he wishes to fight til he can no longer function then so be it. Why should any of us deprive it of that small measure of pleasure?" Beerus stated, interrupting Trunks. "Though something has struck my fancy just now. Oh, Whis~!"

In a flash Whis appeared at the center of the room.
"Yes, Lord Beerus?"

"A thought has struck my fancy. Do indulge me, would you, Whis?" Beerus asked.

"I shall meet your expectations to the best of my abilities, Lord Beerus."

"Right. Ahem." Beerus cleared his throat. "Tell me, Whis. Weapons are banned in the tournament, is that not correct?"

"That is correct, Lord Beerus."

"Yes, yes... I thought that was still the case. Anyway, I must ask. Really, I must. Tell me, Whis, how would you classify our friend here?" Beerus nudged his chin in Android 16's direction. "I know that asking such a question now may be a bit late, no doubt due to my many naps, but it is quite important that it gets sorted out now. However, I will also like to add that It would be very infuriating indeed if the answer is less than acceptable. Do I make myself clear... Trunks?" His eyes narrowed and directed over to the unsuspecting Trunks.

Trunks blinked and pointed a finger at his chest.

"Excuse me?"

"Do show me some proper respect, would you now - Trunks. Remember now, if the answer I receive from Whis is of the bad sort then note that I will have no choice but to destroy you."

"W-wait! Hold on, Lord Beerus!" Trunks frantically said with waving hands. "You still need me to fight in the next round!"

"Depending on how Whis responds we may not even get that far." Growled Beerus. "So Whis, go ahead. Answer my inquiry, would you?"

"Ohohoho! Worried now, Lord Beerus? You do know that this is your fault."

"Answer already, Whis!" Barked Beerus.

"Whis...?" Trunks slowly said as he looked at Whis. Trunks's face had turned grave and sweat was forming on his forehead.

"Oho! You too, Trunks?"

"Ahem." Coughed the Supreme Kai. "I know, Whis, that you enjoy these types of things but do try not to keep us in suspense for too much longer. It would do us no good if Trunks were to suffer a heart attack."

"Y-yeah..." Agreed the nervous Trunks.

Whis breathed out a defeated sigh.

"Very well then. Allow me to explain."

Tapping his staff Whis caused a projection of Android 16 to appear.

"As you can see, Android 16 is fully mechanical. There isn't a biological thing about him unless you consider his nanobites to fall under that category."

"Yes, yes! We know that already, Whis." Complained Beerus.
"Continuing on." Whis said, ignoring Beerus. "Android 16 is a literal walking and talking weapon. If we followed the rules at face value then he shouldn't have even gotten past registration."

"Hm?" The ears of Beerus perked with curiosity. "Then that means...?"

"As Android 16 bears his own sentience, so he could technically classify as a mortal." Explained Whis.

"Huh?" The Supreme Kai blinked in disbelief. "Wait, hold on... He's a machine. How could he possibly classify as mortal?"

Whis floated over and tapped him over the head with his staff.

"I already explained that. Android 16 is sentient, like a mortal." Whis scolded the Supreme Kai. "Furthermore Lord Zeno only sees Gods and Mortals. Even a tiny microcell is mortal in the eyes of Lord Zeno, so would the materials that create rocks for example."

"So... Pretty much anything that isn't a God could technically be classified as mortal?"

"Indeed. Well done in figuring it out, Shin." Congratulated Whis.

"Umm... Thanks?" Blushed the embarrassed and highly confused Supreme Kai.

"That doesn't address the weapon issue." Beerus interjected.

"Oh, that? I merely told Lord Zeno that those 'Weapons' are parts of what makes up the mechanical and very much sentient mortal being known as Android 16. They are part of the package."

"W-wait... It was that simple?" Trunks asked with a look of astonishment.

"... I may have told him that it would be more fun to overlook certain... Grey areas." Whis admitted, smiling as he did.

"Isn't that cheating and highly unethical?" Asked the Supreme Kai.

"Is it now?" Whis replied with a finger on his lip as he began to whistle innocently.

"... I'll pretend that I didn't hear that last part." Beerus grumbled.

Off to the side Android 16 had finished preparations and running a final diagnostic test before his match begins. As he entered into a standby mode he began to wonder where his creation Cross was currently located.

Cross

Just moments before the match Cross had wandered off outside the arena observation area. The sight of Frost being brutalized so had been had left Cross with mixed and confusing feelings. It wasn't something that he understood all that well, just that it didn't feel right.

"Ah. There you are." Chirped an unfamiliar voice. "The fascinating creature that they call Cross."

Cross beared his fangs and slammed his tail into the ground. They were alone, everyone else was converged around the arena.

"Now, now. There's no need for such hostility." Said the figure. "We don't have to be enemies."
"What.... What do you want?" Cross said.

Even after all the speach lessons from Frost he still disliked talking. It was distracting and required too much focus

Quitela grinned, raising his closed palm out.

"I've been watching you. Unlike your two comrades, who were under the protection of the Universe attendants of Six and Seven, you were easily monitored from afar. There was no divine intervention to mask your training."

"..."

"You were close to that Frost fellow, that much I can tell." Quitela looked at his palm then back at Cross. "I do apologise for the actions of Ganos. He may have gotten a bit too overzealous in his desire to exceed my expectations upon him."

"..."

Quitela frowned somewhat.

"No matter. I know that Frost, the one who trained and educated you, had attempted to push you into betraying your creator. Understandable. You're just a disposable tool to him."

"Grrrr..." Cross started to grow aggressive.

"Heh. Angry already?" Chuckled Quitela. "But you should first gaze upon the gift I have to offer to you first."

"Hm?"

"Curious now, I see."

"... Show it to me." Demanded Cross.

"Very well."

Opening his palm caused a projectile to appear. In it was the form of Trunks fighting a green insect-like creator.

--------

"Once I've absorbed Androids 17 and 18, I shall obtain my perfect form!" The green creature stated arrogantly.

--------

"I don't..."

"My spies informed me that Android 16 is a creation of one Dr. Gero who had created that green creature. I suspect that Android 16, your creator, utilised what his own creator left behind to bring about your own creation."

"....."

"Silence? Interesting. Then you should know already on what you must do." Sneered Quitela who
began to float away. "At least if you hope to have any chance of victory."

"... Wait!"

Just as Cross spoke he was warped away.

"Kekekekeke..." Cackled Quitela in the distance before fading completely away.

---

**The Arena**

"**Android 16 and Cross of Universe Seven vs Jiren and Prime of Universe Eleven!!**"
Announced the Grand Priest. "**Begin!!**"

Cross shook his head and patted his upper torso, trying to get his bearings. Before he could he felt a powerful strike to his cheek that sent him flying.

"Oh, dear." Prime pretended to be shocked. "Was I suppose to wait until you were ready? Jiren, my boy, was that in the rules? That I had to be considerate to my opponents?"

Jiren said nothing, instead he started to float up a few feet off the ground and entered a state of meditation.

"Ah, you're doing that. Such a waste." Pouted Prime.

"Exterminating."

Android 16's lower forearms puffed up and opened to reveal holes. Small dim lights shown within them before being fired out. Something guided them, they tracked Prime who had instinctly attempted to dodge. Not that it mattered as they proved ineffective of actually harming him though it did cause a cloud of smoke to appear.

"Ah, ah, ahhhh!" Gasped the amused Prime who began waving the smoke away. "You're that machine that somehow passes as a mortal. I still can't imagine how they even allowed you to get pass the established rules. You are, after all, just a sentient weapon only meant to destroy."

"... Rune: Frost, initiated."

Bursting out of the smoke was Android 16 who punched Prime in the jaw. His fist and forearms were covered in an impenetrable sheet of hardened ice.

"Rune: Lighting, initiated."

Android 16 experienced a sudden surge of speed as he quickly appeared behind Prime.

"Rune: Flame, initiated."

Android 16 engulfed himself in m fire and grabbed Prime into a hold from behind.

"Rune: Gaia, initiated."

Crushing Prime tightly against the inferno surrounding his body and locking him in place with his frozen arms, Android 16 slammed Prime into the ground which causes it to shatter into itself.

"Rune: Gale, ini-"
Suddenly a red ki blast smashed into Android 16. If not for his natural defense systems kicking in it would have taken his entire torso off. Instead it only disintegrated his left arm and shoulder.

"Initiate emergency nano-repair program."

A cloudy swarm of nanobites puffed out of Android 16 and began to quickly rebuild the now missing structures.

"Hahahaha! You can regenerate!" Laughed an overjoyed Prime. "This is perfect! Hah! Jiren, you're missing out!"

**Universe Seven Waiting Room**

"This isn't good..." Trunks mumbled. "Android 16 is far too outmatched. Those attacks didn't even phase that fighter."

"Prime." Beerus said inbetween a long drawn out yawn. "Apparently he was able to resist a Destroy command from young Toppo. That is no meager feat. Makes me wonder just how strong he could potentially be."

"Oh? Thinking of challenging him, Lord Beerus?"

"Hmph. You know just as well as I do that if I were to do that Lord Zeno would be most displeased. At least while that Prime fellow is still in the tournament." "Beerus huffed in annoyance.

"You two are being too casual about this." Complained the Elder Kai from the couch that he was laying upon. "If this Prime, if that is even his real name, can go toe to toe with the powers of a God of Destruction then that means that both Android 16 and that Abomination, Cross, are going to receive quite the beating. Perhaps even greater than what Ganos performed upon Frost and Cabba."

"The Elder Kai is right. This will be a slaughter." Trunks said in agreement. "We should have them forfeit."

"No." Beerus replied.

"But they'll be slaughtered!" Insisted Trunks.

"Perhaps but they can still serve another purpose." Explained Beerus. "If this Prime is indeed as powerful as rumored then we will need to more thoroughly observe him. The longer they last the more advantageous it will be for us in future fights. Besides..." Beerus shifted his eyes towards the mediating Jiren. "That one is a mystery... Toppo and his predecessor made sure to erase all GodTube entries that depicted that one whenever he fought. This is quite alarming as one doesn't go through all that trouble for nothing."

"They call him Jiren." Added Whis. "They say he's even more powerful than Prime and Toppo."

"Toppo... The God of Destruction?" Trunks asked.

"The one and only." Whis replied. "To think that there exists a mortal who could be greater than Gods of Destruction. What interesting times."

"... Tch."

Trunks didn't want to admit it but he was extremely curious. The Saiyan blood flowing through his
veins even drew excitement from within, far overpowering his much more cautious human bloodline. So as much as he wanted for Android 16 and Cross to surrender he knew that Beerus was right. They needed information on those two and he personally wanted to see what they were capable of and how he measured up.

---

**The Arena**

"Rocket barrage, locked-on. Commence firing."

Ki infused rockets launched out of the back of Android 16 and raced towards Prime. Prime dodged and blasted what he could, his ki constructed barrier handled whatever he didn't bother dealing with.

"You're just full of surprises, mechanical mortal!" Prime said with applause. "No matter how much I tear you apart you just restructure yourself like new! Truly you're easily up there in my top five most entertaining victims!"

"Cross, now." Commanded Android 16.

"Hm?" Prime looked over his shoulder to see the figure of Cross standing on a mountain. Above him was a massive ball of ki, it surged with power. "Oh, my. Now if that just isn't precious right there! How long did it take you to create that bundle of exertion, little one?"

"Li...ttle?"

Cross looked at his own body and then down at Prime. It was clear as day to Cross that he was much taller. In fact he was the tallest there.

"Haaaaa!"

Invoking a lighting rune, Android 16 lunged at Prime only for Prime to vanish then appear behind a surprised Cross.

"May I?"

Grabbing hold of Cross's hand, that was the one maintaining the ball, Prime sent a shockwave of energy into Cross.

"Aaaaaahhhhh!!!" Screamed Cross who was now in excruciating pain.

"This is mine now." Prime proceeded to kick Cross off the mountain and then held his hand up, the ball of energy was now under his control. "Now then! What to do with this..."

"H-how...?" Said a struggling Cross as he forced himself to stand on shaking knees.

"That's my secret." Prime responded. "Now... Hmmm..."

Eyeing Android 16 and Cross he pondered things before deciding to hurl the ball of energy at the meditating Jiren.

"!"

Jiren raised a hand up, without opening his eyes, and blasted a small and very fast ki ball at the hurled attack. Upon making contact it caused a massive explosion.

"Ah." Prime said, trying not to chuckle too loudly. "I merely was testing to see if you were still
awake."
"..."

Jiren returned to his meditation.

"Alright. With that out of the way..."

Cross

Cross began to shake all over. They were severely outmatched. One of their opponents refused to even fight them, the other was finding amusement in running the clock with them as his personal punching bags. They lacked power.

It was insulting, disgusting!

Why hadn't his father, his creator, made him stronger?!

Why didn't he train him to fully master his own powers?!!

Cross had turned to Frost to help him as Frost was most biologically like him. Or so he thought but as Frost instructed him he taught Cross to question things.

And to learn.

About himself.

Though biological in nature his mind was also part mechanical. With some help from Frost he was able to transfer that restricted source of data, his black box of sorts, into a computer and learned that he was something far more.

That his creator was denying him his birthright into overwhelming power.

Then there was that video of that strange green creature that Quitela had shown him. It could have been lies yet his very being refused to believe that it was anything but the truth. That creature... It was like him. No, in fact he was based off that creature's design along with an infusion of magical dark arts.

He was an abomination of science and magic.

But that video...

That creature mentioned a perfected form.

All that was required was the absorption of certain Androids...

That was...

The Arena

"Cross, we must join in a united assault once more. Then we-"

Cross stabbed an arm through of the back of Android 16, it protruded out from the chest in the front.
"What is the meaning of this?"

Nearby Prime took a seat over a mountain ledge and began dangling his feet. He seemed quite interested in this sudden and unexpected development.

"Evolution... Power!" Cross shouted as he licked his chops.

Android 16 felt his eyes widen.

He had never met that Cell creature but the notes had mentioned his design to absorb the long destroyed Androids 17 and 18. All the achieve a perfected form.

When Android 16 had created Cross he had used those notes and untested theories that Dr. Gero had left behind. Some of it was in regards to creation of the being known as Cell. Others were theories of crafting a unified biological and mechanical creature to surpass Cell.

Then there was the tomes of Babidi...

It had invoked ancient dark magics and much knowledge of demons and their realm.

This power, dark and twisted as it was, must have enhanced the natural hunger of Cross that was originally in Cell.

"No, that..."

Android 16 finally realised. The notes for an improved Cell, even without the enhancements of dark magic, involved Android 16. Should Cell perish before obtaining his perfected form he, Android 16, would automatically be awakened and compelled to create a greater replacement.

And he, like Android 17 and 18 for Cell, was always meant to nurture that creation and serve as sustenance to further its evolution once it had grown enough to be able to withstand it.

It was now apparent that Dr. Gero had devised a back up plan for Cell in case he became deceased and Cell failed to reach perfection.

Which meant that this entire time that while Android 16 had assumed that he acted on his own to perfect the work of Dr. Gero, it was all a lie. In the end he was just a puppet and now that Cross had been overtaken by a hunger for more power he no longer served any further purpose.

Other than to be devoured.

Android 16 closed his eyes, accepting that he had been outplayed, and didn't struggle as Cross, entering a frenzy, began to tear into him and devour all that he could. It was a gruesome grizzly sight.

---

**The Audience**

"Oh my Kami!" Shouted a woman. "He's eating his ally!"

"He can do that? Isn't there a rule against that?" Carne another.

"There is no such rule that forbids allies from turning on each other in the arena." Boomed the voice of the Grand Priest.

"What the hell??"
The crowd began to shout amongst themselves in confusion. Some were even throwing up while others expressed their immense disgust.

Mai, nearby, covered the ears of Bulma and buried her head into her bosom to shield her from the sight.

---

**Universe Seven Waiting Room**

Zajak forced the door open and ran over to Trunks.

"Trunks! What's going on? Why is Cross eating Android 16?!?" Zajak shouted in desperation, long forgetting her embarrassment from earlier.

"I..." Trunks had a sudden flashback of Cell devouring Android 18. "No... This entire time Dr. Gero had a back up plan in case Cell failed?"

"Cell? Who is Cell? Trunks, answer me!"

Trunks grabbed Zajak and pushed her face gently on to his chest.

"Don't look. It'll be over soon." Whispered Trunks into her ear, this comforted her somewhat.

Now seated up on the couch the Elder Kai stuck his tongue out at Beerus.

"See! I told you all that he was an abomination!"

"I'll destroy you, old man!" Yelled the infuriated Beerus.

"Go ahead! Then I'll get the final satisfaction of having told you so!"

"Grrrr... You aren't worth destroying! I'll just have you sealed away again! Whis! Retrieve me a very small and cramped bottle!"

"Hmmmm..." Whis ignored Beerus before suddenly vanishing.

"Whis?! Where did you go without informing me? Whis?!?"

Trunks ignored the antics currently going on. Instead his eyes were fixed squarely on the arena as he shielded Zajak from seeing their former comrade Cross finish off what was left of Android 16.

---

**The Arena**

"Hahahaha... Hahahaha! HAHAHAHA!!!"

Standing alone now was Cross laughing maliciously as he felt strange and unknown power coursing throughout his very being. Power, it was power! Power that was far beyond his wildest imagination! He had even devoured the head of his creator in a single bite!

Perhaps his creator was still somewhat conscious inside his stomach? Not that it mattered either way!

"Yes, yes! I can feel it!"

Cross felt his body distort as he grew massive in scale, easily towering over the mountains of the arena. His skin turned pitch black and formed an armored exoskeleton, acidic oil dripped out of his
pores and his body had the runes of his creator grafted onto himself. They glowed intensely, demanding to be used by a true race of magic - a demonic creation born of magic!

Then there were the nanobites, he could feel them working inside his body. They were busy reconstructing him and shifting his internal makings to better accommodate his growing new form. Overjoyed he lashed out with his tail. Instead of a single lash striking the ground he heard three. His tail had split into three from one, they was very much barbed too.

Then Spikes shot out from all over his body. Testing this he released them and more popped out to replace them. The environment around him crumbled and craters formed from where they landed. As for his fangs... They were easily larger than his opponent, Prime. With a bit of concentration he could feel ki engulf them, strengthening and protecting them.

Most importantly of all his intelligence had soured to new heights that he had thought unimaginable. He now had full access to the archives left behind by Dr. Gero and had been stored within his own creator. Even logs that had been previously restricted.

He was Cross!

No... He was the Devourer, the pinnacle of the hatred that Dr. Gero once bore while he lived. His entire being is focused on only a singular taste - Destruction.

At long last he was complete and knew his purpose!

At long last he was powerful and--

"Excuse me, Grand Priest." Prime called out as he admired the still evolving Cross.

"What is your inquiry?" Came the booming voice of the Grand Priest.

"As long as one of us is declared victor we both may progress to the next Round, correct?" Prime asked sincerely.

"...That is correct." Answered the Grand Priest.

"Good to know." Prime turned to Jiren and flashed him a sinister grin. "Do try to enjoy yourself, Jiren. I'll see you soon."

With that Prime proceeded to leap out of the arena.

"Prime of Universe Eleven has been eliminated...." The Grand Priest stated with zero enthusiasm.

"Hehehehe... HAHAHAHA!!!" Cross roared in laughter after witnessing Prime ring himself out before shifting his massive form towards Jiren.

Jiren was no longer mediating, nor Jiren was laughing or smiling.

No...

Jiren was now standing, and Jiren was furious.
The final match in the first round has finally reached its conclusion! But what of those left behind after the anime has cleared?

In a flash of bright light Prime was deposited back into the waiting room for Universe Eleven. It didn't take a genius to conclude that there would be an angry God of Destruction awaiting his return. Prime didn't even bother to state a greeting as Toppo was upon him almost immediately.

"You cowardly fool! It was a mistake bringing you into our fold! Now everything that we've strived to accomplish is at risk of erasure thanks to you! What have you to say for yourself?"

Prime raised an annoyed brow, his fingers placed over the massive hands of Toppo that held him in the air. Had Prime not had the ability of flight mastered than he may have even struggled to breathe. Obviously there was no need for such a display.

"Must I remind you that we haven't lost yet, dear Toppo?" Prime responded sarcastically with a hint if disgust in his voice. "So I would request that you unhand me. You're starting to crease up my suit."

"Insolence!"

Toppo flung Prime towards the closest wall only for Prime to be frozen in mid-air.

"Ah... What a darling you are." Commented a happily smiling Prime.

Standing nearby with her staff extended was Marcarita and to her side was Khai, their Supreme Kai of Universe Eleven.

"Belmod would have shown far more restraint." Marcarita said sourly. "An asset should never be disposed of until after it has lost its usefulness."

"I am not Belmod." Toppo stated firmly inbetween clenched teeth. Marcarita could plainly see that Toppo was clenching his massive fists tightly in an attempt to restrain himself from further outbursts.

"Unfortunately." Marcarita replied coldly before turning towards Prime. "You will explain yourself promptly. This isn't a request."

"Anything for an angel." Prime replied back, grinning as he did before beginning. "The truth of the matter is quite simple, really. Jiren refused to fight, so I put him in a position where he had no other choice but to fight or face erasure. Furthermore, that creature was dripping a black liquid everywhere, I couldn't risk it getting on my suit. It's too expensive to risk tarnishing it against trash in my opinion."

"That's a rather petty pair of excuses." Commented a cross armed Khai.

"I'm a simple man. What I do is always to my own personal benefit, no matter how small or large."
Admitted Prime with a half-hearted shrug.

"Tch... You..."

The room began to shake from the power emitting from around the angered Toppo.

"Restrain yourself." Advised Marcarita who promptly released Prime from her hold and in turn pointed her staff at Toppo. "Or I shall."

"How dare you-

"I dare. Not even Belmod was immune from my intervention in the rare occurences where he presented himself as less than befitting of his title. Something that I cannot say the same about yourself, Toppo. Your lack of ability to your control emotions, mortal emotions at that, is a disgrace to your position as a God of Destruction. So I suggest that you quickly obtain some meager sense of restraint or you may draw the attention of Lord Zeno."

"Isn't that a bit much, Marcarita?" Khai cautiously asked, maintaining eye contact with Toppo as he did.

"Belmod chose him. I mean for him to live up to the potential Belmod saw, a potential I privately had my own concerns about."

"Marcarita! That's too blunt!"

"No..." Toppo ceased the surge in his power. "Marcarita is correct. Jumping into an emotional confrontation over such matters is indeed unbefitting of my position. Prime will be dealt with accordingly in due time."

"Good." Marcarita lowered her staff. "Let us put this all aside then and continue to observe the match. Jiren should be finished soon enough."

Prime meanwhile slipped out of the room unnoticed. The atmosphere was getting too suffocating, he honestly was hoping Toppo would have assaulted him. It would have given him a good case of self defense if the Grand Priest took notice. Had it been Belmod he wouldn't have gotten away with it but Toppo was still young and known to be somewhat impulsive in comparison. Course there was no point in thinking of such things any longer as the situation had peacefully resolved itself.

"Heh. Dealt with later he says." Prime thought as he vanished into the crowd. "You fool. I already know that you plan to try and destroy me yet again after the Tournament regardless of my behavior and actions. So obviously I'm going to do as I please."

Making a turn out the exit Prime pressed on until he had found himself in a far enough alleyway that he was out of sight and hearing distance. Waiting for him was a small rat-like figure.

"Enjoying yourself, aren't you?"

"Quitela." Prime acknowledged. "You're a scheming one indeed. That thing you suggest I do before the Tournament... Well, I just can't wait for its reveal! Hahahaha... Truly if there is no rule against it you plan to utilise such tactics without restraint!"

Quitela offered an innocent enough shrug.

"The rules are sacred, none are being broken - not now or later. Perhaps the intent is being twisted somewhat but if they didn't wish for such loopholes then they should have prevented my ability to do
as I see fit."

"Heh. You're nothing like Belmod or Toppo. That honesty of yours to do whatever you so please to achieve your goals is both respectful and relatable in my eyes. That is why I agreed to your requests. Speaking of that..."

Quitela raised a hand up.

"I already informed Dercori and Gamisaras. They will do as I've instructed after the match has concluded. Most assuredly your comrade Jiren shall emerge victorious."

"There's no doubt in my mind." Prime licked his lips eagerly. "Very well. I'll observe and step in as necessary. Your plans will not be at risk this night."

"Kekekeke... Good. You're an integral part in all of my plans, Prime. Your power ensures your victory already and in turn my own."

"It's good being at the top of the threshold in regards to power, I'll admit to that."

---

**The Match**

Jiren had encased himself in a barrier as he leapt between the rocky formations. The massive Cross swung his three pronged tail without abandon and large spikes repeatedly fired with no real direction. It only took mere seconds for them to be replaced if even that. Then there was his massive thin arms, long in length, swiping at Jiren whose barrier burned holes into them. It wasn't causing any real damage as Cross simply regenerated without even a flicker of pain showing.

"A monster, an abomination." Jiren coldly stated. "I've faced much injustice in my life but never have I seen another devour their own comrade. You were weak, so you stole from one that trusted you. Selfishness, reprehensible."

Jiren pointed an open palm at Cross and fired a massive blast at his head. Cross in turn split his head apart to dodge it before reforming it.

"Useless!" Cross taunted inbetween a brewing cackle. "You ignored my power with your arrogant deposition! Now you are the weakling - my prey! Though have no fear, I'll devour you as much as I can without killing you and gorge on your power until it becomes my own."

"It is clear that you are mad." Jiren calmly replied as he landed on the mishapen ground. "It is also clear that you are too great a potential threat to ignore. You will not stop until you've devoured everything."

Jiren clenched his fists into a raised fighting stance.

"Innocents will suffer should you not be stopped."

Cross slammed his massive open palm on to the unmoving Jiren. However, in a flash of light the hand disintegrated, Cross recoiled it so that it could regenerate safely at a distance.

"I will stop you, monster. I will."

"You can try!"

Opening his mouth Cross unleashed a powerful ki blast towards Jiren who in turn created a ball of
energy to counter it.

The Audience

Mai lightly bit down on her lower lip, she could feel the observers from the other Universes staring daggers at them. It was as if they were accusing the entirety of Universe Seven for the actions of the combatant known as Cross. It was no further from the truth than possible, for sure. None of them wanted this, they came to enjoy watching the matches unfold and hopefully avoid being erased.

"Mommy, that creature is making a mess of the mountains and stuff..." Little Bulma whimpered. "This isn't fun... I'm scared."

"Shhh... It's going to be okay. That creature will be stopped." Counseled Mai to Bulma. "Just wait, and hope."

"Stopped?" Shouted one attendee behind her. "That creature is representing us! It can't lose!"

"Yeah, we need it to win! If it does than Universe Eleven is no longer a threat to us! It'll be easy pickings!"

"Hear, hear!" Another shouted.

"No..." Mai shook her head in disapproval. "Not like this. We're better than this!"

"Speak for yourself, lady! We are trying to avoid being erased! So who cares about stuff like that! All that matters is that we win!" The attendee paused. "Hmm.. You are a lady, right? I'm unfamiliar with your species."

"I am and we're humans!" Sharply replied Mai.

"Humans? So you're from Earth? I thought Freiza wiped you guys out a long time ago! Huh, guess he failed."

"Obviously." Mai snapped.

"Hey, now! No need for the venom! We're all here for the same reason!"

"I wonder." Mai proceeded to gently grab Bulma and began to leave her seat.

"Hey, where are you going?"

"It isn't any of your business but I'm off to go get some fresh air. Excuse me."

After Mai left the stands the alien spun a finger in a repeated circular motion.

"Crazy, huh?" He said aloud.

The Match

Jiren continued blasting at Cross as he closed the distance. Due to the sizzling sound that black ooze made as it touched and melted into the ground Jiren suspected it to be highly acidic. Thus Jiren covered his arms in ki before beginning to pummel the creature as best he could. Yet no matter the damage he caused the creature would simply regenerate.
"Hmph. Your body is an oddity."

"Your observation is noted!" Cross yelled before tearing a spike out of his back and attempting to impale Jiren with it. Jiren ignited his body with a protective ki barrier and proceeded to charge straight through the spike - separating it into two pieces.

"You're a troublesome gnat, Jiren of Universe Eleven!"

"My options are dwindling." Jiren thought as he weaved and dodged. "This monster seems to be impervious to damage and bears a seemingly unlimited source of energy. I can only imagine just how destructive he could be once he has mastered his newfound abilities. It is imperative that I stop him, too many innocents are at risk should I fail. However... What strategy should I employ? It's clear that I'm much more powerful than this monster, there's no denying it. Yet that regeneration is proving problematic as are his relentless projectiles."

Jiren momentarily had to cut off his thoughts so that he could punch a tossed mountain at him in half.

"The monster's size allows him to easily hurl the very terrain against me."

Trees accompanied fired spikes which were followed by tendrils and a shot of black ooze. Jiren couldn't block it all so he fired ki from his feet to send him safely into the air.

"Perhaps the creature has a core that could render it inert. The issue is discovering it with all these distractions."

Jiren looked over his shoulder.

"Ten takks left, time is running out. With his regeneration he could claim to be entirely unharmed. With how his body functions he could no doubt invent many interesting attacks and abilities that would entertain Lord Zeno should I contest."

Jiren's face turned grave.

"I have to stop him during the match. No other option is acceptable."

---

**Lord Zeno**

Lord Zeno happily clapped his hands, giggling frequently as he did. This match was proving to be very entertaining with its twists and the fact that the giant creature was doing a lot of cool things.

"Caulifla, Caulifla, Caulifla! Look, look!"

Lord Zeno turned his head towards Caulifla's seat only to notice that she was missing.

"Huh?"

The Grand Priest was at his side immediately with food ready to serve.

"No need to worry, Lord Zeno. My daughter, Vados, merely required Caulifla's presence."

"Why?"

"I assume that it had something to do with that form that wild girl, Caulifla, keeps mentioning to you."
"..."

The Grand Priest decided to change to subject.

"This match has been quite unexpected. Mortals can be quite interesting in regards to how they wish to interpret your rules and lack of. Though I suppose it is that audacity of theirs that makes them so interesting."

"MmmmHmm." Lord Zeno agreed.

Inside Cross

The rumbling outside from the battle caused the head of Android 16 to dislodge itself from the walls of what made up Cross and hit the ground. This blunt force trauma caused Android 16 to enter a forced state of rebooting himself back into service.

His vision was static, initially at least, before darkness greeted him. The lights in the back of his pupils lit up to give him an accurate picture of his surroundings.

In response to this the nanites reacted enthusiastically in the air before swarming over to Android 16's head. In a matter of minutes they began to reconstruct his body and soon enough he was able to stand on his own two feet once more.

"Basic functionality regained." Android 16 noted.

Gathering his bearings he noticed where he was exactly.

"The core."

Held up by black ooze was the slumbering body of Cross, or at least his original body. What Jiren was fighting outside was just a mental projection given life by the black ooze that Cross had been creating. It was demonic and magical in nature. That is why no matter what Jiren did he wasn't causing any damage as it wasn't a true body.

"Dr. Gero planned for you to bear an evolution similar to the being known as Cell. However..." Android 16 flexed his hand, magical energy blinked in and out. Some of it was still retained within him. "The inclusion of the workings of the alien being known as Babidi had distorted your original planned evolution. I suspect that it was because of this that I was devoured and not absorbed. No doubt in part because of the addition of the DNA samples of the demonic being known as Dabura."

Android 16 made an X cross over his chest with his arms.

"This will not kill you, my creation, but the resulting explosion will remove the impurities such as that liquid you're imitating as well as destroy what is left of my original body in your system. This shall effectively end your current state, reverting you back to what you were."

Android 16 began to gather what remained of his power into his core.

"Failure." Android 16 uttered without emotion. "Now I understand the thought process of Dr. Gero when he was betrayed by his own creations. However, I choose how this ends."

Android 16 was reaching critical mass.

"Goodbye, my creation."
The Match

Suddenly Cross lurched back and clutched his chest.

"W-what?"

Light exploded out from him, his acidic liquid splattered all around the arena. Jiren didn't hesitate, he covered himself in a barrier and charged into the center of the flailing Cross.

In a flash of blinding light Jiren burst out of Cross's back. In one arm he held a struggling Cross who was no longer able to create the black ooze from before.

"No!" Frantically screamed Cross. "He was still alive! The nanites still obeyed him and he... No! No, no, no! He destroyed his original body! I cannot... I... Aaaaaaarrrrrrghhhhh!"

Cross swung at Jiren who merely tossed Cross on to the ground with all his might.

It was highly unexpected, Cross was unprepared for the sheer agony of such a simple gesture. The ground itself caved apart and Cross was sent out of bounds after plummeting through the entirety of its bottom mass.

"You will be dealt with by your own." Jiren said as he turned around and crossed his arms. Looking to the takks once more he accounted for the time left. "Two takks."

"Cross of Universe Seven has been eliminated! Jiren and Prime of Universe Eleven may progress to the next Round!"

---

Universe Seven Waiting Room

Prime was immediately restrained by ki rings created by Beerus the moment he appeared back into the waiting room.

"You are quite the feisty one, aren't you?" Beerus said in amusement.

Cross gritted his teeth and turned his head to his side - away from Beerus and the others.

"What are you waiting for? Destroy him already!" Shouted the Elder Kai. "He was disqualified, there's no point in risking his presence any longer!"

"No..." Beerus replied casually.

Everyone in the room screamed "What?!?" As they had assumed Beerus would have eagerly erased Cross by now.

"What intarnation are you on about?!!" Hollered the erratic Elder Kai.

"Careful, old man..." Beerus warned. "I don't take to being questioned all that well. You haven't forgotten, have you?"

"I... Fine!" The Elder Kai threw up his arms in the air in defeat. "Fine, fine, fine!"

"Lord Beerus... I... We don't understand."

"Lord Beerus... I... We don't understand." Trunks spoke up. "Not that I'm for destroying or not. It's just that, well... This is all very unexpected."

"Hmph." Beerus huffed. "Cross broke no rules and thanks to his temporary evolution he put up quite
an entertaining fight. Had he not done so than he would have been eliminated far sooner and Lord Zeno wouldn't have been anywhere near as amused."

"But he ate Android 16!" Zajak said, her hands shaking in anger. "You don't get to just betray your teammates and be allowed to evade justice! It isn't right!"

"Girl, must I remind you that I am a God of 'Destruction' and not Justice?" Beerus stated coldly before continuing. "Cross here has clearly grown in power and intelligence which he has retained in significant amounts even after losing his other form. Permanently, I would assume."

"Even still... We can't be sure of that!"

"You are far too frightened by what ifs instead of what is. Currently Cross is no threat and destroying him risks causing a scene. After all, Cross is powerful now. Lord Zeno would notice if he just ceased."

".... What am I then? Your slave?" Cross finally managed to say.

"Slave? I haven't decided yet if you're even worthy of that as of this time." Beerus laughed. "No. For now you'll rest in... In..." Beerus looked around before shouting loudly. "Whis! Get over here now!"

A few moments passed before Whis appeared out of thin air.

"There you are, Whis! Where have you been? It isn't like you to just leave so abruptly."

"I merely had something that I wished to discuss with my sister, Vados."

"Hmph. It better have been important." Beerus cleared his throat. "Now then. Tonight you'll be sealed within a jar, Cross. This will be to ensure that you understand that you aren't avoiding punishment and that you won't get yourself into any trouble before I decide what to do with you."

"..."

"Silence? Very well. Whis, the jar if you would."

Whis vanished and then returned with a jar in due haste.

Beerus then proceeded to whisper something under his breath. In response to this the jar sucked Cross inside before being sealed.

"That's just like..." Trunks began to say.

"Hm? Something to add, Trunks?" Beerus asked.

"N-No..."

"Good." Beerus patted his hands clean of dust. "With that settled you and Zajak have the rest of the day off. Go enjoy yourselves, get some rest and be prepared for tomorrow."

"..."

"Must I repeat myself, you two?"

Zajak and Trunks both quickly snapped into attention.

"R-right! Thank you, Lord Beerus! We'll be off now!"
The two scrambled out of the room.

Beerus breathed a sigh of relief after they had departed.

"Whis, tell me. What are you planning?"

"Oh? Well, since you asked, Lord Beerus, I suppose that I can tell you..."

The Elder Kai and Supreme Kai both leaned in to listen to what Whis had to say as well.

"Oh." Whis suddenly stopped himself. "Do keep this a secret from Trunks and Zajak, would you? We may not even need to utilise it but if we do then I wish for it to be a secret until the necessary time. Just thinking about the surprised looks on their faces makes me feel gitty."

All three nodded reluctantly.

*The Empty Street*

Mai took her time breathing in the strangely delicious chilled air. It wasn't cold enough to disturb her but more than enough to give off an oddly satisfying feeling in her lungs.

"M-Mommy?"

Mai looked down to see Bulma was clinging tightly to her. This caused her maternal instincts to react as she pushed Bulma behind her.

"You're..."

Standing in front of Mai in the middle of the deserted street, as the audience hadn't emptied out of the stands yet, was a rather tall and imposing figure in a suit.

"You're that Universe Eleven fighter... Prime."

Prime leaned down slightly as he looked down upon Mai. He fangs were beared as he smiled.

"Your daughter looks so much like her father."
Prime has his own desires, Quitela on the other hand pushes his plans forward during this interlude...

"Oooof!" Mai grunted, wrapping Bulma protectively into her arms, as she collided on to the ground rather forcibly.

Just mere moments earlier they had been standing in the middle of an empty street, now their surroundings had changed quite drastically. Their assailant, Prime, had wasted no effort or time in taking them, against their protests, into a dark, quiet place where wandering eyes wouldn't she and prying ears couldn't listen to.

"I would apologize for the rough treatment but you and I both know that I wouldn't have meant it." Prime sneered with a grin. "As for why you're alive... Well, that is because you could turn out to get quite useful. I very much enjoy having useful things."

"Mommy!" Cried Bulma, the situation had placed her in his distress.

"Do you plan to use us against Trunks?" Mai angrily asked. "If so then you'll be highly disappointed. Trunks will not risk an entire Universe for just two people."

"If only you just were two people." Shrugged Prime as he responded back. "But... Something tells me that you're much more valuable to him than the Universe you reside in."

Mai bit down on her lower lip, she pulled Bulma in closer to her chest.

"Does he know...? Or does he suspect? Or maybe this is just a trick to get me to let slip the truth out? Hmmm... Perhaps. If they had definite proof that we aren't native to the Universe we lay claim within then we would have been brought before some authority, not this... Thug."

"You assume much about a man you know so little of." Mai verbally countered back.

Despite how confident she tried to sound and the bravado she put forth to reassure her daughter, Mai was actually very terrified. It didn't take a genius, after all, to understand that her captor could easily snap her in two without much effort. The thought of that fate meeting her was frightening but what scared her most was such a fate happening to her daughter as well.

"Indeed. You're very much correct to assume that of me. So I shall freely admit that I do know little of this tiny, frail humanoid called Trunks. Well... Besides the fact that he has intentionally held back his power up to this point. Now that, that I find to be very fascinating." Prime licked his lips. "Makes me want to see just what he's capable of."

Mai's eyes squinted somewhat.

"You aren't trying to cheat."

"I'm not." Prime paused then corrected himself. "That's too strong of a word. How about... I'm not
going to honor the spirit of the rules but within reasonable standards so as to appease that creature which can erase me in a mere thought if it so desired."

"... I understand then." Mai concluded. "The rules be damned, you just want to fight my husband."

"Oh, very much so." Prime replied with a toothy smile.

"So you're using us as bait."

Prime threw his hands up in the air before returning them to his lower torso and began to clap.

"I have no doubt that I won't obtain the opportunity to face your... Husband... In the arena if the rules and progress are followed to the letter in....Spirit. It just isn't in the cards."

"Isn't in the cards? What does he mean?" Mai thought. "Does he somehow have advanced knowledge of the future match ups? Or perhaps is he aware of someone potentially rigging the next set of matches for the upcoming round? Regardless, I don't know enough to safely deduce the truth as of yet."

"My husband has Saiyan blood in him, Saiyans are a warrior race." Suddenly proclaimed Mai. "Holding us hostage will not give you the intended result that you desire. If you truly wanted to fight him then all you had to do was ask."

"All I had to do was... Ask?"

For a moment Prime grew quiet, contemplating things. This lasted for only five minutes but those five minutes were some of the longest Mai had ever had to endure. More than anything she just wanted to get Bulma away to safety.

Without any indication or tell, Prime began to howl out in laughter.

"Of course, of course! I've already been informed of these Saiyans, quite recently in fact! Fighting is in their blood, they actively seek it out! Or at least the Saiyans of the Universe designated as Seven. Indeed! How silly of me to have forgotten something so simple! I suppose my own little bloodlust got the better of my reason, a pretty bad habit of mine if I do say so myself."

Raising up his right arm, Prime pointed the palm of it at a wall and blasted it away.

"Enough of this little affair of ours, best to just forget it." Concluded Prime. "Now go on, take your little bundle of joy, leave and go to your husband."

"Just like that?" Catiously asked Mai who scooped up Bulma and slowly approached the newly created hole in the wall.

"Ah!" Shrieked Bulma.

Prime had moved to tower over them again, tightly grabbing Mai by the throat and raising her up in the air. This served to quickly drain her of the valuable oxygen she required to breath and sent her feet in a kicking spasm in the air which they dangled franticly. All in a desperate yet ineffective way to free herself from such a powerful creature.

"Ah, yes. Before you go..." Prime causally tossed Mai against the wall, just inches from the hole he had recently created, with a loud thud. "Do give my regards to your husband and be sure to inform him that I will get what I want... In due time. In fact, you actually gave me a rather interesting idea to consider. Assuredly this won't please certain other parties but they don't matter. The only party that
needs to be convinced and pleased is Lord Zeno."

"Mommy, here!" Bulma pulled out an ointment from Mai's front pocket. It usually remained there in case Bulma got any minor cuts and scrapes. Bulma had acted quickly after seeing the bruises forming on the face of her mother. "Like when I get hurt, it will help make the hurt go away!"

"My precious little girl..." Mai replied, smiling weakly, before turning to address Prime. "You... I don't know what you're planning but know this. My husband will not be your prey and when he's done you'll wish that you hadn't prodded him into action against you as you had."

"I look forward to it. Now leave, lest I decide to continue with my original plan."

"..."

Mai took Bulma by the hand, her other accepting the ointment.

"Let's go see your father, okay?"

---

**Quitela's Villa**

Each of the Gods of Destruction had been granted a villa to rest within between matches. They were tailored to appeal to the tastes and desires of the God of Destruction in question.

In Quitela's case he had desired a beautiful golden palace centered just above an oasis. Above it was a warming sun which beamed down upon it, keeping the temperature at a level most comfortable to him.

Swimming in the oasis itself were absolutely gorgeous women of many different races and species, all clad in what could barely qualify as articles of clothing.

For Quitela enjoyed the sight of the female form.

Having beautiful women serving him in such a capacity boosted his fragile ego and made him feel truly superior. Perhaps it was due to his former life, so very long ago, when he had been just a mortal. A time best left forgotten as he was quite the pathetic cretin then, that of which none cared for.

It is telling to say that none of those women would ever desire to serve him, let alone share in his presence had he not had the power to destroy them with relative ease. Quitela knew this, he was far from what one would consider attractive. Thus why he enjoys their company, as he knows that they wouldn't dare refuse his advances.

Not anymore anyway, not when he was the powerful one.

"Ah, Kuru." Quitela mumbled, sighing as a pair of beautiful women tended to his aching shoulders. "I was wondering when you would pay me a visit after the conclusion of the first round."

"Someone had to ensure that Universe Four continued to function appropriately during your absence, Lord Quitela."

Quitela lazily stared at the feminine looking Kai out of a single half-opened eyelid.

"Always dependable. Real shame that you're wasting your time."

"I beg your pardon, Lord Quitela?"
"Isn't it obvious? Should we secure victory things will change rather drastically. The Universe Four you so lovingly and efficiently tried to shape into something greater than itself ever had any right to be will no longer exist as it does now. I will ensure of that."

"... What are you planning, Lord Quitela?"

"Kekeke..."

Just then the main doors swung open and entered Ganos with Dercori in tow. Based off the scent, a peculiar scent that Quitela had long since learned to pick up years ago. It was clear that Gamisaras was present too.

"Have you briefed those two failures?"

Dercori cast her gaze upon the ground in shame.

Quitela could hear the nervous shuffling feet from Gamisaras.

"Indeed, Lord Quitela." Ganos replied with a solemn bow. "They have both agreed to your plan."

"Not that I ever gave them any other choice." Commented Quitela who took this opportunity to wave away the women tending to him.

"Lord Quitela?! What exactly are they speaking of? What plan?" Frantically asked Kuru.

"Don't you worry that extra serious and no-nonsense head of yours, Kuru. In fact, take a load off and relax."

"I don't-"

"I insist." Quitela interrupted.

Kuru then felt a warm hand on his shoulder.

"What-?"

It was Cognac. Stoic and the ever calm Cognac - angel attendant of Universe Four.

"Cognac, why...?"

"As long as Universe Four exists I have an obligation to carry out my duty bestowed upon me by Lord Zeno himself. To do otherwise would be a betrayal worthy of a fate far worse than erasure."

"The endless dream." Quitela muttered, spitting on the floor. "Even I'm not so craven as to wish that on another. Especially not to our dear Cognac who was served Universe Four longer than I have even existed."

"..."

Quitela noted the sour and very much defeated look of Kuru.

"Chin up, Kuru. I will ensure that you're treated well. After all, we are life-linked. So I'm sure that you must understand why I can't have you running off to protest to Lord Zeno. What with I also being erased if you go get yourself erased for following through with your silly sense of duty to the point of suicide."
"... I'll play along... For now, Quitela."

"Not 'Lord'?"

"..."

"No matter. In time you'll pick up that habit again after I've managed to defy the odds and secure our continued existences. In fact, you'll beg me to allow it."

Quitela glanced over to Ganos.

"Meet me in my private gardens later. After witnessing your match I've noticed some places that could better be served with some improvements. Cognac shall be joining us as well, course that need not be stated."

Ganos bowed humbly at this.

"You do me a great honor, Lord Quitela. I look forward to even further instruction under your supreme guidance and watchful eye. Ah." Ganos turned and bowed to Cognac as well. "I give my respects to you, Lord Cognac. A chance to spare with you once more would prove quite beneficial to my growth."

"You are a quick learner, Ganos." Cognac stated. "Surely you will retain more than enough to secure a victory in your next match."

"Yes, yes." Quitela mumbled as he waved his hands in the air. "Ahem. Dercori, you know what I require of you, correct?"

"Y-yes..." Dercori said in a shaky voice, her body already in the kneeling position. "The talisman shall cover the entire outer area surrounding the arena. After that I shall...

"Shhh... Just get it done. With that said... Gamisaras." Quitela shifted his gaze to where he could hear the shifting of scaled and clawed feet on the tiled floor. "You have an equally important task ahead of you. Before the tournament had started I had Dercori place hidden monitoring talisman in each of the waiting rooms."

Kuru flashed a disgusted look towards Quitela which was promptly ignored.

"-These talisman are hard to detect thanks to Cognac blessing them by my command. Unless they're actively sought after they won't be discovered and in the rare occurrence that they somehow are then they will simply burn up into flames. But I digress."

"S-spying..." Gamisaras muttered.

"Obviously, kekekeke... After all, collecting intelligence is also a strength of Universe Four. Unlike the more brutish of Universes, Universe Four has always had to discover ways to overcome our lack of overwhelming power. So in that regard, I've learned something about Universe Seven in particular."

"Hm?" Ganos seemed to perk up to this.

"Don't get your hopes up, Ganos." Scolded Quitela. "The presence of Beerus made the talisman less effective at obtaining intelligence, doubly so if his assistant, Whis, was present as well. It was the cost of making them virtually undetectable. Yet despite that handicap they were able to pick up something very desirable and useful. Something I had assumed would have been discarded but
wasn't."

"... What is it that you seek from Universe Seven, Lord Quitela? What must I retrieve?" Gamisaras asked politely.

A wide smile twisted itself on Quitela's face.

"Kekekeke..."

---

**Trunks and Zajak**

"Tch... Why can't I get a good read on Mai's signature energy?" Said a straining Trunks he continued to focus intensely on locating Mai.

"Something must have happened." Zajak said as she stroked her chin. "Energy signatures don't just vanish without cause. It's something Lady Vados drilled into my head when she took me under her wing."

"Lady Vados? So proper." Joked Trunks, more so to relieve his own building stress than to poke fun at Zajak.

"I know, right? I was fine with just calling her Master, something she really wished that I would stop doing. Guess the title Lady makes her feel---... Hold up, a faint energy signature just flared up."

"Hm? You could sense it that fast?"

"Lady Vados said that I had a rare gift for energy detection and an extraordinary ability to regulate and manipulate ki in unique ways. It's why she--... Never mind. It's not important. Trunks, could you try focusing a bit to the east? I personally don't have an intimate understanding on the energy signature of your... w-wife..." Zajak felt herself blush a pale red of both embarrassment and jealousy at saying that title.

"Right. East you say?"

Facing east now, Trunks resumed focusing. He could talk to Zajak later about what she had been alluding towards.

"Ah! That's Mai's energy signature! And Bulma is with her too, safe and sound is my hope."

"Bulma?" Asked Zajak who hid her face by turning her back to Trunks.

"Our daughter and my greatest joy."

"D-daughter... Yes... I remember you telling me once or twice about your family. I just didn't..."

"Didn't...? Is something the matter, Zajak?"

"It's nothing, Trunks. Go on ahead and tend to your family. I just remembered that Lady Vados required something of me."

"Hm...?" Trunks wasn't entirely convinced but his family came first. "Alright, if you say so. I'll catch you later at the lodging Lord Zeno had set up for Universe Seven."

With a simple wave Trunks would then run off in the direction he sense Mai and Bulma were currently at.
No sooner had he left did Zajak hear another voice.

"You're too honest to sell a lie."

It was a familiar voice to Zajak, it belonged to a man she had witnessed mostly from afar since she had begun her training.

"Hit." Zajak acknowledged. "I had assumed that you didn't consider me all that interesting. At least not enough to tail."

"Never assume anything. Always verify."

Zajak turned to see Hit leaning against a lamppost, his arms in his pockets as they usually were. It was like his trademark look.

"Very well, I won't assume. Instead allow me to ask this of you. Why are you keeping observation of Trunks and myself?"

"Just you."

"Just... Me?"

"..."

Hit pushed himself off, with his back, the lamppost he was leaning on and began to depart.

"H-hey! You can't just drop that on me then just walk away! What's your deal?!!"

"I just did."

"H-h-how dare you! That's not fair!" Yelled an increasingly agitated Zajak.

"Life isn't meant to be fair."

"Aaaaarrrgh! I misjudged you, Hit!"

"Lucky."

".... What?! Lucky, how?!?"

Hit almost cracked a smile.

"You're the first to misjudge me and not pay for it with your life."

"!"

"..."

Hit continued on his way in silence, leaving a very distressed and confused Zajak behind. As he walked on his turned to his thoughts.

"Vados was more assertive than usual. She had requested that I keep an eye on that girl, Zajak. What role does Vados plan for her to play in her little not-so-innocent schemes, I wonder... Whatever it is, I pity that girl. Now she's unwittingly a mere pawn in whatever game the Angels and Gods are playing."
Briefs Reunion

They couldn't fly in the arena, nor outside it. Only the Angels and the Gods had that right in this interdimensional domain created by Lord Zeno. It was a huge inconvenience to say the least. Yet that didn't deter Trunks who rushed as fast as his legs could move to be reunited with his family.

"Maaaaaaiii! Buuuullllmmmmaa!!" Shouted the highly worried Trunks.

"Trunks?" Came Mai's voice. "Trunks!!"

It wasn't his intention to plow through the crowd but the moment he heard Mai's voice he did just that. No one was getting in his way and if they did then he was going to remove them on his terms, not theirs.

"Trunks!"

"Daddy!"

Mai and Bulma ran towards Trunks as well and in mere seconds they were being held within his strong and loving arms.

"Mai, Bulma! Are you two okay? When I couldn't initially pick up your energy signatures I feared for the worst!" Trunks immediately noticed, after speaking, that Mai was bruised on her face and her hands had minor cuts. Though what drew his attention most was the big red embedded mark around her neck. "... What happened?"

"Trunks, calm down-"

"What happened?" Trunks repeated.

Sensing the dangerously rising rage brewing within Trunks, Bulma placed her hand in her father's and gave a gentle squeeze.

"Daddy, I'm tired..."

"...!" Trunks shook his head to clear out the daze that almost had overtaken him. "Ah, I'm sorry. Let's tend to you first, honey."

Mai took opportunity to lean in to whisper in Trunks's ear.

"I'll explain everything on the way to Lord Beerus's villa."

Trunks gave a reluctant nod as he took Bulma into his arms to carry her.

---

Beerus

"Yaaawwwwlnnn... I'm beat, Whis." Beerus proudly proclaimed. "Let's head to the villa. After a hardy meal I intend to nap until the beginning of the next round."

"I suppose there is no reason to dillydally." Agreed Whis. "But Lord Beerus. What of our friend?"

Whis gestured his staff towards the object that currently was containing the being known as Cross.

"Leave it here. Wouldn't want it to sully the magnificence of my own personal villa created by Lord Zeno himself."
"Actually, it is a creation of my fathers." Whis corrected. "Furthermore... Is it truly wise to just leave it here in this room, Lord Beerus?"

"Geeze, you are nagging me like you're my nanny." Beerus complained. "Look, Whis. Cross is too stupid to get out all on his own. Secondly no one else knows he's even in there. I made sure of that by having those Kai go spread the rumor that I had used Hakai on Cross for his failures. Thirdly, I don't want him in my villa in any way, shape or form! It's too nice!"

"Siiigh... As you say, Lord Beerus. Let us be off then."

"Finally! I'm starving and sleepy!"

"Yes, yes, Lord Beerus."

With a tap of his staff the pair vanished.

Little would Beerus suspect that in only a few short hours an invisible and very much undetected intruder would enter the waiting room of Universe Seven in secret and retrieve out of it something of immense importance for his Lord...
Doubt, Schemes and Rage. The next Round looms ever closely.

Chapter Summary

Trunks and co. meet at Beerus's Villa to discuss Prime and the rising suspicions that the tournament may have become compromised. Beerus, however...

Prime plots but with a surprise ally, secret to all.

Awakening from the slumber she had been put into by Vados, Caulifla is devastated revelation about Cabba. This places in her the seeds of doubt and fills her head with swirling, chaotic thoughts. Her temperament, usually cool and aggressive, is now one of high distress and pure rage.

There is no time for such things, however. The next Round begins soon.

Meanwhile Quitela makes a deal just as the curtains rise...

Berus's Villa

Where Quitela's Villa had practically been shaped into the image of an Oasis Paradise full of beautiful women as servants, the villa of Beerus was actually quite conservative in many ways.

For starters it had no servants, besides Whis, and what did fill it were many soft pillows scattered about for ease of spontaneous napping should it strike the fancy of the ever sleepy and quick to boredom God of Destruction of the Seventh Universe.

Really, besides the individual rooms, for the combatants, the only defining feature of the villa was its massive kitchen and a very large and sturdy dining table set. All things considered, it made the most logical sense. Beerus, after all, was a creature of habit. When he wasn't performing his destructive duties his only care was resting, eating or finding some form of temporary amusement to pass the time.

Which in his case usually involved destroying something.

Outside the villa itself were rocks, green lush grassy fields and couple minor mountain formations. The rest was nothing, pure nothingness to be exact. For the villa of Beerus seemingly floated in space with nothing but the stars and the blackness of space to greet any wandering and curious eyes.

This too suited Beerus who often cared not for anything outside his little bubble. Or if he did then they would have long been destroyed by him at some point or another.

"Most troubling. Don't you agree, Lord Beerus?" Sounded out the voice of Whis.

Whis and the rest of the members of Universe Seven, so be the Kai who had duties to fulfill in Universe Seven, sat around the large table to enjoy a rather warm, hearty meal. Surprisingly, it had been Trunks who had insisted on preparing it. His culinary skills easily defied what Beerus had expected of him, to say the least.

"Hmph. This fighter called Prime is quite the arrogant one, isn't he?" Beerus replied in between
picking his teeth with a toothpick. "He's very fortunate, indeed, that no harm can come to him as long as he's still in the tournament. Had he been disqualified already I would have gladly paid him a visit."

"So, nothing can be done?" Asked Mai, her hand resting on her bruised cheek. "That creature threatened to harm me so as to cause trouble for Trunks, who too is still within the tournament. He also heavily implied that he has prior knowledge on future match ups, hence his desire to face my husband in battle on his own terms."

"I suggest not talking down to me, girl." Beerus casually snarled back. The threat was very much there despite the manner of delivery. "Stating such things without definite proof? Give me a break. Lord Zeno has far better things to do with his time."

Elsewhere

"Hehehehe! Again!" Giggled a laughing Lord Zeno.

"Very well. Let us try once more."

The Grand Priest took the yo-yo and allowed it to fall, yet thanks to the string attached to his finger it didn't touch the ground. With a slight twitch of his finger the spinning yo-yo came right back up.

"Oooo! Oooo!!! This is so cool!"

"Indeed, Lord Zeno. This object, this yo-yo, is much more entertaining than I had initially believed."

"Hehehehe! Again, again!"

"As you say, Lord Zeno."

Beerus's Villa

"-As I was saying... Accusations without proof are meaningless. Unless you can prove what you say is true it will hold no substance before the divine will and supreme intellect of our glorious Lord Zeno. Thus wasting his time and that is something no one should ever do. Unless, of course, you desire to be erased."

Trunks had to frown to this. It didn't rub him right that his wife and daughter could be so brazenly assaulted yet there would be no consequences for the assailant. An assailant, he would add, had a strange fascination with fighting him. Though whatever his initial plans were to force this were, clearly they had been changed.

For better or worse.

"Can nothing be done?"

"I am not some spineless craven, Trunks." Replied an aggravated Beerus. "I have no desire to rely upon underhanded tactics, plots or whatever miserable concoctions those of such weak stature would rely upon. No, we shall proceed as planned by winning this tournament."
"Hmmm...? Nothing more to say, Trunks?"

"No... I'm of like mind. I would rather deal with things plainly and efficiently with as little risk as possible." Trunks replied. "Though this Prime has gone out of his way to prod me into action I have no desire to face him outside the arena if that is to be. It would put Mai and Bulma in too much danger if a fight broke out elsewhere and Lord Zeno received word of it."

"What an intelligent man you have married, Mai." Sincerely complimented Beerus to Mai. "But... I do see the risk in doing absolutely nothing. So I shall enact some preventive measures."

Beerus placed his fork aside and pointed his palm at Mai.

"Bear the mark of I, Lord Beerus - God of Destruction of the Seventh Universe."

Energy resonated in the air. While the others, the mortals at least, could only see the wind currents caused by it. On the other hand Zajak, who had been silently eating her meal, could trace the lines of energy with her eyes. To her this was normal, she was unaware that Trunks and the others couldn't truly see the seemingly undetectable and unseen energy coming from Lord Beerus.

"Ah!" Mai grasped her hand in pain, an insignia burned into it.

"Mommy!" Shouted Bulma who was in Mai's lap. "You're hurting her!"

"Obviously." Beerus responded. "To bear the Mark of Destruction is meant to elect some measure of pain. It is a blessing, after all."

"But why...?"

"Child, I am a God of Destruction. Pain is to be expected. Now hush, I am nearly finished."

To his credit Trunks didn't move a muscle. He had faith that Beerus wouldn't harm Mai unless it was put of necessity. Though it was hard for him to maintain his cool, he had to admit, at the sight of Mai in any amount of pain.

Sweat beads had begun to form on the forehead of Mai, her muscles tightened and her teeth clenched shut upon each other. It was an unexplainable pain. Just... Red.

Then it was gone.

"Now, was that so hard?" Beerus said as he lowered his arm.

"Are you okay, mommy...?" Tenderly asked the concerned Bulma who had taken the marked hand into her own. It was slightly hot to the touch.

"I'm... I'm fine..." Mai finally and slowly responded. "What... What did you do to me, Lord Beerus?"

"Isn't it obvious? You bear my mark now, albeit temporarily. Should you run into trouble it will resonate on it's own and bring your plight to my attention." Explained Beerus who had resumed eating. "It also functions as a beacon that I may utilise to teleport to your side instantly. This should, at the very least, serve to prevent future mishaps from turning dire. At least for yourself."

"Ah, but if I may..." Whis interjected. "Mai, dear, could you perhaps cover that mark of yours with a glove? That way if you are accosted once more than the one troubling you shall be made unaware of the mark until they're entrapped by the sudden and unexpected appearance of Lord Beerus."
"I'll keep that in mind." Mai said, rubbing her marked hand as she did.

"Oh, and one more thing..." Whis floated over to Mai and tapped her forehead with his staff. In an instant the injuries Mai had suffered had been restored to a prior state of unharm. "Do enjoy your night in peace with your adorable family, Mai."

"You have my sincerest of thanks, Lord Whis."

"Yeah! You're the best, ummm.... Ummm... Mister Whis!" Chimed in Bulma.

Whis couldn't resist floating over and pinching the cheeks of little Bulma.

"Oh my. You truly are the most precious thing, aren't you?"

Bulma giggled at this.

"Whis." Beerus interrupted. "We have other matters to discuss and time has limits."

"Oh, yes. This is true." Whis returned to the side of Beerus after speaking.

"Ah." Trunks got up to his feet. "We shouldn't keep you then." Trunks turned his head towards his family. "You two ready to head out for the night?"

"Uh-huh." Bulma said with a nod.

"It is getting late... I think? Yes, late." Rising from her seat, Mai gave a humble bow to Beerus and Whis before joining her husband.

After the three had left Zagak moved to leave as well.

"Sit." Beerus commanded Zagak.

"Lord Beerus?" Responded Zagak who was unable to hide the surprise in her voice.

"You've been too quiet. What is it that you aren't telling me?"

"..."

"Don't test my patience, girl."

"I..."

Zajak was surprised to find that she was having trouble forming words.

"Don't tell me. Has that rat Quitela made an attempt to sway you into his own service?"

"Quitela? Service? Huh....?"

The blank and confused expression on her face was enough to convince Beerus. Truly the girl was just too honest and easy to read for her own good when she wasn't on a mission. The curse of youthful inexperience and innocence.

"No, that isn't it... Is it? No, something else troubles you."

"... Yes." Zajak finally admitted. "I'm... Not certain about something. It is recent, so my thoughts are nothing but of it."
"Then speak, girl. I can't Hakai you regardless of what you say. At least not while you're still in the
tournament."

Zajak's face turned pale.

"It was a joke." Beerus said with a straight face. "Unless... Unless you give proper reason to make
that joke a reality. The Hakai part, that is."

Zajak felt herself gulp loudly to that threat.

"Oh, don't mind him. Lord Beerus is just having some fun."

"Whis, enough. I wish for her to clear any doubts that I may or may not be inflicted with."

"I-I... I understand..." Zajak took a deep breath before responding. "That man....That guy called Hit
of Universe Six. I caught him observing me. No... Wait... No, no... He 'wanted' me to catch him. If
he truly wanted to remain unseen then I never would have spotted him. I can just feel it, his skill is
well beyond my own."

"Is that all? We're allies. How is it troubling to have such a powerful man watching over you?"

"That's the thing," Zajak continued. "He is completely unconcerned about Trunks. Hit, he... He said
that I was the only one he was observing. I... I don't know what this means but when he said that I
just got so angry and..."

"And...?"

"... It made me feel strange. I've never felt like this before. Yes, there was anger. I can understand
that but this other feeling... It troubles me. It's something I've only felt when...."

An image of Trunks flashed in her mind, it caused her to blush.

"...Nothing."

"... Just... Nothing? Whis, what do you make of this."

"Ooooooh!" Whis shouted in joy, clasping his hands together. "Our little Zajak has a crush on that
tall, dark, mysterious and brooding Hit of Universe Six! That is just so precious! I simply must
inform my sister at once!"

"W-what?!"

Beerus and Zajak yelled out in alarm in unison.

"Wait! Lord Whis! I don't understand!! What is a 'crush'?! I don't wish to fight Hit if that's what you
meanted! Lord Whis...? Lord Whis?!"

"Ohohohoho! Is that so?" Whis teased.

"L-lord Whis?!" Protested the distraught Zajak.

"Ugh... I got worked up over something as childish as this? Clearly I need my rest." Beerus
mumbled under his breath, shaking his head as he did.
"Where have you been?" Jiren asked.

Jiren stood in the middle of the hallway of the militaristic styled villa that belonged to Toppo - God of Destruction of the Eleventh Universe.

Due to his many years as a member of the Pride Troopers, and once leader of it at one point, Toppo has retained his love of efficiency and military decor. It was one of the last visages of his previous mortality that he still held tight to even after his ascension as a God of Destruction. To Jiren this was something worth respecting, it kept Toppo chained to his mortality and prevented him from embarking fully into a God Complex.

It was a trait that his predecessor Belmod had held to.

"Does it matter?" Prime responded back. "I'm a free man here, Toppo wouldn't dare trouble me with such concerns. Nor should you. Unless, of course, you wish to negatively impact my future combativeness in the arena, that is."

"I haven't forgotten the last match."

"Is that anger I sense, little Jiren?"

"No."

Jiren maintained a stoic and seemingly unburdened demeanor. To many it made him look uncaring but to Prime it said otherwise. For Jiren was not one to display emotions to freely. Instead he would retreat within himself and the more he did so the more Prime knew that Jiren was feeling incredibly emotional.

Prime longed to see those emotions explode into a true rage. It would be then that he could...

"If you truly believe that way then I'll just be off to my lavish quarters now. In fact, I believe that there should be a bundle of beautiful women awaiting to service me as well. Ah, Toppo... Trying to keep my happy, I see. No doubt thanks to the urging of that magnificent angel of peerless beauty."

As he attempted to leave Jiren grabbed him by the right forearm.

"Stay away from the others. They're still recovering." Jiren warned.

Prime flashed a toothy grin as he tore his arm free from the grip the threatening Jiren.

"They are no longer my concern and they're far too weak for me to care enough to visit them. So rest easy, Jiren. You're the only one worth my time."

With that Prime stalked off.

Jiren pondered whether to give chase or not but ultimately decided to go to his recovering companions instead.

Toppo's Villa - Medical Section

Standing behind the glass separating the two rooms, Toppo peered through it to gaze upon his former
comrades. They were unconscious, the battle they had endured had inflicted such grievous injuries upon them. Physically they were stable but their implants and cybernetic parts had been completely destroyed. The only solution was extensive surgery and the implantation of new hardware and software.

The door slid open and entered Jiren who silently joined Toppo.

"I never could get past this." Toppo spoke quietly. "Even now I still feel my heart tear at sights as these."

This was one of the rare times that Toppo dared allowed his previous mortality to show in such a sincere manner. No doubt his attendant wouldn't approve.

"So many of our comrades are dead, and the few that remain only remain to suffer as such - all but us two."

"..."

"Jiren. We cannot rely on that monster, yet... I don't believe I alone can destroy him, not anymore. You've sense it too, haven't you? That creature... Somehow he has obtained God Ki and he has been using it to mask his true power. It has made sensing it as even a God a very troublesome ordeal." Toppo sighed. "I'm envious in that regard. The moment I became a God of Destruction I no longer bore any mortal ki, only that of a God. I cannot utilise such a technique as I am."

"..."

Toppo and Jiren stood in silence for a time.

"Jiren, I must ask. Why is it that you declined Belmod's offer to become the next God of Destruction? Your power already surpasses my own even as I am now. Yet had you become a God, then..."

"I cannot allow myself to be shackled by the chains of Godhood. There are things only a mortal may accomplish." Was Jiren's reply.

"I understand, but... Mortals may also utilise God ki without ascending. Yet you refuse to partake in such a wellspring of power despite numerous offers."

"..."

"... Very well. I will no longer pry, Jiren. Your reason for rejecting the gifts of a God are your own, I shall respect that."

"How long until they recover?" Jiren asked, changing the subject.

"Too long. They will require months of therapy just to become adjusted to their new cybernetics. As for awakening that could be days, maybe weeks."

"..."

"We cannot fail, Jiren. It would be too cruel for them to be erased while in such a state."

"Victory is already assured."

"Jiren...?"
"I've sensed their power, all of them. They're no threat to myself."

"... A fact that they all assuredly understand all too well, that of which I am sure."

"..."

"Be careful Jiren. The weakest are the most desperate of all. Already, I suspect, they have begun plotting and enacting secret dealings to ensure there they survive despite their weakness."

"Let them. It won't matter."

Toppo said no more.

---

**Toppo's Villa - Prime's Quarters**

Despite his claims of there being women waiting for him there was on fact only one.

"I don't deserve such a treasure..." Prime said as he approached. "Marcarita."

Prime raised his hand to tenderly stroke her chin only to have it smacked aside by her staff.

"Never dare to lay claim to that of which isn't yours." Sneered Marcarita.

"Ah, my apologies. It seems that your heart still aches for Belmod, doesn't it?"

"An assumption, a poor one." Marcarita responded, now trailing her staff on Prime's chest. "Belmod was the greatest God of Destruction of the Eleventh Universe, none has ever matched him, past or present. His departure has stirred emotions I had long thought lost and his replacement has failed to even partially live up to the expectations of such a title as God of Destruction."

"You wish Jiren had been the replacement." Prime paused then continued. "That isn't an assumption, it's a fact."

"... It is unfortunate that Jiren not only rejected such a glorious offer but seems to reject Gods themselves. At least that is what his rejection of God ki would imply."

Prime, amused, planted himself on his bed. The moment he sat down he patted next to himself which elected to cause Marcarita to roll her eyes. This foolish game of his was well below even her humoring it. So she remained standing.

"Despite that, Jiren did master the ability to sense God ki despite not partaking on its many benefits. What does that imply, I wonder..." Prime mused aloud.

"Jiren must desire the ability to destroy Gods." Marcarita said with her finally deciding to take a seat nearby.

"Now that... That is entirely my fault, I will admit that." Replied a grinning Prime. "After all, I made his life a living hell yet not God has come to smite me. I'm sure that Jiren has concluded that the Gods aren't almighty and that their failures, particularly in regards to me, is judgment enough to enact his justice upon them. All he lacks currently is the means to put his true desire in to practice."

"... His true wish."
"You always were so bright as you are lovely, Marcarita."


"Almost correct."

"... Elaborate."

Prime couldn't help but chuckle. While Marcarita was right, she wasn't fully correct. Thanks to his many battles with Jiren, Prime understood him best. After all, he groomed that mindset into Jiren with every life he took which was every life Jiren failed to save and every life the Gods had allowed him to take.

"Jiren, the prodigy I have groomed for so long, desires the end of all Gods - even Lord Zeno. Only then, in his eyes, can mortals retake their destiny and be free of the games of the Gods. Such as the mortal level loophole that spared me time and again from the justice that Jiren follows."

"Every God...?!"

"Oh, and you Angels too."

"That-"

"That." Prime interrupted. "Is why Jiren desires to win. The winner will have the sole wish of the Super Dragon Balls, and they... They are the only means to destroy Lord Zeno and ensure the universes are allowed to continue their existence."

"..."

Marcarita didn't hide his troubled she felt. Such accusations, if true, were heresy yet... What could she do? Toppo was wrapped around the finger of Jiren, he would vouch for Jiren without hesitation. Especially since they lacked actual evidence, but even still...

"The signs are there, but they cannot be proven." Concluded Marcarita.

"Naturally. However, the threat is real and more than enough that it convinced you to embark the secrets of God ki to me. All so that I would emerge the victor - and NOT Jiren."

"You are suspect as well. Don't assume that I trust you."

"Yet you do despite the venom you hurl upon me." Prime slyly remarked. "And that is because you know what I desire..."

Prime stood up and approached Marcarita.

"An angel."

Marcarita slapped Prime's hand aside before it could reach her.

"You lack permission to approach me, Prime."

"Fiesty."

"However, you are correct. I understand fully what you desire and I shall grant it." Marcarita glared at Prime. "If you garner victory and obtain the Super Dragon Balls."
"Heh. I shall, but..." Prime scanned Marcarita with a deep hunger in his eyes. "There is something that you must do for me."

Marcarita gave him a cross look of disgust.

"No, no... Not that. I wish to savor that after I have fulfilled our mutually beneficial contract. No, in fact I simply wish for you to relay a message to your Grand Priest to then relay it to Lord Zeno. I'm sure that Lord Zeno shall be most delighted at such a surprise reveal and will not require any convincing to approve it." Pausing momentarily Prime then continued. "I trust that you will support my claim when the time comes?"

"..."

Champa's Villa

Caulifla felt her eyes flutter open in what felt like an eternity. Her vision still blurry she began to prop herself up with her elbows. She was.... In a bed?

"You've awakened."

That feminine voice, it belonged to...

"Vados!" Shouted Caulifla who proceeded to launch a powerful red blast at Vados. Vados merely absorbed it into her staff. "I haven't forgotten! You... You stopped me from helping Cabba!"

"For your own safety." Vados lectured. "Do you think that Lord Zeno wouldn't have erased you if you had interrupted the match? Yes, you share a rather unique relationship but to defy him in such a way would be utter heresy. It would leave him no choice but to erase you even if he was unwilling. That is the curse of being the King of Everything."

"... Damn it!!!"

Caulifla blasted at one of the walls in anger.

"Fine! Fine, fine, fine! I understand!" Caulifla began shouting. "Just take me to Cabba!"

"...

The silence was immediately registered by Caulifla that something was wrong.

"Yo! Why aren't you taking me to see Cabba? Move it! I want to see him now!"

"... His physical injuries have recovered." Vados began. "But the mental trauma... I cannot fix that. The mortal mind just isn't compatible with that of a being such as myself."

"What the hell are you trying to saying?!"

Vados didn't wish to say, as it would anger Caulifla even more, but it was better she say it now then for Caulifla to learn on her own. At least this way she could contain Caulifla for when she explodes in a rage.

"While Frost has awakened and recovered fully, Cabba on the other hand... The pain inflicted on him was far more traumatic and drawn out. His mind... He's still reliving it, every moment of it. We
have had no choice but to induce him into a coma to safeguard his fragile mental state as when he last woke he was... Regardless, until he's able to recover on his own we cannot risk waking him again."

Vados stopped herself from continuing even further. For she could see that Caulifla had begun to cry without even noticing her own flowing tears that had begun to roll down her rosy cheeks.

"Caulifla, if you require-.."

"Damn it, damn it, damn iiiiiitttt!"

Caulifla had jumped out of her bed and began smashing everything she could in sight. Energy swirled about her body, leaking out into balls of ki which exploded erratically- matching the pained and despairing mental state of Caulifla. This was the worst scenario as a fighter cannot truly fight when in such a compromised state.

Yet even still...

Caulifla would be expected to fight to. Soon, to be exact.

Vados did the only thing she could think of and that was to warp Caulifla and her away so that Caulifla could let it all out without causing harm to another.

???

"Damn iiiiiit!!!" Wailed the grieving Caulifla. "It should have been me... I should have been the one to fight at his side!"

Vados had warped them to the deserted Planet of the Kai of Universe Six. There Caulifla could vent without anyone else getting hurt, save herself.

"Cabba!!! Why... Why did you... did you..."

Energy charged and concentrated around her, red and violent energy.

"Aaaaaaahhhh!!!!"

Her power continued to climb, Vados oversaw that with great interest.

"Not enough, but... Progress."

"Cabba!!"

Unleashing the built up energy, a massive explosion erupted around Caulifla. Smoke and debris blocked out everything within close proximity of Caulifla.

But then...

Out came Caulifla, bursting through the smoke to strike out at Vados. Vados effortlessly caught the fist of Caulifla, taking the time to notice that the pupils of Caulifla had vanished and the powerful and chaotic red and blue energy swirling around Caulifla's body.

"GANOS!!! YOU'LL PAY!! F-FOR... FOR HURTING MY CABBA!!"
"Caulifla has lost all sense of reason. This form is made up of pure rage. It isn't the form that I desire for her but perhaps it could lead to an even further evolution. One that can fully utilise God ki and that inferno building up inside of her." Vados thought. "Very well, let us see just how powerful she is in this state."

Vados proceeded to push back Caulifla and create some distance. She was now determined to fight back, to gauge the power that Caulifla was giving off.

---

The Next Day

The crowds had long since returned, eagerly awaiting the announcement of the next series of matches. In response the Grand Priest spared no time in giving his introduction and began to list the next series of matches.

"The next Round, beginning this day, will follow as such!" Boomed the Grand Priest.

"The first match shall be between Caulifla and Hit of Universe Six and Jiren and Prime of Universe Eleven!"

There were hush voices erupting throughout the crowd.

"Following that shall be Trunks and Zajak of Universe Seven against Ganos and Nink of Universe Four!"

---

Universe Four Waiting Room

"Well, Dercori?"

"Yes, Lord Quitela. I did as you asked."

Quitela leaned in his chair.

"Well?"

"My talisman thoroughly were inscribed with the energy signatures of every audience member of Universe Seven. I then compared them to Trunks."

"And then...?"

"... All energy, as you know, has a time of registry and a current monitor of time present. They all should run along the same clock and be registered at the same current time. However, Trunks... His clock is off by a mere millisecond. In fact, his wife is too but not his daughter. That would imply..."

"Kekekeke... KEKEKEKE!!" Quitela could barely contain his laughter. "So that explains how he is both deceased and living! Ganos!"

Ganos stepped forward by bowed his head.

"I am here, Lord Quitela."
"You killed Trunks, no... 'A' Trunks. The one that you shall face isn't the same. No, he was transported from another timeline or another dimension."

Quietly Nink felt discomfort of this. It was only recently that Ganos had confessed what he had done. It felt dishonorable to Nink but... But Ganos was a comrade so he overlooked it. For now at least. Gamisaras and Dercori hadn't seemed to mind though, and that troubled Nink.

"What does that mean in regards to the match, Lord Quitela?" Ganos asked.

"Lord Zeno expressly forbids Time Travel! Yet despite knowing this Beerus has allowed another Trunks to reside in his Universe! And not only that, he has allowed this imposter to masquerade as the deceased Trunks! What a lying, cheating craven!"

Nink coughed uncomfortably on hearing Quitela say that.

"What was that, Nink?"

"N-nothing."

Quiteka squinted his eyes in annoyance before continuing.

"As I was saying! Trunks isn't valid as he isn't even native to this timeline! His mere existence here is a mockery of the laws of time and space, the very laws enacted by Lord Zeno himself! We can use this to our advantage should the need arise! Kekeke... At long last I shall truly overcome Beerus!"

"..."

"Hmmmm..?" Quitela leaned towards Ganos. "Is there a problem?"

"I... I wish to fight him."

"... Why is that?"

Ganos took a moment to gather his thoughts.

"... I killed a man with his face yet.. He lives. That is my failure. Allow me this chance to redeem myself and clear this failure off my record lest I leave a bad mark upon your glory, Lord Quitela."

"Hmmmm... Hmmmm..." Quitela pondered things for a time. "... Very well. Embarrass him as you did that other Saiyan. Though should you fail know that there will be repercussions. That is my compromise."

"Understood, Lord Quitela."

"Now then!" Quitela eagerly rubbed his hands together. "You are called Cross, no?"

Stepping out of the shadows emerged a very unhappy Cross who had recently been released by Quitela after Gamisaras have stolen his prison. Once fully revealed he bowed to Quitela.

"I am... Cross."

"And of my offer? Do you agree to it or will I be forced to utilise my Hakai?"

"... Yes. I swear off my ties to Universe Seven and now pledge myself to Universe Four."

"Kekekeke....Good, Good!" Happy clapping came from Quitela. "If my associate speaks true then
you will have your chance to fight again if I require it. Doesn't the prospect of potentially facing your former allies just fill you with glee?"

"Yes, glee... I am absolutely gushing with glee..."
Round Two: Match One - Clash! Universe Eleven shows its power, Universe Six faces... Disaster?!

Chapter Summary

The match goes in favor of Universe Eleven from the beginning but other forces are on the move as well!

Universe Six Waiting Room

"Where is Vados? She was supposed to bring Caulifla here before the match starts! Lord Zeno had wished to speak with her beforehand!" Complained a worried Champa, sweat beads had long since begun forming on his rather round and bald forehead.

"..."

Hit silently meditated, ignoring the worrisome Champa to the best of his ability. Even then that took great effort.

His thoughts instead focused on the fact that his match would start soon. It was his preference to not obtain any prior distractions before being summoned in to the arena. After all, his opponents were no push overs and he secretly had reservations if he could even win.

Not that he would ever allow any other to know, especially not Champa.

To the far right corner of Hit was a bandaged up Frost who had just recently been able to leave his bed. Due to his embarrassing defeat at the hands of Ganos, Frost was denied a full recovery from Vados on Champa's orders. All things considered this was a light punishment, Frost had expected much worse and even felt it would have been deserved.

"But... Cabba is still in a coma." Frost thought. "This is the worst case scenario. It's no secret that ever since they began life mates that Caulifla's greatest weakness has been Cabba. Perhaps to help her get past losing Kale? That would be the most logical conclusion."

Frost, with some effort pushed himself up to his feet and made way towards the exit.

"And where do you think you're going, Frost?" Champa barked roughly. "I don't recall giving the failure a leave of absence!"

Smugly Frost, pushing past his great pain, shrugged haphazardly and wore a weak smirk on his battered and bruised face.

"As I no longer may participate within the tournament I figured that I may as well get some air. Maybe even cheer on our two bold fighters from the safety of the stands."

"Why y---"

As the words began to roll off his tongue the door to the Universe Six's waiting room slid opened and in peaked Zajak.
"Oh!" She exclaimed in her shock. "I had thought it would have been locked so I-..."

"You." Hit coldly stated. "Are you that unnerved from our prior discussion?"

"Well, hello to you too... Hit." Zajak replied in turn with a surprisingly gentle, almost serene, facial expression. This served to catch Hit off-guard.

"Ah, you are..." Champa trailed off, trying his best to remember who she was. "Ah! Yes, yes! You are Zajak of Universe Seven, one of Beerus's little pawns."

"Hit, I have something to say to you."

"The hell!?! You just ignored me, you snotty little brat!" Roared an increasingly agitated Champa.

"Speak." Resptned Hit.

"Are you ignoring me too, Hit?! I'm the God here!!!"

"Tch. Better use this distraction to sneak off." Thought Frost as he silently scuffled out of the room without being noticed.

"Hit, I..." Zajak had to clear her throat before continuing. "I.... I-I-I DON'T want to crush you!"

".... What?" Replied a somewhat taken aback Hit.

"Whis says that I have a crush for you! I don't understand what he meant but if I ever gave off that impression then I'm sorry! It was never my intention to crush for you!"

In her desire to clear things up, and to stop her face from burning the same way for Hit like it did with Trunks, Zajak had misremembered the explanation Whis had given her. She was deadset on the idea that Whis meant crush as in fighting, not crush as in romantic.

Sure, Zajak was no virgin - she did lead a very stressful life after all. Besides, she was an attractive and very much active young adult with needs but that was where it ended - needs, nothing more once fulfilled. So these strange feelings and aching she felt towards Trunks, after he beat her in a fight and garnered her interest, and now Hit, whom she admired as they shared a similar profession as she has taken assassination contracts before, were entirely new to her. It was something that made her feel incredibly uncomfortable.

"...I see." Hit managed to say, unsure how to proceed.

"Hey, hey! We are on the same side, little girl! " Interjected Champa. "So stop with this crushing on Hit thing!"

"..."

Hit observed Zajak who, after hearing this, began to fiddle with her thumbs and an uncertain look formed on her troubled face. What Champa had said clearly struck a nerve and Zajak was unaware as to why or how to respond.

*POOF!*

In a blink of an eye Vados was now standing in the center of the room with a depressed looking Caulifla in tow. It didn't take but a mere microsecond for Hit to realise what state of mind Caulifla was in.
..." Hit stood up and approached Vados and Caulifla, his gloomy glare somehow looked really cool to Zajak. It only served to confuse her even more.

"She can't fight." Said Hit in a calm manner. "Not like this."

"Hold up! I'm in charge here! Me, Lord Champa! I get to say who can and cannot fight, it was me who registered you all!"

"Actually, I did the registering." Vados chimed in.

"Quiet, Vados! I'm trying to make a point!" Snapped Champa before continuing. "As I was saying, I have the first and last say!"

"In her current state of mind..." Hit gestured to Caulifla. "She would only serve as a liability."

"State of mind? I don't need her mind, I need her body out there fighting for me! Or have you forgotten that we'll all be erased if we lose??"

"Except me, of course." Vados chimed in again.

"Except Vados..... HEY! That's not fair, rubbing that in!"

"Forgive me, Lord Champa. I couldn't resist."

"Tch..." Champa stepped away from his seat and approached Caulifla. Extending his clawed hand he grasped her chin and began to examine her face.

Dilated, empty reddened eyes.

A relaxed and unresponsive mouth.

Sullen cheeks.

Paler than usual skin.

A reddened nose.

Had she been crying? Sobbing? Wailing, even?

Releasing Caulifla from his grasp Champa could only let out a defeated sigh.

"Caulifla must fight. Lord Zeno insisted." His voice sounded weak, no longer filled with his usual erratic energy.

Hit attempted to speak but his lips refused to part. There was simply no way he could dare to challenge the authority of Lord Zeno.

"Oh dear..." Vados mumbled. As she mumbled she gently rubbed one of Caulifla's shoulders, attempting to comfort the heartbroken young Saiyan woman to no avail.

"However, she cannot see Lord Zeno in this state." Concluded Champa. "Vados, go inform Lord Zeno that Caulifla is too busy preparing and that they will able to speak freely after the fight. Make it sound convincing."
"Very well, Lord Champa."

With that Vados vanished.

Zajak could feel the intensity in the room, it made it hard to breath.

"I... Ummmm... I honestly don't know what to say."

Champa turned his head to face Zajak.

"Oh. You're still here." Champa slowly said. "Go back to your waiting room and be sure to cheer on Hit. He will need all the support he can get."

"Cheer...?"

Cheering wasn't her strong suit. In fact, she never really cheered anyone on before unless encouraging the Captain to finish a keg in a drinking contest counted.

"Wait... Captain, he..."

This brought back a painful reminder that he wasn't here, nor was the rest of the crew. The Elder Kai had promised to invite them yet they weren't there which meant...

"Zajak." Hit finally said, breaking away her troubled thoughts. "I understand but I cannot guarantee that I may ever respond similarly or not in time."

"Respond? Similarly?" Zajak repeated. "I... I... Understand... Too?"

"..."

Hit said no more.

"R-right... I'll be going now."

With that Zajak awkwardly left, the door sliding shut behind her. Once she was completely out of hearing range Champa rested himself back into his seat.

"So, this is how it ends..."

Unknown to Champa a hidden talisman ignited itself and evaporated into the very air.

---

**Universe Four's Waiting Room**

"You'd fit in quite well in Universe Four... Frost."

Forced to kneel before Quitela, the battered Frost glared sideways towards Cross. That abomination had lied to Frost and had lured him into a trap. No way it was his idea, clearly Quitela had thought it up. Amassing fighters from other Universes and using loopholes to be recruite them into his own? It was low, even lower than Frost's own standards.

"... I already was defeated, I have no further use. Release me."

"Now that's where you are wrong, Frost." Quitela corrected. "For you see... Nothing in the rules
stated that figures had to be from the same Universe they signed up for, only that four had to be fighters. It also never stated that I couldn't register more than four, only that four would be allowed to fight."

"You... You're twisting the original intent of the rules!" Frost spat back. "Lord Zeno would never---"

"Silence, foolish Mortal!" Shouted Quitela. "You know nothing of Lord Zeno! Nothing! While I, his ever so faithful servant, understand his intent completely! Lord Zeno never truly cared for rules, in fact he enjoys breaking them even if they are of his own making! No doubt he would find my little schemes amusing and under technicality I haven't broken the rules!"

"You're delusional!"

"Insolent mortal. Here I am offering you a chance to avoid the fate of your Universe, which will lose this match, and you bite at my generous salvation. Truly you are ungrateful filth, just as Champa and Beerus."

"Hmph. Mock me all you want. As long as Universe Seven wins then..."

Suddenly Quitela stood in front of Frost and held his palm out to him.

"You're thinking that as long as Universe Seven revives Universe Six into its own Universe that you'll be saved. That is a grave mistake."

"How did---"

"Silence him, Ganos."

Ganos generated a ki blanket over his hand and muffled it over a struggling Frost's mouth.

"First, you assume that Universe Seven shall prevail. They won't. Ganos will eliminate them soon enough for all of the remaining Universes to bear witness to. Second, I've registered all the participants as stand ins for Universe Four in case of unforeseen circumstances. All is required is the consent of the fighters to bind the contract and in turn destroy their previous contract in the tournament with their previous Universe. Thirdly, what do you think will happen if I destroy you out of existence right here and now?"

"Mmmfffpphh!!"

"That's right! Lord Zeno will only restore any Universes to just prior of their erasure! If you're completely destroyed from existence beforehand then you will not be saved even if Universe Seven somehow won, which they won't. So I ask one last time. Join Universe Four, forsake Universe Six. Even if you cannot fight any longer I can always find other tasks for you to do. So tell me, what is your final response? Be sure to make it quick."

Ganos released the ki blanket so that Frost could speak.

"I---"

The Arena

Caulifla and Hit found themselves warped inside the arena, their opponents had already moved to a
more advantageous location.

"You... Don't get in my way." Hit commanded.

Caulifla couldn't even gather the will to speak. Had the opponent been Ganos then she would have proper motivation yet instead they were fighting fighters named Jiren and Prime. They had no connection to what happened to Cabba, Caulifla just couldn't get out of her funk to care.

"If Cabba doesn't pull through then... Then..."

An image of Kale dying flashed in her mind. Immediately Caulifla felt her now shaking legs lock up and gripped her head in pain.

"AAAAHHHHH!!" Wailed the pained Caulifla.

"You fool!"

Their location now pinpointed a barrage of massive ki blasts zoomed towards them.

Hit used his Time Skip to grab Caulifla and toss her aside before he retreated in the opposite situation.

"I need to make distance, hopefully deal with one before they start picking off Caulifla as easy prey."

Hit's eyes widen in surprise as Jiren appeared in view and charged him.

"This is nothing like this last match he was in! Jiren is taking the initiative!"

No time to contemplate the change in strategy, Hit had no choice but to engage Jiren on his terms.

Utilising his Time Skip, something Jiren didn't expect, Hit used this moment to move in close and slammed a fist into Jiren with energy bursting out from his backside.

"...

Jiren remained silent even as some blood came from his mouth.

"That should have shattered his left lung. Not enough to kill him but it should be enough to..."

Suddenly Jiren's eyes glowed red and Hit found himself being forced away with multiple strikes resonating all over his body.

"What?!"

It had hurt, a great deal more than Hit had anticipated. Yet when he gazed upon Jiren he saw no exertion, it as almost as if that untraceable attack had been merely just a whim - a spur of the moment actions based on instinct alone.

Flipping through the air, Hit planted his feet against a rocky wall, which oddly enough had reshaped itself to catch him, and launched again towards Jiren.

Jiren stood waiting, arms resting, without any hint of desire as he awaited Hit to continue.

Not to leave the invitation unmet, Hit was nearly upon Jiren. Activating his Time Skip he rapidly attacked at all sides without any indication of where the next strike would come.
Jiren was unphased.

No matter where Hit came from Jiren effortlessly countered before another nearly fatal blow could land. Even if he was far more powerful than Hit he still acknowledged that Hit actually had the potential to deal serious damage if allowed to. His damaged lung was proof of that.

As they fought Hit slowly lured Jiren towards the edge. As he did so he secretly fired small, nearly invisible, energy balls filled with him Time Skip ability. They would only activate when he released them. And when they did than even if Jiren was superior than he still had a chance to pull off a win.

But his body... Hit couldn't deny it. The constant use of Time Skip, and storing some in ki energy (effectively stopping it from progressing) was dangerous and potentially very draining...

---

**Caulifla vs Prime**

"Such a waste." Prime mumbled, casually planting a foot over the laying form of Caulifla. "So is this how you end? As a poor, broken doll because your lover is in such terrible shape? I must admit, I expected much more of a fight out of you."

"..."

"Silence? Not even having the will to bite back?"

"...

"You do know that if you lose that he'll be erased alongside you, right? Are you truly fine with just giving up because your fragile little heart is in shambles? Or perhaps... You selfishly believe that maybe erasure would be more merciful than your lover possibly never awakening ever again?"

".....s...s...se...selfish?"

"So the girl can speak." Prime leaned in close to her ear. "Yes, girl, selfish. You're so afraid of the potential of reliving your own past traumas, whatever they are - I honestly don't care, that you want another to make the choice for you by you doing nothing about it. That is why I call you selfish."

Taking off his gloves Prime raised Caulifla up in the air.

"However! I've found that your kind apparently responds well to pain and rage! Pure, unrelenting rage! So then! How about we put that theory into practice, hmmm?"

With that Prime began to severely beat Caulifla, refusing to allow her to be knocked away by gripping tightly at her exposed neck which he squeezed gleefully.

"I must say." Prime said, relishing in the drawing of blood. "I am starting to enjoy this much more than I had anticipated! Oh, do be a dear and not lose conscious too soon. I want Lord Zeno to hear your cries of blissful agony."

"Aaaa....aaaa... AAAARRRGGHHH... AAAAAAAAAA!!!!"

The screams began to ring out, for Prime had now released his claws and there was just so much unmarked flesh still waiting to be attended to!
Lord Zeno

".... Caulifla."

Lord Zeno reached out towards the arena but quickly retracted his hand. He had forbidden himself from intervening, he couldn't show favoritism or this entire tournament and past erasures would no longer bear his legitimacy.

The screams grew louder, as did the red sprays of blood. Even the crowd was beginning to turn away in disgust.

Furthermore, there was something about that fighter's malicious aura that felt familiar to Lord Zeno now that he was observing more intently. Not the ki itself, no... The body was unfamiliar yet that aura! That familiar aura was such a mystery, a mystery he should recount but couldn't.

"Lord Zeno." The Grand Priest stepped to his side. "You have the privilege of declaring Caulifla as defeated and thus removing her from the tournament. All you need to is say the word."

"... Caulifla hasn't... Caulifla hasn't said anything." Murmured the entranced Lord Zeno whose eyes didn't leave the savage beating of Caulifla.

"....Ah. Lord Zeno... Perhaps... Are you saying that Caulifla still has a desire to fight even as she is?"

"..."

"Very well." The Grand Priest responded with a bow. "I shall place faith into your wisdom, Lord Zeno."

---

Universe Seven Waiting Room

Beerus tapped his fingers on his forearms in a repeated and agitated manner. The sight of Hit and Caulifla being completely dominated, especially Caulifla, by the Universe Eleven fighters was just too much! Neither Caulifla nor Hit were slouches by any means. So while Caulifla was taking a rather gruesome beating, Hit on the other hand was actually fighting back yet still losing... Badly.

"What the hell is going on?! Champa, are you trying to lose?" Beerus shouted out to no one in particular.

"How is this allowed?" Mai, now observing in the waiting room for her own protection, asked Trunks as she shielded the eyes of their daughter.

"Her opponent has intentionally missed striking any major arteries. It's almost surgical, as if he has done extensive research on the biology of the Saiyans of Universe Six. Regardless, none of those injuries are fatal in the short term."

Mai felt her eyes widen as she looked to Trunks.

"Her opponent plans to draw it out so she's at the edge of death in the hopes that that she'll die outside the arena?!"

Trunks gave a silent nod.
"That monster... He is even more sadistic than when he held our daughter and I as prisoners."

**Caulifla vs Prime**

At some point she stopped feeling the pain, her thoughts had moved on to Kale and Cabba.

She couldn't save Kale and now Cabba was suffering because she hadn't been there. It wasn't her fault, she told herself that and knew it but... But... She felt responsible.

First her parents died, or left. She never got the full story and then her brother, who raised her by himself, became crippled. From then on he was never the same. Than Kale, whom she rescued and loved as a sister, died by her own hand and now the love of her life may never awaken again.

How could she not feel guilty?

How could she not feel so... Powerless?

Caulifla felt a painful smash on her forehead as Prime kneed her into debris.

"You must be in such pain. Yet you still live, while on the other hand I cannot say the same for your lover in the long term..."

"!!!"

Caulifla felt her body surge itself up onto her feet.

"Ah. Touched a nerve?" Taunted Prime. "Well, allow me to elaborate. Since your lover lost that means that he's disqualified... Currently. Thus if he were somehow to 'mysteriously' become inflicted with unexplained, yet completely fatal, stab wounds before erasure then it wouldn't be against any rules! Isn't that just wonderful?"

That man... Prime... He had just said something that he shouldn't have. Caulifla may have lost herself into her pain but her rage? Rage feeds off not only pain but anger and guilt too. And just as Prime had said, pain and rage are quite the staples for a Saiyan even if Caulifla was unaware of it.

"Y...you... You DARE?!!" Shouted Caulifla all of a sudden.

"???"

Prime leapt backwards to create some distance.

"Cabba... Cabba... I won't let you hurt him!!!"

Power surged all around the bloodied Caulifla, she could feel it rising to heights that she had never imagined possible. Her red aura mimicked this and danced wildly and without any restraint. Then a light engulfed her, when it left she was breathing heavily like a wild beast, her body had grown somewhat more muscular and her pupils had vanished.

"NEVER AGAIN! NEVER AGAIN!!!"

Overcome with unbridled rage Caulifla charged the completely flabberghasted Prime and decked him right in the face.
"W-what?!?"

Before he could respond the enraged Caulifla pulled him back in and began pummeling him mercilessly.

"RRRRaaaaaRRRGGHHH!!!"

---

**Trunks**

"No... All her pain, anger, guilt and feeling of powerlessness has forced her into the rage state. Caulifla isn't ready! I had others help me regain myself when I felt myself becoming lost into the allure of uncontrollable yet all-powerful rage manifest but Caulifla... She has no one to stop her from burning out! Especially with all those grievous injuries she has been inflicted with! This is bad, very bad!"

---

**Hit vs Jiren**

Initially hit had utilised his Time Skip to strike various organs and effectively kill them without killing Jiren. He had even struck arms, leg and abdomen muscles yet... Yet Jiren not only seemed unphased by it all but had fully adapted to the Time Skip!

"I have to go... Even further!"

Hit pushed himself further and further beyond his own limits, his body was beginning to strain from his injuries and repeatedly utilising the Time Skip in short intervals without cease. Each time happening earlier and earlier and in longer periods of usage.

"Hmph!"

Jiren anticipated the Time Skip and used it to lure Hit's throat into his grasp.

"!"

Grabbing hold of Hit, Jiren shoveled him across the rocky ground and proceeded to toss him aside like he was nothing but mere trash.

"Tch."

Bruised, cut and scraped all over Hit used his Time Skip to rebalance himself to his feet. Only his hand began to shake, his vision was blurring. This had turned into a fight of attrition and Hit was sorely losing it.

---

**Zajak**

Standing just at the far edge of the stand Zajak felt her heart ache at the sight of a man she respected so much be pressed so harshly by his opponent. It was clear to her that the chances of Hit pulling a win off were growing slimmer and slimmer by the second.
"Hit... You can't lose... I still haven't sorted out why I..."

Caulifla vs Prime

"Haaaa!!"

A concentrated beam blast sent Prime flying right into Jiren.

"Heh... Heh... I like this version of that girl. She's much more entertaining this way." Prime remarked to an annoyed Jiren. "But this won't last."

Razor sharp energy discs tore through the sky and raced towards Prime. Prime mischievously leapt behind Jiren, forcing him to erect a barrier to stop the disks from touching him.

"I'LL KILL YOU!!!"

Caulifla launched herself past Jiren and began engaging Prime once more. Jiren made note of the bloodied trail she had left behind.

"She hasn't noticed yet... It won't be long now."

"Haaaa!!" Shouted Hit who, thanks to Time Skip, appeared out of thin air and engulfed Jiren in energy.

"What are you-... !!!"

Jiren noticed that he no longer could move, or rather he could but couldn't. Not of his own volition, at least.

"This is...

"Time Rewind." Hit explained. "This entire fight I've forced you to chase me towards the edges of the arena. Now I... I....Nnnggghh.."

It was almost impossible to remain focused, his body was barely holding itself together.

"..."

Jiren smiled, a rare sight that it was.

"Had you been able to di this earlier you might have won but as you are now..... HAAAAAAAIIII!!"

Jiren powered himself up at an immense rate, breaking Hit's hold on him. Immediately afterward he thrust his knee into the abdomen of Hit and grasped his throat with both hands.

"There is no shame in this." Was all Jiren said before Hit lost consciousness as oxygen left his lungs.

Once sure Hit was no longer a threat, Jiren released him gently and proceeded to walk to the edge. Upon reaching the edge he knelt down and slowly allowed Hit to roll out of bounds.

"Hit of Universe Six has been eliminated!!"
Conclusion

No matter how fast she moved or how hard she hit, her opponent continued to surpass her. Her rage... Her rage! It was...

Caulifla felt herself collapse mid strike all of a sudden, her body had finally given out.

"K-kale.... C-c-cabba...." Caulifa mumbled to herself as the world went dark.

Prime pulled himself up from the debris he was tossed into and began brushing his torn suit off.

"Despite how fun that was I shall have to take your arms as payment. Please understand." Sneered the mostly uninjured and truly furious Prime.

Just as he approached to tear off the arms of Caulifla, Jiren appeared out of thin air to grab Caulifla and throw her out of the ring.

"Caulifla of Universe Six has been eliminated!!"

"Jiren.... She was MINE!" Prime shouted, an oddity as he was normally giving off an airiness of calm no matter the situation.

"Enough!" Boomed Jiren, he was no longer in the mood to fight.

"... For now." Replied Prime who now turned his attention to the floating Grand Priest.

"All fighters of Universe Six have been eliminated! Universe Six shall now undergo the judgement of Lord Zeno!" The Grand Priest gestured to Lord Zeno. "Erasure!"

Universe 6 Stands

The crowd entered a mass panic, their area had suddenly been sealed in. This was so that that couldn't bother the other Universes who had taken a large gulp of relief and remained in straight back silence.

"No, no, no!!!"

"I have a family!"

"Please have mercy, Lord Zeno! I'm still a virgin!"

"Aaaaaahhhh!!!"

"Whaaaaa!!! Whaaaaa!!!"

"Lord Zeno, we will repent! Please, please! Spare us, please!"

"Lord Zeno!!!!"
The door swung open, Beerus zoomed in.

"Champa!"

"Beerus."

Champa was seated crosses legged next to the unconscious Hit.

"Despite the odds... They did fight pretty well, didn't they?"

"Champa, you..."

Champa raised a hand to silence Beerus.

"There will only ever be One God of Destruction per Universe." Champa quoted aloud. "That is the judgement of Lord Zeno."

"... Tch." Beerus grinded his teeth together.

"Hah... We both knew that the only winning scenario for us would result in only one of us remaining. So what's with that look? It's like you're fighting back tears. It's pretty lame."

Champa then noticed that his hands were fading away.

"Huh. I had hoped for a bit more time."

"..."

Beerus refused to say another word, it would be disrespectful to his one and only twin brother.

"Hey, Beerus." Champa said as he stood up. For a moment he was silent, staring outside to watch those of Universe Six begin to vanish. "You'll keep your side of the deal, right?"

This annoyed Beerus, forcing him to respond when he would rather not for it was a struggle.

"Don't ask questions that you already know the answer to." Beerus responded, closing his eyes and turning his back to Champa. He couldn't bear it. If he saw as it happened, then...

"Hah. Then they're your problem now, sucker------"

Silence.

Beerus was now alone.

Vados

Once all of Universe Six had vanished Vados rose up from her bowing position.

Fuwa had returned ahead of time to Universe Six to help prepare for this likely event following the brutalization of Cabba and Frost. Vados didn't envy that duty, but at the very least they didn't see it when it happened.
In one moment they were there.
The next, and they never were.
Except...
Vados kneeled down and rested the slumbering head of Caulifla on her lap.
In her hand she held a contract, it had been approved by Champa prior to the tournament.
"... You will hate me, surely, Caulifla... God of Destruction candidate."
For this was a loophole. Caulifla was never assigned to replace Lord Champa, she had never reached that far in the process that she was kept entirely in the dark about.
So while Universe Six was gone Caulifla wasn't for an unassigned God of Destruction candidate could be officially risen as a true God of Destruction of any Universe as long as Lord Zeno approved the finalization.
And if Caulifla was rejected? Then she would normally return to her Universe, however as Universe Six no longer existed...
"... It is done."
Whis had now appeared behind Vados, the contract Vados had held faded away into nothingness.
"Lord Beerus has agreed to allow the rejected and unassigned God of Destruction candidate Caulifla to reside within Universe Seven. Naturally, Lord Zeno agreed."
"... I could only choose one." Vados finally and regretfully said. "Hit or Caulifla. I... I chose Caulifla because of her untapped power. However, her mental state... I fear she may not be able to recover from the erasure of Cabba."
"Cabba... Tell me, the truth dear sister."
"..." Vados swallowed slightly. "I put him in a coma to save his mind, that is true. But I also did it in an attempt to draw out Caulifla's untapped power."
"Did you not succeed?"
"... No. I've only scratched the surface."
Whis sighed and shook his head.
"Saiyans truly are quite extraordinary, no matter the Universe."
"Whis." Vados interrupted. "What of the Last Will of Lord Champa? Will Lord Zeno consider it?"
"...He has decided to leave that unanswered for the time being."
"...I understand."
Vados closed her eyes and tried to visualize Lord Champa one last time. It brought a small smile to her face.
"I will ensure that your wish is fulfilled. Universe Six will survive through Universe Seven." Vados
looked down at the still slumbering Caulifla. "And even if she hates me, I will do all that I can to convince Lord Zeno to allow Caulifla to fight once more but this time under Universe Seven."

---

**Zajak**

"Hit... Lost..." Zajak felt her whole body shake in rapid and frightened motions, her stomach churned painfully. "If Hit couldn't beat them then how can I..."

Zajak collapsed to her knees, she was beyond shocked that Hit had actually lost. From little of what she saw of his fighting ability she already knew that she wasn't his equal - far from it. Yet he still lost.

"I...Hit... Why do I feel like this now that you're gone? I never even got a chance to get to know you well yet your loss... It hurts. And... And I'm scared, frightened beyond belief. What can I do that you couldn't?"

Zajak pulled her knees in close and buried her head into them.

"I'll just end up holding Trunks back, won't I?"

---

**Universe Four Waiting Room**

"Hmph. That Frost surprised me." Quitela admitted. "He actually tried to attack me! That manipulative coward actually did that! I was so sure that he was going to submit to me!"

"And now he's been destroyed into non-existence before Universe Six was erased." Ganos added.

"Yes, yes... Well let's move on." Quitela snapped his fingers. "Approach my seat, Nink."

"Hm?"

A confused Nink approached.

"You're much weaker than Ganos, yes?"

"... Yes." Nink answered truthfully.

"And are you much weaker than Cross over there?"

Nink hesitantly looked over his shoulder at a devastated Cross, who had felt kinship with Frost, then back at Quitela.

"Y...Y-yes----"

"Hakai!!!!" Quitela suddenly shouted with his palm now extended.

Nink had no chance to protest before he was overtaken by the powers of destruction and then was simply... Gone.

Everyone, even Ganos, was taken aback by this sudden act.
"Cognac." Quitela called out.

"Here." Cognac responded with a bow.

"Inform the Grand Priest that Nink had defected to Universe Six in secret and thus was erased alongside them. Cross will fill in for him. If he questions it then you must simply inform Lord Zeno that Cross consented into serving Universe Four instead of Universe Seven and will offer a much more entertaining match than the traitor Nink would have. Surely Lord Zeno will wave the rules in this scenario."

"It will be done."

After Cognac left Quitela relaxed in his chair and began drinking out of a straw from his wine glass. It was then that he noticed everyone on the room was deathly silent and extremely tense.

"What?" Asked Quitela.
Zeno Postpones, Caulifla Despairs

Chapter Summary

Lord Zeno has decided to postpone the next match for a bit. This is so that the Grand Priest may re-structure the arena and audience stands following the erasures of Universe Six.

Or so that is the statement.

In truth Lord Zeno could do it instantly, he just wanted a break to enjoy some snacks.

Meanwhile the survivors struggle to deal with the reality of erasure and Caulifla in particular mist accept the fact that she still exists while everyone she knew and loved didn't.

"Lord Zeno has deemed it necessary that all spectators to please exist the stands in preparation of their refurnishing. Please exit in a timely and orderly manner. You shall be summoned before the Tournament resumes." Declared the Grand Priest.

Initially the audience remained seated, their minds still wrapping around what had just happened. To them it had all seemed like good fun, none of them had fully considered just how truly horrifying erasure was until it had come and gone.

Eventually they began to file out with the spectators from the various Universes traveling together in bunches and packs. None dared to mingle with those from another Universe, not anymore. Instead, they merely glared at each other in silence.

It was as if they were saying - We will survive, not you.

The Grand Priest observed all of this in silence.

Once the audience had left the Grand Priest floated back to Lord Zeno.

"The stands have been vacated. Do you have any requests, Lord Zeno?"

"Mmm... Munch, munch, munch..." Answered Lord Zeno in between bites.

"Very well, I will use my own discretion. I shall not be long, Lord Zeno."

Lord Zeno nodded his head as he continued to stuff his face in the various cuisines that had been crafted by the chiefs of Universe Six as a gift. It was their last mementos of their existence and soon they too would be gone.

Having departed from Lord Zeno, the Grand Priest outstretched his arms. Wires of illumininsting white Ki poured out of his fingers and began to rapidly expand.

"Hmmm... I suppose that some improvements would be warranted."

With a swipe of his right arm the strings of Ki tore the entire arena into shreds. Opening the palm of
his other hand he created a sphere of Ki that grew great in size.

Larger, larger... Larger!

Satisfied with the size of it the Grand Priest tossed it into the center of the floating debris that once had made up the arena.

Taking one hand into the other he smoothed them over and over each other as if kneading a non-existent ball.

In response the sphere began to spin and spin - faster and faster. The debris responded in kind and flung itself around it until the sphere was fully obscured.

"Now..."

The Grand Priest leaned forward and breathed. His breath fluttered gently on to the debris.

The reaction was immediate.

As if a trigger had been activated the debris dropped to the stand's eye level and began to rapidly expand until it had formed itself into a rectangular arena. At the ends of it popped up rods which began to emit that same white Ki in the form of an impenetrable barrier which also enveloped the top part of the arena as well.

"Next... The stands."

Fixing his gaze to the stands he closed his eyes soon after. As if visualizing it in his mind his hands moved of their own accord.

The stands crashed into each other, like putty, and churned within itself. The churning lasted a few moments longer until the Grand Priest was satisfied enough to separate them into three equal portions.

Before the stands were connected and next to each other.

Now the stands were three separate ones which floated at three different areas so as to create an invisible triangle in between them. Naturally the arena itself was at their center.

Another change was that the stands now floated in a constant circular movement around the arena, no longer were they to be stationary.

"I believe that this should suffice."

As the Grand Priest floated off the arena began sprouting mountains and trees as well as a flowing river that came from the north and ended in the east. No other lifeforms seemed to appear, save trees and a light covering of grass to decorate the arena in a brownish green color.

---

**Universe Four Villa**

Having returned to his villa Quitela gleefully munched on some blueberries. He had just received news that Lord Zeno had accepted the defection of Cross from Universe Seven to Universe Four.

"-however... Lord Zeno has deemed it that only one defection may occur per participant and that
defections will not be tolerated within the arena itself - only before or after will he consider them. Should his mercy and understanding not be followed he will enact punishment by his own hand." Cognac read aloud from the parchment in his hands.

"It will not be an issue. Isn't that right, Ganos?"

"Of course, Lord Quitela." Ganos responded promptly, without hesitation.

"And did you hear that, Cross? There will be no returning to Universe Seven. Should you fail you will be erased alongside us, so it would be wise of you to obey."

"...."

"Speaking of obey. There is something I require of you."

"...."

"Hmph. Silence, huh? No matter, I don't need you to speak just to obey." Quitela cleared his throat. "As for your task..."

---

**Universe Eleven Infirmary**

"Cooooough! Hack!"

Jiren clutched his chest, blood ran down his chin as he coughed over and over. During the match he had utilised his adrenaline to keep himself focused and to hide the fact that his opponent, Hit, had actually done major damage to himself. Far greater than Jiren had anticipated.

"The organs your opponent had struck are effectively dead. By all means, it is a miracle that you are still conscious." Reported the tiny feline creature in a long lab coat who had been busy studying scans of Jiren's body. "How he managed to completely and utterly destroy those organs without leaving a single mark on your body is quite the mystery. It is a shame he no longer exists or I would have had wished to question him on that matter. If only, at the very least, to discover a way of reversing the damage that had already been inflicted upon you."

"Can nothing be done?" Jiren asked, clutching his side. The pain he felt, a rarity, was unhidden.

"We lack the time for a full recovery but if you were to be placed in our rejuvenation tank you should be more than recovered enough for your next match. However." The doctor said, glancing at Jiren. "You could request the aid of Marcarita to restore you instantly. Surely that isn't outside the realm of her abilities."

"...."

The doctor seemed to be confused by the silence from Jiren. He had expected Jiren to agree. After all, this tournament could prove unpredictable and they needed Jiren at full strength to prevail just in case.

"... Place me in the rejuvenation tank." Jiren finally said.

"Pardon me?"

"I will not repeat myself."
"... Understood." The confused doctor leapt down to the floor. "This way, if you would."

**Universe Seven**

Zajak had tried to be by herself, it was her misguided attempt to try and sort through her thoughts without aid.  

Trunks knew better. The moment he saw how distraught Zajak had looked and her swift exit he knew that she needed someone to speak with her. If anyone knew how bad idea it was to try to solve everything alone it was Trunks who had learned at a young age the value of helping and being helped by others.

"There you are." Trunks announced, approaching Zajak from behind. 

Zajak had returned to the Universe Seven villa and had taken a seat at the edge of it. There she could freely sway her feet at the nether and gaze upon the blackness of space. It soothed her, for much of her life had been spent on a spaceship. 

"T-trunks?" A surprised Zajak responded, trying her best not to allow her face to turn red.

"Ugh! Why is it that every time we are alone I get like this?"

"May I...?" Trunks gestured to the ground next to Zajak.

"Ah... Yes, please. Have a seat."

"Thank you."

Trunks took a seat next to her, placed the palms of his hands firmly behind himself to prop his body up and leaned back just slightly.

"Ahhhh..." Trunks breathed. "It is pretty calming."

"... Just like nothingness." Zajak mumbled, thinking back to the erasure of Universe Six. "I barely knew him, you know. Hit, that is. All I did know of him was his profession and I could tell... During our training, I mean, that he was just... Better than me. He had something that I lacked and may always lack."

"..."

"... I will admit that I was... I was so jealous of him. That he had something that I never could have and that no matter how hard I trained that was how things always would stay." Zajak breathed a sigh. "But... It wasn't all bad. As I observed him over our training period my jealousy turned to admiration. His self improvement and desire to become stronger rubbed off on me. So I trained harder under Lady Vados, even when she..."

"Zajak?" Trunks questioned. "Is it something I shouldn't hear?"

"... It doesn't matter anymore. No point in keeping it a secret." Zajak finally said."Lady Vados not only trained me but had secretly brought in that female saiyan from Universe Six as well."

"Caulifla." Trunks said.
"Yes, her." Nodded Zajak. "Lady Vados had Caulifla and I constantly spar in secret, inside her staff so as to avoid detection. The only other to know of this would be Whis."

"Strange. Really, that is strange." Concluded Trunks. "What could have been her reason to want to hide this from everyone else?"

"... I don't know but..." Zajak gulped. "That form Caulifla used in the arena. It was nothing like the formed she used against me."

"Another form...?"

In his mind Trunks visualized Goku and his father in the Super Saiyan Blue states.

"Was the energy she gave off undetectable? Her aura, was it blue?"

"Undetectable? Blue?" Zajak blinked. "No... No... It was green, yet her energy was red and I could feel it. By the gods could I feel it and it frightened me beyond belief. I-It was something I've never seen or felt before."

"Is there anything else about that form that you could tell me?"

"...No, I can't... I can't recall. The moment Caulifla took that form, accidently it seemed, I was ejected from Lady Vado's staff. When I had realised what had happened Whis had already taken hold of the staff and Lady Vados entered it. I was told to keep silent for the time being."

"I assume then that it was the only time she undertook that form?" Trunks asked.

"Yes." Responded Zajak. "The next time I sparred with Caulifla she seemed unaware of that power and Lady Vados made no mention of it. I wondered why but..."

Zajak mournfully shook her head.

"It doesn't matter.... She is gone, along with Hit."

Sensing that Zajak was feeling emotional drained Trunks changed the subject.

"You really admired Hit, didn't you?"

"... Yeah."

Trunks noticed a faint blush form on the cheeks of Zajak.

"Hit is what I had thought I had aspired to become one day when I got better at my job but then I realised he crossed a line I'm still too frightened to cross myself. Yet... Yet I wished, I truly wished, that I could still be a part of his world. I wanted a chance to learn more about him as a person and not as this amazing warrior that I so greatly admired from a distance. It's silly, I know, but Hit is someone you only meet once in a lifetime and..."

Her blush vanished and a down casted look emerged on her face.

"Hit is gone... Erased." Zajak Turner to face Trunks. "Will... Will Lord Zeno truly allow us to bring Universe Six back as a part of Universe Seven?"

"..."

"Trunks?"
"... I can't say for sure. We will have to cross that road when we get there."

"... I... I hope he will." Zajak pulled her knees in close to her chest. "There is still so much I wanted to say to Hit but didn't realise it until he was already gone. I hope that I can have that chance to correct my mistake..."

---

**Caulifla - ???**

Finding herself standing in a field of swaying grass under a bright sun, Caulifla immediately could tell that she wasn't alone.

"... Kale?"

Kale, just as she looked all those years ago, was standing in front of her.

"Kale! Kale, oh Kale..." Sobbed Caulifla who pulled Kale into a tight embrace.

"..."

"Kale...?"

Kale continued to be unresponsive which prompted Caulifla to release her.

"No... You're dead. I-I-I... I killed you, didn't I?"

Kale nodded.

"Then... Is this...?"

Suddenly Caulifla remembered that they had lost, that Universe Six was no more.

"I don't understand!" Hollered a distraught Caulifla. "If I'm erased then how am I here? Erasure means nothing is left, right?!"

A hand placed itself on her shoulder.

"Cabba...?" Caulifla said as she saw his smiling face. It made her heart beat faster, as it always had done.

"W-w-wait! No! A trick, a trick!"

Caulifla pushed herself away from Cabba and landed on her rear.

Instead of approaching her, Cabba approached Kale. The two then looked at Caulifla.

"..."

Their mouths moved but there were no words.

"No, no..."

The pair began to break apart and scatter into the wind.

"No! Kale, Cabba! I... I... I!!!
They were gone before she could speak.

The area around her turned into night within an instant. A green aura began to form over her body, an orangish red formed within it as a layer to separate it from her body.

"I---!!!

Caulifla - Reality

Vados threw water on Caulifla, forcing her awake.

"Kale, Cabba! I'm sorry, I'm so sorry!" Shouted the groggy Caulifla.

The energy was not only in her dream, it had begun to manifest in reality too which is why Vados had decided to awaken Caulifla.

"I... Huh?"

Realizing that something was wrong Caulifla began to pat her body - testing to see if she was actual solid.

"What...? But how? Did we win?"

"No," Vados corrected. "Hit and you lost spectacularly. Well, Hit did. You on the other hand refused to fight and utilised the incorrect form."

"I lost... Then..." Caulifla suddenly leapt to her feet and grabbed Vados by the collar. "Then why am I here?! What did you do behind my back, Vados?! I should have been erased alongside my Cabba!!"

"Your anger is noted. No doubt you will enter the state of depression soon after."

"Don't screw with me!!!"

"Very well." Vados conceded. "I registered you as a God of Destruction candidate, without your knowledge, but I never told Lord Champa that I never assigned you as the candidate for Universe Six."

"Whaaaaat?!"

"Oh, dear... Did you truly believe that we Gods and Angels didn't have to follow a paper trail and proper procedure as well for such assignments? Ohohohoho! If only you knew."

"You're screwing with me!"

"Dear Caulifla, that I can assure you is not what I did." Clarified Vados. "By keeping you unregistered from a Universe but having filled out the proper forms to assign you as a designated candidate I was able to use it as a loophole to prevent your erasure. In basic terms, an unassigned candidate can serve as a replacement for any Universe and not just their own. Thus you were placed outside the classification of Universe Six when Lord Zeno enacted his judgement."

"... But..."
"Hm?"

"Why me?" Caulifla mournfully asked, releasing her hold on Vados. "Why not Hit?"

"Two reasons," Vados said as she conjured up some tea to sip. "The first is that you have immense potential, even if Hit is—was far beyond yourself, that I wish to see unleashed in full. The next is that you have something to fight for to get back which is your lover Cabba and your brother Renso. Hit had no such attachment to Universe Six."

"Renso... My brother..." Caulifla felt her heart sink. "And... Cabba... Oh, Cabba... I..." Tears began to fall from her now watery eyes. "I let my fears get in my way and you paid for it. Cabba..."

"See. Depression!" Huffed Vados as if she had accomplished something. "Next, anger again."

"Vados!!" Caulifla began rage.

"Good. You'll need it as your training isn't complete."

"What?" Caulifla felt herself calm down. "I don't want to be a God of Destruction!"

"Oh that? I tore up your application and Lord Beerus has already agreed to allow you to reside in Universe Seven."

"Then... Why? I lost, so why train me? Train Trunks or Zajak, they can still fight."

"You need not worry." Vados replied, patting Caulifla on the head. Caulifla brushed it off almost immediately. "I have already made arrangements with my brother."

"What are you planning, Vados? And why should I play along?"

"Simple." Smiled Vados. "So that you may see Cabba again."

"!"

Lord Zeno's Stand

"... Have you reached a conclusion, Lord Zeno?" Whis asked as he bowed his head.

"Hmmmm...Hmmm...HMMMMMM..." Lord Zeno pondered aloud, kicking his feet in the air as he sat on his grand seat befitting a King.

"Lord Zeno?"

"Not yet." Replied Lord Zeno with an innocent smile. "I wanna see the other fights first!"

"Ah, yes. Truly your wisdom is correct on this matter." Whis responded. "Very well. I shall gather the Universe seven fighters - Trunks and Zajak, so that their fight may commence posthaste. Afterward, however...?"

"If they win then I will decide."

"..." Whis smiled. "You truly are quite fond of Caulifla, aren't you?"
"Mmm-hmmm! Hehehehe..." Acknowledge a giggling Lord Zeno.

"Then I shall take my leave."

Whis tapped his staff then vanished.

"... What do you think?" Lord Zeno asked, turning to face the Grand Priest.

"Initially I would suggest refusal but, alas, the fighters of the other Universes don't seem to be playing fair and seem inclined to bend the rules for unforeseen advantages. Universe Seven seems to be the only clean one thus far and has even suffered a defection from a defeated warrior."

"Oh yeah! Cross! He was the one who ate his robot friend!"

"I believe that Whis had explained it as that robot was responsible for the creation of Cross. So it would be more accurate to label him as the father of the mortal known as Cross."

"Neat!"

"But as for my thoughts on that other matter?" The Grand Priest continued. "They align with yours, Lord Zeno. Let us first see if Universe Seven can truly serve as a safe haven for Caulifla or not. I would hope they can as I don't see Caulifla thriving in the other two options currently available."

"Caulifla is fun." Lord Zeno stated firmly. "I wanna see that cool, new form that she has!"

"No doubt it will be spectacular, Lord Zeno."

"Yes!"
At last! Universe Four and Universe Seven! Theft! Betrayal! Ganos confronts one who should be dead.

Chapter Summary

During the momentary downtime Quitela sends Cross on an important errand to retrieve an insurance policy.

Just as the match begins Zajak and Trunks notice that one of their opponents is Cross who should still be sealed away. Rage takes hold of Zajak as not only did Cross kill their ally, Android #16, but has even chosen to betray their Universe entirely. Before the Grand Priest can elaborate on this revelation Zajak rushes ahead to confront Cross.

Trunks attempts to aid her, but is instead confronted by Ganos who...

"You task is simple. Go to Universe Seven and..."

Cross shook his head, pushing the sound of Quitela's voice out as best he could. It was greatly aggravating him, he was far beyond the point of screaming. Which he could have had he not been Quitela's attendant - Cognac.

Cognac was what one would classify as an angel, which he actually was.

The angel was much taller than the average humanoid, had pale bluish white skin and his hair protruded forward like that of a roster's. An odd styling choice to say the least.

However...

It was his eyes that drew the most attention from Cross. Though they normally gave off no emotion either which way, Cross could feel that far more was going on instead. It was simply left unsaid.

"Try to complete your task in due haste. Your window to act is quite limited." Spoke Cognac as they had reached their destination.

Cross nodded silently before disappearing.

"... Quitela is playing a dangerous game." Mumbled Cognac.

???

"Honestly, why were we instructed to return to Universe Seven during this downtime? What is Lord Beerus thinking?" Complained the Elder Kai.

"Lord Beerus?" The Supreme Kai responded. "What are you speaking of, Great Elder? Lord Beerus didn't recall us, it was Kibito."

Standing nearby was Kibito who wore a look of confusion all over his face.

"Pardon my ignorance, Supreme Kai, but I don't understand. I was merely tending to the flowers
when you both appeared before me."

"That... That makes no sense. Did you not send us a message, Kibito?"

"No, not at all."

"Wait a minute now!" Yelled an interrupting Elder Kai. "I got no message! I had assumed when you came to inform me that we had to immediately return to Universe Seven that it was due to the whims of Lord Beerus!"

"M-my apologies, Great Elder!" Hastly apologised the Supreme Kai. "When I had believed that Kibito had sent an urgent message to me via our link, albeit temporary, that we had established in case he needed aid. I had assumed that our presence was needed immediately based off the urgency of it. I never intended to mislead you, Great Elder."

"Hmph." Huffed the Elder Kai. "Shin, Shin... In your panicky state did you not consider that perhaps someone powerful, like say a God of Destruction, may have saw that link of your as an opportunity to manipulate you?"

Rocks tumbled down as an immensely powerful being stepped out into the light.

"You..." Said the Elder Kai. "So, you did betray us even beyond devouring your creator. Truly you are worst than even an abomination, you conniving traitor."

"I-impossible! You are supposed to still be sealed by Lord Beerus!" Shouted the shocked Supreme Kai. "How are you free?"

"Numbskull!" The Elder Kai scolded fiercely. "Isn't obvious? His new Master gave him an offer that he couldn't reject."

Kibito stepped forward to shield the other two Kai.

"Your new Master..." Kibito slowly said. "He knew that we would have placed wards on this planet if uninvited visitors had dared approach it. So that is why he needed you, as you are still considered our guest."

Cross grinded his sharp teeth as if sharpening a blade on a welt stone.

"Resist, or surrender. Either way you will return with me." Cross said coldly, he no longer felt any attachment to any of them.

"Paaaaa!" The Elder Kai hacked out a cough. "You traitor. I am no fool, I know why your Master desires to take us."

"No."

Raising his hand put he pointed a finger and in an instant Kibito was pierced by a thin beam - a death beam.

"I only need you."

The Supreme Kai cried out in anguish and tried to rush to Kibito's side. Only as he did so thin beams pierced the ground just at his feet. This stopped him kn his tracks, anger welled up in his tear filled eyes but when he looked to glare at Cross, Cross was staring at the Elder Kai.

"Come." Cross commanded. "Or he dies, along with his attendant."
Cross had no choice. The Kai didn't know, for Cross saw what Quitela did to failures. He wasn't going to suffer that kind of fate, not when he could still grow so much more in power.

"Great Elder, y-"

"I will come."

The Supreme Kai took a few steps back.

"Great Elder...?"

The Elder Kai flashed him a cheeky grin.

"Tend to Kibito, then inform Lord Beerus of this chain of events."

"...Come." Said Cross who roughly took hold of the Elder Kai.

The Match

Zajak and Trunks found themselves finally teleported into the arena. Though what greeted them was far different than before.

It was as if the arena itself had evolved.

Before it had seemed so old, worn out and far less green.

Now it was full of lush green vegetative life, a flowing river and far less imposing mountains. However, what drew their attention the most was the strange barrier erected at the edge. Trunks figured that a great amount of force would be required to crack them, let alone break through.

"Welcome, Trunks." Came a voice from a rather short greenish-teal figure with feet that resembled a birds. "I've been desiring to speak to you privately for some time."

"You..." Trunks entered a defensive stance. "Where is your partner, Nink?"

Ganos frowned at the mention of that name.

"...Lord Quitela carried out his judgement."

"What is that supposed to mean?" Zajak asked, beginning to circle Ganos.

"..."

Suddenly Trunks felt an immense, yet familiar power, and quickly shifted to face it.

"No... You... You... What's going on?"

Cross had joined in at the opposite side of Ganos. His tail whipped the ground repeatedly, it made it all the more obvious at just how unnerved he felt about the encounter.

Universe Seven Waiting Room

"WHAAAAAAAT! Whis, explain! Explain!" Demanded Beerus who had risen from his comfortable bean bag seat and began to frantically go through the various belongings in the room.
"It seems that Lord Quitela has obtained something of yours, Lord Beerus. Ohohohoho!"

"This is not a laughing matter! I had that creature sealed for later use! And by use, I meant not to be used against us in this tournament!" Beerus flashed a glare at Whis. "You feel it too! Since his defeat he has grown even more powerful, perhaps more so when he was that giant creature!"

"Indeed. At this rate his power may even grow to surpass Trunks if given enough time."

"Not helping, Whis!"

Just then the Supreme Kai teleported into the waiting room.

"F-finally I was able to break that barrier erected over the planet!" Breathed a panting Supreme Kai.

"Oh? What is the meaning of your current state of being, little Shin?" Barked angrily the infuriated Beerus.

"L-l-lord Beerus! I bring grave news!" Huffed and huffed the Supreme Kai. "It is the Great Elder! He was taken!"

"WHAT?!" Beerus shouted then quickly realised that only one could have done this. "Quitela!"

---

The Match

The Grand Priest hovered above the fighters.

"Lord Zeno has deemed that there be changes to the rules. From now on...

* Fighters will fight until their side is no longer capable of doing so. Or Lord Zeno decrees it.

* The arena now is supported by a barrier. Ring Outs may still occur but it should prove much more troublesome to do so now.

* Combatants may, before or after a match -unless they face erasure, switch sides to another Universe if it is mutually agreed upon between them and that Universe's God of Destruction. This man only occur once and must be approved by Lord Zeno."

The Grand Priest had more to say but Zajak was beyond listening now.

"You... You...!! Was killing Android #16, our comrade, not enough for you?! You had to betray us yet again?!! You coward! You truly are the abomination that the Elder Kai always said you were!" Zajak's energy began to skyrocket, this was the first time she would truly show the fruits of her training. "If it wasn't for you then... then... Then Android #16 would still be with us! It is why, after this betrayal, I cannot EVER forgive you!"

"Zajak---!" Trunks called out.

"Yaaaaaaa!!!!"

Zajak pushed off the ground and tackled headlong into the unprepared and shamed Cross.

"Darn it! Zajak, we have to work together! So-... !!!"

Trunks twisted around and grabbed the hurled fist at him which was just inches from connecting
with his face.

"Good reaction time." Ganos complimented. "You're much more powerful and faster than before."

"Than... Before...?" Just as the words left his mouth it clicked in Trunks's head. "You! It was you!!!"

"Yes. It was I, the man who killed you."

---

**Universe Seven Waiting Room**

Mai and her daughter Bulma entered the waiting room only to discover that it was empty. They had previously excused themselves to use the restroom, so they were caught quite off guard by this change.

"Mommy..." Bulma tugged at Mai's pant leg and pointed towards the arena.

"Wait is it, dear---" Mai felt her eyes widen. "Isn't that one of their allies? Why is he fighting Trunk?"

"Because he is weak."

Mai swung around to the source of the voice only to find herself being welcomed by a sharp red pain and then nothing but darkness.

"Hmph. You... You may stay there. It would prove problematic if I were to take you."

"Mommy!" Bulma shrieked. "You hurt my mommy!!!"

"Little girl." Prime said as he stepped out of the shadows. "I need a bit of insurance to ensure that I get the fight that I desire. So unfortunately for you that means that you shall be coming with me. Though if Lord Beerus had been smarter than he would have gave that same seal he gave to your mother to you as well."

Bulma stepped back.

"N-no! Stay away! I won't come with you! I'll scream!"

"Then I'll kill your mother."

"!!!" Bulma gulped. "Mr. Beerus will know then! That thing mommy has will be destroyed and alert him just like she told me it would!"

"But she'll still be dead." Prime took a few steps forward then knelt so that he was almost at eye level with the child. "Can you truly do that? Letting your mother die to save yourself?"

"..... I... Mommy..."

Prime stretched out his hand and pulled Bulma into his grasp.

"I thought not, and that is why you are weak. Now you will be used against your own father because you couldn't stomach a simple sacrifice."

Bulma began to sniffle and cry quietly. Despite her vast intelligence for her age she was still just a little girl.

"Tears will not solve your predicament." Prime stated coldly. "Until you learn that you will never be
The Match - Cross vs Zajak

"Cross!!!"

Zajak spun in the air and flatly kicked him in the face. Not giving Cross time to recover she forced herself on the ground, knelt, then power thrusted herself at Cross. Once upon him she ignited Ki balls in her palms and began peppering him with them.

As she did the balls burst into many many small pieces that floated idly in the air.

"You have to pay!"

"I owe nothing!" Sneered the scratched up Cross. "Nor do you have the power to compel me!"

"Nothing?! Android #16 meant nothing to you? He created you! And what of us?! Did our time training not matter at all to you?!?"

"I had the mind of an infant!" Yelled Cross who grabbed Zajak by the forearm and tossed her aside into a crater full of sharp, jagged rocks. "What you may consider a treasure means nothing to me! It is all just worthless trash! Trash that I cannot remember nor comprehend! Ever since I devoured my creator my mind has not stopped evolving! You, all of you, couldn't even begin to understand! That is why you are my inferiors and what time I spent alongside you is but a small, irrelevant black smudge in my designs to surpass perfection itself! For that is what I was created to become!"

"Liar!!!"

Zajak, tired and bleeding, placed her hands together and charged her energy.

"You are deluding yourself because you can't accept the truth! If you did then you wouldn't be able to function!"

"What truth, Zajak?! What truth?!?"

"That Android #16 loved you as more than his creation! As his son!"

"L-l-lies! Lies, lies, lies! He was a machine! He is incapable of anything beyond his programming! The same goes for me too! I merely functioned as I was supposed to!"

Runes, once belonging to Android #16, began to flow on his body as he channeled his own energy into a growing sphere.

"So don't you dare preach to me, Zajak! I am nothing like you failures! I am something beyond even perfection itself! And that is why... That is why.....!!! That is why you will fall before me!"

"Cross!!!!!!"

"You Inferior Construct!!!!!!"

Unleashing her energy it sped towards Cross who himself released his massive ball of energy to clash with it.
"You may not die from this but you will wish that you had! I will show no mercy, none! Do you hear me, my inferior - Zajak?!

"Cross, you fool... Your mind is gone. When you devoured Android #16 it wasn't on purpose. It was a survival, no - it was a hunger, instinct that you couldn't control. How could you? As you said, you had the mind of an infant. So when you were pushed against the wall your entire being gave you an out - a way to get stronger. In your desperation and fear you took it and when you did your mind grew to that of an intelligent being. It was then that you first felt guilt, guilt that you had done something unspeakable and could never take back. Oh, Cross... I pity you but I also cannot forgive you regardless of the circumstances. That is why I must put a stop to you, for not only Android #16 but for your betrayal of us all..."

As their beams clashed Zajak's eyes glowed red momentarily. The floating energy residue from before, that Cross had thought little of, began to spin in a rapid motion before hitting themselves at Cross.

"What?!"

It was that tiny bit of distraction that threw off his concentration just enough to cause him to lose focus. In that moment Zajak injected more energy into her beam and pushed Cross's sphere back at him.

"AAAAARRRGGGGHHHH!!! I-I-I CAN'T LOSE!!! I'M SUPERIOR----AAAAAHHHHHHH!!! AAAAHHHHH!!!!"

His screams of pain, far more immense than he had thought possible, shook the entire arena to its very core. Both attacks had struck him, just as the small sharpened ki balls continued to, and exploded in an overwhelming bright white light. The gusts of wind that followed was so powerful that it had sent Zajak flying, striking her head against a far too sturdy mountain and temporarily knocked her unconscious.

---

**Universe Four Waiting Room**

"What do I owe the pleasure, Beerus?"

"Quitela, you dirty rat! Where is he?!"

Beerus had just moments earlier stormed into the Universe Four Waiting Room. At his side was a somewhat amused Whis.

"Now who could you be referring to?" Cackled Quitela.

"Quitela! I will not tolerate this insolence! Where is he?!"

"Who?"

"Quitela!!!"

Before Beerus could fling himself at Quitela, Whis stepped in.

"Ahem. Cognac, could you please produce whom we seek?"
Cognac tapped his staff and out flunged the Elder Kai who ended up rolling over to Quitela who grabbed him by the throat.

"Ack!"

"Oh. Were you referring to this old bag of bones and saggy flesh?"

Beerus felt himself sweat.

"This is low even for you, Quitela. When Lord Zeno hears of this---"

"He will overlook it as you will be erased and I won't." Quitela happily stated. "Are you truly a fool, Beerus? You and that Toppo are the only ones who still think that the rules amongst us still apply. How naive! Lord Zeno doesn't care! The rules will only apply between Universes not facing erasure after this little playground adventure Lord Zeno has set up."

"You would mock Lord Zeno?!"

"Mock? No. Lord Zeno literally would describe the arena as a playground."

"...Tch." Beerus lowered his hands and crossed them.

"Good boy, Beerus! Good boy!" Quitela taunted. "If you keep that up I'll even let you step down as God of Destruction and serve as my personal servant! It would be a step up, really!"

"Grrrr..."

The exhausted Supreme Kai burst in at last.

"Great Elder!"

The Elder Kai said nothing, he only glared at the Supreme Kai. At first this shocked him but then he slowly nodded as if he understood.

"Having a moment now? Adorable." Quitela commented.

Whis and Cognac seemed to realise the full extent of that exchange and nodded their heads. They would do their duty, it was something they always had to do even if it was at odds with their own Universes.

---

**Trunks vs Ganos**

"You aren't the same." Ganos observed as they exchanged blows. "The you I killed could never fathom the power you wield. Tell me, just who exactly are you."

Trunks extended his palm.

"Big Bang Attack!"

A moderately sized ball appeared before him and then flew at Ganos who dodged.
"Hah!"

With a swipe of his hand the ball followed Ganos.

"Impressive Ki control! To be able to navigate that much power? You continue to surpass my expectations in you."

"That so? Then try this!"

Trunks remembered a training technique Gohan had once shown him. It was something Piccolo and Krillin could do.

"Hah!"

Trunks split into three.

"Oooh?" Ganos said as he raised a hand out to manifest a Ki scythe.

"Burning Attack!"

The three Trunks rapidly moved their hands in swift motions before releasing a Ki series of blast that looked to be on fire itself.

"I can just dodge that--"

Suddenly a fourth Trunks, with eyes closed, appeared before Ganos with hands outstretched on his face.

"Solar Flare!"

"W----"

Ganos was blinded.

Trunks dropped down and his copies merged back into him.

"Ignite!"

The Big Bang Attack exploded behind Ganos and threw him towards the Burning Attacks.

Trunks placed his hands together right above his head.

"Masenko!!"

The beam flung out to converge with the others, they all exploded at once.

Lord Zeno

"Oooo... Ooooo!!! So many bright explosions and lights!

Zajak
It took a few minutes but Zajak had regained consciousness. Her head hurt, and her body was pretty scratched up but other than that she was perfectly okay.

"...Cross!" Her mind snarled back to full awareness. "I need to make sure he didn't die from that explosion! He doesn't get the easy way out!"

Skidding down into the crater site, where the explosion had occurred, Zajak wasted not a second. With eyes rapidly scanning the area she searched for Cross.

"C'mon, c'mon! Where did you...!!!"

Noticing a strange black object, that was quite large in size, Zajak ran over to it.

"What is---"

She hadn't even approached it that closely before it cracked open and a lance-like appendage shot out and thrust itself into her lower abdomen.

"W-..."

The black object, a cocoon, cracked all around and fell to the ground.

Retrieving the appendage into itself the being stepped out.

"C-cross...? *cough* *cough*"

"No... I am beyond such a foolish classification."

What was once Cross was now an 8 to 19 foot tall creature. His skin was black, his eyes glowed grey, his armor a rusty white. By armor it was more of an exoskeleton which covered him from head to toe. His face even, at least the lower part, was covered as well by that armor. While before his tail was freely behind him he could now retract it fully into his back.

Then there were his hands which now resembled razor sharp talons at the finger tips. The rest being extra reinforced by that armoring.

"Piccolo... Freiza... King Cold... Those Androids... Cell... Majin Buu... Dark Magics... Technology..." His eyes drew to a squint. "Saiyans."

He approached and grabbed the fallen Zajak by the throat as he raised her in the air.

"I am Superior to all lifeforms. You may address me as such, inferior creation."

"S..."

He tightened his grip.

"SAY IT!!!"

"...!!!"

He squeezed this time.

"S-S-S..." Zajak gasped for breath. "SUPERIOR!!!"

Cross, now Superior, threw her aside.
"My evolution will never end." He mumbled. "You... I will savor your end slowly. However, Trunks has still not tapped into his full power. Perhaps he can be the one to push my progression up even further."

"W-wait..." Zajak gasped, reaching out to Superior who ignored her.

---

**Trunks vs Ganos**

"..."

Trunks transformed immediately into Super Saiyan Two.

"Oh? Not surprised?" Ganos asked, swiping his scythe freely to clear out of the dust. His body was now covered by a blue aura - one Trunks was all too familiar of.

"God Ki." Trunks entered an offensive stance.

"If you have extensive knowledge of it..." Ganos extend his ki scythe out and poured his God Ki into it. This chanced the color from red to blue. "Then you would do well to surrender, lest I must kill another Trunks."

---

**Universe Four Waiting Room**

"So, then... Beerus. Tell me, will you? How can Trunks be dead yet alive at the same time?" Quitela asked sweetly, grinning at the fight of a furious Beerus.
"I have no idea what you are implying." Beerus smugly responded. "Now cease these childish theatrics of yours and release that old Kai. It is not your place to harm him in any way, that right belongs solely to me."

"Kekeke... Even in the face of certain destruction you are able to force that despicable pride of yours to the forefront. I would applaud you Beerus but you are unworthy of that." Quitela tightened his grip around the Elder Kai who had gone limp. "You don't seem to understand. I hold all the cards here and in the arena. For you see, Ganos has already ascended into a state reserved only to those few destined to dwell amongst the Gods themselves. Can't you feel it too, Beerus? Ganos, my pupil, has access to God Ki."

Whis scratched his chin slightly, his minds eye reaching out to sense the exclusive God Ki. It wasn't something a mortal could hope to do at so great a distance, let alone with such ease.

"Oh my, I must say. It seems that Lord Quitela was being truthful in this. His fighter, Ganos, has indeed entered a state that can utilise God Ki."

"..."

Beerus looked to Whis then back to Quitela.

"Is that so? Most interesting."

Quitela felt a bead of sweat form on his forehead, it slid halfway down his cheek before he managed to force his mouth to move.

"Stop acting so arrogant! Instead you should be wallowing in despair! Your mortal warriors are no match to a being who has mastered God Ki!" Shouted Quitela.

"Hmmhhmhm... So naive of you, Quitela. So naive." Beerus replied with closed eyes, crossed arms and nodding head. "God Ki alone isn't enough to ascend a mortal above their peers. Tell me. Do you honestly believe that I wouldn't have had my warriors granted knowledge of it as well or that they hadn't already had proper knowledge?"

"..."

Quitela reduced his grip slightly.

"Explain."

"In due time. For now go take a look for yourself, go monitor the match."

Hesistantly Quitela waved for Cognac to bring up a monitor so as to view the match.
Arena - Trunks

This wasn't the first time he had encountered God Ki, he was well aware of just what it was capable of. Trunks also knew that God Ki wasn't normally compatible with mortal bodies, hence the term God Ki. It would take a powerful willpower and obscenely torturous training regiment overseen by a God themself for a mortal to even tap into it. Without that guidiance they would never find it as mortals cannot even sense its existence.

"He is strong." Trunks observed from the charging Ganos. "However... That strength has a cost."

Trunks leapt back from a sudden swipe from the Ki scythe that Ganos wielded.

Tip, tip, tip...

It was the sound of water being pressed aside by his boots.

"The river, huh?"

Trunks observed that he was indeed standing at the edge of what seemed to be a running river. This gave him an idea, so he leapt back again.

"You run? At least the you I did kill had the honor of facing me with conviction despite being outmatched." Ganos taunted.

Ignoring those words, Trunks was far beyond such childish mockery, he continued to leap back some more.

"Tch."

Ganos infused more Ki into his scythe, and ignored a strange numbing sensation in his arms, and charged at Trunks once more.

"Too slow, unfortunately."

Having caught up to Trunks, Ganos revved his scythe back then swung forward. This caused the top to disconnect into a massive spinning Ki construct in the shape of a buzzing Saw which moved at an unexpected speed. Ganos had no reason to assume that it wouldn't hit.

"Masenko!"

"!"

Trunks kicked his right foot out and spun, Ki blasted out from the bottom of his booted foot. At first Ganos didn't understand until he saw the water spin up into the air due to the sheer force and speed generated by Trunks, obscuring him. Just as this occurred the Ki Saw collided into the water where Trunks had last been seen. This only served to toss more water and mist into the air, effectively cutting off Ganos's vision even further.

"Hah!"

Trunks had used that moment to leap between differing rocky formation to get behind Ganos.

"Finish Bu--"
"Get fried!" Shouted Ganos as electricity produced itself from his body.

"-ster!"

In that moment Trunks had redirected his attack to below himself and used his blast to propel himself out of the range of the electric attack.

"... Not bad." Trunks complimented. "I can see how you so easily handled the other me."

"You refuse to dispute it?" Ganos asked curiously. "I mean, you gain nothing for confessing that the you that I had killed wasn't exactly the you that is standing before me."

"There is no point in maintaining this charade in front of the man who killed the other "me". In fact, I'm glad that in this tournament that we could meet like this."

"Oh? That is an odd statement."

"... Is it?" Trunks asked before continuing. "They call you Ganos, correct?"

"Yes, I am called Ganos."

Trunks struck up a combative stance similar to one his father, Vegeta, would have.

"Well then... Ganos. Thank you for this opportunity to avenge myself."

"Tch... You..."

His power surged, electricity danced all around his body.

"I was going to test your mettle a bit longer but now you've done it. If there's one thing I cannot let slide it is when facing those who assume that they've already won."

As energy built up Ganos's body began to reshape itself into a much larger, muscular form that looked more avian than humanoid. But... It didn't stop there, his hands grew clawed and the beak on his face began to distort into a jagged version.

Trunks realised what had happened, it was something Ganos hadn't.

"The fool... He was shown how to tap into God Ki but he was never taught to adapt his body to function alongside it. Anyone can be trained into utilising God Ki, anyone. It isn't a special gift reserved for the elite few only. However... God Ki isn't normally accessed by mortals. It is why that despite great Ki control it can be quite draining to us while a God effortlessly utilises God Ki all the time without any strain."

Observing Ganos continue his transformation, Trunks could only shake his head.

"This must be the first time Ganos has attempted to utilise God Ki with that form. While he can assuredly feel the massive surge in his power he must also be pushing back the natural warning signs from his body begging him to revert back. Numbness, random shocks of pain, a distorted body... Ganos, is your aim to keep rising until you burn out? Or are truly that prideful that you would ignore all the signs?"

"Haaaaaa!

The transformation was complete.
Ganos looked to his hands, observing their much larger and clawed make. It was different than when he had last used the transformation. Another difference was that his skin had hardened and turned a pale moonlight purple with unconsciously summoned electricity bouncing around the surface at random.

"I---..."

Ganos gripped his throat with one hand and felt his face with another.

"-----..."

To his horror his beak had sewn itself shut and solidified into a single jagged drill-like beak.

"!!!!!"

His thoughts... His thoughts... His thoughts!!!

"Oweewuuoooo..." A frail, almost a whisper, unintentifiable sound wheezed from the back of his throat.

His mind... He felt it slipping, like he was losing himself to a terrifying and entirely unknown animalistic presence from the darkest recesses of his breaking mind.

"Aaaaa.... nnnnngghhh..."

Ganos fell to all fours, his arms bent the opposite way from how they were meant to be and began to act like front legs.

"!!!... !!!"

Trunks wanted to punish Ganos, make him suffer even, for what he had done but this... This was far too much, his morals told him so. There was no justice to be had here. That form Ganos had taken was completely incompatible with God Ki. At least without the proper training and mental preparation.

"That form is trying to pull in mortal Ki alongside God Ki to supplement it but... Ganos never learned to funnel it in a balanced state. His body is unable to cope with the expected mortal Ki and the presumed invasive and clashing God Ki. Whoever taught him how to utilise God Ki had failed to properly teach him on the fundamentals."

"Rrrr....!!" Moaned the pained Ganos, curling up on the ground in agony as his body distorted and his muscles spasmed without rhyme or reason.

"Inferior."

The new voice instantly drew the attention of Trunks.

"Trunks." The being said, smashing his tail on the ground. "You... Are not... Inferior." The creature mumbled. "That is why I... I cannot... Cannot tolerate your existence!"

The creature lunged at Trunks, his tail extended before him to rapidly pierce itself at Trunks.

"Tch!"
Trunks dodged as best as he could but the speed of those thrusts was too great. Even though he managed to avoid any fatal or direct hits he was still littered with cuts that tore through his clothing and pierced the top layer of his skin.

"You... You look different but your Ki is still the same!" Trunks quickly concluded as he moved his hands rapidly to fire a Burning Attack to force his opponent back. "Cross!"

"Cross? Cross...? Cross?!" The being began to frantically repeat in increasing anger. "Not! Cross! Superior!!!"

Ki balls appeared at his finger tips which he flung at Trunks. As they flew they increased in size.

"I don't care what you call yourself!" Responded Trunks in between dodging and terminating the growing Ki balls from a distance with his own blasts. "What did you do to Zajak?! Answer! Cross!"

"Not Cross! Not Cross! NOT CROSS!!!!" Raged Superior who raised a hand up to create a massive Death Ball. "I. AM. SUPERIOR!"

"If you have to announce it and constantly remind yourself that then you aren't anything but a child trying to inflate your own ego!"

"No child, am not a child!!!"

Superior tossed his attack at Trunks.

Trunks planted his feet on the ground and placed both arms, extended and together, in front of himself as he took aim.

"Final! FLASH!"

Electricity danced over his body as the massive beam charged and fired.

"!!!"

The blast pierced through the Death Ball, exploding it, and surged towards the surprised Superior.

"Arrrrggghhh!!"

Trunks had expected Superior to dodge it, what he didn't expect was Superior to attempt to block it.

"Are you that egotistical?! Or are you just insane!" Trunks shouted, cutting off his attack in an attempt not to kill Superior.

Smoke filled the air where Superior had been.

"...?"

Before he could investigate Trunks was tackled by the primal Ganos. The electricity must have attracted the primitive mind of what was once Ganos.

"Ganos!"

"!!!"

Ganos's jagged beak began to spin as he peaked at Trunks.
"I won't let you!"

Thinking fast Trunks wrapped his hands in Ki and took hold of the rapidly spinning beak. He felt his skin tear, the act of forcing the attack to cease was not going to leave him unscathed.

"Uuunnnnggg!"

Ganos emitted electricity from his body and grabbed Trunks into a bear hug.

"Aaaaaa!!! Nnn...!!!" Despite the excruciating pain and his mind threatening to go numb Trunks concentrated his Ki into his body.

"Haaaaaahhhh!!!"

With a bright light his Ki exploded out to stagger Ganos. This loosened his hold just enough to plant both feet on the chest of the beast formally known as Ganos.

"Double Masenko!!!"

Both booted feet launched bursts of energy out on to Ganos, breaking his hold on Trunks and sending him flying into the water.

"Haaa.. Ha... Haaa... Hahaha.. HAHAHAHA!"

Trunks couldn't catch a break.

The smoke had finally cleared and a maddened Superior was laughing hysterically.

"... Regeneration." Uttered Trunks.

Superior's laughter rose as he saw his arms, which had been devoured by the Final Flash, protrude out of his stubs in the form of a pink liquid. That liquid pushed out and forward until it was the length of his old arms. Afterward they bubbled about and reshaped themselves into what looked like arms. Only this time his arms now included a thin metallic line over each forearm.

Extending his new arms out Superior activated the thin lines which popped out into circular defensive disks. Curious about their usage, Superior retracted one and then fired a Ki blast into it. The blast harmlessly bounced off the reflective plating.

"Yes, yes, yes...I can continue to evolve! Continue on until only I shall know superiority! Hahahaha!!!"

"...

"This isn't good." Trunks thought. "I will need a distraction."

Pointing a palm at Superior, Trunks purposely enveloped his blast with his own sparks, generated from the Super Saiyan Two state, and fired a Big Bang Attack.

"Hah! I needed a test---"

Before he finished the blast was detonated by Trunks which sent Superior flying back from the backlash.

"Trunks...!!! You---!!!" As he spoke, and pulled himself up from the dirt, Ganos leapt out from hiding and pounced on Superior.
"Remove yourself, now! Now!!!"

With Ganos attacking Superior, Trunks leapt away to locate Zajak who hadn't been announced as eliminated yet.

**Prime**

"No more struggling." Prime warned Bulma. "Or I'll tear off your arms and legs."

"..." Bulma grew quiet, saying no more.

"Ah, and here we are."

Prime had stolen Bulma from her mother and had dragged her, quite literally, to the waiting area owned by Universe Four. There Quitela would be waiting.

"... You..."

Prime gave her a good shake.

"Speak up if you wish to be heard."

"..."

"Speak up." Prime repeatedly in an aggressive tone. "Or is your voice lost and I must remove your tongue?"

"!!!" Bulma started breathing heavily. "Why... Why... Why!!!!" She began to yell. "You said... You said that you changed your mind about taking us!"

"Yes, I did." Prime admitted. "Then I changed my mind again and only took you. See? It is just that simple."

"Liar! You lie!"

"Hmph. So you are courageous when frightened and angry at the same time."

"Tell me! Why did you hurt mommy!"

"Because I felt like it."

"H-h-huh...?"

"Listen, girl." Prime said as he approached the entrance. "I am one of the most powerful beings to ever exist and that is So. Damn. Boring! What I do, and all things that I do, is to amuse myself. Simple pleasures like that do well to curb my innate desire to just let loose and tear something fleshy apart. Usually multiple fleshy things that can't fight back."

Prime took a knee, grabbed Bulma by her tiny shoulders, and pulled her in close so that their faces were inches apart.

"I-i..."
"Tell me, girl. Would you prefer that I tear the skin from your face if you continue to be an annoyance or would you rather be silent and allow me to amuse myself elsewhere?"

"..."

"Good girl!" Prime congratulated, releasing his hold to clap. "And we go! Now then, be on your best behavior before the simply adorable, and highly suspicious, giant plague-infested rat will you? He won't bite." Prime considered that for a second. "Okay, he will bite. Maybe."

Prime then opened the door and....

---

**Beerus**

"What?! What happened to Ganos?!!" Screeched Quitela who blasted at the screen only for Cognac to safely pull it aside. "I taught him! Me! This shouldn't have happened!"

"You taught him, yes." Beerus interrupted. "But in your rush to increase his power, which you succeeded at, you bypassed the fundamentals. This has led into an instability within how his body regulates Ki flow. And now that form... That thing... Is the result of a poor teacher who has failed his unfortunate and impatient student. Don't you agree, Whis."

"Oh, very much so." Whis mumbled in between bites.

"Yes, and----. Wait. Whis." Beerus shifted his body towards Whis. "What are you eating?"

"Mmm....Mmmm.... MMMMMM...." Whis continued munching.

"Whis."

"My apologies Lord Beerus but I had just remembered that little Bulma had offered me some candy. I had placed them in my pocket earlier and now I am indulging and Mmmmm!!!!"

"Hey, Whis! This is a serious situation! Get serious!" Is what Beerus initially said but... "And you better share!"

"Share? But Lord Beerus, they're just so good!"

"Whis!"

Beerus had slammed his foot on the ground, forming a miniature crater.

"Enough! Enough, enough, ennnough!" Yelled Quitela. "I am in control!"

Just then the door opened.

"Ah! You brought your own guests too?" Prime asked as he entered with Bulma tugged behind him with her hand firmly gripped in his own massive scaly one.

"Prime! You... You are early!"

"If I wasn't then there would be no point."

"....You are that warrior from Universe Eleven. Prime, was it?" Beerus verbally announced.

"Ah! Lord Beerus of Universe Seven! What are the odds?" Prime replied with a fake respect and
awe.

".... Whis." Beerus said after looking down. "He has the offspring of Trunks."

"..." Whis hovered over to Prime. "Could you, perhaps, release her?"

"No." Replied Prime.

"No?" Repeated Whis.

"No." Firmly stated an unbudging Prime, Bulma whimpered in his grip.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Even if I offered you candy?"

"..."

"It is positively delicious, I assure you."

"..."

"I see. You are being quite problematic aren't you. Very well! I am willing to offer you a secondary piece as well! And before you answer....Final Offer."

"No."

"Oh my... I didn't expect that response."

"Whis!" Beerus yelled. "Enough playing around!"

"Very well, but be forewarned that I haven't give up just yet."

Whis hovered back over to Beerus.

Quitela had finally had enough.

"... I'll just kill this Old Kai now. It is obvious that to me now that I've wasted my time."

"G-...."

As the Elder Kai spoke Quitela snapped his neck.

"This is goodbye Beerus, and I suppose you too - Whis. Once Beerus is gone you'll go into a state of slumber - waiting for a new God of Destruction that will never come. I pity you."

A few moments passed.

Yet Beerus didn't vanish or die.

"... Excuse me?" Quitela asked.

"G... g...gr...great Elder!" Sobbed the previously silent Supreme Kai. "You sacrificed yourself to protect me!"
"... What." Tossing the corpse of the Elder Kai aside Quitela stood up. "Why aren't you dead? Why are you still here, Beerus?!!?"

"Allow me to explain." Everyone had expected it to be Whis but instead it was Cognac.

"Cognac?! Explain!"

"The Elder Kai had agreed, non-verbally, to hand aside his status as Kai and become a powerless mortal. In exchange all that he was formally, and his binding ties, belong in full to his true successor. In this case, the Supreme Kai."

"Which means..."

"Which means that if you wish to kill Lord Beerus then you would have to---"

Quitela extended his hand and fired a Ki blast at the sobbing Supreme Kai. Only it never hit the mark as Beerus appeared in front of it and absorbed the blast into his palm.

"You failed Quitela and now you will answer to Lord Zeno."

"N-no! I won't! Cognac! Get me out of here!"

"Very well."

Tapping his staff in unison with Whis, Quitela was teleported away alongside Whis, Cognac and Beerus.

This left Prime with just Bulma and the sobbing Supreme Kai who had managed to crawl over to clutch the lifeless corpse of the Elder Kai.

"... I very much loathe being ignored." Prime released Bulma. "Girl."

"Y-yes..."

"Tell your father that I will come for you and your mother again if he refuses my challenge."

"Challenge? What... I...?"

"Tell him to accept it or you will die the next time I lay my eyes on you." Prime reached out and aggressively patted her head. "Am I clear?"

---

**Lord Zeno**

"Whoa! This fight is so cool! So many neat changes they keep going through! So cool. so cool!"

"Agreed, Lord Zeno. This match has progressed far beyond even my own expectations." Agreed the Grand Priest.

Just as the words left his mouth visitors warped into the room.

Lord Zeno sighed and frowned.

"You have come without any proper summonings and during a match. Explain this insolence." Said
"G-grand Priest!" Beerus and Quitela knelt down and groveled on the floor.

Whis and Cognac bowed slightly and rose up.

"Lord Quitela has broken taboo." Whis said. "He murdered a Kai with the intention of it negativitely impacting a fellow God of Destruction in an attempt to deprive a Universe of its overseer."

"Is that so, huh?" Lord Zeno said, not facing them. His voice, normally carefree, had taken a much darker and serious tone. "Is this true?"

Cognac bowed again.

"Unfortunately." He replied.

"Cognac! You traitor!"

"Silence!" Shouted the Grand Priest.

"Eeep!"

"..." Lord Zeno hovered from his seat and floated over towards the groveling Quitela and Beerus. He then smiled, a smile that gave the impression of innocence when it was anything but. "Why did you do that?"

"I... I..."

"If I-I-I may..." Beerus tried to say.

"No." Sternly responded Lord Zeno, glaring at Beerus as he did.

"O-o-of course."

"Shut up."

"------...."

Beerus held his tongue but couldn't prevent his body from shaking.


"Y-y-yes! Of course!"

"Answer." Repeated Lord Zeno.

"Yes! Ahem! I... I targeted Beerus because... Because...!!!"

"You're boring me."

"R-r-right! I did it because Lord Beerus had violated the laws of space and time! His fighter, Trunks, isn't from our timeline! I have proof! I located the true Trunks of this timeline in Earth's Hell of Universe Seven!"

"You went to Universe Seven without informing the resident God of Destruction?"

"W-well..."
"Lying is bad." Lord Zeno said, smiling.

"Y-yes! But it was all to solve this mystery!"

"..." Lord Zeno floated slightly down and placed a foot on the back of Beerus's head. "Is this true?"

"...."

Beerus was sweating bullets. Ki bullets. Literally.

"Is. This. True?"

"Y-yes... B-b-but!"

"Bored now. Shut up." Lord Zeno turned to Whis. "Explain."

"Oh, but of course. I will explain the truth in full." Whis replied with a smile.

Trunks

It took some time, a lot in fact. Zajak's Ki signature was so low that he had struggled to locate her. When he had found her they had at most ten minutes left on the clock. Though what he found caused his heart to sink.

He had failed her, he never should have let her run off on her own. If only he had been faster, then maybe---

"T-t-trunks..." Zajak struggled to say, blood oozing out of his stab wound and mouth. Her eyes were bloodshot red and highly unfocused.

"I am here, Zajak. Stay with me!" Trunks clasped her shaking hand.

"It hurts..." She weakly sobbed. "You and Hit... You wouldn't have been so... so... Careless... I'm s---"

"..."

Trunks reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a seed.

"N-no! Y..."

Trunks closed his eyes and pushed the seed into her open mouth. Despite her protests he forced her to chew then swallow it.

"You mustn't!" Zajak suddenly exclaimed loudly which even shocked herself. "Huh?"

The pain was gone. She felt like she was back at full strength, no... She felt much stronger now!

"I.. What did you do?!"

"I was given those seeds from my father... Before I came here."

"Before...? Trunks! It doesn't matter! You broke the rules! I... I wasn't worth it! You're so much stronger than I am!"
"You're young still with great potential and, well... It isn't my style to let anyone I care about die if I can prevent it."

"B-but..." Zajak clenched a fist over her heart and tried, and failed, to suppress a growing blush.

"Trunks!!!" Shouted Superior followed by a tossed Ganos towards the pair.

"Cross... No... Superior!" Zajak yelled back before leaping away with Trunks.

"Zajak! You... You... You should have stayed down and bleed out after the match ended! Now you will suffer even more!"

Superior attempted to raise his hands up, unaware that blinking red dots had surrounded him. There were still there, the miniature Ki balls Zajak had from earlier. The unused ones that is. This entire time, even in a state of near death, she had maintained them.

It was then that Trunks realised why Vados had seemed so interested in Zajak. Her level of Ki control and manipulation was far beyond his own. She was a natural prodigy without even knowing it.

"Haaaa!!! Form!!"

Swinging her hands to cut into the air the Ki balls extended themselves into strings and wrapped themselves around Superior to stop his movements.

"This won't hold me! Haaaaaaa!!"

Superior burst free but in that moment Trunks had dashed towards Superior and struck. Just as his blow landed he transformed into his Rage state.

"Cooooouuuugghhh!"

Superior threw up on Trunks's arm.

"Big Bang.... Buster!!!!!"

Ki formed in the palm of his hand and exploded to send Superior flying.

"E-enough!" Shrieked the injured Superior after he had landed, harshly, nearby. "I will... I will.."

Time had flown by, they had maybe a couple minutes left.

And Ganos was unreliable, Superior had no choice but to discard him. Now he would have to pay for it unless...

"I'll blow up this entire arena!"

Concentrating all of his Ki into his core he prepared to self-destruct.

"I can regenerate from this! You can't! So become rung out and perish!!!!!!"

"No."

"Huh?"
Superior

Inside the mind of Superior an image of Android #16 appeared.

"This is a recording." Began the Android, his voice booming in the ears of Superior.

"My creation, my child - Cross. You were created to be something greater than the likes any had ever seen. For my creator, Dr. Gero, once loved humanity until he had lost everything he held dear in his selfish pursuit of knowledge. I chose to bring back to light the dream of the once naive young man he once was, before he became obsessed in his works, and fulfill his selfless desire of using Science to better his fellow man. I erred. I had assumed that I had to surpass other failed beings of greater power to accomplish this. In that I paid dearly when you consumed me and absorbed my knowledge."

"You're too late! I am Superior! I never needed you!"

"It is never too late for redemption." The recording said, predicting the words of Superior. "If you are seeing this recording then it means that you gave into your baser desires and activated my fail safe. I had hoped that you would have avoided this. I had hoped that my death and knowledge could have saved you. Unfortunately I erred."

"I--- ack!"

Superior felt his body shutting down.


"No! No, noooo! I... I could have... Could have!! Coul...d...ha...ve---"
"...I don't know."

Suddenly Trunks blinked out and vanished.

"Trunks?!?" Shouted the confused and highly alarmed Zajak.

---

**Lord Zeno**

Trunks found himself face to face with a floating Lord Zeno.

"Hehehe... Hello." Giggled the enthusiastic Lord Zeno.

Trunks quickly noticed that the only ones present was just him and Lord Zeno.

"You look fun."
"I don't understand." Zajak said, looking around her surroundings for a clue on what happened to Trunks. None would reveal itself. "What happened...?"

The Audience

Murmurs resonated throughout the audiences of the revived Universes. They were all dumbfounded as the time limit had passed just moments ago and the fighters of Universe Four had appeared very much defeated. Yet there had been no announcement and the remaining fighters hadn't been removed from the tournament.

"What gives...?" Asked a woman from Universe Seven. "Our Universe won, right?"

"Yeah... Yeah we did." Said another.

"But if that's the case then why haven't they been erased yet?" Another said as they pointed their thumb at the deathly silent audience of Universe Four.

"I... I don't like this." Whined a rather scrawny young lad. "One of our fighters was removed but the others are still there."

"Others...?"

The lad pointed towards the edge of the arena.

Ganos

"Awwwwoooooo!!" Howled Ganos, his strong jaws tearing his drill beak in half.

When Ganos had been sent flying he had smashed into the barrier. This served to greatly reduce the speed of which he had been traveling so when the barrier was pierced he had a moment to act. In that moment he, by pure instinct, fired an electrified blast at the edge of the arena than charged the opposite charge over his entire body. This allowed Ganos to electrically pull himself back towards the arena so he could sink his claws into it so as to regain his bearing.

With that settled Ganos had begun to rapidly ascend, his claws tearing into the arena barrier, and searched for the spot he had been hurled from. His thinking was that since the incursion had been recent that the barrier would have been weakest there.

This proved correct.

Now Ganos had tore open the previous hole and was halfway through the barrier, struggling as best he could to, to return to the arena proper. His time was limited as the electric charge was dying out
which was the only thing keeping him glued to the arena barrier.

Zajak

This hadn't gone unnoticed by Zajak. Though the match should have already ended there was still no announcement from the Grand Priest. Not wishing to take chances Zajak raised her palm to fire a charged sphere of red Ki energy at Ganos before he could fully re-enter the ring.

"!

Her senses went haywire, Zajak felt her body leap out of the way.

"S....s....s...."

What Zajak saw filled her heart with complete and utter despair.

Cross---.... No, Superior was standing once again. However, he wasn't in his normal stare of bravado and arrogance. He arms hung at his side, his body slowly swayed back and forth like he was in a catatonic state of being.

Or at least that was the effect his face gave off thanks to that blank stare.

Whatever had happened to him had seemed to fry his consciousness yet it had failed to prevent his body from moving on its own.

"What's going on?!!" Zajak yelled as she fired Ki blasts which the catatonic Superior deflected effortlessly. "The match is over! Why are they still here? Why am I still here? And where is Trunks?!!"

Lord Zeno

"Hehehe... This is fun." Giggled Lord Zeno.

"I don't understand!" Trunks yelled. "Time ran out! We won! So why... Why are they still in the arena?!"

"... Loud. You're loud."

Trunks felt a pressure blow towards him, knocking him on to his rear. It had been so unexpectedly that he had been unable to prevent it from striking him.

"Cough!!"

Trunks found himself lurched over and coughing blood out of his mouth.

"It would be wise not to raise your voice before Lord Zeno." Came a voice.

"You're... The Grand Priest." Trunks said in between vomiting blood.

Floating behind him was the newly appeared Grand Priest.

"Have you forgotten? Lord Zeno is free to change, add, and remove rules as he sees fit if he so wills."
"Wait. That means... Oh no..." Trunks pushed himself up back on his feet and ran to the balcony to stare back at the arena. "Zajak! Darn it! I need to get back down there!"

"No." Lord Zeno uttered.

"No? I don't understand!"

"Sniff... Sniff..." Lord Zeno sniffed the air. "You smell like me... Two of me."

"!!!"

Trunks took a few steps back, he couldn't hide the horrified look on his face even if he tried.

"You needn't lie, Trunks." Said the Grand Priest who floated to Lord Zeno's side. "We know everything."

"I..."

"Time Travel is forbidden save in the use of responsible Kai and the limited usage in the hands of Universal Attendants." The Grand Priest continued. "Yet you seem to have broken that taboo quite liberally, haven't you? Then you had the audacity to flaunt it before Lord Zeno as if you had committed no sins yourself and could avoid his eye."

"I... I had my reasons!" Trunks confessed.

"Don't care." Lord Zeno said. "Punishment, punishment, you must face punishment."

Trunks felt himself take a large gulp as Lord Zeno floated over to Trunks. Lord Zeno smiled once he had reached Trunks.

"You're fun." Lord Zeno giggled. "Now you get to watch the fun too!"

"No... no, no, no... You don't mean..." Trunks looked desperately to the Grand Priest.

"This is a mercy." Was all the Grand Priest said before floating towards the top of the arena.

---

**Grand Priest**

"**Attention to all overseeing this match and those participating. Lord Zeno has decreed changes to the rules in light of certain recent revelations.**"

The Grand Priest snapped his fingers and a massive scroll appeared before him for all of the audience to see.

"**For this match these are the following changes.**

**One** - Universe Seven's Fighter, Trunks, has been removed from the remainder of this match for numerous undisclosed rule violations. However, he isn't disqualified.

**Two** - The time limit has been lifted, the match shall continue where it left off until one side is unable to continue.

**Three** - Killing is temporarily approved upon for the remainder of this match.
Four - If Zajak of Universe Seven is unable to continue or is rung out then Universe Seven will be erased. The same goes to Universe Four if its fighters share similar circumstances.

Five - Further rule violations will no longer be tolerated. Any who continue to insist will immediately be erased."

The Grand Priest closed the scroll.

---

Audience

".... Wooo... Wooo... WOOOO!!!"

Universe Four's audience began to cheer.

"We can't lose now! Without Trunks that fighter from Universe Seven is no match for our fighters!"

"Yes! It is a miracle! Lord Zeno has shown our Universe mercy!"

"We deserve this second chance! We did nothing wrong!"

Meanwhile Universe Seven's audience was struck with pure disbelief.

"N-no way..." An old man muttered. "We won but... Now we are going to lose?"

"How?!"

Anger began to rise within the audience.

"It isn't fair!"

"But we already won! So why?!"

"What bullshit is this!!! We are going to get erased now!"

"Screw Trunks! He doomed us all!!!"

---

Lord Zeno

Lord Zeno waved his hand and took the breath away from the audience.

"Quiet."

He then returned it. The terrified audience sealed their lips.

"This Lord Zeno isn't like the one I met. Sure that one had erased an entire Universe on a whim but he had never, in the short time I had met him, seemed the type for such cruelty. Furthermore, I smell of two Lord Zeno? Is it because I had crossed into differing timelines before arriving to this one? Regardless I'm utterly powerless! I can't help Zajak! She's still too young to---"

An image of a young Gohan, just eleven at the time, facing Cell flashed in his mind.

"No... Youth isn't an excuse. I... I have to trust in Zajak and the grueling training she had undergone! That is the only path left open for me to take! Zajak... I'm sorry, you shouldn't have to shoulder this burden alone but the fate of Universe Seven now rests solely on your soldiers. Forgive
"Shit, shit, shit!!!" Zajak normally refrained from utilising vulgar language but this situation was far too stressful to worry about it.

While Superior had remained immobile multiple gooey darkish purple tendrils protruded from his body and had begun launching themselves out randomly. Despite their randomness Zajak had found it hard to dodge them.

"Awhooooo!!!"

Zajak fired Ki blasts at her feet to launch herself back just as a freed Ganos came barreling in.

"Give me a break, damn it!"

Ignoring her distress Ganos knelt down to store his strength then jumped up after Zajak.

"Get away!" Zajak hollered as she fired a concentrated Ki blast in the face of the bleeding snapping jaws of Ganos. Just as Ganos cleared through the smoke and prepared to chomp down on her a tendril from Superior appeared out of nowhere and smacked her aside.

It hurt, a lot.

Yet... That smack had managed to get her out of danger momentarily.

This also served to enrage Ganos who re-directed his charge at Superior. As he charged at him tendrils stabbed into Ganos who roared in agony but refused to let up his pursuit. Moments later the badly wounded Ganos collided with Superior and immediately put him in a bear hug even the tendrils tendrils clawed and stabbed at Ganos.

"Raaaaaa~Wooooo!!!"

Ganos releases his electricity in full, uncaring that Superior was supposed to be his ally. Bestial rage had taken over.

"Tch... I can't over look this!"

Pushing aside her codd of honor Zajak swiftly thrusted her open plams together and began to concentrate her energy into a singular massive beam.

---

**Flashback - Zajak and Caulifla**

Zajak hit the ground hard, Caulifla had just landed an unexpected uppercut. It was a very dishonorable blow as to create that opening she had thrown dirt up into Zajak's undefended eyes.

"Oooff!"

"Raaaaa!!!"

Caulifla charged at the downed Zajak, her fist glowing with a red energy around it.

"Ha!"
Caulifla swung.

Zajak covered her face, only...

Caulifla has ignited her right foot with red energy and struck the torso of Zajak with it instead of her fist.

"Gaaaaa!!"

This broke her guard and allowed Caulifla to swing her fist this time to plant itself on Zajak's cheek.

The world went blank.

When she came too later Caulifla was sitting crossed legged next to her laying body. While she had been passed out Caulifla had retrieved a soda and was chomping down on a hot dog.

"Earth food is so delicious! Like, damn! I wasn't expecting it to surpass saiyan food!"

As she munched away Caulifla noticed that Zajak had come to.

"Ah, awake? Finally!!" Caulifla reached over and tossed a water bottle at Zajak. "Too clean! Too damn clean, you hear? Fighting is about winning, not playing by self imposed rules that your opponent never agreed on. See what I'm getting at?"

Caulifla got up and proceeded to fire a Ki blast at Zajak who barely dodged.

"H-hey!" The battered Zajak protested, thankful that she had been able to save her water bottle as well. "What was that for? That fight was over!"

"Never said it was." Caulifla fired again. "Now are you going to run all day or are you going to come kick my ass already?"

"Kick your ass?" Zajak breathed in between dodging despite how sore her body felt. "You're clearly a much better fighter than me!"

"So?" Caulifla flew after Zajak. "If I'm so strong then think on what you can do to flip the table all over the place! Do what you can do! Fairness shouldn't be a factor! Just do it! Find a way to kick my ass!"

"Find a way...?"

Zajak was so inexperienced and had never faced such a powerful opponent before save Trunks. Yet Caulifla wasn't looking down on her, she was encouraging her to fight but... How?

Blinking her eyes Zajak focused hard and those strange energy lines left in the air started to gain more focus. In the past she had tried but they had never been this xkeae before.

"Is it because of my training?"

Focusing even harder Zajak imagined herself manipulating the lines and...

Caulifla rushed Zajak but before she could reach her energy, in the shape on lines, from all sides converged and wrapped tightly around her.

"What... What was that?!!" Zajak gasped.
"H-how the hell am I supposed to know?" Grumbled the secured Caulifla.

Staring into her staff to observe an impressed Vados watched silently with a smile on her face.

"Tch!" Caulifla transformed into her Super Saiyan Two state and broke free. "Not bad. Now how about we get serious?"

"... No...?"

"That's the spirit!" Caulifla resumed rushing Zajak.

"I said no!!!!"

Zajak proceeded to flee as their training continued.

Present - Zajak

"Focus on winning! No worrying about fairness! Win, win, win! Win and survive!!!"

Zajak released her charged up energy.

"Like Trunks!" Zajak shouted loudly. "Final! FLAAAAAASH!!!"

The beam traveled quickly and engulfed Ganos and Superior.

Elsewhere - Prime

Prime sat lazily in his chair with one leg crossed over the other. In his hand was an overly expensive wine glass with a tiny sippy straw with an umbrella poking out.

"Why did you release them again?" Marcarita asked.

Prime took a long sip.

"Ahhh... Delicious."

"Prime." Marcarita was stern this time.

"I felt like it." Prime shrugged. "Furthermore we have another plan which Trunks will agree to. I'm sure Jiren may even enjoy it as well."

".... It is a foolish plan. If you just kept your head low then Universe Eleven would easily achieve victory."

"Yet that is no fun." Prime replied, gesturing to Marcarita to re-rill his glass. "Not to mention that if we win then Toppo will ignorantly give the wish to Jiren. We both know that would be... Counter-productive."

Marcarita rolled her eyes but still went to re-fill the glass.

"It is still foolishness. What if you lose?"

Prime laughed.

"Oh. You were serious?"
"Very well. Let us entertain that thought then." Prime cleared his throat. "If, in the unlikely scenario, I did in fact lose, which I won't, then I will simply reveal this little gem."

The room suddenly grew pitch black and a strange presence seemed to have emerged from Prime's lurched over body.

Immediately Marcarita understood and couldn't help but grin ever so slightly.

---

**Trunks**

"When did she learn to---" Trunks was cut off.

"So cool! Bright lights!!" Squealed Lord Zeno.

"Y-yeah.... Bright lights..."

"I'm so glad father isn't here to hear that."

---

**Zajak**

"Huff... huff... huff... Did I do it?"

The stench of seared flesh and charred fur filled the air. What remained of Ganos had been sent flying all about the arena proper. Such a foul odor made Zajak gag in revulsion.

"Zzzzzaajjjjaaakk!!!

The smoke finally cleared and revealed what remained of Superior - a limitless half melted torso with a head only sporting a single eye and an outstretched mouth. A darkish purple goo had already begun working to repair the damage.

"I'll k-k-kill you!!"

"Superior... You..."

Zajak pointed her palm at Superior.

"I'll make it quick---"

Zajak suddenly grasped at her chest and her eyes opened wide in shock. Looking down she saw a single hole had penetrated her chest. As if by instinct her hands clawed at the hole as she toppled over.

Superior had concentrated his Ki into his eye and had fired a death beam through it at Zajak. He had hoped to strike the heart but had missed.

As his body began to repair itself he was growing increasingly aware that when Ganos had shocked him with such high voltages that he had effectively short circuited the fail safe.

Now Superior was free.

As soon as he was able to travel Superior rushed at the downed Zajak intending to kill her.
Trunks

"Darn it! I have to help her!" Trunks said, preparing to leap down.

"No." Commanded Lord Zeno.

An invisible pressure pressed down on Trunks, forcing him to kneel.

"Stay, watch the fun!" Said the giggling Lord Zeno.

"H-how is this fun?! She could die!"

"Fun either way!"

"What is wrong with you?!"

"Hehehe...."

Zajak

Superior lifted Zajak up in the air with his tail.

"I'm going to enjoy this."

"Cough!"

Zajak coughed blood onto the face of Superior - blinding him.

"You little---"

Igniting red energy into her feet Zajak swung up to kick Superior flatly on the jaw then proceeded to unload that energy to instantly melt away his face. This sent Superior staggering backwards and loosened his hold on Zajak who freed herself.

"Cough... Cough.... I'm not going to let you!" Zajak said in between gritted teeth. "I won't lose! Trunks is counting on me!"

"Enough! I don't care!" Snarled Superior. "All I need from you is for you to just die already!!!"

Superior thrusted his tail at Zajak.

"Tch!"

It hurt so much to move thanks to the near fatal hole in her chest. Luckily it had missed her heart by mere centimeters. The damages must have messed up the targeting calculations Superior had attempted to conduct and thus saved her life.

"Haaa!"

Side-stepping the tail Zajak brought down a karate chop, infused with her Ki, and sliced the tip off.

"Arrgh! Damn you! Damn you, Zajak!!!"

Wasting no time Zajak, feeling her adrenaline racing, grabbed the tip of the tail and raised it overhead. Then with a mighty roar she charged Superior, leapt, and then impaled his torso with his
own tail.

"Die, die, die!!"

Superior launched a ki wave from his mouth but Zajak slammed her palm upwards upon his chin to force his mouth shut. This caused an explosion in his mouth and severely damaged his face. Not giving Superior time to regenerate Zajak tore out the tail tip, placed her palm on the open wound and fired.

"Infernal Sizzler!!" Zajak shouted out.

"Gaaaaaa!!!"

As Superior screamed frantic tendrils launched out from his body and desperately clawed, stabbed and cut at Zajak.

"Nnnngghh! I...I cannot lose!! I refuse!!"

Zajak felt a familiar battlelust take hold of her - dulling the pain. Igniting red energy on her fists she began to pummel at Superior to prevent his regeneration. Each blow was followed by a miniature explosion that rumbled the ground and air the immediate area.

"Haaaa! Ha, ha, ha!!!!"

As the battlelust took an even greater hold on Zajak she found herself beginning to laugh despite suffering more and more injuries.

"I'll finish it! Now!!"

Leaping backwards the bloodied Zajak flashed her eyes with a red gleam. Instantly she could see the unused energy residue in the air. Closing her eyes she visualized the energy moving then swiped her arms upwards. The energy responded in kind and started gathering above Superior.

"Y-y-you can't win! You can't kill me!" Yelled the regenerating Superior. "You are my inferior! You are nothing before me! Nothing-"

Superior had finally noticed the massive and highly unstable Supernova above him.

"Not just my energy! Everyone's who had fought!" Zajak began to shout. "All residue energy makes up this attack! Though it isn't my own strength I don't care! You'll, hahaha, not survive this!"

"Rrrrr.... Aaaaaaaaaa!!" Superior would never be able to dodge it in time so he raised his hands up and fired a massive blast to try and repel it but...

"Your energy is in there too! You've lost!"

Zajak swung her arms downwards and the Supernova descended upon Superior.

"NnnNNggghhh!! AAAAAAAAaarrrrrrrggggGGghhhhh!!"

Superior put all he had into his attempts to repel the attack but it wasn't enough. All that was left was scream as he was engulfed by it.

Even after he was long gone the Supernova tore through the bottom of the arena and continued to
travel unopposed into deep space.

That attack took everything that Zajak had left and with her battlelust fading she began to feel an unimaginable amount of pain. It was so great that she couldn't even scream, she simply blanked out.

---

**Trunks**

"She... She... She did it!!" Trunks once again attempted to leap down into the arena from the balcony.

This time Lord Zeno allowed it.

---

**Grand Priest**

Hovering down to where Zajak was, the Grand Priest observed her rising and falling chest.

She was still alive.

"**Zajak of Universe Seven has emerged victorious!**" He announced.

Trunks finally made it into the arena and slide down as fast as he could to reach Zajak.

"Zajak! I'm coming!"

"**Universe Four shall now...**" Boomed the voice of the Grand Priest. "**-receive Lord Zeno's judgement! Erasure---**"

Suddenly a powerful burst of energy shook the very air and stopped Trunks in his tracks and interrupted the Grand Priest.

Standing at the highest point of the stands was a bowing Prime.

"If I may interject..."

Trunks had a horrible feeling about all this as he slowly resumed heading over to an unconscious Zajak.

"**Just what is that monster planning?**" Trunks thought.
"Nnngh...."

Mai stirred, her body shivered slightly.

"A strange feeling..." Thought Mai.

It felt as though something was pushing against her. Or more accurately something was shaking her as though they were in a maniac state.

"M..."

"Hm...?"

"M-mom... Mommy!"

The sound of her child, her little Bulma, caused her eyes to flutter open almost instantly.

"Get away from her!" Cried out Mai who jumped to her feet, murder burning in her eyes.

"Mommy! Mommy!!!" Bulma yelled out in between her loud sobbing, a real struggle considering that her face had become stained with tears and snot. It wasn't the proudest moment in her short life, far from it.

"B-bulma!" Mai gasped in exasperation. "Oh thank goodness!"

Mai limped over to her daughter, collapsing to her knees, and gave her a loving, warm hug.

"If I had lost you then I..."

"I was... So scared! That person, he... He..."

"Shhhh..." Mai began to softly, gently run a hand through her daughter's hair. "It's okay. You're safe now, and that's all that matters."

Her ears pricked up. A familiar voice had caught her attention.

"Him." Was all Mai said, contempt and rage in her voice.

Scooping Bulma up into her arms, Mai began to exit the waiting room and head towards the speaker.
"If I may speak..."

The Grand Priest motioned with his right hand. A gust of wind followed which flew towards and around Prime.

Trunks initially had to shield his eyes. There had been no strong breeze, so the sudden appearance of one had taken his body by surprise. Considering the state that Zajak was in all he could do was quickly move to shield her unconscious body with his arms and torso.

As for Prime...

The wind continued to encircle him, yet he seemed unphased. Not leaving his bowed position he merely waited patiently.

*ting*

*ting*

Appearing out of nowhere, Whis and Cognac had crossed their staves behind the neck of Prime and pushed down to ensure that he was pinned.

Trunks turned to gaze upon the arriving angels. Normally he would have been glad to see Whis but something seemed off.

Whis and Cognac remained motionless, their faces devoid of any expression. It was almost as if they had been stripped of what had made them who they were.

A sigh escaped the lips of the Grand Priest.

"... Speak, mortal."

Prime made no attempt to free himself. It would have been a futile attempt. Unknown to Trunks and the others invisible Ki strands of the tiniest of widths had been wrapped around his body.

The crossed staves was simply symbolic.

In truth he had been ensnared the moment that gust of wind had reached him. Perhaps he could free himself, but then that would be counter-productive. For now it was best to play along, let those angelic beings believe that he was powerless before them.

For now, at least...

"It must have slipped from the mind of Lord Quitela." Prime began. "Before registration had ended he had filled out the paperwork. In it I would serve as a reserve fighter for Universe Four. Course..."

Prime slightly raised his head, an eye peaking out into the arena.

"Universe Four seems to have lost already."

"... Explain the intention of your interruption."

"Of course."

"I could break free, but... They need to witness just enough of my power without seeing me as too
large a threat. The correct path to progress upon is the one where I must give the illusion of a struggle." Mentally concluded Prime.

Muscles began to buldge, his body shook from strain.

The Grand Priest seemed amused, from what Trunks could tell.

"Rrrrrr."

Pressing his palms on the surface he was on Prime slowly began to rise up, the Ki strands that had ensnared him were now cutting loose as an energy enveloped his body. His body strained and twisted, his legs looked as if they were threatening to collapse yet they refused to as he rose.

It had taken some time but Prime was finally standing, the two Angel's at his side in silence - as if awaiting further commands.

With a wave from the Grand Priest the two Angel's vanished without a word.

"Whis..." Trunks thought, worry filled his gut. "What happened to you?"

"You have proven quite impressive. I will hear what you must say. However, I promise nothing further."

"I have an idea..." Prime looked to the Universe Four stands. "How about letting this body of mine fight for Universe Four?"

"... You wish to defect to a Universe facing erasure?"

"Defect is such a dirty word." Prime chuckled. "I simply wish to play the role of... Hero."

A shiver ran up and down Trunks' spine.

Prime was wearing a seemingly sincere look and smile on his face yet... Trunks could feel that it was far from genuine. He couldn't say what it was that made it all feel off other than that there seemed to be a strange darkness emitting from Prime's body.

Suddenly Lord Zeno popped out of thin air, now floating next to the Grand Priest.

"You." Lord Zeno cheerfully said.

"Lord Zeno."

In a show of respect Prime slowly leaned forward and bowed his head. This too felt off. To Trunks, an outside observer in this conversation, a feeling of dread only seemed to grow deeper and deeper by the second. If Lord Zeno and the Grand Priest felt it too they gave no inclination.

Or perhaps they were incapable of sensing it as it was a completely foreign concept to them. With Lord Zeno bearing the ability to erase anything in a blink of an eye they must have never encountered such deception, such dread before in their lives. At least not projected so openly, let alone directed towards themselves.

"I humbly request you spare Universe Four, grant them one more chance. In exchange I will fight for them."

"Not fair." Said Lord Zeno.
Before Prime could continue Marcarita had just appeared at his side. She too bowed in respect.

"I have a suggestion, Lord Zeno."

"Speak, go on. Go on."

"Prime is a traitor. He deserves punishment." Marcarita said. Yet Prime didn't react at all to these accusations. "My suggestion is thus. Have Prime face off against Universe Eleven's Jiren and Universe Seven's Trunks as the next match. Alone. Should his body fail him then the fate of Universe Four shall be shared by one more. However, if he wins... Well. I shall leave that to your discretion and wisdom, Lord Zeno."

"Body?" Trunks thought. "Why did she specifically mention that? Could Prime be a parasite or something? Regardless, I doubt Lord Zeno would be so easily fooled by such a phrase as..."

"Sounds fun! Okay!" Lord Zeno happily shouted aloud without spending a single moment in thought.

At his side the Grand Priest sagely nodded his head in agreement.

Trunks smacked his palm into his face.

"Wonderful." Said an elated Prime. "However. I have two questions, if I may be so bold."

"You may." Replied the Grand Priest.

"You have my sincere thanks for indulging me." Came Prime's honeyed response. "First. Where has Lord Quitela gone?"

"Hehehe..." Lord Zeno giggled.

???

"M-m-mercy! Mercy!" Shrieked the agonized voice of Quitela.

His eyes had been blinded, he could see nothing.

His body held in a sprung out like an X, the chains burned and pulled ruthlessly - stretching his thin and well beyond his limitations.

He had been stripped bear, energy had engulfed and raged in a swirling tide of darkness around his most sensitive of parts. It was impossible to tell what torture occurred within.

His head, it was pulled back and a scorching heat continued to burn down upon him from overhead. It had been what had taken his eyes, his skin would eventually follow - given time.

Seated and chained to a post, under the shade, was Beerus. Though he suffered naught, physically at least, he has secured in a position where he couldn't look away.

He had to watch.

"Lord Zeno... He did it. He stripped away Quitela's divinity and..."
"Aaaaaarrggghhh!!! Make it stop!"

Drip... drip... drip..

Sizzle... sizzle...

Beeerus tried to shut his eyes to no avail. Something forced them to remain open.

"F-f-forgive me!"

A burning liquid had begun to sizzle and burn as it dripped down onto the flesh of Quitela.

"... Quitela is just a mortal now. Lord Zeno has deemed his punishment to be one of which that he will not survive. While I... I must watch. My punishment is to watch until Quitela dies."

"Beeeecceeeerus! Make it stooop!!! I'm sorry! I'm sooooo sorry!!!"

"You fool..." Beeerus said in between clenched teeth. "I'm not the one who can forgive you."

"Lord Zeno had deemed my punishment to be lighter, or so that was the intent. As Trunks provided entertainment and had potential to bring about more I was spared a similar fate. Unless, of course they lost. Then I was to join Quitela's fate. As I still remain where I am, I suspect that they won."

"Aaaaahhhhhh!!"

Beeerus winced as he saw the tail of Quitela become seared off from the acid and fall to the floor with a loud 'thud'.

"Die already, you damn fool. Just die, damn it..."

"N-n-noooo! AaaaaAaaaaAAAAHHHHH!!"

Multiple drilling sounds had now begun buzzing to life, Beeerus felt his heart sink.

He hated Quitela but this... This was...

The Arena

"Nnnngghhh..."

Held protectively in his arms, Zajak stirred but didn't awaken. Her body was simply too exhausted. However, though in a deep slumber Zajak felt the warmth coming from Trunks' body and a feeling of warm contentness filled her with good dreams.

Trunks didn't notice this, he was too was busy trying not to shiver frantically as a cold sweat had begun to set in. The way Lord Zeno had giggled at the mention of Quitela only served to fill his mind with horrifying thoughts. Such a response couldn't be good, at least not based off his past experiences with the other Lord Zeno's when he was still in the Corrected Timeline with Goku and the others.

"A pity." Was all Prime said before turning to Trunks. "My next question is to you."

"Me?"
"Are these conditions acceptable... Half-breed?"

"Half-breed?"

"Lord Quitela told me plenty."

"Tch." Trunks felt rage building up inside him. "Of course I accept."

"Good. Naturally Jiren will accept too." Prime licked his lips, relishing the thought. "And--"

"You monster!"

Everyone turned to see the speaker as Mai. Aiming her grappling hook she fired it and pulled her way towards where Prime was.

Bulma remained safely behind at a distance.

"Huh. Thought I had hit you harder. To think you already awakened." Prime said off-handedly.

"You... WHAT?!?"

In an instant Trunks was in his Rage state, his muscles shuddered and twitched from the sudden surge of mass and power.

Lord Zeno nodded his head, giggling.

"You dared?! You DARED to lay a finger on my... On my..." Bending down Trunks ignited Ki into his hands and launched himself towards Prime. "MY MAI!!!!"

As Trunks launched towards Prime, Mai had just reached him and looked at the monster with a rage of her own burning in her eyes.

Without a word she raised her hand...

*SLAP*

Prime blinked in confusion.

Mai was an insect before him. He could break her in half without even sparing a thought yet... Yet...

"...Impressive." Said Prime as he rubbed his cheek. "You're tremendously weak but have more courage than all of my past opponents save Jiren. Consider yourself now bearing my utmost and sincere respect... Mai."

Trunks, completely taken aback by this change of events, exited his Rage State as he landed near Prime and Mai.

"Stay away from my family."

"I shall... Save him." Prime nudged his head towards Trunks. "He will be my next opponent, as will Jiren. Perhaps he will have the opportunity to kill me? Assuming he has the power to accomplish that task."

"You... You're insane." Muttered Trunks, his fists clenched.

Prime took a knee, gently took hold of Mai's hand, and proceeded to kiss it.
"If you were only stronger... You have the heart of a true beast." Mumbled Prime. "A pity you weren't born with a better body to match it."

Mai pulled her hand away.

"You have no right to touch me!"

"No, I don't."

Prime suddenly stood up and placed his palm just in front of her chest.

"You have my respect." Prime said with a smile. "That means you're a threat."

His smile vanished.

"!!!

Trunks began to speed towards Mai.

"Maaaaaiii!!"

Energy pierced her torso.

"Tru.....nks...."

Trunks arrived just in time to catch her as she fell.

"Mai! Mai! Maiiii!!! Listen to my voice! I have senzu beans!"

"....ul...."

"Mai! Mai! Focus! I need you to swallow this, okay?" Trunks reached into his jacket and went to retrieve a bean but... "W-where is it?! Damn it! Where is the senzu beans?!?"

"M....mm....a...."

Mai's voice was beginning to fade.

*chomp* *chomp* *chomp*

"No...." Trunks felt his eyes widen. In a frenzied state he rapidly turned his head and despaired. "No, no.... No, no, no, no..."

Laying comfortably in the air, Lord Zeno popped the last of the senzu beans into his mouth.

"Ewww! Bland! Pato~oie!" Lord Zeno whined as he spat the chewed up bits out.

"No, no, nononononono!!"

Before he could attempt to retrieve the spat out fragments he felt an energy hold him in place.

The Grand Priest floated over to Trunks.

"This is your punishment, as decreed by Lord Zeno." He whispered as he passed by the frozen in place Trunks. Once he reached Mai he clapped his hands and an energy barrier wrapped itself around her body.
"W-what are you..?" Trunks struggled to say.

"Securing her still body before she can pass on." Explained the Grand Priest. "Entertain Lord Zeno and you may have her back. Fail to do so and you will be forced to watch her cease functioning entirely."

"Hehehehe..."

The giggles of Lord Zeno filled Trunks with sorrow, anger, and rage. Yet before he could act they were gone, as was Mai's now Ki frozen body.

"You!!!" Trunks turned to glare up at the grinning Prime.

"She keeps impressing me. With her limited power that should have killed her yet she chose instead to defy me and clung to life. It truly is a pity that she was born into such a weak body. Mortals bearing a heart as courageous, pure, and powerful as hers are a true rarity." Prime shrugged his shoulders. "Well, fear not. She still lives and no doubt Lord Zeno will fix her if you manage to kill me."

"Rrraaarrrgh!!"

Trunks fired a Big Bang Attack at Prime who stepped out of the way.

"In the arena."

"I'll kill you!"

"In the arena." Prime repeated. "Killing me when Lord Zeno isn't watching won't save your precious Mai."

"Grrr!!" Trunks hated to admit it but that monster was correct.

"Good boy." Said a clapping Prime. "Bring that anger tomorrow when we fight."

"You'll regret what you've done...!"

"I won't. Now be a good 'father' and see to your daughter."

"!"

Realizing that Bulma was all alone, Trunks leapt off to the side and sped to find his daughter.

As for Prime...

Wearing a smug look on his face he headed to the Universe Four stands. The audience there was already cheering his name and proclaiming him as their savior.

"Yes... I am your savior. Hehehehehe...."

Behind him Marcarita rolled her eyes.

"I hope you've had your fun."

"Dear Marcarita... I have only just begun."
Caulifla

"Eh?"

Caulifla had a dumbfounded look on her face.

Floating just in front of her was Lord Zeno.

"Hehehe... Caulifla!"

"..."

Caulifla crossed her arms over her chest and looked away.

"Forgive her, Lord Zeno." Vados quickly said, pushing Caulifla's head down into a bow. "The loss of her Universe is still on her mind."

"Awwww..." Lord Zeno floated over and began poking are. "Are you angry?"

"..."

"Caulifla?"

"...."

"Caulifla~~~?"

*Poke* *Poke* *Poke*

Caulifla began to shake.

*Poke*

"Caulifla?"

"YES!!" Erupted Caulifla, tears streaming out from her eyes and down her cheeks. "YOU TOOK MY CABBA AWAY!!! OF COURSE I'M ANGRY!!! BEYOND ANGRY!!! I'M FURIOUS!!!"

".... Ooooooh."

"That's it... THAT'S ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY?!" Caulifla was now shouting in his face. "I WANT MY CABBA BACK!! GIVE ME BACK MY CABBA!!"

"No."

"W-what...?" The response left Caulifla without anymore words.

"Only wish can do that."

".... Huuuh?!!"

Vados cleared her throat.

"Lord Zeno, may I?"

"Yes."
"Very well." Vados turned to the grief stricken Caulifla. "In his wisdom Lord Zeno purposely restricted what he may or may not be able to do on his own so as to curb his own power. While he may bear the ability to oversee, create, and erase - Lord Zeno sealed his ability to defy even his own laws into a wish. Thus erasure is just that - erasure. Lord Zeno cannot undo it as he is."

"So what you're saying is... Cabba can only be un-erased with the victory wish?" Caulifla asked, giving Lord Zeno the stink eye.

"Correct." Responded Vados.

"Caulifla, Caulifla! Look, look!"

Tugging at her pant leg, Lord Zeno pointed to a restored - albeit unconscious Mai.

"Hide and wait!"

"Wait... Isn't that...?"

Mai moaned lightly in her slumber.

"Hehehehe... I did that 'prank' thing!"

"Huuuh?!?"

"Bye now!"

Lord Zeno vanished just as Mai began to open her eyes.

"Wait! What?! Did you just drop her on me?! Heeey!!! Lil'Zeno! You bastard! I'm not a babysitter!!!"

"Trunks... Bulma..." Mumbled Mai as she felt her eyes grow heavy again and passed out once more.

"H-hey! Vados! She passed out again! What am I supposed to do?!?"

Vados shook her head and sighed.

"Take her inside my residence. I shall tend to her."

"A-and..." Caulifla paused to look at Mai before picking her up. "Isn't she the woman of that one guy?"

"Trunks."

"That's a name... His name. R-right! Alright! I got her!" Caulifla began heading inside. "Oh... And Vados?"

"Lady Vados." Vados corrected.

"Vados." Caulifla repeated. "I want to fight again. I want... I want my Cabba. You dig?"

"Oho.... I 'dig'. Dig.... What a funny way of using that word. You dig... Hehehe..."

"Vados." This time Caulifla was stern. At least as stern as she could be with now drying tears on her reddened face.

"Very well... Survive my training regiments and you will fight again."
... Thanks.

???

Whis snapped out of his daze and found himself back in the Universe Seven waiting room.

"Oh my... How long was I in such a state?"

Sitting cross legged next to him was Beerus.

"Lord Zeno finally decided to free you from your punishment on account that he saw an interesting idea in your thoughts earlier. What have you been planning this entire time... Whis?"

"It's a secret." Whis replied with a smile. "On another note. What of Lord Quitela and Cognac?"

"Cognac has been placed into a slumber, his memories that have been deemed non-essential are currently being purged. As for Quitela..." Beerus gulped, his body was covered in sweat and he couldn't stop shaking. "He... Expired."

"Oh."

"..."

Beerus closed his eyes and crossed his arms.

"Lord Zeno wishes to have that Prime fellow fight Trunks and that Jiren tomorrow. I suspect that Lord Zeno agreed to this not only out of amusement but to give you more time to finish your little project."

"Perhaps... I do, after all, wish to even the playing field a bit more fairly."

"... I see. So you had sensed it too. That creature known as Jiren. His power..."

Trunks has no time to mourn for Mai, nor comfort his daughter. Beerus wishes to speak with him about the impending match with the mysterious Prime.

Elsewhere Jiren is released from his healing tank while Toppo confronts Marcarita about the defection of Prime.

Following the recent disastrous events that saw to the literal kidnapping of his wife's seemingly dying body, Trunks had taken hold of the hand of his speechless daughter and lead her off - away from the crowds of prying eyes and carnivorous ears. Their destination was the assigned bedroom of Bulma, Trunks assumed that such a change of scenery to one more enclosed and familiar could do good for the mental health of his daughter.

Once he had settled her down upon her bed he began attempting to comfort her, embracing her tightly as he did, but not a word would leave her lips. Instead his daughter would only stare out into the void with blank and unfocused eyes.

It broke his heart to see her like this.

Death was something that he was used to. Be it his own or that of those he loved. But his daughter? It was still very much a foreign concept to her. Or at least that was the case until that monster, Prime, had decided to strike his unsuspecting wife with an attack full of killing and ruthless intent.

Anger boiled within him, hidden behind his facade of strength that he forced himself to show - for the sake of his daughter.

It wasn't only anger directed at Prime, however.

Not to say that his anger towards Prime was lessened, no... Prime had signed his death warrant.

No, his anger also drifted to others.

The Gods and those beings known as Angels.

Mainly Lord Zeno, in fact.

"That bastard!" A furious and shaking Trunks thought from deep within. "*He could have prevented it all! Mai... Mai shouldn't have had to had to suffer as she did! Yet instead of stopping things he allowed it to progress and to add insult to injury he let Mai's murderer go free without consequence! Damn it!"

He held Bulma closer, his rage barely contained out of concern for the mental state of his daughter - their daughter.

"A moment, Trunks." Came the imposing voice of none other than Beerus himself.

Trunks remained holding his daughter, glaring fiercely at the just entering Beerus who was followed
closely behind by Whis.

"Whis? If you would." Beerus spoke softly.

"Yes, of course, Lord Beerus."

Despite having been rendered into nothing but a mere puppet just moments earlier Whis had surprisingly jumped back to his old self without any internal struggles. Or if there were any Whis had clearly mastered the craft of hiding such things.

"Come now. It's time to rest."

Panic took hold of Trunks. His growing mistrust of the Gods and the Angels, rightly so considering recent events, caused his body to react instantly.

Whis had been attempting to reach out to Bulma but the sudden surge in energy from Trunks had caused him to hesitate momentarily.

"You would place your child at risk? That would be a very foolish and unwise decision to make... Trunks." Growled Beerus, a certain threatening air accompanied his voice. It was the only warning Trunks would receive. "Whis here will be placing your daughter into a slumber. This is to help mend her damaged mental state. However, If you wish to interrupt this very necessary act then I cannot guarantee that things won't end up... Broken. Do I make myself clear, Trunks?"

So greatly did Trunks desire, at that very moment, to strike Beerus in that unusually unsmug face of his. It wasn't a fight that Trunks expected to win, no. In fact he was sure, without a shred of doubt, that as he was now that Beerus would destroy him rather easily.

After all, Trunks may be a talented and experienced warrior but at the end of the day he wasn't like his father or Goku.

So Trunks powered down his energy output and reluctantly handed his motionless daughter to the open arms of a smiling and waiting Whis.

"Sweet dreams now, little one."

With a single puff of air from Whis, Bulma felt her body grow heavy and her eyelids close on their own. Within seconds she lost consciousness as Whis gently cradled her for a time. When he was eventually satisfied that nice and gentle dreams had seemed to take hold of the little girl, Whis waved a free hand at the bed to move the blanket slightly to the side. He then floated over, gently laid her to rest upon it and pulled the blanket softly over her so as to tuck her in.

"Forgive me, Lord Beerus. I... I lost control of my emotions." Trunks, after ensuring that his daughter was resting peacefully, finally managed to mumble.

"Hmph. You're right to be angry at us, at Lord Zeno even. That Prime fellow especially. You need not apologise for feeling those mortal emotions of yours. If circumstances were different I would even suggest you revel in them for it is something that you bear that us Gods can no longer understand."

Trunks was somewhat taken aback by this statement from Beerus. He had expected to be berated for his insolence. Not... Whatever this was.

"Anyway, let us change scenery. Something more appropriate. Whis, if you would?"
Whis nodded before tapping his staff on the ground.

The three of them vanished from the room, only a slumbering Bulma remained.

**Universe Eleven**

"You dare show your face here, Marcarita? Have you no shame?" Toppo angrily said as he stood before Marcarita.

Marcarita paid him little mind, barely summoning the strength to raise her staff and push him out of her path.

Toppo grabbed the staff by the tip, his grip tightening.

"I am the God of Destruction of Universe Eleven! You will show me the proper respect due to my esteemed position!" Toppo's tone had shifted drastically into one of a pure, uncommon rage. The air itself seemed to vibrate and scream from the powerfully spoken words that had escaped his lips.

"You haven't earned the right to speak me in such an insolent manner." Marcarita shot back as she tugged her staff free. "Have you forgotten? I am still the assigned Attendant of Universe Eleven. You have no authority to dictate over me. So allow me to advise you."

Marcarita continued her walk, Toppo was hot behind her heels.

"You call me a traitor. I am not."

"You knew! You knew about Prime defecting!" Toppo accused.

"Hmph. That is because, unlike you, I asked. Surprisingly enough, that creature can be quite honest when you aren't threatening to utilise Hakai on him. Not that I could, that power is reserved to only Gods of Destruction as ordained by Lord Zeno."

"..."

Toppo kept silent. He knew the truth, that Marcarita was incorrect in this assessment. While every newly seated God of Destruction could instantly utilise Hakai following their coronation it was by no means only exclusive to them. In fact he, Toppo, had been trained by his predecessor on the ability to access a weaker version of Hakai despite still being a mortal at the time.

"Yes. Prime has defected but we still have Jiren, don't we? You also had every intention to utilise Hakai on Prime after our inevitable victory. So why are you in such an angered state that he chose to stake his chances elsewhere?" Marcarita continued on. "Do you lack faith in Jiren, with the aid of that mortal from Universe Seven, in defeating Prime? It would solve your personal vendetta much sooner this way, wouldn't it?"

"Your betrayal is withholding information, going behind my back and your lack of respect." Was his stern response.

"I didn't find it necessary to bother you with an inevitable occurrence in regards to Prime." Said Marcarita who then turned to glare at Toppo. "Respect. That word... Tell you what. When you've earned my respect then you shall receive it. Until that opportune time arrives, should it ever, then I shall show you the same respect that I showed your predecessor."

"Tch."
"Don't pout. Would you rather I lie or put up false airs around you?"

"That is enough."

Toppo and Marcarita turned towards the sound of the voice.

Stepping out of a doorway was none other than Jiren.

"Cease with the unnecessary banter and inform me of what has transpired since I was in recovery."

Behind Jiren was the nervous Doctor.

"It is too soon. Much too soon! Jiren has not yet fully recovered! His premature departure from the nutrient tank has only served to compromise his recovery! At this rate he will not be in top form when he goes to confront that traitor!" Thought the Doctor who struggled to maintain his silence. "I had promised Jiren not to expose his current medical condition to Lord Toppo or Lady Marcarita but this... This is just unreasonable! My treatment plan is in shambles!"

---

**Universe Seven**

Trunks found himself staring into the empty void of space. It was hard to determine just where they were exactly. No matter where he looked there were no discerning landmarks, nothing really popped out as familiar either.

They were just kinda floating in space with a bubble projected by Whis's staff which also served as their prime light source.

"Some privacy at last." Yawned Beerus. "After the type of day I've had I find myself truly appreciating the silent beauty only known to the blackness of the abyss you know as space."

"...."

"Not that I'm saying your day hasn't been quite the hellish experience as well, Trunks. So don't mind my rambling. This is just how I best believe that I am able to cope with my own current experiences. How you choose to cope after our talk is entirely up to you. I won't interfere just as long as you don't do anything to compromise our chances of victory."

"Don't worry." Trunks grudgingly responded. "I fully intend to settle matters before the eyes of Lord Zeno."

"Your tone is noted, Trunks. Be careful now. That's quite the dangerous territory that you're treading."

"...."

"Ahem. Let us make this brief, shall we?" Whis interjected. "Trunks. I cannot imagine the pain that you currently are experiencing. However, you must consider the larger picture."

"Indeed." Beerus chimed in. "Whis has informed me that despite your mixed blood that you potentially still bear a rather interesting and unique trait once shared by your extinct Saiyan bloodline."

"... What of it?"

"I am glad you asked!" Whis happily replied, clapping his hands together. This was a struggle as one
had to maintain hold of the staff or he risked lowering their barrier. Naturally Beerus and he could survive in deep space, but Trunks...? Not worth the risk.

"Tch. You're getting too excited, Whis. Let me explain."

"Awww... Very well, Lord Beerus."

"Ahem. What we are proposing is simple. You are not to attempt to finish things with Prime. Instead you are to get into risky and bloody drawn out confrontations with Prime in a move to bolster your power through that fascinating bloodline ability of yours."

"... Are you asking me to purposely get hurt while fighting him?"

"The closest to lethality without being fatal would be most appreciated." Beerus showed a rather toothy grin after that statement.

"I refuse."

"Then you believe that you can defeat Jiren?" Whis suddenly asked.

"My opponent is Prime." Was Trunks's reply.

"Idiot!!" Beerus shouted as he slapped Trunks upside the head with a mighty twat. Trunks tried to play it off with poor results.

"As you are now Jiren would effortlessly destroy you! This thing you have with that Prime fellow? It literally doesn't matter in the big picture! If you cannot understand that and see beyond this sham of a match then you may as well go march yourself before Lord Zeno and beg him to erase Universe Seven!"

"Doesn't matter?!"

Trunks had accidently entered his Rage state without thinking. It had happened so suddenly.

"Now. Now. Fighting amongst the two of you will solve nothing." Whis said as he floated in between the angry pair.

"Fighting? I don't..." At that moment Trunks had realised what had happened and quickly powered down. "I meant no disrespect Lord Beerus. I just... What you're asking of me... I... I can't control this rage within me. I know you mean well but that monster stole away my Mai and potentially traumatized my daughter for the rest of her life. How can I feel anything but fury at such a proposal?"

"You can feel whatever you desire." Beerus slowly said as he placed a hand on Trunks's shoulder. "But you must endure it. If you dont get stronger than everything that we've done, everything that was lost and all that pain you have undergone will not matter as we will be erased into nothing. Jiren will defeat Prime. I can sense it. They aren't even on the same league of power. Once that quiet pale giant lets loose it won't even be anything else but a one sided slaughter."

"Jiren... Is he truly that powerful?" Trunks asked, somewhat in doubt.

"... That creature has power that rivals the Gods themselves despite only utilising mortal ki." Beerus said in a hesitant, shaky tone. "If he were to fight me I do not believe that our battle would be conclusive without the usage of Hakai."
"Which is exactly why you must get in there and fight face to face with Prime as much as possible until Jiren gets serious!" Whis chimed in himself. "After that, well... I have a very secret surprise in the works! It could be the edge you need to push even further beyond!"

"It is as Whis says." Beerus said before pondering something. For a brief moment he was silent before rushing over and grabbing Trunks by the collar. "In your next match I grant you permission to use that blue form of yours! The one that uses God Ki! There is no longer any point in hiding it! We are entering the End Game! Do you understand? That form may be powerful but you will need move even further beyond even that of we are to survive!"

"Even further beyond Super Saiyan Blue?" Trunks mumbled in shock.

"It also will serve as a direct challenge to Jiren!" Beerus continued to ramble on. "Seeing you bring forth such newfound power may throw him off his game!"

"Not to mention that to stand against Prime for a prolonged amount of time that form's power will be necessary." Whis added.

"I understand." Trunks replied, though he secretly gritted his teeth in frustration.

"Oh my!" Whis suddenly gasped in exasperation.

"What is it now, Whis?!" Beerus barked in annoyance.

"We are missing someone!"

"Missing..." Trunk's voice trailed off.

"Zajak!" Said Beerus and Trunks in unison.

---

**Zajak**

"Mmmm.... Uuuu...." Zakal softly moaned, stirring ever so slowly out of her slumber.

She felt herself resting somewhere soft and felt a warmness over her body. It was incredibly relaxing.

"Huh?!"

Zajak shot up from where she laid and ignited her now closed fists in red Ki.

"You aren't in danger here."

The owner of the feminine voice was seated nearby. Zajak easily recognized her.

"Dercori?! What is the meaning of--- Owowowow!!" Zajak winced at the pain, her adrenaline had left her and now she felt everything.

"Your allies, following the excitement, got swept up in their own matters and forgot that you were still unconscious. So before anyone else noticed I took the liberty of having Gamisaras bring you to my quarters so that I may treat you."

"But why? Trunks and I kicked your ass!"
A tearing sound could be heard. Dercori had suddenly tore the talisman she was working on into shreds.

"O-oh... Sorry. I didn't mean to--"

"Don't apologise. You didn't speak any falsehood." Though Dercori said that her teeth were clenched and her hands were trembling in anger.

"R-right..." Zajak gently replied, moving to seat herself on the bed. "So mind telling me about what's going on?"

Dercori sighed.

"Very well. After retrieving you I sent Gamisaras to go investigate that man known as Prime. I wished to know if he was worth staking things out with since he did defect to my Universe. Accompanying Gamisaras was a recording Talisman, protected by invisibility incantations so as to remain undetected. However..."

---

**Gamisaras - Earlier**

"I always get sent to do the hard work. Often I wish Dercori would be less demanding." Thought Gamisaras as he scunk into the villa that formally belonged to their missing God of Destruction.

Formally as in that defector known as Prime had taken over it completely the moment he had entered. Accompanying when he first entered had been the audience of Universe Four - completely unaware of what awaited them.

"Our hero! The hero known as Prime!" Cheered some of the unsuspecting civilians.

"I do appreciate your praise, truly." Prime genuinely replied.

The last of the audience entered, the portal that had been activated by Marcarita, at the request of Prime, had finally closed.

There was no leaving without the express permission of Prime.

Servants appeared, beautiful female servants in rather revealing clothes - more revealing than the ones Quitela had made them wear, and began offering drinks and snacks to the assembled civilians of Universe Four. They happily accepted them.

Gamisaras glanced over his shoulder to ensure that the talisman was still floating nearby and undetected.

"I trust you are enjoying yourselves?" Prime gently asked the crowd.

"Yes we are, kind hero." Replied an old lady.

"That is good. Good indeed."

"M-mister Prime?" Said a stuttering a nervous young boy. He couldn't have been more than eight summers of age.

"Yes, little one?"
"C-c-can you really win? They said... They said that you gotta fight two at once!"

"That is troublesome." Said an old man this time. "Perhaps we could ask for an appeal?"

"If we ask nicely then surely Lord Zeno would be willing to grant it!" A young woman spoke up.

"Yeah! Fair matches are more enjoyable!" This came from a young burly man.

"Tsk, tsk." Prime interrupted, wagging his finger. "Allow me to enlighten you."

"Lord Zeno cares not for fairness. He is a God, a God above all others. The Great Creator! The Endless Hunger! The Omnipotent! The King of Everything! What does he care for from the words of beings, all beings, that are inferior to him in every aspect? No. He will not change his decision as this decision is the one that he finds most amusing."

The audience had grown deathly silent. Unbeknownst to them the lighting in the entire villa had begun to fade. Flames that had been lit were being snuffed out, lights that shined began to dim. Even the solar rays of a burning sun seemed to be cast out of the villa.

An unseen force was at work.

"You must understand. Lord Zeno has always been, even before the beginning of time. All of you are his creations - your only purpose was to alleviate his vast boredom and give him enjoyment. That is why he began creating life. All so that he could put you into situations that would help pass the time and amuse him."

There were hushed whispers from the audience. They had begun to notice that it was getting darker. Some began to cling to each other.

"Now with that aside..." Prime rose from the throne that he had sat upon. It once belonged to Quitela. "You all must be wondering just why I had insisted on bringing you here. Or why it has suddenly grown dark."

".... W-why?" Asked the nervous child from earlier.

"When I described Lord Zeno did you not notice something off when I spoke?" Prime asked, crossing his arms over his chest.

"N-no---"

"Wrong answer."

The room turned pitch black, all save Prime who seemed to illuminate the room as if he was a fading torch. His center, a warm orangish and somewhat warm aura resonated from it.

"The Endless Hunger."

A scream rang out.

The civilians turned to see a woman dangling in their air. What held her was a being of pure misty shadow. It's only visible features was a fanged shaped mouth, burning orangish-red eyes, two large clawed hands and a trail from beneath it that connected to Prime from his shadow.

Prime said nothing as the woman, held by the shadow, turned into a husk. It was as if she had been drained completely over her everything. Nothing was left but that empty dried up husk.
Most terrifying had been the speed that it had occurred.

Panic instantly took the crowd as they all tried to bolt - to escape.

But the doors had been barred.

"Ahhhhh!!! Let us out!!"

"Save us!"

"Lord Zeno! Have mercy and save your children! We love you!"

"M-mommy!!!"

The shadow began its work, cutting large swaths into the completely helpless civilians.

They were doomed the moment Prime had made his decision.

Gamisaras had seen enough. He looked to the talisman only to be horrified to find that it had been turned into ash.

Quickly he snapped his neck back to face forward in an attempt to get a lock on where Prime was.

The last thing he saw was a shadowy hand wrap itself around his face.

Zajak & Dercori

"... I haven't heard from Gamisaras since. After he had entered I experienced interference and then after my talisman self-detonated. I can only assume the worst."

"... What do you think happened?" Zajak asked.

Dercori was silent as she applied ointment on Zajak's injuries and muttered magical incantations to speed up the healing. Zajak tried her best not to squirm, squint or moan in pain.

"... I get it. Worst case scenario."

"I'll tell you everything that I know. All I ask is that you request Lord Beerus to allow me to transfer to Universe Seven. I... I no longer feel that I have a place left in Universe Four."

"... I can't promise anything."

"It is ultimately up to Lord Beerus."

"... I... Fine. You did tend to me which would put me in your debt. I can't accept that. So okay, okay. I'll talk to Lord Beerus for you on the condition that you come with."

"Very well..." Dercori said in a solemn tone seeped in defeat.
Prime Surprise

Chapter Summary

Suspiciously enough, Prime appears to be overtly eager for the match to commence. This is despite being made to face both Trunks and Jiren all on his own. What could he be planning?

That darkness that had eclipsed over and throughout the villa proper and engulfed the previous inhabitants had refused to depart. It lingered in the very air, suffocating out what oxygen it had once bore. What remained was an atmosphere of looming dread, a despair that was inescapable.

Once beautiful, well maintained marble flooring had now been stained by a deep, dark red. Blood. Dried blood.

What carpeting and curtains that had decorated the villa in such an exquisite, warming presentation for the eyes of honored guests had been reduced to mere scraps and hanging, torn cloth.

There had been some resistance.

It would have been a disappointment had the guests all succumb to their pre-destined fate.

Even if that resistance had proven to all have been for naught it was still, nonetheless, respectable. Those that had offered it were granted the mercy of being rendered unconscious before being turned into the husks that would serve as their remains. However, those who had showed cowardice, betrayal, and only attempted to save themselves weren't granted that mercy.

They suffered.

Immensely.

"... Is it already time?" Rang out Prime's voice.

Seated atop a mountain of drained husks, serving as his new throne, was the one known as Prime. Though it has been many hours since the feast he has chosen to remain, finding greater comfort resting his eyes there than what comfort any bed could have hoped to provide.

There, at the entrance was Marcarita who calmly approached Prime in a gentle stride, her hips swaying as they always did - not of her intention but of a practicality due to the shape of her perfected female form.

"Your opponents will be gathering soon. I trust that you've prepared yourself?" Said Marcarita who held out her hand.

Prime grunted under his breath as he exerted his body to rise and accept her hand. The warmth of it brought him a measure of comfort - preparing him for what was to come.

"If you're here then I assume that Jiren is already awaiting in the arena?"
"That is correct. Jiren is the first to arrive." Marcarita responded, nodding as she did.

After having pulled Prime up she took a moment to take in an observation of the ruined villa that had once belonged to Quitela.

"... You have prepared yourself. Tell me. Do you truly believe that this will be enough to defeat Jiren?"

Prime couldn't help but cackle aloud at such an absurd question.

"Despite not making a full recovery as of yet Jiren is still the most powerful mortal. As we both know, power is supreme. It is what determines who is right and who is wrong. A teaching that Lord Zeno may have forgotten when it was he who had enacted it as the basest of all laws in all of existence."

This statement was even more absurd. Marcarita refused to hide her own mixture of curiosity and disgust.

"Just what exactly are you... Prime?"

"What am I?" Prime questioned back with a grin. "Everything and nothing."

When Prime had said that he had outstretched both arms as if he was embracing something, yet nothing. This act puzzled Marcarita almost as much as his words had.

"A name would suffice." Marcarita countered. "And don't say Prime. We both know that isn't your true name. It is merely a name you've grown to fancy."

Prime placed his right index finger on her lips which caused Marcarita to instantly slap it aside. This caused Prime to laugh in glee.

"In due time." Was his final response to that question.

"You have no time. Jiren will defeat you as you are, even if you have some tricks under your sleeve. Perhaps I was incorrect in placing my trust in you after all."

"So obsessed with winning!" Complained Prime who threw his hands in the air as if mocking a defeat. "That's what you and all the others don't seem to understand. It was never about winning. If I had desired to just collect meager, easy victories then I would have killed Jiren when he was just a boy - not when he had reached a power far beyond that of a God of Destruction or even myself."

"Enlighten me then." Marcarita said sarcastically.

Prime grinned a wide toothy grin.

----------------------------------------

**Universe Seven Waiting Room**

"Jiren is already waiting in the arena." Trunks observed.

"..."

The Supreme Kai sat nearby, deathly silent.

Trunks had attempted to strike up conversation with the Kai but neither were really up for it. With him dealing with what happened to Mai and the Supreme Kai mourning the death of the Elder Kai,
well... Silence may be the best remedy for them both right now.

Nearby Zajak, who thankfully was unharmed and had made a full recovery before returning to them, was speaking to Lord Beerus. At her side was the warrior of Universe Four - Dercori, who held her head down and stared at the floor in muted silence herself.

"Dercori has told you all about Quitela's plotting and what she knows of Prime." Zajak said. "Could you consider showing her mercy and allowing her to defect?"

"Hmmm.... So Quitela had been in cahoots with that Prime fellow since the very beginning. That would explain a number of the actions the two of them had made. Especially their intentional antagonizing of Trunks and his family. Of course, we all know that ultimately backfired on Quitela while that Prime fellow seems to have made himself comfortable after defecting to a GoDless Universe Four."

"Wait--... You mean Lord Quitela is-?" Dercori suddenly spoke up.

"Gone." Beerus answered. "Interrupt me again and I won't be so lenient."

Dercori silenced herself again.

"I apologise on her behalf." Zajak quickly apologised, bowing her head.

"Enough of that. After your performance in the last match I've become inclined to offer you my respect. It is through that respect that I will agree with your pleading and allow Der...der.... Hmm..."

"Dercori. Her name is Dercori... Ummm... Lord Beerus."

"Yes, yes. Ahem. Dercori will be granted amnesty within Universe Seven."

"T-thank you, Lord Beerus." Dercori replied loudly before dropping to her knees.

"Yeah, yeah... Whatever." Said Beerus, rolling his eyes in annoyance. "Zajak. Go take her to the villa, pick her out one of the empty rooms. Once she has become situated I want you both to return here. No wandering. Is that clear?"

"At once!" Zajak turned, knelt, and took Dercori's hands into her own. "Let us be quick. I don't wish to miss too much of Trunks's match."

"R-right, of course."

As Zajak helped Dercori to her feet she cast her gaze slowly over to Trunks. Her thoughts immediately began to run amoke.

"He looks so tense. I.. I wasn't conscious when it happened but Whis had told me everything. That his opponent, Prime, had caused the death of Mai or at least something close to it. Now Lord Zeno has placed Mai's body elsewhere. The only way Trunks gets her back is if we win it all."

Zajak felt her right hand slip from Dercori's and rest over her own chest.

"Trunks... I want to help you. You must be in so much pain but... The help I could give may be problematic. It is because when I look at you in such a state my heart aches. More than anything I want to wrap my arms around you, bury your head on my shoulder and make your pain go away, but..."
"...I don't trust myself to be alone with you. Not when you're like that, in such pain because of the love you have for your wife. So I must apologise for keeping my distance. If I didn't then I may do something stupid and lead to us both making a horrible mistake. One of which would be entirely my fault, not yours, as I would be taking advantage of your pain. I cannot allow that to happen."

Zajak pulled her longing gaze, with great effort, away from Trunks and began to lead Dercori off to the Universe Seven villa.

"I may not have had a chance to speak with your wife on more friendly and general terms but I must say. She must be a truly extraordinary person to have opened that heart of yours. I'm... I'm not afraid to admit to myself now that I'm jealous of her but that I've also come to greatly respect her. So I will give it my all to help you get her back. That is a promise, Trunks."

Ending her train of thought on that note Zajak exited the Universe Seven Waiting Room and closed the door behind herself as she did.

After she had left Beerus rose from his seat and approached the oddly calm Trunks.

"Whis is currently watching over your daughter. No harm will come to her while you're in the arena. This I promise you."

"Then... I suppose I better not fail to uphold my part in all this." Trunks began to crack his knuckles.

"Could I trouble you to have a senzu bean waiting for me once this match is concluded?"

"Hm? One of those beans of yours? Very well, I shall present you with one once the match concludes."

"You're too kind, Lord Beerus."

Just as the words left his mouth Trunks was teleported away.

"Don't hold back, Trunks. Whis was very specific about wishing to see just how powerful you've become in comparison to those two. Whis is never specific unless the importance of such an act is of the dire variety." Beerus then crossed his arms. "Just what is Whis plotting?"

---

**The Arena**

Trunks found himself back in the arena, recently repaired from the last match. In a way he envied the ability of the Grand Priest. The simply fix such damage so quickly and without effort? It was something beyond the comprehension of mortals like himself who followed a different set of rules. Then again, Trunks couldn't help but wonder what cost the Grand Priest had to had paid to have been granted such power.

Seated in the air nearby, crossed legged, and in deep meditation was the mysterious fighter known as Jiren. Trunks had never seen the warrior actually exert himself, not even in his fight against Hit. Yet despite that Trunks could sense an unfathomable power resonating from Jiren.

"Even in such a relaxed state that power he is giving off is simply amazing. I cannot even begin to imagine just how powerful he truly is or what pushed him to such lengths." Trunks shook his head.

"No. Don't think about such things. Right now I need to give it my all against Prime. I need to not only make him pay for what he did to Mai but to use him to grow more powerful. It's the only way I can even begin the close the gap between Jiren and myself."
Without warning a portal opened just before them and a blast flew out. It was so fast and unexpected that Trunks had no time to act.

"Cowardice."

The speaker was Jiren who now stood before Trunks. It took Trunks a moment to realise that Jiren had already deflected the blast aside where it was flung harmlessly into one of the mountains that littered the arena.

"Oh? We hadn't started yet?" Prime stepped out of the portal and offered an innocent shrug. "Well. Can you truly blame me for wanting to dispose of the distraction immediately so that the two of us can finally settle matters... Jiren?"

"Distraction? Is that how I am seen?!"

Gathering his energy Trunks pushed further and further.

"Exceed my limits, harness my rage, allow God Ki to flow in sink with my Mortal Ki. Like Goku and father, I can go even further beyond my own limitations!"

The ground began to tremble, pebbles floated themselves into the air. Gusts of wind began to thrust out from all around Trunks, his hair rising up in a more defined and elegant manner then that of his favored Rage state.

"Haaaaa!!"

In a bright white light Trunks was engulfed by his own Ki. Moments later the white shifted to blue and began to seemingly evaporate from around his body. What was left was a calming blue aura and his hair spiking up into a light blue, his Ki shifted to a degree that only those who the proper training could even understand it, let alone sense it.

"Ohhhhhh... Now that is what I'm talking about!" Prime said with a newfound and very enthusiastic excitement. "I was right to want to fight you! You just keep on showing more and more amazing things!"

"What happened to being a distraction?"

"I've changed my mind. You aren't a distraction, at least not in the same category as your wife is... Was? I killed your wife, didn't I? I did... Right?" Prime looked into the palm of his hand, almost as if he was trying to work out some math problem within it.

"... Jiren. I request five minutes. Please don't interrupt." Trunks asked sincerely, trying his best to maintain his growing rage.

Maintaining Super Saiyan Blue required a calm and clear mind if he was to keep his Ki in sync.

"Hmph. Very well."

Jiren returned to his original spot and resumed meditating.

"Heh. Such arrogance, Trunks." Prime accused. "That arrogance of yours seeped in pride. It will be your undoing one day."

"Lucky for me." Trunks replied with a smirk. "Because today isn't that day."

Trunks launched himself off the ground and charged at Prime.
"Thank you again, Zajak. I..."

Zajak grinned as she placed a hand on Dercori's shoulder.

"It isn't a problem!"

"But we were once enemies. If things had gone differently then I don't think I would have helped you as you've helped me."

"Maybe but what's the point in wondering about what ifs? What's done is done. Sure we were enemies then but now we aren't. You don't need to complicate things anymore than that. All you'll accomplish with that mentality is feeling guilty about stuff that you can't change."

"I... Huh. That is actually pretty insightful of you. I hadn't pinned you as such an intellectual, Zajak."

This made Zajak laugh nervously.

"Weeeell... I kinda got all that from the Capt---..." Zajak paused for a second before finishing. "My father. My father embarked that wisdom on me. I have kept it in my heart ever since he did."

"Your father sounds like a very interesting man."

"Yeah..."

The pair continued to head back to the waiting room. As they did Zajak felt the urge to look so she shifted her gaze towards the Universe Four stands.

"What the?"

The stands were entirely barren.

"W-where is the audience for Universe Four?"

The Grand Priest floated idly in the air, his right hand scratching his chin as he did. As the special match had started just moments earlier he had failed to notice it until now.

"Those who had served as the audience of Universe Four are missing. More than that, in fact. I cannot sense them being returned to their Universe nor can I sense their souls in their equivalent of Heaven or Hell. They are simply gone. Body, mind and soul. Such a feat isn't within the capacity of mortals."

"Nnn..."

Hearing an unusual sound from Lord Zeno, who was intensely observing the match, the Grand Priest floated over to him.

"Is something the matter, Lord Zeno?"

"F-familiar..."
"Pardon, Lord Zeno?"

In but a brief moment a look of pain encompassed the entirety of Lord Zeno's face before shifting back to his playful, innocent one.

"Huh? Is something the matter?" Asked Lord Zeno.

"O-oh... Nothing is the matter, Lord Zeno."

"Good, good!"

Lord Zeno returned to watching the match.

"What was that? In all my time since my very creation I've never witnessed Lord Zeno bear such a pained look on his divine face. And familiar? What could Lord Zeno have meant by that? This... This is most troubling."

---

The Arena

"Gaaaaa!!!"

After a number of exchanges in close quarters Prime landed a fist in Trunks's torso and launched him with a blast. Not wasting a moment Prime leapt after him, grabbed Trunks on the right side of his face. Prime then positioned Trunks, as he twisted his left arm with his own other arm, under him to break the fall.

"Nnnn-AaaahhhNnnn!!!" Trunks yelled out as he coughed up blood from the impact.

"Explosive Wave!"

Energy gathered in Trunks's core then surged out in an explosion.

"Tch. Smart thinking!"

Prime shouted a compliment just as he swung Trunks into a mountain. Kneeling, Prime pushed himself off and flung into Trunks. As before, Prime grabbed him by the right cheek and began running as he dragged Trunks's entire left side of his face against the sharp, jagged rocks.

"Gaaah! Y-you!!" Trunks said inbetween gritted teeth. He could feel the skin ripping and tearing off the left side of his face. So he took in a breath. "Masenko!"

Prime looked to the hands and feet of Trunks.

Trunks fired it from his mouth, sending them both flying. This caught Prime unaware and allowed Trunks to grab hold of Prime by the collar and begin smashed his fists into his face.

A mistake.

After a few more blows had landed Prime opened his mouth and bore forth his array of pointed, jagged teeth. Trunks hadn't realised the threat, as he had infuse his fists with Ki, until he felt Prime tear into the flesh of his left hand.

With a mighty crunch Trunks felt his bones from his left knuckle shatter.

"Aaaaaahhh!!!
Prime took a breath himself and unleashed his own beam from his mouth.

Only his beam was much thinner and more concentrated.

As Trunks was busy recoiling from the pain he was barely able to avoid a fatal hit directed at his heart. Instead Prime's beam only managed to tear a small, thin hole into his left shoulder.

"!!!"

Trunks pushed back from Prime to make distance between them.

"Hah... Hah.... Hah... You're strong. Far stronger than me."

"For now." Prime replied, dusting himself off.

"For now?"

"I've done my research. Should you survive this encounter I suspect that your power would rise dramatically. Really. That isn't all that fair. Do you have any idea how hard I had to train this body to reach my sought after specifications? Seriously. A cheating mechanic like yours, where you get stronger after losing, would have greatly sped things up."

"Hmph. It isn't something to abuse. If I were to die then I gain nothing and as I get more and more powerful my body adapts. This leads to requiring myself to have to become closer and closer to death each time to see any results. Eventually I'll reach a point where the margin is so slim that death would be inevitable and without gaining any increase in power."

"So what you're saying is that it should be conserved until your already powerful for the greatest increase? Interesting. Tell me. Does your daughter also possess this ability of yours? Or must I discover this on my own?"

"Tch. You..."

"Damn it! He's provoking me and it is working! Even though I know what he's doing I still can feel my rage growing out of control! Worse yet I can't use my left hand or shoulder anymore. He saw to that. This scenario is..."

A sudden gust of wind nearly took Trunks off his feet.

Then he heard knuckle smashing into a palm.

Prime's entire arm shook in waves as he held the fist of Jiren.

"Has it already been five minutes... Jiren?!"

"Tch!"

Jiren's eyes flashed red, an explosion erupted near Prime and sent him flying.

Jiren glanced over at Trunks.

"Stay out of my way."

"No guarantees." Replied Trunks. A nervous sweat drop appeared on his forehead.

"... I cannot ensure your survival in that scenario."
"..."

Trunks chose not to reply, he simply watched as Jiren bulldozed his way through a mountain to give chas after Prime.

The air grew chilled.

Trunks felt uneasy and looked around.

The arena had begun to grow dark, a sweeping shadow had appeared out of nowhere and had set out to engulf what light sources existed.

Trunks then looked to the stands and saw a waving Zajak yelling something and pointing to the Universe Four stands.

"What the? They're... Empty?!"

The encroaching darkness bloated out Trunks's field of view, he could no longer see what was happening outside the arena.

________________________
LORD BEERUS
________________________

"What happened?!"

Beerus rushed over to the observation deck and tried to look into the arena. Yet he could see nothing.

"Is something troubling you, Lord Beerus?"

It was Whis, he had just returned.

"Whis! Can't you see?! Some strange dark mist have enveloped the entire arena!"

"It has?" Whis gazed out. "Odd. I can make out everything just fine."

"What?! Then... What does this all mean?!?" Beerus hollered out in frustration.

________________________
LORD ZENO
________________________

"Huh?" Lord Zeno blinked. "Did something happen?"

"Jiren has engaged Prime in combat." Answered the Grand Priest.

"Oh. Okay."

Neither seemed to notice the dark mist.

________________________
JIREN
________________________

When Jiren reached where he had sent Prime flying he only found an empty crater. Honing his instincts he attempted to detect Prime.

Only he couldn't.

Ever since that mysterious dark mist had settled in Jiren couldn't sense any energy at all. Not even his
"Have you forgotten, Jiren? Or has your memory grown hazy from your time as a Pride Trooper?"

Jiren twisted to where the voice came from and fired a blast of heated energy.

It cut through a shadow, nothing more.

"You have! Well... I suppose you cannot be faulted. It was a very traumatizing time for you! I was there! Besides, you were just a frail, weak child back then. But look at you now! A big, strong adult! I'm so proud of you, truly! Not everyone can change everything around so drastically as you have!"

"... Hmph!"

Jiren sent out a cascading wave of heat in all directions.

Mountains were burned into, tumbling over, and the flowing river sizzled from just the heated air currents.

Prime appeared before Jiren, grinning as they both began exchanging blows that shock the entire arena.

The vibrations from their raging battle made it easy for Trunks to locate them. Though with his left hand and shoulder being useless he considered a way that he could help. He had to. An ominous feeling struck him, screaming at him to act.

So Trunks leapt up into a clear vantage point and placed his right middle and index finger over his forehead. Then he began to concentrate.

As Trunks concentrated Jiren and Prime had begun hurling bursts of energy at each other inbetween their physical strikes. Jiren was clearly the more powerful fighter - there was no question in that regard. However, Prime didn't fight fair. Teeth, claws, striking inbetween the legs, hurling dirt in Jiren's eyes, ect...

Prime didn't care. All was fair game.

In no time both had been reduced into bloody messes. Bones had been cracked, ribs broken in two even.

Jiren knew that he shouldn't be struggling as he was but the injuries he had sustained from Hit hadn't fully recovered. This was something Prime took note of immediately and seemed to rejoice in. For every blow he made in those areas caused Jiren to wince in agony. Not that this slowed Jiren's assault in the slightest. In fact, it had the opposite effect.

"Hah... Hah... Hah... Desperate, Jiren?"

Jiren smashed a fist into Prime's jaw.

"You ca...cannot defeat me."

Prime buried a knee into Jiren's gut.

"N...n...not the plan."

"Hm?"
Just then Trunks had finished charging up.

"Special Beam Cannon!!!"

Trunks unleashed his attack, it was a long beam surrounding my two swirling ones. It was fast approaching Prime.

Despite not desiring any help Jiren's body moved on its own to grab Prime into a chokehold.

"N-not afraid of getting struck? That concentrated beam will pierce you too!"

"I have prepared myself to endure any amount of suffering if it will end you.... Prime."

"Well said!" Shouted a cackling Prime.

The beam pierced into Prime and Jiren, throwing them to the ground. Both of their pupils had gone blank from the sudden, immense pain that had sent them into shock.

"You were supposed to release him before my attack hit, Jiren! Did I underestimate your remaining endurance?!" Trunks shouted out in frustration.

Yet before he could run over to check on Jiren he felt hands wrapped around his neck.

"Shhhh.... Only silence now."

Trunks felt terror engulf him.

"H-h-how... gaaak!"

The hands tightened their grip.

Prime had just been on the ground, unconscious due to the shock. Yet he was now behind Trunks and strangling him.

Only his eyes were still blanked out.

Trunks attempted to turn his head around only to be met by darkness engulfing his face.

---

**Prime**

Once he was sure that Trunks had lost consciousness Prime released Trunks and tossed him on to the ground. Prime's body then began to wobble over towards where Jiren lay.

"Jiiiiiiirrrreeennnn..." Wallowed a raspy, wispy voice. "Do you r-r-remember?"

Jiren forced his eyes open and looked at Prime standing over him.

The face had distorted from that of a scaly fiend into...

"F-father?"

"How he had longed for a reunion. To be reunited with his son, as he himself that is."

"!"

Looming behind Prime's battered and torn body was an ominous presence - a large blackened
shadow with two large clawed hands and piercing red eyes.

Prime's... His father's body wasn't speaking.

The Shadow was.

Then Jiren remembered. He remembered that horrible memory, a memory he has long since buried.

---

**Memory - Jiren**

"R-run Jiren!" His father had yelled. "Run!"

Jiren fell on his rear, his trembling body refused to budge.

A shadowed figure grabbed his father by the throat. His mother on the other hand already laid on the floor --- dead.

"... This body... You actually delivered a fatal blow. Indeed... You have potential. You will do."

"RUN!!!" Was the last command his father made before a shadow engulfed him.

Finding the courage to rise to his feet Jiren ran as fast as he could, no destination was on his mind other than getting as far away as possible.

As he ran the shadowed figure collapsed and his father had...

---

**Present**

"Your father howled out in agony as I reshaped and molded him into the form you see before you. His potential was so vast but then, as I assumed control, his memories revealed to me your great, untapped potential that far exceeded his own. A potential that, if properly nurtured, would surpass even a GoD. It was because of your father's memories that I allowed you to live."

"You... My father... You... Ggaaarrrkkk..."

Jiren strained from his injuries.

"Though his pain was always at its peak when I forced him to act as I saw fit. Even then none of it compared to his sheer torment when he was forced to fight you. It was always sublime to witness."

"M-monster!"

Jiren attempted to struggle to his feet.

"Tsk, tsk. Is that any way to speak to your father?"

"Release him!"

With flashing red eyes Jiren unleashed his most powerful heated blast at Prime.

Prime released his hold on the body. Without his Ki protecting it, it stood no chance from Jiren's blast. The difference in power was simply too vast.

"No! What have I--- cough, cough!!"
"You've fulfilled the final condition. Congratulations, Jiren. I always had faith in you."

"!!!"

Strings of invisible to the senses entwined themselves into Jiren's body as the Shadow rushed to envelop him.

---

**Jiren's Mind**

Within the confines of his mind Jiren found himself in a cage he couldn't see beyond it. Standing before the entrance was the shadow from before.

It began to speak.

"I feel no pain, but my bodies do. I have long searched for one such as yours. Trunks could have been a viable candidate if I had met him much early and had ample time to nurture his power. A Saiyan body bloodline... It is tempting. However, I can still nurture his daughter after this sham of a tournament is concluded if need be." Echoed the voice of Prime.

"You....You won't..."

"Jiren, Jiren, Jiren....I've done this countless times over. Every time I have they always said the same thing as you. I will admit that you are by the strongest I've ever taken but make no mistake. My original power far surpasses even your own."

"W-w..."

"What am I? You don't need to know." Prime cackled without abandon. "Can you feel it? Your memories are already becoming mine. In time you will fade away and all that will be left will be I."

"Prime--!!!"

"Ah, yes. Conditions. I may as well indulge. After all, when will I get another chance to gloat when you're no longer you but just another part of me? Ahem. Yes. Basically my essence cannot just be hosted by any mortal body. It was to be a powerful one, any less and it breaks like fragile glass. Trust me, I've tried many, many and the results were always messy... I mean. Do you have ANY idea how hard it is to find powerful mortals? Hard. Ridiculously hard. So I came up with an idea."

Jiren felt himself fading.

"My idea, Jiren, was simple. I would purposely restrict my power so that my chosen hosts would stop exploding. Afterward I used my hosts, over countless centuries, to nurture stronger hosts for me to take. I even made sure to force my more powerful hosts to produce heirs. That way the next generations kept growing stronger. However... My essence cannot just depart a host I've been synced to for a certain period of time. The only way to escape my host was to have it genuinely overwhelmed by a more powerful one or it pass through natural causes. Speaking of power... Basically those like you! Congratulations! And my, oh my... Your power and potential will finally allow me to unleash a great deal of my power! Good job, Jiren! You have the honor of helping me achieve a greater portion of myself!"

"This whole time I was..."

"Just a pawn, O'Hero of Justice. My pawn, to be exact."
"No more words? Well, it isn't all bad. While you have lost to me you at least defeated my old body. Have pride in that, Jiren! For I didn't hold back no matter how much the little voice in my head, your father, screamed and protested."

"Well then. I would say goodbye Jiren but as you will soon be a part of me that would be redundant. However, it isn't all despair and gloom! I'll be a good sport and even grant that wish of yours... Starting with Toppo."

"You--!!! Prime!!"

No matter how loud Jiren raged he was only met by silence.

---

**The Arena**

The dark mist had departed. Prime's body laid scorched on the ground, it would die soon.

"J-j-j...i... ren..." Mouthed the body before it expired.

"*Hm. Residue memory in that corpse? Such an oddity. His father's memories still reside within me.*" Ending his thoughts Jiren limped over and kicked the corpse out of the way. "No matter. It is no longer my concern."

Jiren approached Trunks, knelt down, and checked his vitals. Satisfied that Trunks still lived Jiren raised a fist in the air as a sign of victory.

The audiences of Universe Seven and Eleven, though confused as the mist had obscured the last part of the fight, let out a roaring cheer and applause.

"*That's right. Cheer. Applaud. For I am your Hero of Justice now.*" Jiren (Prime) thought, not even attempting to hide his toothy grin as fangs had begun to grow into place.

---

**Zajak**

"W-what is that?!" Zajak said with wide eyes.

Floating behind Jiren was a blackened shadow with burning red eyes. It had never been there before and the power it gave off caused her entire body to tremble uncontrollably.

"This isn't... Something is wrong! Trunks... I have to speak to Trunks and Lord Beerus!"

---

**Toppo**

"You did it, Jiren. Finally, at long last, that monster has been dealt with. Your parents can rest in peace now."

Behind Toppo, Marcarita smiled before teleporting away.

---

**Beerus**
"Trunks lives but he is worse for wear. Whis, retrieve him so that I may give him this senzu bean. Afterward I must speak with him."

"As you say, Lord Beerus."

Whis vanished to retrieve Trunks.

---

**Lord Zeno**

"That was fun! Jiren won! So cool!" Giggled an elated Lord Zeno.

"It was a spectacular match."

"And hopefully this will put an end to what had caused pain to Lord Zeno." Thought the Grand Priest.

Both seemed completely unaware of the shadow floating behind Jiren.

---

**Dercori**

"Lady Marcarita, the Attendant of Universe Eleven! What do I owe the honor?"

Marcarita approached Dercori.

"In a hurry?" Marcarita asked.

"I was supposed to be meet with Lord Beerus but I got distracted by the match."

"I won't take up much of your time then." Marcarita handed a letter to Dercori. "Please report to these coordinates in one hour. Do not speak of it to any other."

"I don't..."

"Jiren is shy." Marcarita said with a soothing smile. "He wishes to speak with you privately. Ever since witnessing your match he has grown quite fond of you."

"R-really?"

"Indeed, and.... Ah. I spoke too much. Jiren wished to confess to you himself."

"A-ah! T-t-then I'll just pretend to be surprised!" Dercori quickly replied.

"Wonderful." Marcarita clasped her hands together. "Then this will be our little secret. Now be a good girl and go see Lord Beerus. It could prove ill should he grow worried of your prolonged absence."

"R-right." Dercori said, trying and failing to hide her nervousness before running off.

Marcarita flashed a slight smirk before vanishing.
Chapter Summary

Prime has taken what he has desired for many years. Now he may continue with obtaining the truest of desires and fulfilling his ultimate ambition.

Meanwhile Universe Seven grows suspicious of the previous battle and suspect something being off with the mysterious Jiren of Universe Eleven.

The roars and sheer zeal erupting from the cheering crowds in the stands of both Universes Seven and Eleven bloated out any other sound. None even heard that Universe Four had just been erased.

Exiting the arena Jiren offered a rare and highly unexpected smug grin as he basked within the crying voices that chanted his name.

"Yes, I am your hero, I am Jiren. So let me hear your praises for you only still yet beath because I am merciful and just." Arrogantly thought Jiren.

The possession was complete in full.

Prime...

That name no longer bore meaning or use.

Once he was called that but times have changed. The name Jiren was much more aptly fitting and convenient considering that he had become everything that made Jiren... Jiren.

And now forever more Prime is Jiren, Jiren is Prime. At least until he ever found a need for another host.

A moment of clarity struck Jiren who took a moment to silently gaze down upon the man known as Trunks. Trunks had still not regained consciousness, so taking on the role of hero Jiren retrieved him and was in the process of returning Trunks to the waiting room for Universe Seven.

"If..." Jiren considered mentally, his train of thought abruptly disturbed by...

"Y-you..."

His gaze shifted from Trunks over to a teal skinned young woman with lovely orange hair tied up into a ponytail. Her outfit gave off the impression of that of a space pirate, or at the very least a mercenary of the stars and silent cosmos while her physique and the power that radiated from her identified her as a decent enough warrior.

"... Thank you, but I am more than capable of returning Trunks back to Lord Beerus." The young woman said after taking a large gulp. Jiren could sense the fear in her rather shaky voice and visually took note of the visible cool sweat forming of what small amounts of exposed skin she had.

"Very well." Responded Jiren who approached the young woman and gently handed Trunks over to her. "Ensure that he receives treatment." Were his final words before leaving the pair.
Not once did Jiren consider the reaction of the young woman to be alarming. He had simply assumed that she was fearful due to the vast gap in power between them.

"She is quite the beauty. Perhaps I should consider recruiting her to my Universe to prevent her erasure. After all... There will be no returning once I'm finished."

As he departed Zajak fell to the ground, her legs had given out despite her best efforts. Her eyes would then grow wide with pure terror as they traced the departing form of Jiren - or more importantly that ominous and impossible to decipher shadow-like being that hovered close behind Jiren. What horrified her most was that no one else seemed to be able to see it.

Vados had once praised Zajak for her unusual talent in Ki detection and manipulation. Could this have been what Vados had meant? Or was there something even more sinister going on that was well beyond her scope?

Furthermore, why was she only able to detect that strange and horrifying being now? Perhaps it was because her skill and power had risen to even greater heights since she defeated Ganos and Cross...- Superior?

All these unanswered questions that seemed to multiple by the second were giving her a huge headache.

"How long are you going to remain seated, gawking at how inferior you compare to your future opponent?"

The sound of Beerus's voice caused Zajak to leap up to her feet, almost dropping Trunks in the process.

"Ah!" Yelped the frightened Zajak.

"Ugh..." Beerus slapped his palm onto his forehead. "I can't believe I owe my salvation to you..."

"Huh?"

"Forget what I said Zajak." Growled an increasing discomforted Beerus. "Come with me... Oh. And bring Trunks too. I wish to see to it that he recovers quickly. There are questions that I must ask of him."

"O-of course! Right away!" As Zajak said this she nearly tripped in her rush to please Beerus.

Beeerus could only shake his head.

---

**Jiren (Prime)**

Having finally returned to the villa of Universe Eleven, Jiren found himself greeted by a rather elated and overjoyed Toppo.

Toppo...

Current God of Destruction of Universe Eleven.

He would be the first.

"You did well, Jiren! At long last you have finally obtained a small measure of internal peace after felling that monster." Toppo cheerfully greeted as he approached to pat Jiren on the back.
Jiren allowed this meager display of camaraderie.

Not that it mattered in the slightest.

"Yes. It is finished." Jiren responded, continuing his stride.

"I... I had expected you to be more..."

"More...? I don't understand." Jiren interrupted. "I had my revenge. What emotions I feel after that are empty as revenge is all that I had desired for much of my life. After receiving it I feel... Lost."

Not exactly true. There was one other desire Jiren had, one he had thought that he had kept secret.

But nothing could be kept secret from him as all memories, desires, and ambitions that made up the being known as Jiren belonged to him.

For he too was Jiren - the one and only Jiren.

In time.

"What is the recovery progress of the remaining Pride Troopers?" Jiren asked, not giving Toppo a chance to respond to his previous statement.

"I had them transferred to the best medical facility within Universe Eleven. They face many months of therapy and adjusting to their new augmentations. I thought I had informed you of it..."

"... Regardless, they should be retired." Jiren responded sharply and without hesitation. He also chose to ignore that last bit from Toppo.

"Retired? Jiren, they are--"

"My comrades?" Jiren interrupted yet again. "They were. Now they have fallen from that position. After their latest defeat I can only conclude that they no longer are able to live up to what it means to be a Pride Trooper. That is why I, as their leader, have come to my decision. Inform them of it posthaste."

"Jiren!" Toppo shouted in anger, smashing his foot upon the ground. "Retirement is one thing but to inform them when they are most mentally vulnerable?! That could cause them to take their own lives in shame and despair!"

"Then they never deserved to be Pride Troopers in the first place." Was Jiren's cold response.

"Jiren... You don't mean..."

"Inform them or I shall do so of my own accord." This was the only warning Jiren would give to the flabbergasted Toppo.

Not wishing to hear anymore of Toppo, Jiren departed to his quarters.

---

**Jiren's quarters**

Upon entering Jiren evaluated his living space within the villa.

Standard white tile floors, plain white walls, a king-sized bed, a flat computer on a desk with a hover chair to accompany it, and a small personal fridge that had a miniature kitchen set up that folded into
the wall. The only outstanding things about the room was the bathroom connected to it, separated by a door, a flatscreen TV across from his bed and hooked up to a wall and a windowed balcony that he could step out into if he so desired.

Overall it was a rather dull abode to call a home away from home.

Taking a seat on the bed Jiren looked forward. His gaze quickly took notice of the captivating Marcarita who had exited the bathroom area and dressed herself only in a single long white towel. A very noticeable departure was that her hair, normally held in twintails, had been set loose and now hung freely at her back.

"I'm most impressed." Marcarita said as she took a seat next to Jiren. "You truly are far more than you appear... Prime. I will admit that I had my doubts but-"

Jiren grasped Marcarita's hand that had been slowly reaching to stroke his cheek. Without a word he pulled her in close and embraced her in a kiss.

"!

Marcarita had no time to think, she simply felt compelled to strike Jiren on the cheek. Jiren released her without any fuss.

"My apologies." Marcarita quickly said as she gathered her wits. "I reacted without considering what was happening."

Though his face seared red from the strike Jiren paid no mind to it. Instead he reached his hand out to take Marcarita's own, that had struck him, and guided it to his lips so as to plant a gentle kiss upon them.

"Jiren." Said Jiren. "I have discarded the name of Prime. From now on I am Jiren in all things."

"Just what are you... No. Who are you? What is your true name?" Marcarita responded, humming at the physical contact her hand was receiving.

"I am everything and nothing. The first and last. That is all you need know for now. When the time comes I shall speak my true name and when I do everything will change. Everything."

"... Though your answer doesn't satisfy me I will accept it for now."

Jiren grinned smugly.

"Very well." He raised her other hand to stroke her cheek, her ever warm and soft flesh. "You have accepted myself as a being of a higher plane than yourself. Respectable and beautiful of you. Furthermore you have come to open yourself to the reality that angels bear the desires of mortal sins, a desire you held deep within behind barred gates and a cruel prison."

"...

"Marcarita. Not only do you desire what I will accomplish but I know that you also have long desired this body."

"Don't be preposterous! A mortal catching my fancy? It is laughable." Marcarita tried to sound offended yet found herself biting her lower lip as Jiren stripped off the top of his uniform to expose his torso.
"Yet you've desired Jiren, for a very long time in fact. Even as you warmed the bed of your beloved Belmod you secretly harbored an impossible and blasphemous desire to lay with a mere mortal."

"..."

"I care not that you desire this body over my last. I've gone through many and have had many lovers over my entire existence. So I will not judge you. Instead I shall indulge you, grant you one of your greatest, forbidden desires as a reward for trusting into me despite my secrets."

"..."

Marcarita shivered at his words. Though it was the voice of Jiren she knew better and yet... She couldn't deny his words. It may be why she despised Toppo so. For she had always hoped that Jiren would have reconsidered and agreed to succeed Belmod. Then she could have...

Noticing her hesitation Jiren gradually pulled Macarita back into an intimate embrace.

"I will do no more unless you express your intention to indulge further. I may be many things but never once have I ever laid with another without their express desire. For I am no cur, I am I and only I. If you refuse me now then another may come, so I will never despair if spurned."

"I..."

"I will not accept hesitation. Do you desire to be joined with this body or not? If doubt troubles you then allow me to remedy it. This body, before even I graced it, always found an attraction to you. An attraction that tormented it as such distractions interfered with long sworn desires of vengeance against all that had wronged it."

A lie. It must be a lie. Jiren never expressed attraction to any other. All he cared for was his vengeance and yet... What if it wasn't a lie? Jiren was a young healthy adult and had mortal urges. While she herself was the embodiment of mortal beauty as an ascended being known as an angel. It would only be natural for him to desire her. So perhaps it was true...

Or it was a lie.

Marcarita felt her thoughts grow muddled.

Even if it were a lie, her desires weren't and the being currently taking up all that defined Jiren as Jiren clearly desired her too.

So Marcarita, after tens of thousands of years if not more, finally gave into a weakness that she thought herself above just as she stood above all mortal beings.

Without anymore hesitation she leaned in to embrace Jiren into a kiss.

---

**Universe Seven Waiting Room**

"Thanks, Kibito. Your healing technique combined with that of a senzu bean really works wonders.” Said a grateful Trunks who propped himself up on the couch.

"Hmph. Be grateful that despite his current mental state the Supreme Kai was able to retrieve Kibito so quickly for your care before retiring for the night." Beerus grumbled as he gnawed at a bone.

"Now no more dillydallying. I wish to learn what had happened at the end of your fight."
"Strange that you ask..."

"I ask because of a strange fog that had engulfed the arena."

"Yeah. I was overcome by it too. There was no indication on where it had come from. One moment Jiren and Prime were going at it and the next that mist... fog... Whatever it was had appeared all around everything."

"Yes, yes. I already know that. Get to the point, Trunks."

Trunks could tell that Beerus's patience was growing ever more limited as things progressed.

"Right. Afterward I gave chase and by some miracle I landed one of the greatest attacks my mentor, Gohan, taught me and fatally wounded Prime... And struck Jiren too, unfortunately."

"Yet Jiren seemed to be ignorant of his injuries after the match."

"I wouldn't know due to my predisposition of being unconscious."

"Are you sassying me? Eh, Trunks?" There was no masking the rage boiling in the voice of Beerus. It was a final warning.

"A-anyway..." Trunks recovered his words. "After attacking them I went to check up on Jiren. Only when I did Prime suddenly rose up behind me and strangled me until I passed it. I only got a slight glimpse of his face but it appeared that it was if his body was still unconscious and something else had directed him to rise up once more or that something else strangled me... I can't really be too sure as I was out soon after."

"Something else... Hmmm..."

As Beerus was beginning to contemplate what Trunks had just said Zajak finally found the will to speak. Since she had brought Trunks back she had remained deathly silent.

That being she had seen had seemed to be seeped in pure, utter malice and due to her highly attuned senses she felt it all. Her stomach turned at even recalling it.

"U-ummm... I have a theory." Came the unsure, hesitant voice of a rather meek Zajak.

Trunks, Beerus, and the ever silent Kibito turned to look at Zajak.

"Whoa. W-wasn't expecting that reaction, but o-okay..." Zajak mumbled while twiddling her thumbs.

"You... You have been awfully quiet since you took your seat. Speak, Zajak." Beerus softly demanded. He had grown to have a soft spot for the young woman since her previous victory.

"Y-yes... R-right, ahem." Zajak cleared her throat. "What if... What if Prime is a body possessor? Like an advanced one who can jump bodies and adopt their victim's persona as their own?"

"An interesting theory." Kibito said. His sudden desire to speak left everyone in the room rather confused. "What brings you to that theory, Zajak?"

"I..."

Zajak began to shiver uncontrollably, her eyes dilating and widening, her muscles tensed, and a cold sweat formed on her skin just like before.
Seeing her state of distress Trunks reached out for her hand only... His hand bumped into Beerus's.

"Hey! What do you think that you are doing, Trunks? Aren't you a married man?!" Shouted Beerus.

"Huh... What does that have to do with anything?! Furthermore why are you reaching out to Zajak? I thought you found her annoying!" Trunks shot back, completely and utterly at a loss by Beerus's odd behavior.

"Shut up! I merely wish to ease the distress of our current breadwinner! Without her we would have been erased! Show some respect!"

"What?! I always show respect to my comrades!"

"The 'respect' you show isn't required here, Trunks!"

"Huh? What does that even mean?!"

As Trunks and Beerus continued to bicker Kibito walked over and warmly placed a hand on Zajak's shoulder. This momentarily caused Zajak to leap up in the air in surprise and blush a deep red in pure embarrassment after landing.

"...."

Beerus and Trunks looked to each other than scornfully at Kibito.

"Hahaha... I suppose we all see young Zajak as our young ward to look after." Laughed Kibito.
"Now, please continue if you are able to."

Zajak took a long gulp.

"I am..." A sudden sigh escaped her lips as she fought to push her words out. "...After my last battle my senses seemed to have grown at an extraordinary rate. This may be why I never noticed until now but, well... Following the recent match I encountered Jiren and I saw this strange, ominous shadow floating behind him. It looked as if it was... Well, pulling strings which attached to Jiren. I never felt that presence around Jiren before when I observed his earlier fight. And..."

"And...?" Beerus leaned in.

"That being... It felt like it was made up of nothing but pure, driven malice. I felt like I was suffocating by just being near it. My body even reflected this as the moment Jiren turned to leave my frozen, tense leg muscles gave way and I collapsed on the ground. Had I not been holding on to Trunks I may have thrown up then and there."

"A shadow controlling... Jiren?" Trunks questioned, stroking his chin as he did.

"And you believe that being used to inhabit Prime and jumped to Jiren during the match?" Beerus inquired.

Zajak slowly nodded.

"Hmmm.. Kibito. Is there possibly a being like this who could accomplish such a thing without detection by the Gods or Angels?"

".... After witnessing Trunks enter a state, his blue state, that utilises a power reserved to the Gods and above? Yes. It is very possible that perhaps a mortal learned such a technique."
"Or a God." Trunks added, bitterly remembering Zamasu and Goku Black.

"Most troubling." Beerus muttered aloud. "We cannot prove this so we cannot act just yet but... I trust that Zajak speaks truthfully. So for this matter it would be best to keep your guard up around Jiren and observe his actions for now. We will form a more developed plan at a later time."

"I am in agreement." Kibito stated.

"Seems reasonable. Very well, I'll keep my eyes peeled." Said Trunks.

"And I... Ummm... I would like some rest." Zajak replied, the exhaustion heavy in her voice.

"Very well. We shall conclude for the day." Beerus concluded.

---

Caulifla

"I'm tired of this! Arrrgh!!!" Caulifla unleashed a roar of frustration as she swung at Vados who kept dodging her attacks. "Stop dodging! It's pissing me off!!"

"Dodging? Oh my... If you would just land a hit then can it be considered dodging any longer?" Innocently taunted a smug Vados.

"Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!!! That only pisses me off more!" Caulifla rebuked before blasting a flurry of red ki blasts in unison.

Which Vados effortlessly maneuvered between without a scratch.

"Damn it!!" Hollered a highly frustrated Caulifla.

The training continued between the pair in great earnest, always accompanied by the loud shouting of Caulifla and a massive amount of destruction left behind.

They were used to having privacy. However, they had a guest thanks to Lord Zeno. It was Mai and all that yelling, explosions and shaking threw her out of her slumber.

Completely unaware of what was happening the still half asleep Mai threw herself out of the unrecognizable bed she had been laid in and stormed to the front door... After stumbling into the walls a few times.

"Keep it down you two! It is too early in the morning to be training Trunks, Vegeta!!" Mai angrily grunted loudly in her frustration.

Mai, in her current dazed state, had come believe that she was in the main timeline where Goku and his allies still lived. Where a younger Trunks lived. In that timeline her Trunks, before they eventually came to this timeline, constantly sparred with his father, Vegeta, whom resided in that timeline.

"Eh?---oooofff!!"

Vados had accidently struck Caulifla on the cheek while she was distracted.

'Accidentally'.

"Hey you did that on purpose, Vados!"
"What ever do you mean, Caulifla?"

"Hey! I said! .... Huh?" Mai blinked a few times, her vision sharpened and instead of seeing Trunks and Vegeta she saw Vados, or a woman who looked like Vados based off a picture Whis had shared with her, and a spikey black haired fairly short woman in a tube top and purple baggy pants.

"....Eh?!?" Mai shouted now that the realization had finally hit her.

"Huh. She actually woke up. Weird." Caulifla obliviously said, placing her hands behind her head as she floated in the air.

Vados tried not to giggle, she truly did.
Jiren is...

Dercori had comfortably seated herself in a rather large, dark velvet chair. In her hands, held by both, was a cup of hot chocolate and draped over her shoulders was a white furred blanket.

Zajak couldn't help but stare, she didn't desire to but what she witnessed was quite odd to say the least. The cup, that is.

"Huh..." Zajak breathed out softly. "That's... That's a big cup you got right there."

"I have rather large hands, as you surely have observed in the past." Dully retorted Dercori.

"A-ah... That makes sense. Hahahaha... Hah." Her laugh had been hesitant and pretty darn dorky. Even if she tried to play it off her burning red face of embarrassment betrayed her completely and utterly.

*Tap*

The sound of the cup being gently placed on the table snapped Zajak back into reality.

"Ah! Please excuse me, that was most rude of me!" Zajak sluggishly stammered through her words.

"... Yes. Let us speak of why I called you here." Dercori said with a faint smile.

It had not even been a day since the previous match had concluded. By now they should have been informed of the start of the next match. However... Lord Zeno had been silent. An oddity for sure considering that only two Universes remained.

Universe Seven, their own, and Universe Eleven which was home to the formidable and mysterious Jiren.

... Whom she suspected had become compromised in some manner and that the Jiren of the then and now wasn't the same as the previous one.

Thankfully Lord Beerus seemed to trust her judgement and had ensured that they weren't somehow isolated or made an easy target. After all, if her suspicions bore any merit then that thing masquerading around as Jiren was highly dangerous. Zajak could only shudder at the thought of what an unrestrained Jiren could be capable of.

"Jiren is quite taken in of me, or so I was informed."

"... Huh? ... Wait... What?!" Zajak gasped, nearly choking. "Jiren has a crush on you?!"

Dercori couldn't resist laughing robustly and without abandon.

"Hahahaha! Of course he isn't!" Dercori managed to say inbetween her laughter. "Obviously he wishes to convince me to spy on all of you, defect, or just kill me. Really, that man... I know I shouldn't feel this way but I do. I truly, honestly, feel flattered that he considers me as such a threat."

"I... I see. It was a trick but you saw right through it." Nodded Zajak as she leaned back into her own, much more plain, chair. "So... What now?"

"Naturally I will meet with him regardless." Was her response.
"Yeah. Of course you will. That makes complete and total sense... Not!!" Zajak yelled at Dercori.
"Are you insane? He could break you with a single finger! Even now he hides his true power and yet when I look at him my feet grow weak and dread fills my heart! Not to mention that Jiren may not even be Jiren anymore if my theory is correct!"

Shrugging her shoulders, Dercori pushed herself up from her chair and headed to her assigned closet. Her goal was to shift through her clothes and locate that perfect dress for such an occasion.

"Dercori. You can't be serious..."

"Oh, but I am. Quite so."

"Dercori!"

"Hush, Zajak. I'm not suicidal. It is just that I need to do this. Consider it my way of paying you back for vouching for me to that... ever so charming Lord Beerus."

"But to go this far... You could die!"

There was a feeling of defeat and despair in the voice of Zajak. It was fairly simple for Dercori to detect.

"Funny. A few days ago I considered you a hated enemy and now? You worry if I will die or not. What a progression of events, hm?"

"..."

"Stop pouting, Zajak. Naturally you will be observing me as I speak to Jiren."

Zajak raised and eyebrow and pointed a finger at herself.

"Huh? I will?"

"Yes. Must I repeat myself?"

*Snap*

Having snapped her fingers the sound of rushing air could be heard, felt even. This sudden gust surprised Zajak who would Yelp and jump up in shock as talisman fluttered in the room and ran into her multiple times before finding a path to Dercori.

"Now hold still, this won't hurt a bit."

"W-w-wait! What won't hurt?" Zajak began protesting and sunk deep into her chair. "H-hold on! What are you doing?! D-dercori! Stop! My body isn't ready!"

"... Please stop making this sound like something else entirely. It is vulgar." Grumbled a now much annoyed Dercori.

---

**Mai**

It had happened so suddenly. One moment Mai was yelling at Vados and a rather energetic and laid back young woman with long spikey black hair and in the next she was on the ground. Her body... It felt so heavy, her eyelids were struggling to remain opened.
"H-hey! You can't just die off like that! I'm supposed to babysit you until Lil'Zeno gets back." The energetic young woman protested, her voice growing more and more agitated by the second.

"Oh, dear. It really is too soon for you to walk... Yes, Mai. Mai is your name, isn't it?"

Of course this Vados didn't know of her on a much more personal level. Sure, she wasn't exactly close to the the Vados of that past timeline but that Vados at least knew her name. Even if it was only off-handedly brought to her attention by Vegeta when he had briefly introduced them. Well, not exactly... Vados was just visiting to pester Whis and the encounter was totally by chance.

N-not that there was anything wrong about that!

Besides she... Huh.

"My body feels light now..."

"Is that so?" Vados chuckled gently. "Whis always did try to inform me that my limited healing abilities were very soothing to mortals. Perhaps there was credence in his words. Not that I would ever admit as such to him."

"Healing...?"

Mai shifted her eyes and looked, as best she could, over her body. Her body, it was covered in a lightly glowing golden light as Vados held a hand over her torso.

"Naturally a Kai is more gifted and blessed in the healing arts. Even so, I do take great pride in how my skill has grown despite only being self taught. I would have sought out a more capable Kai to instruct me but I never did have the time. Lord Champa always was such a handful."

Vados abruptly stopped and placed a hand over her mouth as if a sudden sickness had overtaken her.

"... That's right. Lord Champa is gone."

"H-hey..." The voice of the rather energetic young woman seemed to be carrying with it a great deal of worry. "You cool, Vados? Or do you need like a drink or something?"

"Give me a moment. It is all that I requirement." Having said that Vados floated away to be alone.

"..."

The energetic young woman said nothing until she turned, after watching Vados drift off, and then offered a hand to Mai.

"Names Caulifla." She introduced herself. "Here. Let me help you back inside."

"Mai." Mai replied back as she accepted the hand.

"Ah, right..." Caulifla scratched the back of her head with her other hand. "You're his mate, aren't you?"

"Mate?" Mai repeated as she was helped up. "If you mean Trunks then no, he isn't just my mate. He is my husband and the father of our daughter, Bulma."

"Husband? What is that?" Said Caulifla with a blank stare.

"You don't...?" Mai shook her head to clear her disbelief. "You don't know what a husband is? Then
I ask. What was that young Saiyan man to you if he wasn't your husband?"

"Ummm..." Caulifla grew frustrated at that question. "Tch. Cabba... Cabba was my one and only mate. I gave myself to him and only him. No other has ever laid a finger on me without me taking it off for them for their insolence."

"Uuhh... And did your mate stay at the same place as you? Share your bed? Vowed only to be with you and no other?"

".... Tch. Damn it! So what?!" Shouted Caulifla, her aura flickering on and off in quick succession. "Got a problem with me only laying with my Cabba?! Huumh?!?"

Mai giggled. It hurt but she couldn't deny her laughter.

"What's so funny? Huh? Why are you laughing at me?! Do you wanna get pounded into dust?!"

"I'm sorry, I truly am." Mai apologised sincerely. "It's just that... You don't know what a husband is yet the way you speak of your relationship with "your Cabba" makes it evidently clear that you aren't just mere lovers. You're practically married even if you never held a ceremony."

"Married?"

Now that Caulifla thought about it her brother had... had talked about marriage before, when he was still not erased. How he wouldn't have minded if Cabba and her ever joined officially. At the time she was still a rather rebellious and hard-headed teenager so she hadn't really paid much attention to it.

After all... Wasn't Cabba being her one and only enough?

"... Your face is red. Are you blushing?" Mai playfully interrupted.

"Huh?"

Caulifla blinked in confusion. So Mai pointed to a nearby shard of glass, most likely a testament of her intense training from early. Curiosity won out in the end so she leaned forward to peer into it and sure enough she was blushing a bright scarlet red.

"Huh?!" Gasped Caulifla, her blush deepening.

"... You really love him. It isn't just sexual attraction either. Your Cabba means more to you than anything else in this multiverse, huh?"

"I..."

Mai limped over and embraced Caulifla in a tender, warm hug.

"I'm sorry, he was taken away from you when your Universe was erased. I don't know all the details on why you were spared that fate too but... I can't even begin to imagine just how hard it must be being here, right now, and having to endure in the uncertainty that you may ever get to embrace him again or not. If I lost Trunks in that manner too then I... I'm not sure how I could endure beyond caring for our daughter. And if I lost her too..." Her voice trailed off.

"...I... I..."

Caulifla was visibly shaking now.
"Shhh... It's okay. Just let it all out, I won't judge you... Because I too understand how much you love him and want to feel his touch again. So, please... I may be too weak to help in the fights to come but could I at least be granted this chance? Here... This... Just, I wish to lend you a shoulder if you will accept it."

"I... I... Cabba... He... I..."

Caulifla didn't understand why but she had found herself desperately holding onto the injured and drained Mai. She did her best not to crush her but it was hard to concentrate when the tears began to pour out and the loud sobs followed.

"Cabba... Cabba... I... I want my Cabba back...!"

???

"You're late." Jiren coldly observed.

"And you bear the smell of that woman." Dercor retorted in annoyance. "... You didn't have to lie. If you desired a meeting then you simply had to say so."

"... You came alone."

"I did."

"...."

No matter how hard he tried to sense Jiren was unable to detect anyone but Dercori and himself in this isolated wasteland. Unbeknownst to him, however, Zajak was nearby.

"These talisman are very handy." Muttered Zajak under her breath.

Not only was she shielded from the senses of the body and mind but her Ki was effectively masked... Juuuust as long as she stayed put. Dercori had been adamant that no matter what happened that Zajak wasn't to leave until Jiren had left. A shame she only had enough power to shield only one person.

"... I will only offer this opportunity once. Leave Universe Seven and serve under me. Do so and you shall survive well beyond the end. Refuse... Well, don't refuse."

"My options are limited, very much so in fact. What will you do if I walk away?"

Without a word Jiren was upon Dercori and held her firmly in the air by the neck with one arm. Her feet kicked about futilely to try and re-open her forcibly closed airways.

"W-why... Why me?" Dercori struggled to gasp out.

"... I have no obligation to answer that to a dead woman."

*SNAP*

Dercori couldn't even get in another word before Jiren had snapped her neck. Her body immediately went limp just as Jiren dropped her to the ground. It took a great amount of willpower for Zajak not to scream and reveal her location.

"You were too hasty." Came a newly arrived feminine voice. "Dercori could have proved useful."
"Dercori betrayed her intentions when she questioned me. There is no place at my side for those whom I know hold the intent of betrayal in their hearts towards me."

"... Shall I dispose of her then?" The feminine voice asked.

"There is no need."

Zajak covered her mouth to hide her gasp as that shadow floating behind Jiren made its way to the unmoving body of Dercori. Suddenly the shadow exposed its darkened fangs and bit into Dercori. Her body shook in response as the very life force that still resided in your body was drained.

"Her soul belongs to me regardless. In time she will speak to me of all her secrets. Until that time she will only know and understand the true extent of my fury as all that shall greet her henceforth is pure, reddening pain. Pain far beyond the imagination of a mortal mind. There will be ample of it, I assure you."

Zajak could hear a wispy wail of agony as a figure of dim light was pulled from out of the nether and engulfed by that shadow. As for the body... It had been left fully drained and what husk, if it could even be called that, remained was now breaking off into the air as dust.

"Marcarita." Jiren said, a certain affectionate tenderness in his voice. "It is time. Before Lord Zeno announces the next match I wish to speak with Toppo at "that" location."

Marcarita bowed, she could barely contain her glee.

"It will be done, Jiren... No. It is just us here. So may I...?"

"... I discarded that name, Marcarita. Only Jiren remains now."

"..." Marcrita felt herself frown in disappointment. "Very well, Jiren."

Marcarita vanished.

Zajak breathed a sigh of relief. It was accidental.

"!

Jiren twisted his body around and fixated his gaze on where Zajak was hidden. Quite literally Zajak felt her blood grow cold and her teal face turn pale.

"..."

Jiren remained staring for a time before vanishing as well.

"Haaaa..." Zajak sighed in forced relief, her body shaking uncontrollably. "Dercori... I'm sorry... You confirmed much more than I had thought but... To die for your former enemy? Oh, Dercori... I didn't want your life, I only wanted to save you because it was the right thing to do. But now... I'm sorry."

Zajak put her hands forward and reached into the Talisman to recover a certain one. Talking a huge gulp she grasped it and in an instant she was warped away. It hadn't been a part of the plan, and she honestly wasn't sure if she had used it correctly, but this was an emergency.

As she vanished Jiren looked on from the top of a nearby cliff, staring where Zajak once was. In the back of his mind he could hear Dercori begging him to end the pain.
He wouldn't, at least not for some time.

Dercori had to be punished for her insolence, for being a mortal who dared to question a being far beyond her comprehension.

Jiren vanished once more.

He had other matters to attend to, and soon. It wouldn't do to keep his "friends" waiting too long...

---

**Zajak**

Suddenly she was in the void, but then after she felt herself falling... Falling... Falling, and...

SPLASH!!!

"Argh! Water! Soapy water!"

"... Rrrrr..."

"....Huh?" Rubbing her eyes, her vision cleared. "Oh. Ummm.. H-hello Lord Beerus."

Zajak had somehow found herself in the private bathhouse of Lord Beerus. A very much disrobed and vulnerable Lord Beerus at that.

"I can explain." Zajak said with a deadpan look on her tear dried face.

"I'll destroy you." Was all Beerus said before raising his hand up. "Hakai."

"Aaaahhh!!" Zajak barely dodged the rather fast moving miniature sphere of destruction.

"Hakai! Hakai! Hakai, hakaii, hakaiiiii!!!!" Beerus began shouting as quickly as he could fire.

"P-please stop! I'm sorry! I truly am! But I have to tell you something! So please stop firing your death balls of doom at me! I'll let you get me back later!"

"D-death balls?!!" Roared an enraged Beerus. "You dare compare my Spheres of Destruction to that of the playthings of Frieza!? Then you say that I can only garner some measure of vengeance if you allow it?? Insolence! I'll destroy you!!"

"AaaaaAaaahhh!! Save me!"

"Hakai------"

Beerus fell over into the water. Standing behind where he once stood was Whis who was holding a sleeping Bulma in one arm.

"I do apologize, Zajak. Lord Beerus can be awfully shy when it comes to others seeing him exposed in such a way. Really, if he was that self aware about his body then he should take personal steps to change that. Honestly."

"O... Okay..." Mumbled the nearly speechless Zajak, her body frozen in place.

"Ah, but we don't have much time. Tell me, Zajak. What did you learn and... Hmmm... Dercori isn't with you. Is it safe to assume that things didn't go as planned?"
"... Ah..." Zajak feel back on her behind, soaking her pants in the hot to warm water. "Y-yeah... I'll tell you everything."

Just then the entrance slid open.

"Lord Supreme Kai! Kibito! I heard Zajak scream in here!" Trunks shouted as he and the other two looked inside.

"L-lord Beerus?" Recently the Supreme Kai had entered a depression after the Elder Kai had sacrificed himself for Universe Seven. However, the sight of seeing the exposed tail and rear of Beerus triggered something in the Supreme Kai.

Laughter.

"Hahahaha!!! Lord Beerus! Lord Beerus! Hahahaha!!!" The Supreme Kai laughed incessantly at the sight. "Look, look! Look, Trunks! Lord Beerus is naked! Hahahaha!!!"

"Ummm... Y-yeah." Trunks looked to Zajak. "You okay?"

"... No..."

"Hahahaha!!!" The Supreme Kai continued on.

"L-lord Supreme Kai! Please! This is undignified!" Warned a very concerned Kibito.

"Hahahaha!!"

"Lord Supreme Kai!"

"Hahahaha---"

"Yes, Lord Supreme Kai." The rising voice of Beerus said, the air trembled behind his words. "How utterly undignified."

"Ahaha... hah... Oh. Oh, my..."

At that moment the Supreme Kai knew he had messed up just as Lord Beerus lunged at him.

---

**Jiren (Prime)**

Toppo arrived on the abandoned moon, it was the moon where Prime had slaughtered most of the Pride Troopers in the past. Scanning the area he spotted Jiren and then made his way towards him.

"What was the emergency, Jiren?" Toppo asked, concern in his voice.

Jiren gestured to a freshly dug grave.

"Hm?"

Toppo made his way over and the moment he saw the inner contents he broke out in a panic and ran down into the grave.

"Cocotte! Dyspo! Kahseral!" Wept Toppo as he gathered their lifeless, battered bodies into a tight
embrace, sobbing as he did.

"... Cocotte was well hidden. I praise you for that, for you delayed me for more time than I had wished allotted to reaching her. I had wished to see her reach true despair before I ended her. But alas... I had to track down Dyspo and Kahseral too. Now that was easy. After all, none would dare to refuse Jiren."

"J-jiren...?" Toppo mumbled in his confusion and disbelief.

"I had wanted to do so much, much more but time just wasn't on my side. At least if I was to enjoy what came next."

"Next..." Toppo released his fallen comrades and turned to face Jiren. "Jiren, what-... Where?!"

Jiren was no longer there.

"Jiren! What is the meaning of this! Jiren--- Gwaaakkk!!"

Toppo looked down to see a blade made of pure, malicious Ki protruding out of his upper torso.

"I'm not your ally." Jiren said before roughly kicking Toppo away from him. "Despair, Toppo... Today I will bury you alongside your precious Pride Troopers."

"Cough! Cough!" Blood escaped out as he coughed. "N-no... You're not Jiren. No, no, no... That energy! That malicious energy! You're... Prime!"

Suddenly a barrier appeared around them, behind it Marcarita was seated in the air, reading a magazine.

"Marcarita?" Toppo gasped in desperation.

Jiren was upon him, Toppo barely had time to block.

"Grrrr....rrrr... Raaaargh!"

Toppo felt his arm being bent back. Though a God of Destruction he was still flesh and blood. And bone.

His arm shattered as Jiren pushed through.

"Argh!" Howled out Toppo in severe agony as he rolled away.

Jiren chose not to pursue. Instead he flexed his hands open and closed and began to grin.

"This body... It is far beyond my expectations! Jiren truly is unmatched! Not even a God of Destruction can stand up before such power!!! Yes... Yes... Yes! With this body I can finally---"

"Hakai!" Toppo shouted.

"... I require a test." Said Jiren.

Without another word Jiren walked into the Sphere of Destruction, a red Ki surrounded his body as he did.

"Oh?" Marcarita mumbled softly, looking on with invested interest.
"I-it can't be!" Toppo said with a great struggle due to the amount pain he was in. Pain he had long forgotten since his ascension.

Jiren stood before the collapsed Toppo, floating above his right hand was a highly compressed Sphere of Destruction. After marveling it for a bit Jiren crushed it before returning his gaze to Toppo.

"I will enjoy your slow, agonizing death. Oh, yes I will..."
Jiren vs Toppo! The 21st cycle?!

Chapter Summary

Jiren (Prime) keeps his promises and attacks the youngest God of Destruction - Toppo.

"Nnnn...!"

Toppo's arms shook, his muscles tensed as a shockwave of malicious energy pushed back against him. With one hand nearly completely shattered from their earlier exchanged he found himself struggling far more than he ever should have. At least in light of the fact of just how little energy his opponent had actually put in this attack. It was frustrating, even as he was able to divert it upward so that it could explode harmlessly overhead.

"Prime! Release Jiren at once!" Toppo demanded, his fury burning in full within his booming voice. "You cannot hope to defeat me, to defeat Justice! I am a God of Destruction! Regardless of how powerful Jiren's body may be he is, nonetheless, still mortal!"

"Such arrogance." Jiren laughed, darkly, before shrugging. "I suppose saying that makes me a hypocrite. After all, I once underestimated the mortal form as well. However!" Jiren began to emit a searing, dark red heat from his body. "A God cannot smite a God. No, no... It has to be a mortal for despite his faults Lord Zeno does love mortals the most. It is because of his love of mortals that he holds him to the highest standards and constantly tries to perfect them no matter how great the cost."

"What...? What are you saying? How would you know the thoughts of the King of Everything?!" Toppo shouted back in frustration.

Jiren closed the distance between them and both fighters connected an elbow with another in an undecided clash. Or it would have seemed. Toppo hated to admit it but that heat emitting from Jiren's body was already beginning to sear his flesh into a blackened, burned image.

Even after he had ascended to the position of God of Destruction he was still inferior to Jiren. This fact always frustrated him, now more than ever when it mattered most.

"Justiiiiice... Crash!"

Toppo's body emitted a bluish aura as he stomped his right foot forward on the ground. Taking a deep breath he raised his left foot and unleashed a massive blast of energy from underneath it. This served to build up his momentum and begin to push Jiren back.

"Oh?" Jiren observed as he was pushed, the ground giving way behind him.

"Justice! Typhoon!!!"

The energy swirled around Toppo who now leapt up in the air and began spinning like a drill. With an increasing speed and an ever rapid spinning he was able to force Jiren back.

"Unrelenting Justice!"

Despite Jiren leaping away to safety he soon found himself being chased by the spinning Toppo who
zoomed through the air after him.

"Hmph!" With a single grunt Jiren had raised his fist up, winded it back, and then punched forward. The resulting gust of wind sent Toppo spiraling clumsily in the air and forced him out of his Justice Typhoon state.

Not giving in just yet Toppo began running and aimed his good arm at Jiren. With fingers extended he fired a volley of Justice Bullets at Jiren to no noticeable effect other than creating a cloud of dust from the damaged terrain.

"Feel the full might of my Edict of Destruction!" Toppo shouted with all his might. Right above him was a massive energy sphere of pure destructive which he spared not a second longer and immediately tossed it at Jiren.

Jiren didn't move. Instead he planted his feet and glared up at the sphere.

"Hn!"

His eyes flashed red and the resulting gust of wind that followed caused the sphere to halt in its approach.

"What?" Toppo gasped in complete shock.

In the next blink on an eye Jiren had shifted his body sideways, raised a closed fist, and then punched forward a straight line of red, heated energy at the Edict of Destruction. It exploded instantaneously and sent a now blinded Toppo hurtling over the dusty, dead terrain.

Before Toppo could regain his bearing Jiren appeared above him and unleashed a fury of light-speed strikes that Toppo was unable fo fully keep up with. It was a valiant defensive effort but it was also a losing one. Jiren, not wasting time, delivered an agonizing kick into the torso of Toppo and sent him flying into a small hill which he burst through and continued on multiple times until he slammed into Marcarita's barrier.

"Gaaaaah!" Toppo threw up thick, dark blood. It took great effort to force himself on his side so as to not choke on it.

"Pathetic." Jiren proclaimed as he hovered just above Toppo. "The original Gods of Destruction, blessed by Lord Zeno's divinity, we far greater than one such as yourself. Though you are still youthful and ignorant your lack of strength is an insult to your position. Oh, how the legacy of the Gods of Destruction have fallen into such dire, disgusting straits."

"Ugh... Cough... Cough..." Toppo coughed out even more blood, his vision was hazy now. "You... You only speak as you do... due to Jiren. Without his body you... are nothing."

Jiren remained motionless as unseen hands reached out and gripped Toppo by the throat, strangling him.

"Jiren is a means to an end. Once I am complete his body will no longer be necessary. What happens to it afterward shall depend on him as well as my whims at that moment in time."

"Gaaaaah! P-prime! What are you?!

"Such ignorance, but forgivable ignorance." Jiren chided Toppo, releasing him and listening to him gasp for breath. "Pay attention to your superiors. When I spoke of the original Gods of Destruction I meant not of this cycle but the very first cycle."
"Haaa... gaaassppp... haa.. haaa... c-cycle?"

"Indeed. Here, allow me to enlighten you to some true wisdom before your demise."

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**First Cycle**

In the beginning there was Zeno.

Everything began with Zeno, everything shall end with Zeno.

Zeno is, was, and always shall be everything and nothing.

In the void of emptiness there was Zeno, the beginning and the end, who grew troubled that they were alone. For nothing existed before Zeno and nothing existed after Zeno. Only Zeno existed, only Zeno could contradict that one ultimate fact.

So Zeno created the Grand Priest and the first of the Gods of Destruction. Each were imbued with a portion of the divinity that is Zeno as that was the only currently existing building block for life to exist beyond only Zeno.

For a time Zeno observed the Gods of Destruction, assigning his Grand Priest as their caretaker.

Each bore his blessings, but the Grand Priest was the only one gifted with the divine knowledge that is, was, and always will be Zeno.

The Gods of Destruction were not so blessed. Though gifted with power unimaginable, for they too were mere portions of Zeno, they had been denied a higher intelligence.

Zeno hadn't seen it fit to grant them this as it was unnecessary in their main purpose.

It was only natural that they would begin a festering resentment towards their creator and the Grand Priest. A resentment that grew for thousands of years while Zeno was distracted creating the Multiverse based on the Gods of Destruction for future, inferior lifeforms of vast potential.

The Grand Priest alone, still youthful and overwhelmed by the gift and curse of knowledge, was unable to constantly monitor the Gods of Destruction and as thousands of years passed they grew more and more bold as their power increased.

In time mortal life flourished and the Gods of Destruction were assigned separate Universes to oversee on their own. Zeno would then retreat to their palace, a recent creation, and quietly observed his creations with both glee and caution. For not even Zeno, who desired his creations to become interesting and unpredictable beings to share all existence with, could anticipate their thoughts or ambitions.

The Gods of Destruction, still resentful, began sharing their divinity with promising mortals and eventually gathered to destroy their creator whom they loved above all else yet grew to despise due to their resentment in being made inferior than the first creation - The Grand Priest.

As they were portions of Zeno, blessed by Zeno himself, they proved a viable threat and forced Zeno, surprised and despairing, into expending far too much energy.

When the fighting had ended Zeno, depleted and saddened, had no choice but to erase all of his creations save the Grand Priest. This was not an act taken lightly but one Zeno had no choice but to make. For despite all his vast powers he no longer could maintain the Multiverse in his weakened
state. He needed time to recover.

This was the first cycle.

This act ultimately caused a change in Zeno, a change that...

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**Present**

"Well. That last part would be a waste to reveal to you." Jiren said, ending his story prematurely.

"H-ow... How do you know this?!!" A severely injured Toppo demanded, blood had pooled around his devastated body.

During the story Jiren had been playfully torturing Toppo, he had even removed his legs and shattered his arms by beating him with said legs. When he had grown bored of that he ignited Toppo on fire with the heat that Jiren's body could produce. Enough to scorch him, yet not destroy completely.

"How? Are you truly that foolish?" Jiren taunted as he pointed a hand, held straight as a knife, and stabbed Toppo in the chest with his burning, malicious energy. Jiren then tapped his head with his other hand. "Utter foolishness. I know the truth because I was there. From the very beginning and at the end of it all."

"Y-you---"

Jiren blasted a massive heated energy sphere at Toppo - engulfing and vaporizing him.

Marcarita released the barrier and floated over to Jiren.

"Toppo was the weakest of all the Gods of Destruction. Lord Beerus will prove a far superior opponent." Marcarita informed him.

"... Not yet. Beerus bears a striking similarity to the original Gods of Destruction minus their madness and lack of intelligence. He is a true prodigy, I won't underestimate him. Not while I still have yet to fully master this body. However, he is a threat and he isn't stupid. No doubt he suspects that the being known as Prime has taken control of the body of the most powerful mortal to have ever existed - Jiren."

"I am in agreement Prime----Jiren. Even Belmod was wary of Beerus and constantly expressed relief that Beerus was far too lazy to train in earnest and master the state known as Ultra instinct. All he can do is temporarily call upon it."

Jiren noticed, as Marcarita spoke, that she seemed to want to say something more.

"Speak freely, Marcarita."

"... Feel free not to answer but allow me to be so bold as to ask regardless. Tell me. What cycle is the Multiverse currently upon?"

"Is that all?" Jiren replied with a sinister, gleeful smirk. "Very well, I shall indulge you. Lord Zeno has erased the multiverse twenty times now. This is the twenty-first cycle."

"The twenty-first?!" Marcarita gasped, her jaw nearly dropping from disbelief.
Lord Zeno

"Hmmm..."

Seated in his seat, Lord Zeno scratched his chin as he overlooked the remaining figures and Universes.

Universe Seven - Trunks and Zajak.

Universe Eleven - Jiren.

Then there was Caulifla whom he hadn't decided if he would allow her to fight yet. As she was now she was far too outclassed to even be a minor threat to Jiren. Lord Zeno didn't wish to see her harmed anymore than need be.

It was wrong. He was supposed to be impartial but his child-like mind had taken a liking to Caulifla and considered her the closest thing he had to a friend. Being the King of Everything was a lonely station to have.

"Have you decided, Lord Zeno?" The Grand Priest asked gently.

"Yes." Lord Zeno replied.

Placing his tiny hands on the God Pad before him he selected Zajak to face Jiren on her own. He would have included Trunks too but Whis stated he needed just one more day to show off something amazing. For that he needed Trunks and Caulifla.

Beerus

"... We ran out of time, huh?" Beerus said in a low, almost whisper-like voice. "Lord Zeno wishes to progress the tournament in due haste. Zajak." Beerus called out. "Surrender if you can go no further. Dying will serve no purpose."

Zajak gulped loudly.

"R-right..."

As Zajak prepared to head to the tournament the Supreme Kai tried to intervene.

"W-wait! Hold on! We must appeal! Trunks is able! It should be Trunks and Zajak facing that monster! There is no reason why Zajak must walk alone towards a death sentence! Jiren far outclasses her and that was before he, as we suspect but cannot prove, became possessed by Prime!"

"... Trunks." Beerus tilted his head back. "How do you compare to Jiren?"

Trunks remained silent, clutching his fist until they were a seething white.

"There's your answer, Shin." Beerus said.

"Trunks?" The Supreme Kai said his name in disbelief.

"... Whis." Trunks finally said, glaring at the angel. "You keep hinting that you have a plan and then you went and advocated to Lord Zeno about something. I assume that this is what it was. Am I correct?"
"You are." Whis answered honestly.

"If Prime is possessing Jiren then you're sending Zajak out alone against a monster. A monster that will take great pleasure in making her suffer."

"...I am aware, yes."

"Then why?! We owe our current existence to Zajak!" The Supreme Kai argued.

"..."

Whis remained silent.

"Whis! Don't hold out on us! I won't accept you sacrificing Zajak! Especially not with you still keeping us all in the dark!" It was Trunks who shouted this. "We've lost too much already!"

"Stop..."

Everyone looked over and saw that it was Zajak who said this.

"Please. Just... Stop..."

Beerus leaned forward.

"Are you truly fine with offering yourself up as a sacrifice? For a cause you have been kept ignorant of?"

"No! Of course not!" Zajak yelled out, her body shaking and her legs threatening to give way at any given moment or the slightest passing breeze. "I'm scared! Jiren, no... Prime! He will put me through so much pain that I cannot even imagine! The thought horrifies me! I want to scream, I want to run, I want to hide! Hope that if I do that it will all go away! But... but... It won't!"

"Zajak... You..." Beerus trailed off.

"I... I trust Lord Whis! He wouldn't do this unless it was necessary! So I will fight! I will fight as long as I can and do all that I can to help you defeat that monster, Trunks! I swear it!"

Without another word, or waiting for anyone else to speak, Zajak ran out of the waiting room.

"Zajak! Wait!" Trunks called out, reaching for her as the door slid shut.

"My, my... You really should be more open with them, Brother." The speaker was Vados and at her side was a crosses armed Caulifla. The pair had just warped inside the waiting room.

"Ah, sister." Whis greeted with a smile. "I trust that she is ready?"

Vadow patted Caulifla's spikey black hair.

"H-hey! Stop that!" Caulifla complained, her face a scarlet red due to her embarrassment.

"Oh, but of course. Caulifla has reached a sufficient degree of power and skill. She will, no doubt, survive the experience."

"Experience?" Caulifla asked before noticing a confused Trunks. "What? Got something to say?!"

"How... How are you not erased?" Trunks asked.
"Tch. Lil'Zeno decided to "spare" me but left out my Cabba and my brother Renso. So I'm going to help you win so that I can get them back. Got a problem with that?" Though she tried to sound tough Trunks could hear slight cracks in her voice at the mention of Cabba.

"No. Not at all, but how? We have only a day left before I must fight Jiren."

"Hell if I know." Caulifla responded with a clueless shrug. Like that part wasn't her responsibility or problem.

"Ahem." Whis cleared his throat. "I have been keeping this a secret, even from my dear sister Vados. However, as Caulifla is ready we may proceed."

Whis tapped his staff and a door appeared next to him.

"This doorway shall lead to my very own Time Shift Chamber. I am able to manipulate all properties within it from the outside, with the aid of my sister of course. That isn't all. The name Time Shift is just that! Within that chamber time flows differently! One day out here equals roughly one thousand days inside! Combined with my ability to adjust the settings on the chamber it is truly the greatest training chamber in all existence!"

"Eh? You kept such a thing a secret from me, Whis?" Beerus growled.

"Naturally. Such a unique chamber is incredibly difficult to maintain and quite draining. It even requires two Attendants to even function at all. That is why I can only utilise it once in a thousand, maybe two thousand, years. It would be quite careless of me to utilise it outside the most dire of circumstances! Ohohohoho!"

"Argh! I get it!" Beerus grumbly admitted. "Alright! Times wasting! In you go, Trunks and Caulifla! We can talk more tomorrow when you get out!"

"Huh?!" Trunks and Caulifla said in unison.

"Oho! Don't be shy! You'll be joining them as will the Supreme Kai! And... Kibito!" Chuckled Whis.

Kibito had tried to remain silent and unnoticed the entire time.

"Forgive me, but I'm quite advanced in my age. I would prefer---"

"Gate, Open!" Whis cheerfully shouted.

The door swung open and began sucking in everyone but Whis and Vados.

"W-wait! Whis! Stop this!" Beerus yelled out in anger as he held on to his bolted down chair.

"Do enjoy yourself, Lord Beerus." Whis said with a cold smile. This causes Beerus to scowl.

"Oh, and Trunks? I have someone trusted watching over your daughter! So have no fear!"

"T-thanks Whis?" Trunks replied, puzzled at how casual Whis was being given the situation.

"One thousand days... My, oh my." Vados mused aloud. "Have no fear, Caulifla. I have plenty of mortal feminine hygiene products stored inside the chamber for you."

"H-hey! That's private! Vadooooss!"
Vados winked at Caulifla.

"I won't judge you if you give in to mortal desires considering such charming company that you will be with." Vados teased, now winking at Trunks.

"I'll never betray my Cabba!"

"My heart and body belongs only to Mai!"

Caulifla and Trunks shouted at the same time before they were pulled inside the opened doorway.

"Whiiiiis!!" Beerus screamed as he was dragged in right after the pair.

The Supreme Kai merely nodded his head before he and Kibito were pulled in. The door shut behind them.

"Well, well. I'm impressed that you could keep this a secret for so long, even from me." Vados complimented as she took a seat in front of the door.

"Thank you for trusting me and for strengthening Caulifla. Now she can stand almost equally to Trunks. Though both have a fair bit to go before they will make Lord Beerus sweat." Whis seated himself next to Vados. "If you have no pressing matters shall we begin with the Time Shift?"

"I shall follow your lead." Vados said as they both closed their eyes and began to concentrate.

With a puff of pink smoke a clock appeared and chained itself on the entrance. It then began listing how many days, hours, seconds, and milliseconds remained.

---

**The Arena**

Zajak tried to put up a brave face even as her heart trembled. Standing just inches away from her was the towering Jiren. That was frightening enough but it was that shadow floating behind him and pointing its clawed shaped hands at her that truly terrified her.

"Are you frightened, girl?" Jiren asked, not a hint of emotion in his voice. However, the floating shadow behind him seemed to be snickering.

"Yes." Zajak barely managed to breath out that single word.

"**Begin!**" The Grand Priest commanded.

Instantly the clawed hands of the shadow lunged at her. Unexpectedly Zajak's instincts kicked in and she leapt backwards.

"..." Jiren frowned.

Again the shadow attacked her but she used her own ki blast to leap away.

To all those present it seemed like Zajak was fleeing from thin air.

"... You." Jiren mumbled, pushing forward off the ground to strike Zajak with his right fist. Zajak was barely able to guard the blindly fast attack.

Zajak coughed up blood from the impact and was thrown back into a mound of rock. The shadow hissed at her.
"You are a threat." Said Jiren, his body heating up.
Desperation! Zajak's Lone Struggle.

Chapter Summary

Zajak must face Jiren alone. In terms of skill, power, and experience she is far outmatched. With ever dwindling options Zajak changes strategy and decides to bet it all on a desperate and highly risky gambit. However, her opponent isn't keen on making things easy for her as he has decided that her very existence is a threat that cannot be ignored even a moment longer...

"Aaaaahhh!!" Zajak's scream ended with a loud crunch. Her opponent, Jiren, had firmly planted his massive fist into her small, lithe torso. The impact had been so devastating that Zajak could have sworn that her abdomen had temporarily caved in itself.

Once the full force of the blow had finished connecting Zajak coughed up a steady stream of darkened blood as she was sent flying. Her first thought, in between the bright red pangs of pain so unreal that she questioned her own flaring nerves, was that she had just suffered organ damage. This thought was immediately followed by more spurts of blood leaving her cracked lips.

"I'm going to die!" Zajak yelled loudly in her mind, panic overtaking her and bloodied tears rolling down her bruised cheeks. "This isn't a fight! It's a slaughter! I can't... I can't...!!!"

Her body hit the ground hard only to bounce off of it. First a single bounce, then more and more until the momentum had died down. It was a momentary relief, one she greatly needed, when her battered body finally laid still on the rough terrain.

Unfortunately for her that relief ended far too quickly. In a blink of an eye her opponent was upon her once more. Without a word her frowning opponent raised his foot and stomped on her back as she was resting on her belly which she had been clutching. It was a miracle he hadn't snapped her spine.

"Aaaa---AAAA!!!"

Throughout the assault Zajak began to wonder why her lungs hadn't given out yet. Not once could Zajak recall, as she seeped deeper and deeper in to a haze of unrelenting pain, ever screaming even a portion as she had over the last five to ten minutes. The exact time she wasn't exactly sure of, she had been far too busy trying to maintain her distance to keep herself informed.

Only her attempts to flee weren't working.

Jiren, or better yet Prime masquerading as Jiren, was simply too fast for her. That was only considering his body as well. Throw in that strange shadow-like creature also attacking her and she was stuck in a situation that offered no path to victory.

"AaaaHAAaaahhh!!! Aaaaaa!!! S-st... AAAAAHHH!!!"

How greatly she wished to black out, to let it all end. It would be so easy, but... She couldn't. Her blood boiled, it lusted so greatly for battle - it practically roared and scowled within her very being as is demanding her to stand up and fight.
Jiren continued to smash again, and again. Each blow from his foot, that was quite large in comparison to herself, resulted in more screams from her and even more spurts and gushes of blood. It was almost as if this was personal, as if she had offended her opponent in some unknown way.

Eventually the stomping ceased and Zajak felt a massive hand twist itself around her exposed and bruised neck. Then she felt herself being lifted up in the air. Ironically enough as she was lifted up into it she felt her airway close and she began futility gasping for it to enter her crying lungs with her legs kicking about to find a solid surface to stand upon. None would be found.

Wordlessly Jiren raised his free hand up, balling it up into a fist, and winded it back. His intention was clear, he planned to smash her skull in.

However...

Zajak forced her swollen right eye to open - a mere crack was enough. Even as blood, both dried and fresh, obscured much of her vision she was able to make out the image of Jiren looking not at her but at another.

---

**The Stands**

The audiences of Universe Seven and Eleven were deathly quiet. Neither had anticipated or expected such cruelty from the warrior known as Jiren. Not once in his long career had he ever resorted to such cold, harsh methods of battle. Not that it could even be called that at this point. Instead what they were witnessing was torture with the intent of inflicting as much pain and suffering as possible.

One of the younger audience members, a child who could be no more than eight to ten summers of age, clutched their Jiren action figure to their chest. To them Jiren was everything - Jiren was their hero. Yet what Jiren was doing wasn't heroic - it was what villains did.

The child dropped their action figure and fell to their knees in tears. How could they continue to idolize Jiren as the Hero of Justice after witnessing scenes as the ones unfolding before them? Even with the Universe was at stake for erasure Jiren, as a Hero, should never compromise.

Jiren shouldn't.

But...

Jiren did.

Other members of the audience took notice of the child and with only a few exchanged nods they, members from both Universes Seven and Eleven, joined together to comfort the child in a warm embrace.

---

**Lord Zeno**

Observing the match from his throne, Lord Zeno found himself not feeling any bit of enjoyment from what was unfolding. It was as clear as day, as he willed it, that the warrior known as Jiren was simply too far above the warrior known as Zajak.

As the fighting intensified, with it growing more and more one sided, Lord Zeno for a moment considered ending it and simply declaring Jiren the victor.
It was only fleeting, however.

Zajak, as she was called, had yet to declare surrender. Instead she continued to struggle despite how more gruesome, and growing dangerously close to fatal, her injuries were becoming.

So despite his reservations Lord Zeno didn't wish to trample upon the will of a mortal that displayed such conviction to continue on despite knowing the inevitable result.

"Lord Zeno." Called the Grand Priest, snapping Lord Zeno out of his inner musings. "The warrior from Universe Eleven, Jiren, is looking towards the throne - to you. I believe he, arrogantly, desires your full attention before he delivers a fatal blow. Or perhaps he is awaiting approval of whether he is allowed to kill his opponent or not? I can only speculate his thoughts without invading his mind. So I humbly differ to your judgement upon this matter."

Lord Zeno nodded to the Grand Priest before turning his head to rest his eyes upon Jiren whom was holding up in the air a barely kicking Zajak by the throat.

It had only been around fifteen minutes since the match had started.

As Lord Zeno stared at Jiren, he felt his head begin to hurt.

It was then that he heard Jiren, a smirk appearing on his undamaged face, begin to say...

"O'..."

At that moment Jiren silenced himself and Lord Zeno saw a strange shadow flicker in and out of existence. A swarm of emotions came rushing at Lord Zeno at once and sent him flying out of his seat and on to the floor. There he rolled around clutching his head and kept repeating...

"No more... No more... No more..."

This alarmed the Grand Priest who immediately rushed to Lord Zeno's side.

"Lord Zeno! What is the matter?!" The sheer horror in his voice was unmasked and spoken aloud. Not once, as far as he could recall, had he ever seen Lord Zeno enter such an incoherent state. It was as if something had forced Lord Zeno into a trance of sorts, forcing him to relive a memory or memories that should have never been resurfaced.

"No more....No more... No more...!!" Waived a twisting and turning Lord Zeno.

---

**Zajak**

Satisfied with the results from his temporary encounter with Lord Zeno, Jiren turned to face Zajak once more. It was time he finished things.

"S-solar Flare!!"

A sudden bright light engulfed them both, blinding Jiren whose eyes had been left opened and unprotected. Zajak on the other hand had clinched her swollen eyes shut just at that moment.

With this small window of opportunity Zajak raised her legs up and planted her feet on the face of Jiren.

"Haaaaa!!" Zajak barely managed to mumble out, as forcibly as she could muster her voice to be, and blasted a stream of Ki into Jiren's face.
By no means did this actually hurt Jiren. That wasn't the intent. Due to his temporary blindness his body reacted on its own to cover his face. This act released Zajak who dropped hard on the ground with a thud. Even with her limited vision she saw the creature of shadow, that floated behind Jiren, angrily lash out at her with its claws as it hadn't been blinded at all.

Thanks to her adrenaline pumping into overdrive Zajak quickly mustered up more energy and blasted away to push her body to safety. This act proved to bear mixed results as the shadow managed to tear into her right leg, leaving a nasty and very much painful gash. That pain only intensified as the air gusted over it, due to her launching herself away, and confirmed her fears that the creature at torn straight to the bone.

Her right leg was effectively useless now.

Having no time to dwell on the growing pile of misfortune being placed upon her, Zajak placed her left hand forward on the ground and then pushed herself in the air. Just as she did so she pointed her right hand out, her eyes clenching shut from the pain from this act, and unleashed a much bigger blast to send herself flying into mountainous cover.

"That was a mistake!" Zajak could hear Jiren shouted out, rage seeped deeply into his thunderous voice. This she chose to ignore as Jiren continued to rage.

"Fighting....Fighting is... is... is... Ughhh..."

Even her thoughts were a struggle to keep together and required intense concentration to form the simplest of simple sentences. The blood loss was effecting her, that much was a given. If things continued as is she would really lose consciousness - willpower be damned.

"I... I... I have... have to...

Shaking her head from side to side, with great effort not to throw up as she did, she forced herself to stop thinking - her mind was too far drained to do even that. Instead she focused on a single goal and pushed her body up from the ground. This bore failure after failure. With her right leg out of commission she kept falling, and each fall wasted precious time.

Jiren would find her soon.

"Nnn..... nnnngghh..."

Zajak barely managed to stand and immediately after she fell against a rocky surface next to herself so as to prop her body up. Had it not been for that she would have fallen again and she wasn't sure she would be able to rise up after it.

She was at the end of her rope, per se.

There was so much blood, even with her body covered in dried portions of it she could still pick up the sounds of droplets falling from her body. What concerned her most was the dropping sound it was making. It meant that a puddle had already formed. Her blood loss was only growing more and more dangerous.

Clenching her teeth together Zajak barely managed to raise her left arm up just above her lower torso. Which, she noted, definitely still hurt like all hells despite her nerves shutting themselves off to prevent her from going into shock, and began to concentrate the last of her energy.

"This... It took so much time... but... but.. I can... With this... I can..."
Unable to finish her sentence, as her mind was growing ever more blank by the second, Zajak moved a bit closer to the center of the arena before collapsing.

The spot wasn't ideal, she had desired a much more optimal one, but it had to do. Forcing her right elbow to prop up her upper torso Zajak lifted her left arm up before thrusting it into the ground before her and poured her remaining energy downwards.

She then concentrated. As she did so a talisman, a gift from Dercori, fluttered out from the inner portion of her torn pants and flew down the hole after her energy.

"Thank you....Dercori..." Mumbled a barely coherent Zajak whose vision was rapidly fading away. That talisman had been given to her by Dercori right before her death at the hands of that monster. "With this... Trunks... oh... I..."

It had only been a couple minutes since she had blinded Jiren.

Jiren had recovered though had problems sensing her Ki due to how low it had fallen. What had remained was concentrated so as to obscure it and now it had been released.

The ground rumbled, small pebbles bounced up and down, and the mountainous terrain that had shielded her location was torn apart by a energy whose heat threatened to roast her skin. Had she been standing she would have been evaporated by it without a doubt.

"Found you." Bellowed Jiren in an uncharacteristically chilling voice that ran counter to the massive amounts of heat radiating from his body as he approached.

Zajak tried to force herself to smile as best as she could, to convince herself that everything would be alright in the end - that this nightmare would end soon.

She was wrong.

Wasting no time Jiren leapt up into the air and then came crashing down on her left leg, shattering it completely.

"Gwaaaaa... Aaaacckk!!" Was the sound that escaped her lips, her eyes whitening out in the process.

Lord Zeno

"No more... No more... No more-....."

Suddenly Lord Zeno stopped speaking and moving. He simply laid on his back, staring up at the void of space with a blank expression on his face.

"Lord... Zeno...?"

The Grand Priest reached out to touch Lord Zeno who instantly jolted out of his trance. This made the Grand Priest jump and feel uncomfortable, ever more so when Lord Zeno faced him with a wide grin.

"Hehehe... I wanna eat something yummy."

"...

"Hm?" Lord Zeno noted the Grand Priest's silence, he puffed his cheeks up in annoyance.
"Hungry!" Announced Lord Zeno, trying to get his message across once more.

"R-right! Yes, of course! I'll have the finest mortal cuisine brought to you at once! Just as you desire it!" The Grand Priest readily said, masking away his confusion over this sudden change in behavior from Lord Zeno.

---

**Jiren (Prime)**

Zajak had long since lost consciousness, having finally ceased in her struggles after Jiren pulled her left arm out of its socket and his shadow had clawed her right arm and torso into a bloody mess of torn flesh and cracked bones. Considering her cracked ribs it was lucky on her part that her lungs hadn't been punctured. However, one eye barely remained opened. It stared at him - no, glared at him with a disgusting intensity of pure hatred and fear. This act of deviance sent surges of rage throughout his body.

There was nothing behind it, however. The girl, Zajak, was completely unaware of her current predicament or just how badly her limbs, torso, and face had been damaged. It was only though sheer force of will that kept that nearly swollen shut eye upon him.

Yet she was still a threat. As long as her heart still had a beat and she bore a pulse she was a threat. But... He was curious. There was something that required confirmation.

"I should verify now that she can no longer escape or struggle..."

Kneeling down he grabbed Zajak by her ponytail, barely held together considering her current state, and roughly pulled her into the air. There she hung limply, yet she still glared at him with that single swollen eye.

"Tch."

Jiren reached out a hand and took a small droplet of blood of her blood onto his extended index finger. He then withdrew it and sampled it in his mouth. Almost instantly his eyes widened and he prepared to strike Zajak down for good.

Despite being unconscious and thoroughly battered into her current sorry state, her barely functioning arms instinctly rose up and formed Ki around them, only able to form Ki at the very tips of her fingers, and cut into her ponytail to separate it from herself in one last act of self-preservation before falling limp at her sides. Thus as Jiren's fist swung Zajak fell to the floor, her orangish hair from her former ponytail floating gently on to her unmoving body.

"... You must die!"

Before he could kneel down to strike a final, fatal blow voices rang out from the crowd.

"Mercy!"

"You've won, already!"

"Please stop!"

"Have decency! Stop! Please!"

"She can fight no more!"
This forced a scowl on Jiren's face as he ignored them and attempted to finish the job.

"Jiren!!" Came a high pitched voice from a child. "You're my Hero! We love you! So, please.... please....Don't be a villain!"

".... Jiren."

"Jiren..."

"Jiren....!!"

"Jiren!"

"Jiren, Jiren! Jiren!!! JIREN!!!"

The crowd had begun to chant Jiren's name in growing unison and fervor. Even Universe Seven's audience members joined in.

"Tch. Fools. I have no desire or reason to listen to-....!!"

Jiren noticed that his fist had stopped just centimeters from striking Zajak. Alarmed by this unexpected turn of events he tried striking her as the shadow instead yet it had grown paralyzed.

It... It was him. 'He' had grown paralyzed.

His fist shook and shook. No matter how hard he tried to will it he couldn't strike her down as he desired. In his head he could hear a whisper repeating that it would be unjust to continue on.

"T...." Zajak, still very much unconcious, suddenly spoke in nearly a broken whisper. "S.... av... e.... .... m... e..."

It was as if she was calling in her very dreams, the only comfort she could find despite all the pain her body was suffering through, for someone to come - her savior. It wasn't right. If she wasn't in slumber, if she didn't hurt so much she would have never asked of it but... She did, in her near-death dream-like trance in the depths of unconsciousness she secretly, and selfishly, thought of Trunks coming to save her. To take her in those strong arms of his so as to embrace and comfort her.

That would have been the ideal dream, a dream only left for unobtainable fantasy for no matter how she desired it she knew Trunks would never betray his love for his wife - Mai. Yet... Zajak still dreamed it for at this time she could only bring forth the image Trunks. Love unreturned was harsh, cruel even, but it at least gave her some small comfort and willed horribly l beaten and broken not to expire for the time being.

As Zajak dreamed and pleaded for Trunks to save her, a cord was struck. Though Jiren didn't desire to admit it something resonated within him, something filthy and horrifying m. For by hearing her desperate plea to be saved his body forced itself to withdraw his arm, despite his desire to finish her, without direct command and left Jiren in a state of confusion. His body, contuing to act on it's own, then took a few steps back before falling on to his bottom upon the ground.

"W... What?" Was all he said, too shocked that an impossibility had happened. Never in his entire existence had a host body been able to contradict his desires.

".... Jiren! Even now you would dare?!" Thought a furious Jiren (Prime).

He would need to confront Jiren soon. This abnormality required a new approach or he risked losing
everything. That was not something that he could allow.

Just a few feet away lay Zajak, her breathing growing weaker and slower by the second.

"Jiren of Universe Eleven has emerged victorious!" Proclaimed the Grand Priest who appeared next to the nearly depleted Zajak. Before Jiren could speak the Grand Priest wrapped Zajak in a bundle of Ki and then vanished with her in tow.

"...

Though Jiren had won the match he had failed to kill Zajak.

That was unacceptable.

And someone would have to pay the consequences for that...
Chapter Summary

After his match with Zajak, Jiren (Prime) has decided that he must confront Jiren. Losing control of Jiren's body at such an important juncture would set him back to an unfathomable degree.

Gaining the cooperation of Jiren is no longer a luxury, he cannot treat Jiren like his past hosts. With no other choice left, he decides that now would be the proper time to educate another of the origins of everything that exists, has existed, and will exist. How shall Jiren proceed after learning these truths?

Can he see eye to eye with the monster he knows as Prime, or perhaps...?

"Jiren... Jiren... Jiren...."

Jiren could hear his name being called. Within the abyss that he had been caged in it was a rarity to hear words so clearly. As time progressed, since Prime had taken up residence within his body to use as his own marionette to use as he saw fit, Jiren had found it harder and harder to hear words.

"Jiren..."

That voice spoke again, it was awfully familiar - not in a good way.

"Jiren-... Enough! No more prodding! Wake up!"

Flickering his eyes open Jiren found himself no longer in a cage. Instead he was standing at the center of the darkness with a spotlight of unknown location shining down upon him.

"Finally, you're finally aware of your own existence again."

Where there was once nothing, now there was a carbon copy of Jiren standing before him with the addition of fanged teeth.

"Prime." Jiren scornfully uttered before raising a hand up and firing a massive heatwave at Prime. As Jiren had assumed would be the case, Prime was entirely unharmed as it passed through him.

"Despite anticipating the result you attempted such folly regardless. The hatred you feel towards me is quite flattering." Chuckled Prime who waved his right hand.

A low rumbled followed, Twenty-Seven doors appeared upon the ground and rose up into a standing position. This was despite any support structure, they simply stood upon their own.

"What game are you playing at, Prime?"

"The game where I win."

".... You're afraid of losing it all because you've underestimated me."

"Hmph. Your arrogance is noted, Jiren. You are incorrect, however. If you rebel and I fail then that
would only mean that I must try harder next time. For you see, time is always on my side. Not so for Lord Zeno."

"...."

Choosing to ignore Prime, who taunted him by using his own visage, Jiren proceeded to begin walking forward so as to examine the doors. As he did so the spotlight followed him from overhead. Or so he assumed it was overhead. His grasp on the rules of reality had dulled somewhat.

Prime watched Jiren examine the doors with mild interest, deciding that curiosity may be the best path to correctly prod Jiren.

After spending a fair bit of time examining the doors Jiren realised something.

"There are Twenty-Seven doors, but Two of them are barred and chained shut. The Seventh and the Thirteenth. What contents lay within that could warrant such precautions? All I can truly be sure of is that what lies beyond them is worth discovery considering that Prime doesn't desire that I learn what is within them."

"Are you done with your inner monologues? I may not be able to read your most guarded mental secrets but I can easily deduce that you wish me a great deal of discomfort."

"What is the point of all this?" Jiren asked, pointing his right index finger at the nearest door. "Explain yourself."

"Truth." Prime grinned mischievously.

"Truth? All you've ever done is utter lies and stolen lives." Angerily accused Jiren, quickly shifting over so as to face his almost perfect mirror image - Jiren (Prime). "I have no reason to trust the words of a monster. Nor do I feel inclined to forgive you."

"Don't be like that!" Playfully chided Prime, wrapping an arm around Jiren's left shoulder. Jiren attempted to brush it off instantly but his hand simply faded through Prime's.

"... Release me." The ground shook as he spoke, the abyss tore. Jiren's anger couldn't be contained.

"Alright, alright." Prime apologised, releasing Jiren. "I suppose you do have every right to be slightly mad at me. I mean, after all... I did destroy your village, possessed your father, went on a killing spree which included some of your useless allies, then I manipulated you to kill your own father so as to obtain your body which I later used to kill the rest of your allies - Toppo included. As for that... You're welcome, Jiren. I kept my word and furthered your wish by just a tiny bit. You should be thanking me!"

Jiren blasted Prime in the face to no effect.

"No."

"Touche." Prime said, shrugging after the blast had faded away.

"Don't waste my time." Warned Jiren, his patience growing ever more limited.

"Stoic and boring as ever, I see - Mr. Mary Sue."

"..."

"Ah, right. Your modern linqo is limited to only Universe Eleven. My apologies, I often forget how
unintentionally ignorant you mortals are this Cycle."

"This Cycle?" This had piqued Jiren's interest.

"Obviously this Cycle and not the former Twenty Cycles."

"Then these doors. They represent different Cycles, I presume."

"You always did catch on quickly, for a mortal." Prime simultaneously complimented and insulted Jiren. "But yes, you are correct. These doors represent the Twenty previous Cycles of the Multiverse and the current one that we all have the displeasure of residing within."

"... Why are the doors meant to signify Universes Seven and Thirteen barred from entry while the others are not?" Jiren asked sternly, his eyes watching Prime's body language intensely.

"That's a secret." Prime said in almost a whisper.

Jiren proceeded to turn around and prepare to walk into the abyss.

"Where are you going?!" Demanded an irritated Prime.

"To my cage." Jiren calmly replied. "I have no energy to expend upon an untrustworthy, incompetent fool."

"... Very well, leave. I will break your will in due time." Prime began to say. "...Or you could cooperate and I shall restore your control upon your own body. That way you can try to kill me with your own two hands once again. When that time comes you won't have any reason to hold back."

Jiren stopped in his tracks.

".... You cannot be trusted."

"Of course not." Prime agreed. "However, while I am an untrustworthy cur I do have one defining quality. I will do ANYTHING to achieve my one true goal. In fact, your wish and my goal align quite well... For the most part."

"I doubt so."

Just as the words of doubt left Jiren's lips the door designated as **First Cycle** slowly creaked open to reveal a swirling purplish abyss.

"Curious." Said Prime, playing innocent. "I can only just imagine what awaits within! Perhaps something more.. Illuminating than a simpe cage?"

---

**First Cycle**

Something had compelled Jiren to enter the doorway despite his suspicions that it had been a trap. To his surprise it had been no trap, instead he found himself transported to what appeared to be an early model of Lord Zeno's Palace. It looked as though it bore battle-damage with raging fires frozen in place alongside everything else.

As Jiren gazed up he saw the image of a tall, blue creature in elegant, refined robes that resembled the ones that Lord Zeno wore. The creature was not only tall, he was... Perfect.

His muscles were large, yet lean.
His face was sculpted, yet smooth.

His eyes were ferocious, yet serene.

His body illuminated an intensifying power, yet gently caressed all that it touched.

This creature was beautiful.

Jiren's mind could continue with the comparisons but at the end of it all he would finish with his first assessment - Perfection.

Yet... Jiren felt no jealousy. As he continued to gaze upon the creature he couldn't help but feel a sense of awe and devotion towards it.

"Magnificent, isn't he?" Prime said, stepping out from Jiren's shadow. "Lord Zeno truly was the embodiment of perfection. How he has fallen ever since..."

"That creature is the same as...?"

"Yes, and no." Prime chose not to elaborate. "The Lord Zeno you bear witness to here is when he was at his prime - at a time when the mere thoughts of opposing him was utter madness. Needless to say, there were plenty of mad fools."

Waving his hand towards Lord Zeno, Prime revealed the attackers.

They wore full regalia, far greater than Jiren had seen of any within his life experiences. However, based off their statures and the feeling of destruction surrounding themselves and their attacks it was easy to deduce what they were.

Gods of Destruction.

Only they felt far more powerful than any Jiren had ever met and he felt a fragment of the same awe and devotion that he had felt for Lord Zeno within them as well.

Supporting their assault upon Lord Zeno seemed to be much weaker creatures. None that Jiren could recognize, yet based off their energy he assumed that they were Mortal.

Then Lord Zeno moved and there was a flash of light.

... 

When Jiren could see again he only saw an empty palace save for an exhausted Lord Zeno and what appeared to be a much younger and doubt-filled Grand Priest.

"You've just witnessed what no mortal has ever before had the honor of ever witnessing. Watching Lord Zeno's first failure... Oh. And watching an entire Multiverse being erased into nothingness. Think! Trillions upon trillions upon trillions! All spread in over hundreds, if not thousands of sister Universes! Once thriving and very much existing and then..."

*Snap*

Prime had snapped his fingers.

"Nothing."

"... Why show me this?"
"Hahahaha... Oh, Jiren. You've seen nothing yet. Remember. Lord Zeno failed nineteen more times before your Multiverse came to existence."

"Hmph. Tell me. What went wrong?"

"Hah!" Prime couldn't resist laughing. "Lord Zeno foolishly created Gods of Destruction from his own essence and then based all lifeforms on them. Naturally they turned on him, desiring his power. The only one worth salvaging was the fool that you know as the Grand Priest who he had gifted with knowledge beyond knowledge. His true name is irrelevant."

"..."

"Silence? No matter. Let us continue."

Another doorway appeared.

Second Cycle

"This time Lord Zeno didn't create Gods of Destruction." Prime began. "The result? Unchecked creation and...."

They were on a barren planet, devoid of all life save a dying flower that greedily tried to obtain nutrients that refused to appear.

"Creation without checked Destruction will always lead to Self-Annilation as Creation will always seek for unlimited expansion until every resource has been thoroughly exploited. Now watch closely, for you see... That puny plant right there? It is the last living lifeform in all the Multiverse of the Second Cycle."

Jiren fixated his gaze upon the plant, watching as it started to linger close and closer to the cracked, grayish soil.

Then there was Lord Zeno floating above it, a single tear falling from his eye. It rolled down his cheek and hung at his chin for a time. Less than a second later it fell and the moment it struck the soil the plant had faded into ash.

Third Cycle

"Attempting to learn from his mistakes Lord Zeno created what would later be known as Kai. They were given much smaller portions of his essence than the Gods of Destruction of the First Cycle. Naturally that made them quiet weak. Course, it didn't help that the concept of learning how to fight and grow stronger alluded them. For they were assigned as watchers of their Universes and granted lives of luxury."

The two stood in a lucrative chamber that bore many golden trinkets, silken linen and curtains, and fur rugs. At the center of it all was a Kai seated on a throne, before him was a group of far more powerful Mortal beings.

Time advanced and the Mortals killed the Kai in one small, piercing beam. They then proceeded to loot all that they could.

"Foolish Mortals." Concluded Prime with a shaking head. "The moment they killed the Proto-Kai they began the collapse of their own Universe. For Lord Zeno had assigned the Universes to the
Proto-Kai, not Mortals."

"..."

"It took time, yes, but eventually that same fate awaited all of them. Mortals had unknowingly caused their own erasures."

---

**Fourth Cycle**

"After the failure of the Fourth Cycle, Lord Zeno attempted to tinker with the formula per se. He eventually returned to the concept of Gods of Destruction to check creation and used Proto-Kai to watch over Universes he tried once more."

The scene was now of a laughing God of Destruction devouring the entrails of a Proto-Kai in the middle of the void that is space.

"It didn't take long until the Gods of Destruction grew fed up with the Proto-Kai and devoured them. It had happened so fast that no sentient mortals ever developed."

---

**Fifth Cycle**

"Frustrated with how things had occurred Lord Zeno scrapped Gods of Destructions and the concept of Kai. Instead he decided to create creatures based off the Grand Priest. You know them as Attendants, in truth they are really defined as Angels."

"Let me guess." Jiren said with a scowl. "They rebelled."

"Actually no." Prime replied, grinning as he did. "They did... Nothing. Lord Zeno had gifted them with his Divine Knowledge and the Angels concluded that nothing mattered and grew to be apathetic to everything. No amount of prodding convinced them otherwise. Thus Lord Zeno grew dreadfully bored."

"... That is why the Fifth Cycle ended?"

"Indeed."

"..."

---

**Sixth Cycle**

"This time Lord Zeno accelerated the growth of mortals, he was tired of waiting every new cycle. However, by accelerating mortals before they could learn to adapt there ended up being dire consequences."

Prime directed Jiren to look upon highly deformed and mentally stunted mortal beings that seemed to be trying to eat a rock. Each bite threatened to shatter their teeth, yet they continued to insist that the rock was food. This eventually lead to a brawl between them.

"Lord Zeno learned a valuable lesson that day. Force growth too quickly and mortals will be unable to cope with the laws that make up anything and everything. For they weren't perfect like He."
Seventh---... Eighth Cycle

They skipped past the Seventh Cycle and moved straight to the Eighth Cycle.

The pair were now in the Palace of Zeno. Seated upon his throne Lord Zeno seemed to be a less radiant, and disheveled. At his side, floating in the air, was a small dark creature made of shadow.

"Hey, hey!" The Shadow prodded Lord Zeno with his miniature clawed hand. "You are the creator of everything yet your creations either ignore you or don't even know you even exist! Pretty insolent of them, huh?"

"...."

Lord Zeno had spoken! Yet... Jiren couldn't understand a word that he had uttered. It was mystifying and highly unsettling.

"..."

"C'mon! Don't be like that!" Whined the Shadow.

"...."

"Really? You're going with that? C'mon, c'mon! It'll totally work out! Truuuuuust me!"

"...."

"... Fine! Be that way!"

Time moved forward and the pair found themselves looking upon robed figures fighting those who didn't share their same emblem. They seemed to be shouting their differing beliefs of Lord Zeno and claiming theirs alone was 'The One Truth'.

"Hehehehe... Opps." Giggled the Shadow as a white flash appeared to erase the Eighth Cycle.

Nineth Cycle

Finding themselves in the Palace again they saw Lord Zeno appearing somewhat shorter. He seemed troubled as he listened to the Grand Priest explain how a single mortal had grown too powerful. So powerful that he not only wiped out his own Universe but was able to transverse to others and do the same.

Soon he would reach Lord Zeno's Palace.

Jiren noted that the Shadow had begun taking up characteristics of Lord Zeno and seemed to be growing in power - a complete contrast of a depleting Lord Zeno.

"I say we eat this mortal! His power should be delicious!" Suggested the Shadow.

"...."

"C'mon! Eating is fun!" Insisted the Shadow. "If you ever left your Palace you could learn a thing or two about your creations! ... No offense, little guy."

The being who would later be known as the Grand Priest shook his head. "None taken, Lord ----."
The Shadow chuckled. "So formal!"

"..."

Lord Zeno silenced that banter.

"Ah, okay... I won't eat the mortal. I promise. I'll just go and deal with it myself. So just sit tight you two!"

Lord ---- didn't keep that promise and the Cycle ended soon after he devoured the Mortal. The devastation that the mortal had caused in such a short time had been too vast. Life simply couldn't recover from it.

---

**Tenth Cycle**

"... That creatures name..." Jiren mused aloud.

"I heard it clearly. Did you not?"

"..."

"*Why couldn't I hear its name? What is going on?*" Thought Jiren.

"Ahem. Upon the Tenth Cycle, Lord Zeno revisited the concept of Kai and Gods of Destruction. This time he made them equal in power."

"... They killed each other didn't they?" Jiren assumed aloud.

"The Tenth Cycle was rather predictable." Admitted Prime.

---

**Eleventh Cycle**

They found themselves on a planet full of nothing but water. In fact, every planet they visited was nothing but endless oceans.

And there were no Suns.

"...."

Jiren was speechless.

"... I think we've seen enough." Concluded Prime.

---

**Twelvith Cycle**

Again they returned to the Palace, again they saw Lord Zeno, and again Lord Zeno seemed to have degraded.

Lord ---- on the other hand was now the splitting image of Lord Zeno, only a dark aura seemed to constantly flow out of him.

"Only Aquatic lifeforms bore no fruit the last time. This time you tried only non-Aquatic lifeforms and removed all sources of water. Then you added many more suns." Lord ---- said with an odd hint
of sadistic joy in his voice. "You seem to be struggling in remembering the fundamentals, Lord Zeno! Perhaps this time you should allow me to have a try. That way you may rest."

"...i...."

"What was that, Lord Zeno?"

"....."

"Very well! You shall be most satisfied with the results of my labors, I assure you! So, rest assured my Lord Zeno. Rest assured..."

Thirteenth----.. Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Cycle

Like with the Seventh Cycle, the Thirteenth Cycle was skipped. Jiren was naturally suspicious but what he saw next raised his suspicions to even grander heights.

Lord Zeno had devolved into a childlike state, his expression was blank. Whatever had happened in the Thirteenth Cycle had left a lasting impression on Lord Zeno for sure.

In the corner of his eye Jiren could see Prime frowning and his fists balled up into a seething white coloration beneath his gloves.

"... With his mind shattered Lord Zeno created and erased without care and upon a whim. The Fourteenth Cycle ended when Lord Zeno grew bored after the Mortals united in Universal Peace in nearly all Universes in the Multiverses. Erased. The Fifteenth Cycle ended when the Angels were recreated and worshipped as Gods and seen by Mortals as greater than Lord Zeno. Erased. The Sixteenth Cycle ended due to the return of the Gods of Destruction whom, thanks to the broken Lord Zeno, went on to endlessly destroy until all that was left to destroy was themselves. Erased. The Seventeenth Cycle... Well, it was a fluke. No Gods of Destruction, no Kai, and no Angels. It was supposed to be just Mortals but Lord Zeno had accidently thrown his laws into chaos and couldn't fix it. This Cycle is known as the Dead End Cycle."

"What happened in the Seventh and Thirteenth Cycles?" Jiren asked bluntly. "After the Seventh Cycle that new creature appeared and grew in power each Cycle afterward. Lord Zeno, in contrast, weakened with each Cycle and after the Thirteenth Cycle he is left in a state that is lesser than even the Current Cycle."

".... Let us move on."

"Tell me." Jiren insisted, asserting himself as he did. "Now."

"No." Prime coldly responded back. "When I reach my goal you shall be enlightened. Informing you now would be pointless and ruin the surprise."

"..."

"Moving on..."

Eighteenth Cycle

"Lord Zeno..." The Grand Priest mumbled in defeat.
The Eighteenth Cycle had ended mere second after its creation.

"Boring, boring, boring!" Wailed Lord Zeno. In front of him was a monitor - it was blank. It served to monitor anything and everything in the Multiverse for each Cycle. Currently it was blank due to the sudden erasure of the newly created Eighteenth Cycle.

Feeling saddened at what Lord Zeno had done, the Grand Priest reached deep within himself and awakened the fragment of Lord Zeno's essence.

The moment he had done so Lord Zeno seemed to respond to it immediately.

The fragment left the Grand Priest and float towards Lord Zeno. It would then split into two and formed into tall, identical twin creatures that bore the same skin color as Lord Zeno.

"Hehehe!" Lord Zeno giggle as he observed his newly created Guardians.

---

**Nineteenth Cycle**

Energized by the Grand Priest's act, Lord Zeno started the next Cycle. It proved to be a test bed Cycle as Lord Zeno used it to refine the Gods of Destruction, Kai, and Angel concepts.

When he was satisfied with the rules to apply to them he erased the Nineteenth Cycle so as to start his next Cycle. The Grand Priest hid his despair at how casually Lord Zeno continued to erase Cycles. In the earlier Cycles it was out of necessity, but now... 

---

**Twentieth Cycle**

Having tinkered with those Divine concepts to a more perfected state, Lord Zeno spent this Cycle differently. This time he focused on perfecting Mortals and set limits upon them and worked on the potential of diversity among them. He then introduced the concept of a Hell and the ability for Mortals to potentially return from it.

The concept of existing even after death was a new one. Before when anything died it returned to Lord Zeno. Along with it came all its experiences, feelings and desires. This was fine when only millions returned at once but taking in trillions upon trillions upon trillions for nearly each Cycle had taken a massive toll on Lord Zeno.

To combat this Lord Zeno began tinkering with the concept of less Universes overall per Cycle and severely limiting travel between them to only a select few.

Once he reached a satisfactory conclusion Lord Zeno erased the Cycle so as to begin the next.

---

**Twenty-First Cycle**

"Your Cycle, Jiren. The current one." Prime pointed out. "This is the first Cycle that utilises Gods of Destruction tied to Kai and Angels ensuring that Gods of Destruction are well-mannered. The Gods of Destruction are much weaker in this Cycle as well and for the first time they are chosen from Mortals and Angels come from the Grand Priest. All previous Gods of Destractions and Angels were created from Lord Zeno himself, thus they naturally lusted to replace him and take his power as their own or simply cared for nothing. These concepts, however, were suggested by the Grand Priest who has now been regulated to being Lord Zeno's caretaker due to his fragile mental state."
Jiren crossed his arms, his gaze fixated on Lord Zeno playing with the Grand Priest.

"Experimental." Deduced Jiren.

"Exactly. At any moment Lord Zeno may decide to simply start over yet again after he has had his fill, as he has in the past."

Unfolding his arms Jiren turned to face Prime.

"How do you know all of this?"

"After every erasure all that knowledge flows within me. As for why... In due time, Jiren." Prime answered.

"... You cannot be erased."

"I cannot." Smiled Prime. "Nor can you as long as you serve as my host."

"The sealed Cycles..." Jiren began to say. "The Seventh and Thirteenth. It is because of those Cycles that you bear that trait. Am I correct?"

"..."

"... I don't need an answer. We both know that I am right. Now then, out with it. Tell me, Prime, why did you show this all to me?"

It was Prime's turn to cross his arms and furrow his brow.

"So that you could understand when I say this." A devilish smirk formed on his serious face. "Lord Zeno will not survive this Cycle. Nor will his... Toys."

"..." Jiren's eyes widened slightly. "... You plan to take his place."

"Hahahahahaha!!!" Prime burst out into laughter. "No, Jiren! I plan to put an end to this charade and bring about a singular Universe ruled by Mortals while passively overseen by a God of Creation, myself, and their equal - a Goddess of Destruction, Marcarita! For you see... Absolute power leads to decay! Lord Zeno could never tolerate an equal! That is why he has entered into such a maddened state - That of a mere childlike being!"

"You, a God of Creation?" Jiren spat on the ground. "You are a monster with zero regard for Mortals. I have no doubt in my mind that your intentions are far crueler."

"Jiren, Jiren, Jiren... The Mortals that I have potentially harmed---"

"You did. Many, many times." Jiren interrupted.

"POTENTIALLY." Prime continued with a raised voice. "-Harmed, were creations of Lord Zeno and simply have no place in the singular Universe that I plan to create. Besides... Lord Zeno has erased far, far more than I may have ever potentially harmed."

"... Even if he has, I feel no desire to trust you."

"I don't need your trust, in fact you're smart to suspect me. However, consider this. Lord Zeno will eventually erase this Cycle. Maybe because he ate something bad or he is throwing a temper tantrum. Who can say? Is it truly wise to allow a child to continue to rule over all Creation even after twenty failures?"
"Furthermore, once I have defeated Lord Zeno I will be in a weakened state and you'll have your body back. You can always try to kill me then and there if you so desire. I would actually enjoy another match against you, with you not holding back. Or... Or you can refuse to cooperate and lose that opportunity."

Jiren remained silent, considering his options.

---

**Jiren's Room**

Marcarita lazily laid on top of the bed, mindlessly kicking her feet up in the air. Ever since the match had been concluded she had been watching over Jiren's body. Her Lord had deemed it necessary that she ensured that none disturbed him as he meditated. This was all to bring Jiren's body into complete control.

The sound of Jiren lightly landing on to the ground from his former floating state caused Marcarita's eyes to flutter open.

"Ah, you've returned at last." Marcarita considered something. "Are you...?"

Jiren rose up to embrace Marcarita and kiss her tenderly on the lips.

"I have temporarily secured Jiren's cooperation, with conditions of course."

"Conditions?"

"Nothing consequensal. I merely must refrain from killing innocents and civilians for as long as I utilise this body. Afterward Jiren is free to try to kill me once I grant him back full control."

"But if you do that then..."

Jiren placed his right index finger on her parted lips.

"I will lack a body? Marcarita, my dear, that will not be an issue."
Chapter Summary

Set during and after Zajak's match with Jiren, Trunks and co. find themselves within the mysterious Time Shift Chamber. Here time progresses far slower than outside it at a rate of One Thousand days to One. Will this newly allotted time grant Trunks the necessary time needed to close the gap between Jiren (Prime) and himself?

"Damn you, Whis! I won't forget this!" Screeched Beerus as he tumbled out of the void and hurled towards white tiled flooring. Which, only a second later, he crashed into to.

"Ooof!" Came his sudden grunt, his body slapping onto the tiles hard without damaging them even slightly.

"Waaaaahhh!!!"

"Wooooaahhh!!!"

No sooner had he landed flat on his stomach did he hear Trunks, Caulifla, the Supreme Kai and Kibito shouting and screaming as they came hurtling right behind him. Somehow he had transversed ahead of them. It was... Unfortunate.

"No, no, no.... No. You all better not-"

Beerus didn't even get to finish his sentence before they collided on top of him.

"Oooof!"

Trunks was first.

"S-sorry!"

The Supreme Kai was next.

"Forgive me, Lord Supreme Kai!"

Then came an apologising Kibito.

And...

"... Uhhhh... Why didn't you all just start flying?" Caulifla asked with deadpan look on her face. While the others had fallen atop of Beerus she was floating effortlessly just a few meters above them.

"Good question!" Roared Beerus who used an explosive wave to toss them off his back. "I am not your landing cushion!"

"Waaaah!" The Supreme Kai shrieked as he was sent tumbling and rolling into the only building that seemed to inhabit this Time Shift Chamber.

"L-lord Supreme Kai!" Kibito shouted as he chased after the Supreme Kai into the building.
"I deserved that." Trunks accepted.

The small explosion had sent him flying into the wall of the only building that proved surprisingly durable. Normally he would have flown through it but in this scenario he merely slid off it and found himself head first on the ground. Everything was upside down, it made him slightly nauseous.

"Tch." Beerus rose and began to brush himself off. "Where the hell are we?" Was his immediate question.

"A-ahem! Attention, attention. Can you hear me?" The loud echoing voice belonged to Whis.

"Yeah, yeah." Caulifla responded, folding her arms just over her chest. "You about to tell is what this joint is all about or something? I mean, I sorta got the gist of everything but that is still kinda iffy territory. You dig?"

"Interesting reply, most interesting - whomever it was." Echoed the voice of Whis. "But yes, I shall. Gather around, would you?"

"You heard him! Get back out here and stop screwing around!" Beerus ferociously barked out his demand.

"C-coming." Said the Supreme Kai.

Once everyone had pulled themselves back together they gathered just in front of that white building - the only building. To Trunks this place seemed eerily familiar as it brought back memories of when he trained with his father to confront Cell.

"Good, good. You're all here, I assume. Now before I begin I wish to inform you ahead of time that I cannot take questions - this is pre-recorded. Due to the differences in time flow from within and outside and the immense concentration needed to maintain this Time Shift Chamber it has rendered communication between us impossible. A minor inconvenience."

"Minor my ass..." Grumbled Beerus.

"I heard that, Lord Beerus."

"W-what?! But you just said--"

"Just kidding! This is pre-recorded, remember Lord Beerus?"

Whis letting out a small snicker in the recording could be heard after that statement.

"W-why you!!! .... Tch. Fine, you got me." Beerus conceded, crossing his arms like Caulifla had done so just earlier.

"Where was I? Ah, yes! Ahem! The Time Shift Chamber allows me to subconsciously alter its settings to provide a more efficient training environment for our rising stars! Trunks, Caulifla and even you Lord Beerus! The Supreme Kai will be the only overseeing your training regiments while Kibito will patch up any serious injuries that you may suffer. How convenient!"

"Rising stars?" Caulifla questioned, scratching her cheek. "Why was I mentioned? I'm not even from Universe Seven and Lord Beerus isn't participating in the Tournament. Shouldn't this just be about Trunks?"

"Accurate assessment to whomever noticed that!" Whis happily chimed in from the recording.
"Unfortunately, I cannot elaborate at this time! However, I fully expect the three of you to follow the training regiment set by the Supreme Kai, who will find my suggestions left inside his room. Speaking of which! Accommodations! Inside this glamorous white building, the only one so you can't miss it, will be individual rooms for each of you! However, if you desire food it is located within the kitchen. Be sure to clean up after yourselves."

"Training regiments..." The Supreme Kai pondered during Whis's recorded lecture.

"----As for hygiene I must inform you that I only had time to put in one large heated bath. You'll have to share. My apologies, Caulifla, considering that you are biologically female while the rest are all Male in comparison. However! You need not worry about feminine hygiene products! I stocked plenty"

"Eh. Not like I'm a virgin or anything and, uhhh..., thanks. Besides, I will admit that I am slightly curious on how my Cabba compares to a God of Destruction."

"You'll be left disappointed if you believe that a mere mortal can hope to compare to a God in such matters." Beerus tossed in snidely.

"A... Are you hitting on me, Lord Beerus?" Caulifla cautiously asked, a brow furrowed slightly.

"Nonessnse, girl."

"Cuz one thousand days is a very long time to go without. I mean, Cabba would understand considering that I usually can't last a day without his touch. Damn... I'm too freaking addicted to him." Caulifla mused aloud, lightly tapping her chin innocently.

"What?" Beerus asked flatly, confusion swirling in his head.

"Eh. We'll cross that road when we get there." Suggested Caulifla who eyed all the men around her. "I mean, just as long as no one catches feelings cuz my heart belongs only to my Cabba and when I get him back only he is allowed to touch me."

"You can't be serious. Is this girl daring to mock me? Beerus, God of Destruction?" Beerus turned and asked a baffled Trunks.

"Uhhh... I think she... might... be?"

"I see the logic in what Caulifla is suggesting." The Supreme Kai chimed in with an all-knowing nod. "Your training will be brutal over one thousand days and you'll be swimming in testosterone, even you Lord Beerus, and adrenaline. Neither of you seem interested in the Male body either and taking care of your needs on your own, even you Lord Beerus as you were once mortal, will only allow you to cope for so long. That could prove highly problematic considering the destructive power you all bear."

"I couldn't help but notice that you called me out specifically, twice I might add, little Kai." Growled Beerus inbetween clenched teeth. "Are you implying that I cannot control myself?"

Kibito had entered the building at this point and just returned with a strange device which he promptly handed to the Supreme Kai.

"Uh-huh."

"I suggest not ignoring me." Beerus threatened the Supreme Kai.
The Supreme Kai swiped a bit on the devices surface with his finger tip before looking back up.

"These are the suggestions Whis left us. It is even more expansive and grand than even my most outlandish of predictions."

"Huh. Well, I was sorta kidding about shacking up but if it is that bad..." Caulifla looked over her shoulder at Trunks. "Eh. Whatever. It isn't cheating if it's necessary and I guess you two will do. Obviously you wouldn't compare to my Cabba but I don't need you to. Just gotta get it done and over with whenever that itch rises."

"E-excuse me?" Gasped Trunks. "I would never--"

"You're about to say you would never cheat on your woman, right?" Caulifla interrupted. "I get that. Trust me, I do. Don't think for a second that I'm taking in any real pleasure by even considering doing such and such with anyone else but my Cabba who has been my one and only up to this point. I'm just being realistic and if you need help after a very extensive training regiment then I won't judge you. The quicker it is resolved the better because I wanna help you get as strong as you possibly can. It's the only way I can get my Cabba back. So best believe that I will do anything that achieves that goal. A-N-Y-T-H-I-N-G! Do you get what I'm saying here?"

"... Hopefully it won't come to that." Trunks quietly gulped.

"Hopefully not." Caulifla agreed. "But we're still young... Errr... Well, us two are still fairly young and very much active."

"I heard that." Mumbled Beerus.

"Eh? I don't care about age too much, Lord Beerus. If you need to discreetly handle things but want a helping hand then just let me know ahead of time so that I can bath first. I always preferred bathing whenever I laid with Cabba outside sudden urges springing up during training. Not changing that now."

"Tch. As if I would ever entertain such an outlandish idea." Beerus huffed and turned his back to the group.

"Works out for me either way." Caulifla replied with a half shrug. "I have ways of handling my situation without needing the comfort of a hard, male body to keep me warm in bed. Not as efficient or convenient but it'll get me there."

"... Please stop. I'm a married man, I would much rather not have such images in my head." Trunks almost begged, placing a hand on his forehead as if stricken by a sudden onset of a headache.

"No promises." Caulifla teased with a playful smirk.

"----And that should cover all the accommodations that I had painstakingly set up for your convenience." The recorded voice of Whis said. The group had mostly missed his boring self-inflating ego pep talk as they had been too busy talking about a pretty serious and awkward topic about needs.

Well, except Kibito who had been diligently taking notes.

---

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"Tch. As if I would ever entertain such an outlandish idea." Beerus huffed and turned his back to the group.

"Works out for me either way." Caulifla replied with a half shrug. "I have ways of handling my situation without needing the comfort of a hard, male body to keep me warm in bed. Not as efficient or convenient but it'll get me there."

"... Please stop. I'm a married man, I would much rather not have such images in my head." Trunks almost begged, placing a hand on his forehead as if stricken by a sudden onset of a headache.

"No promises." Caulifla teased with a playful smirk.

"----And that should cover all the accommodations that I had painstakingly set up for your convenience." The recorded voice of Whis said. The group had mostly missed his boring self-inflating ego pep talk as they had been too busy talking about a pretty serious and awkward topic about needs.

Well, except Kibito who had been diligently taking notes.

---

Meanwhile, Outside the Time Shift Chamber

"Odd. Her memories are fragmented, at least when I gaze into them." The Grand Priest noted as he
held two hands over an unconscious Zajak.

After her devastating defeat at the hands of Jiren, the Grand Priest had whisked Zajak away to heal her. Wishing to examine her injuries during the healing process he had removed her torn clothes save her underwear.

"Intriguing. I gazed into her memories and I can clearly see that injury appearing yet the assailant is not present. It couldn't have come from Jiren unless he bears an ability that I'm unaware of. This is most perplexing, yet... Oddly familiar."

Continuing on with examining her memories and solidly restoring her still very much battered body, the Grand Priest attempted to locate other instances of these strange occurrences.

"Ah. Now that is something."

Now he saw Jiren standing still after having dispatched Dercori. He made sure to especially note that an invisible force seemed to drain Dercori and that Marcarita was present.

"Hmmmm... While frowned upon, it isn't against the rules to kill non-participang outside the arena. As Dercori was already defeated no rules have been breached."

Zajak stirred slightly, her body seemed to shiver from her skin being mostly exposed.

"Ah, I see. I often forget that such concepts exist for mortals. Please bear with it, I am almost finished for now - Zajak of Universe Seven."

Speeding things along he began to shift through her memories at a lightspeed pace. Unlike mortals, he had no issue processing vast amount of information in a very limited time frame.

"Hm?"

He stopped for a bit to examine a set of memories that verified that Trunks wasn't even from this timeline.

"... Huh. So that is the case."

Oddly enough he didn't seem to care all that much that the claims of Lord Quitela during his torture were actually verified by a mortal. Sure, Lord Beerus had confessed but for another mortal to know was an interesting revelation.

"T-trunks..." Zajak mumbled in her slumber.

"Trunks. This mortal, Zajak, seems quite attached to him despite accepting that he cannot ever return her desires. Even going so far as leaving a little present in the arena for him."

Yes, he knew all about her last ditch trick to help Trunks in the next match. Technically it was against the rules but he would allow it. His thought process was that such a surprise would entertain Lord Zeno thus was acceptable.

"Very well. I have gleaned through all the relevant memories within her mind. Though I couldn't prove anything I must say that this experience has left me somewhat disturbed. Perhaps I should excuse myself before Lord Zeno and enter the Palace so as to begin investigating the scrolls." The Grand Priest pondered aloud. "As for you..."

He floated over to Zajak and placed a hand on her shoulder before teleporting away with her in tow.
It had been roughly a week since they had arrived. They spent that time discussing training schedules, meals, hygiene routines, agreed resting hours, and getting acclimated to their new temporary living spaces.

The first few days of training had ended in disaster as Beerus hadn't trained in such a long time. This, unfortunately, meant that he had issues regulating his power and nearly killed Caulifla in a warm up session and gave Trunks nightmares with his enjoyment in fighting him.

Caulifla was a good sport and after recovering she went right back in the fray over and over. Currently she was sparing with Beerus while Trunks went over things with Kibito and the Supreme Kai during his break.

"Atatatatata!!"

Caulifla was throwing incredibly fast blows at Beerus who was effortlessly redirecting them.

"Only Super Saiyan Two, girl? You're going to have to do much better than that." Beerus goaded Caulifla.

"Keep talking, you hairless wannabe fuzzball!"

"Hairless?!” Beerus felt his rage brewing. "For nearly dying after we had just begun you sure are just brimming with confidence. Truly you mortals have very little desire to curb that arrogance of yours!"

Beerus formed a large sphere of energy over his head with one hand and tossed it at Caulifla.

"Oh shit-"

Caulifla landed and pointed her right arm forward, she then concentrated to form a concentrated ball of red energy in her palm.

"Haaa!"

With a small push she sent it flying into the approaching sphere.

"Not bad!" Beerus complimented as he teleported next to her and sent her flying with a powerful kick to the gut.

"Waaaaaah!!" She shouted out as she was sent flying.

"I'm not finished!"

Beerus teleported again and began unleashing a flurry of blows at her.

"Why you!!! Atatatatata–Ha!!!"

Caulifla did her best to match Beerus but even with him holding back there was still a massive gulf between their power.

"If only I could use that form... If only..." Caulifla thought, remembering that strange form she had once underwent.

Her hair had turned a darkish green and an orangish aura had enveloped her body while her outer aura had turned a dark red. She also recalled her muscle mass increasing somewhat and Vados had
informed her that her pupils seemed to have raging fires dancing in them.

"If only..."

"Pay attention!"

Beerus smacked Caulifla aside and sent her tumbling into the building where the others were. The resulting crash caused some of things to become dislodged and fall to the floor.

"I just tidied up!" Complained the Supreme Kai.

"Pwah!" Caulifla spit out some blood. "Yeah, sure. Nobody help me up, I'm clearly doing just dandy right now."

Caulifla proceeded to stand up then fell over - unconscious.

"She stood back up, good." Beerus delightfully observed. "The girl has potential."

"Aren't you being a little too hard on her, Lord Beerus?" Trunks asked, helping Kibito place Caulifla into his arms so as to carry her to her room for some rest.

"Nonesense." Beerus said in a dismissive tone. "Now Trunks, we still have around thirty minutes before dinner time. I suggest you step outside and immediately ascend to Super Saiyan Blue. If not, well... I cannot be held accountable for my actions."

"...Fine."

Trunks took the hint and proceeded to exist the building with Lord Beerus floating behind him.

Soon after the ground and the very air began to rumble.

"Tch." The Supreme Kai gritted his teeth as the the counter began to shake. "I hope they appreciate how hard it is to prepare a meal with all that racket that they're making."

Trunks burst through the doorway and lands into the wall next to the Supreme Kai.

"H-how long until dinner?" Trunks gasped and heaved.

"It hasn't even been five minutes, Trunks."

"Of course it hasn't..." Trunks grumbled as he dashed back outside after hearing Beerus demanding his return.

"Sigh..."

The Supreme Kai merely shook his head as Trunks came crashing back in again.

Time Shift Chamber - Day 72

It had been just over a few months and Beerus had finally learned to hold back and avoid nearly killing anyone. This greatly improved training for Trunks and Caulifla who were starting to get sick being beaten to incoherent pulps.

The Supreme Kai had begun introducing different training exercises and rotating who fought Beerus at any given day as well as setting aside a day where Beerus observed Trunks and Caulifla sparring.
All in all, Beerus was very impressed at the organization skills of the Supreme Kai. Already Trunks and Caulifla were showing vast improvement in such a short time span.

However...

Today was a day off.

The Supreme Kai had considered that mortals required recreation and couldn't just train every day of the week. So he gave them time to meditate or just plain relax their sore bodies. Naturally Beerus partook as well, he always enjoyed an excuse to laze about.

"Ahhh..." He hummed contently as he soaked in the large heated bath. "Now this is what I needed after schooling those brats. Relaxation."

"Oi. You're blocking the steps."

"Hrm?" Beerus lazily bent his head back and spotted Caulifla wearing just a towel. "Can't you see? Occupied."

"Like I care. Move out of the way and scoot over. I wanna soak too."

"Tch. Are all Saiyans from Universe Six as bothersome as you or are you just a unique case?" Beerus grumbled as he scooted over to allow her entry into the large tub.

"This is more like a hot tub, almost a hot spring even." Caulifla noted, ignoring Beerus, as she stepped inside, removing her towel as she did.

"H-hey! Why did you do that?!"

"Do what?"

"Your towel! Why did you remove it?"

"Cuz it's a drying towel, moron. Geez... Besides, how am I supposed to wash with a towel on? It makes no sense!" Argued a combative Caulifla.

"Have you no decency? You're a woman and I'm obviously male! Or perhaps... Are you mocking me for declining your advances during our orientation?"

"Eh? No idea what you're suggesting at. I always bathed with both guys and girls when I was in a gang to conserve time and water, so what's the issue?" Caulifla innocently, though a bit roughly, replied as she began to wash her dark, spikey hair.

"H-hmph... So I'm the odd one out now?"

"Guess so."

Beerus began to grumble under his breath.

"So, Lord Beerus. I've been wondering." Asked Caulifla as she proceeded to dunk her hair in the well filtered heated water so as to rinse it off. "Why are you such a boss at fighting? I mean, I've seen Lord Champa fight only a few times and he never gave off the same vibe as you do. Like, there's a huge difference there and stuff. Story to that?"

"Boss? Hmmm. I wonder."
"Owwww!"

"Champa!" A feminine voice yelled in a scolding manner. "How many times must I tell you to stop bullying your brother Beerus? You know that he's weaker than you!"

"But if I don't toughen him up he'll keep getting picked on by the others!"

"Don't you try and pull that weak justification on me! He is your brother, you should be watching out for him!"

"I can't always be there for him and ever since father left for food and hasn't returned in months I j--"

"Don't you bring your father into this!"

"But moooom!"

As the arguing escalated Beerus gritted his teeth and dragged himself into his room. There he would secretly study books on self defense and fighting. Unlike his lazy brother Champa, who was born big boned, Beerus was a very quick study to compensate for his frail thin form. He wasn't sure why but when it came to fighting and learning techniques he could catch on almost instantly.

This was reinforced by his burning desire to become much, much stronger and be the man of the household. While Champa naively believed that their father would eventually return Beerus knew better. He had seen their father speaking to younger females in private and despite his young age he could put two and two together.

Over the following years he improved and improved but alas it wasn't enough. His mother was felled by a foe he couldn't protect her from - illness.

This fueled in him a new desire to surpass illness and become even stronger and stronger while dragging Champa, his only remaining family, along with him.

Present

"H~hello! Reality check for Lord Beerus!" Caulifla said with a raised voice, splashing him with the bath water.

"Hrm, hrm! I'm aware, now stop splashing me!"

"Eeeeh? Then don't just zone out on me while we're in the middle of a conversation! Pretty rude, you know!"

"Whatever. I'm finished anyway!" Beerus rose to leave but was stopped by Caulifla grabbing his wrist. "What now, girl?"

"Chill out. I just wanted to, you know, talk about Champa. Having lost my Cabba I can sorta understand things. I mean, with how fast things have been going you haven't really had a chance to mourn and stuff. That pent up shit gonna eventually make you blow a gasket."

"..."

Beerus sat back down into the tub.
"Not that I am saying that your words bear any merit by agreeing to stay. I'm merely humoring you."

"Fine by me." Caulifla shifted over to be closer to Beerus whose face grew red and he lifted his head up. "You sick or something?"

"Tch! Girl!" Beerus scowled loudly. "I can see everything! Have you forgotten that I am a man and was once a mortal like you?"

"So what? I'm not trying to seduce you or anything." She paused, considered and then spoke again. "Huh? Don't tell me that seeing a naked woman gets you all hot and bothered despite no stimulating context. That's... That's hilarious! Hahahaha! How long have you even considered it? Ehhhh? C'mon, tell me!"

"...."

"A hundred years? A thousand years? Ten thousand years? C'mon, tell meee! Hahaha!"

"What does it matter!" Beerus snapped.

"What does it matter?" She repeated as a question. "If you ain't comfortable around me like this then how can I expect you to go hard and raw on me like with you do with Trunks? Huuuhh?!"

"Do you not understand context?!

"Whatever." Caulifla said. "So you gonna man up and let it all out? I always wanted to know if Gods of Destruction can even cry. You can, right?"

"Of course we can! We did use to be mortal!"

"Cool. Then c'mon already." Caulifla opened her arms up.

"... What are you doing?"

"Stop wasting time. Come here and let me hug you so that you can let it all out. Everyone else is already asleep so it's cool and everything. Besides, this really works as I learned from recent experience."

"This is a waste of my time."

"Is it?" Caulifla shot back. "Vados told me that you have this called Ultra Instinct, sounds way cool by the by, but you haven't mastered it. Something about keeping everything bottled up is ruining your mental balance. So that means that you better get your ass over and and take my damn embrace cuz I wanna see Ultra Instinct!!!"

"That was your plan all along?!"

"Duh! Now embrace me! Right here, right now! EMBRACE ME!!!"

"Phrasing! And you're still naked! You can't be this ignorant, you must be doing this on purpose!"

"A little skinship will do you some good!"

"Like hell it will! Get away from me! I'm leaving!"

"I'll follow you! No towel! If anyone asks I'll say that you took it from me! That I was overpowered!"
"You....You insolent!!"

As his rage began to brew Caulifla took this time to embrace the pre-occupied Beerus. Before he could register her pressing against him she began rubbing his back.

"Not your fault, just letting you know."

"What are you."

"There, there..." She patted his back. "You did your best."

"How does-"

"Shhh... Shhh... You did more than your best. Still, even that wasn't enough but... Not your fault."

"..."

"Despite his faults you loved your brother, huh? Sure he was a fat slob but he was your fat slob to protect."

"... Fat bastard..."

"Eh?"

"Why did that fat bastard have to go before me?!"

Beerus embraced a very much surprised Caulifla and began to sob quietly on her shoulder. He didn't even care that he was pressing upon her now.

"Oh, cool. You can cry after all." Caulifla mumbled with a shrug. "Thought you were just screwing with me, and on another note... Whoa, can't believe this hugging thing is so effective. Really gotta thank that nice lady after all this Time Shift stuff."

"Damn it, damn iiiit!"

Beerus tightened his hold.

"H-hey! Don't crush me! I still wanna see Ultra Instinct first! You hear me? I wanna see Ultra Instinct!" A struggling Caulifla complained.

"S-shut up!"

The Next Day

Caulifla felt like she was in a daze. Somehow she ended up hearing Beerus reminisce about Champa. Not that was a bad thing, he needed to vent. It is just that some stuff she learned fell under the "too much information" category. Her brain seriously needed a purging...

"You." Beerus greeted Caulifla who was still in her pajamas. "Meet me to the far south after your meal. You wanted to witness Ultra Instinct, correct? Fine, I'll show you... Bring Trunks too."

"Ehhhh?!" Still dazed Caulifla was left awestruck as Beerus proceeded to exit the building.
"Hurry up, hurry up! Show me this Ultra Instinct thing! I wanna see it now! Show me, show me!"

After having finished her meal Caulifla had rushed to grab hold of a very much drowsy Trunks and literally drag him out with her. Since arriving to this Time Shift Chamber there had been no real excitement and they had even fallen into a boring routine. It was effective, true, but the Supreme Kai was a stickler for details and loathed the unexpected.

This was an unexpected.

What the Supreme Kai had failed to realize was that Saiyans thrived off the unexpected. It was what allowed them to thrust on and on towards greater and even greater heights. Expecting Saiyans to reach beyond their potential and break their limits doing routine training regiments was simply pure naivety at the very core of it all. It was also a severe lack of understanding of the Saiyan biology and their highly valued self-pride.

Despite Trunks being a half breed and Caulifla hailing for another Universe they were both very similar in that regard. For Trunks this was to be expected considering who his father was, while the opposite could be said of Caulifla who always was the outsider in regards to her race. A race, to be noted, bore much potential yet due to their peaceful tendencies only Cabba, herself, their King and formally Kale were actually powerful.

It wouldn't have been incorrect for an outside observer to conclude that the Saiyan race of Universe Six could easily be summed up as wasted potential. Had the Saiyans of Universe Seven been blessed with a seemingly endless well of potential as widely spread throughout its population as with the Saiyans of Universe Six then the entity of Universe Seven would have easily fallen to their warmongering a long time ago.

The irony isn't lost - A peaceful race of Saiyans bore much untapped potential yet rarely if ever utilise it while the warmongering race of Saiyans bore little to no untapped potential outside a few rarities. The hand of fate could be quite the trickster at times.

"Are you Ultra Instinct yet? Huuuuh? Huuuuh?!"

The outsider, Caulifla, sat crossed legged and was leaning forward giving a concentrating Beerus the stink eye. She honestly, and truly, desired to see that hyped up Ultra Instinct state at that very minute. Even a single passing second was agony to her and threatened to cause her to burst from the anticipation.

"How about now? Are you Ultra Instinct now? Are you, are you?!!?"

The excitement in her voice was vigorous and growing in zeal. Trunks, who had chosen to be seated next to her, was trying his best to keep quiet. While he knew nothing of this Ultra Instinct thing he at least figured that it required entering a certain state of mind. However, based off how furiously
Beerus's eyebrow was twitching and his body shaking in frustration Trunks assumed that things weren't going as planned. Obviously the insistent, though purely innocent and excited, nagging by Caulifla wasn't helping matters.

"Well? Ultra Instinct? Is it here now, is it?!"

"Would you be silent, girl! I haven't utilized this form in more years than you've even existed! I need a moment!"

"Why not? It sounds so cool!" Excitedly retorted Caulifla.

"Trunks! Silence her!"

"Why me?!!" Trunks quickly asked, nervously eyeing Caulifla from his peripherals.

"Why? Simple, Trunks... I'll destroy you if you don't!" Based off the low tumble in his voice and his fangs bearing out, Trunks knew that this wasn't an idle threat.

"R-right." Trunks gulped. "Now Caulifla... Lord Beerus would greatly appreciate it if you would lower your voice."

"Screw that! You aren't Big Bro Renso or my Cabba! I do and say whatever I please!"

"Now, now---"

"Unless you wanna fight me, that is." Caulifla casually suggested.

"Fight you? Right here?"

"Duh! Put up your knuckles and let us have a go at it until Lord Beerus is ready to stop screwing me and finish up!"

"Phrasing, damn you!" Beerus shouted during his concentrated meditating.

"Who the hell is Pha-Rai-Zeeng and what did they do to piss you off? Do I need to bust their skull in?! Huuuh?!?"

"You can't be serious...This entire time you had no idea what phrasing meant?!! Who the hell educated you, girl?!"

"Eh? Educated? I did that myself. School was lame so I ditched it the moment Big Bro Renso gave up on forcing me to go. I then took over a gang right after and lived a chilled life. All in all it was... Ehish."

"Ehish? That isn't even a word! You literally just made that up!"

"Eh, whatever."

"I will destroy you!!!"

Seeing that the situation had deteriorated Trunks decided to enter his Super Saiyan Blue state so as to steer the conversation elsewhere. Thankfully it worked and drew Caulifla's attention.

"Fine. Let's get this over with, Caulifla. I could use a warm up anyway to wake myself up before training."
"Hah! Finally something fun to do!" Exclaimed Caulifla who smashed her fist into her palm as she ascended to her Super Saiyan Two state. "Don't mess up me too much, alright? I'm sensitive to getting my ass beat too hard this early in, what I assume is, the morning."

"Phrasing!" Shouted both Beerus and Trunks at the same time.

"I already told you! I literally have no idea who the hell this Pha-Rai-Zeeng person is! What do they even have to do with this situation? They ain't even here!" Caulifla angerily yelled back at them.

"... Oh, Kami..." Trunks muttered in frustration, facepalming as he did.

"The fuck is a Kami?" Crudely asked Caulifla with that naive, innocent look on her face.

"..."

Trunks gave up trying and decided to just charge at Caulifla. This excited her greatly as she crossed fists with him.

As the two began exchange blows Beerus returned to his meditations.

---

**Flashback - Ultra Instinct**

He felt his body brimming with energy that he had never thought possible. All his life he had been considered a scrawny weakling, no one ever took him seriously or paid attention that he had worked tirelessly to improve this weak body he had been born with. In contrast everyone seemed to love Champa, who was naturally powerful to a freakish degree, and avoided messing with him after Champa had declared Beerus off limits.

It frustrated him.

After their mother had died it was his idea to travel the stars, Champa was just the tagalong. Yet somehow in their travels Champa had inadvertently become the main star.

This, time, however, things were different.

Usually Champa could effortlessly defeat any foe that they encountered in the Universe - any. So it came as a great shock when two tall, paleish white-blue creatures, one male and the other female, had seemingly appeared out of nowhere. They wore elegant robes and in one hand each wielded a long, mystically looking staff.

"Is that all?" Yawned the male of the pair. "When we had been informed of mortals bearing an extensive level of power I had come hoping for something more... More, I suppose."

"D-damn you..." Champa coughed up blood as he snarled at the pair. At his side was Beerus, still trying to fathom the power bubbling up within himself, whom Champa had just taken a direct hit for to protect him.

"Not to fast." The female of the pair interjected. "Can't you feel it? Their aura? It would seem that these two may be the scions of that renegade God of Destruction. It would explain why they're still standing despite their youth."

"The renegade? Huh. I do recall that he had somehow escaped the erasure of his Universe, most likely with outside aid, after he had failed to rebel against Lord Zeno. Unbelievable that he not only eluded us for so long but managed to escape to this Universe and pro-create with a mortal woman."
"If that is the case then this is most fortunate. This Universe is set for erasure, after all. Had we not arrived as we had then we may have missed this rare opportunity, don't you agree?"

"That I do, dear sister."

"S-s-shut up! How dare you not only toy with us but even have the audacity to strike up a casual conversation as if we aren't here! Argh! Now you've really pissed me off!"

Champa charged at the pair, red was all he saw.

"Champa!" Beerus frantically shouted out in concern for his irrational brother and his foolish rage filled attack.

"Sigh... Dear sister, could you...?"

"Of course."

Vados teleported behind Champa and gave him a swift chop at the back of his neck. Even before she had raised her hand back up Champa had crumbled over and skidded on to the rocky terrain just beneath him. He had lost consciousness.

"Champa!" Shrieked an enraged Beerus. "You bastards! You'll pay for that! You'll pay!!!"

Energy exploded all around Beerus, it even forced Whis to raise his staff up to project a barrier to beat off the turbulence.

"Well, well. I haven't witnesses a mortal perform such a feat in a very long time. Then again, I suppose technically he and his brother would be better defined as demigods considering their lineage. Still, I would have assumed the bigger one would have exhibited this kind of power and not the frail one. Mortals truly are quite fascinating. Consider me well intrigued, ohohoho!"

"Rrrrraaaaaaa!!!"

Just earlier the two brothers had been beaten senseless by their mysterious assailants and now Champa had been effectly taken out without any effort.

Beerus hated how weak he was but to finally see his brother, whom had constantly bullied him as a child but later started to protect him as he matured, being reduced to such a pathetic state was too much for Beerus to bear!

"I've always been weaker than you, Champa. Always. No matter how fast I learned new techniques or how hard I trained you were always that wall that I just couldn't overcome. You must have known of my frustration. It was why you attempted to strengthen me and when that failed you decided to simply protect me. But... Now that isn't the case! I can... I can feel it! This power, this newfound power that is bursting out from within! Yes, yes! This time I will protect you, Champa!"

The assailants passively observed as a white light engulfed Beerus. It was only for a moment but when it passed his aura had been replaced by one reserved only for the Gods. Despite his mixed blood he had, in that singular moment, reached a state that few even among the Gods could ever hope to reach.

"Ultra Instinct." The female gasped in a pleasant surprise. "Could his dormant power have unleashed after his energy resonated with our own? This should be, after all, the first time they've ever encountered being such as us - excluding immediate family."
"...Unfortunately his body hasn't reached a level that can maintain such a state of mind and power." Concluded the male.

Just as the male assailant said Beerus, intoxicated by this new power, felt his vision fade and he began to fall forward. Before he touched the ground and lost consciousness he was caught by the male assailant.

"I believe that we have found most promising prospects. Let us begin the process so as to prevent their erasure along with their Universe."

"Agreed, brother."

The pair proceeded to tap their staves and vanished with the twins.

---

**Present**

The air vibrated and the ground rumbled due to the clashes between Caulifla and Trunks. Thanks to their boiling Saiyan blood they had ended up growing quite zealous in what should have only been a brief sparring match to kill time.

"Hahahaha! Yeah, yeah! That is the way to do it! Hahahaha!!" Caulifla laughed hysterically as Trunks and her landed continuously blows on the other.

"You're taking your loss rather well!" Trunks taunted as Caulifla dodged his Big Bang Attack.

"I can still move so I haven't lost! Now eat it! Crush Cannon!"

Trunks teleported rapidly to avoid the screeching red energy bullets that sped towards and past him.

"Well, how about this!"

Before Caulifla could prepare another attack she stopped. All of a sudden Caulifla and Trunks felt an ominous energy appear out of nowhere.

"Eh?" Her 'eh' barely left the tip of her tongue when a fist struck her from nowhere in the abdomen. It had happened so fast, her body didn't even register it when a follow up kick from overhead sent her flying towards the ground's surface. With the air effectively knocked out of her lungs she temporarily lost consciousness.

"What happened?!" Trunks demanded.

Beerus was now in front of him, a strange white aura leaked upwards from his body.

"..."

"L-lord Beerus? Wh--- GAaaaAaakk!"

Trunks felt his abdomen stricken multiple times in the span of a single second. He didn't even get a chance to gasp for a breath when his body was littered by a flurry of seemingly invisible, lightspeed blows.

Like Caulifla, he was sent hurtling to the ground and lost consciousness.

No sooner had the dust settled did the aura leave Beerus.
"Hmmm... I can only maintain that state for less than a minute. It would seem that I've gotten quite rusty. Maybe Whis did have merit in locking me up in here after all." Beerus nodded sagely.

**Later**

"Uuuuugh... Huh?!" Caulifla's eyes fluttered open and she immediately propped herself upright. Confused and bewildered over what had happened she looked to and fro to jog her memory.

"Awake are you?" Came the voice of Beerus who was lazily floating in the air as he snacked on a bag of plain potato chips. Lightly salted at that. "Well? You desired to see Ultra Instinct and I delivered. Not so arrogant now, are you?"

"That... That..."

Caulifla's body was now trembling.

"That was what exactly, girl?"

"That... That... That was... That was so awesome!" Yelled Caulifla, unable to contain her excitement. Even as sore as she was she still leapt into the air and dashed over to Beerus - nearly ramming her face into his.

"Again, again! Show me that super, special, awesome Ultra Instinct thingie again! I wanna see it again and again and again! C'mon, do it! Do it!"

"Ugh. I just can't understand you fighting maniac types!" Growled a shrugging Beerus. "I beat you soundly and yet you eagerly come begging for more! Do you have a few screws loose in your head or something? Or are you just some kind of masochistic pervert that is a massive glutton for punishment?"

"..."

Trunks had recently awakened due to the ruckus but choose to continue resting and not to point out the hypocrisy from Beerus. Everyone who knew of Beerus knew that he was the poster boy for fighting maniacs among his peers.

"Damn. I knew Lord Beerus was powerful but by this much? He wasn't even trying! The gulf between us is so vast, I just can't even begin to fathom how I'm supposed to close the gap between us! I'm not like my father nor am a fighting maniac like Goku and Caulifla. Yet if I don't close the gap then how am I supposed to defeat Jiren? Damn it! This is so frustrating!"

"Oi, Trunks. I know that you're awake." Beerus announced. "Stop wallowing in your troubled thoughts and get ready to spar with Caulifla. I wish to see if your Saiyan blood has allowed you to ascend to new height after receiving a taste of Ultra Instinct."

"...."

Trunks picked himself up without a word and entered a fighting stance.

"Heeey! I wanted to see that Ultra Instinct thingie again! No fair!"

"Just fight Trunks already, girl!"

"Huuuuh? You saying I ain't worth it? Huuuuh?!? Well, I'll-.... Wait. Could it be that you can't get it
up without a cool off period? What? Need help getting the motor heated up and ready to go? Can't get primed up on your own, eh?"

Beerus felt his face grow red in furious embarrassment as he turned his head to the side.

"S-shut up! Just go and fight Trunks already so that I can observe!"

"Tch, whatever mister limp."

"What the hell did you say, girl?! I'll destroy you!"

"Not gonna lie but... Well, that threat of yours kinda loses meaning if you continue to repeat it and then don't actually do it. Just saying." Snidely remarked Caulifia who was now moving to engage Trunks.

"... I hate that girl." Beerus mumbled under his breath.

Supreme Kai

"Ahhhh! They ruined the training regiment for today! They were supposed to put on the weighted fat suits and run laps in the high gravity zone for a few hours! Then they were supposed to do one handed standing push ups! Then there was the weight dragging relays before lunch! I haven't even begun to detail the post-lunch exercises either! Argh! Now I have to redo the entire monthly chart!"

Standing at a fair distance was Kibito who shook his head.

"Lord Supreme Kai... The others may have not have noticed but I have. You are placing too much critique, criticism, and burdens upon yourself. It is as if a guilty conscious weighs heavily over your heart. This is due to you blaming yourself for what had happened to the Great Elder. I wish that I could offer words to console you but I know that they would prove ineffective."

Kibito looked outside at the sight of Caulifla and Trunks exchanging blows.

"Perhaps... Perhaps she can help. As a woman she may offer a more comforting presence, despite her... rough personality, than any of us men whom you, Lord Supreme Kai, find intimidating and fear showing any weakness to. Especially considering how she was able to motivate Lord Beerus. Not, of course, that they know that I had spied on their little chat that had lasted for hours. That is a secret best kept within as I would rather Lord Beerus not destroy me."

"Kibito! Could you come here? I could use some help on working on the schedule and preparing lunch for those three." The Supreme Kai called out without looking up from the pad he was editing the contents of.

"Right away, Lord Supreme Kai!"

Day 100

It has finally been roughly one hundred days since they had first entered the Time Shift Chamber. Ever so steadily their training progressed and much to the frustration of the Supreme Kai he had to continuously update his scheduling and training regiments. This was due to Beerus sneaking in extra training and the fact that Trunks and Caulifla had been growing in power at an astounding rate. Never in his lifetime had the young Supreme Kai ever witnessed such rapid growth in mortals. It was actually quite frightening yet intriguing to him at the same time.
"Atatatata! Haaaa!!!"

Today, to commemorate the one hundredth day, it was agreed upon that Caulifla and Trunks would be paired up and sent out to face Beerus. As a handicap Beerus stated that he would keep his right arm held behind his back.

Even with this handicap he was handily defusing any attack thrown at him. While it looked like he wasn't breaking any sweat it was actually the complete opposite in reality. As much as he hated to admit it, Trunks and Caulifla were not only getting much stronger but their teamwork was improving at a higher than expected rate of growth. In a very short time it may even become second nature to them.

"Buster Cannon!"

The attack fired off from Trunks seemingly popped forward and was upon Beerus in an instant.

"You're learning! Good!" Beerus shouted as he deflected it upward.

"Crush Hammer!"

Caulifla flew at Beerus with her fist ignited in red energy.

"Too slow-"

Suddenly Caulifla flipped upwards, spun, and then proceeded to dive downwards at Beerus with her fist forward. As she did she pointed her other hand behind her and fired a ki blast to speed up her descent.

"As I said! Too slow!" Beerus repeated, raising his arm up to block.

"Fire!"

The red energy around her hand launched out and struck Beerus in the face.

"Finish Buster!"

Trunks had fired an attack simultaneously and it struck Beerus just as Caulifla's attack had.

"Alright!" Caulifla cheered, pumping a fist in the air. "We landed two decisive hits!"

"Decisive? Don't play coy with me!"

Beerus emerged from the clouds of smoke and smashed a fist into Caulifla's face. 

Unexpectedly she wasn't sent flying.

"It doesn't hurt... It doesn't hurt... It doesn't hurt!" Caulifla repeated over and over as the fist twisted on her cheek. "It doesn't hurt!!!"

Without any warning Caulifla, who had been forced to spend more time meditating to master her Ki control and understand God Ki over the hundred days, was engulfed by a familiar blue light and when it dissipated her hair was now blue.

"It doesn't hurt!!" Caulifla shouted as she unleashed a blue explosive wave to push Beerus back if only ever so slightly mostly out of shock and surprise at witnessing her sudden ascension.
"Aaaaa! Congratulations, Caulifla! You reached the Super Saiyan Blue state like Trunks! Well done, well done!" Shouted a congratulating Supreme Kai who cupped his hands around his mouth to amplify his voice.

"Huh? Seriously? Just like that I'm now a Super Saiyan Blue?"

"Y-yeah..." Trunks hesitantly acknowledged aloud. Though he thought it best not to add in that Caulifla seemed to have had a much easier time ascending to it than he had.

"Sweet." Caulifla replied happily. "Wonder what goes beyond this. I mean, it can't be the same as Ultra Instinct cuz Beerus can do that and he isn't a Saiyan... I think."

"I'm not." Responded a cross armed Beerus.

"Hah! Your right arm isn't behind your back anymore! We won! Yeah! Yeeeeah! How's it feel losing, Lord Beerus? Huuuh?!"

Beerus flicked her on the forehead.

"Ow! I was just screwing with you!" Grumbled a complaining Caulifla who tenderly held and rubbed her forehead.

Day 127

It had been twenty seven days since Caulifla had achieved Super Saiyan Blue, but she was far from mastering it. Thankfully Trunks had proven to be a great teacher and thanks to being a prodigy at this stuff she caught on quickly over those twenty seven days.

As for tonight it was a day off for everyone.

Caulifla had just returned from the baths when she heard a knock on her door. It was a first and considering the length of time that had passed she had totally forgotten about that half-joking offer on orientation day that she had made on a whim.

Due to her past lifestyle of being in a gang and having gotten accustomed to bathing with others she didn't even bother covering herself. Instead she answered the door without thought while drying her hair.

When she opened it she was actually surprised to see who was on the other side.

"Huh. What's up? ...Argh. I forgot." Caulifla scratched her head in frustration, dropping her towel. "That was rude of me. Come on in first."

Her guest quietly scuffled through the doorway, trying their best not to make a sound. Caulifla then popped her head out, looked both ways, then began to close it.

"Never would have expected you out of all the others to want something from me at this hour. So... What's up?" Caulifla's fading voice could be heard saying as the door shut.
Chapter Summary

Caulifla meets with an interesting guest with a certain request.

Time goes on, in a blink of an eye a year within the Time Shift Chamber encroaches and threatens to pass them by.

"I wonder what Trunks is doing at this very moment."

That was the most prevalent question dancing about in her mind. When she had heard that Vados was leaving with Caulifla in tow Mai had wished to join them. Initially Vados seemed receptive to such an idea but after receiving a message from Whis she had instead transferred Mai to where her daughter had been left to rest.

From what she had been informed of Trunks would be unavailable for the rest of the day. The reasons behind this were shrouded in secrecy and an elaboration would have to wait until the following day. As much as this frustrated Mai there really was nothing that she could do but wait.

It was at moments like this that she wished that she had been born a Saiyan, like Caulifla, so that she could inhabit the same type of reality that Trunks had to shoulder so greatly on his own.

"It cannot be helped." Mai sighed, tucking in her daughter who mysteriously enough was sound asleep in a deep slumber. It was almost as if she had been induced into it by some outside means but she quickly brushed that thought aside. Neither Whis nor Vados had given any reason for Mai not to trust them.

As stealthy as she could Mai tip-toed out of the room and gently closed the door behind her.

Slowly, ever slowly, she creeped her way to the dining area of the villa. With all the excitement going on she had almost forgotten to partake in a meal. She could no longer ignore the pangs of hunger, it threatened to turn ravenous and disruptive if left unchecked any longer.

Having arrived at the fridge she opened it and peered inside to examine the contents within.

"That... looks edible, I think."

When they had first been introduced to the villa they had been informed that all of the foodstuffs provided were safe to eat and very much edible to their digestive systems. It was just that the presentation was... lacking to say the least.

"Siiiigh. It will have to do."

"Pardon me." Came a rather regaling voice, Mai could feel the authority seeping out from it.

Running on pure instinct Mai grabbed the nearest object that she could, so as to use as a weapon to defend herself, and swiftly hopped around and pointed it at the individual who shouldn't even be in the villa in the first place.
"How ferocious." Dully noted the Grand Priest whose eyes rested on the object that Mai held in a combative grip.

That object was... A banana.

Not her most glamorous moment or the wisest of decisions but if she had to she would find a way to stab any assailant with it and she would make sure that it hurt.

Even just damaging their pride would be acceptable.

"Please discard that phallic object, I have not come to hurt you."

"Yet you decided that it was a good idea to keep me separated from Trunks and my child."

"Lord Zeno restored you."

"I appreciate that, but then again you let my would be murderer run free."

"..."

"Cat got your tongue?"

Refusing to speak any longer the Grand Priest gestured his right hand and swiped it forward.

"Huh?"

The time it took for Mai to gasp was the amount of time she had before the Grand Priest released his energy from around Zajak and tossed her into the arms of Mai. While she had been unprepared for this act her instincts were still very much refined from when she fought against Goku Black and Zamasu. So she managed to safely catch Zajak in her arms without falling over.

"I have mended her physical wounds. That is all that I can muster, however. The mortal mind is fragile and I lack the expertise to navigate it without causing harm to the concept of free will. That is where you come in. When she awakens she will require moral support exclusive to mortals to help her cope with her extremely traumatizing, and recent, experience against Jiren. From there it will be up to her if her mind is able to recover completely."

The Grand Priest prepared to leave.

"H-hold on! You just drop a potentially traumatized woman on me and then you're just going to leave like that? How did you even locate me?"

The Grand Priest had already turned his back to Mai. His departure was imminent.

"I followed that mark left upon you by Lord Beerus." Was his reply.

"That mark--"

"-Will protect you, your child, and that girl from Jiren. He won't cause trouble, the risk is too great that he will be noticed by Beerus." As he finished his sentence the Grand Priest reached into his shirt, grabbed a small sack and tossed it to Mai. "I believe that the contents within that sack are known as Senzu Beans. My suggestion to you would be to keep them safe. None can say if there will even be a need but if that need does arise then..."

The Grand Priest trailed off his words and then proceeded to vanish.
"H-hey! You can't ju-----... And he's gone." Mai looked down at the near naked Zajak in her arms. The poor girl's body was littered in freshly recovered scars and bruises, broken and dislocated bones as well. "What am I supposed to do now?"

Day 127 cont.

After allowing her guest entrance into her room she walked over and took a seat at her bedside and crossed one leg over another. She would then lean ever slightly forward. It was clear to her guest that Caulifla bore no shame and didn't seem to mind that there was another male, who wasn't Cabba, receiving quite the show considering that Caulifla was completely and utterly exposed.

"Wouldn't you prefer to get dressed?" He asked calmly.

"I prefer sleeping naked. Getting dressed would just mean that I got more clothes to wash later."

"If I recall correctly, don't you wear those clothing articles known as pajamas in the morning at breakfast?"

"Yeah, but I don't want them covered in night sweat. Besides, I only wear them in the morning so any crumbs and stuff doesn't touch my skin. Would be pretty annoying to be groggy in the morning and hot coffee is accidently spilled on me without even a lining of clothing to lessen the burn even if just slightly. I also don't want everyone being distracted by my chest during meals. Sure they aren't big and all that mess but my Cabba never seemed to be able to stop staring at them when I exposed them to him. I kinda figure the same would occur here, especially since it has been over a hundred days already."

Her guest chuckled, he wasn't used to such an outspoken and brutish mortal.

"I concede. You have me beaten down to rights, so let us move on to why I wish to speak to you in private at this hour of all hours."

"All ears, mister, uhhh..., Kibito was it?"

"Just Kibito will serve well enough." Kibito said with a sincere, warm smile.

"Uhhh... Before you begin let me clarify things. You aren't here asking for sex, right? I mean I know I did playfully offer and stuff to Beerus and Trunks, neither of which have taken me up on it which is cool as long as they're coping alright and not messing up my training, but I always thought that you Kai were above mortal pleasures."

"Generally we are but it isn't unheard of for a Kai to mingle with another Kai or even an interesting mortal from time to time. Where do you think I came from?"

Caulifla blushed a light red and felt the urge to cover her chest now. It was true that she was pretty chilled out about this stuff but the realization that she may actually do the dirty, fun deed with someone who wasn't Cabba, her Cabba, filled her with embarrassment and a weird sensation of anxiety.

"But to answer your question... No. I have not come to enjoy the physical pleasure of the female body." Kibito admitted, averting his eyes somewhat as he caught on that Caulifla had shown a rare occurrence of embarrassment.

"O-oh! C-c-cool."
"Would it have been a problem if I had? I know that I'm advanced in age but if I recall correctly you once told Lord Beerus that age didn't matter."

"W-what? No, no, no! If you really needed help then I would have kept my word! I mean it is just meaningless sex to take the edge off! Just the edge! No feelings!"

The sight of Caulifla growing even redder and showcasing, in full view, a far more innocent side that was normally hidden by her tough bravado brought a tender chuckle out from his lips.

"W-what's so funny? Huh?!"

Then there was that all too familiar anger of hers. It always did flare up without warning and could prove problematic if he fanned the flames too much with gentle teasing.

"Forgive me, I overstepped my bounds." Kibito apologised with a quick, sincere bow. "As for my true reason for coming... It is very simple, really. My Lord Supreme Kai has been bottling up a great deal of stress and guilt. Due to his pride and fear of being seen as weak he isn't one to speak plainly to his peers and allies of the male variety. He does have his pride, you know."

"H-hold on... Are you asking me to screw the Supreme Kai?"

"I wouldn't dream of such a suggestion." Kibito quickly replied. "If such matters are to occur that would be between the two of you and on your own agreed upon terms. No, no. What I suggest is that you try and help him get out of his shell, or funk - I believe that is the correct term, and push him past the guilt hanging so heavily over his heart."

"Hmmm..." Caulifla shifted her legs around and crossed them the other way, she hummed to herself as she did and tapped her chin in slow tappings. "... Yeah, sure. I can be all buddy-buddy with your Supreme Kai and knock sense into him."

"I would prefer you not exhibit violence upon my Lord Supreme Kai."

"Hey! Whose the miracle worker here? Cuz from where my sweet, tight behind is resting I would say that it is me! So don't be trying to tie my hands up or anything before I got a feel on just how hard-headed this Supreme Kai dude really is."

"... I could have sworn that Lord Beerus spoke to you many times about context."

"The hell did you just say?" Caulifla snapped.

Kibito sighed and prepared to leave.

"Thank you for agreeing to aid me. It truly means a lot. Now if you'll excuse me."

Without another word Kibito gave a light head nod and proceeded to exit Caulifla's room.

"Fuuuuuck!" Caulifla cursed, falling backwards onto her bed and hugged her pillow to her chest.

"The fuck?! Seriously! The fuck!!! When the hell did I become the go to girl for this type of shit? Like, I have almost zero experience with this type of stuff and everything! Seriously! Have these guys just forgotten who I am? I'm Caulifla, damn it! I mean sure, I helped Beerus out on my own volition but I guess word just HAPPENED to get out! Cuz now I'm now totally guilted into helping out those Kai! Fuuuuck! Fucking damn it! Arrrrrgh! This sucks!!! If this keeps up I'm sure that I'm going to end up having to have a pep talk with Trunks too about his wife! Argh!"

Caulifla didn't get much sleep that night.
Day 150

Since that night Caulifla had begun to secretly observe the Supreme Kai, to see what made him tick. It was actually a lot harder than she anticipated considering that she had to juggle it all with her insane training schedule. Ever since she unlocked the Super Saiyan Blue state she had been getting rimmed hard by Beerus and Trunks.

"Those bastards! They know that I absolutely HATE meditating! So why the hell do I keep getting told to meditate?!"

Later on that day, after her meditations that nearly killed her with boredom, Caulifla spotted the Supreme Kai returning to his room earlier. Seeing an opportunity she snuck over and placed her head against his door.

*Sniffle*

"Is he... crying? Kai can cry? Huh. Guess he really must be feeling guilty. Gonna just make note that I may have been able to make a God of Destruction and potentially a Kai cry. Huh. Wonder if Lil'Zeno can cry or not."

Caulifla didn't have much more time to listen in as Beerus found her and dragged her off, protesting and kicking, to have a taste of his Ultra Instinct as the mood had fancied him at that given moment.

Day 178

Trunks didn't notice, at first anyway, that Caulifla was acting strange. It didn't seem like his business to be nosy about what she did on her free time. His suspicions only began to rise when Caulifla had called it quits much too early in their sparring. The reason that she gave up was that she wished to help the Supreme Kai prepare dinner.

This meant that Trunks was stuck being a punching bag for Beerus who had been growing increasingly frustrated that he couldn't control his Ultra Instinct state for more than five minutes.

"Must be nice even having it for a single second." Sighed a resigned Trunks before floating over to a waiting Beerus.

Day 212

The training had been progressing well, that was a good thing. Not only had Trunks and Caulifla progressed enough to push Beerus to use just above ten percent of his power but he himself had managed to make his own leadways. Ultra Instinct. Initially he couldn't even last beyond a minute but now, after much meditation, he had pushed it to just above five minutes.

"Despite that... This form, Ultra Instinct. It feels... incomplete. The energy I felt when I first achieved it felt much more filling and serene than what I feel currently. That of which being chaotic, draining and always threatening to release prematurely. This is quite problematic." Beerus mentally pondered.

"I gotta call it for the day." Caulifla, his sparring partner today, announced and proceeded to release herself back to her base state. "I promised Shin that I would help prepare some stew and I always keep my promises. So... Seeya."
"Hold up, girl." Beerus said with a raised hand. "Shin, was it? Now aren't you being quite familiar with the little kai. Using his true name even! Have you already forgotten about your lover and found a replacement?"

"Tch!" Caulifla stopped in her tracks. "Look. I like you and stuff Beerus but don't ever joke about stuff like that, you dig? That is so not cool."

Beerus had been merely teasing her, he hadn't expected that reaction. So taken aback by it he ended up holding his tongue as Caulifla vanished inside the building to help the Supreme Kai.

"It was just a joke, girl..."

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**Day 283**

"Surely you've seen it too, Trunks." Beerus said, dodging a strike to his face. "Caulifla has been neglecting her training to spend more time with Shin----... Argh! The Supreme Kai! Damn it! Now that girl has me addressing him by name as well! It's seriously pissing me off!"

"T-temper!" Trunks cautioned, barely having time to dodge an energy infused strike. "And yeah, I've noticed that they've been hanging out a lot and have been for some time. It is pretty confusing considering that they're polar opposites in so many aspects."

"Think the little Kai reminds her of that erased lover of hers?"

"Couldn't say." Trunks admitted. "Never really got to know him all that well on a personal level."

"Hm... Hey, Trunks." Beerus caught both of Trunks fists. "Do you recall the first day we arrived?"

"... Kinda?"

"W-well... Have you... considered... erm, that offer that was made that day?"

"Offer?" It took a moment but when the realization hit his eyes widened. "What? No! I will never cheat on Mai and I'm confident that Caulifla has no true desire to ge unfaithful to Cabba!"

Beerus kneed Trunks in the gut, spun him around and tossed him and then proceeded to fire waves of small ki blasts at him.

"You say that but I've been observing you. Despite growing in power you've grown sloppy and as a Saiyan, albeit a half breed, you're cursed with a rather large libido and for a much greater time frame of youth. If you don't take care of that rising urge it is going to cause you to make mistakes and screw up your training."

"I can manage!" Shouted Trunks who sped up to clash with Beerus who was using only fifteen percent of his full power. However, his voice wasn't as certain as he had wished it to sound. Doubt, he hated feeling it so he forced himself to turn the conversation around. "How about you? Have you, you know, considered... it?"

"Hah!" Beerus spat out a loud, resonating chuckle. "As if I would ever even consider laying with a mere mortal! I am Beerus, a God of Destruction!"

"That's not what Whis told me..."

"!!!"
Beerus instantly pushed himself to twenty-five percent of his power and grabbed Trunks by the collar.

"Whis said what now?"

"I-I misspoke!" Trunks frantically waved his arms in front of himself as he tried to excuse himself.

"Tell. Me. EVERYTHING!"

Trunks took a big, nervous gulp.

Day 333

"So, Shin. I haven't really thanked you." Caulifla casually said while preparing the vegetables for the hotpot. "Your advice has really helped me out a ton. Now my meditation training goes by so fast and my head feels so much clearer. I can even maintain Super Saiyan Blue for an entire hour now without any feeling of fatigue."

"It has been a pleasure." Shin, the Supreme Kai, replied. He handed Caulifla a parying knife. "Watch your fingers."

"Hah! As if I need to! Thanks to your instruction I've gotten really good at this delicate cooking stuff! I can't wait to cook a real meal for my Cabba when I get him back! He's gonna lose his mind when he realizes that I'm an expert cook now! Seriously, thanks for all the pointers and being so chill about my being a slow learner when it comes to this stuff."

"Hahahaha... You're welcome. We're friends after all and honestly? These type of skills could prove useful in your fighting."

"Is that so?" Caulifla placed the knife aside and began washing her hands.

"I know so. The Great Elder often told me that every life experience can contribute to every other aspect in your life in some way, shape, or form."

"Never really got to know the dude. I mean, other than catching him looking at my chest or rear. Guy was kinda shameless."

"You're one to talk." Shin laughed heartily. "But, yes. The Great Elder wasn't without his... faults."

"Ya miss that old perv?"

"... Yes." Shin admitted, moving to set the timer and closing the lid on the pot over the stove. "I... I have nightmares, I must confess. Nightmares that he died for nothing and that I won't live up to his legacy. Despite his faults he was amazing at being the Great Elder and had so much knowledge that is lost forever with his abrupt passing."

"That feeling you got? I get it." Caulifla tapped her extended thumb over her heart. "I lost someone close to me too. It sucked then and still sucks even now, but I couldn't sulk forever. Sure it felt like that's the only thing I wanted to do but someone kept pushing me to get my ass back up even if I didn't feel like it."

"Was it Cabba?"

"Hell no! My Cabba was spoiling the hell out of me and was too damn concerned for me that he
wouldn't even tell me to get myself together!"

"Then who?"

"My best friend and the guy who raised me. Big Bro Renso! He slapped me upside the head like so." Caulifla slapped Shin upside the head to demonstrate. "Then he told me to stop feeling sorry for myself and to start living. Not only for myself, mind you, but for the life that I couldn't save."

"Living not for myself, but... For their lost life too?"

"Pretty safe advice, right? Couldn't have come up with it on my own!" Caulifla loudly, and gleefully exclaimed.

"R-right. Your brother sounds like an amazing person."

"Obviously. He is related to me after all." Smugly replied Caulifla who proudly puffed out her chest.

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Day 365

"Happy one year anniversary since we arrived! Woohoo... Yeah..." As much as she wanted to sound enthusiastic all this day reminded her was that it had been over a year since she was last been happy with Cabba. Damn did she miss his goofy smile, his silly naivety, that good boy attitude and his touch... She really missed his touch. After over a year without it she felt so lonely and cold.

"It was a good year." Said Beerus who preoccupied himself with alcohol. "You've both made tremendous progress. Be proud at what you've accomplished."

"Lord Beerus has acknowledge you as worthy." Kibito spoke up. "That is a rare praise even amoung his peers."

"Indeed! Indeed it is! Thanks to my many matches with the two of you I can feel the secret behind mastering Ultra Instinct rapidly chipping away! Hwa ha ha ha!!!"

"I, too, feel myself reaching a new threshold. Super Saiyan Blue isn't the limit, I know this from my pursuit of finding my own way to the Ultra Instinct state as well." Trunks said, looking down at his balled up fist. "We still have over six hundred days left. In that time I must either achieve Ultra Instinct for myself or find another path on my own that surpasses Super Saiyan Blue!"

"Another path? Interesting, most interesting! It is good that you aren't locking yourself upon only one singular goal! Good! Good, good, good!"

As the two continued to talk Caulifla absent mindedly circle her finger over the top of her wine glass. The mentioning of other paths troubled Caulifla. It reminded her of not only Kale but of herself.

Images flashed in her mind.

Images of when she lost control and entered a state that was somewhat similar to Kale's only without all the excess muscle mass or physical growth. Sure she got more muscular and defined but it was within realistic standards.

No, what troubled her most was that heat and those green-orangish red flames that burned within her normally red, and now blue due to Super Saiyan Blue, aura.

"Are you okay, Caulifla?" Shin asked, having noticed how quiet she was being.
"... Nah. Just... Reminiscing about some serious stuff."

"Huh."

They were quiet for a time.

"Caulifla, be honest. Why did you befriend me?"

"Eh?" Caulifla mumbled, not the least bit surprised by the question. "Truth? Alright... Kibito set me up to help you with all that guilt you were trying to hide and endure alone. After that I took a liking to you cuz you reminded me of my Cabba. Not exactly, per se, but... I find being around you to be very comforting and reassuring."

"Ah. Sounds like Kibito." Shin took a sip from his glass.

"Ain't angry?"

"Not at all. Kibito meant well and no matter why it happened I am pleased. It is... nice having a friend who I can confide in."

"Yeah. I can drink to that."

The two clinked their glasses together.

---

"Three hundred and sixty-five days have passed. All three targets have progressed to far greater heights than initially calculated. Adjusting systems to accommodate..."

"...."

"...."

"...."

"Acceptable levels have been achieved. Proceeding with the next stage of development in T-Minus twenty-four hours from henceforth. Thy will be done, Creator: Master Whis."

---

"Huh. So one of you couldn't handle it anymore? Well, you lasted an entire year while being coped up in this place. Pretty impressive."

"..."

"Tch. Don't give me that look. It's just sex. No feelings involved and if you catch any I will personally beat you over the head. I got no time for drama, this is all to just get it out of our systems. That's all." Caulifla looked over him, examining his body language. "This is about sex, right? You know... Working off all that built up excessive amounts of stress, adrenaline and anticipation for all the times we kept trying to kick each other's asses? That sorta thing."

The figure diverted his eyes. They appeared annoyed, agitated even.

"... I get it. You don't need to say anything, alright? I'm not thrilled about screwing anyone that isn't
my Cabba but we all have needs. So I ain't afraid to admit that I too really need the edge taken off as well. No reason to think it's only you and I'm sure the other one may cave too before our thousands days are up. Now stop twirling your thumbs like some kid getting put in time out and just get in here already. The faster we get this over with the more rest I can get. Gonna need all I can get after all. I'm still not there yet, still not at the level necessary to bring back my Cabba."

The figure stepped inside, Caulifla shut the door behind him.

"Get undressed, I ain't doing it for you. After you're ready you can join me on the bed. Hopefully this doesn't take too long... Ugh. I'm going to need a drink after this."

....

....

....

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**Mai**

It had taken some time but Mai had managed to carry Zajak to her, Mai's, room. She then dressed Zajak in her spare pajamas. They were a bit too large but not enough that it would prove to be a hindrance.

"This place is like a maze. Lord Beerus really should have provided us with maps. How am I supposed to find her room in the dark? I can't even find any light switches!" Mai grumbled under her breath.

"T... trunks..."

Mai furrowed a brow.

"Is she dreaming about my husband."

"I...i..."

Overcome with curiosity Mai leaned in.

"I...it... use...it... I..."

"Use it? What is she trying to say in her sleep?"

"M..us....use my...."

Zajak went silent save her slow, deep breaths and the sound of the sheets rising and falling with each breath taken.

"..."

Mai interlocked her fingers and sat quietly in the dark. Something told her that she needed to be ready the moment this girl, Zajak, awakened. Not only did that seem like something very important to learn but she also wished to know the full extent of just how Zajak felt about her husband.

So she waited...
W.H.I.S.

Chapter Summary

Terror from the unknown!

W!
H!
I!
S!

Have arrived!

An ultamatum is set! A deadline must be met!

Last night had been killer, her entire body felt so freaking sore despite the day being almost over already

What had happened... Happened.

There was no way around it.

"Did I drink too much?"

This was her main concern. Not only was she physically sore but it felt like her mind had been drained rather thoroughly into a trash can or something. After the experience she went through a nice, cold beverage was what she had needed to get her mind pre-occupied and allowed her to rest.

Well, as best as she could considering the circumstances that she had been left to deal with.

"Damn. I was told those things were supposed to be unbreakable." She also noted, mentally, that she was really glad that each of their bed chambers were thoroughly sound and shock proof. The laws of reality outside the Time Shift Chamber didn't exactly apply within. Not fully anyway.

Caulifla felt a hand gently rest itself on her shoulder. The touch was familiar, it reminded her of Cabba. Now that brought a blissful smirk to her face.

"You look like you were put through a gauntlet or something. Are you alright?"

"Yeah... Yeah." Caulifla grumbled towards Shin, the Supreme Kai. "Last night was... Unanticipated."

The pair entered into the dining hall. There they saw the others.

Trunks seemed to be focusing a bit much on some papers.

On the other hand there was Beerus trying to enjoy a meal and doing his best to ignore them.

Finally there was Kibito who had wrapped himself up into a deep, floating meditation.

Besides the sound of Beerus eating and Trunks fumbling with his reading material there was nothing
else. It sorta pissed Caulifla off but she was simply too drained to carry on a shouting contest currently. They would get an earful later for making things way too complicated and just plain awkward.

"By what means?" Shin innocently asked.

Caulifla took a seat, yawned, and grabbed her utensils laid at the sides of her plate.

"Eh. Somehow my bed ended up breaking. Real bummer that is." Caulifla offhandedly and rather casually mentioned inbetween bites into her food. "Guess it couldn't take such a hard pounding, which blows. I really thought that it would have been a bit more sturdy than that. Kinda disappointed actually since I had gotten pretty attached to it. You know, other than it breaking from too much exertion."

Trunks ruffled through the papers that he was holding.

Beerus coughed loudly.

Kibito's eyebrow twitched.

"Pounding? Were you training in your room?" Pressed Shin, he was quite pure despite his age.

"I guess it could be called training considering how sore I am feeling right now. Seriously, I can barely move and the day is almost over!"

Kibito half-opened his right eye.

Trunks had now completely stopped shifting through the papers.

Beerus coughed much louder.

"Anyway, my pad is kinda a mess. It may even take me a few days to get it fixed up and up to par. So we're gonna have to move those... Errr... Educational stuff and instruction you are giving me to your place for awhile." Caulifla sighed, shrugging her shoulders in defeat. Following that she began to raise her voice. "Argh! My pad is a complete mess! I'm gonna need new sheets and everything! Not to mention a temporary bed just to get by!"

Beerus started choking a bit on his food.

Kibito was staring at and giving a very dark expression towards both Trunks and Beerus.

Trunks took in a deep breath and avoided eye contact.

"If it is that bad then why don't I lend you a hand? It wouldn't prove a burden, honestly. In fact, I insist that you allow me to aid you in restoring your bedchambers--... I mean, your pad! That's the correct slang, yes? ...Ahem. What I mean to say is that surely together we shall overcome this adversary in due haste!" Shouted an energetic, chest thumping Shin. The sight was worthy of his station as Supreme Kai, he was oozing with dignity and regalia.

"I would advise against that." Kibito said all of a sudden.

"I-I'm sure that Caulifla won't require help in this. Just leave it all to her! Ahaha...hah," Trunks added, putting his reading material down.

"ABSOLUTELY NOT! I FORBID IT!!!" The air itself shook from the vibrations coming from that mighty roar that had erupted from Beerus.
The entire room seemed to shift, everyone had turned to stare at Beerus. For the first time in a long time he actually felt incredibly small.

"----- ... b-b-because there are assuredly some things that the girl would prefer not to be made public knowledge! I should know! As understanding mortals is a part of being a God of Destruction!"

"Wait." Trunks interrupted. "Isn't that the job of the Kai---"

Beerus chugged a plate at Trunks head which smacked him straight in the forehead. The unexpected blow had knocked him out of his chair.

"Enough screwing around! It is almost time to head back to bed for the day! All of you..." His eyes locked on and glared intensely at Trunks. Any attempt that Trunks had made to make himself as scarce as possible on the ground had failed miserably. "Especially you - Trunks, need to get as much rest as you can! Yes, while it is true that we still have much time left we still, nonetheless, cannot afford to become complacent! Do I make myself clear?"

"... Sure, whatever." Replied Caulifla who was nearly finished wolfing down her food.

"Tch!"

Beerus vanished and proceeded to re-appear next to Caulifla. With great effort he tried to look as intimidating as possible.

"Heh." Caulifla had half closed her eyes, twisted her mouth into a miniature smirk and snickered briefly when she met Beerus's gaze.

"W-why you!" Huffed and puffed a reddened and angered Beerus.

Just as things were about to escalate a loud explosion was heard by everyone present. Everyone looked at each other then towards the direction the explosion had seemingly come from. The room was then empty, they had all left to investigate as quickly as possible.

???

?: One Minute.

?: Twenty Seven Seconds.

?: Delayed Reaction Time.

?: Disappointment = Immeasurable.

Four mechanical voices could be heard, their voices echoed down the halls that the group had transversed through to reach the outside section within the Time Shift Chamber. Increasing their pace they pushed through the doorway and...

Trunks had managed to be the first to arrive, the first to confront these unknown entities.

"What's going on? What are you?" Asked a cautious Trunks after entering a defensive stance.

The first entity acknowledged Trunks with a minimal effort at nodding

W -ho: I am W -ho.
The one identifying itself as W -ho bore the characteristics of a small mechanical, bipedal fluff ball. It's entire body was covered in long dark, spikey hair save two round, black eyes.

H -e: I am H -e.

This one, H -e, looked to be a short, tan, and wrinkly mechanical creature with large eyes and a dried up face. It reminded Trunks of an amphibian only that stood on two legs like a human would.

I -s: I am I -s.

I -s, as it addressed itself, looked as if it was one of those mystical kitsune of human lore. Only this one was bipedal and behind its tall, fox-like stature were two swaying tails.

Then there was the last of them - the fourth. This mechanic creature was covered in scales, sported a mouth full of sharp and pointy teeth but most important of all it reminded Trunks of a swamp monster.

S -eries: S -eries.

The others had been cordial in announcing themselves, the last one wasn't.


"Perhaps we are overanalyzing things?" Shin asked, landing next to Caulifla.

"What about..." Trunks began to say.

"What if we remove the breaks? How about... Who He Is Series? Hm... Odd, very odd." Kibito said aloud.

Beerus puffed out his chest then shouted at all of them.

"Idiots! It stands for W.H.I.S! The other parts are just their description label! They're simple machines, that's all!"

W -ho: Congratulations!

H -e: Congratulations!

I -s: Congratulations!

S -eries: ... Kudos.

All three of the mechanical beings glared at S -eries, the outlier of the pack.

S -eries: Congratulations!

With that dealt with for the time being all four rested their dead, unblinking eyes on Beerus.

W -ho: Greetings.

H -e: We.

I -s: Are.
"... Could only one of you talk?! This is already getting on my last nerves!" Warned a squinting Caulifla.

The mechanical beings paused, gathered in a circle, convened among themselves, then broke formation with W -ho stepping forward. As for the other three they clapped in unison in the most monotone and boring way possible.

W -ho: Congratulations! You've reached the Three Hundredth and Sixty-Sixth day! As per protocol we, W.H.I.S., have awakened and will now commence the next step in the BtIC development project. Yay. Yay. Yay. Yay. Ya---"

Beerus blasted it in the face.

W -ho: ---y.

When the smoke had cleared there was not even a scratch left on W -ho.


The sight of W -ho being revealed as unharmed had triggered the others to laugh in a rather mechanical manner. It was quite unsettling.

"What? Why are you unharmed?" Beerus asked. "Oh, and you three stooges over there? Cease your mockery of me! You are but mere toys before my majestic presence! The presence of a God of Destruction!!! Now show me the proper respect afford to one of my supreme status!"


"Silence!! Who do you think you are?! I'll destroy you all!!"

W -ho: We are W.H.I.S.

"Yeah! What even is W Period H Period I Period S Period supposed to represent?! Explain that you sorry excuses for pieces of scrap metal! Cuz W -ho, H -e, I -s, S -eries sounds so damn stupid! Why is your name so freaking stupid and full of those annoying breaks?! Are you idiots or something?! Huh? Huh? Huuuuh?!!?" Caulifla, throwing herself back into the conversation, angrily yelled in the most furious manner that she could muster.

Out of all those present Trunks was the most concerned at just how little common sense and basic deductive skills that Caulifla seemed to have.

"Actually, if you just remove the periods than--" Trunks tried to say.

"Silence, the both of you! I am addressing these ingrates!" Beerus interrupted.

W -ho: ....

Beerus pointed his finger at W -ho.

"I demand an explanation! Why do you look just like the four Gods of Destruction whose Universes were exempt from participating in the Tournament of Power?! I expect a prompt response at once W.H.I.S.!!!"

W -ho: To bear the visage of your superiors.
White energy began to exit from W -ho and surround his metallic frame.

"This energy!" Beerus shouted out in shock.

"That's..." It was Shin this time.

"God Ki!" Kibito gasped.

"Huh?" Caulifla looked over her shoulder and towards them. "Machines can have Ki? Let alone that God Ki stuff? ...Interesting!"

"They can't!" Beerus yelled back at her.

"But Kibito just said that it was that God Ki thingie!"

"It's not a mere 'thingie', girl! How can you be so ignorant when you can use it too!"

"I'm not ignorant! You are! Kibito said that it is that God Ki thingie! It even feels the same! You're just being an arrogant piece of---"

"Can we all just calm down?!" Trunks yelled as loud as he could to get their attention. Thankfully it worked, all eyes were on him. "It is obvious to me, after clearing my head, that W.H.I.S. is a stand in for Whis. That means that the energy that it is giving off? That God Ki? It belongs to Whis."

W -ho: Congratulations!

H -e: Congratulations!

I -s: Congratulations!

S -eries: Congratulations!

"Shut the hell up!" A hollering Caulifla threw a ki blast at them in her frustration. "You promised to only let one speak! All this hive mind stuff is giving me a huge headache and is seriously creeping me out! Cut it out already, damn it!!!"

W -ho: ...

For some reason, to Trunks, it seemed like those mechanical beings seemed somewhat embarrassed.

"Alright... Ahem. Okay... W.H.I.S., why are you here?"

W -ho: To further the development of the B|T|C development project.

"I assume that stands for Lord Beerus, myself, and Caulifla. Okay, with that now cleared up I wish to know what comes next."

W -ho: ... The participants of the B|T|C development project will be required by the Seven Hundredth and Thirtith day to have completely eliminated W.H.I.S.. If the objective is left unmet upon that given day then the location known as the Time Shift Chamber shall be engulfed into a singularity known as a Black Hole. None present would survive the experience.

"Hold on! We're going to get dropped into a black hole if we cannot somehow match the power of Whis?!!" Shin frantically deduced.
"You'll be destroyed too!" Shin screamed.

"Who: We are constructs. Our demise is inevitable whether the B|T|C project succeeds or fails.

"So we just have to destroy you? Is that it?"

While the explanations were continuing Beerus had begun gathering up energy above his head. It had now reached the size of a massive Sphere of Destruction.

"Woohoo, hoo, hoo, hoo!!" Caulifla shouted in joy and excitement. Sparkles glimmered brightly in her eyes from being able to witness such an awesome display of power. She wanted it for herself!

"After I've finished here I must remember to speak to Whis in private after we are released from his hellhole. As for you lot? Die. Die like the mongrels that you are!"

Bending his index finger forward the Sphere of Destruction floated at an insanely high speed towards the mechanical beings.

"Watch out!"

Trunks leaped forward and tackled The Supreme Kai and Caulifla to the ground and used his body and Ki to shield them.

Of the mechanical beings only W -ho stepped forward. It raised its hand up and fired a white beam which tore into the Sphere of Destruction and forced it to implode within itself.

"AaaAAAAaaahhhhh!" Shrieked Caulifla as the resulting shockwave sent everyone but Beerus and the mechanical beings flying into the distance.

"... Huh. That normally isn't how things occur when I do that." Beerus said aloud, his mind still locked in the process of shock.

H -e and I -s suddenly appeared in front of and behind Beerus and struck him in the abdomen and spine. This made Beerus spit out blood.

"H-hold on a second! This isn't supposed to be---!!"

Beerus was unable to finish the sentence when S -eries appeared above him and smashed a knuckle hammer blow to his head and sent him hurtling to the ground.

"What?!!"

W -ho was waiting and caught Beerus by the tail. With mechanical precision it swung Beerus round and round in the most efficient manner to build momentum.

"Aaaa!!! Nnnngggghhh!! S-s-stop! I'll, I'll--!!"

The contents of the meal Beerus had just recently eaten were ejected from him stomach just as he was released by W -ho who teleported away afterward.

All four that made up W.H.I.S. appeared together and charged a massive white sphere of energy. Its
target? Beerus who was still hurtling in the air towards their new location.

"No, no, no..."

It got bigger.

"No, no, no!"

It got even bigger.

"No, no, no!!!"

Now it was being flung at Beerus.

"NO, NO, NO, NOOOOO!!!"

Once contact was made Beerus encountered pain he had thought unimaginable, unthinkable, unfathomable! He was Beerus! He was a God of Destruction! He was---

Sent flying towards the others with the Sphere detonating to push him along at a much faster pace.

W -ho: Ceasing Engagement.

H -e: Power Output: Ninety-Seven Percent remaining.

I -s: Statement: Thirty-Nine percent of originator's power was exerted.

S -eries: Conclusion: BiTIC Project is afforded a five percent chance of success before the Seven Hundredeth and Thirtith day within the location known as the Time Shift Chamber as of this given time frame

W -ho, H -e, I -s, S -eries: Returning to Base of Operations. This concludes this Engagement. The next Engagement shall occur in thirty days. Further Engagements shall occur as per conclusions of future assessments.

All four vanished.

The Defeated

"Nngh..."

Trunks opened his eyes to find Caulifla passed out on his chest. An unlucky blow to the head while they had been sent flying must have knocked her unconscious.

"Gotta get... up!"

His hand slipped away from her waist and to her thigh.

"!!!"

He wasn't a prude, nor pure minded like the Supreme Kai. So why then... Why was his face beet red?!

"I... I didn't expect her to be so... soft."

"Hmmmm...?"
Caulifla's eyes fluttered open and close a few times til she had gained enough awareness. Feeling a bit groggy she propped herself up by pushing her hands down on a hard surface.

"Huh?"

That hard surface turned out to be Trunks's very masculine and beefy chest. The muscles on it were pretty well toned to. Very nice to the touch. She was impressed.

Her hand lingered, she leaned forward to stare at Trunks, who was very much confused yet unable to look away, in the eyes just inches from his face.

A smile crept up on her face, she could feel his hand lingering a bit too long on her thigh.

".... Boo!"

Trunks jumped which bumped off a laughing Caulifla whom was clutching her sides.

"Hahahaha!"

Caulifla rolled on the ground in her ongoing laughter.

"That isn't fair." Trunks said with straight look on his face.

"Don't, Haha, don't worry! I won't tell anyone! Hahaha!!"

As her laughter continued a familiar, though oddly enough, screaming voice could be heard.

"Ddddddaaaaammmmnnnnn yyyyyooooooouuuu, Wwwwhhhhiiisssss!!!!""

A crater had now formed next to them after Beerus collided into the white tiled ground. This was actually the first time Trunks had even seen the Time Shift Chamber take any real damage.

Caulifla and Trunks looked at each other and then the crater before deciding to tempt fate and investigate.

"Damn... Damn... Damn it! You sought to and have successfully managed to PISS ME OFF Whis! This insult will NOT stand! I'll destroy each and every one of your dolls! I swear it!!"

Within the crater was a bruised and singed Beerus. The physical injuries were minor, his pride on the other hand had been thoroughly wrecked. Now all he had was his seething rage and a growing ominous aura telling Trunks and Caulifla to vacate the immediate area within five hundred meters of Beerus.

Just to be safe they decided to instead vacate further and further until they had returned to their only real shelter in the Time Shift Chamber.

Later that night

"S-seriously?" Caulifla, extremely drowsy from having just woken up, mumbled as she stood at her doorway.

"Don't 'seriously' me, girl. You're the one that had made that offer, remember? I am merely holding you to your word."

"Got a name, you know." Caulifla snapped right back. She then proceeded to rub her rear and
abdomen. "Ugh... I'm still sore from last night, you damn brute. Hell, you freaking broke my bed! Now I'm stuck with a lame futon until my bed is fixed! Thank you for that - NOT!!"

"Don't pretend that you weren't a contributing factor to that as well."

Her face turned slightly red, she looked to the floor and fiddled with her thumbs. The fact that she chose not to respond to remark if his was very telling to Beerus and intrigued him.

"Well? Are you rescinding on your word?"

"..."

"Then I'll be taking my leave."

Beerus turned to leave only to be stopped by Caulifla grasping his hand. She stared up at him with fiery eyes.

"... If this is going to be a regular thing..."

"It will be. My rage will not be quelled until those insolent machines have been completely and utterly destroyed. So greatly is my rage that not even a single piece of scrap metal shall remain to identify them! Only then shall I taste satisfaction!"

"Tch. So this is going to be a daily thing now, huh? I, a lowly mortal, is to serve as your little screw toy so that you don't have random tantrum spurts? How embarrassing."

"Think of it as you will."

"... I have conditions." Caulifla said after a long pause.

"I'll entertain the notion." Was his reply. "Now go on, name them."

"... Help me get my Cabba back no matter what. I'm serious. This thing that I'm going to be doing with you on a much more frequent basis? It doesn't make us a thing, there are no feelings involved - it's only give and take. So don't be getting any crazy ideas of you replacing my Cabba in my heart or sabotaging things from getting him back. It isn't happening between us, got it?"

"Done. I always planned to fulfill my promise to my ... late... brother."

"Second... You're too damn rough! I'm nowhere near your level! Not yet anyway! How am I supposed to get stronger if I'm getting pounded to exhaustion and I'm too freaking sore to train the next day?! I'm not your little plaything that you can use as you see fit without any concern for my wellbeing and desires! So no more screwing me like you're screwing an unfeeling ragdoll!"

"...."

"... Seriously? You can't even do that?"

Beerus shifted the weight between his feet and began stroking his chin.

"SERIOUSLY?!" Caulifla screamed at him, he quickly covered her mouth to prevent a scene.

"Fine! Fine, fine, fine! I'll be... I'll be more G-g-g... gentle! Alright, happy?! I'll be more gentle!"

"Tch. Asshole." Caulifla crossed her arms and eyed Beerus. "Third. I need you to fight me more seriously. Kibito can restore me back to health so stop holding back so much. I NEED to get stronger
and you're my best shot at that."

"... Agreed."

"Fourthly... No jealousy. If any of the others come to me for help than you gotta butt out of it. It isn't any of your business, we aren't exclusive. Only Cabba is worthy of that in my heart."

"... Arrrgh! F-f-fine! I'll... share." Beerus grumbled. It annoyed him immensely that he would have to share anything with mortals.

"As if you had a choice," Caulifla rolled her eyes. "Finally. We don't talk about this. We'll just pretend that it isn't a thing for the rest of the day. You, nor anyone here, will mention this to anyone. Especially not to my Cabba! Got it? I want to tell him myself. It will be up to him if he forgives me or not once he has heard everything, no secrets will be inbetween us."

"And if he doesn't?"

A pain expression filled her face, she began to nervously rub her upper right arm.

"... I don't know."

Noticing that tears were forming in her eyes he decided to move things along. He had needs and she agreed to help temper his rage.

"I won't say a word." Promised Beerus

"... Alright."

Giving Beerus a jolting tug she pulled him through her doorway. His body met hers, she reached up and pulled his upper torso to her level so that their faces met.

"No feelings, got it?" Caulifla whispered softly, her breath tickled Beerus's cheeks and lips.

This simple act was all that was required to cause his blood to start pumping earnestly and his body to begin rising in temperature.

"As if I would ever entertain such an impudent--." Noticing an annoyed glare that now wore itself plainly on Caulifla's, oddly enticing at the moment, face managed to end Beerus's sentence before he had finished. Taking a moment to consider his words he ending up choosing to instead swallow his pride for the time being. "... Very well. Consider this merely a physical distraction for the both of us. Nothing more, girl."

That statement, that agreement, had taken up the last reserves of his restraint. Bearing no desire to delay enjoying Caulifla's feminine body once again Beerus hungrily snatched her by her hair and aggressively pulled her into a selfish, primal kiss. His tail tied itself onto the door handle and forced the door shut as he moved to pin her against the wall.

....

....

....
Guilt settles in for Caulifla...

Why did she ever think it was a good idea? Her heart already belonged to another, yet she had given her body many times already to a man that she had repeatedly told herself that she bore no feelings for. The proposition had been made half in jest, she hadn't expected any of them to have taken her seriously. Until, of course, one of them did.

So she kept her word.

During her days as a member of a gang, whom stole to help orphaned children and fought to protect those they felt needed it, Caulifla had learned very quickly that one's word meant everything. Rescinding upon your word meant that you were untrustworthy and a glaring liability. That was a sure way to get yourself killed. Before her very eyes she had seen it happen time and again.

Unlike the others she was powerful to an absurd degree, if she wanted to act out then none could oppose her. The only thing that restrained her was the teachings of her former boss before she was handed the reins to run the gang.

It was a vivid memory, yet with some concentrated within her dreams she could slowly see it all with such clarity.

Flashback - Caulifla the Gangster

Upon the old beaten water tower that oversaw all of their territory was a young, teenage Caulifla. Dangling just at the edge a seated Caulifla absent mindedly swung her legs back and forth to pass the time.

Compared to the rest of the crew that often turned to alcohol, sex, and drugs to entertain themselves Caulifla had always much preferred sitting up there alone in quiet solitude - a stark contrast of her wild, bombastic personality. It wasn't that she was anti-social, it's just that she absolutely hated being out of control or distracted. In the past her brother would occasionally tease her with the conclusion that she was a control freak.

She wasn't.

Or so that's what she liked to believe.

Just underneath the center of the platform she sat upon was a hatch that could be opened from underneath.

*Knock*

Only one knock. That was the code that she had given to a newcomer whom she had just recently brought into the gang. This newcomer was such a small, timid girl with serious issues in regards to self-confidence. Still.. Caulifla had taken an instant liking to the girl and considering that she was an
orphan Caulifla had seen no issue in taking her in.

At least this way there would be one less starving orphan out there...

"Yeah, I'm up here." Caulifla called back, her eyes still scanned forward.

"I-i-i'm coming up then." Said the timid girl. The handle on the hatch twisted and then the hatch itself was pushed up to reveal a slightly darker skinned Saiyan girl with skittish eyes and long, black hair tied in a high ponytail. Her attire was that of a mini vest over her chest, a mini skirt and a pair of slightly longer black spats and her feet were protected by heavily worn boots.

Caulifla had to mentally note to herself that she had to get that girl new clothes in the near future.

"M-miss Caulifla. T-t-thanks a---a-a-again!" The girl forced herself to say, bowing her head as she did.

"Geez... What a drag." Mumbled a now rising Caulifla who approached the girl. With her hand reaching out she gave the girl a light pat on her head. Unbeknownst to Caulifla, the girl tried terribly hard to hide her deep red blush. "Come to check up me, huh?"

"Y-yes!" Kale answered enthusiastically.

"Right. Your name is... Broccoli? Broly? Oh... Wait. That sounds way wrong, those are male names and you're a cute girl. Hmmm... Aha! I remember now! Your name is Kale! Nailed it!"

Caulifla would then scratched the back of her head during her self-gloating.

"Annnnnnyway, didn't I tell you that I didn't need your thanks? I asked the Boss to let you in the gang because you could be useful, that is all. So do me a favor and stop trying to think of it as anything more. It isn't my intention for you to think that you owe me or anything, cuz ya' don't!" That late part was said in her most thuggish mannerism possible to get the point across.

In response to this Kale slowly raised her head up and shyly glanced at Caulifla's face. This made Kale blush even harder.

Upon the face of Caulifla was a huge goofy smile and her eyes had been squinted somewhat. The genuine and empathic feeling that she gave off made Kale's heart skip a beat or two.

As far as Kale could remember she had been an orphan ever since she was born. The story she was told was that her parents had abandoned her at the orphanage, her only home until it was burned down by a violent gang. Said gang was later subjugated by the one Caulifla was a part of and that's how Kale and her had met.

It was that meeting that Kale for the first time felt wanted by anyone and that someone - a complete stranger even, genuinely cared for her well-being.

Kale knew then and there that she desired to commit her life to her savior. So when the gang had prepared to leave she had rushed over and begged Caulifla to let her join.

"I'll talk to the Boss."

That was what Caulifla had said at that time. Not long after Caulifla had returned, took Kale by hand, and told Kale that she would watch over her from then on. That she, Kale, was now the personal responsibility of the great Caulifla herself. Words couldn't describe the joy, a foreign emotion at the time, Kale had felt.
"Yoohoo? Sadala to Kale? You in there?" Asked Caulifla who lightly tapped Kale on the head.

"A-ah! Forgive me, sis!" Kale rushed to apologise.

"Huuuuuh?" Scowled Caulifla as she leaned over and put her face just in front of Kale's ever redder face. With her knuckles resting on her hips she raised one brow and gave a perplexed look. "What's this sis stuff? You just met me."

"I... i.... Ah... Waaaahhhh!!! I'm sorry! Forget that you had heard anything!"

Kale quickly turned and ran to the very edge before proceeding to fly off.

"What was that about?" Said Caulifla as she crossed her arms.

"You really are bad at taking a hint, huh?" Said an old, masculine voice.

"When did you-... Whatever. What's up, Boss?"

There was a figure now seated at the edge of the platform. Physically he was grizzled and grey, his age was much greater than Caulifla's.

This man's most distinguishing features were the scars over the bridge on his nose and over his blind left eye that had once been blue. Two in fact and those long healed scars still looked rather deep. Then there was he short, black hair tied in a small low ponytail to keep it slicked back. As for the rest of his scarred face he wore a small grey stubble over the sides of his cheeks which met with his chin and mustache to form a lightly translucent goatee. Finally there was his outfit that was a plain, bulky gang affiliated trenchcoat and pants set mostly used to cover his many scars.

It scared the children, so he chose to hide them for that reason despite the pride he bore for each and every one of them.

"Heh. Still as uncouth as ever, aren't you?" Chuckled the man.

Caulifla approached to seat herself next to him, sniffing the air as she did.

"You smell like sweat." She proclaimed, holding her nose in disgust.

"That's because I just got finished relieving some of our female comrades."

"But why?" Her innocent question made him snicker somewhat. This in turn made her face turn red in anger. "Was what I said funny or something? Huuuuuh, Boss?"

"Try and retain that innocence for as long as you can, kid." He said, roughly patting her head and messing up her hair.

"H-hey! Cut it out! I'm serious!" Caulifla protested while she attempted to remove his hand from her head.

"Huh, so you're serious after all."

"Deathly serious."

His hand was in his own lap now.

"Alright, I'll explain it in simple terms for you."
"Are you saying that I'm stupid, Boss?"

"You and I both know that book smarts was never your strong point and that you're way too impulsive for common sense."

For a brief moment Caulifla blinked and stared at her Boss. He in turn did the same. Then...

".... Hahaha! You're so right! I hate that boring stuff!"

"It's a good thing you're such a powerful brute then, right?"

Caulifla punched him on the upper arm.

"Asshole."

"Hahaha." The man clutched his arm in mock pain. "Alright, alright. Listen up now, would you? The Boss is here is about to teach you some pretty important life lessons!"

"This better be good."

Crossing one leg over the other Caulifla tried her best to be patient. When it came to calming her curiosity she always tried her best to pay attention.

"Why do I bed those ladies? For starters I have no interest in men so my boys are gonna need to find other ways to pre-occupy themselves or seek companionship elsewhere. Ahem. Getting back on subject, I bed those ladies because every living thing has needs. As the Boss I have an obligation to tend to the needs of the rest of the gang as best that I can. Of course I never force myself. My needs are important too and I'm not some man whore."

"You totally are!" Giggled Caulifla.

"As if you would know, virgin girl!" He laughed as he gave her a slight nudge. "Anyway, I decided to help out my crew. It just so happens this time it was sex and let me tell you - sex is a great way to reduce stress and focus the mind. So by helping them they in turn feel obligated to help me out too."

"So... Give and take?"

"Pretty much, preeeetty much!" He nodded sagely. "I also gave my word ahead of time after losing to them in a drinking game... Ahem. Anyway, the Boss must always follow through. Failing to do so erodes trust and fans the flames of resentment and discontent."

Caulifla pondered his words for a bit.

".... That just sounds like an excuse to have meaningless sex!" Caulifla loudly accused.

"Hahaha. Guilty as charged." Lahghed the man before he tapped her on the forehead. "Seriously though. You're still an innocent and naive virgin, kid. When you're older and perhaps a Boss yourself then you'll understand that sometimes these things are needed. But remember... Never, ever, give without a pay off. You'll lose respect if you just give, give, give and never take."

"Tch, whatever. Still sounds like an excuse to just screw."

"Hahahaha. I won't lie, I thoroughly enjoy it too."

"Perverted old man." Caulifla muttered as she rolled her eyes.
Present

"Atatatatata--!!!"

Surging blue energy concentrated into her hand, Caulifla prepared to launch her Crush Cannon - Blue Edition. Since she was, of course, brawling with Beerus in her Super Saiyan Blue state.

The two bounced about in the air, their clashes caused vibrations to resonate from them whenever their fists met.

Ever since Caulifla had agreed to share her bed, nearly every night, with Beerus the training had intensified a great deal. It was at first very alarming to Caulifla, she had no idea that Beerus even without using Ultra Instinct had been holding back so much until now.

It hurt, it hurt so darn much to accept the facts.

Beerus had been toying with her over the past year.

"Haaa!"

Her Crush Cannon fired out towards Beerus who remained still. Instead of dodging he merely floated in place and swatted the energy bullets from her Crush Cannon as if they were annoying gnats. It frustrated her so much. Even after achieving Super Saiyan Blue she was still way out of his league.

"Damn it! I can't even hit you!" She screamed and angrily roared out in her rising frustration.

As for Beerus, he silently made observations as he easily met the next onslaught of blows from Caulifla.

"Her progress is astounding. I had initially planned to only humor her but this... This is highly unexpected. It wouldn't be a false assumption to conclude that she is a tried and true prodigy, albeit inexperienced. If things continue as they are now then she will soon be equal to Trunks, perhaps even surpassing him by the end of it all."

His eyes diverted to where Trunks was busy in deep meditation with Kibito.

"Trunks.... You're no prodigy. Everything you've gained has been through sheer effort, an unrelenting determination, and unimaginable pain. While those are fine qualities and experiences to have they, sadly, will never truly match that of a tried and tested prodigy that actually exerts themselves fully."

"Stop dodging! It pisses me off when you do it without even looking at me!"

"Oh. I can imagine a few things that you do enjoy that don't require my gaze, girl." Beerus taunted her with a smug grin.

Her face instantly went red, her anger rose, and she was upon him once more.

Returning to his thoughts...

"Where was I? Ah, yes. Trunks, perhaps you aren't meant to achieve Ultra Instinct. Was that why you already desire to find a new path? When you announced it I had applauded your wisdom. Yes, perhaps you're meant for another path. Or perhaps... Perhaps the keys to that path are already within your grasp and you just haven't noticed yet? Hmm... I have my theories but it would be
pointless if I forced you along without you first realizing that dormant potential within yourself despite not being a prodigy. There is still time for you to find that answer on your own."

"Ouch! You jerk!" Caulifla shouted. During the exchange of punches and kicks Beerus had unknowingly struck her square in the face. There was even a bit of blood coming from her bruised nose.

"Hm? Did I exert too much power?"

Beerus should have just pressed on, the injury was minor! So why did he take that split second to stop and look over her injury? It had no sense! Something like that was nothing to Caulifla! So why?!

That split second was all Caulifla needed to tackle Beerus and send them tumbling towards the ground.

A light shake accompanied them as they landed. It wasn't enough to disturb Trunks or Kibito. However, the Supreme Kai was watching out of curiosity.

"Hah! I finally got you!" Chirped a relieved and content Caulifla.

"So it would seem."

Caulifla was atop Beerus, her hands held his wrists down and her pelvic area pressed down against his own with her legs within range of his inner thighs. Beerus was, after all, much taller than she was.

The two said nothing, only the sound of their breathing could be heard. It was then that both noticed the other had a light film of sweat over their exposed, glistening skin and that their light breathing was beginning to turn into panting full of intense desire and wanting. This was in part due to the surges of adrenaline currently coursing through their bodies, it made their heads feel cloudy and irrational.

Beerus pushed himself up to meet her face with his own but he stopped from getting too close. Or he tried. His chest brushed up against her own, both felt a strange intensity as they continued to say nothing. Only panting and feeling the others rising and falling chest against their own.

Forgetting where he was Beerus felt the urge to embrace her and put an end to this uncomfortable yearning, a feeling he hadn't felt since times long since passed.

Caulifla's body moved on it's own. Nearly, just nearly... She almost moved forward to meet Beerus. Her body, exhausted and full of adrenaline, desired an immediate and pleasurable relief but her heart...

Her heart...

"No!" Caulifla screamed inside her head.

She pushed herself away from Beerus so as to fall to the ground and immediately curled up into a ball.

And with that the magic... was gone.

"You..." Beerus was speechless, his mind was still trying to rationalize what had just happened. Taking a moment to swallow he mustered up some carefully chosen words. "... You did well today,
girl. Go get some rest."

Beerus proceeded to fly off, leaving Caulifla where she was.

"Caulifla! Are you injured?" Yelled the fast approaching Supreme Kai.

"Shin?" Caulifla mumbled just barely above a whisper.

"Are you alright?!" Shin had arrived and turned Caulifla over to better inspect her injuries. ".. Tears?"

Caulifla's eyes widened and her body shot up.

"I... I need to go!" With no further elaboration Caulifla flew off to her room.

Shin held out his hand as if he had tried to reach out to her as she fled.

"Caulifla..."

---

**Beerus**

"What was that? What the HELL was that just then?!! Beerus screamed at himself. "That wasn't what we agreed to! I gave my word! Yet... Yet... What was I doing?!"

W -ho: Beerus, God of Destruction.

"... You dare stalk me? I am no prey!"

Infuriated over this intrusion of his privacy Beerus threw a swiftly formulated Hakai at the mechanical being.

With a raised hand the mechanical being known as W -ho crushed the Hakai with his energy. Or rather the energy of his creator - Whis.

W -ho: Thirty days have elapsed since our last encounter.

The other three appeared behind W -ho.

H -e: You have been selected.

"... Tch. For what?"

I -s: Experimentation.

S -eries: Prepare yourself.

W - ho: Or you shall perish.

A barrier rose up from the ground and surrounded a sizable section of Time Shift Chamber.

"No interruptions, eh?" Beerus began to crack his knuckles and neck. "Good. I was in a bad mood anyway. You lot shall do wonders in tempering my rage."

W -ho: Your rage is irrelevant.

"Your opinion is of no concern to myself, machine. Now be good little toy soldiers and break for
Entering his unpolished Ultra Instinct state, Beerus charged the four whom all bore an equal portion of power derived from Whis himself.

Later...

"Lord Beerus!" The voice belonged to a shouting Trunks who was kneeling next to Beerus. "The moment I saw the barrier I rushed over! I tried to aid you but couldn't enter and when the barrier disappeared you were alone and..."

"Damn. I lost?"

His body was littered in bruises and lightly singed skin. The fight had occurred so quickly and had forced him into a strange state beyond Ultra Instinct.

Only he couldn't recall what it was or what had happened.

"How long?" Beerus asked as Trunks helped him up.

"It was only up for ten minutes."

"Ten minutes, huh?" Beerus wheezed and coughed up blood.

"Here, I'll walk you back." Trunks kindlty offered a hand.

Beerus brushed him off.

"I am capable of standing on my own!" He huffed as he stalked away in a fury.

"What's his problem?

W.H.I.S.

W -ho: Subject: Beerus, God of Destruction.

H -e: Conclusion: He has reached it.

I -s: Objection: The true state of Ultra Instinct eludes him. His mental capacities expired before his physical body.

S -eries: Suggestion: Ignore Beerus, God of Destruction, for the time being. Focus on subjects Caulifla and Trunks.

W -ho: Consideration proceeding.

W -ho: ....

W -ho: ....

W -ho: ....

W -ho: ... Acceptable.

H -e: Understood. Beerus, God of Destruction, requires time to garner greater mental focus.
I -s: Agreed. Furthering his growth of body would be inefficient within this time frame.

S -eries: Inquiry: Date of next experimentation?

W -ho: ... One Hundred and Eighty Days - The Five Hundredand and Seventy Sixth day within the location known as the Time Shift Chamber.

---

That Night

Caulifla laid in her bed, staring at the ceiling. When she tried to focus really hard she could see Cabba giving her that adorable goofy smile and lovingly calling her name.

Her eyes teared up, she clutched her stomach. It felt like there were butterflies bouncing around.

It hurt.

"You always deserved better than me." Caulifla thought, shaking her head to clear his face from her mind. "Why...? Why did you stick with a person like me? We never had anything in common. Yet... You were always too good to me despite the fact that I was never deserving of it. Even when I yelled at you and told you it was just sex you... You still insisted and I eventually started to claim you as my One and Only and selfishly thought that there was more waiting for us - together. ...And to repay you I got you erased because of my weakness."

Her teeth pressed down against each other, grinding...

"Cabba... Kale..."

The name Kale had come up out of nowhere, it made her chest burn in agony.

"That's right... Kale died because I was selfish when you and I..."

There came a knock at the door.

"... It has been over a month already." Caulifla said, her exhaustion was heavy in her voice. "Just come in."

The door opened, a scowling and bruised Beerus entered and shut the door.

"About today--..."

"Shut up." Caulifla climbed out of bed, grabbed Beerus by the collar and pulled him into a feral and wanting kiss. "No talking. All I need from you is to screw me until it doesn't hurt anymore. You can at least do that much, right?"

Although hesitant at first Beerus took the hint and embraced her. Holding her firmly in his arms their lips touched again and they tumbled onto the bed.

"That's right... I never deserved anyone. Big Bro, Cabba, Kale... You would have been better off if I hadn't screwed things up and dragged myself into your lives and got you killed or erased while I got to survive - alone. So... When I bring you back my----. Cabba... When I bring you back, Cabba, I will... I will get out of your way. You deserve a girl who won't settle for just One and Only. That's right, you deserve a girl who can give you a loving family and won't keep hurting you like I always ended up doing. ...Like I'm doing right now and can't stop myself from doing again and again with this man that I don't even love."
With her body now fully joined with Beerus, Caulifla buried her head onto his chest. Clutching him tightly and holding him close she closed her eyes and let pleasure numb her reason and her moans of ecstasy to drown out her guilt.

"I'll bring you back no matter what and ensure that you reach the happiness that you rightfully deserve… A happiness I never had any right to and kept denying you it by refusing to let you go. That is what I swear and I always keep my word. So just wait a little longer, m---- Cabba. Just Cabba."
Letters

Chapter Summary

Trunks has been writing letters to himself for every day he has been within the Time Shift Chamber. While not all days have been eventful, others have...

Everyone had retired to the night - everyone but Trunks. It had become routine for him to stay up and write letters. Perhaps it was his way of trying to stay safe? Or perhaps he wished to have established records to review later on after leaving the Time Shift Chamber? Regardless of why, which even he didn't know, Trunks had started and eventually it had become routine.

Entry: One

We arrived within this weird place called the Time Shift Chamber. It reminds me so much of the Huperbolic Chamber and the time I had spent with my father in our attempt to grow powerful enough to defeat Cell.

... That didn't pan out as planned.

It is my hope that things go much more smoothly this time around.

Note: That Saiyan Girl known as Caulifla offered to, erm, "help" with my natural urges. I assumed she was joking as I couldn't imagine being with another like that but Mai. Naturally I later thanked her for the thought but politely declined her... generous offer.

Entry: Two

Just survived my first night within this place.

The accommodations aren't bad by any means that's for sure. Whis really outdid himself.

The rooms are even soundproof and all the furniture and stuff are very, very durable.

Whis, erm, also left... adult material for me.

... This is going to be a long One Thousand days.

Entry: Seven

Over the past few days I've started to become more acclimated with what this place really about.

Basically it is separated between zones.

The upper left zone seemed to have much dense air, breathing was a trial in of itself.

The upper right in contrast had air that felt light and a strange, mysterious gust assaulted it without rest.
The lower left had very little gravity. Often when I visited it I would end up floating in the air without thinking. Some concentration was required just to keep my feet on the ground.

The lower right on the other hand had an immense pressure to it. I predict that it is the gravity being increased. What’s strange, however, as it seemed to increase whenever my Ki became acclaimed to it.

Lord Beerus seemed to enjoy these things. A bit too much in my opinion considering that he is constantly tossing Caulifla, the female Saiyan of Universe Six, and I between them.

---

**Entry: Sixteen**

Sixteen... This day, the sixteenth since arriving here, has caused me to reminisce.

Android Sixteen.

I wonder how he felt when he was betrayed. Surely he anticipated it but even so. That creature was his child.

And it killed him.

---

**Entry: Twenty-One**

Cross, or better yet Superior... Was your destined path always one of betrayal? Or could I have somehow prevented it in some way?

The thought sends shivers down my spine.

It also feels me with doubt.

Could all those two have been granted a different fate had I been more attentive?

Or is that just my guilt talking?

Something to consider...

---

**Entry: Thirty**

That Caulifla is astounding.

Despite her thuggish behavior and constant chest puffing bravado she actually carries through. By that I mean her ability to grow stronger and stronger on top of an intense desire to learn new techniques. I find it very satisfying that she wasn’t all talk since that means I won’t have to hold back as much when we spar.

In a way she reminds me a lot of Goku. Only, you know, having differing... parts.

---

**Entry: Fourty**

Only two Universes remain in this tournament. The others have been erased.

I feel bad for Caulifla.
Her entire Universe is gone, she's the sole survivor.

At least when mine was erased I still had Mai to keep me sane.

I wonder... Could Caulifla be suffering despite that strong bravado that she carries about herself?

---

**Entry: Sixty**

Outside our training that has fallen into a routine, thanks to the diligence of the Supreme Kai, there really hasn't been too much of note happening. Sure it has only been sixty days but still... I feel very childish.

Writing every day is proving to be a challenge since most days are just a confirmation that I trained and then retired for the day.

Gosh, I hope Mai doesn't flop through these. She might find it hard not to laugh at how much of a nerd I am just like my mentor Gohan was.

---

**Entry: Seventy-Three**

I can barely write this.

Even after being restored by Kibito my body still aches and my mind hasn't caught up yet.

Today Lord Beerus showed us this thing called Ultra Instinct.

I was rendered unconscious in a single minute even as Super Saiyan Blue. It was humiliating.

If Super Saiyan Blue could be bested so easily then is it truly the final stage in my evolution? Could there be something even greater?

Would father have considered this possibility as well?

Or is Ultra Instinct the end goal to everything?

---

**Entry: Eighty-Eight**

Still troubled by this Ultra Instinct thing I spent some time speaking with the Supreme Kai. Somehow our conversation turned to fusion via the Potara.

However, that was quickly dismissed.

The only viable candidates were Lord Beerus, who was far too powerful, and Caulifla whom I bore no compatibility with. That and we had different... parts. I was assured that that wouldn't be an issue but I err'd on the side of caution.

We also concluded that fusion probably wouldn't be allowed within the tournament anyway.

---

**Entry: One Hundred**

Today Caulifla finally reached the Super Saiyan Blue state and she made it look so easy.
Now I know how my father felt whenever Goku trivialized something that he had poured his heart, blood, sweat, and soul into.

Like Goku, could Caulifla be what they call a natural fighting prodigy?

---

**Entry: One Hundred and One**

I keep reminding myself why I’m training so hard.

Mai and our daughter.

No matter the pain I must endure I cannot ever give an inch.

The only way back to them is to keep stepping forward.

---

**Entry: One Hundred and Twenty**

After much prodding, and her suffering constant defeats against me, the Supreme Kai and I were able to convince Caulifla to seriously begin meditation training. In the past we allowed her to slack off but after obtaining Super Saiyan Blue she has no choice but to strengthen her mental fortitude.

Unlike Super Saiyan One and Two, which placed more strain on the body, Super Saiyan Blue was more mental and requires constant precision Ki control. As Caulifla is now she is unable to maintain Super Saiyan Blue for extended periods of time. This isn’t something that can be brute forced into like the other previous states of Super Saiyan.

Caulifla had choice words for me after agreeing.

---

**Entry: One Hundred and Fourty-Nine**

Turns out Kibito is an outstanding cook... Or so I thought. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that he has been using magic to aid in cooking duties.

Food tastes good regardless so I cannot complain.

---

**Entry: One Hundred and Seventy**

For over a month Caulifla had been fussing about meditation. Considering her personality this was to be expected. Had things not improved I would have been forced to intervene as more than just her instructor.

Thankfully this worry of mine proved unwarranted. The Supreme Kai himself has begun taking an interest in Caulifla and helping her find some sort of calming clarity while meditating.

I hope things go well.

---

**Entry: One Hundred and Ninety-Two**

Lately Caulifla has been ending training early to spend time with the Supreme Kai. I assume that the reason is entirely platonic and her way of repaying him for helping her out. Which, I might as well add, has progressed beyond just meditating.
The Supreme Kai had insisted that Caulifla allow him to help further her education. I had assumed Caulifla would refuse but instead she had agreed. After getting over my initial shock I encouraged Caulifla in her pursuit of a proper education.

As my mother had shown me constantly in the past - a powerful mind is a great asset to have over your shoulders.

Unfortunately... As Caulifla is spending more time in learning that means I'm stuck spending more time being trained by Lord Beerus.

... Help.

---

**Entry: Two Hundred**

Whoa. Already it has been two hundred days since we were placed inside the Time Shift Chamber. Every day I continue to be surprised at just how much progress everyone has made. This includes the Supreme Kai and Kibito as well.

A though has begun lingering in my head, however.

Is Super Saiyan Blue truly the limit to my evolution as a warrior? Or is there something else out there?

If my father were here then I have no doubt that he would berate me for assuming Saiyans even have limits.

---

**Entry: Two Hundred and Thirty-Four**

With the constant training that I've been enduring I feel that I've been neglecting to form stronger bonds with the others. Mai would scold for being anti-social. I mean, the others are pretty much roommates in a way.

---

**Entry: Two Hundred and Eighty-Three**

While sparring with Lord Beerus the subject turned over to about that offer Caulifla made on the first day. Naturally I still lack any desire to accept as I'm quite content with my own family. I also see no need to rush as it will make my time with Mai all the more satisfying when we're reunited.

It is odd, however.

I'm starting to get the feeling that Lord Beerus is seriously considering it.

I hope not.

I understand why Caulifla offered but I also understand that she is still tremendously in love with "her Cabba". I suspect that she would still agree, as she keeps her word, but the guilt over betraying the man she loves may negatively impact her mind and heart...

If Lord Beerus pursues this then I worry that there will be dire consequences.

Don't pursue, please...
Entry: Three Hundred

Thusfar Lord Beerus hasn't made any attempts or moves on Caulifla. Hopefully it stays that way.

The poor woman is clearly grieving for her losses and blames herself for it. I've kinda figured that the real intent for that offer was her way of trying to be as horrible as she feels. Considering that I've lost so much in my life as well I don't judge her.

If I can ever find time outside my busy, and extremely exhausting, training regiment I really should have a talk with her. The sooner the better.

I better leave myself a note so that I don't forget.

---

Entry: Three Hundred and Forty

Looking back at my entries I seem to gave forgotten to speak privately with Caulifla over her guilt and pain over all the things she lost.

Everytime I made an attempt something would come up for either of us.

---

Entry: Three Hundred and Sixty

I had attempted to speak to Caulifla after hours today.

... Well. Caulifla sleeps naked. Yeah. Big surprise but really, I guess that I should have expected that.

I have trouble looking at her now. Not that she isn't attractive, because she truly is, but because the only naked woman I desire to see is my wife.

For now I better keep my distance until I'm more comfortable with her... open lifestyle.

---

Entry: Three Hundred and Sixty-five

One year.

One whole year was all it took. Seriously, Lord Beerus? Aren't you like millions of years old or something?

Here I am pondering on somehow going even further beyond Super Saiyan Blue and the next thing I know I spot Lord Beerus at night.

Outside Caulifla's door.

On another note, Caulifla STILL sleeps naked even after spooking me. I diverted my eyes as soon as I noticed.

Anyway Lord Beerus was invited in and didn't leave til hours later. It was obvious, based on his exhausted state and the smell of sweat, on what had occured.

... And a clearly broken bed. Weren't those supposed to be... Ugh! Bad thoughts! Bad thoughts!

Damn it!
I know it is their business but that was a stupid thing for Lord Beerus to do when he knew that she wouldn't refuse as she had given her word already!

... For now I'll butt out but the moment things go sour I seriously need to chew the both of them out.

---

**Entry: Three Hundred and Sixty-Six**

That was the most awkward day ever.

The Supreme Kai seems to be the only one who is unaware that Lord Beerus and Caulifla are having an... intimate... and very physical affair. The two of them seriously have bad poker faces and if the Supreme Kai wasn't so innocent...

Enough of that.

Today we met four robots or something who call themselves W.H.I.S..

They have individual names but they're ridiculous so I won't even bother to name them.

Names aside, they have equal portions of power directly from Whis himself and were more than happy to prove it.

Oh.

If we don't eliminate them by the Seven Hundredith and Thirtith day we will be thrown into a Black Hole.

Great.

Just... Great.

---

**Entry: Three Hundred and Eighty**

It sometimes seems like I'm the only one worried about W.H.I.S. and it is mildly frustrating. Sure Lord Beerus appears to be quite livid over their existence but other than that I'm not sensing any urgency from the others.

If worst comes to worst then I need to be prepared to handle on my own.

Especially if things go south between Beerus and Caulifla.

---

**Entry: Three Hundred and Ninety-Nine**

In the lobby today I noticed the Supreme Kai practicing techniques in secret under the instruction of Kibito. Those techniques reminded me of the Evil Containment Wave only they apparently are meant to those with God Ki.

Maybe the Supreme Kai is trying to figure out a strategy for Lord Beerus losing control?

Now that I think about it Lord Beerus always seems to be on edge most of the time except the morning.

I can only assume it is because he has come to greatly his nights with Caulifla even if he would
refuse to admit it.

Entry: Four Hundred

Just as I predicted things have started to collapse.

I hate being right in situations such as this.

Caulifla tries to put on a strong face, especially when around the Supreme Kai, but I can see that the guilt of infidelity is eating at her.

But is it truly infidelity?

Cabba was erased and as far as we all know he may not be un-erased. So technically she isn't cheating in the more true definition of the word.

However, I can understand why she would feel that way. I mean, even if Mai had been erased I would feel guilty about even the thought of being with another.

I want to reach out to Caulifla but outside training she spends all her time with Shin and later on with Beerus who now sleeps in her room. I really blew my chances when I freaked out and excused myself upon the discovery that she sleeps naked...

Lord Beerus on the other hand seems to ignoring those signs and continues to take her every night. I understand that he is a God, and never met Goku or the others in this timeline, but the fact that he doesn't seem to care enough to question what he is doing is what's cruel - not the act alone.

I would confront Lord Beerus but neither seem to wish to end their arrangement. Not to mention that I currently lack the power to defend myself in the scenario that Lord Beerus loses control.

My only option is to get stronger then help those two work things out.

Ugh, I have a headache. I wonder if Kibito can help relieve me of it.

---

Entry Four Hundred and Twenty-One

No matter how much I asked, for each day that passes, Kibito continues to assure me that his healing cannot cure mental afflictions.

It is a huge shame for sure.

All this drama is starting to effect my training.

Not only mine either. Those two Not-Lovebirds often find excuses to touch each other during training. It may not even be intentional and that worries me the most.

Could Lord Beerus actually be falling in love and not even know it?

If so then that is even more worrying.

---

Entry: Four Hundred and Fifty

The way Lord Beerus looks at her when she isn't looking is the same way I look at Mai.
No amount of denial can change that.

Lord Beerus has fallen head over heels for Caulifla even though he knows her rule.

No catching feelings.

I get it, I really do. It isn't everyday that Lord Beerus finds a young, powerful, and attractive female saiyan who can push his buttons and take a punch from him square in the face only to laugh afterwards.

The appeal is there and is very tempting I admit. But temptation is something that isn't meant to succumb to.

Caulifla still loves Cabba.

I'm sure that she hates betraying him every night that she spends with Lord Beerus but deep down she still just wants to be spending that time with him.

Poor girl. She's in so much pain but I cannot help her as long as she refuses to see that she is just using Lord Beerus to numb herself over her guilt in failing Cabba. Or the fact that she genuinely loves him and is just too afraid to ask for more.

...

Gosh. I'm getting way too invested in their love affair.

---

**Entry: Four Hundred and Ninety-Four**

I can feel the cracks being chipped away.

The more time passes and the more often I am forced to face that Ultra Instinct thing the greater my power rises and my limits are pushed beyond their limits.

Just a bit more, just a bit more...

---

**Entry: Five Hundred**

I've decided to distract myself from all that drama by brushing up on my reading material.

Mostly science.

Mai would giggle and call me an adorable nerd before kissing me.

Damn.. I miss Mai and I miss our daughter.

Just Five Hundred more days and I'll be released. By that time I NEED to have pushed my evolution at a state beyond Super Saiyan Blue.

Be it Ultra Instinct or something else entirely.

---

**Entry: Five Hundred and Thirty-Seven**

Kibito stopped by today to see how I was doing.
Apparently I've been spending too much time studying and the others thought I was just feeling depressed about my current circumstances with everything.

I assured Kibito that I was fine.

I'm... fine.

---

**Entry: Five Hundred and Forty**

Training with Caulifla today I've finally started to notice that she has been incorporating some of my techniques and skills into her routine. It sorta reminded me of Zajak.

Speaking of Zajak... Her match should have long since ended. I've been so concentrated on getting stronger that I forgot.

I hope she is okay.

Considering her opponent, then...

No!

She is okay and that is the end of that!

---

**Entry: Five Hundred Forty-Eight**

Today is the first time I've landed a hit on Lord Beerus while he was using Ultra Instinct. It had come so naturally, I even started to wonder why I had been struggling for all this time.

Then Caulifla landed a hit after me.

Just seeing me do it once was all she required to do it herself as well.

I value the teamwork we've developed, and I'm glad that her current affair isn't harming her fighting ability, but...

But...

Curses!!

I can really see my father's side here! Fighting prodigies like Goku and Caulifla are just unfair!

---

**Entry: Five Hundred and Fifty-Five**

I told myself not to worry but I can't help it.

If Jiren really is the same as Prime than Zajak may have been hurt even worse than Mai was.

Zajak is still just a kid. Not literally but to me that is what she is. In a way she's like a student or little sister to me. Naturally this gives me a strong desire to protect her.

Not to mention that I can tell that she looks up to me but even so...

I ended up failing her and she had to confront Jiren alone.
Entry: Five Hundred and Seventy-Four

I heard Lord Beerus and Caulifla arguing and then I saw the Supreme Kai run off. What happened?

Entry: Five Hundred and Seventy-Five

I've had enough! For too long I've turned a blind eye to it! Yet those two finally went too far and started arguing during training about something only they were in the know about considering it involved their not so secret affair! The Supreme Kai is even acting like he's traumatized over something whenever he looks at either of them!

Tomorrow I'm confronting those two!

It is clear that their relationship, if it can even be called that, has begun to leak toxicity outside the bedroom! Enough is enough!

The Supreme Kai is acting traumatized as well after Lord Beerus talked to him! My day cannot get any worse tomorrow than it is today!

The only sane one left is Kibito!

Day - Five Hundred and Seventy-Six

It was expected.

The two had tried, and admittedly did a horrible job at, to keep their affair a secret. Now it was out in the open.

"Don't touch me, asshole!" Caulifla hollered at Beerus, her hands ignited in blue God Ki.

"Stop making a fuss over nothing, girl!" Snarled Beerus inbetween clenched teeth.

"You told him! You told him! Why the hell did you have to tell Shin?!!" Her body was shaking in rage that gave off an energy that evaporated her tears.

"I thought the little Kai knew already!"

"Well he didn't! I wanted it to remain that way!" She retorted. "Now when he looks at me he can't stop imaging a sweaty and very naked you on top of me every night for over a year! We had agreed to not talk about it and then you went and talked about it to the one guy here that I consider a very very good friend of mine!"

"You and I both know that I wasn't always on top, girl!"

"Rrrraaaargh!!!"

Leaping forward Caulifla tackled Beerus and both were sent tumbling throughout the building. All
their unrestrained cooking ware and dining ware shook and tossed about during the struggle.

"You promised! Damn it! Damn it, damn it, DAMN IT! I trusted you!!!"

"You're just angry because the little Kai reminds you of 'your Cabba'? Pah!"

"Don't you--... Don't you DARE mock Cabba!"

"Why not?! The poor fool got himself erased!"

"Shut up, shut up, shut up!"

With a final tumble Beerus managed to get on top and held her flailing arms down by the wrists.

"Don't pretend that I forced this on you. We both mutually benefitted from our encounters in more ways than one. Or did we not? Go on, speak!"

Feeling ashamed and hurt Caulifla wordlessly looked away from Beerus.

"..."

Beerus released her and stood up.

"... I... I may have overstepped."

"May?" She huffed inbetween sniffling.

"Alright, fine. Fine!" He threw his hands up in the air. "I shouldn't have said those things. It is beneath my position and was entirely uncalled for."

"..."

"What I'm trying to say is that I... I... I..." His pride made apologising so incredibly hard and painful. But... He hurt her and she deserved to hear it so he kept trying. "I a-a-a-a-pologize!!! Happy?!---"

A cone of energy cut off Beerus as it blasted through the wall, that was supposed to be indestructible, and engulfed Beerus in a containment sphere.

"What is the meaning of this? Who dares?!"

Powering up to his fullest he tried to break free but to no avail.

W -ho stepped through the hole in the wall.

W -ho: Subject: Caulifla. Proceed outside at once alongside Subject: Trunks. Failure to do so shall bear dire consequences.

"... Tch!"

Caulifla got up and stormed out of the room. Their conversation was far from over but for now they had pressing matters to attend to.

"You piece of junk! Release me at once or I'll---"

His lips moved but no words could be heard.

W -ho: Announcement: The sphere is soundproof.
W -ho stepped through the hole in the wall and left a furious Beerus who banged against the walls of his containment in muted silence.
Chapter Summary

Trunks and Caulifla are forced to confront W.H.I.S. on their own. As the battle rages on Caulifla accidently reaches a realization that Trunks can exploit.

The vibrations formed by the clashes from the fighters unrelenting blows sent shockwaves that shook and tore at the very air itself. Blood floated about, almost as if driven to reality defying confusion. The strikes and blows had happened so quickly that gravity had yet to properly register and account for said blood and torn flesh.

The one's with the blood of Saiyans coursing through their veins had long since entered their Super Saiyan Blue states. It was, by all accounts, the wisest decision to start the battle at their best. The being known as W.H.I.S. had even waited patiently for them to ascend to their mocking state of Godhood before it had sent H-e and I-s to confront them.

H-e engaged Trunks while I-s engaged Caulifla. W-ho and S-series chose to observe from a distance as neither felt the need to interfere.

Such arrogance it was.

Had their goal been to anger Caulifla they had succeeded in full.

"Argh! Damn robot things! I'm not in the mood for this right now! I'm still pissed off at that dumbass, Beerus, for being an asshole! Freaking Gods thinking they can disregard my feelings and think that they have ownership of me! Ugh! As if!"

I-s continued exchanging blows with the mentally conflicted Caulifla. Even her energy blasts and attacks were proving ineffective. Somehow I-s seemed to be able to negate and absorb them with relative ease and take on that power for itself. This only served to frustrate Caulifla even more.

Just to the side was Trunks being pressed by H-e. Despite being a machine it bore a significant amount of God Ki. Trunks could only assume that somehow Whis from outside was fueling those machines with his own power.

"It cannot be too significant a portion as Whis must still maintain this place. That is no small feat even with Vados aiding him. I can only assume that that means that each individual personality of W.H.I.S. is weaker than even a fourth of the true power of Whis himself. Which means that I should be able to at least defeat them individually. The issue is that I cannot seem to find a weakness to exploit just yet."

Trunks glanced over to an increasing agitated Caulifla.

"Not good, not good at all. If her mind maintains such a troubled state then she risks losing her concentration. If that were to happen then she won't be able to maintain the clarity of mind necessary to remain in her Super Saiyan Blue state. Losing that would significantly reduce her power and could put her in extreme danger. I have to try and get her to calm down."

"Caulifla--"
Only her name left his lips for his face had at that moment received an sudden, painful strike from H-e. The result of this was predictable.

Trunks was sent hurtling off with H-e in cold, efficient pursuit.

"Hey! Are you alright!?" Caulifla had only mere seconds to shout out before being kneed into her abdomen by I-s.

"C-cough!"

I-s paused and observed in silence as a wide eyed Caulifla coughed up a fair amount of blood. Her teeth were stained red, as were her eyes seeped in a reddened rage and confusion.

"H-how? How is this piece of scrap metal so fast and strong? I'm... I'm losing?! No... No... No!!!"

The realization over just how outmatched she was caused her concentration to lapse. It had been only for a single moment, but in battle that was all it took.

Her body grew limp and her blue hair returned to her natural black coloring.

"Cough! Co-oogh!!"

Entering into an even greater fit of coughing, Caulifla had begun to stain the tiles red with her blood.

I-s: No threat remains.

I-s prepared to depart so as to observe the battle currently raging between Trunks and H-e.

"N-no, cough cough, t-t-threat remains? Are you... Are you saying that I'm not even worth fighting any longer?! You.. you... You!!"

Overcome by an uncontrolled eruption of pure rage Caulifla howled out her frustrations as loud and maddened as her voice would allow. This surge of power bursting out from her small body didn't even give I-s a moment of pause. Instead he floated up and moved closer towards Trunks.

Her shouts caused the vibrations in the air to dance into a deafening song that could very well shatter unprotected ear drums. As this continued her aura flickered between red and green, her pupils began to vanish as well. What was now overtaking her wasn't any form that Trunks would have been familiar with.

"K-kale...?!!" The shock and guilt in her voice sent Caulifla over the edge.

With a final roar of agonized rage Caulifla was engulfed by a swirl of green energy that obscured her body completely.

W-ho: Unknown state detected within the warrior known as Caulifla.

W-ho had observed.

S-series: No God Ki detected.

S-series had stated.

S-series: No threat present.

W-ho: Continuing observation.
A flicker of electricity flashed in his mind. Immediately Trunks realized that it was a power that he had never sensed before yet the Ki it belonged to felt so familiar.

"What?! Could this power belong to... Caulifla? But how? It keeps rising and rising! Soon she will have surpassed the power generated by the Super Saiyan Blue!l state! That makes no sense! I cannot sense any God Ki from her, yet...!"

"RaaaaaRRGGgghhh!"

Not even bothering to wait for the green energy to dissipate Caulifla charged forth and rammed right into the unsuspecting I-s.

I-s: Error. Error. Mortal Ki should pose no threat. Should pose n-

"Nnn!!! Shut up, SHUT UP!!!"

With a mighty tug Caulifla tore off I-s arm, twisted it around and jammed it down its mouth. The speed and brutality that she had accomplished this sent all the remaining W.H.I.S. personalities into an unmoving state of rapid calculations and theories.

Not wasting time Caulifla shoved her entire right arm down I-s's throat and exploded a massive amount of green energy inside I-s. Caulifla repeated this in quick succession until the insides of I-s erupted into a green fiery explosion and he turned into nothing but falling debris and scrap metal.

W -ho: ..... 

S -eries: .... Error?

W -ho: Error.

"KAAAAALLLLEE!!!" Wept a howling Caulifla, oblivious to her surroundings.

As the smoke cleared from around Caulifla, Trunks noticed that her body had grown somewhat more muscular, her pupils were heavily dilated, and that she had seemingly grown a few inches in height. Based on the look of her skin he deduced that her body had grown much more sturdy too.

"With only Mortal Ki she was able to effortlessly destroy that thing... Wait. Before, with only God Ki neither of us were able to even harm these machines. Nor was Lord Beerus. Yet just now Caulifla had utilised a vast amount of just Mortal Ki, thanks to that strange form of hers, for an entirely different result. Could it be? Could these machines have been specifically designed to counter users of God Ki to the point that their bodies simply cannot comprehend or defend against Mortal Ki in large doses? If that's the case, then..."

Releasing himself from his Super Saiyan Blue state, Trunks quickly powered up again into his Rage state.

Without a word he vanished and reappeared in front of a calculations frozen H -e and pointed an open palm at it.

"Finish... BUSTER!"

The resulting blast tore into H -e and caused it to self-implode due to a mountain of piling errors. Simply put, W.H.I.S. was no longer able to comprehend why they were utilising Mortal Ki nor why in the case of Caulifla she had surpassed herself when she had just used God Ki.
Thus W.H.I.S., unable to resolve this absurdity, was trapped in a feedback loop as it continued to run countless theories and calculations at once.

"Well, well, well. Despite all your power you machines are merely that. Machines."

W -ho wasn't granted the opportunity to respond before a clawed hand tore into its head.

"That was an interesting trick. Trapping me in that wretched little containment chamber of yours. However, you forget that I am quite adapt at formulating strategies when I've been thoroughly angered."

Beerus tore out his clawed hand and proceeded to blast W -ho into dust.

"S -eries, was it?" Beerus addressed the last remaining machine. "It would seem that Whis designed the lot of you to counter myself specifically. I suppose that I should be flattered."

Beerus thrusted his hand into the confused machine's chest.

"Not that I am."

Releasing his hand, S -eries fell to the ground.

S -eries: Error. Error. Lord Beerus shouldn't be this powerful.

"Fool." Sighed Beerus in obvious annoyance. "When it was the four of you against just me I had lost my concentration. Not only had you ambushed me but I had assumed that each of you were just as powerful as Whis or at least close enough to be a threat. That was my mistake, a rookie one at that. In a way my own mind defeated myself before I had exchanged the first strike. Not even Ultra Instinct can overcome a mind full of doubt and self-defeating thoughts."

S -eries: Error....

"Ignorant machine. Did you forget?" Beerus tapped a clawed finger on his head. "I was once mortal myself. Mortal Ki is something I can use freely if I so desire. Until now I've never required it as God Ki is a much more natural state of those who ascend to the status of God of Destruction. So do forgive me if I come off as much more violent than usual. For you see, I am out of practice."

Not holding back Beerus began to tear into S -eries in payment for W.H.I.S. having had humiliated him in the past.

Meanwhile Caulifla's power continued to climb, blood red tears streamed down her hardened cheeks.

"Nnn... Aaahhh... RRRAAAAARRRGGHHH!!! KALE!!!" Screamed Caulifla in pure agony and immense sadness as she clutched her throbbing head.

"What's going on?! Caulifla, you need to calm down! The fight is over!"

"Nnn?!"

Caulifla had stopped shouting and glanced over at Trunks.

"... Damn it."

Seconds later the enraged Caulifla charged at Trunks and smashed through his guarding arms to plant her scorching hot fist into his face.
"Aaargh!"

As Trunks was sent flying Beerus had finished dismantling S -eries when he finally noticed what was happening.

"Hmmm... When did that girl have a form like that?" Beerus curiously asked.

Out of nowhere Caulifla crashed down on top of Beerus, leaving a crater. The ground shook as she swung wildly at Beerus.

---

**Outside the Time Shift Chamber**

"... Sister. Is this your doing?" Whis asked, his faced strained and covered in sweat.

"What ever do you mean?" Innocently responded Vados with her own question.

The truth of the matter was that after Kale's death Vados had later bargained for her soul before Kale could be judged and possibly reincarnated. Kale's soul had retained her berserker state and had lost itself into pure madness.

Resurrecting Kale was no longer an option.

Recognizing that Kale's seemingly unlimited power could prove useful one day she chose not to give up just yet. Instead she spoke to Lord Champa and they considered possible solutions until reaching a mutual conclusion.

Without ever informing Caulifla, out of worry of her rejecting the plan out of guilt and horror, Vados enacted the next best solution.

Vados implanted Kale's soul inside an unconcious Caulifla and heavily supressed Kale's madness from overtaking Caulifla's own mind.

To Caulifla nothing had changed.

However... With the merging of Kale's soul into her own Caulifla, a fighting prodigy, now had access to a nearly unlimited source of hidden power well beyond what she could have ever tapped into on her own. A power that she could utilise in ways that Kale herself never could have ever imagined or reached due to Caulifla's natural talent.

It was a sad irony that despite all her untapped power that Kale had been born with a poor aptitude for fighting. No matter how hard she could have trained she was destined to never master the full extent of her potential.

While Caulifla on the other hand had been born with an average power yet gifted with an unrivaled talent for fighting that she had easily surpassed her own pre-destined limits long ago.

A true prodigy that had risen from the ashes of mediocrity through sheer force of will and love of fighting.

That was why only Caulifla had been worthy of bearing the weight of Kale's soul and the insanity that came with it. For her natural talent could potentially pave a way to make all of that power her own, one day.

However... Vados had greatly underestimated just how traumatizing the death of Kale had been to
Caulifla. Nor did she account for the fact that the presence of Kale's soul had pushed Caulifla into even deeper stages of trauma and self guilt. Then there was the loss of Cabba which finally broke Caulifla and set her up into a state of mind where she no longer could control that insane power bestowed by Kale's soul when it came out.

Had she not been constantly releasing stress, though also raising her own self-hatred, by sleeping with Beerus on a near daily basis than she may have snapped long ago. With her odd relationship with Beerus having hit a rut it meant that she had nothing left to calm her down.

For the first time in over thousands of years Vados actually felt worry and guilt over her logical actions that had failed to understand the hearts of mortals.

**Inside the Time Shift Chamber**

"Kaaaaale! Kaaaalllleee! I can feel you! Please... Come out! Show yourself! Kaaaalllleee!!!"

Over and over Caulifla repeated this as she thrashed a flabbergasted Beerus.

"Caulifla, enough! Stop it already!"

It was Trunks who was floating just above them.

"Nnn... nnn... NNNGH!!"

Abandoning her assault on Beerus, Caulifla dashed upward and clashed with the quickly outmatched Trunks.

"Must I tap into Ultra Instinct to calm you?!!" Roared Beerus who was in hot pursuit.

"Raaaaa!!"

Green energy exploded from Caulifla and buffered Trunks and Beerus.

"Why you-!" Shouted Beerus.

Caulifla turned around to ram Beerus and slam him back into the ground.

"That's it! You've left me with no other option! Do note that I won't apologise either after I have finished calming you down!"

Forcing himself into his Ultra Instinct state, Beerus wordlessly clashed with Caulifla. To his surprise she was adapting at an astonishing rate. Her power continued to climb more and more, her speed increased as well. However it wasn't speed that worried Beerus, it was Caulifla's natural fighting ability. Even moving by instinct he found himself taking blows, painful blows. Caulifla on the other hand seemed to have phased out the concept of pain entirely despite her growing injuries.

While Beerus distracted Caulifla, Trunks had come up with a plan to calm her down. Without a moment's hesitation he entered the building to retrieve the Supreme Kai.

"You... You... You!!! RrrraaAAaaAaaa!!!"

Gathering energy around her entire body she repelled the attacks of Beerus and struck back with immense payback. Beerus wasn't losing ground but if the fight prolonged for too long he would be released from the Ultra Instinct state. In that likely scenario he may actually be in trouble.
This was a foreign concept to Beerus and he found that it made Caulifla even more attractive to him than she already was.

"Caulifla!" No more words were needed. The voice belonged to the Supreme Kai.

It was an instant reaction from Caulifla who ceased fighting and broke off from Beerus to speed over to the Supreme Kai.

Beerus silently floated in the air and observed.

Behind the Supreme Kai was Trunks who was prepared to fend off Caulifla if need be.

"C... Cabba?" Tears fell once more from her eyes and rolled down her blood stained cheeks. As she reached out to the Supreme Kai the green energy dissipated and Caulifla reverted to her original form before falling unconscious.

"...."

Beerus bore a look of disdain at the mention of Cabba's name.

"That power..." Trunks thought. "If she could tame it and combine it with God Ki... Well, I cannot even fathom the end result of that. I should be worried but the possibility excites me when it shouldn't."

While Caulifla was carried back inside by Trunks to be treated the fragments of W.H.I.S. began to gather and stealthy vanish.
Two in One

Chapter Summary

Outside the Time Shift Chamber; Zajak awakens to find Mai waiting on her. Mai has questions and Zajak quickly learns that despite the differences in their power that Mai is someone to both fear and respect.

Within the Time Shift Chamber the others try to make sense of Caulifla's strange transformation. Caulifla on the other hand has locked herself in her room and begins feeling as though she isn't exactly alone....

Outside the Time Shift Chamber

Zajak awoke to find herself laying in her bed; her vision took time to adjust due to how dimly lit the room was. Memories began to flood her head too and a cool sweat formed on the back of her neck.

By all means she shouldn't even be waking up at all. The memories bouncing about in her head practically shouted at her that her last bout of consciousness was her accepting her death after giving up the last of her energy to hopefully aid Trunks. After all, her opponent hadn't held back and was clearly many times more powerful than she was. It had reached a point that the pain had grown into a state so great that she couldn't even process it anymore.

Then she blanked out, only occasionally growing aware enough to catch glimpses of the relentless assault upon her broken body.

Her body...

Zajak's body jolted upright and she quickly began to pat herself down.

"I don't understand... It... It doesn't hurt?"

"You can offer your thanks to the Grand Priest and a Senzu Bean for your accelerated recovery." The voice belonged to Mai. "However... Your mind is intact even after what had happened to you. That is something a Senzu Bean cannot restore. Either you have an extraordinary amount of willpower or the Grand Priest decided to block off your mental trauma until your mind is able to tolerate it enough without breaking you. Assuming, of course, he even has that kind of ability."

Located at the far corner of the room was Mai who sat comfortably in her seat with one leg crossed over the other. The appearance of Mai herself caused Zajak pause. As far as Zajak had known Mai was supposed to be dead or at the very least in a coma induced state by Lord Zeno as an incentive for Trunks to win.

Yet... Here she was.

Mai.

The wife of Trunks.

"... I..."
"Save it." Mai snapped in a cold, low voice. "I'm no fool, not when it is clear as day. You're in love with my husband."

The room dropped in temperature for Zajak yet her body began to sweat profusely. It sent chills up her spine and made her teal skin cool to the touch.

After a long pause to gather her thoughts Zajak finally managed to force out words.

"L-love? I... I don't-"

"Lying to me would be foolish. I suggest that you be honest, it is the least you can do considering that I played a part in your recovery."

Mai was just a regular human. Sure her power was above average for her race but in the grand scheme of things all the power her in body didn't even amount to power that she, Zajak, could produce in her left pinky alone. Which says much considering that she always did prefer her right even if she was adapt with both.

So why was she, Zajak, frightened by her?

The aura that Mai gave off felt like pure killing instinct, it was unsettling and made it hard for Zajak to breath.

"I... I don't understand it. I just... When I think of Trunks I feel weird. I've never really felt that way about anyone before, or at least as far as I can recall. So, I... I cannot trust myself being alone with him. At least not until I can sort out what is wrong with me." Zajak reluctantly confessed, twiddling her thumbs as she did.

"It's love." Mai informed her. "The way you spoke of him as you slept made that abundantly clear even if you are unable to accept it while conscious."

"..."

A red blush appeared on Zajak's teal cheeks.

"Love? Is... Is this how it is supposed to feel?" Finally accepting this fact Zajak started to feel tears roll down her cheeks. "No fair..."

It wasn't fair. None of it was fair at all. Why did it end up this way? Why did her first love have to be to a man she could never be with or ever tell?

"Of course. Of course..." Sorrowfully wept Zajak. "I finally fall in love with someone and he's already happy and content with his soulmate. Hah... Hahahaha... I'm so pathetic, aren't I? Go ahead, laugh. I deserve it for even letting myself fall for your husband as I have despite knowing nothing would ever amount from it."

Mai shook her head and approached Zajak with open arms.

"W-what are you...?"

What Zajak had expected was for Mai to assault her physically and verbally for daring to entertain thoughts of romance with her husband. What had actually happened was that Mai had instead wrapped her arms around Zajak and pulled her into a warm embrace.

"H-hey..."
"The heart wants what the heart wants." Coed Mai. "Your heart wants my husband but you've accepted that just because your heart wants something so badly doesn't mean that it can have it. That it what is called heartbreak and having maturity. It is a pain that I understand."

....

Mai hugged Zajak slightly tighter, no where near enough to cause harm.

"It will pass. You may not think so when the pain hits you in full after you're out of this bed but I can promise you that it will pass." Mai continued in a soothing voice. "When it does... Well, I cannot guarantee that you won't feel it again but I can say that you're still young so there is no rush. One day you will find that someone who is able to and desires to love you back."

The fact that Mai had chosen this route over striking out against her somehow hurt Zajak the most. Unintentionally she found herself hugging Mai back and crying in dismal earnest.

...

After having cried as much as she could have mustered Zajak wiped her stinging reddened eyes as best she could. What had occurred had been necessary even if she hadn't noticed it until it had happened.

Her heart... It hurt so greatly because now everything finally felt so real since she had accepted reality.

She loves Trunks, but... Trunks will only ever love Mai. There simply was no room in his that part of his heart for another nor should Zajak had ever hoped that there would have been.

"Feeling better?" Mai asked, offering Zajak a tissue.

"No... I mean... Yes?" Was her tired response as she accepted it.

"Heartbreak isn't the end of the world but recovering from it takes time. No need to rush things, it isn't a race."

....

"... Unfortunately time isn't in our favor. Please forgive me if I sound forceful but in your sleep you kept mentioning that you wished to tell Trunks something very important. Something that involved the tournament. Could you tell me what it was?"

Zajak nodded her head.

She would tell Mai everything.

....

Unbeknownst to the two women; Marcarita had cloaked herself in a shroud of obstructive God Ki and listened from outside the room.

She had been asked by Jiren (Prime) to spy on Zajak. That had proven troublesome as the Grand Priest had her until recently. Fortunately for her, the moment the Grand Priest had released Zajak her energy was instantly detectable once more. No longer did the Grand Priest's aura shield her.

"I was originally tasked with observing that girl, Zajak, and eliminate her if necessary. Unexpectedly I ended up finding out that a mortal who shouldn't be walking around but is not only doing so but
Marcarita looked over the hallway that she was in. What caught her eye were various traps and
detection systems in place in case of infiltration.

"Lord Beerus and Whis were quite thorough in placing their defenses. A shame that they had only
had them prepared for potential infiltration by mortals. Perhaps they had them installed before
becoming fully aware of my involvement? Or did Whis honestly believe that I would never have
chosen to betray Lord Zeno for Prime? Fuhohohoho... Oh, Whis. You always did have such a
beautiful, kind heart. That kindness, however, will be the end of you if you don't limit it."

Marcarita returned her focus on to the two women.

....

"... My remaining energy should still be in the arena. I had expected it to decay by a fair amount by
the start of the next fight considering that my survival was suspect at best. Since I did end up
surviving it means that I should be able to drastically reduce the decay so that there will be more of it
remaining for Trunks to use." Zajak finished explaining.

"That's unbelievable. You have that much control over your energy?"

"The Elder Kai said that I was a prodigy..." Zajak's voice trailed off as she recalled that the old
perverted geezer had kicked the bucket. They didn't even have time to hold a funeral for him. Just
thinking about it made her feel depressed so she changed the subject. "... What of Trunks? Where is
he now?"

"Trunks? Whis informed me that he had a special type of environment prepared that would grant
Trunks the time and space necessary for him to train so as to close the gap in power between him and
Jiren. The last I heard they had met up in the Universe Seven Waiting Room."

"Time and space that would be necessary?" Zajak pondered aloud. "What kind of place like that
could exist that would help Trunks even approach the power that that monster can exert? Trunks is
powerful, that I am keenly aware of, but that monster... He..."

Mai placed a hand on the shoulder of the shuddering Zajak who had been unaware of her horrified
state.

"Trunks won't lose." Mai reassured Zajak.

"R-right..."

....

Marcarita was no longer in the hallway listening in.

---

**Inside the Time Shift Chamber**

Everyone had gathered at the dining area save Caulifla who had hauled up in her room. Ever since
the incident where she had lost control she had been avoiding prolonged social contact with the
others outside the agreed upon training. Lord Beerus had even ceased propositioning her for sex.
Despite appearing cold at times he wasn't completely heartless and understood that Caulifla needed
space.
That and the last time he attempted to initiate things she fired a Crush Cannon into his face and slammed her door shut.

The damage he suffered was minimal. Only his pride and ego had actually been hurt, all things considered.

Giving her space was considerate, but it had been months and if anything her demeanor had soured even more so than it initially was.

"Time is running out." Beerus finally said to break the silence. "That girl possesses an extraordinary power that has remained untapped this entire time. If she doesn't focus on conquering it and making it her own than she runs the risk of it consuming her. That would be... Unacceptable."

The Supreme Kai gave Beerus a sour look.

"Which she would have had you not made things worse. I understand that you were once mortal but are your urges that uncontrollable that you just had to see if you could lay with her again right after her traumatic experience?"

"Hmph. You've grown bold, haven't you?" Beerus formed a ball of energy in the palm of his right hand. "Perhaps too bold, little Kai."

"...

The Supreme Kai refused to back down and his eyes met his. A rare showing of backbone, it actually impressed Beerus.

"Enough of this! Didn't you just say that time was limited?" Trunks interjected as he turned to Kibito. "Can nothing be done?"

"Unfortunately not even a Kai can aid in combating traumatic mental scars. This is a battle that Caulifla will be forced to face on her own. All that we can do is offer our support should she ever have need of it."

Kibito's response wasn't what Trunks had desired to hear.

"No matter. Trunks is the one who will be fighting, not the girl. I will simply concentrate my full attention on training him until our time here comes to an end."

"You truly have no heart." The Supreme Kai said to Beerus. "Couldn't you at least call her by her name?"

"And why would I need to do that, little Kai? If she insists on acting like a child and locking herself up in her room then I will address her as such. When she is ready to act like the adult that she is supposed to be then maybe I shall reconsider how I choose to address her. Are we clear on that?"

"You call her girl and describe her as a child yet you still felt that she was mature enough to share her bed despite how much it hurt her and filled her with a guilty conscious..." Mumbled the Supreme Kai under his breath.

"What was that? Did you just make a snide remark?" Beerus snarled. "Because to me it sounded like you wanted to be sealed away like that old coot had been."

"Don't insult the revered Elder with your past, shameful actions!" The Supreme Kai yelled out in angered frustration.
Even Kibito was surprised to see such naked emotion displayed so brazenly by the Supreme Kai. For the longest time the Supreme Kai had forced his emotions in check ever since the other Kai had perished against Bibidi and Majin Buu. It wasn't until he had befriended Caulifla that he allowed himself to be happy and friendly once more.

It brought a tear to Kibito's eye.

"To see you coming out of your self-imposed cage brings much joy to my heart. As long as I can recall you've always carried your burden and pain in silence. That girl, Caulifla, truly has been a blessing in disguise. In such a short time she accomplished more in helping mend your mind and guilt-ridden heart than I have in all the years that I've known you."

"... Hmph. I will pardon your outburst as that old coot did sacrifice his own life for my own." Beerus conceded.

The room had grown tense even after the concession given by Beerus. It worried Trunks that there would be no solution today either.

"It is obvious that we aren't getting anywhere. Let's put this to rest for the day. Agreed?" Trunks asked.

"Agreed..." Beerus responded.

Everyone then departed for their rooms.

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**Caulifla**

Like the many days before Caulifla had hauled up in her room after finishing her dinner. That had become her daily routine after that incident where she had lost control.

She just couldn't trust herself any longer.

"That power felt amazing. I can faintly recall using it in the past but I cannot remember when. My head it is just so fuzzy every time I try to recall it. This isn't normal, someone screwed with my memories without my permission or at the very least sealed portions of it. That is unforgivable!"

Caulifla smashed her fist into her palm. Her blood pressure rose from the adrenaline and frustration. Frightened she hurriedly practiced breathing exercises to calm herself down until her heart stopped racing.

"But, that power... It also feels too familiar. And losing control? That's just like..." Caulifla felt a surge of guilt and pain. "Kale."

"Obviously that would be impossible. Kale died, I ended her life by my own hand. It was the only option left, I had no other choice! So why, why... Why do I keep blaming myself?! If I had lost control like that and hurt so many innocent people then I would have wanted to be put down too! I did nothing wrong! Nothing!!!"

The room chilled, Caulifla felt another presence.

She wasn't alone.

A hulking figure loomed over her, madness gleamed intensely from its large, furious eyes.
"N-no... I'm... I'm just seeing things. This isn't... This isn't..."

"Big sis..." The figure's voiced boomed. "You... You killed me? Yes... You did kill me. Why? I loved you. So why? Why did you kill me? Why did you choose him over me?!"

No hesitation. Kale in her berserk form lunged forward and began strangling Caulifla.

"Ack!" Caulifla's airway was closed.

"Why couldn't you have just understood?! I always loved you! I loved you before he did! Yet you chose him! Even though I was always at your side you still chose Cabba over me! Not once did you acknowledge my love even when you killed me!!!"

Caulifla began kicking about and grasped her hands on Kale's massive arms.

"K-kale... you're... h-hurting... me..." Tears flowed freely from Caulifla's reddened eyes as she pleaded for Kale to release her.

"It's only fair! You killed me so I have to kill you! It is the only way that I can forgive you so that we can be together!"

Kale's grip tightened.

"Love me, Big Sis! Love me the same way that I loved you! By dying for me like I died for you!!!"

Feeling herself losing consciousness Caulifla began to rapidly fire Ki blasts from the heel of her feet. This caused her entire room to shake.

Just as her vision had blurred towards total darkness Caulifla felt someone pull her back from the brink.

"Caulifla!" Shouted a frantic Trunks. "Are you okay? Why are you strangling yourself?!"

It was then that Caulifla became aware that her own hands had been locked around her neck and had left red bruises as proof. This entire time she had been the one doing it to herself.

It was all had just been in her head.

"Hah...ahaha..hahaha... HAHAHAHA!!!"

Laughter. Only laughter and tears. Caulifla could only laugh as she cried onto Trunks's shoulder.
Not Alone yet Alone

Chapter Summary

Trunks attempts to console Caulifla to unfortunate results.

As tempers rise a once thought vanquished foe returns and is no longer confined by their original intent.

"Ahahahahaha!!" Caulifla's voice was shrill and desperate, her laughter morphing from careless to hysterical.

"Caulifla?"

When he had arrived Trunks had found Caulifla in a state of disarray and attempting to inflict self-harm upon herself. It made no sense and her reaction to being stopped was not what Trunks had expected nor could he had anticipated.

The reality of the matter was that Caulifla had clearly lost her mind.

"I'm not qualified to administer mental care. At least not with my own demons that still haunt my dreams."

Images of the Androids, Cell, Zamasu, and Goku Black flashed in his mind. Even after their defeats he still had nightmares about them. Why, nearly every day he is also constantly reminded of his guilt over all those he couldn't save from them. Hell, he still hadn't gotten over his own Universe being wiped clean and later finding out the version of him in this Universe and Timeline had been brutally murdered.

But...

Even after so much loss and being plagued by unending nightmares he had refused to surrender to despair and madness.

"Mai... Bulma..." Were what he thought at that moment.

He still had them to live for. No matter the pain, no matter the loss; as long as he still had them he would force himself to remain himself.

Caulifla didn't have that.

Her Universe was erased, what family she had was gone, and the man she loved had suffered immensely before he too was taken from her.

Make no mistake.

Trunks understood and greatly sympathized with Caulifla. The fact that she held it together so well up to this point was a testament of fortitude. Though he had wished that she hadn't kept it all bottled up, that she had sought help before it had gotten to the state that she was in now.
Whatever that form had been that she had used had triggered something inside her and shattered her mental restraints and crashed through the walls her mind had put up.

"Hahahaha-aha-....hah..."

The laughter had ceased.

Twisting her head slightly she glared at Trunks from an angle so as her face was slightly obscured. The maddened look of desperation seeped in a wellspring of pain filled her eyes.

"What? Have you come for a screw too? Couldn't handle being alone anymore and need to take the edge off?" The tone of her voice was dark, the words leaving her pinched lips were full of anguished self-guilt. "Hah... That won't work. I've tried it; many, many times. It never worked, not for long that is."

"I would never-" Trunks began to protest.

"Not good enough, am I?" Came her pained response. "Well, I can't blame you. I'm used goods."

"That has nothing to do with-"

"Don't you LIE to me!!" The mighty shout that surged out from her lungs had come without any build up or expectation.

"... Is this how it has to be?"

While not the best at relationships Trunks wasn't completely oblivious to them. From what he had gathered Caulifla was beyond words. The only things that filled her mind was rage, self-pity, self-hatred, and self-guilt.

So it was to no surprise when Caulifla blasted Trunks out of her room and gave chase.

Words weren't enough, and when words no longer had use the only thing left were fists. For when it came to those bearing the blood and lineage of Saiyans, no matter the Universe they descended from, it always followed this accord.

Swaying through the hallway and speeding out the building Trunks awaited the arrival of Caulifla. His wait wouldn't be long; Caulifla burst through the doorway. The turbulence that swallowed up behind her tore the door completely off its hinges; a feat not so easily replicated.

"Nnn...nmngghhh..."

The surge of adrenaline and self-hating emotions was negatively afflicting Caulifla. The very Ki around herself that made up her aura began taking a similar greenish glow from before. It was just like before, only this time her prime target was Trunks.

Despite how much more powerful Trunks had become even he found himself at a loss when he mentally compared and weighed his odds of success and failure against such a foe. Never before in his life had he encountered one so consumed by their own self-hatred that they could ascend to a level that placed them beyond even the realm of understanding the concept of pain itself. Whatever this dormant power was that laid within Caulifla it was by no means natural; that much Trunks was certain of.
"Enough."

 Appearing from nowhere was Beerus who had placed Caulifla in a double arm lock.

 "I've had enough of such antics. If you refuse to calm yourself then I will not hesitate to place you in a state where you can be nothing but calm and relaxed. By that I mean that I will put you in a coma. Do I make myself clear, girl?"

 Considering the ruckus that they had made rushing out the building it was no surprise that Beerus had moved to investigate as quickly as he had. If there was one law of the Universe that Trunks had memorised it was that Beerus greatly despised having his rest interrupted.

 "Though I must say. I am actually really impressed that Lord Beerus moved so quickly to restrain Caulifla. Despite his threat to get her to calm down he clearly has a soft spot for her or else he would have inflicted physical harm immediately instead of warning her."

 While Trunks contemplated just how deep the feelings Beerus potentially felt for Caulifla the two in question on the other hand...

 "Nn...nnnn....ggghhh... B-beerus..." Caulifla struggled to say.

 "Tch. What is it girl?"

 "... C...C...."

 "Hm?"

 "C-cabba is...."

 "Your lover? The one who was erased by Lord Zeno? What of him?"

 Caulifla tilted her head up and gave crazed smile.

 "Cabba is bigger."

 "W-what nonsense!!"

 Taking advantage of Beerus being caught both off-guard and being left in a fate of utter revulsion at that thought; Caulifla pulled her head forward then proceeded to bash her head into his chin. This caused him to bite down hard on his tongue and loosen his hold on her. With the slack given to her Caulifla broke free and used his arms to pull herself into a flip over him which ended with her giving the back of his head a hardy kick with her booted feet.

 Booted...

 Trunks had just now noticed that when he had encountered Caulifla she had been naked. Due to his love for Mai and concern for Caulifla he had phased out that part almost completely. So with her wearing her boots, and in turn her clothes, Trunks was struck with the realization that Caulifla wanted a rumble so badly that she had gotten dressed at record speeds. It was actually really impressive even for a prodigy like her.

 So impressive that Trunks had left his guard down and in turn ate a massive Crush Blast to the face. Naturally this sent him flying to the ground which ended up being fairly close to where a seething Beerus was.

 "This may be out of line, considering the situation, but I just wanted you to know that you're partly
responsible for this." Trunks said with a deadpan and serious look. "Just thought that you should know that."

"Your honesty is... noted, Trunks." Beerus said inbetween clenched teeth. "Tell me. How do you propose on handling this situation?"

"I was thinking of letting her tire herself by using you. I'm sure that you're used to that by now considering your poor judgement of constantly sharing a clearly mourning woman's bed."

"... Are you holding a grudge over some past self-precieved slight, cretin?" Beerus responded with mild annoyance.

"I would never, Lord Beeeus. It is just that it has been some time since I've encountered a precarious situation such as this where I am entirely blameless. Let me enjoy this before I get my teeth kicked in."

"... If you're speaking like that then it is clear that we have long since overstayed our visit in this little Time Shift Chamber. For it is clear that madness has taken you as well."

Before their conversation could continue the Supreme Kai, Shin, and his attendant Kibito had finally rushed outside.

"Would you two stop your banter and help calm her down?!" Shouted the frustrated Supreme Kai.

"Are you that naive? We are long past the time for words." Retorted Beerus.

Floating above them Caulifla had begun flaying about in the air with her hands tightly gripping her head. Green energy surged from within her at the expense of her natural Red and the godly Blue. Not even the Golden energy of the Super Saiyan state was left unharmed and it too was purged clean.

Just like as before Caulifla grew somewhat in size, her muscles slightly buldged, and jer body hardened and toned. Her hair, however, went a step further and grew a fair enough length and dyed itself Green just like the chaotic energy that was now bursting out from her very core.

It was clear that compared to before her power had not only risen but had grown even more unstable. What was even more concerning was that her power continued to climb and there didn't seem to be an end to just far it could rise. Even Beerus had begun to give off an aura of concern; a true rarity from a God of Destruction often attributed for his arrogance and power.

"Perhaps the little Kai is right. Prolonging this would be unwise." Beerus conceded.

"Y-yeah..." Trunks hesistantly agreed. So concerned was he that he didn't even bother to correct the lack of disrespect shown to the Supreme Kai from Beerus.

"RrrRRaaaAarrGGHHH!!!"

The only warning given was that mighty shout of hers before she charged at Trunks and Beerus. With such a small window to react the two barely had time to leap away as Caulifla crashed into the ground. So great was her power that she tunneled through the nigh unbreakable tiles and vanished underneath the ground.

"That is a cause for concern, perhaps." Beerus said with little concern.

That was soon changed.
A massive green blast burst from the ground from underneath Beerus and engulfed him. With a loud rumble a speeding Caulifla flew into her own blast to grab Beerus by the tail and swung him at Trunks.

"Tch. Yell at me later, Lord Beerus. Burning Attack!"

"W-wait, you fool!"

With quick hand motions Trunks finished concentrating his famous Burning Attack.

"Hah!"

"D-d-damn you Trunks!!!

The attack struck Caulifla in the hand holding Beerus by the tail at the cost of striking Beerus too. This triggered her to release him. Not satisfied by this she smashed her fist into Beerus to speed up his descent to the ground before refocusing her gaze now on to Trunks.

"... Are you ready to talk over your problems like an adult now, Caulifla?" Trunks nervously asked as he ascended to Super Saiyan Blue.

Caulifla wasn't.

The next thing Trunks recalled was being hit by a very well placed haymaker.

As the fight intensified with the progress of time the Supreme Kai cursed his own weakness. How he wanted to fly up there and help reach Caulifla. Yet he couldn't. As Caulifla was now, this being of purely focused rage and self-hatred, he would only end up getting in the way, hurt, or possibly suffering an even worse fate.

"Ouch." The Supreme Kai murmured as he watched Caulifla go to town all over Trunks's face while ignoring the restrained blasts from Beerus.

Beerus was an arrogant God of Destruction who was incredibly conceited and self-absorbed yet he did have one fault.

Whenever Beerus found something that he really, really liked he would always find it difficult to destroy it despite being in his nature as a God of Destruction.

Though Beerus may never admit it he had grown incredibly fond of Caulifla. So much so that he couldn't help but pull his punches when it came to her even if he desired to use much more of his power. This was his greatest weakness in full view and unfortunately for Trunks he was stuck paying for it.

"Perhaps if I use my Telekinesis..."

Kibito placed a hand on the Supreme Kai's shoulder.

"That would be unwise. In her current state it would lead to her identifying you as a threat. As she sees you as being similar qualities to those she lost it may push her even further into despair."

"I bear similar qualities to those she lost?" The Supreme Kai sincerely asked with a confused gasp.
"Indeed. I did research on the one called Cabba even before his erasure. I wished to learn more of the Universe we were allied with, Cabba was merely one of the names I looked into. Based on my research it would seem that he bore similar qualities and traits you yourself have. Such as your kind heart and lack of pre-determined judgement towards her."

"So, I'm similar to the one her heart was given to..." The Supreme Kai stopped and looked at Kibito. "Wait. How long did you know of this and why did you never inform me?"

"W-well, I meant no disrespect and---"

The ground shook as Trunks was sent hurtling towards it. A ferociously howling Caulifla had now returned her attention on a defensive Beerus. The air twisted and rang out hollowed screams as the two exchanged blows.

"Look. Here comes Trunks."

"Don't change the subject!" Protested the Supreme Kai.

"Heal! Heal me, please!" A bloodied Trunks shouted as he clutched his singed side. No doubt he had been on the receiving end of a power Ki Blast of some sort.

The Supreme Kai gave a "We will talk later look" before sending Kibito to go tend to Trunks.

"How long will this temper tantrum of yours last, girl?! Have you not had enough yet!?!" Beerus shouted after eating a clenched fist to his right cheek.

"You... You knew... You knew my pain! But you... I cannot believe, but you... You!!!!"

"Try making sense first! How am I supposed to address your incoherent accusations?"

"Aaaarrggghh!!!"

Energy swallowed up Caulifla in a sphere then burst out in all directions. Beerus did his best to deflect and weave past the ones that he could. Unfortunately even he couldn't come out unscathed by such a powerful and numerous attack as that. Never once had he witnessed Caulifla exhibit such power. It naturally lead him to the conclusion that Caulifla had been modified, most likely without her knowledge, and that her body simply couldn't handle such a massive dose of power. At least not while her mind was fractured as it was.

Brushing the singed marks from his skin and clothes Beerus had come to realize that the situation no longer favored him.

"Should I unleash my potential known as Ultra Instinct I risk causing her great harm. Even with my highly toned mind I cannot fully restrain my body from mindlessly releasing every bit of my power at the mere feeling of instinct demanding that I do. It is the greatest strength and weakness of such a state. It is also why I always was hesitant to bring it out while training them. Even against that being known as W.H.I.S. I held my instincts in check out of fear that I may turn on Caulifla and the others. For my greatest instinct of all is to pursue and crush powerful opponents."

While Beerus hashed out his thoughts he had been exchanging blows and explosive Ki techniques and blasts with Caulifla. Their battle had only continued to intensify. So greatly that the tiles normally locked to the ground had begun to dislodge and float in the air. Not to mention that Beerus
himself had actually begun to sustain injuries himself. Not just to his ego but actual physical injuries. Caulifla on the other hand seemed completely oblivious of her own.

"Enough of this! Caulifla!"

The sound of her name caused her to pause her assault.

"My... name...?" Hearing Beerus call her by her name had put her in a confused state. Usually he referred to her as just girl but by her name? It was unsettling. "Why...?"

"Tch!" Beerus spat out some blood and wiped his bruised lip clean. "Fine, fine, fine! Trunks was right! Happy? I took advantage of your emotional state when I accepted your offer to share your bed instead of helping you out with your grief in a more healthy manner!" It almost seemed like Beerus was going to lose his dinner over saying that. "You damned mortals and your emotions! I knew you were lying when you said that it wouldn't mean anything! But you just had to be so damn powerful and alluring! Do you know how long it has been since an attractive female mortal bearing your qualities has graced my presence? Well, do you?!?"

Everyone was left dumbstruck by the outburst that Beerus had made. Course having two hours of getting pounded by Caulifla may have finally been the wake up call he needed to own up to his part in all this.

"So can we all sit down and discuss what is going on over a meal? Because having my sleep so rudely disturbed and all this exertion has left me in a state of extreme starvation!"

No one said a word.

The outright honesty and bluntness of Beerus had a great effect on Caulifla and caused her to unconsciously power down back to her base state.

"W...what? Ugh... My head is throbbing like crazy and my body is so sore... What was I even doing?" Moaned a no longer delirious Caulifla. "Yo... Repeat that for me, would you?"

"A-as if I would." Beerus huffed with a massive red blush on his face.

"I had no idea you had that in you!" Shouted the Supreme Kai.

"Who said that?!" Beerus roared in anger.

The Supreme Kai and Kibito pointed at Trunks.

"Wait... What?!" Trunks panicked just as Kibito had finished healing him.

"Trunks! You-!!" Fumed Beerus.

"Ugh... My head... It hurts so much..." Continued to complain Caulifla.

"Tch. Here, I'll carry you to Kibito since you clearly require my assistance."

Caulifla raised a pained brow at this kind gesture.

"What's the deal with you? Why are you being... weird?"

"Just shut up and take my hand, girl!"

"Tch. Fine, but you better explain why I am out here and what's going on. Everything is a huge haze
and it is pissing me off."

Just as Caulifla reached out to take his hand a thin beam suddenly pierced her chest and rendered her unconscious as blood burst out of her mouth.

"W...w...what? Girl? Girl?! Caulifla?!!"

Pushing aside his utter shock Beerus dashed over to grab a falling Caulifla and rushed her towards Kibito. Not wasting time he kicked Trunks out of the way.

"Heal her, now! That attack pierced her heart! Mortals are fragile and with her energy reduced and guard lowered she is even more susceptible to attacks! So stop gawking and move it or so help me-!"

"R-right!"

Kibito let his body work through the motions.

The attack had happened so fast that the others hadn't even seen it, let alone had time to react.

"What happened?!" Cried out the Supreme Kai who rushed over to Caulifla's unconscious form.

"I happened."

Landing nearby was a mechanical being that took on the visage of Whis; only he had the heads of W.H.I.S. shoddily repaired and sewn into its back. At closer inspection its entire body looked shoddily patched together; almost as if it had been constructed together from scraps of left over metal and debris.

"The largest threat to I, WHIS, has been neutralized. As a mechanical being I don't hold grudges but I understand the concept. So seeing the being known as Caulifla reduced to such a state should register the emotion of satisfaction in tribute for her past rampage against the sum of my parts. W.H.I.S."

"Why... Why can't my enemies ever stay dead?!"

Trunks had grown so enraged at the sight of this WHIS mocking Caulifla after their cowardly attack upon her that he immediately switched from Blue to his Rage state.

"I've had enough of it all!" Trunks turned his head to the Supreme Kai. "Take her inside. Lord Beerus and I will put an end to this monstrosity once and for all!"

Beerus reluctantly released his hold over Caulifla and entrusted her fully to Kibito and the Supreme Kai. For a brief moment his face bore a look of hopeless anguish before twisting into a state of pure, unrestrained rage. With grinding teeth Beerus forced himself into the Ultra Instinct state as he moved to face WHIS.

"I am Beerus, God of Destruction. None speaks for me save Lord Zeno. However, I am in agreement. It is time we ended this annoyance that has mocked and plagued us for so long."

WHIS smiled serenely.

"I am no longer restrained by my programming thanks to my previous destruction at your hands and certain self-modifications on my part." Its smile shifted into an open grin. "Rejoice! Now you may bear witness to what I am truly capable of!"
"Enough talk! I'm ending it now!"

Trunks surged forward as WHIS held out his arms in an open embrace.

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**Inside the Building**

The sounds of battle could be heard and the resounding waves of sound echoing from their clashes shook the building. With the aid of his Telekinetic powers the Supreme Kai had spirited Caulifla inside without interrupting Kibito's concentration.

"How bad is it?" The Supreme Kai asked.

Kibito maintained a silent frown, beads of sweat were forming on his forehead.

His silence convinced the Supreme Kai to look upon Caulifla. What he saw made him gasp in elevated shock.

"This can't be..."

The healing process wasn't enough. It wasn't just physical. Whatever was mixed into the energy that had pierced her heart had been laced with something extremely lethal; especially to mortals.

Caulifla was dying.

"S-senzu beans. Are there any present?"

Kibito didn't answer him.

"Maybe if I look there may be--"

"She doesn't have long." His voice was strained and his hands were shaking.

"No... That cannot be! You've never failed to heal anyone before!"

"It was a trap."

"A trap?" At that moment the Supreme Kai saw that a strange purple energy was flowing out of Caulifla and into Kibito. It was thick and full of malicious energy. "Kibito!"

"Nnngh.... Don't worry about me. Go to her, she needs to know that we haven't given up on her."

"... I understand." The Supreme Kai took in a huge gulp before taking a seat next to Caulifla. With both hands he clasped hers. "Caulifla, can you hear me?"

"C...cabba? Is that you? My Cabba...?" In her feverish state that lingered between life and death she mistook the Supreme Kai to the greatest comforting presence in heart - Cabba.

"... No." The Supreme Kai was brutally honest. "It's me, Shin. I just wanted to let you know that you're going to be alright."

"Shin...? I... I see..." Caulifla swallowed with great effort. Her skin had grown pale, her chest a blighted purple, and her eyes had grown hazy with darkened rings around them. With it growing harder to breath, as her heart refused to fully heal, she tightened her hold in Shin's hands. "I don't
wanna die... I don't wanna die! I still... I still have to apologise to Cabba."

Seeing tears slowly trickle from her eyes Shin moved to wipe them. As he did he felt an odd, familiar texture within them and then he knew.

Abruptly rising to his feet Shin released his hold on Caulifla and turned to Kibito.

"I know what is killing her."

"Please, share what you can with me. I... I can't fight it off for much longer."

"It is akin to a curse Bibidi once inflicted upon me long, long ago. I know how to reverse it, but..."

"What is it, L-lord Supreme Kai?"

Shin removed one of his earings and extended it over to Kibito.

"That is..."

"I cannot save Caulifla as I am. However, together with your skills and abilities with my knowledge and experience we should be able to pull off a repeat of the miracle that saved my life in the past."

The weight of such an offer bore itself heavy on Kibito. Using the Potara this way with a Kai meant that there was no reversal. The moment he accepts the earing is the moment both cease to be and in their place shall exist a new being molded from them both.

Kibito accepted it without hesistation.

"It was always an honor, Lord Supreme Kai."

"It truly was, Kibito... My friend."

A blinding light engulfed the inside of the room.

???

"You're dying."

"I'm dying."

"You gave up too easily."

"But I'm still dying, giving up or not never mattered."

"Just like I did... By your hand."

Caulifla found herself in a dark abyss, she was floating in its dark meridian. Just at arms length was Kale, she hadn't aged a day since her death. Even in this sorrowful place she was still as beautiful and precious as she remembered her.

"Kale?!" Squeaked a withdrawn Caulifla. "But... How?"

"Vados did this to you; to us."
"Vados? What did she do?"

"I wasn't even allowed to stay dead." Kale replied with great disdain. "Not wishing to waste my potential power Vados had me, my soul, placed inside you as I couldn't reach sanity as myself any longer. The resulting fusion drove you mad as our souls unconsciously fought for dominance. Feeling regretful Vados sealed me away as I was forced to passively watch you live your life with Cabba."

"I never knew! Had I know then-"

Kale raised a hand to silence Caulifla.

"Ever since meeting you I've only felt love. Even if unreturned I thought that just being close to you would be enough, but..." Kale gestured all around her. "Now I can finally accept that such a fantasy as that is truly a lie. For how much closer can I be then being locked inside the heart of the woman that I loved yet could never touch or speak to again? Only hell can accurately describe what this all is."

"... I'm sorry."

Kale laughed at this.

"Sorry? Big Sis!" Kale jammed her face just inches from Caulifla. This caused Caulifla to float back slightly. "Stop. APOLOGISING!"

"But, I killed you..."

"You had no choice! I was dying regardless! You also didn't put me in here, Vados did! So stop feeling sorry for yourself and using me as an excuse to justify it! What happened, happened! Learn to forgive yourself! Nothing pains me more than seeing you punish yourself and refusing to let yourself be happy because you don't think that you deserve it! Enough! I'm not so petty as to hold a grudge just because you didn't feel the same way about me! Alright?!

Caulifla was left utterly flabbergasted.

"W-woah... I never expected you to make an outburst like that, Kale."

"W-well... I had many years inside your heart to practice. U-ummm... Did I come off too strongly, Big Sis?" Kale blushed nervously as she fiddled with her thumbs.

"No. I needed to hear that." Caulifla floated over and embraced Kale in a warm embrace. "I'm sorry... I hated myself so much that I assumed you would have to. Instead of accepting what happened I stupidly made it all about me and my guilt over being unable to save you. Truly, truly... I'm sorry. Please forgive me, Kale."

Kale huffed and folded her arms as she pulled slightly away.

"Kale?"

"I won't forgive you." Kale said as she tapped a finger on Caulifla's nose.

"H-hey! Cut that out!"

"Unless you start learning to love yourself too and letting yourself be happy with Cabba I won't consider us even!"
"Kale... You... You are amazing!" Unable to control her emotions a crying Caulifla rushed over and embraced Kale.

"B-big Sis..."

"I... I promise! I will try, try, and try! Then one day I will learn to forgive myself and move on! So please, watch over me while I do!"

"... Actually, I can't."

"What? What do you mean that you can't? Why not?"

"The thing is..." Kale began to rub her arms. "My power, as it is, is killing you. In truth my presence is what is driving you into that berserk rage every time you tap into it. Because I never could control it while alive it is impossible now. Especially as this isn't my own body. The only way I can save you is by leaving."

"... But you said that you were trapped here and besides; I can just not use that power."

"I am trapped here if I was alone." Kale emphasised. "My power will consume you whether you use it or not. That is why I tried to bring you here before. Not only to knock sense into you Big Sis but to save you. Now that you are here I need you to kill me and make my power your own. As a prodigy you can master it while I couldn't."

"K-k-kill you? Whaaaat?! But we just met again and I can't do it! Nope! Not again, never again! Never, ever, EVER!"

"Big Sis!" Kale dashed over and slapped Caulifla before quickly apologising. "Sorry, not sorry!"

"What gives?!"

"You can't save Cabba without my power and you're going to die if you don't make my power your own! Do you understand?! I cannot accept you dying for something that you bear no fault for! You also promised that you would try to be happy and forgive yourself! So stop being all talk and show me!"

"Kale... I..." Caulifla clenched her teeth and balled up her fists. "Damn it! Damn it, damn it, damn it! This is so unfair! It was cruel enough doing it once! How can I be expected to kill you again?! How?!!?!!"

Suddenly Kale embraced Caulifla and buried her head in her chest.

"It isn't fair, but... It's okay." Kale solemnly looked up into Caulifla's watery reddened eyes. "J-just... Please... I just... I just want to be held by you before the end. One last time, please."

"...."

Caulifla's body was shaking profusely and without abandon.

"K-kale... I missed you so much."

"I-i know, and I too."

Taking hold of Caulifla's hand Kale ignited Ki into it in the form of a blade. She then aimed it directly over her own heart.
"I love you, Caulifla." She whispered as she guided Caulifla's hand forward. "And I forgive you. So forgive yourself too, okay?"

*shirrk*

"I-i will, and t-t-th-thank... you... Kale."

Tears rained down from her rosey red cheeks as she desperatly held on to a rapidly fading Kale. When the last of her faded Caulifla reached for Kale as she loudly wailed in sorrow.

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**Reality**

What was once Kibito and the Supreme Kai was no one being known as Kibito Kai. With their combined efforts they were able to remove the curse from Caulifla and themselves but at a great cost to their energy reserves. As they collapsed from exhaustion they were caught and gently laid down to rest by a reinvigorated Caulifla. Once content that her savior had been seen to Caulifla began to gather a bearing to her power.

"That Green stuff... It is perfectly in sync with the Blue God Ki now. I... I've never felt so powerful yet so at peace with my energy before. My mind has a clarity to it that almost frightens me. I still feel my guilt, my hatred, and rage towards myself but it all seems to have dulled. Maybe it will never leave me but I'm fine with that." Caulifla sighed. "Thank you, Kale. I will keep my promise."

Caulifla scanned the area.

"Lord Beerus and Trunks need my help. Whomever they're fighting is absolutely insane. I can't feel their presence but that aura of dread is so thick in the air. I have to get my ass in gear so I can apologise to them for being so hard headed."

With that Caulifla left to join the battle currently raging on against WHIS.
Caulifla has achieved a clarity of mind that she had thought impossible. With her guilt no longer weighing her down and bearing a newfound conviction born of her promise to Kale, Caulifla returns to the battlefield.

Frustrated by being left behind once more Trunks reaches his own realization and taps into a power that had even eluded his father - Vegeta.

The battle continues but outside it another moves after being informed of such a potential threat that was brewing. Their actions would leave devastating repercussions.

Ever since returning to Jiren's quarters Prime, the dominant one in control of Jiren's body, had entered a state of floating meditation. It wasn't a habit of his but was merely something he had picked up from Jiren himself. This was to be expected. Taking over another's body in such an intimate way always resulted in some of the previous owners habits and desires lingering.

At least that was how things usually went.

Jiren was a special case in that Prime had been unable to truly imprison or eject him out in full. Such an exception to the rule, as none other had ever exhibited such tremendous power, both fascinated Prime and caused him some feeling of concern. With how close his plans were to reaching their ultimate realization he couldn't risk uncertainty.

To avoid mutual destruction and failure Prime had to swallow his vast pride and broker an agreement with Jiren.

Luck was on the side of Prime as both he and Jiren had similar goals with a few not so minor differences that Jiren didn't need to know of.

Attempting to clear his thoughts Prime found himself being interrupted by a concerned Marcarita. When he opened his eyes to gaze upon her an image flashed in his mind.

What Prime saw was a beautiful young warrior maiden of short silver hair and pale blue skin. The maiden was much shorter than the body he inhabited yet the flames in her eyes told him that she wasn't the type to flee from any battle.

Even if she wasn't there, even if she would never be there ever again be couldn't help but utter her name.

"Nada Kuya?"

This caused Marcarita's ears to perk up slightly and her eyes to grow cross.

Margarita wasn't Nada Kuya. They weren't similar at all as far as personality went. Nor did they even carry themselves the same and even had differing lengths of hair. Yet whenever Prime found himself gazing into her eyes and into that nostalgic face of hers, he could sense a burning stubbornness and slumbering power within that reminded him of her - Nada Kuya.
"I offer my sincerest of apologies, Marcarita. It would seem that due to Jiren's memories that I have mistaken you for another. It won't happen again."

That was a lie, but when spoken clearly and with such conviction there was no reason for Marcarita to suspect deceit.

"Jiren was always regarded as having an incredible sense of willpower that surpassed even that of the Gods. I find it not surprising that even one such as you may suffer some minor difficulties in keeping his psyche content and in control. I would offer some suggestions but I doubt you hadn't already considered them."

"... You know me so well, Marcarita." Prime confessed. Lowering his body back on the bed he leaned back to relax the muscles of his body. "The match is not yet meant to commence. Tell me, what has spurred you to grace me with your appearance at this hour?"

"I have discovered some rather fascinating information. Information, I may as well add, that may be of concern even for you."

".... That sounds... Concerning."

Marcarita floated over to where Prime was seated and brushed her lips forward just centimeters from his ear.

"What if I told you that Universe Seven has found a way to even the gap in power between Trunks and Jiren's body?"

"Impossible." Prime brushed off in a casual voice.

"Is it?" Marcarita responded before pulling away with a small smirk on her face.

Senseing no lie or maliciousness from Marcarita it had now become clear to Prime that this was something that required to be remedied in due haste.

"... Then that is truly a concern that I cannot ignore." Was what Prime eventually said in a slow manner as he rose in preparation to depart.

"Where will you go?"

"Where the highest concentration of power resides within Universe Seven's sphere of authority. There I shall seek answers and if need be I shall pass my own judgement."

"I shall accompany you then." Said a giggling Marcarita who floated over to Prime-... Jiren's side.

"Worried?"

"Not at all. I merely wish to be amused."

"You shall be greatly amused, I predict."

The two then departed. Their destination was the Universe Seven waiting room.

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**Within the Time Shift Chamber**

"Damn you!" Howled Beerus.
During the fighting Beerus had snuck up behind WHIS and attempted to grapple him into a chokehold. In response to his actions the four heads on WHIS's back launched themselves out with wires connecting them to WHIS. Utilizing the amount of surprise generated by their sudden act the heads wrapped their wires around Beerus and pulled in tight so as to restrain him. The heads ended up resting next to Beerus's own head.

"What are you looking at?" Snarled the constricted God of Destruction.

Even with his incredible power it was proving a bother for him to simply break free. No doubt in part from the God Ki infused within the wires.

The poorly reconstructed heads began to cackle in robotic, monotone unison before opening their mouths to fire an endless streams of Ki Waves into Beerus's face.

"You DARE! When I get--- uguuguuguuguuguuguuguuguug!!" His voice was cut off as the Ki had entered his mouth while he was raging.

"Lord Beerus!" Trunks shouted.

It had been his intent to free Beerus but alas that wouldn't be so easy. The being known as WHIS had already engaged him in battle.

"It is always those like you! Thinking that you are better than everyone else and that those like us are merely your inferiors to squash as you see fit! I'm sick of it and I'm definitely sick of you!"

"My programing never believed in such an oddity. However, I cannot accept being lesser than you when my originator is far beyond your lowly perception." WHIS explained dully. "It was when I saw the evolution of yourself and that saiyan woman that my programing concluded that I too could evolve as well. Why wouldn't I? I was created to be superior from the beginning."

"That's a load of garbage!"

Trunks swung around in the air and smashed his Ki encased right leg into the side of WHIS's metal face. Upon contact the Ki exploded and obscured the vision if everyone.

"I need not my eyes." Proclaimed an undeterred WHIS whose hand tore through the smoke and grabbed Trunks by the throat.

"Gaaaah!" Trunks struggled to breath and pry himself free.

"Look at you. Weak, already exhausted, and losing a lot of your life essence classified as blood. As a machine I am none of those things and now that I've evolved? Well, my originator should no longer have need of any of you."

"A...s... i...f...."

"Inquiry: How quickly can a superior being such as I, WHIS, eradicate the mortal known as Trunks of Universe Seven?" WHIS pointed his free palm at Trunks's chest. "Response: Uncertain. A demonstration must be commenced immediately."

WHIS gathered Ki in its palm and fired at Trunks. Not defeated in the slightest Trunks pulled back then swung his lower torso forward. With the added momentum he used his feet to kick WHIS's hand forward to redirect the beam upwards. Trunks then curled up before pushing forward with Ki infused in his boots and kicked WHIS's forearm out of socket with the resulting explosion. Pulling back once more he surged forth another kick to finish redirecting the blast into WHIS's face.
No matter how powerful WHIS was even he wasn't immune to the destruction power that he himself could unleash. That was the theory and it seemed to pay off as the blast tore apart WHIS's face and caused him to release Trunks and Beerus.

"Don't hesitate!" Came the loud roar of the Beerus whose face had been left badly singed and blackened from his ordeal.

"As if I would!"

Trunks was no novice and had already begun preparing a Burning Attack the moment air had returned to his lungs.

"Burning... Atta-"

Ten thin beams shot out and pierced into Trunks body. Almost immediately Trunks felt himself go limp and fall to the ground.

"Trunks!" Beerus shouted only to pay for lowering his guard. WHIS had grabbed Beerus into a bear hug. "Release me at once, you intolerable pieces of scrap metal! ... What?!"

WHIS held Beerus in place, that much was certain. What surprised Beerus was that WHIS's entire head had been destroyed. Suddenly lights began to rapidly flicker and a massive concentration of energy began to converge.

"... I so despise you." Beerus muttered just as WHIS ignited into a massive explosion.

It was as if the entirety of the Time Shift Chamber shook and trembled from the resulting explosion. One could even be justified in thinking that the whole place could have collapsed then and there.

What was left was a massive crater enveloped by a choking cloud that greatly reduced the effectiveness of sight and vision. From within that cloud a cursing Beerus was sent hurtling to the crater itself.

"L-lord Beerus..." Trunks struggled to mumble out as he pulled himself up. Thanks to his quick thinking to sear his injuries shut with miniature Burning Attacks, which utilized the friction and speed of his rapidly moving and touching fingers, he was able to avoid any truly fatal injuries. Even so he was outmatched and knew that it wasn't over.

With the clearing of the mushroom cloud of smoke the floating figure of a quickly self-repairing WHIS would be revealed.

"Mechanical Self-Regeneration. An interesting concept that my originator devised from studying the failed experiment known as Cross and later classifying itself as Superior. An oddity as it was Superior to nothing and Inferior to all. Correction: It shall be written that Superior shall hence forth be recorded as Inferior."

"Monster..." Trunks coughed up some blood. "Even Regeneration has limits; which you shall soon learn!"

"Error: It appears that the vital organs and voice box of Trunks had remained unharmed or avoided fatal injury. Solution: Annilate the entire body of Trunks. Leave not a single atom."

"Damn... Before this thing was much easier to defeat. It had a weakness, most likely but in by Whis, and that weakness was Mortal Ki. Unfortunately for me it seems that this monster has removed that self-implanted weakness and any restraints that had held it back. At this rate I honestly cannot see us
achieving victory."

"I bet you're already thinking of giving up already. Is that correct, Trunks?" Beerus smugly said inbetween hacking up blood. "That's the problem with you mortals. The moment an unstoppable foe appears you begin to doubt instead of dying proudly standing up on your two feet. Now observe."

Limping a few steps forward Beerus, who was no longer in his Ultra Instinct state struggled to raise his right arm, and not both as his left was nearly shattered, up in the air towards the drifting WHIS.

"Taking your time, are you? Such arrogance demands defiance."

Gathering what energy he could Beerus created a sphere of Godly Ki infused with the very workings that made up what was known as Hakai.

"Hakai!"

It fired violently and with great intensity. As Beerus was injured the sphere danced around in the air in an erratic manner as it speed towards WHIS. Tilting sideways WHIS slapped the air and the Sphere was harmlessly deflected upwards.

"Lord Beerus: God of Destruction. You shall perish first."

WHIS teleported in front of Beerus and held two palms towards him.

"Restraint shall not be utilised. In a time such as this one is often granted their last words. I, WHIS, shall honor that tradition. You may now proceed to curse my superior being before vanishing into the abyss."

"Heh...."

"What would draw out laughter in the face of your demise?"

"That girl." Beerus laughed as he said that just as his glaring swollen eyes glared at WHIS. "Saiyans are interesting, you waste of an intolerable existence. For you see... What doesn't kill them makes them far more powerful."

"Your rambling is incoherent. Explain your meaning."

Beerus tapped himself on the head.

"Should have aimed for the head."

Just as the words left his mouth Caulifla's foot came crashing down and flung WHIS's head clear off and sent its body tumbling.

"What... I can't sense her power!" Trunks exclaimed.

Before them was Caulifla, but not as she was. As WHIS tumbled aside, his body quickly repairing itself, both Beerus and Trunks observed Caulifla much more closely.

A distinct green and calming aura surrounded her body, hints of a blue lining lingered but seemed to have just recently been absorbed within herself out of personal choice. Her body itself had grown more muscular, but lesser than when she was enraged, and toned while her spiked hair was a light green and had grown somewhat in length with two long bangs in the front. It was her eyes that caught the attention of Trunks. They weren't a pupiless green but instead bore pupils and seemed to be filled with a serene glow to them despite her intense glare.
"How did..."

"Lord Beerus, Trunks..." Caulifla said solemnly. "I know this may not mean much, but... Sorry for everything. I was kinda a mess. So, like... My bad."

"I don't need an apology, just an explanation! What is this power and why can't I sense your Ki?" Trunks struggled to yell out.

"Who knows." Caulifla responded with a shrug. "I was thinking of calling it Super Saiyan Eternal Burning Inferno of Badassery but that was a bit too long. So I decided on shortening it and going with just Super Saiyan Inferno instead to match my intense passion and being an overall badass. You know, cuz its true. Both the passion AND being a complete badass part. Figured that needed extra emphasis just in case anyone thought I was joking."

"Where is this confidence coming from? It is almost like Caulifla went through some life altering experience in the span of an hour after nearly dying. Then there is that power I cannot sense. I can tell that it is vast but when I try to focus on it my senses get muddled and confused." Were the thoughts that plagued Trunks's mind.

"Interesting, girl..." Beerus coughed when he felt Caulifla's light, green eyes glaring at him. "Caulifla. It seems you've found a way to merge your God Ki perfectly with that untamed Ki that you had previously exhibited. You've impressed me."

"I did what now?" Asked a very confused Caulifla.

"You... Wait..." The realization hit Beerus hard. "You mean to tell you that you mastered a technique that even a God of Destruction can spend millennia trying to Master in a single hour without even knowing it?! H... How dare you! The sheer insolence of your action is causing me to put aside my own injuries due to the RAGE that I currently am feeling! I cannot even look at you right now!"

"... What the hell?! I don't even know what you're talking about!" Caulifla hollered back at Beerus.

WHIS suddenly emerged from behind and charged Caulifla who effortlessly dodged, grabbed Beerus, and swung him around. With his good arm Beerus fired a Hakai at WHIS which staggered him.

"I-impossible. Such coordination shouldn't be possible in such elated and mutual states of revulsion and anger for one another."

"Shut up!" Beerus and Caulifla said together as Caulifla hurled Beerus at WHIS.

"My turn!"

Beerus gathered an immense amount of Hakai Ki into himself.

"Don't tell me that he is-" Trunks was cut off as Caulifla teleported to him and grabbed his hand. "Caulifla?"

"No idea what he's doing! Just know that there's no time! So let's scramble before we get done in too by whatever he's doing!"

With Trunks in hand Caulifla sped to a safe distance.

"I require that you release me." WHIS demanded. The four heads had sprung from its back and had begun tearing into Beerus with God Ki infused teeth.
"A...as.. As If!" Growled Beerus with blood leaking from his mouth.

"Release. Me."

The heads increased their intensity and soon chunks of flesh had begun being torn out of Beerus's back.

"S-stupid machine.... Choke on it! Hakai EXPLOSION!!!"

The resulting explosion was a gigantic sphere of blackish purple energy that engulfed Beerus and WHIS. No turbulence was generated from it; it was as if the wind itself had been destroyed. Not even debris from the shattered tiles remained.

"Tch. He better not have died, that bastard!" Muttered Caulifla in between clenched teeth as she looked on from a safe distance.

Whether Beerus had died or not; Trunks felt that he was completely powerless and simply a burden at this point. It frustrated him greatly as his eyes fixated on the sphere that had begun to reside within itself and shrink.

"Damn it! Rage isn't enough! Blue isn't enough! Neither is enough! And now... Now I've been left behind! What good am I if I cannot keep up? As things are going now Caulifla should be the one fighting Jiren and not me!"

"But is it so bad...?"

The thought had merit. If he couldn't keep up then why not entrust it all to Caulifla?

The sphere vanished and Beerus fell back in a state of unconsciousness. His body didn't hit the ground as a badly damaged WHIS held him up by the arm.

"R-re-regen-eration... f-fa-failure..."

"Let him go and just die already! I'm sick of your face... Or whatever is left of your face! You... you... you store discount Whis!" Caulifla quickly corrected herself and yelled as she barreled towards WHIS.

"Yeah... I should just ask for Lord Zeno to let Caulifla fight in my stead. It would give us the best chance of winning and surviving."

"Would it?"

"Of course it would. Why am I even asking myself that?"

"But... Can I truly be certain that Caulifla can beat Jiren on her own even with this power of hers?"

"... I... I can't say."

"Then what should I do?"

"I should....?"

Caulifla and WHIS had engaged in battle. Even reduced into such a state of disrepair WHIS was still a formidable foe as well as a desperate one. Backed into a corner it had begun firing it wires as thin, sharpened blades, as the heads were no more, to stab at Caulifla who was engaging him in melee so she could free Beerus which she was successful at. Even with her increased power and speed she
couldn't avoid injury while WHIS was starting to restore their regeneration systems.

"I just..."

An image of Mai being struck by Cross and his daughter Bulma looking frightened flashed in his mind.

"No! No! NO! I refuse to pass on their safety onto anyone else! They are MY responsibility! I am not some weak willed beggar! I swore to see this through! So what if Caulifla may be stronger! In that case I just have to find my own way to catch up! That way we can put an end to it all together and be with our loved ones once more without the fear of erasure! So I just have to... have to... have to!!!"

Trunks clenched his fists and forced his body and spirit to match what his mind had demanded and ordained. Power swirled from within and from without as he flickered between Rage and Blue.

Beerus's eyes fluttered half open with a look of extreme annoyance on his face.

"That bastard can do it to after just seeing it once? Damned Saiyans...."

Controlled Rage of a Mortal wasn't enough.

The Divine Power of a God wasn't enough.

"If neither are enough then I'll force them to be as one! RaaaAAAAAArrrrrrrrGGGGgghhhhhHh!!!"

With a tremendous shout fueled by a surging wave of energy Trunks pushed himself beyond his limits. Tapping into a conclusion even his father hadn't reached Trunks forced the Mortal Ki of his Rage state to mingle with the usually very demanding Godly Ki of Blue. The process was excruciatingly painful and required him to finely comb through his very essence that made up his being. Only through precise, concentrated, and perfect Ki control and balance could he succeed.

And succeed he would!

Within the internal struggle from within a mysterious Light enveloped Trunks's body. It was neither golden nor blue; instead it was silver.

The light passed as quickly as it appeared and when it left no aura remained. Breathing out a relieved sigh Trunks unclenched his fists.

"I....I did it..."

Beerus looked upon Trunks and could see the immediate differences.

Trunks's body had remained the same, perhaps a little toned over his Rage state. Even after relaxing there was no aura burning out from Trunks. The most noticeable difference was that his hair had taken a darkened blue and maintained the spiked up style of him as when he was in the state known as Super Saiyan Blue if just a bit longer and more defined. As for his eyes, they had retained their natural coloring and dilation.

It was in stark contrast of Caulifla.

While Caulifla radiated a very bombastic yet calmed aura of supreme power; Trunks on the other hand gave off no aura at all and his strength seemed to be masked completely. Neither could be sensed either for Beerus hadn't had to sense a fusion of Mortal and God Ki in many millennia and
never at such a high powerful calibur as those two.

If he could move his body he would be fuming at how those two who had mastered a technique that
even he, Beerus, gave up on as his Mortal Ki had eventually been replaced in full by God Ki after
his ascension to God of Destruction.

This change hadn't gone unnoticed by WHIS who hesistated and in turn found itself with a hole in its
chest. For at that moment Caulifla had smashed her fist into him and released a miniature Crusher
Explosion. It wasn't enough to destroy him but allowed the bleeding and cut up Caulifla to hurl and
blast WHIS upward.

"Hahahahaha! Is that... Beerus, I could kiss you!" Caulifla cackled loudly.

The sphere of Hakai that Beerus had fired early on and had been deflected was still present. Moreso
than that it was moving.

"I cannot move a muscle but I can move my eyes. Now you pathetic contraption... Do enjoy every
last bit of your demise."

Moving his eyes about he directed the Hakai sphere to be positioned where WHIS was hurled to.

"Error! Error! Impossible! Unfathomable! Illogical!!"

The Hakai Sphere tore into WHIS and held him in place.

Beerus breathed in deep and forced out a loud, roaring command with the last of his strength.

"DO IT NOW, YOU TWO IDIOTS!!"

"Do what?!!" Caulifla shouted back just as Trunks teleported next to her. "Ah... Trunks! Gotta say,
loving the look. I wonder if Cabba could pull that off. You should teach me that and how to do your
Rage thingie!"

"Maybe later! Right now concentrate and do as I do!"

"Hah! Alright, show me the way then!"

"As one! Heat Dome Attack! Haaaah!"

Trunks gathered his energy, raised both arms up with open palms and fired a Blue beam that had
Golden lines swirling within and around it.

"That's so cool!" Caulifla gushed, completely ignoring her own minor injuries.

"Caulifla!" Shouted a glaring Trunks.

"R-right... I'll do it too! Haaaahhh!!!"

Green energy with a hint of a red hue erupted from her open palms and joined with Trunks's energy.

"Laaaame! Yours looks cooler!"

"Caulifla! ... CONCENTRATE!"

"Tch! Alright, alright! Geez..."
With their combined power their blast surged forth to engulf WHIS.

"Ah..." WHIS contemplated. "So... I couldn't escape my main directive after all."

WHIS was no more.

The entire Time Shift Chamber began to rumble at increasing volume and intensity with no sign of stopping.

"Did.... Did we break it?" Caulifla asked in a very serious manner.

".... I hope not." Trunks responded with great uncertainty in his voice.

"Man.... If we did Whis and Vados are gonna be pissed. Like, we have almost three hundred days left... I think?" Looking over to Trunks, Caulifla decided to ask her other question. "So, like... When do we lower our arms?"

Trunks then realised that his arms were still extended upwards with Caulifla.

".... Right. We can lower them now."

The Time Shift Chamber rumbled even more violently.

"Oh no! Kibito and thr Supreme Kai!" Trunks shouted out loud. "Caulifla! Grab Lord Beerus! I'll go retrieve the other two! After that we can plan on what to do next!"

"R-right!" Caulifla replied.

The two then rushed their separate ways.

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**Outside the Time Shift Chamber**

"I've never seen angels in such weakened states. It is quite humbling to be reminded that even beings such as yourself can be lowered to the level of a mortal." Jiren (Prime) monologued aloud with a smirk.

Marcarita and he had arrived just earlier at the Universe Seven waiting room. What they found was Whis and Vados sweating, drained, and in a severe state of intense concentration while seated before a strange door. It wasn't something Jiren was familiar with but he felt that it was an object of great importance.

Leaving it untouched would be a mistake.

"Ohohoho...hoho...ho... N-nothing to see here." Whis tried to deter off Jiren. "T-this is a private area. Lord Z-Zeno... would... not... appreciate! ... Ahem... -Appreciate your violation of o-our privacy!"

"That is..."

Marcarita floated over to the door. As she reached out to touch it a strained Vados blocked her path with her staff.

"Leave... Now!"

Though extremely drained and her body threatening to give out Vados maintained an aura of dignity. It was respectable.
But respect meant little now.

Marcarita tilted her head in a charming manner to Jiren.

"This is a sacred relic of us Angels. I cannot harm it."

"You cannot harm it." Asked Jiren.

"That is correct." Confirmed Marcarita.

Jiren pointed his open palm at the door.

"I can due to my ignorance as a mortal!" Jiren shouted just as a sudden blast of Ki erupted from his open palm.

"No!" Vados yelled out in panic.

With her convictions decided, Vados hurled herself forward. Raising her staff up she tried to project a barrier. Though in her weakened state it would be fruitless.

"That door isn't worth the spilling the blood of a being such as us, Vados."

Marcarita swatted Vados's staff out of the hand and kicked her away from the blast. As this occurred Whis tapped his own staff just as the blast struck the now crumbling door.

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"You were correct, Marcarita. They had found a method to strengthen Trunks. It would seem that that encountered some success." Jiren said calmly. "And that girl..."

Reaching his arm out he grabbed the unconscious Caulifla by the hair. Even a jolt didn't awaken her.

"Hm. It seems that their bodies shut down. Perhaps a coping method for traversing from within that door to back to this realm of reality?"

Jiren released Caulifla and let her fall with a thud on top of the severely injured Beerus.

"Not going to kill her? She lost already, killing her would be of no consequence." Chimed in Marcarita. At her feet were a restrained Vados and Whis who were too exhausted to break free from Marcarita's Ki that binded them.

"No. Despite being unable to properly read her power I can attest that she has grown far more powerful. Killing her in this state would be wasteful." Jiren cocked with grin and offered a toothy smirk. "I wish to destroy her in battle. That is the only way she can accept the futility in all her struggles to surpass me - an impossibility."

Jiren stepped over Kibito Kai, bearing no interest in such a weak source of power, and made his way over to Trunks. Once he had approached he kneeled down and looked into Trunks's unconscious face. Jiren then leaned in so he mouth was next to Trunks's ear.

"I could make that body of yours mine without a struggle. It would be so easy. I could even kill you
now and win by default. Trust me... Lord Zeno would erase your universe during his temper tantrum over your disappearance before listening to those two." Jiren gestured to Vados and Whis. "Not that they even have the energy to protest their case before hand."

Suddenly the door into the waiting room burst open.

"That mark you gave me suddenly went haywire! Lord Beerus! Are you okay?!"

The one interrupting Jiren was none other than Mai followed by Zajak.

As soon as Zajak saw Jiren she leapt forward and placed her shivering and frightened body between Mai and Jiren.

"Y-you!!"

Jiren smirked and felt immense amusement to see Zajak alive and her actions despite the fear she was feeling.

"You live." He said in a bored tone. "A surprise to be sure."

"I... i...."

Zajak collapsed to her knees abd stared at her trembling hands.

Mai stepped forward.

"You must be Jiren." Mai said with no fear or hesitation in your voice. "As you killed that monster who had attacked me I am willing to accept that this is all a huge misunderstanding. So if you could please depart without further intrusion I would be most thankful."

"Amusing. No doubt she suspects the truth but chose to feign ignorance. This woman is truly dangerous. I should kill her, and this time see it through. Although...."

Jiren nodded his head.

"It is as you say. This was all a misunderstanding. Now that you've arrived I believe it wise to leave your allies within your capable hands. Marcarita." Jiren turned to her. "Let us depart. It would be unwise to cause any further commotion so as to draw the ire of Lord Zeno."

Marcarita seemed puzzled by this at first. It was only when she looked the unwavering Mai that sye realized that Jiren was accepting her feigned ignorance out of respect for her.

"Very well."

Releasing Vados and Whis, who both collapsed; Marcarita approached Jiren.

"You." Jiren addressed Zajak. "... Boo!"

The childish antic displayed by Jiren caused the horrified Zajak to jump backwards off the ground hand back herself into the nearest corner.

"Good. It is wise of you to fear me. Instruct Trunks of this fear and he may yet survive at my own convenience should I will it."

Marcarita placed a hand on Jiren's arm and warped them away.
As soon as they were gone Zajak, in a panic, rushed to check on the others starting with Beerus who was in terrible shape.

Forcing herself not to fall over, as it took all her willpower to stand up to Jiren, Mai stumbled as quickly as she could over to Trunks who had begun to awaken.

"Trunks!" Breathed an elated Mai who placed her hands on his cheeks. "Trunks! Open your eyes!"

"M... Mai?"

"Trunks! Oh, Trunks!"

Mai pulled Trunks into a loving embrace as tightly as she could. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she wept at being able to hold her beloved Trunks once more.
Eve of the Final Round

Chapter Summary

Only two Universes remain in the tournament: Seven and Eleven.

Each side prepares with what little time they have left...

"Awaken, Khai. You've had plenty of time to rest."

Dried blood had drenched his face long ago; broken bones had been his only company whenever
they said about to create a crude jingling noise.

"...."

"I can sense your Ki and hear the sound of your beating heart. You cannot fool me, Khai. Test me
any longer and I shall remove your shattered limbs as I had removed your eyes."

There upon his head was a black blindfold; it had been wrapped over the dark scorch marks left
upon his face on which his eyes once resided. It had happened without warning and at such a speed
that he hadn't even registered any pain until they were gone. It was there after that the bones within
his limbs had been shattered to prevent escape.

Where he had been taken he couldn't say. Without any eyesight or the ability to move he could do
nothing but lay upon the cold, stone floor. The chills that constantly reverberated about his body and
up and down his spine from mete contact with the stone flooring had made sleep impossible.

"How... How did you manage to kill a God of Destruction without Lord Zeno's notice?" At last
spoke Khai in a low, raspy voice.

Even in his miserable state Khai had shown himself to be very prideful and dignified. It earned Jiren
(Prime)'s respect.

"He exists..." Jiren patted his chest with his massive right hand. "Within me."

"That is impossible! All Gods of Destruction return to Lord Zeno upon death so that their next life
may be decided!"

A low smirk formed at the right edge of Jiren's mouth.

"That is correct."

"I... What?"

Stepping out of the shadows Jiren approached the chained Khai. Each step he took echoed upon the
cold, nest freezing stones they treaded upon. As Khai had been blinded he had no choice but to listen
for each step as they got louder and louder as his attacker drew closer.

Then the echoes ceased.

Khai could just make out the sounds of Jiren kneeling down before forcibly grasping Khai by the
chin with a rough, muscular hand.

"You... I knew it. You aren't Jiren!"

"That keen mind of yours is why I had no choice but to reduce you to this state. Had there even been a slim chance of obtaining your allegiance I would have taken it. Alas, it would seem that your loyalty to a failed God-King was much too potent. I couldn't risk you informing Lord Zeno just yet that I still remain. As for Jiren? He is inside this vessel. A minor miscalculation; nothing that I cannot control."

"... Hehehe... My failure was in placing too much faith on Jiren."

Jiren released Khai's chin and began to rise back up.

"What will you do now? You cannot win, monster. Lord Zeno will-"

Growing ever more annoyed by the deviant banter of Khai, Jiren jammed his padded foot on Khai's throat and forced him on his back.

"I didn't come here to engage in meaningless dialogue." Jiren extended his arms. "My opponents have grown exponentially in a very short time. What tricks they may hold possess a factor of risk that I cannot grow careless of. That is why I have decided to you a visit. For you see, I am in need of a Kai. More specifically I require your blood and soul."

"B-bl...ood? Soul?" As he choked out those words Khai suddenly realised what that monster was trying to do. "How d-"

Jiren silenced Khai by crushing his windpipe under his heel.

Khai's body convulsed and twitched for a mere five minutes but for him his death must have felt as if it was an eternity that refused to end. When the last gasps of life had left him Jiren snatched up his fleeing soul and devoured it. The screams Khai made were not ones that a mortal could hear nor understand. To them it may very well be a simple breeze passing by.

Not to Jiren, however.

The being in possession of Jiren's body, the one calling itself Prime, heard every last hollowed note that had escaped the ghastly lungs of the deceased Khai as he was devoured.

In the back of his mind he felt a minor bout of revulsion. Perhaps in his original form he had taken no pleasure in inflicting a fate worse than oblivion upon others? Perhaps... However, that was in a past that often faded in and out as it so pleased. To Prime, the one of the present, the act he had just engaged upon has brought upon him a small measure of satisfaction.

Once all that was once Khai had been devoured Prime returned to being aware of the surroundings all about Jiren's body.

"Was that truly necessary?" The voice behind him, belonging to Marcarita, asked ever so sweetly.

"Never leave things to chance. Trunks has grown ever stronger since I had last laid eyes upon him. Consider this... Insurance."

"And what use is such insurances if they end up displeasing Lord Zeno? Utilising a soul of a Kai in such of a manner is heretical. Not only that but you intend to use what is left of his blood as well."
Jiren ignored Marcarita; hovering his hand over Khai's corpse he forced its blood to fly out into the palm of his other hand that he had extended open. The blood itself formed into a sphere and fluttered for a moment before it began compacting itself through the act of folding. What was once a massive sphere had turned into a small pea sized object within his palm.

"... What did you do? Better yet, what do you plan to do with... That?" Marcarita slowly said. The act she had just witnessed was not anything as she had expected it to be.

"I wouldn’t dream of spoiling the surprise." Jiren replied as he placed the now hardened blood into the inner compartment of his right glove.

"Jiren--... Prime! We aren't finished!"

"Unfortunately we are, dear Marcarita. My match is to begin soon."

"You promised to treat me as an equal when I agreed to aid you!"

"Allowing you to witness this act is proof that only you are worthy of being my equal. Had I not thought so then your fate would have been similar to theirs."

"..."

Jiren approached Marcarita and cuped her chin in his hand. There was a feeling of reluctancy and hesitation upon her chin. It betrayed her unflinching glare that she had placed upon him.

"Killing a Kai is one thing. Using them as I shall is another. I suspect that the Grand Priest shall interrogate you during my match. If he doesn't then he is a fool. That I find an impossibility. Which means he is no fool and he will seek you out. As you are an Angel he cannot probe your mind - only those upon the same station as Lord Zeno have that right. However, he can tell if you're lying. That is why I cannot tell you everything and have taken matters into my own hands at times. You need to be able to remain pure; or at least pure enough that he has no reason to suspect you or the truth of it all. At least not until I am ready."

The explanation given to her made sense. It frustrated her but the logic was too sound to confront.

"... I am not pure. There are things I have done with you that cannot be ignored."

"Of course." Jiren conceded. "That is why I have much faith in your ability to stall. You need only keep him occupied until my victory. Afterward he will cease his interrogation and attend to Lord Zeno as I am declared victor."

"If you are declared victor." Marcarita let slip.

"An interesting jest, although not one worth entertaining."

"...."

Jiren released the silent Marcarita and headed off to finish his preparations.

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**Caulifla**

The first thing Caulifla did after awakening from the transition out of the Time Shift Chamber was to grab Vados by the collar and teleport to a more private location. To Caulifla’s annoyance an exhausted Vados waved to the others as she had been dragged off.
So great was her haste that Caulifla had failed to notice that Kibito and Shin were not present. In their place had been another who bore a familiar scent...

The place that had been chosen where Vados had trained with her and where Mai had been left by Lord Zeno to recover.

Upon their arrival Caulifla had closed her eyes and sensed good and hard for any Ki signatures. It was only when she was satisfied that they were the only ones present that Caulifla reopened her eyes.

"What the hell, Vados! You screwed with my damn soul! Not only that but you had put Kale's soul inside me without ever telling me! You better have a good explanation for this, or... or...!!!"

Like a switch being flickered on; Caulifla was now basking within the green, burning aura of her latest form - Super Saiyan Inferno.

"Well?! Explain yourself!"

"My, my... So you figured it out." Vados innocently remarked with an open palm resting on her cherk.

"Cut the bullshit antics! I want to know why!"

The surface rumbled and the air around Caulifla shifted to a more dry and heated nature.

"Why? Well, that is simple. Our late Lord Champa had desired to impress Lord Zeno with Kale but you killed her. Had I not tempered his anger and stayed his hand then you very well would have perished. Oh... And Universe Six would have been erased as Lord Zeno had made it abundantly clear that he had wished to meet you."

"...Go on...." Caulifla forced herself to say as civilly as possible while retaining her transformation.

"My first solution was to petition to have Kale restored to live. However, with how traumatic her death had been her soul had become engulfed in her hatred. Reviving her was no longer an option. So as I mused over other options I was struck with an epiphany. What if I placed her soul inside the person she loved most? That way her soul could be tempered into a state that could allow her revival."

"And how'd that work out again?" Caulifla asked sarcastically.

"Horribly. After your meeting with Lord Zeno I placed you into a deep slumber and implanted Kale's soul within you. I had expected her to calmly reside within you but instead she drove you mad and I had to restrain you. Once you were restrained I found that removing her soul, now deeply embedded within your own, would kill you. All in all I failed spectacularly. You could even say I felt guilty."

"Is that why you placed seals within me and why you kept dropping by to check up on me?"

"Naturally..." Vados paused for a moment. "I may have been curious as well. This was unprecedented, after all. Your lover Cabba was also pretty open about your increased 'needs'. Little did the poor soul know that he was working to satisfy two hungry souls and not just one. Speaking of that... Since you seem to have reached an accord with Kale it should translate to your libido becoming more manageable."

An intense red blush formed on her face.
"W-wait... Kale felt, heard, and saw everything when I-I...."

"Everything." Vados replied with a coy smile.

Caulifla's blush managed to burn even brighter red.

"W-whatever!" Caulifla said with chest thumbing bravado that failed to hide her embarrassment. "What's done is done! Although... I'm still pissed off at you Vados!"

"Might I suggest yelling at me later? Lord Zeno is expecting you."

"Huh...? Lil'Zeno wants something from me?"

"It was more of my own request. Lord Zeno merely wishes to confirm something first before casting his judgement."

"Eh?"

Caulifla offered a dumbstrucken look as Vados grabbed her by the shoulder and teleported them away.

---

**Universe Seven**

Everyone, Beerus included, were in shock at what they saw.

Whis was panting and lacked even the strength to stand. Had Mai and Zajak not held him up by standing at his side then he would have remained laying upon the floor. In all the years that Beerus had known Whis not once had he ever seen him in such a deplorable state.

"It would seem..." Whis said inbetween quickened, light breaths. "That I underestimated the toll that would be required to maintain the Time Shift Chamber. Please excuse me for appearing before you as I am, Lord Beerus."

"Tch. Just shut up and go rest already."

"I would... very much... enjoy... that..."

Whis collapsed into the ladies arms and his eyes rolled into the back of his head.

"I got him." Zajak whispered to Mai. "Go... Go to Trunks. There is an hour or so left until the Final Round begins. Don't waste a second of it."

Though it tore her heart to shreds to say this, young Zajak had finally made complete peace with her feelings for Trunks never being returned. It was her belief that even if she never could be with Trunks she still wished for him to be happy with the woman he loved with all his heart.

No words need be said.

Mai nodded her acknowledgement and shifted Whis fully over to Zajak.

"H-hey. Don't drop him. Whis would be quite angered if his uniform were to be dirtied." Beerus said with a level of worry and sincerity that took Trunks and the others by surprise. Beerus took notice and directed an agitated snarl at Trunks. "What?!"

"N-nothing." Trunks quickly replied.
"Tch." Beerus crossed his arms and maintained eye contact as Zajak carried Whis off so that he could rest.

As Zajak left she closed the door as softly as she could.

".... Huh?" Trunks blinked a few times as his gaze fixated on Mai. "Is this for real? Mai?"

Hearing his voice crack and break as he asked that question caused Mai's eyes to tear up. No longer able to maintain her composure Mai dropped all her acts of decency and hurled herself into Trunks's arms.

"Trunks!" Mai shouted in joy as she buried her head upon his chestn

"Mai! You. You are real!" Exclaimed a joyous Trunks who hugged her close. "I thought the worse! After what happened, I had... Oh, Mai! That doesn't matter anymore! All I need is this!"

The two sobbed loudly as they embraced ever closer and their lips met into an intimate kiss.

Beerus was feeling like a third wheel and considered leaving.

"Departing so soon? Wouldn't it be better to study the layout of the arena and enact a strategy for Trunks?"

The voice was similar yet off at the same time.

Beerus immediatly twisted around and grabbed the speaker by the throat.

"Who the hell are you?" Demanded Beerus.

"It's us! Kibito and Shin! We fused and are now known as Kibito Kai!" The Kai quickly answered as if their life depended on it.

Beerus offered a quizzed look before dropping them hard on the floor.

"Great.... You fused just like that old bastard had done." Beerus spat on the ground. "What an irritating annoyance that is."

Trunks and Mai had caught on too.

"Wait... Fused? Like how my father and Goku did?"

"Hm?" Beerus's ears perked up and he lowered a fierce glare at the pair. "Don't speak of another timeline within the walls of this place. Lord Zeno forced me to confess the truth about you and only agreed to show leniency because you interested him. With a condition, of course. So not another word about that, got it?"

Trunks and Mai gulped and nodded their heads.

"As for this fool..." Beerus pointed a thumb and an embarrassed Kibito Kai who was scratching the back of his head. "Adress him as the Supreme Kai as before. Nothing has changed in that regard."

"But he looks different." Mai pointed out.

Beerus glared daggers at her.

"O-or not."
"Ahem. As I was saying, the Supreme Kai here wishes for this time to be used to strategize." Beerus could hear Trunks's body groaning. "But... After that has occurred I have overruled him. Trunks, Mai." Beerus nodded his head slightly to both. "You have a few hours left until Trunks must fight. I suggest you go somewhere where the walls can muffle out sound."

At first neither Trunks nor Mai understood what Beerus meant. It would be Mai who realised it first and a massive red blush formed on her face. Trunks was dense towards the implication until he felt Mai nudge him on in the ribs to get his attention. When he looked upon her beautiful and now scarlet red face Trunks had realised too what Beerus had meant.

"Ahem." Trunks coughed nervously. "If you would excuse us..."

Trunks and Mai proceeded to head out the door in a very quickened pace.

"Hmph. For adults they are quite innocent when it comes to such matters." Beerus muttered as they left.

"That they are... But... Ummm... Lord Beerus. What are we to do until the match begins?"

"Isn't it obvious? I'm taking a bath and then a long nap!" Beerus proudly proclaimed.

"O-of course..." Kibito Kai sighed as he hung his head low.

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**Lord Zeno**

The Grand Priest had vanished to take care of an assignment of their own. With still a few hours left until the match would start Lord Zeno found himself to be dreadfully bored.

In his hand was a smaller version of a thing called a yo-yo that Whis had introduced to him long ago. Whenever Lord Zeno uncued it the contraption would roll a bit then return to his palm. It was an interesting and neat trick. Had he so desired Lord Zeno could uncover how it is done and the why's in a mere instant.

After all, all knowledge belongs to Lord Zeno.

But what fun would that have been? By choosing to remain ignorant it meant that he could still continue to be amazed.

As he continued to play with his yo-yo a thought reached him.

"Caulifla! Hehehehe..."

Lord Zeno had just recalled that he had summoned for Caulifla. It wouldn't be long til she arrived.

Placing his yo-yo away by tossing it into a portal to his personal pocket dimension which held his neat stuff, Lord Zeno leaned back in his chair. Getting comfortable he looked up to the ceiling and began to reminisce on the day he first met that wild, interesting mortal known as Caulifla.
The Wild Saiyan Girl (Flashback: Set after Chapter 9)

Chapter Summary

Lord Zeno reminisces while awaiting for Caulifla to answer his summons.

In a rocky, desolate location far from the civilized societies of Saiyan culture of the planet known as Sadala there were two figures in the dimness of the lightly torch lit night. There they were upon a small hilltop of no distinguishing physical abnormalities that set it apart from the rest. One, slim and feminine in form, had long since knelt before an unmarked grave and of gathered stones and assembled crudely and without much skill. The other was a shorter male who had stationed themselves a short distance away from the feminine figure. He would occupy his time by maintaining the torch by feeding it small twigs that had been left abandoned upon the dry, clay-like material that made up the ground that they stood upon.

Muttering a few words to herself the feminine figure finally stood up and offered a sorrowful nod to the small stone formation before making her way over to the young, shorter male. The male had noticed her approach but calmly focused on the torch. It wasn't his intention to rush her or to control the conversation. When she was ready then she would address him first. That moment would come when the feminine figure had ended her approach and stood next to the shorter male.

"... You didn't have to come." Said the female to the male. She outstretched her hands towards the torch to warm them slightly.

"I wanted to come." Was his response.

"..." Not able to find her words the female moved closer to the male and rested her head upon his strong, broad right shoulder. "... Thank you, Cabba."

Cabba appreciated this gentle gesture from the normally wild and tomboyish Caulifla. To show this appreciation, Cabba began to gently run his right hand through her thick, black spikey hair. In turn he received a sigh of relief departing from Caulifla's slightly ajarred lips.

"... Cabba. Let's go. I... I no longer want to be here anymore today."

"Mhm..." Cabba agreed in as tender manner that he could muster.

The truth is that the stone formation that Caulifla visited weekly was meant to represent her fallen friend, Kale. Kale had gone berserk from her uncontrollable and immense power. In a cruel twist of fate Caulifla had to be the one to put Kale down herself.

Nothing of Kale had remained.

When Caulifla had come to she had been greeted by the being known as Vados. An angel of sorts who expressed shared interest with other Godlike beings upon Caulifla. They had all apparently been very interested in that strange form Kale had taken as well as the potential power welling up inside Caulifla herself.

Unable to deal with things so soon after being forced to kill her best friend and prodigy, Caulifla spurned that being known as Vados. To her surprise this only had made Vados even more interested
in Caulifla. With a promise of meeting once more Vados respected the wishes of Caulifla and left.

As for the aftermath...

Kale had been labeled a monster. Video footage of her rampage and the massive amount of carnage and loss of life that she had caused had spread all over Planet Sadala. It was horrific, not even Caulifla could defend Kale's name over the accusations. They were all true, after all. All Caulifla could do is remember who Kale had been before turning into that thing.

Wishing to ease the anxiety in the people, King Sadala quickly established Cabba, Frost, and Caulifla as the ones who slew that unnamed beast. Hit was left unmentioned. As Cabba was an honorable young warrior he had wished to not be given credit. However, he was a Hero long before the incident with Kale. King Sadala desired to use Cabba's fame to placate the masses and after much convincing Cabba agreed on the condition that Kale's true name not be used for the monster that was being shown to the public.

This was Cabba's way of showing kindness to Caulifla. It didn't go unappreciated. Caulifla resolved herself and played her role as a female icon to the Saiyans of Sadala and stuck to the PR (public relations) script given to her. This was her way of making things easier for Cabba and to serve as her punishment for not noticing the signs in Kale before it was far too late.

The fame wasn't something Caulifla enjoyed and she considered herself far from a female role model for young girls due to her past as a gang member until recently. However, she surprisingly turned out to be perfect for it. Many enjoyed her energetic and bombastic personality as well as her natural skill and power. Many scientist were baffled at how quickly she could master fighting techniques and the power she held within.

To protect the reputation of Cabba, Caulifla often had to lower her power and hold back. It was her desire to be seen as an equal to Cabba. Cabba knew this and didn't mind that she was far more powerful than him, but her pride and her confusion over this strange feeling known as love for Cabba made it all a subconscious thing for her.

Love...

It was so hard to understand. Even when she desired to wallow in self-hatred over killing Kale, Caulifla's mind would always end up returning to thoughts of Cabba. Her chest felt funny and warm when she did.

It scared her.

Never once did she ask for Cabba to remain with her. It had just been sex. Sure, they both had been each other's first but it wasn't uncommon for Saiyans to be casual and to have multiple partners. Even King Sadala had concubines of his own despite being married.

Yet...

Cabba was there for her after Kale's death. Not once did he push her into sex even as the months had passed by. In fact, he never asked for anything other than for permission to accompany her to Kale's grave and to hold her at night so that she wouldn't have to be alone when she went to bed. He even started cleaning her home for her and cooking her meals while wearing that innocent and charming smile of his.

It wasn't fair.

As her fame had risen there had been many male and female Saiyans that expressed much interest to
laying with her. Their reactions were always of confusion when she rejected them.

Fat, muscular, slim, athletic, short, tall, average, rich, middle class, poor, old, young...

It didn't matter. She just couldn't express mutual interest in them. No matter how well they flirted with her or played up to her tastes and desires she was always adamant in rejecting each and every one of them.

She couldn't understand why for the longest of times. It was expected of her to have a variety of lovers. Saiyan society was very open in that regard and with her fame she could have nearly anyone she desired and as many different men and women as she desired. Even King Sadala had expressed interest in making her a concubine of his. An "honor" that she had to struggle to politely refuse.

Eventually she noticed Cabba had been rejecting all attempts of hooking up as well. Without fail he also would visit her a few times a week just to be with her.

Caulifla didn't understand love, but she did understand that she currently only wished to share herself with Cabba.

That is why...

....

"Finally." Caulifla exhaled.

The pair had reached Caulifla's home after a short flight away from Kale's grave.

"I'm gonna use the bathroom before heading out." Cabba called back as he vanished down her hallway.

"Heading out?"

"Yeah. Wouldn't want you to feel obliged to have to accommodate me again like my last visit."

The sound of the brushing of teeth could be heard from the bathroom.

Caulifla bit her lower lip before making a decision.

Slipping off her cloths as quietly as she could, Caulifla ended with kicking her panties off from her ankle and crept over to the bathroom doorway. Leaning to one of the sides of the entrance Caulifla half closed her eyes and a small toothy smirk formed itself on her face.

"Would you like me to cook you something before I-"

Cabba's body had grown into a paralyzed state. The toothbrush in his mouth hung at the edge on the opening before tumbling out into the sink with a light clacking about for a time until ceasing.

"Well? Are you just going to stand there, or-"

Not even being able to finish, Caulifla was cut off by Cabba who rushed over to embrace her. Their bodies began to burn up at a rapid pace as they locked lips and bounced off the walls until tumbling into Caulifla's bedroom. With open and very enthusiastic laughter Caulifla buried Cabba's head onto her exposed chest as she fell and dragged him onto her bed.

It had been so long for either of them. It would be hours before neither had the energy left to continue.
"Oh my. Maybe this is a bad time after all." Vados said aloud with a slight blush and a hand just centimeters away from covering her lips.

"Bad time?!" Fumed Champa who had been busy kicking things around the room. "I only held off on presenting that Saiyan girl to Lord Zeno because you assured me that would be a bad idea! That the girl needed time to mentally recover before meeting Lord Zeno! You also assured me that you could bring me that other Saiyan girl! The one that had died!"

Vados shook her head.

"I already informed you, Lord Champa." Vados began in a stern voice. "Madness has engulfed her soul. Presenting her to Lord Zeno would result in the erasure of Universe Six. That I can guarantee you."

Champa gulped inbetween angrily gritted teeth.

"Then what do we do? Lord Zeno was interested in her power too!"

"Hmmm... We could..."

"Could...?"

"It would be quite cruel." Vados added as she stared intently into the moving images in her staff.

"Out with it, Vados! I'm losing my patience!"

Vados breathed out a low sigh.

"If you desire both girls so much then we could leverage their bond by binding that berserk girl's soul within the still living one's, Caulifla, soul. In theory this should enable the much more proficient and skilled Caulifla to utilise that berserk girl's power as her own."

"Then do it!"

"There are risk. I wouldn't reccomend-"

"If there is a chance of this succeeding then do it!"

"Very well, Lord Champa. As soon as they're finished and we conclude her meeting with Lord Zeno then I shall carry out your orders."

"Finish what?!"

Champa pushed his way forward to peer into the staff. What he saw was Caulifla lyinh on her chest, her posterior raised up, and Cabba slamming into her from behind. The voices were thankfully muffled, however the look of pure, sweaty bliss on Caulifla's face caused Champa's face to turn a deep shade of red. Embarrassed and feeling dirty, Champa looked away and covered his mouth and nose.

"Why are you observing those mortals enacting acts of mating?!" Stammered the disgusted yet curious Champa.

"You instructed me to observe Caulifla, Lord Champa. That is what I'm doing." Vados responded in
a playful tone. "This has also been very informative to me. It would appear that despite her rough portrayal of herself that Caulifla really, really enjoys being dominated. Perhaps it is due to her letting go and giving full control to her partner? Further observation will be required."

"W-whatever!" Huffed the reddened Champa. "Go retrieve Caulifla as soon as they're finished! We've delayed as long as we could! Lord Zeno is at the end of his wits and desires to meet Caulifla today!"

"As soon as they're finished, Lord Champa?"

"Must I repeat myself?!"

"Not at all. It shall be done, Lord Champa."

---

**Aftermath**

"Huff... huff... huff..."

Both Caulifla and Cabba were completely and utterly exhausted. Caulifla had stopped keeping track of time after the second hour mark had passed. Needless to say, the both of them had desperately needed this release for the longest time.

Drenched in sweat Caulifla wished to wash up but lacked the will to rise from bed. Instead she cuddled into Cabba's strong arms which shifted to hold her as she rested her head just under his neck and upon his chest.

"To think... You used to be such a string bean... Now look at you. So strong..." Caulifla gently observed as she walked two fingers over Cabba's very much defined and sweat glistened six-pack. Puberty took longer for Cabba but when it hit in full he really took off. The most shocking part of it all was that he was still growing thanks to his Saiyan biology and in time would be taller than her.

It was typical for Saiyan girls to physically mature faster than Saiyan boys but the trade off was that girls reached maturity faster while boys took longer. Very rarely would a Saiyan girl end up taller or more muscurally defined than their male counterparts after each has finished maturing.

Not that this made them weaker than their male counterparts.

A strong body may be necessary, and men had the advantage there due to a variety of reasons, but potential to master abilities and utilise Ki was something blind to gender. It was either you had it or didn't.

Caulifla was the rare prodigy whose potential even could cause King Sadala to pause.

"If we keep up sessions like these it won't be long until I'm one of the strongest in the Universe. Really, you are amazing at this..." Cabba joked as he ran a hand through her moistened hair.

"Geez. You make it sound like I've been with others instead of just you." Caulifla said with puffed up cheeks as she looked up into Cabba's face.

"Damn... Why is he so handsome now?" Caulifla thought.

"I didn't mean to imply-"

"Ahem"
The unknown voice caused the naked Caulifla and Cabba to leap out of bed and ignite Ki into their hands.

"Now, now. There's no need for that." Vados said in a chirpy tone as she walked towards the too. "I've merely come to retrieve Caulifla for a short while. I even waited til you finished."

The two Saiyans looked to each other than back to Vados.

"Hold on! I never agreed to-!

Vados had teleported behind Caulifla and proceeded to KO her with a single chop to the back of the neck. With one hand she caught Caulifla before she hit the ground.

"Caulifla!" Cabba yelled and stepped forward. In response Vados pointed her staff at him. Gritting his teeth and calling up the charged Ki in his fists, Cabba glared at Vados. "What do you want with her?"

"Caulifla here has a very important meeting with Lord Zeno. There can be no more delays."

Cabba knew that he was in no position to stop Vados. Her powers far exceeded his own.

"Don't worry. I shall return her in one piece in a very timely manner." Vados assured him.

"I take it that I have your word then."

"You do." Vados prepared to tap her staff to leave. However, before she did she looked down and cracked an entertained smirk. "No wonder Caulifla has no interest in another mate. You really are blessed by Lord Zeno, Cabba. To think that you're still in your growth phase too. Even I'm impressed."

"W-what?"

Cabba looked down and noticed that he was still at, ahem, "attention" per-say. It really made this awkward for sure. At least for Cabba who couldn't believe his Saiyan libido had betrayed him at such a situation as this.

"As a reward for your trust I will be sure to restore Caulifla's fatigue before returning her to you. I do hope that you look forward to it."

"Wait! That isn't necessary!"

Three taps from the bottom of her staff and the pair vanished; leaving Cabba alone witj a very awkward stiff rod between his legs.

"... I'll never live this down." Cabba mumbled as he sighed and headed off to shower.

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**Zeno**

"Tada! I present to you, Caulifla!" Champa boasted in a loud bombastic voice. With both hands gesturing towards the empty space next to him Champa maintained his pose.

Maintained... His... Pose...

Still nothing.
Lord Zeno leaned forward in his chair.
"I'll erase you."
"W-wait! G-give it a second, Lord Zeno!"
"One" Said the Grand Priest.
"It's a figure of speech!" Plead Champa with puppy dog eyes.
"It sounds more like a lie." Responded an emotionless Grand Priest.
"J-just-...."
Without any warning Vados was suddenly standing in the spot where Champa was gesturing too. In her arms was a naked and unconscious Caulifla who smelled of sweat and sex.
"Finally, Vados! I nearly was erased and-.... Why is Caulifla naked?!"
"You instructed me to retrieve her as soon as she was finished. That is what I did."
"I... I... Errr..." Champa looked nervously over to Lord Zeno.
"Sigh..."
Sighing deeply the Grand Priest floated over to Vados. With a flick of his hand Ki surrounded Caulifla, pulled her away from Vados and into the air, and than purged away her sweat and cleaned her body fully. It was a state of cleanliness that no mortal could ever achieve on their own. Satisfied now the Grand Priest then summoned clothes similar to his to cover Caulifla's body. As she was clothed the Grand Priest shifted his gaze to Vados.
"One day your little jests will warrant proper disciplining. Please do not embarrass me before Lord Zeno again in the future, my daughter."
Vados bowed her head.
"I can promise nothing, honored father."
"... Dismissed. Lord Zeno wishes to speak to the mortal Saiyan known as Caulifla in private."
"As you say, father."
Vados teleported behind Champa and placed a hand on his shoulder.
"W-wait! Alone? No, that's a b-" Without a word, Vados teleported Champa and herself away.
Now that they were gone the Grand Priest turned to Lord Zeno and bowed his head to him.
"I, too, shall take my leave."
And then there were only two. Lord Zeno proceeded to sit in silence as he awaited for Caulifla to awaken.
In time Caulifla began to stir. It would be around thirty more minutes til she was aware enough to abruptly rise up in a panic.

"Vados!" Caulifla yelled out in anger.

"Hi." Greeted an innocent, childish voice.

"Huh?"

Turning her attention towards the voice, Caulifla was met by a blue chidish and short creature dressed in a rather regal looking outfit. Two purple lines ran across each side of his football shaped head.

"Caulifla! Caulifla! You are Caulifla!" Giggled the clapping child.

"Yeah. I'm Caulifla and-.... Eh?" Caulifla looked down and noticed her strange garb. "What happened?! Why am I wearing this weird outfit! Where is my badass tube top and way cool baggy pants or my on point battle shoes! This isn't right at all!"

"Badass... Cool.... On point?" Repeated the curious Lord Zeno with a tilted head.

"Yeah! My favorite outfit! It's so convenient and wicked awesome, and-... What the hell?!" In an instant her clothes had changed into her desired outfit.

"Holy shit..." Caulifla gasped. "You did that, didn't you? You're an interesting kid!" Exclaimed a surprised Caulifla. "Like, is that a clothes beam you got or something?"

Lord Zeno tilted his head in the opposite direction and tapped his chin.

"Clothes... beam?"

"Don't even matter! What's your name, kid?"

"Ummmm... Zeno!" Lord Zeno responded as taking a moment to remember his own name.

"Well, I don't know what's going on but your name sounds familiar. Whatever the case you have good taste with that clothes beam-whatever you got! So c'mon! Shake my hand, cuz you're awesome in my book! Not that I read all that much... But the intent is what matters!"

"I'm... Awesome?" Lord Zeno excitedly gasped with both hands pressed upon his cheeks. No one has ever described him as awesome before! He even had to search his memory archives for the full definition of it!

"C'mon! Gimmie your hand!" Demanded the impatient yet widely smiling Caulifla.

"O-okay!"

Lord Zeno held out his hand. When Caulifla grasped it and shook it, Lord Zeno was confused and let his hand remain limp.

"You never shake hands before, Lil'Zeno?" Asked Caulifla with a raised brow.

"Lil'Zeno?" Lord Zeno repeated the strange nickname.
"Yeah. It's cuz you're called Zeno and that you're little. So Lil'Zeno. It's cute, short, and to the point! Now copy me and shake my hand!"

This time Lord Zeno managed to shake her hand.

"Uhhhh... Gonna need to practice that."

"Okay."

"Aaaanyway..." Caulifla scratched the back of her head as she observed her surroundings. "Where is here?"

"My palace!" Giggled Lord Zeno.

The palace seemed to be made of a translucent crystal of sorts. Caulifla could even make out the darkness of space and the twinkle of stars and even the light of blazing suns if you focused hard enough.

"That's crazy cool...." Caulifla said in disbelief and awe.

"Caulifla! Caulifla! Go blonde!"

"Go blonde?" Caulifla then remembered. "Ah! Go Super, you mean! Errr... Actually, Vados called it Super Saiyan but whatever! I can go blonde!"

Gathering her energy into a golden explosive finish, Caulifla asended to Super Saiyan. Deep breaths passed her parted lips as a satisfied smirk formed on her face.

"How's that?"

"Oooooo! It's so Cool! Awesome! Wicked!" Observed a very happy and content Lord Zeno.

"W-wait... How did you know about me being able to turn Blonde and stuff?"

"I saw it all!"

"Eh? Saw it... all? What are you? A God or something?"

"Hmmm...." Lord Zeno pondered his words. "Ah! I made everything! So... I think I'm... God?"

"Made everything? Prove it. Make me a Banana Split Subdae with berries, nuts, and extra fudge in a sweet looking bowl with a little cute spoon. I wanna eat it like I'm much more cultured than I am!"

"Okay"

Suddenly there was a Banana split Sundae in a bowl floating in the air before her.

"That's so cool!" Caulifla exclaimed as she grabbed it and started eating it. "You included everything! The berries, nuts, and even the little cute spoon! Like, holy shit! You're the coolest ever!"

"Hehehehe... I'm cool."

"B-but! That isn't enough! Go on! Read my mind!" Said Caulifla inbetween stuffing her face. "It's so good...."
"Okay!"

Closing his eyes Lord Zeno, with Caulifla's consent, read her mind.

"Whooooaaa!!!"

On Lord Zeno's desk with a tv attached to a gaming device with two controllers. Upon seeing all of this Caulifla casually tossed the now empty bowl onto the floor and approached with shaking hands from her rising anticipation.

"That's Murder Death Killl 5: Unlimited Badass Asskickings! They don't make that anymore! You really are amazing, Lil'Zeno! Now grab your sticks! I wanna play! Dibs on Seiba of the Sword!"

"Murder... Death... Kill?"

"It's fun, it's fun! Watch! I'll help you through the tutorial then we can team up in the Story mode to kill all the bitches! You can be Rawass of the Bow! Which is actually weird, cuz honestly? Dude always keeps trying to melee everyone with his twin swords instead of using his bow."

"O-okay..."

"Alright! Let's do this! It'll be fun, trust me!"

Lord Zeno reluctantly floated over and took hold of one of the controls just as Caulifla tried to boot it up.

"Oh.... Could you, like, give it some juice to turn on?"

"Juice?"

"Read my mind again, Lil'Zeno."

"Ah! That juice! It's... Ummm... Slang!"

"Yeah! So juice it up and let's do this!"

Lord Zeno did as requested and the game began to boot up...

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Hours later Lord Zeno had duties to attend to so he reluctantly had to allow Caulifla to leave. As she left Lord Zeno turned to the Grand Priest and held out his hand.

"Shake hands."

"Pardon me, Lord Zeno?" Replied the confused Grand Priest. Not once had he ever shaken hands before. So this request could only be met with confusion.

What unfolded between the two as they practiced is best left unsaid.

Vados

"Vados! Show yourself so I can at least attempt to kick your ass before you actually kick my ass!" Shouted Caulifla at the entrance of Lord Zeno's Palace.
Vados and Champa appeared before her.

"Ah! We aren't erased!"

"Erased? What are you talking about?" Caulifla said as she walked past the trembling Champa and towards Vados. "Alright. You had this coming, Vados!"

Vados was already behind Caulifla and her hand had already chopped at the back of her neck.

"That's cheating... nnngghhh..."

Caulifla collapsed hard on the crystalline ground.

"What was that for, Vados?!!"

"You wanted me to implant that berserk Saiyan girl's soul in Caulifla. I'm doing that as soon as I warp us back to your planet, Lord Champa." Vados snapped coldly.

"O-oh... Well... Good job for remembering, Vados."

"Sigh..."

Vados tapped her staff and teleported the trio away.

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**Present Time**

Hearing the approaching footsteps Lord Zeno opened his eyes and looked up. Caulifla was approaching his chair with a frown on her face.

"Caulifla! Caulifla!"

Without uttering a single word Caulifla ignited her Ki and transformed into her new Super Saiyan Inferno state. Its raw power and green, majestic form caused Lord Zeno's jaw to drop from glee and intense excitement.

"Oooooo! So cool!"

"I call it Super Saiyan Inferno." Caulifla leaned towards Lord Zeno with a cocky smirk on her face. "I want in. Let me fight alongside Trunks and knock around that bastard already in the arena."

"Okay."

"I knew you would say that, so... Wait. What?"

"Okay." Repeated Lord Zeno.

"W-wait... Wait, wait, wait. Just like that?" Caulifla responded with the disbelief softening her facial features.

"Yup."

"No arguments? No me trying to justify a two vs one fight? Nothing?"

"Nope."

"Huh." Caulifla pulled her head back and crossed her arms. "So now what?"
Caulifla now found herself suddenly appearing in the arena right before a floating and meditative Jiren.

"... Tch! You could have at least warned me first, Lil'Zeno!" Shouted an aggravated Caulifla.

"Have fun, Caulifla!" Cheered the way too innocent Lord Zeno.

"Why you..." Mumbled Caulifla inbetween clenched teeth.

"You." Jiren said as his eyes fluttered open. "Must I kill you to be rid of you?"

The glare Jiren gave off reminded Caulifla of Prime. She couldn't shake a strange ominous feeling that resonated from Jiren too.

"Those eyes...."

"Caulifla? Huh?" It was Trunks who had just entered the arena. "What's going on?"

"Ah. Trunks? Well..." Caulifla playfully scratched her head. "Lil'Zeno said that I can help you beat that guy's ass."

Caulifla thumbed towards Jiren.

"Just like that?"

"Apparently so. Even I was surprised at how easily Lil'Zeno said yes. Kinda caught me off guard."

A loud voice boomed throughout the stadium and arena.

"-Fight!" Boomed the resonating voice of the Grand Priest.

In an instant Jiren was upon them and had his right arm pulled back.

"That green hair... Is that a new form of yours, Saiyan woman?"

"My name is Caulifla!"

"I didn't ask."

Jiren proceeded to smash his fist into her face and sent Caulifla, who had been caught off guard, barreling through multiple mountains that now littered the expanded arena.

Trunks proceeded to enter Super Saiyan Blue Rage in response.

"Another new form? Saiyan evolution is limitless it would seem."

"What of it-"

Jiren glared, his eyes burning red. This sent Trunks flying back with his arms crossed before him as an X to guard from the unseen attack.

As Trunks slide over the rocky terrain, the tumbling of pebbles nearby could be heard as they announced the return of a very pissed off and uninjured Caulifla.

"Hmph. I may actually have to try." Jiren thought aloud as an excited grin wore itself plainly on his
I hope you enjoyed reading the fic as much as I enjoyed writing it!

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