Ripples in Time
by Rose1991

Summary

“Change one thing, change everything.” ~ Butterfly Effect

My name is Mia Jicama. I am a Saiyan born and raised on Earth. And according to the time scrolls, I never should have existed.

Notes

Also listed on FFN.
Asylum

Decades ago, sixteen years before I was born, a planet named Vegeta was blown to smithereens by an alien dictator named Frieza. The Saiyans were wiped from existence save for four men: a General, Nappa; a child warrior who clawed his way onto an elite team, Raditz; a Saiyan Prince, Vegeta; and a toddler whose loving parents smuggled him off planet, Kakarrot. The rest of the race was blown to pieces along with the planet after a direct order for every saiyan warrior to return home. That is what the timeline should be, I’m told. But one minor tweak in history has changed everything.

It all started when two time patrollers paid a visit to deal with a simple villain only to find everything wrong. The vestiges of the Saiyan race of a couple thousand who shouldn’t be alive according to the time scrolls were on Earth, living and thriving. But I get ahead of myself. I should start from the beginning, my beginning.

My name is Mia Jicama. I am a Saiyan born and raised on Earth. And according to the time scrolls, I never should have existed.

Siyaka sat in her room, her heart pounding with worry. Thirty seconds was too long. The anticipation was killing her. A death sentence waiting for her on the simple answer of a stick. She had smuggled one out of the medic bay after a mandatory check-up this morning. Now all she could do was pray. Pray that a negative symbol popped up. It had been almost a month since she and Vegeta had done anything, but it would still only give her a couple weeks before any changes would be visible. If there were any changes to be visible. If. She really hoped on that “if.”

The timer on her scouter went off, and she rushed forward, her breath caught in her throat. Her heart dropped with horror seeing that dreaded positive symbol laughing back up at her. Her hand went to her stomach and cursed what grew inside.

She stood at the attack pod thinking about exactly what she was planning. Vegeta stood behind her shaking his head. “I still don’t understand why you’d volunteer for this. I mean what happened to you? All of a sudden, you’re digging through records until you find a missing Saiyan who’s been gone since he was a babe. If he is alive, why would you bring him here?”

She gave him a pout. “Don’t say that.”

“Seriously,” he growled, “You know how the Saiyans have been treated ever since we lost the
planet. Why would you willingly bring one back who was saved from that fate?"

Siyaka knew what he was talking about, and it made her heart ache. His little brother, born and sent off just before the planet was blown up. He was worried about him, and if his love … his fiancé would actually betray him like that. But there was more going on than her prince even knew. More of his race was alive than he dreamed. This was her best option without revealing the Saiyan secret. “That’s not why I’m doing this.”

Vegeta gaped at her as if she wasn’t making any sense. “Why won’t you tell me? Why are you doing this? Why are you leaving to find Kakarrot? Why aren’t you taking a team with you?”

She shook her head. “Frieza wanted it to be a one man mission.” That was all she could really answer. If she told him what was really going on, why she was really doing this, Frieza could figure it out. And if he knew, she was definitely going to be killed. This was her only chance to keep herself alive, to keep them both alive.

“You still aren’t telling me anything,” Vegeta stated disappointedly, his mouth contorted in a sneering frown.

Her expression softened. He knew she was lying to him. His coal black eyes betrayed his hurt he was too proud to voice or show in any other way. She reached for his hand, even though they were being watched by Frieza’s agents on all sides. This was the most affection they could ever show each other off mission without worry of Frieza doing something about it. She gave his hand a squeeze hoping everything she felt, all her worry for their lives, all her love, passed through that one squeeze, like so many other touches before. But the gloves prevented the physical contact necessary to connect her mind to his. “I’m doing this for us. I’m sorry, but that’s all I can tell you.”

He shook his head, done arguing and risking revealing to Frieza’s agents that there was something more between them than the relationship of a Prince and his subject. She gave his hand another squeeze before hitting the button to open the pod. She let go of him and took her seat in the pod. She looked back at him, seeing his worry and disappointment on his face. It was a rare expression seen on the Prince of all Saiyans, but there it was. She tried to send him a comforting smile, but she knew in her eyes, her sad eyes, he could tell they were never going to see each other again.

The pod door slammed shut with a hiss, and within a second shot into the sky, hurtling her towards Earth.

“You will be descending into Earth’s atmosphere in 30 seconds,” her scouter read off. She took a deep breath. It was almost go time. As soon as she hit the Earth’s atmosphere, she’d have to act. She rubbed her swollen belly as she breathed calmly. She had been in the pod for three months, leaving her at four and a half months, almost full-term pregnant saiyan, and she was cramped. These pods were too small for anyone pregnant, even if their species pregnancies didn’t develop as fast as the Saiyans’ usual twenty-two to twenty-four weeks. She was thankful the IV the pods used for sustenance during that time was there. But at the first chance she got, she was eating her fill.

She began counting down calmly to her entering the atmosphere. “Ten … nine … eight … seven … six …” she undid her IV, unbuckled her seat belt, and prepped the radio for an emergency report. “Five … four … three … two … Base! Base! This is Siyaka! The ship has malfunctioned. The cool down into the atmosphere has faulted!”

“Siyaka, this is Base. What is going on?”
She started screaming, as if in pain. She had to sell it. “The ship, it’s burning inside and out. It’s coming in too hot! OH GOD! HELP!” She grabbed the files and things she’d prepared to keep, and prepped a leg to kick open the pod’s door.

“Siyaka, what happened?! What’s going on!?” She heard Vegeta on the other side of the radio. She frowned as she kicked open the door. The massive force of air rushed over the radio. This was her goodbye.

She let out one last blood curdling scream before diving out of the pod. The air was thin up where she was, but still a little breathable, just barely. She aimed a hand down to her pod and shot an energy blast, causing the round ship to explode. She turned off her scouter, crushing it to make sure they couldn’t use it to find her.

She began to ease herself down onto earth, holding her huge belly as she prayed that it worked. That she and her child would be safe from Frieza’s clutches. It was almost an hour before she actually touched ground. The air was easy to breath, and the gravity lighter than planet Vegeta. She rubbed her belly. She looked down at it, feeling the baby move. “Welcome home,” she whispered breathily. She looked around, hoping to find some semblance of civilization, and felt relief when she saw smoke in the distance in the middle of a small forest. Slowly, she began walking over there, stretching out her cramped limbs from the flight over.

She shrieked out as another contraction went through her. “Remember your breathing,” the old lady they called a midwife reminded. Siyaka adopted the human trick of lamaz breathing as the next contraction came. She had been lucky when she found the home in the woods. An old couple lived there who were eager to help her seeing she was about to give birth. They were really sweet, and had a midwife brought over immediately to check on her and the baby’s health. It had been a few weeks since Siyaka had landed that she woke up in the middle of the night in the worst pain she had ever been in. The old man acted quickly, running out to his transport, what they called a car, to get the midwife. And now they were here, the old woman applying a cold rag to her head, and the old man occasionally running in with ice chips.

“Alright, Siyaka, I see the head,” the midwife called from between her spread legs. “Just one more big push.” Siyaka caught her breath and complied, letting out another cry. She felt relief as the baby came out of her with a loud cry. The midwife cradled the baby in her arms. “It’s a girl,” she announced with a smile. “Let me go wash her up, and then I’ll give her to you.” Siyaka nodded, watching the midwife take her into the bathroom.

The old lady that took her in, Mia, smiled at Siyaka and asked, “Have you picked a name for her yet?”

Siyaka shook her head. “I actually thought it was a boy. But a girl, I’ll have to think.” She frowned as she thought. Maybe after her mother, or Vegeta’s mother. Then she realized, her daughter, even though pure Saiyan blood ran through her veins, was born earthing. Maybe she should choose an earthing name. Siyaka turned to Mia and asked, “What does your name mean?”

Her lively green eyes went wide, and she replied, “Well, it’s Latin for rebellion or bitter. But it can also mean ‘wished for child.’ But my mother chose the name because I was born just after my father died at war. The term ‘Missing in action’ or ‘MIA’ was what they told my mother. So in a way, she named me for him.”

“She sighed, a small smile tugging on the edge of her mouth. It fit. Her life was a rebellion
against Frieza, and as much as Siyaka had worried in the beginning, she knew she always wanted children. And she was technically missing in action. It was ironic that she fell into the caring arms of such a woman, or maybe it was fate. “You don’t mind, do you?”

The older lady beamed at her. “It would be my honor,” she replied.

Five years had passed since Siyaka had found her and her daughter’s asylum on Earth. Since Mia’s birth, things had changed. Siyaka had immersed themselves into Earth’s culture, while still teaching Mia what little she remembered of their Saiyan heritage. Saiyan lullabies she remembered from the nursery, and old legends passed down through the generations. She had been able to hold onto the files and trinkets from her time with Frieza. The files were mostly for Kakarrot, in case she finally found him, but she never did.

After Siyaka got what was referred to as a GED, she went through some school, which bored her to death, but now she worked as human law enforcement, or a cop, in a city called Orange Star City. It wasn’t overtly huge, but it was big enough for Siyaka and Mia to get an apartment in town and start living on their own. Siyaka didn’t like feeling like she had imposed on the older couple, even though they had shown her so much kindness. So, before Mia had turned a year old, Siyaka had moved out, but kept in occasional contact with them.

Siyaka came home, holding little Mia’s hand as they got to their apartment. She searched for her keys in this satchel called a purse, which she found handy occasionally. It wasn’t pretty, just small and made of leather. Mia swung their conjoined arms back and forth as she hummed a song she just heard on the radio. Siyaka had tried to use the car as much as possible to blend in, but Siyaka had taught Mia a few things, like how to fly and throw a punch. And to never look at the full moon. She had bought them sleeping masks for those nights, and under no circumstances was Mia allowed out after dark on those days.

With a click of the key, they were inside and Mia was running over to her toys. Mia’s hair was somewhat a silky wild mess, but gracefully long, similar to Vegeta’s mother, the Queen. And jet black like Vegeta’s. Each morning, Siyaka would take time braiding her daughter’s hair in an attempt to bring it under control.

Siyaka smiled, watching her daughter, setting her purse and keys on the counter in the apartment’s small kitchen. “So, Mia, how was school?” she asked, unbuttoning her uniform shirt and taking it off, leaving herself in her white tank top she wore underneath. She walked into the living room and sat on their old couch they bought at a thrift shop when they moved in. Mia continued to play with her dolls, her tail twitching in the air. “Did you make any new friends?”

Mia dropped the dolls, and with a pout said, “No.”

Siyaka tilted her head to the side with a frown. “Aw, Mia, did something happen?”

Mia kept pouting but turned to her mother, her gaze focused on the Barbie doll’s blond hair that she rubbed between her fingers. “Videl pulled on my tail during recess, and I got in trouble for punching her.”

“Another fight, Mia?” Siyaka asked, disappointment in her voice. “You have to be better than that. We can’t blow our cover here.”

Mia pouted more at her mother. “But Momma, she’s so mean. And she wouldn’t let go when I asked
her. A-and,” Mia began to cry, her hiccups setting in early this time, “she got the whole class to call me ‘Monkey Mia.’ The whole class.”

Siyaka frowned. Since Mia started going to school earlier that year, Siyaka had begun to witness the darker side to humanity. The children were ruthless to any other kid they deemed different, and Mia didn’t have enough control of her tail yet to hide it like Siyaka did. It made Siyaka’s heart ache knowing her daughter was stuck with merciless kids.

Siyaka let out a sigh, and patted the spot on the couch next to her. “Come here.”

Mia clambered up and curled up in her mother’s lap, crying into her legs. Her shoulders shaking from her erratic breathing. Siyaka ran her hands over Mia’s head and gently rubbed her back, whispering, “Ok, calm down. You don’t want to get sick.” Mia tried her hardest to control her breathing, but every time she would come close, she’d start to blubber again. Siyaka let out a sigh and reached for the tv remote. “Here, let’s see if your favorite show can calm you down. What do you think about some Powerpuff Girls?” Mia nodded, still crying, but trying to dry her tears. Her onyx eyes were puffy and red-ringed from tears. Siyaka nodded with a smile. “You’re ok, hon.” She flipped on the tv, but froze when she saw what was on the news.

“Momma?” Mia sniffled looking between the tv and Siyaka. “Momma, what is it?”

On the tv was a very familiar pod, with the words “Alien Invasion” splayed across the screen. “A mighty battle is going on in the Gobe Wastelands, starting not long after two alien spaceships crashed into Red Rose City. There was considerable damage done in the city. A warning for people watching, the next scene we are going to show is incredibly graphic and not recommended for the faint of heart.” The demolished city in flames and dead people mixed with debris littered the screen. “This is what is left of Red Rose City. The death toll is now around 10,000 people dead, and 23,000 people injured. The national guard has been sent in to help with recovering victims of this horrible tragedy.” The screen went back to the reporter out on scene in the Gobe Wastelands. He had a frown on his face as he waited for the reporter back at headquarters to ask, “Do we know what the aliens want? Why are they here? Was this an accident or a planned attack?” He shook his head. “No, Marie. The aliens haven’t tried to make contact with us yet; however, we found one of their spaceships abandoned a couple miles from what's left of Red Rose City.” The camera started to shake heavily, then a mighty roar was heard. The camera panned up showing a Saiyan in Oozaru form in a uniform Siyaka would recognize anywhere.

“Vegeta,” she breathed as she got up. She ran over to her map, locating the Gobe wastelands. She realized they weren’t far. A twenty minute flight, max. She had to stop him. Maybe if he saw she was alive, he’d stop this needless bloodshed. Maybe even join her in the life she had started building for her and their daughter. “Mia, we’re leaving, now!” Siyaka order, hitting the power button on the tv. Mia jumped off the couch and ran after her mom towards the door leading to their back porch. Siyaka sprung out, soaring towards the wastelands with a good speed, Mia a couple seconds behind her.

All Siyaka could think of was seeing Vegeta again for the first time in almost six years. Part of her couldn’t breathe with anticipation. Her heart pounded with hope and fear. Did he still love her, miss her like she did him? How would he react to meeting Mia? Would he welcome her with open arms or reject her like so many others had recently?

After several minutes of flying, Siyaka looked behind her seeing Mia had fallen behind. She slowed down, waiting for her daughter to catch up. “You need to keep up Mia. It might be faster if you just rode on my back.” Mia nodded, blinking heavily from her bangs flicking her eyes from the wind. Siyaka stopped, allowing Mia to position herself on her back, Siyaka’s tail wrapping around her,
securing her daughter in place before taking off again, this time as fast as possible.

“Momma, where are we going?” Mia called out over the loud winds.

“We’re seeing your father,” Siyaka answered, her heart giddy at the prospect of seeing her love again.

Mia was silent for a bit before asking, “I have a daddy?”

Siyaka laughed. “Everyone has a daddy, Mia.”

Mia went silent again, pondering something before asking, “If I have a daddy, why don’t I ever see him?”

Siyaka sighed with a frown. That was the harder question to answer. “Because he lives very far away.”

Mia tilted her head in curiosity. “Doesn’t he like us?”


It was silent for a long time before Mia stated with a sort of finality, “If Daddy loves us, he should live closer.” Siyaka laughed. It made sense in the mind of a child, unaltered by the truths and complexities of universe she lived in. Mia’s mind was black and white like most children. Eventually she’d find the world was a lot more gray than certain.

Finally, they reached the Gobe Wastelands, but there was no mighty battle going on, no Oozarus to be found. Siyaka flew around, her heart pounding as she imagined the prospect of seeing her love again. As she looked around, she saw craters in mountains and cliffs that had crumbled. A mighty battle had been fought, but there was no sign of her Vegeta.

She dropped down once she saw something small on the ground. As she got closer, she could see it was a Saiyan tail drenched in a pool of blood. Too much blood to survive, she thought. Her heart sank as a realization hit her. M-maybe Vegeta didn’t survive the battle. That seemed unlikely, but as she looked around the area, it seemed more probable. Bits of his uniform shredded littered the battle field and soaked in blood. And he never surrendered, not in all her years of knowing him. Her heart seemed to hit bottom, sucking out the air from her lungs. “Vegeta, no.” She began to breathe harder, having difficulty controlling her breath as Mia had trouble sometimes when she cried. A rage had been building inside her that was finally about to burst. First, she and Vegeta couldn’t be together because of Frieza, and ultimately she had to leave because they had consummated their love as a form of rebellion against the alien tyrant. And now, as soon as her hopes for happiness returned, they were dashed to the winds by his death. She wasn’t just sad, but it fuelled her anger. Whoever was responsible for her love’s death, for his pain would pay dearly. She could feel her body exerting more energy than usual, her aura beginning to burn around her like her anger. It almost felt like she was going Oozaru, but more powerful, and she still had control of her senses completely, except mentally, she saw red. She let out a scream of rage before collapsing on the ground pounding it with her fists, cracking the solid rock ground. Her breathing was still ragged, and her aura glowed gold around her, and her usually short curly black hair felt as if it were standing on end.

“M-Momma?” Mia cried. “What’s going on?” Siyaka’s glare turned to her daughter, about to snap at her only to see shock and fear returned in Mia’s eyes. “Momma, your hair,” she whimpered, “how did you do that?”

Siyaka didn’t answer her, instead looking around hoping to find one of the fighters that fought her
Vegeta. There was no way Vegeta could suffer such a fate from one person alone, of that she was sure. And she was going to make each one of them pay. “Stay here, Mia,” Siyaka growled, flying up to search the battlefield.

Mia flew up to her mom, her arms splayed out and her face serious. “Momma, Stop!” she yelled.

“No, Momma! Stay here!” Siyaka growled, lifting a hand to blast her away. Not to hurt her, but to move her.

“No, Momma. Remember, we can’t blow our cover,” Mia reminded her, saying the same words Siyaka had told her not even an hour ago.

Siyaka’s eyes flinched as she felt her heartbeat slow from its erratic pace. What was she doing? Mia was trying to protect them both. She didn’t deserve to be blasted away. Siyaka felt her breathing still ragged as she felt her power draining. She didn’t want to do this. She didn’t want to destroy their home. They had nowhere else to go. Her eyes stung with tears as the fiery aura around her began to dissipate, and her hair fell back into its normal place. “I’m sorry, Mia. I’m so sorry,” Siyaka cried, flying over to Mia before pulling her into a hug, her hand running over Mia’s hair. “Let’s go home,” she sighed, her tone defeated. Mia nodded against her mother’s waist in agreement.

Five years passed by, and things had pretty much stayed the same. After an incident at Mia’s school, Siyaka had been forced to move her to another. Mia seemed happier, especially since Siyaka had been able to teach her how to control and hide her tail away from the judgmental eyes of the other kids. Mia had gained a new class full of nicer, more welcoming kids. Mia hadn’t made any close friends per say, as her first time around in school had made her a little shy and wary of the other kids’ intentions. She was still guarded, but she was becoming stronger for it, which made Siyaka happy for her. Mia no longer craved the acceptance of her peers because she had her own, and that was more than any mother could ask for.

The schools in the district had called for a Spring Break during the tumultuous times going on. The current Martial Arts champion was about to go up against Cell, a being reporters had said was hell-bent on destroying the world. Siyaka had been tempted to fight when they announced the fight, but she knew there was no point. She was definitely no match for a bug creature that sucked its victims whole through its tail. She’d fight him if he came to her, but she wasn’t about to risk her life with Mia counting on her completely. And Mia definitely wasn’t strong enough to fight by her. Even though Siyaka had gotten control of her Super Saiyan form, she had refused to teach Mia how to become a Super Saiyan in case of Mia having another incident at school.

Mia had grown a lot in those five years. Her form was already turning into that of a young lady as her chest and hips had already begun to develop. She wasn’t tall though, but she only had one more growth spurt until she caught up with Siyaka’s height. Her hair was still silky and wild, but she had begun to handle it herself by braiding it daily in a single silky black rope.

Siyaka stood in the kitchen, mixing up dinner. “Mia, time to eat!” she called to her daughter. When her daughter didn’t answer, she called out again. “Mia!?"

“In here, Mom. You should see this,” Mia replied from the living room, turning up the tv. Siyaka walked in with a frown seeing her daughter watching the Cell games. The cameraman was panning the fighters who went to fight against Cell, and one of them caused Siyaka to drop the bowl she held in her hands. “Mom, those are Super Saiyans. I-I thought we were the last,” Mia stated, pointing at the screen.
Siyaka gaped at the screen, as it showed Vegeta, his hair turned blond and his eyes green. He’d definitely figured out how to transform into a Super Saiyan. But he was dead. She had been sure of it. And after all her searching for Kakarrot, she had been certain he too was dead. That she and her Mia were the last of their kind. But there stood four Super Saiyans, two of which she did not recognize. “I thought we were, too.”
Mia sat in the back corner of the class, her usual spot away from Videl and her friends. It made things easier to stay away from her, and everyone who attended Orange Star High School. Since they were little, Mia and Videl never got along. And because Videl was the most popular girl in the school, thanks to her father being the one who defeated Cell and being the World Champion, Mia didn’t have a lot of, scratch that, any friends that Videl hadn’t tainted with her rumors and hate for the young Saiyan girl. But over the years, Mia had learned to become the bigger person. She never forgave Videl for how she had been treated over the years, but she had learned to ignore it. Mia had always done better in school than her anyway, so at least she had that going for her.

It was her Calculus period, which was before her last period, gym. The class would be split for a thirty minute lunch break, towards the end of the period, the one thing Mia looked forward to in this period. As she sat back, she listened to the other students gossiping about the Gold Fighter from this morning’s robbery. She hadn’t seen a kid even remotely matching his description, but her first two periods were AP Classes, Genetics and Literature, classes she actually enjoyed. So it was likely that she hadn’t been in class with him yet, as her AP classes were small, consisting of five or six people. Calculus however was one of her bigger classes, because it was the average class for their grade.

The professor stood in front of the class, trying to calm the class down to quiet clamor. The professor announced, “Now most of you know by now that we have a new student.” Mia looked up, seeing a boy walk in wearing red pants, a white shirt, with a black vest. Exactly what the Gold Fighter was said to be wearing. Mia focused on him, black hair; dark brown, almost black eyes; and peachy skin. He was tall, well to her. He had to be around six feet compared to her five foot two. “Class, this is Gohan, as most of you know by now. Gohan, take your seat.” He nodded and walked towards the seat next to Erasa on the other side of the room, near Videl.

Mia was transfixed. Even though he looked like nothing in the muscle department, he had the grace of a fighter in his steps. If he were a Saiyan, that would explain the Gold Fighter. She narrowed her eyes as she watched him. His hair was black like the Saiyans, and his eyes were the same dark
brown as every Saiyan. However, it was impossible to know for sure unless she saw either his tail of if he went Super Saiyan. But, if she remembered correctly, the Saiyans from the Cell Games had gotten rid of their tails, and if that was the case, she couldn’t know officially unless she saw him transform. Unless …

“Mia, why don’t you come up and solve the equation?”

She looked up, away from the new kid, Gohan, and back to the front. There was no equation on the board, leaving her nervous. “Uhm, what equation, Sir?”

The professor glowered at her while a few of the students chuckled at her expense. She shot a furtive glance to Gohan. The whole class seemed to be focused on her, but Gohan’s face was the most pitiful and worried. “Page ninety-six, first problem of the work section.”

Mia licked her lips nervously. “On the board?” The professor nodded curtly, an annoyed expression on his face. She swept up her book and walked up to the board, flipping the pages until she found page ninety-six. She grabbed a piece of chalk and began to write on the board. Her handwriting was always scratchy and hard to read, but on the board, all of its imperfections were magnified. Once she reached the answer, she stepped aside, putting the chalk down.

The professor looked at her, then gestured to the class, “Now explain your process, Ms. Jicama.”

She let out a small huff as she explained her step by step until she reached her answer. The professor nodded, and gestured back to her seat. Mia nodded, going back to her seat. The new kid eyed her as she walked to the back of the class. She could tell he was impressed by her. She sat back down and went back to note-taking with a smile on her face. Saiyan or not, maybe she could sway him from Videl’s hateful clutches, and convince him to be her friend instead.

Siyaka dropped the file in front of her perp from this morning’s robbery. “As far as I’m concerned, this is an open and shut case.” Siyaka sighed as she crossed her arms, leaning back against the back wall. “Well, for you, at least.”

“I want my lawyer,” the guy growled, not looking at her.

Siyaka let out a laugh. “You were caught red-handed. Nothing much your lawyer can do to help you,” she stated, shaking her curly haired head. “You’re looking at thirty-five years in prison just for the robbery, unless you give me some information about the other charges.”

“I ain’t sayin’ nothin’, chick!” he snapped back, spit flinging from his lips onto her face.

Shecocked and eyebrow at him, paired with a disgusted frown as she gently wiped the spittle away with one finger. “That’s fine. I’ll just tell you what I know, and if you feel like chiming in to reduce your sentence, that’s fine too.” With a sigh, she opened her file and read, “Upon booking, we acquired your finger prints, which just so happened to match a set of prints in an unsolved murder case from a year ago.” She shot him a mock surprised smirk, “How fortunate for us.” She turned back to her file, pulling out a photo of a discarded bullet casing, and laying it out in front of him to look at. “This bullet casing was recovered at the crime scene of DA Curtis’s murder with your print on it. However,” she added, through pursed lips and a sassy shrug, “the gun it was shot from was traced back to the Red Shark Gang’s higher up, Louis ‘Rig-em-up’ Rigby.

“Now,” she leaned in, clapping her hands together, “DA Curtis was trying a case on Louis Rigby, and got the closest anyone ever got to locking him up. That gives Louis motive, unlike you,” she
sighed, “whose only connection to the late DA is the fingerprint on the bullet casing from the shot that killed him.”

He chewed the inside of his lip before shrugging and leaning back. “So?”

“So,” Siyaka stated, a twitch in her lip. Kami, he was annoying. “As of right now, that murder is pinned on you. Your fingerprint on the bullet casing, and I’m sure if we dig further, we’ll find a match for the carpet fiber found in our victim’s hair will match the carpet in your car’s trunk, which matched the car style and license plate we recovered of the car the DA was crammed into when he was last seen alive.” She got up, leaving the file in front of him open as she leaned lazily against the double-sided mirror, adopting the criminal’s coolly confident stance. She frowned shaking her head as if disappointed. “Tsk. This is damning evidence, and would drive your sentence up to life, and possibly even death row.”

There was a pregnant pause as the criminal focused on the open file in front of him, full of pictures of a dead body lying out in a pool of blood on the pavement. This information was sinking in slowly, but Siyaka could tell he was the type of gangster that could easily be turned into a rat for the cops.

“Now, Ricky,” she smiled seductively, leaning over the table, giving him a good view of her cleavage. She was a woman after all, and knew how to use her wiles. “I can call you Ricky, right?”

He didn’t answer, so she shrugged, continuing as she strutted around him, her finger lazily tracing along the table. “You can change your fate from permanent jail-time if you help me with this.” She stopped in the corner opposite him, looking at him waiting for an answer. When he didn’t give one, refusing to even look at her, she nodded. “Alright. Have a good life, I guess,” she added as she walked to the door.

“Wait, wait wait,” the guy pleaded. She stopped, her hand on the door knob. “Louis wanted him dead,” Ricky stated with a gruff tone. “I was working my way in, and that was my ticket to the next rung up in ranks.”

“Your ticket?” Siyaka asked curiously.

“Yeah,” Ricky sighed. “I already had the recommendation, but that was my initiation to the next rank. For each rank you have to prove yourself, from entering to making boss.”

Siyaka quirked an eyebrow. “Must have been a high rank for such a steep initiation.”

Ricky shrugged. “It varies. But yeah, initiation is generally submitting to being the fall guy for someone in the next rank. They usually protect you when shit starts to stir, but…”

Siyaka tapped her finger against her elbow, and asked, “Would you be willing to sign a confession for a plea deal?”

Ricky nodded. “As long as I don’t get the chair. They aren’t worth that much trouble. I only got into it because it was easy money.”

Siyaka smiled and tapped the mirror with her fist, gently. “Alright, I’ll get the DA.” She stepped out of the interrogation room and was met with raucous applause.

“Detective Jicama bags another one,” her partner laughed, clapping a hand on her shoulder. Detective Rito, her partner, always had the tough guy act going. His ex-military background had given him some tough guy stories to go with his chiseled looks and scars. He was only a couple inches taller than Siyaka, but he had packed on muscle under his civilian clothes over the years. His favorite hobby was hitting on women, and most melted under his intense chocolaty smolder. All except Siyaka. “This must be a record,” he joked, as he guided her back to her desk. He laughed. “It
must be that intense womanly glare.” She shot him an odd look. “Hey, it’s sexy. Own it,” he shrugged, his hands up in surrender. She frowned at him in disapproval, and he grinned, pointing a finger at her. “That’s it.”

“Did you want something, Rito?” Siyaka sighed, returning to the other file on her desk, flipping it open.

“Just congrats,” Rito smiled genuinely, leaning back in his chair. “It’s not every day we detectives get a good hit landed against the mob.”

Siyaka shook her head. “We wouldn’t have gotten a hit without the Burglary Unit just happening to bring in our murderer. That’s luck, not skill. And I don’t like relying on or getting congratulated for good luck.” Rito pursed his lips and looked away awkwardly.

“You know, they got Al Capone with tax evasion, not murder,” Rito offered hopefully after a short pause. When she didn’t look at him, just shake her head at the file on her desk, he asked, “What’s in the file?”

She clicked her tongue and frowned. “Just evidence the Satan City Police Department has gotten lazy,” she stated, tapping the file with her finger. “We’ve got another vigilante in the city. Unvetted.”

Rito frowned, reaching over for the file. “The Gold Fighter. He’s the one who apprehended the robbers and our guy? And he wasn’t arrested?”

Siyaka nodded, scratching her temple frustratedly. “When did we start turning a blind eye to vigilantes? Doesn’t it say in our laws that no citizen is allowed to take the law into their own hands?”

Rito sighed in agreement. “I guess we forgot when Mr. Satan’s daughter took an interest. Still, he should have been arrested.”

“Yeah, well, Ms. Satan’s actions have opened up opportunities for other vigilantes to step in. And mark my words, we will be out of a job without pension or pay if that happens,” Siyaka sighed. “But I guess there is a line drawn with the vetting process, setting aside the lawful and unlawful vigilantes,” she added sarcastically.

“What does the captain want you to do with this ‘Gold Fighter’?” Rito asked.

“The captain wants us to bring him in, as he technically committed assault and damage to property in front of police officers. Even if it was against some scum criminals.”

Gohan came out of the Gym locker room, sweatpants on with a blue t-shirt. He honestly felt more comfortable in this than the outfit his mom had bought for his first day of school. He followed the rest of his class outside to the baseball diamond. “Don’t show off your powers,” he could hear his mother nagging in the back of his mind. In the classroom, that wasn’t a hard direction to follow, but this was Gym class. A class devoted to physical fitness. He chewed on the inside of his lip nervously as he looked at some of the students stretching.

“Hey, Brainiac,” Sharpner called, waving Gohan over to him, Videl and Erasa. He walked over, his hands in his pockets. He wasn’t sure what to think of their group so far. Erasa was nice and bubbly. Sharpner seemed like he could be a bit of a jerk, but Gohan could tell it was an act to impress Videl. And Videl seemed overly critical of Gohan, ever since their first class that morning. He prayed she wasn’t able to figure out it was him that morning at the bank.
“So, do you know how to play baseball?” Sharpner asked, an eyebrow cocked and a smirk on his face.

Gohan shrugged and replied, “Well, yeah. I’ve read about it?”

Sharpner laughed before turning to Videl. “You can have him.”

“Gee, thanks,” Videl growled at the blonde before looking over Gohan speculatively.

Erasa put a hand on her friend’s shoulder. “Oh, come on Videl. He might not be *that* bad,” Erasa stated with a smile. “At least Sharpner has Mia.”

Gohan’s brow furrowed. “Who’s Mia?”

Videl laughed, “You’re right, Erasa. At least we don’t have Mia.”

Gohan shot both of the girls a confused look as they laughed. “Oh, she’s the one who sucks at *every* sport,” Erasa explained, waving her hand. “She’s a … bit of an oddball.”

Videl let out a scoff. “Oh, that’s what we’re calling her now?”

“Well, he doesn’t know the story,” Erasa stated defensively.


Erasa nodded, grabbing Gohan’s wrist and dragging him to the outfield. “Wait, what story?” Gohan asked as he let Erasa drag him.

Erasa sighed, dropping his arm. “Well, back in ninth grade, Mia notoriously slept with a ton of guys in our class,” she explained with a blank look. Gohan’s jaw dropped a little, his eyes going wide. He hadn’t even had his first kiss yet, and kids his age were doing *that*? Erasa shrugged as she continued. “It broke up a lot of couples, including Videl and her then sweetheart, Sharpner.” Gohan let out an awkward cough as he tried to process this. “I know,” Erasa scowled, looking towards the batting team, “it’s disgusting. How a girl can just mess with people’s hearts like that? It’s horrible.”

“Yeah,” Gohan muttered, not sure what to say.

“It’s probably because she never knew who her dad was,” Erasa added blankly.

There was a thud at their feet, and Erasa jumped up with a squeal as the baseball rolled to her feet, clinging to Gohan for protection. “Hey guys! Look alive!” Videl called to them with a scowl on her face. Erasa separated herself awkwardly from Gohan with a blush before she picked up the ball and lazily threw it to the second baseman as the runner landed on the base.

As the play stopped, the second baseman passed the ball back to Videl on the pitcher’s mound. Gohan watched as a somewhat shorter girl walked up to bat. Her black hair pulled back messily in a braid. She wore a short sleeve hoodie over a tank top showing off her ample sized chest. Her rolled-down navy blue shorts showed off her toned legs and very exposed midriff. He recognized her from the math class he had before this. “That’s her,” Erasa hissed.

As the girl put the bat over her shoulder to swing, Videl called out, “Everyone, scoot in!” The infield and outfield players, except Gohan walked toward the batter. She scowled at the other team as her grip on the bat tightened. Gohan noticed something off about her. Even though she didn’t look it, Gohan got a sense she had a deep well of untapped power that his classmates would have no clue about. She was stronger than she looked, stronger than most humans, which was strange.
“Now, Mia, actually try to hit the ball,” the coach said with a hopeful smile.

“No promises,” she replied with a sarcastic smile.

Videl fired up the pitch and threw. Mia swung and missed, the bat below the ball, and her team groaned. Gohan looked at her curiously. If he was sensing her correctly, she should be able to hit the ball, no problem. Maybe he was wrong. His classmates did say she was horrible at sports. Well, they said a lot of things, but maybe they weren’t all wrong.

“Strike One!”

“Don’t count the strikes this time,” the coach ordered.

“Sir?” the catcher asked.

“Mia, you are not leaving the batting area until you hit the ball. In all your years at this school, you haven’t hit the ball once,” the coach stated plainly. A wave of snickers and chuckles went through the class at that. “Since this is your last time playing before graduation, you will hit the ball once, and you will not sit down until then. Understand?”

Mia gritted her teeth as their classmates began to complain. “None of us are going to play,” someone groaned. “Do you have a tee or a tennis racket?” she asked with a nervous laugh.

The coach pursed his lips and replied, “I’ll give you ten strikes. But if you don’t hit the ball, I will have to fail you this grading period.” The class oh-ed dangerously at the prospect. “I don’t want to do that, so hit the ball.” When Mia didn’t say anything, the coach signaled Videl for the next pitch.

Videl pitched another four times, and with each strike, the class groaned, and Gohan felt his shoulders sinking with boredom. “Come on, slut,” someone called out from the infield. Suddenly a chant began. “Slut! Slut! Slut! Slut!” And Gohan grew uncomfortable. These kids could be mean. And he suddenly understood why his mother made him promise not to use his powers. Videl revved up her pitch again as the chant got louder. Gohan noticed Mia’s eyes gain a focus they didn’t have before, and she swung. With a loud cracking clang, she made contact with the ball, and it soared out with a speed Gohan hadn’t witnessed in an inanimate object before. The class stared at the sky with wonder as Mia started running to first base, second base.

“The Hell are you doing!?” she snapped at the student on third staring dumbly into space. Her sharp tone brought the runner’s attention back to the game as he ran to home base, Mia following close behind.

The gym teacher smiled at her as she jogged in. “You passed,” he stated as she landed on the home plate. “Have a seat.” She nodded and sat down, grabbing her notebook and writing.

A couple more batters ran through as Gohan contemplated exactly how to play without giving away his super powers. Anything was better than being considered different. Certainly not playing at all would look bad for his reputation. He didn’t want to be like Mia, where the other kids complained about his inability to play any games at all, but at the same time, he couldn’t show that he could fly, or throw a boulder with ease. As Sharpner approached the bat, Gohan decided to try. As Sharpner hit the ball, Gohan watched it, jumping into the air gently to catch it. Seeing the runner at third off base, he threw it gently to the baseman, floating down to the ground. With those being the last two outs, that meant it was his team’s turn to bat. As he landed, he was met with gazes full of shock and awe, and his stomach plummeted. He overdid it. He tried to laugh it off as his classmates’ eyes followed him.
“That was great, Gohan. You must have jumped twenty feet in the air,” his coach stated blankly.

“Oh, no, it’s the shoes,” Gohan replied sheepishly. “Yeah, with the air cushions. They really make a difference.” As he went to sit down, a classmate asked, “Hey aren’t you first to bat?” Gohan gulped as he grabbed a bat. “I guess.” He lined himself up in the left hand batter’s position, even though he and everyone else just saw he was definitely right handed. Left handed, would dampen his batting power at least. He prayed he didn’t make another mistake in showing his power.

“Uh, son, that’s the left hander’s spot,” the coach stated awkwardly.

“Yeah, is that bad?” Gohan asked blankly.

The coach stared at him dumbfounded. “No … no it’s not bad. Just, right handers tend to bat from the other side.”

Gohan looked at the coach awkwardly. “Oh,” was all he could think to reply with before turning back to Sharpner on the pitcher’s mound. Gohan understood the mechanics of batting, but he had chosen left handed batting on purpose. Sharpner made his pitch, an evil glint in his eyes. That’s when Gohan saw the ball heading straight for him. Perfect. He stayed still, letting the ball hit his hat, knocking it off his head. Sharpner gawked at him in shock as Gohan let out a relieved breath. “Hey, Coach, if I get hit, that means I walk, right?” The coach nodded, his shock on his face. With a grin, Gohan walked to first base, a skip in his step. He didn’t have to show his powers, and he still got the chance to score a point.

The rest of the class passed without any hitches. Gohan made sure not to jump or dive for balls, and picked up a trick he saw some of his classmates use at the bat, called bunting, which made his second time at the bat so much easier. The bell rang, signaling the end of the day, and they all ran into the locker rooms. As a few guys talked to him as they walked into the locker room, asking him about his shoes, talking about his jump and catches, Gohan felt something brush against him. He looked around only to see a sea of students and ignored it. He followed the flow into the locker room, finding his locker.

He reached into his pockets to find the combination to his gym locker to change when his hand brushed a large folded piece of loose leaf paper. He pulled it out, opening it and his heart plummeting as he read it.

“I know you’re a Saiyan. Meet me on the roof after school.”

His mind started racing. How did they know he was a Saiyan? Who could possibly know this at this school? He had to know. He could ignore students saying he looked a little like the Gold Fighter. But Saiyan? That wasn’t something a normal person would know. Not about the race, much less that he was part Saiyan.

“Hey, Gohan, what’s that?” Sharpner asked as he threw on his shirt.

Gohan shook his head, balling up the paper. “It’s nothing,” he said, unlocking his locker and pulling out his regular clothes.

Sharpner finished tying his shoes as he gave Gohan and odd look. “Whatever. See you later, dude,” Sharpner grunted, getting up from the bench and heading out of the locker room. Gohan nodded in response, and quickly got changed. He had to find out who knew what he was. He shut the locker with a divisive click and left to grab his backpack and books from his main locker.

“Where are you in a rush to?” Videl asked over his shoulder, seeing him practically throwing the
textbooks into his bag. Her tone was so skeptical.

“Give him a break, Videl,” Erasa giggled. She winked as she added, “He has an extra-long ride home, so he’s probably just trying to make sure he gets home in time for dinner.”


Videl eyed him with slight disbelief, before muttering, “Come on, Erasa.”

Erasa blushed, and with a wink and a wave, added, “Have a safe ride home, Gohan.”

Gohan nodded awkwardly as he shifted his bag onto his shoulder. As soon as they were gone, he made his way to the stairs, and started climbing. It wasn’t long before he reached the roof’s red door, and he swung it open. He walked out, seeing no one there. How? Who left him the note if no one was here?

“I see you got my note, Gohan, son of Kakarrot,” a voice purred behind him. It definitely belonged to a girl, but it wasn’t high and bubbly like Erasa’s, nor was it gruff and abrasive like Videl’s. If anything, it reminded Gohan of Android 18’s silky soft voice. The same calm, yet dangerous tone. And yet, her tone sounded more flirty and calculating.

Gohan turned around and was surprised who he saw in front of him. It was the short girl from his math and gym class, Mia. Her hair was still pulled back in a messy braid, a few wisps falling in her face. Her hands were on her hips, and a smirk on her face as she eyed him. Her lips were full, and her onyx eyes held a fiery spirit he recognized, but couldn’t place. She had high cheekbones, giving her a regal look. She wore a green tank top that still showed some midriff, with a black leather jacket over it. Her jeans were ripped, but at least their waistband was higher than her gym shorts. And lastly, black combat boots to tie the whole tough look together. She was pretty, in a kickass sort of way that made Gohan’s heart beat a pace faster. “So, the delivery boy from the Cell Games is all grown up and going to school,” she smirked playfully. “Who’d have guessed?”

“How do you know about Saiyans?” he asked nervously, ignoring the part about how she knew about his part in the Cell Games. It was clear to him she knew more intimate details than his ability to go blonde at the drop of a hat.

Her smirk grew. “How about how do I know you are one of them?” When he didn’t respond, only frowned at her, she sighed. “Geez, you’re no fun.” Mia reached into the back of her pants, causing Gohan’s eyes to go wide as she slowly drew out a long, furry brown tail. “As you can see, I too am a Saiyan.” Gohan’s gaze followed her tail as she dropped it, and it started to wag in the air. He instantly put up his fists. Every other Saiyan that had come to Earth had plans to destroy it. “Oh, there’s no need for that,” Mia sighed, putting her hands up open palmed as if in surrender. “I don’t want to fight. You’re just the first – well, other Saiyan that I’ve ever met, other than my Mom.”

Gohan eased up, but stuttered out, “Y-your mom?”

“Yeah,” Mia answered.

Gohan had a confused look on his face as he sputtered out, “Your mom’s a Saiyan.”

Mia laughed, “Yeah. And she can go super like you.” When his face remained blankly confused, she got a weird smile on her face. “What, you didn’t think female Saiyans could go Super Saiyan?”

“No,” Gohan answered blankly, “I didn’t think female Saiyans existed.” Mia frowned before beginning to laugh so hard, she had to clutch her stomach. “What?”
“J-just,” Mia gasped between chuckles, “how did you think the Saiyans had progeny? Like we’d split like cells? Or or, like flatworms, with penis jousting.”

Gohan frowned. “No … just …” he decided to drop it, and switched the topic to, “how do you know I’m a Super Saiyan?”

Mia smiled. “Finally, the right question. Now, you don’t have a tail, but you are the only one at school wearing what the Gold Fighter wore this morning, and the only way that’s possible is if you’re a Super Saiyan. Which if you were one of the Saiyans at the Cell Games, I’d say that’s likely.” Gohan couldn’t speak, couldn’t move. How did this Saiyan girl know so much about him? How did this Saiyan girl exist? He, Vegeta, Trunks, and Goten were the only Saiyans left alive. Yet, Mia was his age, which meant there were more Saiyan’s around that Vegeta hadn’t known about. “I’m guessing by your silence you’re confused.” Gohan merely nodded. Mia sighed, “How’s a good way to put this?” She tapped her chin with her finger as she contemplated how to start explaining her existence.

“How about you start with who you are and where you came from?” Gohan asked suspiciously.

Mia frowned, before replying, “My name is Mia Jicama, and I came from here, Earth. Born and raised.”

“How?” Gohan asked, his eyes wide. “So, you’re half earthling, too?”

Mia gave him an awkward smirk, and said, “No. I’m a full-blooded Saiyan. I was just born on Earth.” Then what he said hit her. “Wait, half earthling? You’re a half human hybrid? That’s possible!?!” Gohan raised his eyebrows and nodded. “Wow!” she laughed. “That’s crazy that alien races’, like humans and saiyans, DNA would be close enough to … you know … procreate.” When she noticed he was a little lost, she shook it off. “I’m a nerd for genetics. Sorry. Anyway, no. All I know is that my mother found out she was pregnant with me, and found a way to escape some intergalactic Napoleon named Frieza, who would have had her executed. But she escaped by going on a fake mission to find another saiyan, I’m guessing your father, Kakarrot. She faked her death, so they wouldn’t follow her. She had me a couple weeks after landing here on Earth, and we’ve been hiding out here ever since.”

Gohan let out a laugh. “Wow, Frieza. I haven’t heard that name in forever.”

Mia’s eyes went wide. “You know him? Is he still looking for us?”

“I’d say no,” Gohan smiled, scratching the back of his head. “He’s been dead for almost ten years.”

“He’s dead?” Gohan nodded with a slightly proud smile. Mia let out a small, “Oh. Well, that’s good.” There was an awkward pause before she asked, “So, who killed him?”

Gohan frowned. “I-it’s a little complicated to explain,” he stated with a nod, thinking about future Trunks’s first arrival. He frowned as he looked at her. “You said you are a full-blooded saiyan?” Mia nodded. “Well … uh,” Gohan started, pursing his lips as he thought about how he should put his question.

Mia seemed to catch on, and asked, “You’re wondering who my father is?”

Gohan pursed his lips, and nodded with a small, “Yeah.”

Mia shrugged. “I’ve never met him, but I know what he looks like,” she explained. “If you were at the Cell Games, you would have met him.”
Gohan’s eyes went wide. “Vegeta?!” Mia nodded, and he started seeing the resemblance. That familiar spirit in her eyes. Some of her facial features. Her proud stance. He wasn’t sure what he expected a daughter of Vegeta to look like, but it wasn’t a pretty girl like Mia.

“You know him?” Mia asked, some excitement entering her eyes.

“Yes,” Gohan laughed, “I know him. But he never mentioned a – a daughter.”

Mia nodded with a shrug. “That’s because he doesn’t know.” Gohan shot her a confused expression. Mia shook her head and rolled her eyes as she explained, “My mom never told him. Never told me why, and she refuses to introduce me to him.” She shot him a mischievous look and offered, “But maybe I can get someone else to introduce me.”

Gohan raised an eyebrow. “Who, me?” he asked, pointing to himself with shock.

“No, Santa Clause,” she said, sarcasm dripping from her voice. “Yeah, you. Why not? I can help you, you can help me!”

Gohan laughed, “What can you do to help me?”

Mia scoffed. “Clearly, you suck at pretending you’re normal, or we would not be having this conversation,” she pointed out with a smirk, one he was surprised he hadn’t recognized earlier.

He became defensive as he frowned at her and responded, “Hey. No one noticed anything weird about me today … well, except you.”

“Bull,” she laughed. She pointed to the side of the school where the baseball diamond was and stated, “No human can jump fifteen feet in the air, even on a good day. And I know for a fact that Converse,” she pointed to his feet, “don’t have air cushions in their shoes, as does most of the normal world. Also, normal humans don’t throw a baseball at almost a hundred miles per hour, unless they are in the major leagues.” She put her hands on her hips proudly, as if she had already proved her case. “Not to mention at lunch, you ate enough for five people, and clearly you aren’t fat. And lastly, everyone knows what the Gold Fighter was wearing today and that he had the Orange Star Badge on, meaning he goes to school here, and only you wore that outfit.” She let that sink in before adding, “If Videl doesn’t figure you out by the end of the week, she’s dimmer than I thought.”

Gohan opened his mouth to defend himself, but as those facts sank into his mind he realized he’d been careless. More careless than she pointed out. She placed a hand on his chest, causing him to flinch. “It’s ok,” she sighed, looking up to him and giving him an intelligent yet sweet smile. “I can teach you how to blend in, so you won’t stand out at all.” She tapped a finger on his chest as she added, “Just introduce me to my Dad. And we have a deal.” When he didn’t respond after a few minutes, she added, “Please.”

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Gohan was at a loss for words as his heart pounded. He had never been so close to a girl like she was now, her face so close to his, and her eyes seemingly hypnotizing him. He didn’t know what it was about her that he felt drawn to. He’d met bubbly girly girls like Erasa, and tough tom boys like Videl. But Mia was different. He wasn’t sure where to put what the other classmates said about her, if they were just rumors or if there was some fact to them. He was inclined to dismiss it as rumors with all the knowledge about her that she just willingly gave him.

He could tell she was tough like him. And smart, which was refreshing after seeing most of the girls at school today who acted dimwitted. But she was sassy, and guarded. Yet at the same time, she seemed vulnerable, as if telling her no to introducing her to Vegeta would actually crush her. It was odd, because he had never been intrigued by someone else like he was with her. Most people, he
could tell what they were like on the surface. But Mia was a puzzle. And he liked puzzles.

But if he said yes, how would Bulma feel knowing Trunks had a half sibling? How would she handle knowing Vegeta’s old flame was still alive, and on Earth? How could he do that to his father’s oldest friend? How could he afford not to? He couldn’t survive high school if his classmates found out he wasn’t normal. And as Mia just pointed out, he was piss poor at seeming normal. “Fine,” he sighed.

“Great!” Mia exclaimed, jumping up excitedly. “Alright, how about tomorrow after school, I’ll go to your house, and I can start showing you some of my tricks?”

Gohan frowned awkwardly, before replying, “Yeah, sure.”

“Ok,” Mia smiled, a sincerely happy smile. “So, where do you live?”

“The Four Thirty-nine district, at the base of Mount Paozu.”

Mia’s face fell with a frown. “Please tell me I’m the only one at this school who knows this.”

Gohan gave her a worried face and shook his head. “No, Erasa asked me earlier today …”

Mia pinched the bridge of her nose, something Gohan had seen Vegeta do once or twice when Bulma had said something off-putting. “Ok,” she sighed, “ok, we can fix this.”

Gohan laughed heartily. “What’s wrong with where I live?”

Mia gave him a look he had seen Vegeta make towards him many times, as if they were asking him if he really just asked that with just an expression. It was also one he had seen his mother give his father many many times whenever Goku had asked if Gohan’s education was really “that important.” “Well,” she started, “it’s easily a five hour drive even if you are speeding. This is also given that there is no traffic when you are driving, which actually bumps your time up to six hours each way. That means if you are a normal student, you are waking up before two o’clock in the morning, granted it takes you thirty minutes or so to get dressed and ready, just to get here to school on time at eight. It also means that when school gets out, three thirty, you aren’t getting home until around ten at night, given traffic. That leaves three hours total to eat dinner and breakfast, do your homework, and sleep. If you were a normal human being, you would either be visibly tired, or an insomniac, meaning you’d have very visible bags under your eyes, which you clearly do not. Do you see where I’m going with this?”

Gohan frowned as he said, “In this too, I’ve failed at appearing normal.”

Mia nodded. “Bingo.” She paused, again tapping her chin with her finger as she thought. “Alright, the best we can do is say you’re staying with a family friend in the city during school, and you go home on the weekends.”

“So, lying,” Gohan sighed with a slight scowl.

“Well, yeah,” Mia scoffed. “How else did you think you’d survive high school?” Something buzzed and Mia tapped her pants’ pocket, pulling out a cell phone. “That’s my mom, I’ve gotta go.” She looked up, away from her phone and pointed at him. “Keep your answers short and sweet until we get into the details of being normal tomorrow. The best lies have the least details to unravel.” He watched her blankly as she kicked off the roof into flight, giving him a two-fingered salute before leaving.

Gohan let out a sigh he didn’t know he’d been holding. Trying to be normal in high school with the
Saiyan prince’s daughter as a coach… this was going to be difficult.
Chapter 2

History

Gohan flew to Bulma’s, the only thing he could think of doing after his talk with Mia. If he was going to help out Mia in introducing her to her father, Bulma at least deserved to know what was up. As he landed at Capsule Corp, he was greeted by a young purple haired boy. “Oh, hey Gohan! What’s up?”

Gohan smiled and ruffled his hair. “Not much. I’m actually here to see your mom. Is she around?”

“Uh, yeah. She’s on the upstairs balcony taking a break,” Trunks stated, gesturing up to the house. “Dad’s in the second gravity room because he broke the droids in the first room, and Mom has to fix them.”

Gohan nodded and headed into the capsule mansion. He knew where trunks was talking about. Bulma would be in her apartment of the mansion, which had its own kitchen, sitting area, and bedrooms. It also wasn’t far from the labs. As he neared the apartment door, he knocked, hearing Bulma call out, “It’s open!” Gohan swung the door open to the living room, seeing the French doors opened to the balcony, where the blue-haired scientist smoked a cigarette. She turned around and smiled. “Hey there, Gohan. What brings you here? Your mom told me today was your first day of public school.”

“Yeah,” Gohan said, a blush coming to his cheeks as he smiled back nervously, scratching the back of his head. “I actually needed to talk to you about something.”

“Oh, really?” Bulma smiled coyly as she sashed back into the living room, her cigarette held aloft. “Well, shoot,” she offered, tapping her ash in the ash tray.

“Alright,” Gohan sighed, getting ready to start his explanation, “so, I met this girl at school today…”

Bulma grinned. “A girl, huh? I’m guessing she’s cute.”

Gohan blushed. “W-well, I g-guess. But no, it’s …”

“You want advice on how to talk to her?”

“N-no,” he sputtered.
“Oh my. It’s so cute you have a crush,” Bulma laughed. “You need to tell me about her!”

“Bulma!” Gohan snapped, trying to pull her out of the tail spin.

She gave him a serious look as she took a drag of her cigarette. “What Gohan? Why are you so serious all of a sudden?”

“She knew I was a saiyan,” Gohan started, trying to build up to the fact that Mia was Vegeta’s daughter.

“Ah, Gohan,” Bulma groaned, “what did you do?”

“No, Bulma, it’s not like that,” he defended, raising his hands. When she gave him a scowl demanding he explain himself, he let out a sigh. “Alright. I slipped up a little bit,” he started, holding up his fingers to show just how little he slipped up. “There was a robbery going on just before school, and I thought if I transformed into a super saiyan, no one would recognize me. So I did, and when I got to school, everyone was talking about the Gold Fighter who stopped the robbery, me. But they didn’t think it was me because my hair and eyes are black. But a couple people were suspicious. See, I mostly got away without suspicion, except my outfit gave me away.”

“And, knowing you, you won’t stop fighting crime. So you want a clever disguise, right?” Bulma assumed as she took another drag of her cigarette.

“No, that’s not …” he paused as he thought. “Actually, yeah, that might not be a bad idea.”

“Alright, come on. Let’s get to work on it while there’s still daylight,” Bulma sighed, snuffing her cigarette out in the ash tray.

“Wait, Bulma, I wasn’t finished.”

Bulma frowned. “Lemme guess, this girl you met wants a special superhero costume, too?”

Gohan started to say no, but stopped short, uttering a, “Maybe.” Bulma rolled her eyes as she spun on her heels, muttering, “Fine, Fine.” Gohan jumped up to walk behind her. “I wasn’t finished. See, most everyone else dismissed me because my looks didn’t match the Gold Fighter’s, except this girl Mia. She knew what a Super Saiyan was and deduced that I had to be one.”

Bulma hit the button to her lab, the door opening with a loud beep. She shook her head incredulously. “That’s impossible. No one outside of our circle knows what a Saiyan is,” she laughed, waving her hand dismissively.

“Except for her,” Gohan countered as Bulma sat down at her massive wall computer and began to work. “And here’s how she knows, which is the kicker. She’s a saiyan too.”

Bulma stopped mid-type, and looked up at the young saiyan hybrid. “She’s a what?”

“She’s a saiyan,” Gohan repeated, going slower to make sure Bulma didn’t think she misheard.

“A female saiyan,” Bulma frowned, her lips pursing together as she processed this. “Your age.” Gohan nodded. Bulma shook her head. “Impossible. Planet Vegeta blew up not long after your dad was born. Only a few saiyan were off planet when it happened, all of them male.”

Gohan shook his head. “I know how it sounds, but I know she wasn’t lying,” he replied, only to have Bulma roll her eyes again at him, and continue typing away. “She has a tail.”
That stopped Bulma again, her eyes wide. “A tail?”

Gohan nodded. “A saiyan tail, no mistaking it. She keeps it hidden during the school day, but showed it to me to prove she was a saiyan.”

Bulma nodded. “So that means there are more Saiyans who survived the blast that Vegeta doesn’t know about. Probably a lot more.”

Gohan winced, “Yes, and no.” Bulma gave him a confused glare as he sighed. “She told me that her mother was one of the saiyans held captive by Frieza. When her mother found out about Mia, she went out on a mission to find my dad, but faked her death before landing. Mia was born on Earth, but they remained here as refugees.”

Bulma blinked as she processed that story. She opened, then closed her mouth several times, like a fish out of water. When she finally gained the ability to speak again, she breathed, “She’s Vegeta’s daughter, isn’t she?”

Gohan let out a breath he hadn’t realized he’d been holding back before saying a small, “Yes.”

“And you’re sure about that?” Bulma asked, a sharpness to her tone.

Gohan nodded. “She said she watched her father during the Cell Games. Only one of us ever there who fought and was a captive of Frieza was Vegeta. It makes sense.”

Bulma shook her head. “No, Vegeta would have told me about her.”

“He doesn’t know,” Gohan stated. “Her mom never told him.”

“Still, he would have at least told me about her mom. We’ve had the exes talk,” Bulma argued, rubbing her hands nervously on her legs.

Gohan frowned. “Maybe he didn’t say anything because he thought she was dead,” Gohan offered.

Bulma crossed her arms and pouted. “That’s not a good enough reason not to tell me.” She leaned back in her chair before shooting him a suspicious look. “Why are you telling me this?”

Gohan frowned. “She knows that Vegeta is her father, and that I know him. She wants to meet him.”

Bulma scowled at him. “No.”

“Why not?” Gohan asked.

“Because,” Bulma sighed, “nothing good can come of it.” Gohan’s disappointed gaze remained on her as she continued to work on the superhero outfit. “Look, say we did introduce them to each other,” Bulma started with a worried frown, “Vegeta isn’t a very trusting guy. She could get her heart crushed if he doesn’t believe her.” Gohan opened his mouth to refute her, but she held a hand up, stopping him. “And say Vegeta does believe her. How would that work out? Would she want to live here with us?”

“I don’t think so,” Gohan muttered. “She lives with her mom now.”

“That’s another thing!” Bulma added exasperatedly. “This girl comes in, tells Vegeta she’s his long lost daughter from a woman he’s thought to be dead for almost nineteen years, and that her mom is actually still alive. Vegeta will be crushed knowing that his old flame knew he was on Earth, as you said they watched the Cell Games, but she never reached out to him to tell him the truth. Not to
mention it’s odd that she never did. If her mother wanted to, she could easily find Vegeta, but she hasn’t. She probably has her reasons for not introducing their daughter to him. So, in short, no, don’t do it.”

Gohan held his disappointed frown before breathing, “Doesn’t Mia have the right to at least know what her father is like?”

Bulma shook her head with a chuckle, her hands resting on the keyboard. “She must be really pretty if you’re still asking after I said no.”

Gohan blushed. “Yeah, a little. But that has nothing to do with it. Whether or not it works out as she’s imagined, it’s the right thing to do.”

Bulma sighed, pressing her tongue into her cheek with a nod. “Fine. Bring her by sometime.” Gohan jumped up excitedly, thanking her. “But I’m giving you both rules to follow.”

Gohan nodded eagerly. “Sure. Whatever you say goes.”

“Rule one, there is to be no mention that she is Vegeta’s daughter. She gets to meet him, but he does not know, and leave it at that,” Bulma started, holding her first finger up. Gohan agreed, urging her to continue. “Rule two, you call me when you plan to introduce her. I want to be here, and you know how Vegeta is when strange people come to the front door.” Again, Gohan agreed. “Alright. If either of those rules are broken, you and I are going to have words.”

Gohan laughed. “I promise, and I’ll explain the situation to her tomorrow when I see her.”

Bulma ran a hand through her short blue hair. “Ok, now that that’s done, am I still making a suit for her?” Gohan pursed his lips, as he thought it over. Bulma shrugged. “Why not? If anything, maybe she’ll think I’m not so horrible if I give her a gift. Do you have a picture of her?”

Gohan gave an awkward laugh, scratching the back of his head. “I just met her, so no.”

“Well, that’s alright,” Bulma stated, pulling up the internet on one of the screens. “Orange Star High School,” Bulma said as she typed it into the search bar. The school site came up, and Bulma moved the mouse over to student directory. “What’s her last name?”

“Jicama,” Gohan stated, “with a ‘j’, not an ‘h’.”

Bulma nodded as she scrolled down until she found “Jicama, Mia,” in the directory with her picture next to it. Bulma stopped, her eyes gaining a sweet yet pitiful gaze to them. “She … looks so much like Vegeta.”

Gohan chuckled, “Yeah, it was weird. I noticed she looked familiar, but I couldn’t place it until she told me.”

Bulma suddenly laughed with another realization. “That’s another thing, how do you think Vegeta would feel knowing that you were crushing on his only daughter?”

Gohan frowned, trying to contain the blush coming to his cheeks. “I don’t have a crush on her, Bulma.”

Bulma stifled a laugh, biting her lip and waving a hand at him. “Sure you don’t.” She ignored his glare as she muttered to herself, “Well, I need a full body photo for this to work … Perfect!” She found a link in Mia’s contacts leading her to Mia’s social media page. Bulma searched through her photos until she found one of her and who Gohan could only guess was her mom and maybe
stepdad, smiling happily at the photo. The woman in the middle had short, curly black hair, and a tough expression in her black eyes that went together with her victorious smirk. There was a chain around her neck, dangling a Satan City Detective badge around her chest over her white shirt and leather jacket. She wasn’t much taller than Mia standing next to her, maybe an inch or two. Mia was standing with her side facing the camera, her hand on her hip, showing off her waist, and wearing a flowery sundress with strappy sandal high heels. The man stood taller than both women. He had expressive brown eyes, and dark curly hair smoothed down with gel. His skin was a few shades darker than the two women next to him, giving him a dark look. His smile was charismatic, white and straight, framed by dark stubble along his jaw, cheeks, and lips. He was very muscular under his black t-shirt, showing off a long scar on the underside of his arm that was held up, pumping a fist in the air. He too had a Satan City Detective badge hanging around his neck along with what looked like Military dog tags.

Bulma downloaded her picture, cropping it and putting it into the database on the other screen. A window popped up, asking for her measurements, and Bulma turned to Gohan, “How tall is she?”

Gohan gestured to around his shoulders. “Five two, five three maybe.”

Bulma nodded, and typed 5’2” into the bar asking for height. She hit enter, and the computer, using the photo began calculating her other measurements until it had a 3D graph of her measurements. As Bulma typed out codes for Mia’s costume, she asked, “I thought you said she had a tail.”

“She does,” Gohan replied. “She hides it under her clothes, so she looks like a normal person at school.”

Bulma nodded. “Smart. I’ll put a hole in her suit for it though.”

Bulma shifted her gaze back to the whole photo, looking at the woman in the middle. “I can see why Vegeta would like her. She’s very pretty.” Her gaze shifted over to the guy. “I wonder who he is though.” Gohan shrugged in response. She clacked away the last of the codes, and a machine began to whirr to life. “Alright,” she sighed, “give it twenty minutes and the suits should be ready.”

“Mom, I’m home!” Mia called out as she walked into their small apartment they called home. “You’ll never guess who I met today!” She stopped short seeing her mother and Rito standing in the living room, serious looks on their faces. “Hey, Uncle Rito. Whatcha doin’ here?” Mia asked bouncily, walking over to him, dropping her backpack next to the sofa.

He pulled her into a hug, giving her a noogie on her head, mussing her hair on top of her head out of her braid. “Hey, Kiddo. How you doing?”

“I’m good,” Mia laughed. She loved when Rito came over. He’d been her mom’s partner at the precinct for the past ten years. He was like the crazy uncle Mia never had. He’d always been a bit of a flirt with most women, but he was super protective of Mia. She remembered one time a couple years back, he caught some guys cat-calling at her when they were out together, and he’d stormed over there threatening to beat some sense in them. “But what are you doing here?”

“Mia, sit down,” Siyaka ordered, showing her a chair. Mia nodded obediently and sat down. Siyaka and Rito turned to her, sitting down on the edge of the couch. “The precinct wants me to go undercover into the Red Shark Gang. One of the perps from today’s robbery has a connection in, and has offered to get me in for a plea deal.”
Mia breathed a sigh of relief. She wasn’t sure what she was expecting with their serious faces, but her mom going undercover wasn’t going to be too worrisome. Her mom could handle herself, being a saiyan among a gang of humans. It also wasn’t the first time Siyaka had gone undercover.

“Alright,” Mia nodded. “When does it start?”

“Tomorrow,” Siyaka stated. “I need to pack my bags tonight for the safe house, so I can go there once I’ve been briefed.” She nodded to Rito sitting next to her. “Rito is going to stay here and take care of you until my cover is done.”

Mia frowned. “Mom, I’m not a baby.”

“I think it’s mostly your mom doesn’t want and ragers going on while she’s away,” Rito joked, a smirk on his face. He put a hand up as if parting Siyaka away from the conversation, “But if you want one, you need to help me clean up after, deal?” Mia laughed as Siyaka gave her partner a scowl. He gave her an innocent look as he said, “I’m kidding.” When Siyaka turned around, Rito winked at Mia, making her giggle.

“What do you want for dinner? Chinese sound good?” Both Mia and Rito nodded in agreement. Siyaka grabbed her phone, taking it into another room to call the restaurant, leaving Mia and Rito in the living room.

“So, Mia, while you’re at school, do you mind doing a favor for your Uncle Rito,” he smiled.

Mia shrugged. “Sure, what do you need?”

Rito sighed. “I know your mom doesn’t like bringing you into police business, but if you could do this, you’d be helping out another investigation.”

Mia frowned. He was right about her mother being avidly against pulling her into police business. And Rito, who usually agreed with her mom, asking her for help meant they were at a complete loss and desperate. “What?”

“The Gold Fighter,” Rito started, causing Mia’s heart to skip a beat. “We need to bring him in, since he’s an unvetted vigilante, which is illegal.” Mia nodded, following along with him, but her heart in her throat. Here she was about to give away Gohan’s identity to her mom and closest family friend who wanted to arrest him. Suddenly she was happy that her mom had serious news today that stopped her from revealing that. “The only lead we have is that he goes to Orange Star High School, since he was wearing the school badge,” Rito gestured to the small badge Mia had hanging off her belt loop. “But his description didn’t match anyone in the registry. So, if you could keep your eye out for a tall kid with almost white blond hair, blue-ish green eyes, and a tough guy personality, get his name and call me. That would help me close this case a lot.”

Mia nodded numbly. “Yeah, sure,” she muttered, her heart pounding.

“Oh!” Rito said excitedly. “You said you met someone interesting today. Who was it?” His eyes held a playful yet eager curiosity.

Mia blinked nervously before smiling awkwardly. “Oh, just some guy who thought he was a …” she paused, searching for a word. Anything but superhero. Anything but superhero. Unfortunately, that word was “… Lizard?”

Rito narrowed his eyes, a small smirk trying to hold back a laugh on his face. “Alright, Mia. Stay away from the crazies now, you hear?” Mia nodded awkwardly, returning her gaze back to the floor as her heart pounded. Rito grabbed the remote, clicking it on. “Let’s see what the news says today,
huh?” Rito grabbed an opened soda that had been sitting on the wooden coffee table. “You want a drink?” He offered.

Mia waved him off. “I can get it,” she said as she got up, walking to the fridge to grab herself a soda, opening it and taking a sip.

“Well, in bigger news today for Satan City, we seemed to have gained not one, but two superheroes in one day!” the tv announced, causing Mia to spit out her drink.

“You alright?” Rito called back to her as she made her way back to the living room.

“You alright?” Rito called back to her as she made her way back to the living room.

“Yeah,” Mia muttered, “turn that up.” Rito nodded, pressing volume on the remote.

“The first superhero, deemed The Gold Fighter by most of the citizens who were witnesses, stopped a robbery in progress. The robbers were armed with machine guns, but that didn’t stop the Gold Fighter, who seemed impervious to the bullets and then continued to total the robbers’ getaway van by merely yelling at it.” the tv explained, causing Mia to shake. She had a feeling she knew exactly who was behind mask number two, just like she knew who was behind mask number one. “The second superhero stopped a speeding car that had caused several accidents along route one twenty-one. One witness says he introduced himself as ‘The Great Say-man’ before flying off. Someone got pictures with their cellphone, and turned in the pictures to our news station.” Two pictures flashed on the screen, showing a tall guy wearing a black skin suit under a green toga, held together by a black belt and adorned with a large red cape. Even though there was a tacky bright orange helmet on his head, Mia could see it was Gohan. What the Hell was he thinking? Mia snagged her backpack and walked back to her room, shaking her head as the newscasters joked and discussed Gohan’s new superhero name. Oh, he was going to need a lot of help.

Gohan began to drop as he flew over Orange Star High School’s roof, a smile on his face as he hit the button on his watch, causing his costume to digitally give way to his normal clothes. On the roof stood a short girl with black braided hair, her expression peeved. “Hey, Mia,” Gohan grinned as he landed.

Before he could get out a “what do you think,” Mia held up the paper and asked, “What the hell is this shit?” The paper she held was that day’s Satan City Herald, which emblazoned a poorly taken photo of Gohan as the new hero “The Great Saiyaman” on the front page.

Gohan gave her a small pout. “It’s my new superhero costume. Don’t you like it?”

Mia blinked at him blankly before sputtering out, “It could use some help, but that’s not the problem.”

Gohan crossed his arms as he frowned at her. “What’s the problem then? Being a superhero is a safe outlet for my power, while saving the city and not blowing my cover at school.”

Mia put a hand to her forehead as she shook it. “That’s not the point. You’re right, aside from the fact that it’s illegal.”


Mia sighed. “I didn’t tell you yesterday, but my Mom is a Satan City detective. Yesterday, she was assigned to find and arrest the Gold Fighter, because you’re not a vetted vigilante.” She paused as that sunk in. “That means technically, you’re taking the law into your own hands, which is illegal.”
“That’s so stupid,” Gohan laughed, shaking his head. “Look,” he added after a short pause, “I’m still going to help people. And I got you a costume too if you want to join me.”

Mia gave him a confused look. “Y-you got me a costume?” she asked, taken aback.

Gohan nodded, giving her a watch. She held it in her hand, still confused. “It’s digital. Just put it on and hit the red button.” Mia did as he said, and her normal outfit was digitally transformed to a black bodysuit, with a red sleeveless dress, with white boots, gloves and a cape. The suit had a hole, allowing her tail to be out and free, which she wrapped around her waist. It also had a white helmet, which she found a little ridiculous. “Cool, huh?”

“You want me to join you?” she asked confused.

Gohan shrugged, “Well, yeah. I figured us saving the city together, we’ll get to know each other a bit better. And you don’t seem to have an outlet for your power, which I noticed yesterday was very bottled.” Mia pursed her lips, but realized he was right about needing an outlet for her power. Sparring in the mountains with her mother every so often wasn’t the best outlet. “So?” Gohan asked, “What do you think?”

She took off the helmet, smoothing down her hair and replying, “It could use a little help. Do you have a key?”

Gohan frowned, but nodded, reaching into his bag to grab his house key. She took it, cutting a hole along her chest, giving the suit a peek-a-boo neckline that her chest seemingly spilled out of as she breathed, and dropping the excess fabric on the ground. She pulled at her cape, taking it off one shoulder so it hung a little weird, and applying the key to it as well, ripping off a long piece of fabric as well. She pulled it up to her eyes, holding where she wanted to make eye slits for a mask with her fingers. She applied the key again, and once the slits were made, she tied the mask around her face with a smile. “Better,” she said with a wink. “Now it just needs some stitching, and it will be perfect.”

Gohan looked at the discarded white helmet with a golden heart at the top. “What about the helmet?”

Mia shrugged, picking it up and chucking it off the roof. “A female biker is about to be very happy.” She hit the red button on her watch again, and she was back in her normal clothes. “Now, what’s your first class?”

Gohan frowned as he thought. “Uhm, History, I think.”

Mia grinned. “Great! We can sit together,” she said as she began to walk inside. When Gohan didn’t move, she looked back, her hand on the door holding it open. “Are you coming? We better hurry if we’re going to be on time.” Gohan nodded, catching up.

Siyaka sat in the safe house waiting for Ricky from the robbery to show up with his contingent. Kami, she hated working with criminals, but sometimes it was a necessary evil to get the job done. If she had it her way, she’d go into the Red Shark stronghold, energy blasts blazing. But the authorities tended to frown on things of that nature, completely obliterating the weaklings who acted strong behind their worthless guns and bullets. That was something she had difficulty learning once she started the job on the police force. Using a gun to stop criminals rather than beating them down, because if she used her fists, it was considered brutality, and she’d be without a paycheck.

It was oddities like that that made her miss the old days. She didn’t miss being forced to kill under the
name of the space tyrant, Frieza. Just the ability to use her fists against people who could take a hit. If someone was insubordinate, just knock them down a few pegs with a good spar. She never missed how the saiyans were treated under Frieza’s thumb. Who liked being bullied and reminded how alone one is in the universe on a regular basis? Answer, no one. But her team, Raditz, Nappa, and Vegeta. They were good together. She missed the jokes passed between them around the campfire after a successful siege. She missed their company. She missed their companionship.

Her heart sank as she thought. *Vegeta.* She always missed him the most. Their relationship had always been complicated, even when he knew she was alive. When they started out as children, just knowing she was his betrothed and he hated her anyway, that was the easiest their relationship had ever been. But when they actually grew romantically toward each other, everything flipped. Between acting like they hated each other for Frieza’s men and the passionate moments they’d share when they were alone and away from all the watchful eyes, it was sometimes difficult figuring out which face of Vegeta’s was the true him. She always knew Vegeta had loved her in his own way, but he only allowed himself to show it in those moments when they were completely alone, between the kisses and touches. When their minds were connected in the most intimate way a Saiyan could experience, where mentally, they became one person. His love was her love, his ecstasy was her ecstasy, and every feeling between them, every thought had blended into one mind. Those moments, those little rebellions against Frieza’s rule, were the only times he’d tell her he did love her. Had it really been almost eighteen years since their last moment? She could remember it like it was yesterday, yet at the same time, it felt as if it had been ages.

And now, they were free from all of that, yet he’d always be just out of her reach. There was a part of her that was sure their romance was doomed forever, and that thought always broke her heart a little.

“You’re thinking about him again?” Rito asked from the sofa next to her. She shot him a frown as if she was confused by what he said. “Don’t deny it,” he laughed through his perfectly white smile, “you always get that dazed look when you think about Mia’s father.” Siyaka sighed and looked at the floor. “Seriously, what happened between you two? I know it was a rocky ending, because otherwise Mia would have met him by now, and you would be out of love with the guy.”

“I’m not in love…”

“Stop lying,” Rito laughed again. “That dazed look on your face is enough to tell me otherwise.”


Rito shot her a disappointed frown. “You always say that. It doesn’t have to be complicated, you know.”

Siyaka shook her head as she added, “I never told him about Mia, and when I left, he definitely wasn’t the fatherly type.”

“Well,” Rito scoffed, “I wouldn’t necessarily call you the motherly type either.” She scowled at him, and he raised his hands. “But you’re a good mother to Mia. Why don’t you think he’d be the same with her?”

“It’s not that…” she stopped. He was right. She didn’t think Vegeta would be a good father to Mia. It just wasn’t in him. But how did she explain that to her partner and best friend without making Vegeta out to be some horrible person who didn’t care what happened to his own loved ones. He did, but just like his relationship was with Siyaka, she knew a paternal relationship between Vegeta and Mia would be just as complicated and strange. If anything, Siyaka knew if Mia met him, she’d be disappointed, and Siyaka couldn’t bear that thought.
Siyaka sighed as she began to explain Mia’s father the best way she could without telling him about aliens and intergalactic wars. It wasn’t the first time Rito had asked about him, but it was the first time he asked about Mia with him. “When Mia’s father and I got together, it was a forbidden romance. It was fiery, passionate, and solid, but at the same time it was rocky and unsure. We had to pretend to hate each other in public,” she replied, picking at a splinter in the worn down rocking chair she sat in. “But in private, we could be honest with each other. It wasn’t often, but it was enough. So, when I found out I was pregnant, I had to leave. I know when I left, I left him heartbroken, but it was the best chance for Mia. The first chance I saw him after having her, I tried to get to him and show him his daughter. Mia was around five, so she wouldn’t have built him up so much in her mind. But I was too late, and he was gone.

“Then I had a second chance another five or six years later. I called him and got his wife instead. I could hear their baby crying over the phone.” Rito’s face fell. She’d never told him about the other woman. She licked her lips as she continued, “He’s happy without me, so interjecting myself into his life just seems wrong. Now Mia, maybe it would be different, but I feel if she met him and his new wife and her little half-sibling, and saw how happy he was without ever knowing about her, she’d be devastated.”

Rito nodded. “So, you’re just protecting her?” Siyaka didn’t reply, but just chewed the inside of her cheek. Rito laughed. “I guess you’re right. It’s complicated.”

Siyaka laughed. “I told you.”

Rito pursed his lips, “What would happen if she met him one day, anyway?”

Siyaka grinned sardonically as she breathed, “Don’t say things like that. I couldn’t handle that kind of complication in my life.”

“Yeah, because having a single mother going undercover in the mafia is the type of stable and uncomplicated household a teenager should be raised in,” Rito joked with an impish grin. Siyaka gave him a small punch on his shoulder, causing Rito to wince.

The door swung open with a loud bang and in walked two other police officers in street clothes like Rito and Siyaka were. Between them was the criminal Ricky from the day before. “Sorry we’re late,” one of the officers said grumpily. “Someone had difficulty locating Ricky’s effects in lock-up.”

“It’s alright,” Rito sighed. “You’re here. Now, what’s the plan?”

“Sure,” Ricky stated, then held up his cuffed hands, “but can I get out of these first?” Siyaka gestured to the other officers, who complied and unlocked Ricky from his confines. “Geesh,” he groused, rubbing the feeling back into his wrists. “I used my one call to tell the Red Sharks that I was in jail, and that I met a promising recruit in the lock-up.”

Rito’s eyes bugged. “You told them you were in jail last night!? I almost shrieked. “Are you trying to sabotage the mission?”

Ricky frowned at the Latino detective. “Well, they knew I was arrested, so I told them I was being held for a minor robbery charge. Bail was minimal thanks to this charade, so they didn’t question me. And most of our new recruits are fresh from jail since most respectable businesses don’t hire the recently convicted,” Ricky explained. He turned to Siyaka and added, “I told them you’d be released at noon. And they agreed to an interview tonight.” When they were silent as he looked at the officers with expectant faces, he asked, “I don’t get a thank you, nothin’?”

“Thank you, Ricky,” Siyaka sighed, “I know you’re risking a lot.”
“Pfft. That’s an understatement,” he scoffed. “This falls through, it’s my head. I just became a fuckin’ rat for you guys. Do you know what happens to rats caught by the sharks?” When they stayed silent, he added, “You don’t want to know.”

Siyaka pursed her lips before asking, “Alright, after the interview, what then?”

“Well,” Ricky started, “since you’re an unknown, you’ll likely be a package kid.”

“Package kid?” Siyaka frowned. “I’m not even an officer?”

“Hey, you gotta earn that rank. I don’t make the rules,” Ricky replied, holding up a hand in surrender. Siyaka shot a glare to her partner who shrugged. “Look,” Ricky offered, “package kids are ignored, meaning you can hear a lot if you listen. Maybe in a few months, you’ll have what you need.”

Siyaka’s glare deepened as she looked at Rito. “Well,” she breathed, “I had hoped to see my daughter’s graduation, but I guess I’ll be missing that.”

“Are you saying you aren’t up for this?” Ricky snapped, worry growing all over his face.

“No,” Rito replied, glaring back at Siyaka. “Look, you’ll be done by then. I’ll be sure you’re out by then, I promise. But what’s more important?”

“Fine,” Siyaka groaned through her scowl. “I’m up for this. What’s my story?”

The other officers stepped forward handing her a file, her file, full of false documentation. “You were in jail for grand theft auto,” the officer said as she opened the file and looked at the false paperwork. Her mugshots, identification, criminal record. “Your second time caught for GTA, but you’ve been in and out of the system for decades.”

“Great,” she sighed, shutting the file. “What else?”

The other cop handed her a bag. “In there is your weapon, burner cell, and wallet, which has your new license and credit cards by the department.”

“Don’t go crazy on your spending,” Rito joked.

Siyaka half smirked, half pouted, as she joked back, “Aw, I was hoping to buy some new shoes.” She slid the wallet in her back pocket and the cellphone in her front pocket. She began to slip the gun in her belt on her back when Ricky stopped her.

“Hold on sweetie,” he laughed.

She glared at him. “I’m no one’s sweetie.”

He raised his hands again in surrender before licking his lips nervously and stating, “The piece stays here until the other sharks are comfortable with you carrying one. Alright?” She frowned, but complied, holding the gun up for him to see and placing it on the side table.

“Don’t worry,” Rito affirmed. “I’ll come by occasionally and check in.”

Siyaka nodded shakily. “Keep her safe.”

Rito smirked back with a small scoff. “You know I will.” He grabbed her hand and gave it a small squeeze goodbye. With that, he gestured to the other officers, who nodded and followed him out.
Ricky smiled after the policemen. “Good. Now we just wait for tonight.”
Siyaka stood outside the apartment of some guy with Rock. He filled her in on the way over there, bruisers were the hitmen and guardians of the gang. If someone needed to be taught a lesson, the bruisers were sent. That lesson ranged from what happens when you’re late on payments to what happens when the gang finds out you’re a snitch. They were the enforcers. And when a meeting was going down, they were the back up.

This man apparently was late for the second time on his debt, and as Rock said, “Three times, you’re out.” She was almost certain that they were there to severely hurt this man if not kill him yet. It reminded her of working in Frieza’s army. Making planetary house calls when they refused to give Frieza the goods and services he demanded. If they didn’t respond favorably, bye bye planet.

Rock squared his stance at the door before giving it a swift and strong kick in, causing it to unhinge and pop out of the frame. The man in question sat in a chair in a dinky living room, eating cereal in front of a small tv working through bunny-ear antenna. He looked up at them with wide eyes before jumping up and throwing the bowl of milk and soggy cereal across the room while he tried to run for the bedroom.

Rock was quick though, sprinting forward and snagging his shirt collar and yanking him back. “Now, Jimmy, why would you run from us?” Rock asked in a heavy Russian accent. The man named Jimmy nervously looked around, his eyes landing on Siyaka. Then Rock pounded a fist into his stomach, causing Jimmy to lunge forward and cough. “Or better yet, why haven’t you paid Mr. Rigby yet?”

Jimmy gasped for air as he tried to answer, “Not ready.”

Rock frowned at him, shaking his head. “Well, Mr. Rigby was ready two weeks ago.” Jimmy looked up at Rock nervously, almost begging for mercy. “Do you need some incentive?” Jimmy started shaking his head fervently no. “I think he needs incentive, Siyaka,” Rock stated, an empty smile on his face. Rock dragged Jimmy over to the window, and gestured for Siyaka to help him.

Jimmy started screaming, begging to let him go, promising he’d pay in a few days. “Grab his feet, Siyaka.” She did as Rock said, and they heaved Jimmy over the window sill, his head hanging over the street below.
“Help!” he screamed.

Rock shook him. “You better be shouting when you’re gonna have the money ready, or my fingers might start to slip,” he said, pretending to drop Jimmy a little bit as emphasis. Jimmy screamed out again, causing Rock to laugh. When Siyaka didn’t laugh Rock shot her a look. “Not enjoying yourself, newbie?”

She frowned. “I just don’t really see how holding someone out a window as ‘incentive.’”

Rock gave an imaginative smile and said, “Alright, newbie. Reign him in. Show me what you’ve got.”

Siyaka helped pull him up, ignoring his thank you’s. She sat him down, and asked him simply, “How much do you owe?”

Jimmy laughed at her. “Is she for real?”

Rock glowered at her, “One million zeni.”

“What of it do you have?” she asked again very simply. She’d have to show her tough side sooner or later.

“None.”

She frowned, “That’s not true. You have to pay for tv somehow… this apartment, water? So, you must have some cash on hand.”

Rock looked at her like she was crazy, while Jimmy shrugged. “I’ve got maybe fifty-thousand zeni cash.”

Siyaka gave him a friendly smile. “Well, there’s a start. Now, how much do you pay for tv?”

Rock was glaring at her. She wasn’t here to be his financial advisor, what was she doing? “Maybe sixty a month?”

With the friendliest smile, she knocked the tv on the ground with a crash. She held her hand out, and asked, “Rock, your gun please.”

Now he was smiling, and handed her the gun as Jimmy looked at his newly broken tv in terror. Siyaka shot the tv, then sighed, “Alright, that’s one-ten. Electricity?”

“Please, stop. I’ll pay, I promise,” Jimmy started.

“Electricity, Jimmy,” Siyaka growled impatiently.

“One thirty.”

Siyaka walked over simply, and punched through the breaker box, causing the power to shut off. She felt a jolt go through her, but she shook it off. “So that’s two forty you have guaranteed at the end of the month. Do you have anything else bill wise we can help you deduct for this month’s payment?”

“No, please, stop. I won’t be able to pay damages if you continue on like this.”

“Oh, Jimmy,” she smiled, “you aren’t able to pay for anything anyway. Maybe we should take today’s payment out of something a little more personal? Are you a righty or a lefty?” His eyes went
wide, and he didn’t answer. She shrugged, pinning his right hand against the gun, and with a small, “I’ll guess,” she pulled the trigger, shooting his right hand. Jimmy howled in pain as she continued, “I don’t want to do this Jim,” she sighed, “but you’re making me do this. Will you get the money by the end of the month?”

“I can’t!” Jimmy snapped, crying over his hand.

Siyaka sighed. “Wrong answer, Jimmy,” she said, pulling him up away from his legs, then pointing her gun at his right knee and firing. “Will you get the money by the end of the month?” She hated doing this. She could smell this guy pissing himself in front of her in pain from the gunshot wounds.

“Yes! Yes!” he cried out.

She put the cold steel of the gun against his tear-streaked cheek. “And what happens at the end of the month if you don’t pay?”

He cried, spitting out a painful, “I don’t know. I don’t know. Please.”

Siyaka tapped the gun to his cheek. “It’s my understanding that this is your second strike, meaning if you don’t pay next time, that’s your third. And three strikes, you’re out. Right Rock?”

“Right,” Rock answered back. While seemingly untrained and shaky at first, she seemed to pick up how to intimidate correctly.

“That means Jimmy, you’ll be made an example of. A painful death as a reminder to anyone else in your shoes to pay their debts to Mr. Rigby,” Siyaka stated, using the gun to pull Jimmy’s face up to look into hers. “You should know, you’re lucky you got three warnings. Next time, it’s your life, so make sure you’re ready.”

She stood up, leaving the bloody Jimmy on the ground as she handed Rock back his gun. “Let’s get out of here. I’m sure he knows what to do now.”

Rock took it, and nodded. He stepped on Jimmy’s wounded hand for good measure. “One month. Don’t forget.” With that, he gestured to Siyaka for the door, and she followed him out. Her mind wouldn’t stop running over her actions in her mind. How could she do that? She hadn’t treated anyone like an animal like that since she was under Frieza. Then she only did it to survive. Now, it was to gain some group of assholes’ trust. Kami, she felt dirty. “Well, congrats. I’ll tell Louis you performed phenomenally. So, welcome to the team. I’ll come by when we’ve got another assignment for you.”

Siyaka shot him an odd look as the stepped out to the curb. “How will you know where I am?”

“Well, Ricky knows your address, so I’ll ask him,” he stated painfully. He held out a twenty-thousand zeni bill between two fingers. “For a taxi,” he added. Siyaka nodded, taking the money before Rock walked off without her.

As soon as he was out of sight, she pocketed the money, and using the cover of night, she flew back to the safe house. As she walked in, she went back to the bedroom, where she’d record the day’s events for the precinct. She took a breath as she hit the record button, sitting down on the edge of her bed. As she recounted the meeting in detail, explaining her new job in the mafia as not a delivery boy as promised, but a bruiser, she began to feel a couple tears go down her face. What had she gotten into? It wasn’t mass genocide like under Frieza, but it still made her revert to that cold persona she had long thought gone, the persona that made her hate herself and realize exactly what she was capable of if she was pushed to it.
It had been two weeks since Gohan started at Orange Star High School, and things were going great. Sharpner, Erasa and Videl had become friendlier, and even begun to accept him as one of the cool kids of school, albeit, he was still considered a nerd. But their acceptance meant the other kids at school were friendly to him as well. He got the feeling Videl’s group had gotten so friendly to him because Erasa had a crush on him – that or Sharpner needed a lot of help with his homework.

Mia on the other hand remained quiet about their friendship, even though they sat through classes like history and Latin, their foreign language class. People had seen him be kind to her during gym class, but he knew most students thought he was just a nice guy, even to the class pariah.

But in all honesty, those moments with Mia were what he looked forward to most days. In those moments, he didn’t have to hide that he was a half alien hybrid with superpowers and a knack for fighting off bad guys, as well as an unwavering cheerful demeanor. He was himself, the nerdy alien hybrid with the girl who was quickly becoming his best friend, the tough alien princess, in her own rite, who could also be a bit of a nerd when it came to genetics and ancient human mythology. Her tips on how to act in public school had helped him become the cool kid that their classmates clamored to know about. And he, more often than not, wished he could share that spotlight with her, not hide their close friendship.

Gohan was packing his bag at his locker, about to head home when Erasa showed up, holding a flier. “Hey, Smarty,” she smiled bubbly, handing him the bright yellow paper, “Videl’s having a huge party tomorrow night since her dad is out of town. You should come.”

Gohan pursed his lips as he looked at the flier. Pictures of beer, a pool, and pool toys littered the page. “I’m not sure I’ll be allowed to…” he trailed off.

He looked up to see Erasa’s pouty face and wide pleading eyes. “Oh, Gohan, you have to come! You’re one of the cool kids, and cool kids don’t miss parties.”

His shoulders slumped as he realized he’d be letting Erasa down. He hated letting people down. “I’ll see what I can do, I guess,” he conceded.

Erasa squealed, jumping for joy before wrapping her arms around his neck as she giggled into her shoulder. “YAY! Thank you thank you THANK YOU!!!!” She stepped back jovially, adding, “Party starts at six! See you there!”

As she turned to leave, a thought went through his mind as he realized Mia might not be invited. And while he had managed to maintain a decent reputation at school, he’d probably need help at a party. “Wait, Erasa?” he called back to her, raising a hand.

She turned back to him with a giddy smile. “What?”

“C-can I bring a friend?”

She gave him a look mixing curiosity and being slightly taken aback, like the answer should have been obvious. “Of course you can, silly. Videl’s inviting the whole school… well most of the school. But I’m sure there won’t be a problem.”

He let out a relieved sigh, and replied, “Thanks. Again, I’ll see what I can do.” Erasa smiled back with a wave before running off. He folded the paper and put it in his bag. As soon as he was packed, he made his way up to the top of the school to find Mia waiting for him again. As soon as he saw her, he felt an elation in his chest and he grinned. “Hey, Mia.”
“Gohan,” she replied, a smile on her face. “You ready to go? Since it’s Friday, you don’t have a curfew, do you?”

Gohan shrugged. “Midnight, but I need to call ahead to my Mom,” he answered. “What’s your plan?”

Mia shrugged, “I figured we could either watch a movie or play a videogame – or …”

“Or?”

“We could spar,” Mia continued with a mischievous grin. “I’ve never sparred with anyone other than my Mom. My uncle Rito doesn’t even know I know how to fight.”

Gohan grinned in return. “Spar, definitely. My Mom rarely lets me train.”

Mia chuckled, shaking her head. “I guess we have that in common.” With that she flew off towards the mountains in the distance, Gohan following after her. Once they got to a clearing, Mia squared off in the air, seeing the saiyan hybrid halt in the air behind her. Mia set her shoulders, pulling her fists up beside her in a fighting stance. “I hope you’re ready for this.”

Gohan smirked, and it made Mia’s heart skip a beat. “You’re forgetting who’s a super saiyan and who’s not.”

“Don’t think that necessarily gives you an edge,” Mia snarked back, semi-flirtatiously. “I’m sure I can still get the upper hand if I want.”

Gohan shook his head as if it were ridiculous. “Less talk, more fight.” Mia nodded before shifting out of vision to speed in front of Gohan, throwing a punch he easily caught with one hand. He twisted her arm around, pinning her arm against her back. She struggled and he held it tighter. “Seems like I’ve won without breaking a sweat,” Gohan remarked playfully. Mia smiled through the pain as she took her left arm and forcing her elbow back as hard as she could into his diaphragm. Gohan coughed hard from the unexpected blow, his shock opening his grasp on her arm, letting her go.

Mia sprang forward, spinning around to see Gohan clutching his stomach. “What is this?” Mia laughed. “What is this smack talk about you already winning?”

Gohan frowned at her. “Lucky shot.”

“You were wide open.”

Gohan stood up straight before phasing. Mia phased with him, catching up to him and starting to throw punches and kicks. He parried and blocked every step. And with every strong blow, he felt himself smiling more and more. Mia was the one person he didn’t really have to hold back from on and off the battlefield. Until one time he threw a punch and it connected to her cheek. His human side came out as his eyes went wide, and he flew to her, cupping her cheek. “Oh, Mia. I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

“Hurt?” Mia laughed, rubbing her cheek. “It was a nice hit.” When she removed her hand, she revealed a slight bruising.

“Oh, Mia. I didn’t realize I punched so hard,” Gohan apologized.

Mia shot him a strange look. “What are you talking about?” She gripped his hand caressing her cheek, using that arm to leverage her body above his and flying him into the ground as she added,
You seem to forget I’m a Saiyan. Pain is nothing.” As he landed on his back, Mia landed on top of him, pinning his arms to the ground with her legs around his waist, sitting on top of his stomach, her bruised face hovering over his. “Gotcha.”

Gohan’s eyes held a nervousness in them as his gaze shifted between her eyes and her lips. His breathing became shallow as he nervously rasped, “Uhm.”

Mia realized her breathing was shallow as well when she noticed how close she was to him. Her chest so close to touching his chest. She almost leaned forward to kiss him, but with her hands around his arm sleeves, she didn’t have the contact to see into his mind to tell if that’s what he actually wanted. Suddenly self-conscious, she backed off, rolling off of him and lying down in the grass next to him. “So,” she muttered, segueing away from the awkward moment that might have been their first kiss, “do you have any plans this weekend?”

Gohan breathed, a little taken aback that Mia didn’t kiss him. Maybe she wasn’t as into him as he thought, but no matter. In his gut, he knew there was a force stronger than each of them driving them together. He’d just have to try harder. “Actually, yeah. I was invited to Videl’s party tomorrow.” Mia shot him a curious look. “But I’m not sure if I should go, or even if I want to go.”

Mia sat up to look at him. “You have to go,” she stated, almost seriously. “You’re considered a cool kid … better yet, a cool nerd, which is almost impossible. You’ll lose some face if you don’t go.”

Gohan frowned. “You sound like Erasa.”

Mia gave shot him a surprised scowl, “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Nothing.” Gohan replied. “Just ‘You gotta’ be there because you’re considered cool.” Which is nice and all, but I don’t know.” He sighed. When Mia didn’t say anything, he reached into his bag, pulling out the yellow piece of paper. “Well, Erasa did say I could bring someone.” He looked back to her curiously, handing her the flier. “I’m guessing you weren’t invited, were you?”

Mia shook her head as she took the paper. She read it as she replied, “I’m not a cool kid, so no. Plus, Videl hates me, so that’s definitely not invited.”

Gohan leaned up, his eyes trained on Mia. “Why does Videl hate you? I know the story Erasa told me couldn’t be true.”

Mia scowled in confusion at Gohan. “What story?” she demanded.

Gohan shrugged. “Something about you sleeping with Sharpner in freshman year while he and Videl were dating.”

Mia was silent as her jaw dropped in disgusted shock. She looked away from Gohan as she growled, “That bitch.”

“Look, I know it’s not true. So what’s the real story?” Gohan asked again.

“There isn’t a story,” Mia said, shaking her head. “Ever since I’ve known her, she’s hated me. When I was little, it was because I had a tail. So, that made me different. I left our elementary school after an incident, I’d rather not get into,” she added with her hand up, “only to be reunited in middle school. I was ok for less than a year, but the bullying started up again, as always. If I’m correct, that’s around the time Mr. and Mrs. Satan got divorced, so that might have something to do with it.

“But, by then, I learned to control my tail, so she wasn’t bullying me about that. But saiyans go through puberty a little early, so instead of wearing A cup bras, I was wearing …” she looked over to
him awkwardly, realizing she was getting into some intimate details of her body she probably shouldn’t be sharing with a guy, “uhm … I was wearing larger cup bras, which started rumors that I stuffed my bra for attention, that turned into rumors that I slept around, I guess.”

Gohan’s eyes narrowed as he asked, “Stuffed your bra?”

Mia’s face turned beet red as she sputtered out an explanation. “Y-yeah. Some girls will add padding in their bra t-to make th-their …” she gestured to her boobs awkwardly searching for a less awkward word, “… ch-chest look bigger.”

Gohan feigned ignorance as he innocently asked, “Why?”

“B-because,” she bumbled, not looking at the half saiyan, “guys t-tend t-to like – bigger …” she gestured again as if she were holding her own boobs, only this time to look up and see Gohan grinning at her fluster. She set her jaw, giving him a sardonic smile, playfully pushing him as she said, “Dick.”

Gohan chuckled as he said, “No, come on. I was enjoying your explanation.”

“Duh,” Mia barked a laugh out exasperatedly, “because I’m talking about boobs!”

Gohan kept laughing as he thought about how cute she looked flustered. He calmed down a little as he breathed, “So, she hates you because you’re different.”

“Well, to begin with, yeah. But if Erasa told you it was because I slept with Sharpner,” she sighed, before quickly adding, “which did not happen, Videl probably believes it did. So that would explain why she hasn’t tried to be nice to me, like she did most of the other girls she used to bully.” Mia shook her head, picking at the grass. “Funny thing is I know who he actually cheated on her with, and …” she rolled her eyes and shook her head.


Mia waved him off as she replied, “It doesn’t matter. You have to go to this party.”

Gohan frowned at her before biting his lower lip. “Well, I was hoping you would come with me.”

Mia raised an ebony eyebrow at him. “You want me to go with you?” Gohan nodded. Mia pouted as she replied, “But I wasn’t invited.”

“Please! They said I could bring someone,” Gohan replied, putting his hands together in a pleading gesture. “I’d be lost if you didn’t help me through it. Please.”

Mia gazed at him skeptically. “Lost, huh?” Gohan nodded fervently, holding his pleading hands up. Mia huffed. “Fine, I’ll go with you to the party. Meet at my apartment tomorrow at five, since the party starts at six.”

Gohan gave his trademark Son Family grin as he exclaimed, “Thank you!”

Tomorrow came quickly, and Mia sat by the door waiting for Gohan to show up. Rito was not far off drinking a beer with a smile. “You seem a bit anxious, Mia. This isn’t a date coming by, is it?” Rito asked with a coy smile as he looked over the teen Saiyan. He’d known her for the past ten
years, and he’d never seen her this nervous.

Mia scowled at her mother’s partner in crime. But before she could respond, there was a knock at the door, causing her to jump up. She could feel Rito’s dark eyes follow her as she took very quick steps to the door. She swung it open, a grin on her face as she saw Gohan’s smile, but then her face fell as she took in the rest of his body. “Oh, no. You cannot wear that,” Mia sighed as she looked at Gohan’s suit. It was made of a light grey fabric and would have been ok for a wedding or church or work in an office building. But a high-school rager? He’d be laughed at.

Gohan frowned. “What’s wrong with my suit? Mom says it makes me look dashing.”

Mia scoffed, “Your mother, case and point.” She frowned at him as her mind ran. “We can’t go shopping. So where on earth are we going to get you a new outfit?” Suddenly, Mia snapped her fingers with a smile. “Hey, Uncle Rito!”

“Yeah?” he called from the living room, grinning at the scene.

“Can Gohan borrow some of your clothes?” Mia asked as she pulled Gohan out of the entryway to give Rito a good look at him. “He’s way too overdressed for this party.”

Rito eyed her, then the young half saiyan teen. A small half smile appeared on his face as he asked, “First rager?”

“Duh,” Mia laughed, causing Gohan’s face to fall. “Oh, sorry. Gohan, Rito. Rito, Gohan,” she added pointing to each of them as she said their name.

“Nice to meet ya’ Gohan, and don’t feel bad about it,” Rito chuckled, seeing Gohan’s distraught face. “Everyone needs a friend to help them with their first rager outfit.” Rito got up off the couch, setting his beer down on the coffee table, and putting an arm around the teenage boy with a smile, “Come, my young padowan.”

Gohan turned to Mia with confusion as he mouthed, “Padowan?” Mia blinked at him slowly before putting her face in her palm. After Rito guided Gohan out of the room, Mia went back to her room, finding a nice but comfortable outfit for the party. After a few minutes, she came out of her room wearing a mid-thigh length black zip-up bodice dress with a hot pink tank top underneath as well as fishnet leggings and her knee length combat boots. Gohan and Rito came out of Siyaka’s bedroom with a completely new Gohan in front of their eyes. Rito had him changed into a tight black t-shirt, a dark blue button up shirt, stylistically worn-out jeans, and a leather arm band around his wrist. While Rito looked proud at his work, Gohan looked nervous.

“Are you sure this isn’t too underdressed?” he asked, shooting a worried look between Mia and Rito.

“Nah, it’s perfect,” Rito smiled. He turned to Mia and asked, “What do you think?”

Mia gave an approving nod before replying, “I would not expect the bad boy look on him, but yeah. You look good.” She grabbed Gohan’s hand quickly, saying, “Come on, time’s wasting.” Gohan blushed lightly at her touch, but followed suit as she dragged him out to the door.

“Remember the rules, Mia,” Rito called to them, following them to the door. “No drinking and driving, no getting wasted, no trying out funny drugs, and absolutely no unprotected sex,” Rito explained, ticking them off with his fingers, the last one leaving nervous looks on both Rito’s and Gohan’s faces. Rito let out a sobering breath as he added, “Also, steer clear of any party fowls. Same goes for you, Gohan.”

Gohan seemed too shocked to say anything, so Mia replied, “Thanks, Uncle Rito. Don’t wait up,” as
she closed the front door, leaving her and Gohan out in the hallway. She helped Gohan turn away, and saw that he seemed almost green in the gills, and asked, “You okay?”

“D-did he say ‘sex’?” Gohan sputtered out, eyes still wide. Again, the thought ran through his mind that he hadn’t even had his first kiss yet, and there were going to be kids his age at this party engaging in much more serious acts.

Mia looped her arm with his, a grin on her face as she pulled him close to her as they headed up to the roof of the apartment building. “Welcome to high school, where the highlight of the year to most people is a night of debauchery at the Satan household.” Gohan’s eyes were still wide as he looked at her nervously as she laughed. “It’s not going to be that bad. But yeah, you might get lucky,” Mia added, her heart sinking a little. “Who knows.”

Gohan shook his head. “I don’t think I’ll get lucky. That’s not my … I mean, I’m not really …” he said, trailing off, earning a raised eyebrow from the saiyan girl next to him as they got to the roof. She let go of his arm and stood across from him. He gave a shuttered breath before adding, “I’m not going to do it with just anyone. She’s gotta’ be special.”

“She’s gotta’ be the one,” Mia clarified with a nod. So, he does have it.

Gohan blinked at her with a small nod. “Yeah, she’s gotta’ be the one.”

“Saiyan monogamy gene. Gotta’ love it,” Mia sighed, sticking her hands in her pockets.

Gohan gave her a weird look. “What gene?”

Mia let out a calming breath as she began to ascend, gesturing him to do the same, which he did. “Like humans,” Mia started, “Saiyans have a monogamy gene, and it’s rare, unlike in humans. The pull for it is different though. While the human monogamy gene urges the person to be faithful to their mate while they are together, ie they won’t cheat, the Saiyan monogamy gene causes the person to fall in love once, and only once.” Mia looked to Gohan, who just looked confused.

“How do you know I have that gene?” he asked skeptically.

Mia scoffed, “Other than you just saying you have it pretty much, I kinda guessed since your dad’s and grandparents’ records all state they had the gene.”

Gohan stopped, his head tilting in confusion. “What records?”

“The Saiyan records my mom saved before she went on her mission in case she ran into your dad while she was here,” Mia said exasperatedly, crossing her arms. “I could have sworn I told you about them.”

Gohan shook his head. “No, no you didn’t. Otherwise I would have asked to see them.”

“Sure,” she replied, before quirking an eyebrow at him. “They’re in Saiyan.”

Gohan scowled in confusion. “What does that mean?”

“It means they are written in the Saiyan language. My mom taught me enough to read it. But I doubt that’s a skill you have,” Mia stated tiredly.

Gohan pursed his lips with a nod. “You’d be right. I don’t know how to read Saiyan.”

Mia’s shoulders dropped with a sigh. “Well, you’d at least be able to see a picture of your
grandparents and a baby picture of your father.”

Gohan’s eyes went wide. “Really?” he asked excitedly.

“Well, yeah,” Mia stated plainly, “they’re records, meaning they contain identification and history.”

Gohan grinned as if he couldn’t believe what she was saying. “I’ll see if I can find them tonight, and bring them to school on Monday.”

“Thanks,” Gohan replied, still in a state of disbelief.

“Anyway,” Mia sighed gesturing to the rich side of the town, “it’s time to get to the party.” She turned to fly towards the Satan household with Gohan following behind. After a minute of silence, she added, “I have it, too.”

“What do you mean ‘chosen’?”

“She was my dad’s betrothed, because a queen has to be sexually loyal to prevent the possibility of the child of an affair getting the throne,” Mia explained. “So, for the past several generations since they found the gene, they’ve picked women in the Saiyan court that had the gene to become queen for the heir. One thing they know is that it is dominant in women, so since my mom has the gene, so do I.” When Gohan remained silent for a minute, mulling over what she said, Mia added, “Just figured …” she trailed off awkwardly before sighing. “Whatever, maybe we should go over what to do at the party.”

“Alright,” Mia started, hoping to pass the awkward moment of conversation. “You should only have one glass of the punch before sticking with beer, soda, or water the rest of the night. You will wake up with the worst hangover ever if you have too much of it. Make sure you talk to everyone, be seen. Also, know when to leave.”

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Gohan frowned. “How will I know to leave?”

“Either people are trying to make you do what you don’t want to, or they aren’t talking to you,” Mia stated plainly. “Alright, we’re here,” she stated, going down to land on the street. Gohan followed suit, landing next to her. Gohan moved to walk in when Mia stopped him, holding his arm. “I forgot to say thank you,” Mia said, “for inviting me along.” Gohan smiled and nodded with a steadying breath. She squeezed his arm gently before adding, “Don’t be nervous about the party. The key is to have fun. And when you’re ready to leave, come find me and we’ll go. Alright?”

Gohan smiled. “Yeah.” He then followed the long walkway to the front door of the mansion. He knocked as soon as they reached it, and it swung open. The party was already in full blast with people calling and laughing over the sound of loud blaring music.

“Hey stranger,” Erasa greeted. “Glad to see you made it! Come on in.”

“Hey Erasa,” Gohan replied with a smile, following her in. Erasa’s gaze shifted to Mia behind Gohan, shock coming over her face. “Yeah, I brought my friend, Mia.”
Erasa gave him a nervous smile. “Right. Well, come on in Mia,” she said through gritted teeth. Mia gave her a small smile as she stepped in. “Well, I’ve gotta go … uhm … grab Sharpner,” Erasa excused herself, walking off into the throng of people cheering on some other student into chugging a beer.

Mia narrowed her eyes at the retreating figure of the usually bubbly blonde before saying, “I should probably go, let you mingle with people.”

Gohan shot her a worried expression. “No, stay, please.”

Mia shook her head. “Trust me, you don’t need me screwing up your social standing. If enough people see you with me, you might not be considered one of the cool kids anymore.”

Gohan frowned at her, grabbing her hand and saying, “I don’t care what everyone thinks of me. Honestly. I don’t like lying about being your friend.”

Through the connection in their hands, Mia could feel his sincerity in his declaration, as well as his need for her to be there, and it warmed her heart. She barely contain the small smile growing on her face, as she let go of his hand. “Alright,” she conceded, “I’ll stick around. But first I’ll get us some drinks, ok?”

Gohan visibly relaxed, a smile on his face as he nodded in agreement. She smiled back at him before walking off, pulling someone aside and asking where the drinks were, and seeing him point towards the back. Gohan took a couple steps into the foyer of the Satan Mansion. The whole house smelled heavily of alcohol, cigarette smoke, and sweat. “So, you showed up,” he heard behind him. He turned to see Videl Satan, leaning on the doorframe, a seductive smirk on her face and a red plastic cup in her hands. She took a sip, setting the cup down on a small table next to her as she added, “I hoped you’d show up.”

“Hi, Videl,” Gohan breathed nervously. Ever since Videl had made it clear to him and Mia that she would stop at nothing to unmask Saiyaman and Saiyagirl, he was always nervous about spilling a small fact that unwittingly wound up connecting the dots for her. “How are you doing?”

Videl shook her head with a smile, getting closer to him. “Let’s skip the pleasantries, and get down to business.”

“B-business?” Gohan asked nervously as she stepped just beneath him. “What business is th-?”

He was interrupted as Videl grabbed his shirt collar, pulling him down into a kiss. It was wet, and tasted of alcohol. He would have been disgusted by the taste of her beer breath if he wasn’t already mostly in shock by the kiss itself. He could feel through her mind her semi-attraction to him, as well as the distinct territorial feeling that he was hers now, and it made him want to shake her off. He belonged to himself and whoever he decided to give his heart to. And that most definitely wasn’t Videl.

What he didn’t know was at that moment, the saiyan princess who was slowly taking over more and more of his thoughts and time had just come back, the two drinks she grabbed for them in her hand only to see his lips locked to the one girl he knew lived to make her life Hell. Not only that, but in an intimate embrace that told Mia she entered at the wrong time. Mia could feel a lump begin to grow in her throat, tightening her breathing, as she felt her heart begin to crumble. She couldn’t remember the last time she had cried, but she could feel that it was about to happen again. Without a word, she turned to leave, the cups still in her hand as she walked into the throng of the party. That was when she looked at the drinks in her hands, the Satan Party Hunch Punch, and she realized she didn’t want to feel this pain in her chest, and on top of that, she didn’t want to remember this night. She licked
her trembling lips before tipping the cup to her lip and downing its contents in a few gulps.

Gohan managed to push Videl off him, and took a step back as he wiped his mouth. “Uhm, Videl,” he said as he cleared his throat. He gave her an awkwardly nervous smile as he added, “I’m sorry if you thought that there was anything…”

“It’s her,” Videl said with a sneer, spitting out, “Mia.” Gohan frowned sadly at her, giving her the answer she needed without speaking. “She’ll break your heart, you know. She’s a liar…”

“No, she won’t,” Gohan replied, interrupting her. “She’s one of the most honest people I’ve met at this school.”

“She’s a bastard with no real father figure,” Videl snapped back, “and because of it, she became a slut for attention.” Gohan scoffed, not believing what he was hearing. “She breaks up relationships for fun. She’s a monster.”

Gohan shook his head, resting a pitying glare on the young vigilante whose family had gotten rich off of taking credit for Gohan and Cell’s fight. That was when he realized Videl’s whole idea of herself was a lie, justified by what everyone around her told her. “You don’t know anything about her or her family,” he stated plainly, his tone calm. “The sad thing is you assume to think that you do,” he finished, before walking off, leaving the Satan girl staring after him as he walked into the throng of the party, trying his best to sense Mia. With the music pounding in his ears and his high school peers jumping around with the music, he closed his eyes, focusing on her familiar energy signal.

He was shoved aside by some of his classmates, he didn’t know who, and they were talking loudly about some girl dancing provocatively to some song. “If what they say is true, she might take her top off.”

One of them noticed Gohan standing there and nudged him, “Hey dude, didn’t you hear? Someone snuck the school slut into the party, and now she’s doing a table dance.” School slut rang through Gohan’s head as he grasped the guy’s arm. He recognized his classmate now; they had shop class together. But what he was saying didn’t make sense. Mia wouldn’t do a table dance, whatever that was, would she? He couldn’t help his tight grip on the guy’s wrist as his nerves slowly took over his heart. “Ow, dude. What the hell?”

“Show me,” Gohan ordered, a hint of worry in his voice.

The guy wrenched his arm back, massaging his wrist as he gave Gohan a weird look. “Yeah, right this way.” Gohan followed him into the next room where the whole school seemed to have gathered, looking up at Mia, her hair undone and wild as she ground her hips around, gyrating her body in a way that caused Gohan to lose his breath. The rest of the school seemed to be cheering her on as she jived and ground to the music. There were several other students cheering her on, a couple drunk, horny guys yelling for her to strip.

Gohan’s blood began to boil with every taunt and jeer begging for Mia to lose some clothes or for a lap dance. His scowl grew as he saw his many classmates holding out their camera phones, catching her provocative dance on film or in photos. This had to stop. What was Mia even doing?

Her eyes landed on the demi-saiyan, and her drunken face grinned. “Goooooohaaaaan!” she waved, her cheeks flushed as she slurred his name. “Why so glum?!?”

Gohan let out a small breath as he stepped forward to her, holding his hand out, “Come on.”
She put on a mock serious face as she giggled, “If you say so.” She put her hands on his shoulders, pushing her butt out before jumping down, their classmates complaining about Gohan killing the entertainment. Gohan guided her out to the fresh air, maybe then she’d gain some common sense back. As he took got her back to the entryway, and back outside, he could smell the alcohol seemingly rolling off her body. With his hand on her bare arm, he tried to touch her mind, to see what had happened, but her mind was spinning with no sense of direction. All he got was a buzz of dizzying feelings, and he had to back out before her mind left him ill.

“What’s gotten into you Mia?” Gohan asked, a worried expression coming over his face as he looked her over.

“Alky-halls,” Mia giggled before letting out a hiccup. She clung to his arm as she started to droop in posture while he tried to walk her down the front steps. “I……..I’m tired.”

Gohan shook his head. “Well, you can go to sleep when we get you home.”

“Uh-uh,” Mia groaned, “put me down.”

“Not likely,” Gohan replied, holding onto her tighter. “We need to get you home.”

“Put me down!” she snapped, struggling against Gohan with more strength than he expected from her somewhat feebly drunk form. He let her go, and she collapsed to the ground, clenching her skull with closed eyes. “The world is spinning,” she groaned. She lurched before moaning, “Oh no.” She crept over to the side of the stairs, throwing up the contents of her stomach into the bushes.

“Oh, GROSS!” Erasa shrieked, several guys spilling past her, still taking pictures of Mia getting sick on the stairs, documenting the night’s events.

“Disgusting,” Videl growled, her glare moving to Gohan. “Now the bushes are going to die. Get her out of here!”

Gohan nodded, leaning down to help Mia up. She groaned as he picked her up bridal style, holding her close to his chest as he walked off. He was sure his classmates were still watching them, so he walked several blocks, listening to her groan in her self-induced pain, before he lifted them off the ground, flying towards her apartment, slowly so as not to dizzy her further. “What were you thinking, Mia?” he asked, not sure if it was to himself or if he actually wanted an answer.

Mia nuzzled her nose into his chest and sighed, “You smell nice.” She was quiet a moment before she added in a small voice, “I can see why she likes you.”

Gohan looked down at the saiyan princess, a strange look in his black eyes as something registered in his mind. “Is that what this is about?” Gohan asked. “Videl?” They were almost to her apartment, but he wanted to know.

“You like her, right?” Mia stated, nuzzling Gohan’s chest even more. She held onto him tighter, as if burying her face in his chest.

“No,” Gohan answered, his deep voice rumbling through his chest.

“You shouldn’t kiss girls you don’t like,” Mia giggled tiredly, rubbing the tip of her nose against his chest. “You know it’s weird,” she laughed into his chest, “I can’t feel my nose. I must’ve over did it.”

“W-what?” Gohan asked nervously. When she didn’t answer, his heart dropped, and he looked down to see her passed out in his arms. He shook her a little, “Mia? Mia, wake up, stay with me.” He
landed on her apartment building’s roof, sitting her up as he gently tried to shake her awake, patting her cheek gently. Her eyes shot wide open as she gasped, and he felt relief flood through him.

She slowly blinked back to herself. “Water,” she moaned.

He sighed as he replied, “We’ll get you some water when we get you home. Come on.” He picked her up again gently, guiding her arms to hold onto his neck. He took her down the stairs until he stood in front of her apartment. He knocked on the door, and was answered with a curiously worried frown on her Uncle Rito’s face. “She just had a little too much to drink.”

Rito nodded, holding the door open for Gohan as he said, “I’ll make her a glass of water.” Gohan continued to the couch, gently setting Mia down so she was sitting up, while Rito grabbed a glass, filling it with ice and water. Gohan sat across from Mia on the coffee table watching her carefully. Rito came in with a glass of water, and placed a wet washcloth on Mia’s forehead. “To help sober her up,” he explained. After Mia had a sip of her water, Rito muttered a small, “I’ll be back in the other room if you need me.” With that, he left, leaving the two teenagers in the living room.

“If you don’t like her,” Mie drawled, a bit more soberly than before, as she took off the damp cloth, “then why did you kiss her?”

Gohan shook his head with a small chuckle. “She kissed me, but I pushed her off,” he explained, “and I told her I didn’t feel that way about her.”

A small smile came over Mia’s face as she asked, “Why not?”

Gohan blushed, scratching the back of his head as he answered, “Because I like someone else.” Mia blushed a little as well before leaning her face close to his, starting to close her eyes until she heard, “Uhm, no, Mia.” Mia’s eyes opened up again, taking in Gohan leaning away from her nervously. “Not like this,” he added in a small voice as she straightened up, her heart pounding with embarrassment.

“Right,” Mia tried to cover breathlessly, looking away from him, “of course.” Of course you don’t like me like that. We’re just friends, she finished in her mind. He must be talking about some girl near his home. She took another sip shakily, before standing up and adding, “Well, thanks for bringing me home.”

He gave her the same worried look that made her think he actually cared, and her heart ached. “Are you alright?” he asked.

She gave him her best smile and a nod as she said, “Yeah. Just some water and rest, and I’ll be good as new.”

He looked her over skeptically before muttering a small, “Sure. I’ll see you at school.” With that said, he left, shutting the apartment door with a divisive click.

Mia looked at the door for a minute blankly before sinking back onto the couch, a tear running down her cheek. She ran a hand through her black hair shakily. “I’m such an idiot.”
“Hey, did you hear about that new superhero in Satan City?” one of the students asked in front of Gohan and Mia during class.

“Yeah. They call him the Great Singing-Man,” the other student responded laughing.

“Saiyaman!” Gohan snapped, glaring down at his classmates. Mia elbowed him in the ribs, shooting him a look. “Ow, what was that for?” he whispered to the other saiyan.

“What the hell is a Saiyaman?” the other student scoffed back at Gohan who scowled back.

“He’s the new superhero,” Gohan responded, gaining another elbow from Mia. “What?” he whispered to her, only getting another angry look from her he couldn’t discern.

“Oh, and how would you know? Don’t you live like five hundred miles away,” the first student laughed.

“I-I was there,” Gohan replied taken aback by their disbelief. Why would he lie about his alter-ego’s name?

“Bullshit,” the second student laughed.

“He lives here during the week,” Mia interrupted before Gohan could say anything. Gohan and the other students shot her a confused look. “You stay with a family friend during the week who lives in the city, and go home on the weekends, right Gohan?” Gohan opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came out as he looked at Mia. She frowned as she continued to lie, “Your family friend is one of my neighbors. You told me about it yesterday after school when we walked home.” Gohan continued to frown at her confused, and Mia touched her elbow to his. Just go along with it. “You told me his name was Krillin,” she said as she searched his mind for a familiar feeling name.

Wha- how are you doing that? Gohan thought, his shock showing in his eyes. All Saiyans can read other’s minds if they are touching and the psychic link is opened, she explained psychically.

“Y-yeah,” Gohan muttered awkwardly. “He’s an old school friend of my Dad’s.”
“Oh,” the other students replied, pleasantly surprised. “So, what was Saiyaman like?” one of them asked excitedly.

“Excuse me!” the teacher barked. “Is this something the whole class should be discussing?” Gohan and the other students returned to their books nervously, averting the angry gaze coming from the elderly teacher. “That’s what I thought. Now let’s return to the Red Ribbon Conflict, shall we?”

Mia grabbed Gohan’s hand as the teacher returned to the lesson, causing Gohan to flinch from the shock. You really suck at this lying low thing, she laughed in his mind as he calmed to her touch.

That’s not fair, he grimaced. You’ve been at this a lot longer than I have.

That’s no excuse. Some of it is just common sense, she replied. Your heart’s beating fast, she noted.

He blushed. Well, I’ve never had a girl hold my hand before … Crap, you heard that didn’t you?

Mia smiled. Yeah, sorry. I didn’t mean for you to hear me noting your heartbeat either, she explained with a small blush. That’s the problem with psychic communication. Anything and everything going through your mind at the moment is public to whoever is touching you with the communication open. Even offhand comments that aren’t even a part of the conversation. It’s not a normal mode of conversation between Saiyans since it’s so personal. Usually just mates.

Mates? he asked, a frown appearing on his face.

Suddenly, he was inundated with mental images of couples kissing and caressing each other as Mia thought, Sexual Partners, mates. Both began to blush, but Mia continued to hold his hand. He caught a short thought of hers, He’s cute when he blushes.

Am not! he replied as he saw barely visible pictures of them kissing each other, and he wasn’t sure which mind it was from to be honest.

Sorry, she replied quickly. Back on topic. Suddenly, the images began fading and they were back to a calm mind. I’m communicating like this because there’s no trace of what’s been said, just our memories. It’s weird at first, I know, but you’ll get used to it.

I don’t think I’ll get used to it, he said as her felt a nervous flood of everything he hadn’t told her, how he thought Vegeta was bit of an asshole to be honest, and he didn’t understand how Mia could be his daughter.

You can tell me about my father later, she replied, but he could feel a slight disappointment go through the back of her mind. Right now, we need to damage control everything you might have said yesterday that could make you stand out negatively, and how to handle the alter ego thing.

What do you mean?

Well, she started, a couple kids just got your name wrong, and you pitched a hissy.

I did not pitch a hissy … what’s a hissy?

Short for hissyfit. Means you got angry over nothing.

I put a lot of thought into that name.

And that’s what you got? Saiyaman?

Gohan scowled at her. Yes. What? You have a better name?
Well, if I was naming myself, I’d chose a name that has some sort of meaning. Like Lady Justice or something. But no one knows what a Saiyan is, which is where I’m guessing you got the name.

Maybe.

See, you’re already getting the hang of it.

Well, that’s one thing.

Don’t be hard on yourself, she chided. She let go of his hand as the bell rang, shutting her notebook and putting it in her back pack.

“Alright class, homework is the work problems on page one hundred ninety-three. See you all on Thursday,” the teacher called out as students began rushing out.

“That was really weird,” Gohan stated.

Mia shrugged, “It always is. But your dad must have shown that trick to you.” Gohan shook his head, which caused Mia to frown as she flipped her braid over her shoulder. “Well, if we stay focused, it won’t be weird.” Gohan knew she was talking about personal feelings, like the ones that had sidetracked their conversation during class.

“What’s your next class?” Gohan asked, tapping his finger on his book nervously.

“Choir,” Mia replied, holding up a hand when she saw Gohan’s eyebrows shoot up in interest. “I know. Lame. But I suck at art, and choir is an easy A if you don’t get caught not singing. What about you?”

Gohan frowned. “Uhm, Shop, which I’m not sure what that is…” he trailed off awkwardly.

“You’re making stuff with wood,” Mia laughed. “Don’t cut off a thumb.”

Gohan’s eyes widened nervously. “Is that possible?”

Mia eyed him strangely before replying, “Yeah, you know band-saws. How else would you cut the wood if you were a normal person?” Gohan let out a nervous laugh as he looked down the hallway towards his class. “Oh, you’ll do fine,” Mia smiled, giving him a light punch on the shoulder, before spinning on her heel and going to her next class.

Bulma stood at a work table in her lab, piecing the broken laser drones back together after her husband’s vigorous workout a couple days ago. Her mind kept drifting back to the news Gohan told her the evening before about Vegeta having a daughter. She knew in her gut that even if they didn’t tell Vegeta that Mia was his, he’d find out, eventually. It drove her a little crazy with worry, which again drove her into her work.

But Mia’s mother was his first love, she realized as she tightened a bolt into a newly finished bot, setting it aside with a sigh. I know he loves me, but what if his love for her is stronger? He only moved on from her because he thought she was dead.

Oh, it was driving her insane. Why didn’t he tell me about her? Why keep that from me? He had opened up to her over the years of them being together and raising Trunks. She knew everything about his time under Frieza. The torture the Frost alien put him under for just being a Saiyan. The
missions he led his team on. How he grew up the strongest of his team, and finding Goku, a Saiyan stronger than him, had actually given him a goal to push for. And how devastated he was when Goku died fighting Cell, and refused to come back, leaving Vegeta without anything to work toward or look forward to. She knew his deepest feelings, at least she thought. And he definitely knew hers. He knew how she found Goku, what her first wish with the dragon balls was going to be before Oolong asked for underwear. He knew about everything that happened between her and Yamcha, how devastated she was when he died, even though they were in the middle of a fight at the time. He knew about her sister, and their strained relationship, who no one else in their group knew about. He knew *everything* about her. And now she was realizing that she didn’t know everything about him.

It made her heart ache knowing he wouldn’t tell her something so intimate as a previous love who had died when he was twenty-three. Did it mean he didn’t trust her with that information? Did it mean that he still loved her, and wanted to protect her memory and himself by not telling Bulma? Was he heartbroken when she left, and she didn’t want him to know that he could ever be that vulnerable? Did that mean that he would go back to her if she told him she was alive?

This wasn’t something she could just ask him about either. The woman was supposed to be dead long before Vegeta came to Earth or even met Bulma. He didn’t even know he had a daughter. If she just up and asked him why she never heard of his first love, she’d have to confess everything Gohan told her, which would probably push him away.

Bulma wasn’t usually afraid of losing Vegeta to any another woman. But an old flame whom he never told her about, her mind just couldn’t settle if she could trust him not to go back to her.

A thought came through her head, remembering a conversation they had four years ago about kids. They talked about maybe giving Trunks a sibling, but not until he was older. Maybe now was the time. If they had another kid on the way, maybe he’d have more incentive to stay than explore the possibility of a life with his first love.

With a sigh, she set down her wrench and took off her work gloves and made her way out of the lab. It was almost lunch time, so she made her way to the dining hall, where the chefs had prepared a buffet for the Brief Family and the Capsule Corp workers. She’d see Vegeta there soon and Trunks was out at the Son household playing with Goten, so it was a prime time to ask him. There wasn’t a line when she walked in, so she went ahead and grabbed a grilled chicken salad, and poured a lite vinaigrette on top before grabbing a fork and a bottle of water. She made her way to her and Vegeta’s usual table, settling in and digging into her salad.

As she expected, ten minutes later, Vegeta made his way to their table with a tray full of food, mostly meat, noodles, and rice. He plopped down next to her and started digging into his food, not paying much attention to her. He was still in his work out gear spandex, and reeked of sweat. Bulma eyed her husband in disgust as he shoveled food into his mouth as if this was the first time he’d eaten in days. He snarfed and grunted through his food, which while gross, made Bulma laugh a little.

Vegeta looked up at her with a surprised frown as she held a hand in front of her smiling mouth. “I’m sorry,” she laughed, waving her free hand, “you’re moaning and grunting into your food again.” He scowled at her before turning back to his food, chowing down on a chicken drumstick. Bulma breathed in nervously before stopping him again, “Vegeta, I wanted to talk to you about something.” He nodded, telling her he was listening. “I want another baby.”

Vegeta’s eyes went wide as he started hacking and gagging on a piece of chicken that went down the wrong way. He paused, swallowing the chicken correctly, and gained his composure again before looking at his wife. “What?”

Vegeta blinked at her before grabbing his water and taking a sip. He swallowed and asked, “What happened to ‘Not until Trunks is older?’”

“He is older,” Bulma argued. “He’s eight now, and could probably enjoy a younger sibling now.” When Vegeta didn’t say anything, but continued to shovel food in his face, she continued, “And I’m …” she paused, leaning in close to Vegeta so no one else could hear, “I’m forty-two. If we wait too long, we might lose our chance.”

Vegeta frowned at her as if she were being absurd. “Lose our chance? What are you talking about?”

Bulma blushed as she said, still in a whisper, “Menopause. When women lose their ability to … to have kids.”

“I know what menopause is,” Vegeta laughed, rolling his eyes. “Just forty-two is a bit young for menopause.”

Bulma shook her head incredulously. “Not in humans. A lot of women start in their early forties,” Bulma explained, her voice still hushed. “I haven’t started yet, but I want to make sure we have at least one more kid before nature tells us we were too late.”

Vegeta nodded as he finished another piece of chicken. “Alright,” he said as he moved onto a bowl of noodles.

Bulma squealed excitedly as she jumped up, hugging Vegeta around his shoulders as he polished off the bowl of noodles. She felt Vegeta’s hand grasp her wrist as he put the bowl down and stood up, pulling her away from the table. “Ve-Vegeta,” Bulma gasped as he pulled her away from the table. “What are you doing?”

Vegeta gave her a confused glare as he said, “You want another kid, right?”

“Well, yeah…”

“Then let’s go,” Vegeta stated, still pulling her along.

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Mia stood in her next class, singing along with the rest of the first sopranos as they reached the high note of the music section for the fifth time in a row. Mia had lied when she told Gohan that she didn’t really sing in class. She actually did. In fact she was one of the better singers in the school choir according to the class conductor. It was actually one of her favorite classes in school, other than genetics and literature. But it was also a talent she liked to keep hidden. Not even her mother knew about it. She knew if her mother or Rito knew, she’d never hear the end of it, especially with her mother and her supposed to be battle-hungry Saiyans. Singing was such a passive hobby.

So, when Gohan asked, she spazzed and lied in hopes that he wouldn’t judge her. But she couldn’t get it out of her head. She should have just told him, “Yeah, I’m a good singer. So what?” and left it at that. But no, she had to tell him it was an easy grade.

“No! Stop!” the conductor yelled. He turned pointedly to the soprano section. “Firsts, what the Hell is going on?! You are coming in flat on the G Sharp, making the note change to the next note, the high A flat as well. Then it’s causing the octave jump down to go flat. Fix it. Remember raise your eyebrows and feel the high note coming out the middle of your forehead. If you need help, put your finger on your forehead while you sing. Now, again.”
They tried the section again, and again they were stopped. “No. Remember, give a small break between each note. This is choir, not individual solos. I want to hear slight staccato, no legato. Understand?” The conductor started again.

Mia saw some movement outside the window in the door, seeing Gohan standing there, with a finger pointed to his watch. He had an excited expression on her face, which told Mia that there was crime afoot in Satan City.

“No, no NO! Clearly, you all need an example,” the conductor looked around the classroom before his eyes settled on Mia looking away from her music towards the door. “Is there somewhere you need to be, Miss Jicama?”

Mia’s eyes bugged as she turned back to the conductor, before she shook her head and muttered, “I just need to use the restroom.”

The conductor smiled. “Well, why don’t you sing this part for the class, and if you sing it correctly, you can run to the ladies’ room.”

Mia nodded, and held her music up as he started the music up again, and she sang, “La-acrimosa. Dies ila. Qua … re-sur-get … ex … fa-vil-la … Ju-di-can-dus … Ho-mo … re-us.” She stopped as she looked at the conductor who was beaming.

He gave her a small clap, “Brava, Mia. And Ladies, that’s how that part is supposed to sound!” He nudged his head towards the door and said, “Mia, you’re excused.”

“Thank you,” she said quickly, dropping her folder on the chair and rushing out the door only to see a smirking Gohan. “What?”

“So it’s only an easy A because you can sing,” Gohan chuckled.

Mia rolled her eyes and turned towards the corridor for the side exit of the school. “Shut up,” she sighed, slightly annoyed, and slightly embarrassed. “What’s going on?”

“Hijacked bus,” Gohan said excitedly, forgetting the singing. “Videl is already almost over there, so we need to hurry. It doesn’t sound good.”

“Great,” Mia groused as she hit the button on her watch before jumping into the air, “Videl.”

Gohan followed closely behind her, before speeding off in the direction Videl’s radio said the bus was heading, Mia following closely behind. “So, that was Latin, right?”

“What was?” Mia asked, confused by his question.

“The song you sang. It was in Latin, right?” Gohan asked again. “It sounded like Latin.”

Mia blinked at him. “You know Latin?”

Gohan shook his head. “I know a few terms, but mostly just scientific. What was it?”

“Lacrimosa by Mozart,” Mia answered. “It’s from his requiem.”

Gohan raised an eyebrow out of curiosity before asking, “So, what did it mean?”

Mia sighed. “Well, it’s a good thing the translation is on the music, because if I hadn’t just looked at it fifty times in a row, I would not be able to answer that,” Mia laughed. When Gohan remained silent, she answered, “It means, ‘That day of tears and mourning, when from the ashes shall arise, all
humanity to be judged,’ … roughly translated, though. It’s about asking God for mercy when
judgement day arrives.” When the silence hung between them, she added, “But why don’t we talk
about more pleasant things. Like this hijacking. Do they know how many hijackers?”

“Three,” Gohan answered, “all armed with machine guns.”

“As usual,” Mia sighed with a small hint of a laugh.

“I still can’t believe that a Saiyan can sing,” Gohan chuckled. “Especially one related to Vegeta.”

Mia shot Gohan a curious look. “What do you mean by that?”

Gohan shrugged. “Well, every Saiyan I’ve met other than you are completely battle driven. Singing
doesn’t fit that mold. And, well, let’s just say Vegeta’s voice is not conducive to holding pitch. It’s a
little too raspy.”

Mia blushed as she looked at the ground. “Well, maybe I’m just different, ok?” she asked, her
embarrassment and dejectedness coming through her tone.

Gohan looked at her with a surprised expression. “No, I didn’t mean any offense. Just …” he
paused, searching for the right words, but gave up, his shoulders dropping as he sighed, “I don’t
know.”

“Down there!” Mia called out. Gohan looked up and she gestured to the bus that just decided to off-
road its tour, heading at break neck speeds towards a cliff.

“Oh shit,” Gohan breathed. He zoomed down, lining up with the windows on the bus seeing the
hijackers were tied up, and Videl had control of the bus. And clearly, she had no idea how to drive it.
He looked up to see Mia flying above the bus waiting for an order. “We need to stop the bus,” he
stated, gesturing towards the front of the bus. Mia nodded, and they flew to the front, placing their
hands on the bus to slow it. With a groan, the bus slowed, inching over the edge of the cliff as Gohan
and Mia lost their ground, forcing Gohan to go under the bus and push it up from the bottom. They
could hear the elderly riders screaming in terror as the bus lurched forward as the front bus wheel
dropped out.

Gohan groaned as he began to push the bus back up. “Hey,” he called out, “push it back onto the
land.” Mia nodded, following his direction and pushing the bus back on top of the cliff edge, backing
it away from the edge a couple feet before Gohan maneuvered out from underneath it, letting it find
solid ground once again. Gohan shot Mia a smile and a thumbs up before saying, “We make a good
team.” Mia rolled her eyes and shook her head, but Gohan could see the smile on her face was
genuine. His praise made Mia feel a little giddy. It was the first time she ever felt like she was
included in something, not on the outside looking in. She could see him laughing lightly and that’s
when she realized that strange fluttering in her heart forcing a grin on her lips. Oh no. She liked him.

She shook her head free of those thoughts as they walked to the door of the bus, opening it up and
letting the elderly out, and assisting Videl in bringing the hijackers out into the field.

Videl eyed both Gohan and Mia strangely, and in her eyes, Mia could see she was impressed. “That
was amazing what you did out there,” Videl stated, standing squarely in front of them. “Now, who
are you?”

Gohan smiled before jumping through a few poses that made Mia’s eyes go wide at the
ridiculousness. “We are the light in the darkness when the world cries out for Justice,” he announced
in a strange voice. He posed in a crouch, holding his arms in an “M” shape over his head as he
finished, “I am Saiyaman!”

Mia’s heart pounding as she realized she’d have to be just as ridiculous as him. They were a team after all. She did an awkward ballerina spin before jumping in an estranged plie. She did one last kick spin before leaning an elbow on Gohan’s helmet, stretching back, and propping her right foot up on his leg as she held out a hand shaped in a gun towards Videl. “And I am Saiyagirl!” she announced in an overtly girly voice.

Videl’s eyes bugged at the two of them, her mouth agape as her left eye twitched at the scene before her. “What the hell?” she whispered to herself as she stared.

“Well,” Gohan started in his strange voice again, straightening up, allowing Mia to do the same, “we must be off. Thank you for your assistance Videl.” With that, he jumped into the air, Mia following suit.

As they flew back to school, Gohan eyed Mia, seeing her in a different light. “So, you chose Saiyagirl as your superhero name?”

Mia blushed lightly with a shrug. “Yeah, it just made sense.”

He smirked as he asked, “Why?”

She shot him a look that was a mix between proud and hopeful. “You said we were a team. I figured I should stick to the team name.”

He smiled back. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” Mia replied. She paused for a second before a playful smile graced her lips as she added, “Now we need to figure out something with your poses, because I can’t dance like a bad ballerina every time we save the day.”

The beeper on Ricky’s watch went off, earning an exasperated, “Finally!” from Siyaka. She jumped from her seat as Ricky slowly rose. “So, where are we going?”

Ricky didn’t look at her as he answered in a bored tone, “There is a Russian pub not far from here that some of the gang like to meet up at. They’ll interview you there.” He walked to the door, gesturing her to follow. “My rental car is here, since that Gold Fighter totaled mine. So I’ll drive us.” Siyaka nodded, following him out to the street, and climbing into the Chrysler sedan on the curb.

As he got into the car, putting his hands on the wheel, she heard him let out a calming breath before cranking it up. She could tell his bored façade was just a cover for some serious nerves. She understood. She was a little nervous too. They were infiltrating the Red Shark Gang, the mafia of Satan City. If this got screwed up, their heads were definitely on the chopping block. It was enough to make even the bravest man nervous.

She made sure to memorize the streets to where he was driving her, in case she had to find the place without him. Eventually, they pulled up in front of a restaurant where Ricky threw the car into park and got out. Siyaka followed behind closely as he walked into the restaurant. Ricky led her to a table where a group of fat men sat laughing over cigars and brandy. There were a few buff thugs standing off to the side, watching the group carefully in case of any problems. Ricky stepped up to the table with a friendly smile, “Hey guys. What’s happenin’?”
The men looked up at Ricky, then over to Siyaka, each one looking her up and down appreciatively. “You bringin’ this hot piece of tail here, that’s what,” one guy laughed, winking at Siyaka. Her spine went a little rigid at that. “Seriously, this chick is your recommendation for an errand boy?”

Ricky nodded. “Yeah, why not? She’s resourceful, and been in the slammer a few times. She’s looking for a job and willing,” he explained, taking a seat at the table. “All she needs is initiation and assigning.”

One of the guys sitting next to Ricky, sleazy looking, bald with gold rings on his fat fingers gave her a flirty look as he rubbed his fingers together. “Well, she’s definitely a looker, and any initiation for a piece like that is fuckin’ one of us.” Ricky looked down nervously. “I nominate myself,” the sleazy guy smirked, moving his hand to cup Siyaka’s butt cheek. Faster than they could see, she snatched his hand, twisting his arm around his back, and slamming him down on the table by pinning his shoulder down, almost dislocating it.

“Sorry,” Siyaka hissed, “I’m not a whore.” The guy grunted under the pressure of her grip. She squeezed his arm, causing him to gasp. “Touch my ass again, and you’ll be making a surprise trip to the ER. Got it?” Some of the men laughed around the table as the guy in her grasp cried out, begging her to release him.

One of the others at the table waved over to the thugs on the side, one coming over and leaning in to listen to the man. Once he was finished conveying whatever he needed to tell the thug, he dismissed him, turning to Siyaka. “Let him go, Girl. I’ve got a better plan for you,” he sighed. Siyaka looked up to him. Something about his slicked back hair, his rings, and superior and bored expression told her that this man was in charge. A small, intelligent smile came across his face as he shifted his gaze to Ricky. “You sure have an eye for talent, Ricky.” He turned back to Siyaka, who eyed him curiously. “You are far from an errand boy. No, no, you’re a bruiser, through and through. Come with me,” he ordered, gesturing her to follow him. She did as he asked, followed out by Ricky and the rest of the group.

The leader took them out through the kitchen to an alleyway in the back. “Since you’re a bruiser, you have two tests,” he announced. He gestured to the thug he talked to before. “The first is you have to withstand a fight with Vladek here for one minute.” Siyaka nodded in understanding. “Are you ready to start?”

“Yes, sir,” she answered with a small nod.

The man nodded before jerking his head to the middle of the alleyway. “Begin.”

Siyaka fell into a fighting stance on one end of the alley while the bulky Vladek stood opposite her. He then charged her with a fist raised high, and swung. Siyaka easily dodged his bulky fist, dancing around his attacks. Again, he threw punch after punch, and she dodged each one. After several seconds of dancing around his punches and kicks, she caught one of his punches in her hand. She smirked as she said, “My turn.” She knew she had to hold back her strength in her punch, but it had been so long since she had gotten to actually throw a punch. She swung her fist around, making contact with Vladek’s big nose. The cartilage and bone cracked under the pressure, causing him to step back, holding his bloody and broken nose. He grunted as he snapped it back in place, the blood dribbling from his nostrils into his mouth. But his action caused him to miss her dropping to the ground, sweeping her leg around to knock his legs out from under him, toppling him to the ground with a loud “Oof!” She stood up, putting her foot on his chest and leaning on her raised knee with a smile. “Looks like I lasted a minute.” Vladek tried to sit up and push her off, but she used her leverage in her foot to slam him back down again. “Take defeat like a man, Vladek.”

She looked up when she heard clapping from the sidelines. The leader stepped forward, his hands
outstretched applauding her. His lackeys behind him, including Ricky began to applaud her. “Wow,” the leader stated. “You got skill. That much is clear.”

Siyaka sighed, “Yeah, well, a girl has to learn how to fight on the streets.”

The leader let out a bark of a laugh, before letting out a sigh. “Well, you passed the first test, so I’ll introduce myself. My name is Louis Rigby, and I run this operation. I know you’ve met Ricky, and Flirty Frank,” he said as he gesture over to the guy who had attempted to grope her before. Siyaka shot him a terse smile. “This is Sal, my brother and right hand,” he gestured to the end, a similar, yet younger looking version of Louis. “And lastly, Rock, head of our bruisers.” This man was bulkier than Vladek, and seemed almost a giant to Siyaka. He was bald with a thin moustache, and a black cap on his head. A part of him really reminded Siyaka of her former teammate Nappa. “Now, that introductions are out of the way, there is one last test. Let’s see how you are on assignment.” He looked over to Rock and said, “Fill her in on the job.” He then turned an amused and disgusted frown toward Vladek on the ground before saying, “Clean yourself up.”
Chapter 5

Cover Blown

It was Wednesday of the next week, and since the party, Gohan had heard very little from Mia. Even as Saiyaman, she’d been avoiding joining him as his partner, Saiyagirl. It made him worry. Why would she all of a sudden stop talking to him? And what about the records she promised to give him? Something was off, and he hoped it wasn’t something he’d done.

Not only that, but Videl had been hounding him more than usual as Saiyaman. This morning, she had chased him all over Satan City in her jet-copter, trying to unmask him and find out his true identity. She even told him that she was close to figuring out who he was. Videl’s gaze had been trained on him all day, her azure eyes holding a skeptical curiosity that said she was definitely on to him. He needed to throw her off somehow, but he had no idea how, not without Mia’s help. It was the absolute worst time for her to start ignoring him.

He walked out into the city after school, knowing Videl had been following him, in hopes he’d unmask himself as Saiyaman. It was going to be a long night if he had to walk the whole way home with Videl following him like some lost puppy.

He stopped when he heard sirens, a small smile on his face. A yellow sports car came flying around the bend, a cop car following it on its side. The yellow car swerved, bumping the cop car off the road, crashing it into a fire-hydrant and a store window. Two men stepped out of the yellow vehicle, laughing to each other about the chaos they just caused. One wore a purple shirt, and he had a long face with slicked back orange hair. The other wore a green shirt, and his face was round, and his body very toned, like one of the guys he’d see at WWE wrestling match. Now was Gohan’s moment.

Gohan stepped forward, a victorious smirk as he said, “That was a pretty dangerous stunt you two pulled.”

The guy in the purple shirt jerked a thumb over to Gohan and asked, “Who’s the mook?”

The green shirt looked over, a smile coming over his face. “Just some kid looking to stir up trouble.”

“I think you’ve stirred up enough trouble today,” Gohan replied, standing as tall as possible. Take the
“You want some of this, kid?!” green shirt growled, stepping forward and grabbing ahold of Gohan’s shirt collar.

Gohan’s smile grew a bit as he added, “Don’t start something you’ll regret.”

“Why you!” green shirt growled as he raised his fist.

“Get ‘im, Johnny!” the purple shirt cheered.

Green shirt swung, and Gohan dodged with ease. The thug kept swinging, and Gohan dodged each blow. “GOHAN!” he heard Videl call out, grabbing his attention. So she finally started watching. He let his guard down, allowing the thug’s fist to connect to Gohan’s face. Pretending to be hurt, Gohan flew himself back, making sure to land on the concrete with a thud. He grunted as he grabbed his face.

“Hey, You!” Videl called out.

“What, you want some of this too!?” the green shirt called back to her, a sneer on his face.

Videl cracked her knuckles before hitting her palm and cracking her neck with a twist of her head. “I’m not sure you want any of this,” she replied before launching an assault with a flying kick, her foot connecting with his gut, sending him flying into the wall.

“Johnny!” the purple shirt called as he ran over to his companion. He helped his friend back in the car as Videl stepped towards them threateningly. “You haven’t heard the last of us!” purple shirt called to the Satan girl before jumping in the driver’s seat of his car, and throwing the car into drive and speeding off.

As soon as the thugs left the scene, Videl turned back to the demi saiyan, her face apologetic. “Gohan, I’m so sorry. I should’ve stepped in. Ah man. Let me see how bad it is,” she apologized as he stood up, dusting off his clothes.

Gohan turned to her with a smile as he said, “I’m fine.”

Videl’s face altered from worry to disbelief. “B-but he hit you! I saw it. Not a scratch? Nothing?”

Gohan grinned a little wider. “Wow, not even a black eye? How lucky can ya’ get?”

Videl crossed her arms with a smirk. “Well, not very. You still got knocked on your ass.” Gohan laughed good-naturedly, scratching the back of his head. Videl frowned, more to herself than to the demi-saiyan. “I should have stepped in earlier. I’m sorry. But I didn’t because … it’s stupid now that I think of it.”

He raised a curious brow at her. “What?”

She shook her head in embarrassment. “I thought you were the Great Saiyaman,” she laughed before gesturing to him and adding, “but clearly, you’re not.”

Gohan laughed nervously. So he was right. She was close to catching him … was. He let out a louder laugh as he said, “Me, the Great Saiyaman. Yeah, right.”

Videl laughed with him as she added, “Yeah, you dress too nice to wear an orange bucket on your head. That and you clearly can’t take a punch.” Gohan’s smile became a little more forced at the
“bucket” comment he was trying hard to ignore. She placed a friendly hand on his shoulder as she said, “Next time there’s a fight, just holler for me before you decide to see how you’ll fair in it.”

Gohan nodded. “Right.”

She removed her hand as she blushed, adding, “And about the party, I’m sorry about that. I shouldn’t have forced myself on you like that.” Gohan blushed and just nodded, unable to find the words to respond with. Videl gave him a sincere smile as she said, “Right, well, have a safe trip home.”

Gohan nodded, waiting for her to walk away before making his way to a nearby alleyway to change into his Saiyaman costume and taking off to the clouds.

Siyaka sat in the restaurant Rock texted her about for an emergency meeting. Most of the other bruisers she had met and worked with were already there. She was the only woman of the group, but no one messed with her after the first bruiser meeting where she almost broke one of the thug’s arms before being called off by Rock. She drank her drink at the bar waiting for Rock to arrive this time to tell the group what was going on.

She looked up when she heard two men, Johnny and Ray walking through the door. Johnny was rubbing his meaty hand, which was swollen, as he shook his head at his ginger-haired companion. “Seriously, it felt like I was punching a steel wall,” Johnny said through a grimace.

“No way. That kid was puny,” Ray replied with a laugh.

“Maybe,” Johnny sighed, “but something definitely wasn’t right with him.”

Rock came in behind them, his hands on his hips. “Now, listen all. I sent Johnny and Ray out to the business side of Satan City that Louis wants to take control of. They ran into some …” he looked at Johnny rubbing his hand, “trouble with Ms. Satan, the town hero.” He turned back to the group with a smirk, “So we are going to challenge the Satan family and clear them out of the area for the Boss’s new operations.

“Now, obviously I can’t have everyone here go, so I’m gonna’ ask Johnny and Ray to join me, since they know what the little bitch looks like,” he looked at Siyaka pointing to her. “And you, Miss Siyaka. You will back me up if anyone gets uppity, since Johnny and Ray clearly can’t hold their own.”

“But Boss,” Johnny and Ray complained.

“Quiet!” Rock snapped, closing his eyes in annoyance. He turned back to the saiyan with a smile. “Siyaka, you’ve really proven yourself as one of my best bruisers these past several weeks. And I need my best bruiser to take Ms. Satan while I take on her father. What do you say?”

Siyaka licked her lips as she thought. “I’m not sure that’s a good idea.”

Rock shook his head with a smirk. “I’m not sure you understand this isn’t a request. It’s an order.”

She gave him a sardonic smile, knocking her drink back before she replied, “I’d be honored to take care of Ms. Satan.”

“That’s the spirit,” Rock smiled, turning back to the group. “Now, here’s the plan for tomorrow.”
The next day, Mia walked around the halls of school, keeping her head down to avoid eye contact with anyone. So many people had brought up the video of her table dancing and throwing up at Videl’s party that had gone viral, she could barely face anyone at school. If it wasn’t for needing to be there, she wouldn’t have gone.

She slipped the last class’s book on the top shelf of her locker before reaching for her next class’s book and shutting the locker shut. “Why are you ignoring me?” Gohan asked, leaning against her neighbors’ locker, a concerned expression on his face. She set her teeth as she thought, And then there’s this.

She never had a memory replay over and over again in her head as the memory of him turning her down. She couldn’t believe she had assumed he liked her like that. She was so embarrassed. Now she was trying to save some face by acting like she didn’t really care for him either, but he wouldn’t stop looking at her like that. Concerned, worried for their friendship. It was like he hadn’t noticed she already screwed their friendship up for the both of them. Now they couldn’t have a conversation between that wouldn’t hold that awkward thought around them that Mia wanted more than Gohan was willing to give. It would have been easier if he decided to avoid her just as she was trying to do.

She pushed past him, her face down as she tried to control the blush rushing to her face. “D-Did I do something wrong?” he asked, following closely behind her.

Mia stopped, shaking her head, but refusing to look at him. “No, you didn’t do anything wrong.”

“So, why aren’t you talking to me?” When she didn’t answer, he put a hand on her shoulder, gently turning her to face him. “Mia?”

Mia lifted her face, but she couldn’t bear to see his worried onyx gaze searching her face for an answer. She trained her eyes to the wall of lockers instead, stating, “Look it’s stupid. I thought ...” her shoulders dropped as she shook her head and rolled her eyes at her own stupidity. “It doesn’t matter what I thought. Clearly it was wrong.”

With that, she left his grasp and walked on towards class, leaving the demi-saiyan standing in the school hallway, looking after the Saiyan princess confusedly. I-I just don’t get girls, he thought, shaking his head at Mia’s retreating figure before following her to their Calculus class.

He saw her take a seat on the door’s side of the classroom towards the back. She still avoided his gaze as he walked across the front of the room to sit in front, not far from Videl, Erasa and Sharpner. “Lover’s spat?” Sharpner asked mockingly as he leaned towards Gohan.

“Leave him alone Sharpner,” Erasa reprimanded, throwing a balled up piece of paper at him. She leaned over to the blond man, whispering, “It’s not his fault he has such bad taste in women.” Gohan’s neck tensed at that, and he set his jaw, trying his best not to snap at them.

Sharpner shrugged with a laugh. “She’s got nice jugs.”

“Is that why you slept with her?” Videl sniped back as she sat down. Sharpner’s mouth snapped shut looking at the Satan girl bleakly, his eyes wide. Videl just shrugged with a frown, her blue eyes holding a sour glint in them as she added, “I mean, she was good enough for you. Right?” Gohan looked back to Videl with surprise as she stared down her ex, who was starting to look embarrassed. “So, by that logic, we should be making fun of you, because you did the same thing.”

Sharpner scoffed as he replied, “Well, if nerd-boy wants my sloppy seconds...”
Gohan made a move to get up and punch him, but Videl was faster with a loud resounding slap. She stood over him with a sardonic smile, her hands placed territorially over Sharpner’s desk while he held his red cheek in shock. “You leave Gohan alone, or you’re going to answer to me. Understand?” Sharpner nodded nervously, shrinking in his chair. Videl grinned, and with a sigh, took the desk next to Gohan.

Gohan eyed her strangely. “Wh-what was that for?”

Videl smiled at him as she stated, “Because you don’t know everything that’s gone on in our class.” She licked her lips before looking him seriously in the eyes and stating, “Look, I hate Mia. I’m not gonna’ sugarcoat it. She’s done things that most of us would deem reprehensible, which is why no one really talks to her.

“I also don’t get what’s going on between you and Mia. I still think you’re being naïve about it and her. But that’s not my business, and I get that. Maybe you see something in her that the rest of us don’t. Or maybe you just need to figure out who she really is on your own. Either way, you’re my friend. And I’m an adult enough to still be your friend while you figure things out. And if things don’t work out, I’m here for you. You know?”

Gohan gave her a weird thankful smile. “Yeah. Thanks.”

Videl smiled back at him, a smile that reached her purplish blue eyes. “Good. I’d hate to lose a friend over a stupid feud.” She sighed as she turned to the front of the class, opening her notebook as the teacher came in. “Just don’t ask me to be friends with her, and we’re good,” Videl added.

Their teacher began to speak, and Videl’s radio watch buzzed. She held up a finger to the teacher before pressing the open line button and responding, “Videl.”

“Videl! The Mayor has been taken hostage by the Red Shark Gang. They are demanding a fight with you and your father. We have them surrounded, but they have us outgunned, and the Mayor’s life is in danger. They’ve already blown up one of our cars.”

“Calm down, officer,” Videl ordered over the radio. “Where are they holding him?”

“City Hall. Hurry.” The line buzzed out as the transaction ended.

Videl jumped up from her chair and looked at the teacher. “Permission to be –“

“Excused, yes. Go,” their teacher interrupted her, gesturing for the door. Videl nodded as she sprinted out to go save the day.

Gohan’s heart started to pound. A gang that had the police outgunned? It would be nothing for him, but Videl was still only a human, a somewhat weak one at that. She’d be killed. Gohan’s hand shot in the air. “Yes, Gohan?”

“May I go to the bathroom?” he asked quickly.

Their teacher’s eyes narrowed at the demi-saiyan as he stated incredulously, “Mr. Gohan, you have a nasty habit of not returning from the restroom. So, I’m going to have to tell you to hold it,” the teacher answered, returning to his lesson.

Gohan could only stare after the teacher in shock at that response. “But Sir, it’s urgent!”

The teacher turned back to him with an eyebrow raised, “So ‘urgent’ you couldn’t take care of it before class?” When Gohan couldn’t answer the teacher nodded knowingly with a sigh. “The
answer is no, Gohan. Now back to the lesson.”

The teacher returned back to the front of the class, writing a couple problems on the board. Gohan could barely contain his nerves. His fingers twirled his pencil as he thought, and his ankle shook up and down as he tried to think. How on earth was he going to make it out of the classroom without blowing his cover? He didn’t notice the ceiling dust falling on his desk until one of his classmates shrieked, “EARTHQUAKE!!!!!” He looked up, finally taking in his surroundings as the classroom shook with wreckless abandon as the teacher ordered all the students to hide under their desks, as they were supposed to for an Earthquake drill. It was then he noticed it shook with every tap of his foot, and he slowed is tapping before jumping up and running for the door, not noticing the other Saiyan in the room running after him.

He got to the roof quickly, hitting the button on his watch to change into his costume. “GOHAN, WAIT!!!!” he heard just as he was going to leap off the roof. He turned, seeing Mia standing there with worried eyes, the most emotion he saw in her all week. “Don’t go.”

He gave her a confused look. “Did you not hear? There’s a gang of guys with guns. Videl could die.”

“She knows that going in!” Mia snapped. “And she went anyway!”

Gohan was taken aback by that remark. He shook his head, as if he couldn’t believe her. “Well, I’m not going to let her die,” he stated, jumping up into the air.

Mia jumped up as well, splaying herself out in front of him, blocking his flight path. “Please, Gohan. I’m begging you. Don’t go.”

“Why?” he growled.

Mia licked her lips nervously before replying, “I’m not really allowed to tell.” Gohan shook his head as he went to fly over her, but Mia got in front of him again. “My Mom’s undercover in the Red Shark Gang. She’s there, I just know it! We can’t blow her cover,” Mia answered in a rush, her eyes full of concern. “Gohan, please.”

“What do you mean ‘She’s undercover’?” Gohan asked with a frown.

Mia ran a hand through her hair, something he’d seen Vegeta do when he was stressed out a little. “One of the higher ups of the Red Shark Gang was in that robbery you stopped weeks ago as the Gold Fighter. Remember?” Gohan nodded in response, but his frown told her he was still confused. “Well, his prints and car were identified in a homicide case that had been open for a year, even though he wasn’t the main suspect. My mom was in charge of his interrogation, and she got him to agree to a plea deal by helping her go undercover to get the actual guy who was responsible. That guy responsible is the head of the Red Shark Gang. If she gets him, the whole gang goes down.

“Please, Gohan. We can’t blow her cover by swooping in now. All of her work from the last three weeks will have meant nothing, and more people might die because of it, including my Mom who’ll become a target.” She was crying by the end of her speech, begging Gohan to stay at school. “Please, Gohan, she’s all I’ve got,” she added, letting the tears fall freely from her face.

Gohan froze as he looked at the Saiyan princess break down in front of him. His gut urged him forward, pulling Mia into an embrace, trying to calm her sobs. He rubbed a gloved hand over her back as she hiccupped into his chest. “It’s alright. I’ll stay. I won’t go,” he promised softly.
Videl touched down behind the line of cop cars before jumping out and walking through the line. A police officer offered her a Kevlar vest, which she turned down. “They want a fight, that’s all,” Videl stated, raising her hands to show the thugs that she wasn’t armed.

“Videl, stop. We need a plan,” the head police officer called to her.

“We have a plan,” she replied blandly, “I go in and beat the shit out of them, then you come in and make some arrests. Problem solved.”

The officer opened his mouth to protest, but she was already walking up through the gate which slammed divisively shut after her. She was met with four thugs, one caused her eyes to go wide. There were three guys, two of them from the day before and another the size of a behemoth. The mayor nervously looking around in his bonds behind them. Then there was a woman, a woman Videl knew. Her curly hair and peeved glare was unmistakable. She had seen her in many parent teacher conferences and principle meetings as a child when she and Mia had a fight. Not to mention the many times she helped bring someone into the police station. But what was she doing here?

“So the little girl comes to play,” the big thug sneered. “Is this the Satan girl?”

“Yeah, boss, that’s her,” purple shirt answered.

The boss cracked his knuckles as he stepped up. “Well, little girl, where’s Daddy? I was expecting a fight, but he’s a no show.”

Videl shrugged, dropping her hands slowly. “My father’s a busy man. He doesn’t have time for every gun-toting thug who wants to fight him. So…” she smiled as she put her fists up in front of her face, “sorry, but you’re stuck with me.”

“Sorry,” the boss replied with a smirk, “You’ve got spunk, but I’m not your fight.” He side stepped and looked at the woman. “Siyaka, you’re up.”

Videl dropped her fists as she looked at the group confused. “S-she’s not a hostage?”

Siyaka stepped forward, a nervous look on her face. Unless she could get to Videl now, and inform her on the mission, Siyaka’s cover would be blown.

The boss laughed heartily. “Hostage? No dear girl, she’s one of my best fighters.”

Videl’s expression turned from confused to a mix of betrayed and condescending. “Is that it? Being a detective not paying enough, so you decided to join a gang…”

Siyaka was on her quick, with a punch cutting the Satan girl off. “Shut up,” Siyaka hissed dangerously under her breath. It wasn’t a hard punch, but it was enough to knock Videl on her ass and give her a bloody lip.

But Siyaka was too late. Videl held her jaw as she wiped the blood from her lip on her thumb. “What do you mean Detective?” the boss asked, his tone full of confusion. Then something dawned in his mind. “You were supposed to be an errand boy,” he muttered to himself.

“The girl’s delusional,” Siyaka tried to cover as she turned back to the team she had been working with the past several weeks. But she could see the cogs turning in Rock’s mind. He was figuring her out.

Rock looked at her with a weird glint in his eyes as he stated, “I’m not so sure she is. Tell me, Siyaka, what charges did you claim to be arrested with?”
“Grand theft auto,” Siyaka spit out quickly. “You aren’t actually entertaining this drivel, are you?”

He quirked his head as if he weren’t sure before stating, “Prove it.” His gaze shifted to the blue-eyed savior on the ground whose gaze shifted unsteadily between Rock and Siyaka. “Kill the mayor.”

“What?” Siyaka and Videl asked almost together.

“You heard me,” Rock replied, his eyes narrowing. “If you’re the cold-blooded torturer and killer you’ve led us to believe you are, then there should be no problem.”

Siyaka’s eyes shifted over to the mayor who was cowering in his bonds, crying at the prospect of death. “Except the fact we are surrounded by cops, and I’ll be wanted for murder,” Siyaka reasoned, hoping he’d let it go.

“We have them outgunned, and they know it,” Johnny called back to her with a bark of a laugh. “Just show us who you are.”

Rock’s gaze was trained on Siyaka as he added, “Prove you’re one of us.”

Siyaka’s heart dropped. If she killed the Mayor or even Videl right now to prove she was one of them, she would not be welcomed back in the precinct. Her annoyed glare shifted to Videl as she breathed out. Why couldn’t she just keep her mouth shut? She pursed her lips before answering, “No.”

“Wrong answer,” Rock replied before a loud bang of a gunshot went off, Siyaka wasn’t sure where from, but she heard the bullet coming towards her. In a flash, she reached up stopping the bullet with her hand, turned back to face the thugs. Rock had his hand raised as a signal to Ray, who held the smoking gun. All three stared at her with eyes wide at her inhuman speed and strength.

Siyaka smirked, dropping the bullet on the ground. “Wrong move.” She set herself in a fighting stance in front of Videl as the thugs recovered from their shock.

“Guns!” Rock yelled out, diving for the bazooka they brought with them as Johnny and Ray started firing their machine guns. Siyaka called out, forcing her ki around her, creating a barrier stopping the bullets around her and Videl. Videl eyes were wide as she looked at the woman in front of her. What was she?

When the first lull in bullets came around, Siyaka made her move. In the blink of an eye, Siyaka was behind the men, and with a swift blow to the neck, she knocked the biggest one out as if it were nothing. Ray and Johnny dove for the falling bazooka, but with two swift kicks, Johnny went flying into the courtyard wall, and Ray into the building windows, crashing through them. “Get the mayor out of here!” Siyaka called to Videl, not looking at her. When she didn’t move, Siyaka snapped at her louder, her voice a sharp and dangerous growl. “Get your ass up and go, Girl!”

Johnny groaned as he regained his composure, wiping at his mouth, where blood dribbled out the side. He stood up slowly, and Siyaka readied herself for attack.

Videl slowly got up, sneaking over to the mayor to untie his binds. As she tried to calm the mayor down, who was already in hysterics, there was a tinkling of shattered glass, drawing Videl’s attention away. “Get away from him, Girly,” Ray said, pointing a pistol at her. Videl put her hands up calmly, stepping away from the mayor. Ray smiled, letting out a small chuckle. “Well, this whole thing went poorly,” he added with a step forward, pushing Videl to step back. She growled at the thug as she did what he urged. “Maybe,” he thought out loud, “maybe I should just kill you and the mayor. Save our skins and take you out of the game.”
“Killing me won’t save you,” Videl growled as she took another step back. Right now, she kinda wished she had taken the Kevlar.

Ray’s smile grew. “Let’s see about that.” A loud bang went off as he pulled the trigger, or so Videl thought. There was an exploding pain in her left arm, a couple inches away from her heart. Her eyes snapped open in shock. She wasn’t even aware she closed them, bracing for the bullet. She could see Siyaka had hit Ray’s arm, breaking his humerus, the bone sticking out of his arm as he screamed. Siyaka then swiftly cut off his screaming by knocking him out with a swift karate chop to the base of his neck. Videl held a gloved hand to her bleeding arm as she looked around. All the thugs were knocked out. There was a puddle under the mayor. And Detective Jicama, Mia’s mother stood in front of her with a scowl, not even breathless.

“I-I” Videl sputtered out, unable to finish her thought.

“I was undercover,” Siyaka growled. “Not dirty.” Videl nodded, not sure how to form her words. Siyaka gestured to outside the wall. “Go get the squad,” the saiyan eyed her bloody arm, adding, “and go see a medic about that.” Videl blankly nodded, breathlessly making her way out of the city hall gates, and passing out at the cars.

“This was an absolute failure,” the captain huffed, staring out the window with a frown. Siyaka stood in his office, her onyx gaze trained on the ground. “The undercover mission barely got any information except for the names of the people who owe Louis money. Now you’re cover’s blown, Videl’s been shot and is in the hospital, and we can’t find Ricky to warn him and get him in witness protection.” The captain let out a sigh before turning to her. “We’ve listened to your tapes, and as captain, I feel it’s best if you take a break, see a shrink about what you were forced to do.’’

“A break?” Siyaka asked, her head snapping up. “No, sir. That’s not necessary.”

“Torturing people when you’re undercover can cause some serious psychological trauma,” the captain interrupted. “I don’t need one of my detectives suffering PTSD in interrogation.” He put his hands on the desk, sitting down in his chair. “This is an order, Jicama, not a request.”

Siyaka frowned, but nodded. “How long, sir?”

“At least a month,” the captain replied, “but really, until the shrink signs off on your release.”

Siyaka didn’t agree, but at the same, she wasn’t about to argue with the captain. It never worked out in her favor anyway. “Yes sir.”

The captain nodded, opening his desk drawer. “You’ll be on paid leave, so don’t worry about that.” He gave her a pitying expression as he added, “I’m sorry to ask for this, but I need your gun and badge until the shrink signs off on your release.” Siyaka shook her head with a huff as she reached in her back for her gun holster and badge that she grabbed from her desk when she got in the office. She placed them in the captain’s outstretched hands, who grasped them and placed them in the drawer. He gave her a small smile as he shut the drawer. “Enjoy your time off, Jicama.” Siyaka nodded wordlessly before turning on her heel and leaving the station.

Word had gotten around the school quickly about Videl’s condition after an officer came in delivered the news to the teachers. Mia understood Gohan going to visit her at the hospital right after school.
They were friends after all. Mia knew that. She couldn’t help the small pang of jealousy that ran through her seeing the concern in his eyes when he heard Videl was in the hospital with a gunshot wound. She kept her head down as she walked through the front door of her apartment. “Uncle Rito, I’m home!”

When she didn’t hear anything, she looked up and saw her mother sitting in the living room, her gaze focused on the outside. “Mom!” she cried out, feeling tears pricking her eyes. It had been so long since she’d seen her, and so much had happened. Siyaka’s gaze fell on Mia, and a small smile pulled at the corners of her mouth. Mia didn’t need her mom to say anything as she ran forward, almost tackling her. “Oh, Mom, thank god you’re home!”

“Hey,” Siyaka said, patting Mia gently on the back as her daughter cried into her shoulder and curly black hair. “What’s wrong? What happened?”

“Oh, Mom. So much. I’m such an idiot. I’ve needed to talk to you,” Mia cried. She shook her head, trying to dry her tears. Mia pulled back, looking at her mother as she asked, “Are you done with the gang?”

Siyaka frowned as she sighed, “Videl blew my cover today. I can’t go back now. They’ve put me on paid leave until I’m considered psychologically ready to go back on the force.”

“I’m sorry,” Mia apologized, “but I’m glad you’re home.”

Siyaka looked at her daughter with concern. “What’s wrong?”

“I fell for a guy,” Mia sobbed, wiping her tearful eyes, “and I completely fucked it up! He doesn’t like me like that, and now I’ve made it awkward because he knows, and I’m not even sure we can be friends anymore.”

Siyaka’s gaze filled with pity, gesturing to her daughter to lean on her. Mia took her offer, resting her head on her mother’s shoulder as she cried. Siyaka ran her fingers through her daughter’s hair, feeling Mia’s despair at falling for the wrong guy so early. “You’ll be alright,” Siyaka soothed, “I’m here,” Siyaka tried to soothe her. She could feel the familiar hum of her mother singing. It wasn’t something she did often, but she did it whenever Mia was inconsolable. The Saiyan Lullaby was always a last ditch effort to calm Mia down. And it usually worked.

“Little child, hear my voice.
I’m with you in the dark night.
Oh little child, you’ll grow and find
Your strengthened inner light.
So, little child, don’t you fret.
The dark is soon to pass.
And when the sun shows again,
You’re fear will leave at last.”

The weekend came by quickly, and Mia couldn’t be more grateful. Gohan finally gave her some
space the past couple days, but she noticed he kept giving her glances that kept her heart hoping. It was starting to get frustrating. Mia had been making her and her mom a pizza as a Saturday afternoon snack as Siyaka set up a movie for them to watch. That was when they heard it. A knock on the door, followed by fast heavy footsteps leaving the apartment.

Siyaka furrowed her eyebrows in confusion before ordering, “Go see what that was.”

Mia nodded, stepping to the entryway and swinging open the door. She eyed the cooler on their doorstep oddly. “A-are you expecting a package or something?”

“Package?” Siyaka repeated oddly, stepping in the space behind her daughter. It was indeed a blue and white cooler just sitting on their stoop. Curiosity got the better of her, and she knelt down to open it. A gasp left her mouth as her eyes went wide at the scene. She almost gagged as she heard her daughter start screaming out of fear and disgust. Inside the cooler was the head of Ricky from the Red Shark Gang wrapped inside a plastic bag, his eyes wide and sagging and blood pooling in the bottom of the bag. His jaw hung open wide, and stuffed inside it was a dead black rat.
“Is this how you found him?” Rito asked, looking at the cooler speculatively, his gloved hands holding up the lid. Naturally the first person Siyaka called about the head on her doorstep was her partner. Siyaka nodded. Rito huffed as he closed the cooler, adding, “There’s no way they could have figured out your address so quickly unless they had someone working for them. A dirty cop.”

Siyaka rose an eyebrow. “You think someone from our side is feeding them information?”

Rito nodded.

Mia raised an eyebrow, twitching her fingers against the glass of water. “Wait a minute. Why couldn’t they just look her up on the internet?” Rito and Siyaka shifted their gazes to her. “They knew your name right? And they knew you lived in Satan City,” Mia continued pointing out. “That’s all they would need to look you up on the internet and find your address.”

Siyaka shook her head. “Not necessarily. That shows the person’s mailing address, which we use a PO box. Someone we know would have had to give them directions.” Rito nodded. “That means one of the cops most likely.”

“If that’s the case, witness protection is out,” Rito stated, rubbing his thumb and forefinger together, making a squeaking noise as he thought. “Do you know anyone you can stay with who lives outside the city?” Siyaka furrowed her brow as she thought. “And I don’t mean just outside the city,” he clarified, his eyes serious and full of worry. “I mean far enough away people wouldn’t think to look for you there?”

Siyaka shook her head. “No, we don’t.”

“Yes, I do,” Mia replied in a small voice just behind her mom. Rito and Siyaka both turned to look at Mia, curious frowns on their faces. Her gaze remained glued to the table. “I’ll go call him to see if it’s ok.” Mia shot up from the table, not looking at them.

She could hear her mother from the kitchen ask, “‘Him’? Do you know who she’s talking about?”

Rito didn’t answer.

Mia searched through her phone in her bedroom for Gohan’s number in her contacts. She knew this
was going to be awkward to ask him after trying to ignore him for a week, but she had to at least try. She found it and hit call, nervously sitting on her bed. It rang once, twice, thre--

“Hello? Son residence?” a woman said on the line, her voice sounding like a bell.

“Hi,” Mia breathed into the receiver. It was his mother. It had to be. “I’m looking for Gohan. I’m a classmate –“

The woman cut her off as she said, “We were just about to sit down for dinner. Would you mind calling back?”

“Please ma’am,” Mia replied quickly, “it’s urgent.”

She heard the woman huff under her breath, “Rude,” before she called out, “Gohan! There’s a girl for you on the phone.” There was a pause before she asked in a slightly lower tone, “Why are you giving our number out to strange girls? You’re supposed to be doing school work at school. Not hitting on classmates.”

“Mom, can I have the phone?” she heard him huff. There was a rustling as the phone switched hands. “Hello?” he said into the receiver.

“Hi, Gohan,” Mia said in a small voice.

“Mia,” he rasped, his voice full of relief. “Wh-what are you --?”

“Gohan, I kinda need to be quick about this,” Mia started, cutting off his confused stuttering. “I know I have no right to be asking you for a favor after I’ve been ignoring you this week, and I’m sorry. But my mom and I need a place out of the city to hide. Her cover was blown and … a-and,” her voice started to crack as she felt the tears start coming down her face. “W-we got this package … a-and…” She couldn’t say it. The thought just made her sick to her stomach. She skipped it, trying hard to control her sobbing, “Witness protection is o-out, according to R-Rito and Mom, since it’s likely a-a dirty cop wh-who gave out our information… I-I’m sorry, but you’re the only one I could th-think of.”

“Hold on, Mia,” Gohan breathed. She could hear his hand cover the receiver as he asked, “Mom.”

His voice went hushed, and she could hear his mother be taken aback by what he had told her.

“She wants to what?!?” his mother shrieked. “Absolutely not!”

“Please, Mom,” Gohan started. “They have no one else to turn to.”

It was silent for a moment. “Fine. But nothing funny is going to happen. I’ll be watching both of you like a hawk.”

“What?! Mom!” Gohan gasped hysterically. “I-it’s not like that!” There was another long pause before she heard Gohan huff and remove his hand from the receiver. “You can hide out here. We’ve got my dad’s childhood home next door redone, so you can stay there until things cool down.”

“Thank you, Gohan. I … we owe you.”

“Do you need any help flying over here?”

“M-maybe. Meet at my apartment in an hour?”

“Will do. See ya.” He hung up, and Mia dropped her phone with a sigh. She stepped out of her room
to see Rito and Siyaka leaning against the opposing wall.

“I-I have a classmate whose family lives in the 439 district. He goes home on the weekends,” she half fibbed to the adults. “They have a guest house on their property that we can stay in.”

Rito’s eyebrows shot up. “439? That’s six-hundred some miles out.” He paused before adding. “It’ll have to do. Do you need to borrow my car?”

Siyaka started to speak, but Mia interjected, “No. It’s apparently a little difficult to get to. He’s on his way here to get us.”

“That’s going to be hours,” Rito said with a frown.

“Which gives us time to pack,” Mia countered.

Siyaka eyed her daughter strangely. “What’s going on Mia?”

Mia’s gaze shifted to the cooler still on the counter, her face twisting into a sickened frown. “N-nothing,” she breathed. “I just want it gone.”

Rito nodded. “I should go ahead and take it for processing. Maybe I can find some prints on the cooler or the…,” his voice went quiet as he shot Mia a careful look, “the contents.” Siyaka shot a weird gaze to her daughter as she followed him to the kitchen. He grabbed the handle of the cooler with his gloved hand. “I’ll call this in and we’ll get this figured out soon,” he whispered.

“Thanks,” Siyaka replied.

“Another thing,” Rito added, “Mia shouldn’t be going to school right now. If they can find your home, they can definitely find her at school.”

“What do you suggest?”

Rito gave her a small smile as he chuckled, “Mono?”

Siyaka gave him a strange frown. “Mono?”

“Yeah,” Rito said. “Gives her a reason to be out of school for a month without too much suspicion. All you gotta do is call the school and say she contracted Mono. At least she won’t be truant.”

“Right,” Siyaka replied, chewing the side of her lip.

Rito pulled her into a half hug with his free hand as he said, “Stay safe.” Siyaka nodded, giving him a nonverbal promise. He made his way out, pulling out his cellphone as he called the police captain, updating him on what had just happened.

“Mia,” Siyaka called out just as the teenage Saiyan was about to walk back into her room. When Siyaka saw she got her daughter’s attention she asked, “What’s going on? The boy you called, who is he?”

“H-he’s a friend?” Mia mumbled, not meeting her mother’s gaze.

“A friend?” Siyaka questioned, her onyx eyes narrowed and her lips pursed. Mia felt like one of the criminals in her mother’s interrogation room. “What kind of friend? Why haven’t I met him?”

“He just started school a month ago,” Mia answered. “And he’s just a friend.”
“A month ago?” Siyaka asked. *That was about when I went undercover, so it makes a sort of sense. Has Rito met him?”*

Mia nodded. “He came by once while Rito was here.” Mia sighed. “Mom, we really need to pack. He’ll be here soon.”

Siyaka’s brow shot up. “I thought you said he was driving from 439.”

“No, he’s flying,” Mia corrected, trying to go to her room. *So, he’s a rich kid from 439, Siyaka inferred.*

“So, where’s he going to land?” Siyaka asked, her tone clipped. Clearly, they were supposed to make a quiet getaway, but with this kid flying in, that plan was shot.

Mia shrugged as she pulled out a suitcase and threw it on her bed. “I dunno. The roof, I guess.” She stopped with a huff, before looking at her mom with a skeptical expression. “Look, Mom. I know you want to get all the information you can, but we need to pack now. I promise, he and I will explain everything on the way.”

Siyaka scowled, but said, “Fine. But you better tell me everything, Missy.” She went back to her room to pack.

It wasn’t long before there was a knock on the apartment door. “Got it!” Mia called out. The door swung open as she greeted, “Hi, Gohan.” Siyaka stepped out of her room, taking a few steps down the hallway to see a tall young man, pitch-black spiky hair, and ebony colored eyes. But what got Siyaka the most was his bone structure. He looked so familiar. But at the same time, she couldn’t place it. “Thank you for your help.”

“Well, what was I gonna do?” he laughed nervously, scratching the back of his head with a smile. “Tell you to figure things out yourself?”

“Still,” Mia sighed, “thanks.”

Mia turned to see her mother’s calculating frown on both of the teens, as if trying to piece them together. “Uh, Gohan, this is my mom. Mom, this is Gohan.”

Gohan stuck his hand out with a good-natured smile. “Pleasure.”

Siyaka’s eyes narrowed as she eyed the boy. “Right.” Her gaze remained trained on the two teens before Mia made an awkward cough and muttered, “I’ll go grab my bag,” excusing herself to her room. Gohan tried to avoid Siyaka’s intense judging gaze, scuffing his shoe on the floor, his eyes finding the tile on the floor incredibly interesting, apparently. “Thank you,” Siyaka finally huffed. *Rich kid or not, he didn’t have to let us borrow his house,* she thought.

Gohan looked up, a little surprise in his eyes. “Really, it’s no problem, Ma’am,” he replied with a small smile. “Do you need help with your bag?”

Siyaka scoffed as she turned around, heading back to her room. “No, I got it.” She heard Gohan release an unsteady breath as she grabbed her bags. She had packed an extra bag full of hers and Mia’s paperwork in case something happened to the apartment. She made sure she also grabbed the Saiyan records for a few reasons, like if someone found them, they could prove that they were aliens, being the more likely of reasons. She hauled the bags out to the foyer where Mia stood with a large bag in her hands and her backpack on her back.

Gohan eyed both women with a pleasant smile before asking, “Ready to go?”
Siyaka gave a small nod, urging them out the door. Gohan walked out first, Mia following closely behind him, with Siyaka bringing up the rear, shutting off lights as she passed through the rooms. Once she locked the apartment door, she followed Gohan and Mia up the stairs to the roof where she found … nothing to her surprise. *Maybe he capsulated it.*

“Nimbus!” he called out loudly, earning a frown from both of the Jicama women. In flew a yellow cloud, skidding to a stop in front of Gohan. Siyaka was at a complete loss for words as Gohan stated, “You can put your bags on the Nimbus. He’ll carry them for you.”

Mia’s mouth hung open as she tried to form the words. “Th-that’s a cloud.”

Gohan raised an eyebrow at her as he laughed, “This can’t be the weirdest thing you’ve seen. I mean, you can turn into an ape at the full moon, yet you can’t wrap your mind around a cloud?”

“What did you tell him?” Siyaka hissed to her daughter.

“Nothing,” Mia defended.

“No, I already knew about Saiyans,” Gohan answered quickly, raising his hands in defense.

Siyaka’s eyes went wide. *Well, that explains why they are close friends. But how does he…?*

“Gohan, clouds don’t have a mass. So how can this hold our bags?”

Gohan shrugged, “It’s magical. No way to really explain it.”

Mia blinked at him as if he were crazy, but did as he suggested, and put her large bag on the yellow cloud. It held … surprisingly. Mia shook her head with a small laugh. “That’s so weird.” Siyaka didn’t move, allowing Mia to grab her bag and heft it onto the cloud.

“Well, let’s go,” Gohan started, hovering into the air, Mia following after him.

That’s when Siyaka realized what was going on, shaking her head and scoffing at her own ignorance, “Idiot.” She looked at the teens in front of her with a disappointed scowl. “Saiyaman and Saiyagirl. *Saiyan-man and Saiyan-girl.* You’re a Saiyan too, right?”

“Half,” Gohan replied with a small nod.

Siyaka chewed the inside of her cheek as she added, “So, safe to assume you’re the Gold Fighter, too, right?” Gohan nodded again, nervously this time. He knew Siyaka was assigned to arrest him, but he prayed that allowing her to stay with his family would change her mind on bringing him in.

“Mom, please don’t …”

“Oh, I’m not gonna do anything,” Siyaka sighed, as they begun to fly out of the city. “Nothing I *could* do if I wanted. I can’t bring in some black haired, black eyed teen and claim he’s an alien that can change his hair blond. My badge would be revoked faster than you can get a Saiyan to a dinner table.” Gohan let out a small laugh at the new euphemism. “Plus,” she added under her breath, “I’m off the force until I’m cleared by a psychologist.

“Not only that,” she finished, chewing the inside of her lip, “but you’re my daughter, and I’d never turn you in.”

“Thank you,” Gohan said.

“So,” Siyaka huffed, moving on, “you must be Kakarrot’s son. I must say, I’m curious to see how he
is as an adult. Last I saw him, he was giving Gine trouble, falling off any high surface he could climb onto.”

Gohan’s eyebrows furrowed as he looked back at the older Saiyan. “Gine?”

“You’re grandmother,” Siyaka filled in as they dodged a flock of birds. “He must have told you about her. He was three when they shipped him off here, so he should remember his parents.”

Gohan’s face fell. “No, he didn’t.” It was quiet for a minute before Gohan asked, “You met him when he was little?”

Siyaka nodded. “Raditz took me by their house before the mission we went on when Vegeta exploded. I was six, as was Raditz. Gine was trying her hardest to handle the customers coming into her shop and Kakarrot, who wouldn’t stop trying to eat the meat.”

“Meat?”

“Gine was the best butcher in the Saiyan capital,” Siyaka explained. “Saiyans would fly in from other parts of the globe for her jerky and homemade sausages.”

Gohan frowned. “She wasn’t a warrior? I thought all Saiyans were raised to be fighters.” A proud Saiyan warrior. That’s what Vegeta said all the time, that all Saiyans were strong, battle-hungry warriors, and not to be one was disgraceful. It was a small shock to hear his grandmother on his Saiyan half was so … well, normal.

Siyaka shot him a strange look as she replied, “No, not all Saiyans were raised to be fighters. There were places for all sorts in our culture, otherwise our civilization would have collapsed easily. For example, I was supposed to follow in my mother’s footsteps as being the Keeper of the Saiyan Culture, and become well learned in Saiyan history and lore to advise the King. Well, -- that was before the king put me on V’s team after our betrothal was announced.” Siyaka shook her head. “Your grandmother was different. Raditz told me once it was because she used to be on Bardock’s team, but he kept having to save her so much that he told her to leave the team. She had the power of a fighter, but not the heart. So, she became the best butcher on Vegeta.”

“Bardock?”

“Her mate. Kakarrot’s and Raditz’s father,” Siyaka answered. She huffed as she realized that this boy knew nothing of his Saiyan heritage. There was so much to tell him, teach him. That meant she’d have to go through all the information again with Kakarrot. “I’ll explain more when we reach our destination.”

Gohan nodded. “We’ll be there in a few minutes.”

“I am curious, however,” Siyaka added with a small smile, “who told you all Saiyans were warriors?” She looked out over the sun-setting horizon as she said, “They were sorely mistaken.”

“V- Vegeta,” Gohan answered nervously.

Mia shot a strange look to both Gohan and Siyaka. She didn’t know much of what living among Saiyans was like either, but from what Siyaka had told her, Gohan’s understanding was completely wrong, and in turn, her father’s. Yes, Saiyans were strong. And yes, they had the urge to fight and face any opponent or challenge. Yes, the urge and instinct for battle was strong in every Saiyan. But was fighting all that there was to being a Saiyan? No. Even Mia knew that.

Siyaka shook her head. So, he does know V. But if that’s what V has told him of being a Saiyan, how
much of our history is lost to our Prince? “His time under Frieza must have jaded his memory of our race,” Siyaka said in a small voice, biting her lower lip a little to ease the pain in her heart. How much had her V forgotten?

“Hey, Gohan?” Mia started, changing the subject.

He looked over to her. “Yeah?”

“I-I’m not going to be able to go to school, but I really don’t want to fall behind this close to graduation,” she continued. “Could you grab my classwork?”

“Uh, sure, no problem,” he replied with a smile. He looked down, seeing his home and grinned. “We’re here!” They began their descent, landing in front of a white-domed house with a wooden standard home attached at the back. Gohan immediately began to grab their bags off the nimbus as Mia and Siyaka took in their new home for the next month, or at least until Rito cleared the problem. There was a red symbol attached to the wooden door of the round part of the house. Not far off to the side, there was another standard house, this one red and white with a navy blue roof. Attached to its back looked to be two more small white-domed houses. It wasn’t as big as the main house, which made Mia assume that was Kakarrot’s childhood home, where they’d be staying.

From the larger house, outstepped a beautiful woman, who looked rather young for having a child about to graduate from high school, and a young child wearing a light blue tunic with puffy yellow pants. His hair was wild, poking out in strange directions that made Siyaka give a small smile. He was a dead ringer for the young Kakarrot that Siyaka had met so many years ago.

Mia could see where Gohan got most of his looks from now seeing who she assumed was his mother. He had her skin tone, her eyes, and even her strong and poised jaw line. His hair was tamer than a usual Saiyan’s, unlike his little brother. Gohan’s hair stood straighter, like his mother’s which was pulled back into a sleek bun.

She eyed the Saiyan women suspiciously, her hands on her hips as she looked at them. Her legs set a part in a power stance, showing off the blue pants and purple boots beneath her yellow dress. “Who’re your friends, Gohan?” the little boy asked excitedly.

“This is my classmate, Mia, and her mother …” He paused trying to think of her name.

“Siyaka,” the curly-haired Saiyan filled in with a smile, giving a small bow with her head. “Thank you for letting us stay with you.”

“Mia, this is my Mom,” Gohan started, pointing to the dark haired woman.

The little boy piped up, interrupting Gohan as he said, “And I’m Goten!”

Mia smiled and waved to the little boy. His grin was infectious. “He’s cute,” Mia giggled.

Siyaka rolled her eyes before she asked, “Is Kakarrot out training?”

Gohan and Chichi froze, and Siyaka immediately felt the tension in the air from her small question. “Kakarrot?” Chichi shot a strange look to her eldest. “How do they know that name?”

“Oh,” Gohan breathed nervously.

Chichi was starting to glare. “How do they know that name?” she asked again, her frown turning into a glower.
“They’re Saiyans, Mom.” Chichi’s eyes went wide, her eyebrows in her hairline. “Mom, breathe.”

She waved him off as she turned back to go into the house, saying in a small voice, “I need to cook more food.” Goten followed his mom back into the house, asking her what was wrong, if she was okay.

Gohan let out a long string of breath before turning to their guests, his hands in his pockets and his face contorted in a frown. His voice was quiet as he filled in, “Uhm, my Dad’s been dead since Cell.”

Mia looked to the ground awkwardly as Siyaka cursed herself under her breath. “I’m sorry. It still must be hard on your family,” she offered.

Gohan shook his head. “Don’t be hard on yourself,” he replied with a small smile, “you couldn’t have known.” He gestured back to his house. “Why don’t you come on in? Enjoy some dinner? Then we can get you settled in the guest house.”

Siyaka gestured Mia forward, who walked into the house, her mother and classmate following behind her. Chichi stood at the oven with a massive pot full of rice cooking as she muttered to herself about more Saiyans in the house. Siyaka walked over to her quickly, a friendly smile on her face as she asked, “How can I help?” Chichi eyed her strangely. Never had Chichi ever heard of a Saiyan cooking. “I’m really good with vegetables.”

Chichi sighed, rubbing her temples. “Can you chop and sauté the squash?”

Siyaka grinned. “On it,” she announced, snatching up a knife and cutting board and starting to chop up the squash with an inhuman speed.

Gohan leaned to Mia, opening his mouth to speak but was interrupted by his little brother pointing to the tv screen. “It’s Chobi!!!” he squealed.

Gohan looked up, seeing a green baby dinosaur being whipped on the screen, advertising the new circus in Satan City for the next week. The ringmaster whipped the baby for tricks while the dino just cried and cried. “Oh, my. He looks absolutely terrified,” Chichi mustered, her fist on her hips as she watched the screen. She placed a platter of rolls on the table as she asked, “Do you know him?”

“Yeah,” Gohan replied with a frown. “His nest isn’t far from here, and we’ve known his dad for years.” He bit the inside of his cheek, worry on his face. “Toto is not going to be happy about this.”

“You have to do something, Gohan! Please?” Goten urged, his black eyes full of tears as his lower lip jutted out in a pout. Siyaka worked hard to contain her smile, seeing the same face the boys’ father made so many decades ago replicated so perfectly the little seven-year-old. It was like looking back in time.

“Don’t worry, squirt. Mia and I will make sure he gets back home safe and sound, right?” Gohan grinned, turning to his classmate.

Mia eyed him, his grin causing a pang in her chest. “Uh.” She turned to the little boy in front of her, crocodile tears threatening to spill over his cheeks. He was too cute. She couldn’t say no to the little kid. “Sure,” she said with a small smile.

Siyaka scoffed over the stove, muttering, “Mia at a Circus. That should be entertaining.”

Mia pursed her lips as Gohan shot the older Saiyan a curious look. With a sigh, Mia reached forward, snagging a few rolls from the table. “I’m actually not terribly hungry,” Mia began
dismissing herself, hoping for a quick getaway.

“Put the rolls down and grab a seat,” Siyaka ordered, cutting her daughter a sly glance. Mia huffed and did as she said. Of course her mom was going to make her sit through a meal with her crush and his family. Chichi barely suppressed a smile at the display. Something told Mia that Siyaka and Chichi just might become best friends through this ordeal, causing her to roll her eyes.

“Yeah, it’d be a shame if you missed out on Mom’s food,” little Goten laughed, sitting eagerly at the table next to her. Gohan nodded in agreement.

Mia pursed her lips, then smiled. She could see Gohan eyeing her hopefully, as if their friendship was good now. It wasn’t. Her heart panged in her chest wishing that she could have just gone back in time and taken that one minute away. That one minute that solidified her friend-zone status. At least before she had hope. Now even that was gone. Maybe it was the hope that was more misleading than anything, and that caused her the most pain because it was all she had. Hope and a feeling, both of which were gone now. God, this dinner was going to be painful.

A minute passed before the food was put on the table and the mothers took their seats. Mia remained mostly quiet while Siyaka and Chichi talked over dinner while the two Son boys dug into their food like starved maniacs. Mia decided it was best to just stick to the three servings this time, while Siyaka dug in. Chichi was the only one who didn’t eat much, but being a human, that was expected. Siyaka explained their predicament without going into the gory details in between servings. She explained that she was on paid-time off for the next month or so, and that Mia would be staying home as well until things got sorted. Chichi talked about shopping trips she had planned, mostly grocery runs, asking if Siyaka and Mia wanted to join her. They even exchanged recipes.

“Oh, this is so exciting having some girls in the house for once,” Chichi cheered. Gohan rolled his eyes, clearly thinking about his mother’s comments earlier over the phone. Mia smirked, catching his eyes, causing them both to chuckle at his mother.

Chichi let out a sigh, getting up from the table. “Alright, Goten, you help me clear the table, and Gohan, you help them get settled in the guest house.

He eagerly jumped up from the table, guiding Mia and Siyaka out to the guest house, grabbing their bags on the way. He swung open the door dropping the bags in the main room. The front room had a sitting area and a small dining area with a kitchenette. There was a rounded door in the back that looked off with the rest of the house set-up. Clearly they had added on to it. “Through the door is the bedrooms and bathroom,” Gohan explained.

“Thank you,” Siyaka smiled as Mia walked into the small structure of the original house. “I think we can figure out sleeping arrangements from here.” Gohan nodded, stepping outside. “Gohan,” Siyaka called out, causing him to turn back to her. He could see Mia behind her still taking in everything. “Thank you, again, for letting us stay here. You didn’t need to do that.”

His expression adopted a slightly pained glint in his eyes as he said, “Really, it’s not a problem. Goodnight, Ms. Jicama. Goodnight, Mia.”

Mia remained silent as her mother shut the door with a divisive click. Siyaka eyed her daughter curiously, before clearing her throat, garnering her attention. “So,” Siyaka started with a frown, “he’s the guy?”

Mia bit back a sniffle as she said, “Yeah.” She let out a huff, ignoring her mother’s pitying gaze as she snatched her bag and announced, “I’m going to bed.”
Bulma let out a sigh as she tried to sleep. This whole “ex” information had really stressed her out, more than she thought it would. She shifted in her covers, positioning her body to look at her husband. It was a rare sight that only she saw. Vegeta snoozed easily beside her, his nose flaring just a little with every small snore. His hair was wildly splayed like hers against the pillow, and the shifting in his eyes told Bulma he was in his REM sleep. No matter how often Bulma saw him like this, his face peaceful and content, she still wasn’t used to it.

So far, their efforts for a second conception had not been fruitful. It boggled her mind. Trunks had been so easy. Hell, they weren’t even trying to conceive then. More than that, she had taken measures not to conceive when Trunks happened. But, when they actually wanted a child, she was as barren as a desert. She didn’t want to push for fertility treatments just yet, but at the same time, she wanted to get pregnant before Vegeta found out about his ex, and who knew how long before that piano would drop.

Also, last she heard from Gohan, Mia had been ignoring him. Even though she felt bad for the boy, she had to admit to herself that the reprieve of Mia meeting Vegeta eased her anxiety a little. And that made her feel worse.

“Shhhh,” Vegeta mumbled in his sleep, rolling onto his back, catching Bulma’s attention. She made herself perfectly still, even holding her breath as she listened. Vegeta only rarely talked in his sleep, and it was usually about Goku. “They won’t find us, Sai. I promise.”

Her heart froze, and her eyes went wide. If she wasn’t alert before, she definitely was now. Sai. Was that her name? Was he dreaming about her right now, while he was in Bulma’s arms? Her mind ran a mile a minute, as she muddled over the name. She felt her eyes begin to water as she pulled her arms from around him. She needed some fresh air. And by fresh air, she meant a cigarette.

She rolled away from her husband, pulling open the drawer in her nightstand and grabbing her carton and lighter. She eased out of the bed as she made her way to the bathroom. She opened up a window next to her makeup counter quickly, sitting on a small stool underneath it and slid a cigarette out of the carton. She placed the cig in her mouth, her two fingers shaking as she held it up. She fumbled with the lighter until she got a flame going, lighting the end of the stick and plopping the lighter on the counter unceremoniously. She took a shaky breath from the cigarette, closing her eyes as its effects filled her body. She pulled it away and let out a sigh, all the smoke coming with it. She pulled the ash tray on the counter close to her, tapping some ash off her cigarette. Kami, she needed to straighten out her mind. This anxiety could not be healthy, and probably wasn’t helping her conceive either. She sighed before taking another drag, and looking out the window.

“Bulma?”

She looked back to the door to see her Prince, wincing at her in his boxers. She let the smoke out of her mouth as she muttered, “Hi.”

“What are you doing? It’s four o’clock in the morning,” he asked groggily, using his thumb and forefinger to wipe the sleep from his eyes.

Bulma breathed heavily before giving him a sarcastic smile and gesturing to the cigarette. “I needed a breath of fresh air.”

He frowned at her, his arms crossed in their usual stance as he huffed, “You know that’s a horrible habit.”
She rolled her eyes. “So is training until you can’t move.”

“Yes, but I’m not the one getting pregnant,” he snarked back with a smirk.

Bulma pursed her lips, tapping her cigarette in the ash tray. “Well, you and I both know that I’m not pregnant yet, either,” she remarked, almost bitingly. Vegeta frowned at her. Obviously, something was off. She sighed. “Sorry.” She took another drag of her cigarette, letting the smoke out her nose as she added, “I’m just a little anxious that we’re already too late. That, and shit going on at work.”

That always threw him off her scent when she was hiding something from him. He hated hearing about her office problems, mostly because he never understood them. Sitting at a desk all day and appeasing board members was not something he even pretended to be interested in.

A small smile came on his face as he walked over to her, taking the cigarette gently out of her hands and putting it out in the tray. “We aren’t too late,” he reassured. “But, if it’d make you feel better, we can try again right now.” His smolder was charming. But the back of her mind still nagged.

“No one. Sai’s no one.” Bulma nodded with an easy smile, not looking in his eyes as she deduced, Of course it was her. “Now,” Vegeta started, leaning in and drawing Bulma’s attention, “Let’s get to trying.” He gave her a quick wink as he dove in for a kiss, sweeping her up off the stool bridal style, making her squeal, and speedily taking her back to the bed. He splayed her out, trailing kisses all down her body, as her hands found their way into his hair. His hands all over her body, their ministrations, drove all thoughts of Mia and her mother out of Bulma’s mind.

“Alright, let’s scout the area,” Gohan urged as he and Mia landed in a secluded part of the Circus. Mia nodded, taking a sharp breath as her nervous gaze shifted around. Gohan frowned at the raven-haired princess as he asked, “Are you ok?”

She gave him a small glare, then lifted her chin looking away. “Coulrophobia is not an uncommon fear,” she defended as she walked towards the crowd. “Clowns are creepy, and ninety percent of the population agrees with me on that fact.”

Gohan laughed, catching up with her and falling in step. “Here I thought you were fearless.”

“Well, I’m more fight than flight if that makes any difference,” she added as she continued to look around. In a smaller voice, she added, “which was what caused the incident in elementary school.”
Gohan stopped, holding up a hand and trying to contain his laughter. “Wait, so you’re telling me you had to change schools because you beat up a clown in elementary school?”

Mia winced, tilting her head to the side as she corrected, “A teacher … dressed up like a clown.” Suddenly, Gohan was doubled over, clutching his stomach as he laughed. “Hey!” Mia snapped back, holding a finger up, “you try watching the movie *IT* as a four year-old, and see if you aren’t afraid of clowns.” Gohan couldn’t stop laughing, to the point he was wheezing. Mia scowled at the hybrid, crossing her arms tightly and flicking her braid behind her shoulder. “It’s not funny.”

Gohan waved her off, trying to calm his breathing down. “I know, I know. Not funny.” He calmed down a little as he muttered again, “Not funny,” before he chuckled again, letting out a small snort as he tried to keep it in.

“Whatever,” Mia groused, rolling her eyes. “Let’s just go find that dinosaur.”

Gohan followed closely behind as they entered the giant tent, taking a seat in the back row. Towards the end of the first show, they wheeled out the baby green dinosaur in a small cage, pulling him into the ring with a fancily dressed man with a whip. “That’s him,” Gohan whispered, shifting in his seat to see better. The circus people pulled him out and put him on a painted pedestal, where he whimpered as the fancily dressed man snapped his whip for him to do a trick. “My god, he’s terrified.” Gohan frowned, before he got up, whispering, “Come on.” Mia followed him back out of the tent as Gohan grabbed a map and opened it up. “The owner’s offices are back here,” he said, pointing to a corner of the map on the other side of the grounds.

Mia shot him a strange look as she asked, “And what were you planning on doing at the office? Giving the owner your identification and saying, ‘I’d like to steal your dinosaur, sir.’”

Gohan stood up straight, his brow furrowed as he inquired, “What do you suggest we do?”

“Well,” Mia started with a shrug, “I’d say best bet is to just take him.”

Gohan scowled at her, scratching the back of his head, ruffling his spiky black hair. “Why can’t we just reason with the owner? Maybe he has a good heart.”

Mia rolled her onyx eyes as she scoffed, “Yeah, because a guy who thinks it’s ok to kidnap baby dinosaurs from their nests can totally be convinced to listen to morals.” She shook her head, and grabbed his wrist. “Just come on.” She ignored his groaning, “Mia, what’re you…? Stop.” But she didn’t miss the blush creeping onto his cheeks. She pushed him down to a crouch with her behind a pile of crates. She pointed over her shoulder to and opening in the back tent. “Over there is where Chobi will come out.” Gohan frowned, then nodded. “When the coast is clear, you bend the bars on his cage and fly him out of here. I’ll keep a lookout, so no one goes back there, and when you got him out, go towards the school. I’ll meet you there.” Gohan nodded. She moved to get up, but stopped herself as she turned back to him, grabbing his shoulder and squeezing it as she added, “Good luck.”

With that, she ran off, leaving Gohan’s heart racing behind the crates. He pressed the button on his watch, turning into Saiyaman as he waited for Chobi to be wheeled out. He didn’t wait long. “Come on, little guy. Good show,” one of the stage hands said, sitting his cage down in the back next to the tiger. The stagehand went back inside, muttering about the clean-up for the next show. That was Gohan’s queue. He jumped up, appearing before the small crate.

“Hey, Chobi!” Gohan smiled. The little pterodactyl looked up, half chirping half growling. “It’s me, Gohan. Let’s get you out of there.” Gohan gripped the bars and spread them apart with ease. He reached in, grasping the dinosaur under its wings and pulling him out. As soon as Gohan had a good
grasp on Chobi, he started flying off towards their high school on the other side of town. He went slower than usual, because of the load he was carrying, but that didn’t stop Chobi from crying and trying to escape Gohan’s grasp. “Chobi, please,” Gohan pleaded, gripping the dino tighter.

As they reached the halfway point, Gohan could feel Chobi slipping just before the dinosaur cried out as he fell. Gohan dove to catch him then landed. “Chobi, you need to stay still.” He let out a sigh as he put Chobi on his back. “Maybe we should try on foot.” As he started to run with Chobi, he could hear sirens come up behind him. “Shit,” he cursed, trying to run faster. But that’s when he heard it. Videl’s plane flew just above him, and landed a few yards in front of him, causing him to skid to a stop. The police cops previously on his tail skidded to a stop behind him, creating a barricade.

Videl hopped out of her chopper and got in a fighting stance in front of him. “Well, well, well. Look who finally showed his true colors.” She eyed him with a cool gaze and a smirk. “So where’s your girlfriend?”

Gohan’s eyes went wide. “I-I don’t h-have a girlfriend,” he muttered. But where was Mia? He shook his head clear of thoughts of his crush as Videl stepped closer to him. “Look, Ma’am, this isn’t what it looks like.”

Videl scowled as she asked, “So, you aren’t kidnapping a baby dinosaur from its rightful owner?” Gohan went silent, causing Videl to laugh. “That’s what I thought.” She put up her fists as she added, “You know, after I arrest you, you know the first thing the police are going to do is take that bucket off your head!”

“Please, Ma’am,” he replied, “I don’t want to fight you. I just want to return this guy to his home, before his parents find out he’s missing.”

“His home is with the circus,” Videl snapped back.

“Please, try and understand,” Gohan started.

“I understand that you’re an ass who thinks he’s above the law. Now, fight!” Videl howled, flying at him, her fist poised for attack. He dodged her easily, but she kept swinging, and fighting back wasn’t an option as long as he held onto Chobi.

Out of nowhere, Videl collapsed to the ground. Behind where she stood, Mia turned to see him with a frown. He sighed out of relief. “I was wondering where you went.”

“Well, when you didn’t show up at the spot, I figured you got held up. Then I heard the sirens,” Mia explained, a small smirk on her face. She looked down at Videl with a small smile, as she flicked her black braid back. “Looks like she’s out.”

“Hey, You!” a guy with a thuggish voice snapped causing Mia and Gohan to look over the hybrid’s shoulder. Behind them stood a short man in a three-piece suit who held a gun aimed at Gohan’s head. If he shot, he could hit Chobi. “Now give me back my dinosaur, or one of yous is gonna get a new hole in your face.”

Mia stepped forward. “I’ve got this.” She stepped around Gohan, a smile on her face. “Look, sir. I know you don’t want to fire that gun. You could hurt the dinosaur in the process.”

The guy shifted his aim to Mia. “Back up, or I will shoot!”

“In front of all these cops?” Mia laughed, taking another step.
The guy pressed the trigger, and with a loud bang, the bullet shot out. Mia raised a hand, catching the single shot, and dropping the bullet on the ground. But the sound was enough to scare Chobi, who began to cry. “Shit,” Gohan cursed. “Sh, Chobi, it’s ok.”

“Ugh,” Videl groaned behind him, causing him to turn around. “What happened?” She grasped her head. Chobi continued to cry as Gohan set him on the ground.

“Are you alright?” Gohan asked, tending to Videl, as she sat up.

She clutched her head as she groaned. “Ugh, it feels like I got hit by a truck.” She looked up, then saw Saiyaman. She glared at him, her purplish blue stare penetrating him as if she knew exactly who he was. “You! You stole a dinosaur!”

“Retrieved,” he corrected, turning back to Chobi, trying to calm him down. “He’s calling his parents. We need to calm him down before they come and destroy the city.”

“Stop making excuses, and put your fists up. No dinosaur is coming to destroy…” before she could finish scoffing at the toonish hero, there was a loud screech that rang through the city. Videl looked up and her eyes went wide as she saw two giant pterodactyls flying around the city. The darker one dove first, aiming for Saiyaman and Videl.

“DUCK!” he yelled, tackling her to the ground. Videl laid sprawled out beneath him awkwardly as he picked himself up, causing Gohan to blush. “Sorry, Ma’am,” he muttered awkwardly in his character voice. Videl blushed.

There was a loud crash, causing Gohan and Videl to look up at Saiyagirl standing on a downed pterodactyl, her arms crossed and a scowl on her face. “If you two are done flirting, maybe I could get some help with these dinosaurs.”

Gohan blinked as he looked back at the cops arresting the circus owner, and Toto circled above, ready for another dive bomb. Gohan quickly flew up and called out to the dinosaur, “Toto, stop! It’s me!” Toto ignored the hybrid’s pleading and dove down, aiming for Mia this time, who had pulled Videl up and moved to grab Chobi. Gohan phased in front of his classmates, punching Toto in the stomach to stop him in time. The hybrid caught him, muttering a small, “Sorry, old friend.”

“Saiyaman,” Videl called out, causing Gohan to turn. Her eyes went wide as she said, “You’re bleeding.”

“Oh,” he muttered awkwardly, lifting a gloved hand up to his cut cheek. “What do you need?”

Videl looked down as she sighed, “I’m sorry for not listening in the beginning. And for calling you a thief.”

Gohan nodded with a small, polite smile. Next to them, they heard something grumbling, causing them to turn and see the lighter pterodactyl waking up as Mia placed Chobi next to her. Chobi’s mother stumbled to stand, allowing Chobi to clamber onto her back. She spread her massive wings, pumping air underneath her before taking off. Gohan smiled. Another day saved. “We’ll see you later, Videl,” he said with a small salute before taking off after the other two dinosaurs, still holding fast to Toto and Mia following not far behind, a small scowl on her face.

Their flight was silent for the most part. “Nice timing, coming into the fight when you did,” Gohan tried, shooting a smile at the Saiyan princess. She remained silent. “Are you ok?”

“I’m fine,” Mia replied with a snippy tone. Gohan frowned at her and opened his mouth to say something, but was interrupted with a whoosh.
“GOHAN!!” Goten called out. “You found him!”

“Yeah, Bro,” Gohan laughed good-naturedly. “But I gotta thank Mia, though. She made the plan.”

Goten wasn’t listening as he curled up next to Chobi, who was licking his face. Toto made a small grumbling as he woke up. “Sorry, big guy,” Gohan said, shrugging the pterodactyl off as he started to fly on his own. “I couldn’t let you destroy the city.”

“Unless you’re in between Videl’s legs,” Mia muttered under her breath snidely, rolling her eyes. That caused Gohan to stop as he looked Mia, his frown returned. “Excuse me?” he coughed. She paused and gave him a challenging look, her arms crossed and head tilted to the side. “Hey, Goten,” he called back to his brother, who had stopped when his brother did, “go on ahead. Mia and I have something to discuss.”

Goten shrugged with a smile. “OK!” he called back, zooming off with the dinosaur family.

Gohan huffed with a scowl, taking off his helmet and ruffling his hair free. “Alright, what’s going on?”

Mia rolled her eyes and sighed, “Nothing.”

“No, it’s obviously something. What’s wrong?” Gohan tried again. Mia shot him a frown, but she could see in his ebony stare that this conversation was unavoidable.

She hit the button on her costume, adjusting to her normal clothes as she huffed, “You had no right.” She pulled at her braid as she shook her head muttering, “No right at all.”

Gohan gave her a completely dumbfounded look. “No right to what?”

“Leaders you feel like you cared about me!” she snapped, blinking away a few tears. Her onyx eyes were getting glassy from tears, and she could feel their sting. But she broke the dam she had around her feelings for Gohan, might as well just let it out. “You had no right to act like you liked me, then hookup with Videl in front of me!”

Gohan frowned as he looked off, clearly dumbstruck. “The party? This is still about the party!?”

“No,” Mia bit back. Her shoulders sank as she shook her head, putting her fingers to her temple before dropping her hand as she added, “Look, if you liked her, you could have just told me so instead of leading me on!”

Gohan’s eyes went wide as he muttered in a small voice, “Leading you on.”

“You know, I was perfectly happy before you showed up,” she started on a tangent, one arm raised to distance herself from him. “I may not have had any friends, but I wasn’t heartbroken either.”


“Oh, come on!” Mia groused, wiping a tear from her right eye. “The night of the party, I made a move to kiss you, and you ran away!”

“You mean right after you threw up?” Gohan added.

Mia rolled her eyes. “That’s beside the point,” she said, waving him off. “You made out with drunk
Videl, but wouldn’t even kiss me. And you’ve been all buddy buddy with her all week, and even today you were flirting with her instead of saving the city from your ‘friendly’ dinosaurs.” She added the finger quotes around the “friendly” to emphasize her sarcasm.

Gohan blinked, then smirked. “Are you jealous?”

“What?” Mia scoffed, looking away. “No!” Gohan’s heart skipped a beat as the pieces fell into place. She liked him, a lot. And he’d missed it. “And that has nothing to do with why I’m angry at you, Son Gohan?” Mia snapped back into the argument, an accusing finger pointed at the grinning hybrid, who was closing the gap between them. “You lead me on, and broke my heart on purpose, didn’t you?!” she stuttered towards the end as his chest was almost touching hers, her finger actually against his chest. There was something in his eyes that she couldn’t identify, and it made her nervous, as she asked, “What’re you doing?”

Her heart fluttered as he cupped her cheek with his gloved hand as he answered, “Something I should have done a while ago.” She could feel her heart pounding with his as he pulled her towards him, their lips meeting. In that moment, she saw everything from his perspective as his mind mingled with hers. How they met, and how excited he was to meet another Saiyan. How beautiful he thought she was from the first moment. Some blue-haired lady talking about him having a crush on her. Mia opened her mouth, licking his lips for entrance, which he allowed, licking her tongue back as his other hand snaked around her waist and her arms found their way around his neck, her fingers roaming into his hair. The memories became intense as she shared her memories. How he made her feel when they sparred, and how excited she got just when she’d see him. How hurt she was when she thought she had screwed everything up between them, and how she had tried her best to save face, but inside she felt like she was dying.

Sorry. I was an idiot.

We were both idiots.

He pulled away quickly as he hissed. “What?” she asked, blinking fast. She felt her cheeks were wet, and she wiped them down.

“It’s nothing,” Gohan laughed, rubbing his cheek. “I got a cut from Toto, and your tears kind of burned it.”

Mia laughed, adding a small, “Salt will do that.” She gave him a smile as she started to fly slowly towards his home. “Why don’t we get that dressed?” Gohan nodded, flying after her. Both of them couldn’t stop smiling and shooting each other glances.
Chapter 7

Gohan walked through the halls the next day with a smile on his face. Ever since he and Mia kissed the day before, he couldn’t get the smile off his face. Even though he was running late to class, he couldn’t get the thought of Mia’s and his first kiss off his mind.

“Hey, Gohan!” Videl called out, a grin on her face.

“Hey, Videl,” he said with a smile. He took in her relaxed pose against the green lockers, and eyed her curiously. “You going to class?”

She stepped up, a smirk on her face as she closed the space between them. “It’s over Gohan.”

She stepped up, a smirk on her face as she closed the space between them. “It’s over Gohan.”

He blinked at her blankly as he retorted, “I’m pretty sure class has only just begun.”

“Not that,” she said lightly, a clever glint in her eyes as she reached up to his face, causing him to shift back a little. “Hold still,” she ordered, grasping the edge of the band-aid Mia had placed over his cut the night before. It still had a day to heal up. She ripped it off quickly. Holding it up victoriously, she sighed, “My, my. I could have sworn the Great Saiyaman got the same cut yesterday from that pterodactyl.” Gohan’s eyes went wide. She figured him out. “And that’s exactly who you are. Mr. Saiyaman!”

“No!” Gohan breathed, “Everyone knows!”

Videl gave him a weird look. “I wouldn’t say everyone. Only I know. But …” her mouth contorted into an evil smile as she added, “maybe I should schedule a press conference revealing your identity.”

“Please, Videl!” Gohan said, his hands raised in surrender. “You know I only hide my identity to keep my family’s privacy.”

She rolled her purple blue eyes as she said, “Your family can adjust to the spotlight just as mine has.”

“Please, Videl.”

“And that was Mia as Saiyagirl, right?” She shot him a skeptical look. “Where is she by the way?”
“Uh,” Gohan muttered, his mouth opening and closing like a fish out of water. He finally mustered a small, “No.”

Videl laughed, “Liar. What about the Gold Fighter. You’re him too, right?”

“No,” Gohan replied, quickly waving his hands. “Just Saiyaman.”

“And why would I believe you?”

“He --,” Gohan breathed, “He’s got blond hair!”

Videl narrowed her eyes, her black brows furrowing as she eyed the hybrid. “I guess you’re right. He’s better looking than you.”

Gohan nodded, his lips pursed awkwardly, not sure whether to take that as a compliment or an insult. He sighed as he asked, “Look, is there anything I can do to keep you quiet about this?”

She crossed her arms and gave him a faux thoughtful expression. “Well, maybe a fair fight without a city at stake. So …” she paused dramatically before she added, “the World Martial Arts Tournament is in a month. Why don’t you and Mia sign up.”

“I-is there something else we can do with less publicity?” he asked nervously, scratching the back of his head with the famous Son family grin.

Videl scowled, and added, “Either sign up for the Budokai, or I tell everyone yours and Mia’s identity.”

“You wouldn’t!”

“Try me,” she challenged. She walked around him as she added, “Look, I know you’re more than you seem. The World Champion before my father was named Goku, and he just happened to have a son named Gohan, which is you right?”

His eyes were wide as he muttered a small, “No.”

Videl laughed. “Has anyone ever told you you’re a horrible liar?”

Gohan pursed his lips before answering in a small tone, “Mia.”

“Well, she’s right about that,” Videl added with a grin. “And I don’t know how she fits in the whole Gohan Son story and how she got you to trust her so easily, but I will find out.” When Gohan remained silent, she threw a friendly punch at his shoulder and said, “Cheer up. It’s going to be a blast. Just imagine, the former champion’s son versus the current champion’s daughter.”

“Right,” Gohan muttered. “I’ll see if I can get Mia to enter the tournament as well.”

“Great!” Videl chirped, making her way down the hallway. She stopped, spinning on her heel with her finger up. “One more thing. Teach me how to fly. It can’t be that hard if Mia can do it too, right?”

Gohan pursed his lips before replying in a small voice, “Yeah, it’s easy.”

“Good,” Videl grinned widely. She waved at him before continuing down the hallway, adding in a sing song voice, “I look forward to flying.”

Gohan’s shoulders dropped as he let out a long sigh. He reached into his pocket for his phone and
dialed Mia’s number. The phone rang once, twice … “What’s up?”

“Hey, Mia,” Gohan said, “we’ve got a bit of a situation.” He looked around for other people in the hallway, before diving into the bathroom. “Videl knows our identity.”

He heard her laugh over the phone. “I should hope so. We go to her school,” she replied through chuckles.

“No, she knows we’re Saiyaman and Saiyagirl,” Gohan corrected in a hushed tone. “And she wants us to enter the Budokai in a month.”

Mia was silent for a minute before she asked, “She’s blackmailing us?” Gohan didn’t answer. “Is she insane? She’s seen us lift buses, stop bullets, and she wants to fight us in a televised tournament?”

“I don’t know,” Gohan muttered, leaning against the bathroom wall.

“I say we do it.”

“What?!” Gohan almost shrieked.

“She knows that we could pummel her, and she wants to publicly fight us anyway? Perfect time to take her off her high horse,” Mia replied easily.

“So, that’s it?” Gohan huffed into the receiver, a little disappointed Mia was so onboard with this and didn’t care that their identities were at stake.

Mia sighed, “No. Because you can’t enter with a helmet, because it’s considered protection. And I can’t enter with regular high heels, like I have on my boots, because they’re considered weapons.”

“Right,” he breathed, stopping to think. Clearly, they needed to go to Bulma. Which meant they’d probably see Vegeta. Maybe now was as good a time as any to introduce Mia to her father. He let out a sigh before saying, “I need to make another call. Meet me after school on the roof.”

“Sure,” she almost chirped through the phone. “Have a good day at school.” Click.

Gohan stared at his phone a minute, as if it were a bomb he was trying to diffuse. Slowly, he began to dial Bulma’s cellphone number, letting out a long breath before he hit send and put the phone to his ear. It rang once. He hadn’t talked to Bulma in a week, and he knew the news that he and Mia made up was going to be a small shock to her. It rang again.

The tone that greeted Gohan over the phone wasn’t light and feminine like Bulma’s, but gruff. “What do you need, boy?”

“Vegeta,” Gohan replied, a small quiver in his voice. “I was actually looking for Bulma.”

“For?” Vegeta inquired dangerously.

“Be nice, Vegeta. Give me the phone,” Gohan heard Bulma over the line. He heard Vegeta huff disgruntledly as the phone exchanged hands. “Hello?”

“Hey, Bulma. It’s Gohan.”

“I know. I have caller ID.”

“Right.” Gohan paused, taking a breath before he decided to just let it out. “I’m bringing Mia by later.”
Bulma went rigid. Gohan and Mia had patched things up. Her hand holding the phone up shook a little as she said in a small voice, “Oh.” She got up from the bed, where her naked husband lay, his skeptical gaze eyeing her every movement. “Hey, Vegeta, I’ll be right back.” The prince didn’t say anything as she slinked into her blue silk robe, and made her way out to the living room. “So, you patched things up.”

“Yeah,” Gohan replied. She could hear the smile in his voice. “Turned out to be complete miscommunication.”

“Aw,” Bulma cooed. “So, when are you bringing her over? Actually, can I ask why now?”

“Yeah, you can. We’re coming right after school. You see, there’s another girl in my class who’s blackmailing us to join the world tournament. We need to alter our outfits to fit regulations,” Gohan explained.

“Another girl?” Bulma asked in exasperation. “What’s she like?”

“Pushy,” Gohan answered bluntly. “And stubborn. – Well, to me at least.”

“Only you?”

“Yeah. It’s weird.”

Bulma smiled a little. “She’s got a crush on you. I know you like Mia, but did you ever think of asking this other girl on a date to get out of the tournament?”

“Are you kidding?” Gohan almost laughed. “Mia would kill me if I just up and asked another girl out.”

Bulma’s eyes widened. “Are you and Mia together now?”

Gohan was silent for a moment before he replied, “Define ‘together.’”

Bulma let out a laugh. “You’re as bad as your Dad was,” she commented. So, not only have they made up, their relationship has actually progressed.

“Look, we haven’t really told anybody since it’s still kind of new, and Mom would have a fit,” Gohan urged.

“Got it,” Bulma replied with a smile. “Mums the word.” She let out a small chuckle before changing the subject. “So, new outfit. I’ll see what I can do.”


“Nonsense. I’ll see you later.” Click.

Bulma let out a sigh, running a hand through her hair. “What did he say?”

Bulma turned slightly seeing her husband dressed in his training pants and boots, leaving his scarred chest bare, and leaning against the doorway in a relaxed way. “Nothing. He’s just coming by later with a friend for alterations on their costumes.”

Vegeta eyed his wife strangely. “Friend?”
Bulma nodded. “Yeah, he’s got a girlfriend …” she paused, her face screwed up as she added a small, “kind of. It’s a secret. They go around saving the city together. I made them costumes a little while back so they wouldn’t lose their identity, and they need alterations for the tournament.”

Vegeta crossed his arms, picking himself off the doorway. “The budoukai?”

“Yes, Vegeta,” she huffed. She turned to the clock on the wall. “Shit, it’s almost nine. I need to get Trunks up and over to ChiChi’s.” She jumped up from her perch on the couch to see her husband frowning at her. “What?”

“You know what,” he growled.

She smiled. She did know what he was upset about. They were in the throes of foreplay when Gohan called. She stepped up to him, placing her hand on his chest gently as she reached up and kissed him. He breathed in her scent and let out a guttural moan, trying to deepen the kiss, but she pulled away. She smirked at him, tapping a knuckle on his bare chest. “When I get back, you and I can go at it like rabbits. But right now,” she said, extricating herself from his grasp, “I need to take Trunks to ChiChi’s.”

Vegeta grumbled, a scowl settling on his face. “Fine,” he muttered, making his way out of their suite, towards the training rooms.

Bulma let out a sigh, running a hand through her hair. With Mia coming by today, she prayed everything would go according to plan and not sideways.

“TRUNKS!!!!” Goten called out, waving at the plane landing in the field. The purple haired saiyan jumped from the landing plane before it touched ground, causing his mother to yelp out to him.

“Trunks! Be careful!” But he was never one to let danger tell him what to do. He ignored Bulma’s pleas and ran into the forest with Goten. Bulma let out a huff, then turned to Chichi, “Thanks for watching him. Work is getting pretty crazy, and I can’t watch him with my meetings today.”

“Say no more,” Chichi replied with a smile. Bulma waved, taking off and zooming off into the sky. Chichi turned to call out to her son and his best friend to tell them to stay close to the house, but they were already gone.

Trunks and Goten zoomed through the forest laughing. That’s when Trunks stopped, feeling some high power levels through the trees. He didn’t make a sound as he diverted his path towards the power levels. “Trunks! Where’re you going!?” Goten asked, chasing behind him.

“Don’t you feel that?” Trunks replied, slowing down as he came upon a clearing in the mountains where the power levels battled. He looked out to see two women with tails. One looked slightly older, like his mom and dad’s age, and the other one looked to be closer to Gohan’s age. The older one had curly short black hair, while the younger one had long hair held back in a long black braid. They flew at each other, throwing punches left and right. The older one threw a kick that the younger one somersaulted away from. Once a good distance away, they each held their hands up in a fighting stance. “Who are they?”

Goten frowned. “They’re just friends of Gohan’s. They’re staying with us for a bit.”

Trunks shot a curious look at his younger friend and asked, “He’s got girly friends?” His face adopted a disgusted scowl. “Girls are icky.” He turned back to the girls in front of them fighting.
“What’s with the tails?”

Goten shrugged. “I dunno. Momma said Dad, Gohan and I used to have them, but they were removed. Gohan said something about Saiyans.” Trunks scowled. "Saiyans?"

Gohan made his way up to the top of the school, his bag full of books tapping against his leg as he made his way upstairs. He swung the door out and saw Mia sitting there in her Saiyagirl suit, so as to not be recognized. She stood up with a flirtatious smile on her face. “Hey.”

“H-hhey.” Gohan breathed back as she stepped closer to him.

“You miss me?”

Gohan gave a confused frown. “I-I saw you this morning.”

Mia laughed, putting her arms around his neck. “That’s not what I meant.” She pulled his face close to hers, planting a kiss on his lips, licking his lips for entrance. He let her in for a second before easing away. She smiled. “I’ve always wanted to do that on school property.”

Gohan gave her a strange look before chuckling it off. “Look, we need to get to Capsule Corp to get our costumes changed. I told Bulma we’d be there right after school.”

“Capsule Corp?” Mia replied with a strange look. “Who’s Bulma?”

Gohan gulped. “She’s the one who made our costumes.” His pause was suspicious, and he knew Mia was waiting on a reason why he was nervous. He pursed his lips and huffed. Might as well tell her now. “She’s also your step-mom.”

Mia seemed to stop breathing for a second as she took a step back. “My step-mom?” Gohan nodded. “My father married.” It was more of a statement now than anything else. She hadn’t known. She didn’t look at him as her mind adjusted to the new information. “Wh-what’s she like?”

Gohan let out a long breath he hadn’t noticed he’d been holding, pressing the button on his watch to change into his costume. “She’s the one who made our costumes.” His pause was suspicious, and he knew Mia was waiting on a reason why he was nervous. He pursed his lips and huffed. Might as well tell her now. “She’s also your step-mom.”

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“Is she a fighter?” Mia asked. She didn’t know why, but she couldn’t see her father, the Prince of all Saiyans, with a woman who couldn’t hold her own against him. But that was mostly just going by why her mother had told her. Maybe her father was nothing like what she’d imagined. Honestly, she wasn’t sure which scared her more: that her father was brutal, hard and stubborn like she’d thought; or that her father was nothing like she’d thought he was.

“No,” Gohan answered, “Not in the martial arts sense. She’s more of the fight with her words type.”

There was another long pause before Gohan added, “Look, she also gave me some ground rules to share with you about going over there.” Mia remained silent, eyeing her boyfriend speculatively.

“Rule one is already taken care of, since she wanted to be notified ahead of time. Rule two is that we can’t say anything about your relation to Vegeta.”

“What?!” Mia balked, stopping mid-flight. Gohan slowed to float in front of her. “Why not?"
Gohan shrugged. “Something about Vegeta’s trust issues.”

Mia’s gaze narrowed as she repeated, “His trust issues,” as if she didn’t think that was a legitimate reason.

Gohan huffed, crossing his arms. “Look at it from his point of view. Your mom faked her own death to save you from a life of slavery nineteen years ago. Now some strange girl he’s never met shows up on his doorstep claiming to be the daughter he never knew of, and also happens to be dating his rival’s son.”

“Rival’s son?”

Gohan shook his head. “It’s a long story.”

She scowled at him, and pointed an accusing finger. “One day you’re gonna have to tell me these long stories. It makes me feel like I don’t know my own boyfriend.”

“Please,” Gohan sighed, putting his hands on her shoulders, trying to pull her back to the rules Bulma had laid out. “Just hold on to the fact you’re his daughter until you both know each other better. Trust me when I say it’s better if he’s known you a little while before he knows that.”

Mia still wasn’t convinced as she replied, “What makes you say something like that?”

“It’s a long –” Gohan cut himself off as he saw her scowl turn into a glare. “We really don’t have time for this.”

“Make time.”

Gohan frowned. “Fine. But I’m only summing up!” When Mia didn’t argue, he continued. “Remember when you asked ‘Who killed Frieza?’ when we met?” Mia nodded. “Frieza was sliced to bits by your half-brother, Trunks, who came back from the future two years before he was born just to warn us about the Androids and give my Dad some future heart medicine so he wouldn’t die.”

Mia opened and closed her mouth like a fish out of water as she processed this information. She had a time-traveling half-brother? And “Androids?”

“Yeah, they were a bigger threat in the future, but in our time they got over-shadowed by Cell’s presence three weeks later,” Gohan explained. “Anyway, when Vegeta found out Trunks was his son from the future, which was three years after Trunks killed Frieza, and a year after Trunks’ current self was born, Vegeta treated him horribly at first. Then refused to talk to anyone for a couple weeks.”

Mia blinked, her brow furrowing as she processed this information. Gohan waited for her, but muttered a small, “I told you it was a long story.” Mia put her hand up, silencing him with the simple gesture. “Let me see if I got this straight. I have a half-brother named Trunks,” Gohan nodded, “who came back from the future to tell you all about some Androids we never heard of because of Cell,” Gohan nodded, “and he’s now only eight-ish?”

“Yes.”

Mia frowned, still trying to process the information. “Can he still time-travel?”

“Not the eight year-old one, no,” Gohan answered, growing tired of explaining the events of a decade ago. “Look, Vegeta didn’t take the news of future Trunks being his son well, and that was when he already knew he had a son. Now, imagine how he’ll react to being a father for eighteen
years and not knowing about it.”

“Seventeen, for the record,” Mia corrected.

“What?”

“I’m seventeen. Not eighteen.” She reiterated.

Gohan’s eyebrows shot up. “You’re only seventeen?”

“Well, until August. But, what’s the deal? You’re seventeen too, right?”

Gohan paused, wondering if he should go into the whole Hyperbolic Time Chamber year actually making him eighteen, nineteen in a month and a half, despite what his birth certificate says. “Uhm, that depends,” he stated blankly with a frown.

Mia rolled her eyes, continuing on in the direction they were headed. “I’m not gonna ask. Let’s just go.”

It didn’t take long for Gohan to catch up. “Do you promise not to say anything about Vegeta being your Dad?”

“Yeah,” Mia groused, clearly not happy about the mandate. “But you know, he’ll figure it out eventually.”

Gohan nodded. “Eventually, yeah.”

Mia huffed, returning to her thoughts as they flew. She knew she shouldn’t, but she couldn’t help the hateful thoughts towards the woman her father had married entering her mind. She hadn’t even met the woman, and she already was resenting her. Probably because the Bulma woman had made hiding the truth of Mia’s lineage a part of the deal of meeting her own father. She didn’t voice her thoughts, and just let them stew as they flew, keeping the air between her and Gohan silent as they closed in on West city. They neared a large yellow building with big blue letters reading out “Capsule Corp.”

She followed as Gohan landed on the lawn. She quickly switched off her uniform, figuring the first giveaway to her heritage would be the tail wrapped around her waist. In her uniform, she couldn’t hide it. But in her normal street clothes, it was easy. Gohan took off his helmet, then gestured for her to follow him. “My dad and Bulma have been friends since they were kids. There’s pretty much an open door policy when we come over.” He followed his senses to Bulma’s small ki, until he was led to the doors of one of her hug labs. Inside, she was working on a stripped-down motorcycle that had clearly seen better days. “Hey, Bulma.”

The blue-haired woman’s back went a little rigid, hearing the voice of the teenage saiyan. She turned to him with a smile, taking off her oil stained gloves as she took in the sight of the young couple. “Hey, Gohan.” Mia had to admit, Bulma was pretty, in an oddly exotic sort of way. Her bright blue hair matched her stark blue eyes, and her skin-tone glowed as if she took very good care of it. Her smile was big as the scientist took in the new Saiyan. Bulma rolled her eyes when Gohan remained quiet, pushing her hand out to Mia, and closing the distance between them. “My dad and Bulma have been friends since they were kids. There’s pretty much an open door policy when we come over.” He followed his senses to Bulma’s small ki, until he was led to the doors of one of her hug labs. Inside, she was working on a stripped-down motorcycle that had clearly seen better days. “Hey, Bulma.”

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Mia smiled a little forcibly. About you being my step-mom, yeah. “I’m Mia Jicama.”

Bulma could tell Mia felt a little awkward about the introduction as she pulled her hand away,
unshaken. However, Bulma still tried to remain chipper. This was her husband’s daughter, and above everything else, she wanted to at least be her friend. “So, Gohan has told me a lot about you. One of the smartest in your class, right?”

“Well, I am taking APs,” Mia replied shortly.

Bulma’s eyes widened. APs. That meant Mia was really smart. “What APs?”

Mia’s brow furrowed. “Genetics and literature.”

“Genetics?” Bulma beamed. Maybe they’d have something in common in the sciences. “That’s a pretty difficult science. Any plans on pursuing it?”

Mia smiled, easing herself to Bulma. Maybe her stepmom wasn’t so bad. “Actually, I was hoping to become a geneticist on the Human Genome Project, one day.”

Bulma put her hands on her hips proudly as she stated, “Well, when that day comes around, holler. My family and I are pretty famous in the science community.”

“I know,” Mia started, cutting herself off. She could practically hear her mom scolding her to mind her manners. “What I mean is, I applied to University of West City’s Dr. Robex Briefs College of Sciences.”

Bulma smirked raising and eyebrow. Mia had applied to her alma mater’s college that had been dedicated to her father. It was an incredibly prestigious school to get in. The fact that it was even on Mia’s radar of possibilities spoke volumes. “And?”

Mia’s gaze dropped. “I-I haven’t heard anything since they put me on the waiting list.”

Bulma pursed her lips. Well, that won’t do. She clapped a friendly hand on Mia’s shoulder and said comfortably, “Well, keep your chin up. I’m sure you’ll hear from them eventually.”

Gohan frowned at Mia. “You’ve already applied for college?”

Mia shot him an odd look. “Yeah. Most college orientations start right after graduation.” When Gohan remained silently confused, Mia’s eyes widened in shock. “You haven’t applied for college yet!”

“I thought I had the summer to do that.”

Mia laughed nervously, “No. No you don’t.”

Gohan opened his mouth to protest, but Bulma cut him off. “Anyway, you’re here about the costumes, right?”

“Yeah,” Gohan huffed, turning away from his girlfriend.

“What’s wrong with them?”

Gohan held up the helmet and said, “These are against the tournament rules. It’s considered protection.”

“And heels are considered weapons, so I need my boots changed,” Mia added, passing her watch to Bulma.

The blue-haired heiress grabbed the watch and looked at the helmet forlornly. “It’s a shame. The
helmet’s a nice touch. You don’t see a lot of superheroes wearing them.”

“Yes, you do,” Mia scoffed.

Bulma and Gohan looked at Mia oddly, asking her simultaneously, “Who?”

Mia held up a hand, listing characters off with each finger tick. “Steel, Mr. Freeze, Judge Dredd, the new Batman, and Dr. Fate. That’s just DC. Marvel, you’ve got Iron Man, Thor, Professor X, Magneto, Cyclops, Juggernaut, all of the Aesir really, War Machine, Dr. Doom, and Ant-man.”

Bulma gave a small pout as she said, “Well, I thought it was unique.” She let out a sigh as she took the helmet and set it aside. Giving Gohan a once over, she finally said, “Let me get the boots done, and I’ll figure out something simple to keep your identity hidden.” That’s when she stopped, “Mia, what about your helmet?”

“I got rid of it,” Mia replied blankly.

Bulma sulked, “Why?”

Mia shrugged. “I fashioned a mask that fit me better.”

Bulma frowned, but continued on to the computer, but was stopped by Mia. “Where’s my fa-… I mean, where’s Vegeta?”

“He’s training at the moment. But he should be done soon,” Bulma replied, making her way over to the computer, pulling up the file of Mia’s costume, and altering the code quickly for the boots. She placed the watch in a box hooked up to the computer, and after a bright flash and a five second hum, Bulma pulled it out and handed it to Mia. “Instead of heels, you’re wearing espadrilles, which is within regulations.”

Mia grinned, fastening the watch to her wrist. “Great!”

Bulma turned to Gohan again, her face furrowed in a quizzical frown. Suddenly, she snapped her fingers, going to a cabinet in the corner and grabbing some white fabric, then whisking over to her desk where she pulled a pair of shades from a drawer. She gave Gohan the shades, quickly ordering, “Put these on.” He did as she unfolded the white fabric, which happened to be a plain white scarf. She pulled it around his head, over his hair, and tied it in the back. Bulma walked around front, a victorious smile on her face as she said, “Awesome!”

Gohan beamed, standing in a superman pose. “Alright!”

“No.”

The other two turned to Mia, their faces full of confusion. Mia took in a deep breath as she took in Gohan’s new mask of sorts. She shook her head as she said, “I’m sorry to say this, Gohan. But you look like a geek.”

“What?”

Mia stood up, closing the distance between her boyfriend and her, her frown searching his face for clues. She pulled the sunglasses off his face, revealing the withered look in his eyes. “I said I’m sorry. But we can do much better,” she added pulling off the scarf. She put a finger to her chin as she looked at his face, explaining, “You can be a hero and look like a badass at the same time.”

Mia’s gaze drifted to his black spandex covered arms, and an idea struck. Mia reached out, fingering
the spandex against his bulging bicep. “Do you have any more of this black spandex?” Bulma nodded, going to another cabinet, this one seemingly attached to the computer, and pulling out the fabric and set it on a counter near Mia. Mia walked over, unrolling it with a smile. She turned to her stepmom and asked, “Can you make a mask, like the one from Zorro or Daredevil, out of this material?” Bulma frowned, but nodded, taking the cloth back to the cabinet, and typing the codes for it into the computer. After a minute, Bulma had the black spandex mask, and handed it to Mia, who did the honors of tying it onto her boyfriend’s head. She smiled as she stepped away, saying a small, “Perfect.”

Gohan turned to Bulma for verification. The scientist nodded semi-surprised. “It definitely will look good in the photos after you win.”

“Who said he's going to win?” a gravelly voice asked from behind them. Gohan and Bulma turned to see the newcomer to the conversation, while Mia stepped out from in front of her boyfriend. That was first time she saw him, and her breath caught in her throat. She had finally met her father.
Chapter 8

Learn to Fly

She wasn’t sure what she expected her father to be like. Tall, imposing, a not so good Prince Charming. He was a prince after all, and he had managed to win the heart of two strong, independent women. And he was good looking, like and odd cross between Mark Strong and Henry Cavil. His glare was severe, yet aloof at the same time. He was stand-off-ish, his arms crossed and his shoulders back in a tough guy stance. He wore a blue tank top and gray sweatpants, a white towel over his shoulder.

And for some reason, Vegeta’s gaze was trained on the young woman behind Gohan. He couldn’t place it, but there was something familiar about her. A feeling in her eyes that reminded him of being a child in the palace on Planet Vegeta. It was unsettling, and he didn’t like it.

“H-hey, Vegeta,” Gohan greeted, his heart beating a pace faster. The hybrid’s gaze followed Vegeta’s confused glare to Mia quickly, then continued on, “You’re planning on entering the tournament?”

“Yes, I am,” Vegeta announced proudly. “And while you’ve been too busy studying and going on dates,” the prince jutted his chin to Mia nonchalantly, “I’ve been training non-stop.”

“I can vouch for that,” Bulma muttered, glowering at her husband from the corner. “All he ever does is train. But if I need help with the dishes, or cooking a meal, or hell, even mowing the goddamn lawn, he’s nowhere to be found.” Bulma shifted a gaze to Gohan. “I hope s…” she stopped, her gaze jumping to Mia quickly then back, realizing that revealing Mia was a saiyan would probably be a good indicator to Vegeta about her heritage, which she wanted to avoid, “you warrior types aren’t all like that.”

Gohan blushed, tugging on his mask to cover his reddened cheeks. Mia snickered a little, then added, “Well, my Uncle Rito taught me how to make some kickass beer battered catfish.” Bulma shot her a surprised look. Score one for the Saiyan team, not that Mia could say that aloud at the moment.

“Vegeta,” Gohan started, gesturing to Mia, “this is my, uh…”

“Friend,” Mia offered leaning a little towards the hybrid. She knew he was thinking the same thing she was. Keep the relationship quiet until they were ready for everyone to know.

“Friend, Mia Jicama,” Gohan nodded with a small gulp.
Suddenly, Vegeta’s eyes widened, alerting the group that Vegeta was realizing something was amiss. “Jicama…?”

Mia’s heart pounded. *Shit.* She should have given Gohan another last name. *Jicama was a saiyan name.* “Yeah,” she said, her breath shaky. “It’s …” her mind went a mile a minute trying to think of an explanation. Before she even knew what she was saying, a half lie started fabricating its way out of her mouth, “It’s Spanish. Used to be DeJicamas, meaning my ancestors used to be farmers before it got shortened to Jicama. Like DeCol, DeGoya, or even DeVerduras were eventually shortened to Col, Goya, and Verduras. It’s actually not a common name. Do you know someone by that name?” She could barely control her breathing. It was technically true. Saiyans at their roots of culture had been farmers before warriors, and their obsession to the food they farmed led to a long running theme in Saiyan culture to name people after the natural food of planet Vegeta. Jicama was one such plant.

She prayed he bought her story. Just the look Vegeta had begun to give her as soon as the name Jicama was mentioned sent chills down her spine, and she knew Gohan had been one hundred percent honest about her father’s trust issues. And she honestly wasn’t sure she wanted him to know about her relation to him, at least not until it was pertinent.

Vegeta’s glare didn’t lessen as he looked at her. “I did once.” The room was tense as he let his words hang in the air.

Mia laughed nervously, adding a small, “Hmm, maybe they were a distant relative or something.”

Finally, he looked away, out the window of the lab as he muttered, “Doubtful.”

“Well,” Bulma chimed in, giving a small clap with her hands to bring the attention of the room to herself. “Since you’re going to be fighting in the tournament, Vegeta, why don’t I make you a disguise like Gohan and Mia?”

“Hell no,” Vegeta snapped back. “After the whole pink shirt debacle, you can forget picking out any of my clothes.” Gohan snickered, earning a swift glare from the saiyan prince.

“Aw, come on. I’ll stick to blues and yellows,” Bulma added with a pout.

“No, I wouldn’t be caught dead in that dress!” Vegeta groused, pointing to Gohan’s outfit.

“Hey!” Gohan voiced, but no one looked at him. Mia put a comforting hand on his arm, and squeezed.

“I’ll dress myself, got that?” Vegeta huffed at his wife. Bulma shrugged, muttering a small, “Whatever.” He turned to Gohan, and added, “Plus, I’d rather fight as myself and not pull my punches for fear of my identity. And you better not either.”

*I think I’ll fight too!*

The voice was new and echoed around Mia’s mind. The voice was bright, and caught the attention of the whole group. *Who the hell is this?*

“D-Dad?” Gohan started, stepping forward. “Dad is that you?!”

“Kakarrot?” Vegeta breathed.

*Hey, Son! It’s great to hear your voice, again.*

“It is you!” Gohan almost cried. “A-are you really going to fight in the tournament?”
Yeah! Baba said I’ve got enough credit for a day trip. Tell your mom I’m coming home! There was a pause as Gohan began to cheer.

“Finally, a rematch,” Vegeta added with a grin. “You won’t win this time Kakarrot.”

Yeah, right, The voice laughed. Are you Mia?

Gohan missed his father’s question as he whooped. Apparently, everyone had. H-how do you know my name? Mia asked.

I’ve heard so much about you! I’ve been looking forward to meeting you and your mom for ages it seems. It seemed as if the man talking could sense her unease, and he reassured, It’s ok, I had King Kai seclude my conversation to just you. I know you want to keep your relation to Vegeta a secret, so he won’t hear.

Mia’s eyes went wide. Y-you know Vegeta’s my father?

I told you, I’ve heard a lot about you. I look forward to meeting you in person. I feel as if I know you already! Then the voice was gone. Mia looked around the room, confused. She turned to her boyfriend for an explanation, but he and Bulma were talking about seeing something named Krillin about the news, which sounded familiar, but Mia couldn’t remember why.

Gohan was excited. “Come on, Mia! Let’s go,” he cheered, practically racing for the door. Mia followed after, thanking Bulma for the suit again. As soon as they reached the lawn, Gohan took off back east towards his house with Mia following closely behind him. He was flying faster than Mia had seen him go, but she could still keep up. He flipped so he was flying on his back, facing Mia. “I can’t believe my dad gets to come back! This is awesome.”

Mia smiled at him. She’d never seen him so truly happy. It was clear he really missed his father. But there was a nagging in the back of her mind. How did Goku know about her and her mother? They’d never met him, and the only other one who he’d know that at least knew her mom was Vegeta, who thought her mom was dead. It didn’t make any sense. “What’s your dad like?” she asked.

A smile settled on Gohan’s face as he replied, “He’s the nicest guy ever. Funny. And he’s the strongest person in the universe. He’s saved the Earth more times than I can count.”

“You really look up to him,” Mia more stated than asked. It was obvious his dad was his idol.

Gohan nodded.

“Is that why you fly around saving Satan City?” Mia laughed.

Gohan shook his head. “No. I don’t know if it comes from my dad or just myself. But I just can’t stand by when people are in danger.” He frowned, turning to Mia. “What about you? Why do you do it?”

She gave him a small smile, as if he should have known the answer to the question. “Because you included me, and you’re my friend.”

Gohan seemed taken aback, blushing a little. “Really? Me?”

Mia let out a small laugh. “Of course.” That was when she noticed the ocean they were closing in on. “Wh-where are we going, Gohan?”
“To an old friend’s house. He’d like to know my Dad is coming back. They were best friends,” Gohan explained.

Mia raised an eyebrow. Krillin. She remembered the first mental conversation she and Gohan shared, and the image of a bald man with six dots on his head she saw when she was going through his mind for a lie to go along with. “He lives in the middle of the ocean?”

“Well, on a small island. You can see it on the horizon,” he said, pointing out a rapidly growing pink dot. That dot turned into a small pink house with a red roof, and blue words painted on the side reading “Kame House.” The island it sat on was small, only fitting the house and a little bit of lawn and palm trees.

As they landed, the green screened door opened, revealing a short man in an orange t-shirt, white khaki shorts, and flip flops. He had short to medium black hair that was brushed off his face, revealing a small widows-peak. “Gohan? I thought that was you,” he said as he stepped into the sun. A small smile grew on his face as he looked at Mia. “Who’s the girl?”

“This is my friend, Mia,” Gohan introduced. “Mia, this is Krillin.”

Mia opened her mouth to say something polite, but was interrupted as Krillin chuckled, “Friend or Girl friend? If she’s your girlfriend, gotta say, you’re out-kicking your coverage a bit, aren’t you?” Mia smiled a bit. She was familiar with the saying, thanks to her Uncle Rito.

“K-Krillin,” Gohan stammered, a blush creeping to his face. “Stop it.”

“I seem to recall a time when you announced to Android 18 that I liked her. What, you don’t like it when it happens to you?” Krillin’s grin held a little spite, but it was clear he was just kidding around.

“You’re embarrassing me,” Gohan clarified, setting his jaw furrowing his brow.

Mia stepped in, giving her friendliest tone she could. “Actually, we had some news.”

Suddenly, Krillin was serious. He looked between the teens nervously as he added, “Good news I hope.” Mia could tell with his suspicious and worried gaze that he thought they might have been in some form of paternal trouble.

Gohan nodded, not even noticing Krillin’s implication. “Dad is coming back to fight in the tournament!”

“What!?!?” Krillin shouted, barely able to contain his excitement. “You’re sure Goku’s coming back?”

“Told me himself,” Gohan replied proudly.

“Aw man! Goku’s back for the tournament! It’s just like the old days.” Krillin grinned, his fists balled. Slowly, his grin fell to a frown. “I’d love to compete, but I’ve got no idea what my wife would say.”

“First she’d ask if there’s any prize money,” a woman standing at the door, a young girl of three or four standing next to her holding a ball. Both the woman and girl had light blond hair. The little girl looked sweet and innocent, while the woman looked tough, her blue eyes revealing a hardened warrior.

“Yeah,” Gohan answered, “for the top five places. Ten million zeni for first place, five million for second, three million for third, two million for fourth, and one million for fifth.”
The woman’s eyes went wide. “Enter Krillin!” she almost gasped, “I will!”

“But honey.”

“Come on, Krillin.”

“Yes, come on, Daddy,” the little girl cheered next to her mother.

“Alright,” Krillin sighed. He leaned towards Gohan adding in a whisper, “But can we not tell Vegeta and Piccolo? It’d increase my chances of getting in the top five and not looking like a total dweeb in front of my family.”

Gohan frowned. “Vegeta was already planning on entering. And I was going to see Piccolo next.”

The bald man scowled, putting his hands on his hips. “Fine. I’ll just have to be honest about your outfit.”

Gohan looked surprised at first, until Mia nudged him. “We need to get going,” she whispered. Gohan nodded in agreement, ignoring Krillin’s comment.

“We’ll see you at the tournament guys!” Gohan called to the small family with a wave before taking off, Mia taking off closely behind him. This time, they flew north a good distance, passing plains, mountains and forests at an increasing rate.

“So, who’s Piccolo?” Mia asked

“He’s a friend of mine,” Gohan replied cheerfully. “He was my first martial arts teacher.” He shot her a look as he added, “I think you’ll like him.” It wasn’t long until he pointed ahead to a thin tower reaching high in the sky. “Up here,” Gohan called out, angling steeply up. Mia followed suit, matching his increasing speed and altitude until reaching a large compound seemingly floating in the air. It was hard for Mia to keep her surprise contained.

“W-what is this place?”

“This is The Lookout,” the hybrid answered as his feet touched down on the white marble floors. Mia followed him towards the large white building with gold guilded domed roofs. Her eyes were wide and mouth open as she took in the sight. There was nothing but blue sky and clouds for miles. It made her feel a little insecure about her footing.

A door creaked open in the main building, where a short green man walked out. He had pointed ears framing his face, and antenna springing off his forehead. Even though he walked with a large staff, he looked young, like he was only her and Gohan’s age, and smiled as soon as his black eyes rested on Gohan and Mia. “Gohan! You’re back!”

“Hey, Dende,” Gohan replied, stepping up the green teen. “Where is –“

He cut himself off as two others stepped out from the entryway. One was green, just like the teen Gohan had greeted as Dende. He wore a white and purple turban and a shoulder-padded cape. His arms were crossed and he walked in a tough guy stance. Behind them was what Mia could only think of as a midnight black genie.

“Hey Piccolo!” Gohan greeted cheerfully. “Mr. Popo.”

“Gohan, it’s so good to see you,” the black genie replied in a kind voice. “Who is your lovely companion?”
“Oh, this is Mia Jicama,” the hybrid introduced, waving Mia forward.

Dende gave a small bow politely. “It’s nice to meet you.”

“Oh, that’s totally not necessary,” she stated holding up her hands.

Piccolo smiled and gave a small introductory nod. *She’s not as proud as I thought she’d be,* he noted, eyeing her speculatively. “So, what brings you here?” Piccolo asked.

“Dad’s coming back for a day to fight in the tournament,” Gohan stated excitedly.

“Goku?” This was the second time she heard the name “Goku” today referencing Gohan’s father. *I thought his name was Kakarrot.* Piccolo continued, “It should be a good tournament this year if he’s going to show up. Count me in.”

“What about you, Dende?” Gohan asked, turning to the younger green man. “You wanna join the tournament?”

Dende shook his head. “I’m not much of a fighter, Gohan. I think I should just stick to healing.”

Piccolo cleared his throat, garnering the attention of the group as he eyed Gohan’s attire. “I have to ask, Gohan. What are you wearing?”

Gohan frowned, putting his hands on his hips. “Not you too, Piccolo. You don’t like it?”

“I can’t lie to you, Gohan. It looks a bit ridiculous.”

Gohan looked sincerely hurt by his old mentor’s words as Mia snickered. “You should have seen the scarf and shades Mrs. Briefs tried to get him to wear.” Gohan shot Mia a look, who gave him an apologetic wave. “Trust me, the mask looks infinitely better.”

Gohan’s frown didn’t move as he said, “Well, we need to go tell Mom the good news.” He levitated off the ground with a salute.

Mia did the same, calling out to them, “It was nice to meet you! We’ll see you at the tournament!” And then the saiyan teens were off.

Mr. Popo sighed, watching Gohan and Mia fly off. “So, that was her?”

Dende looked at the Lookout’s caretaker confused. “That was who?”

“Vegeta’s daughter. The Saiyan Princess,” Piccolo answered, remembering back to the first time he had overheard of her existence. “She’s not what I expected.” Dende’s shocked gaze followed out to the saiyan teens flying off in the distance.

You’re freaking out, Mia said, rubbing her thumb gently on the back of his hand.
He let out a long breath as he replied, *Wouldn’t you if you had to tell your Mom she was finally seeing her husband again after seven years.*

*I have to tell my Mom my Dad, who she hasn’t seen in eighteen or nineteen years, will be at the tournament, and that I met him today. I’m in the same boat as you.*

*How are you so calm?*

Mia paused, unsure of how to answer that. *Because I’m with you,* she realized.

ChiChi placed the chicken on the table as Siyaka place the last of the vegetables next to it. Gohan and Mia slid their hands out of each other’s grasp quickly, losing the mental connection. “Alright, everyone. Dig in,” ChiChi ordered, taking her seat at the table. Goten and Siyaka quickly dished their meals as Gohan and Mia mulled over their news.

“Mom, I’ve got something to tell you,” Gohan started, to seriously.

ChiChi was suddenly no longer smiles, but all business. “Are you failing class?”

“No,” Gohan answered, taken a bit back.

“A girlfriend?” Suddenly her eyes went wide with worry, “Please don’t tell me something happened at the party a couple weeks ago, and you got a girl … you know.” Mia almost snorted at how pale Gohan’s face turned. Siyaka’s brow raised as she eyed the teen hybrid, her mouth frozen in mid-chew. Goten followed the conversation like a tennis match, but it was clear he had no idea what they were talking.

“God! No!” Gohan practically croaked.

“Because I know how crazy those parties can get. I had half a mind not to let you even go. But I decided I could trust your judgement. I can’t believe you would *do* this!”

“Mom! Stop. There is *no* girl!” he said, trying to calm down his mother’s tirade. Mia tapped her foot against him, and he cleared his throat, deciding to ignore Mia’s slight pout. “And no one’s … *that.* I have *good* news. Not bad.”

His mother calmed down a bit, giving her son a confused look. “Oh,” she breathed. “It just sounded like you had bad news.”

“No,” Gohan replied, dishing himself some food. “Dad’s coming back.”

ChiChi was silent, her eyes wide like a deer stuck in the high-beams of a car. “What?”

“He’s going to visit for a day and fight in the World Martial Arts Tournament,” Gohan explained.

“Oh my stars!” ChiChi squealed, lifting a hand to her mouth. “I can’t believe it!” She turned to Goten and gave him a squeeze. “You get to meet your Daddy! Finally!” she cried. “Oh my god, I’d probably look like an old hag to him. It’s been so long, and he wouldn’t have aged in Otherworld, would he? I should get a facial, and get my hair and nails done. Maybe a new outfit.”

“Mom, I wanted to ask if I could join him in the tournament,” he started, and quietly added, “and maybe take off some school to train.”

The flip from happy ChiChi to angry ChiChi threw everyone for a loop. “Excuse me?”

“I want to take some time off to…”
“I know what you said. But the answer is Hell no.”

Gohan frowned, “But Mom, Dad’s only going to be back for a day, and I’ll never get this chance again!”

“You’ll never get this close to getting into college again either! Need I remind you, you need scholarships to go, because we can’t afford it. And the only way you’re getting scholarships is if your grades are perfect!”

“But Mom, the winner gets ten million zeni! If I won, it’d be like winning a huge scholarship!”

“TEN MILLION!?!?! You could get a PHD with that cash!” Gohan stared at his Mom hopefully. He didn’t know where the scholarship argument came from, but he was very thankful he thought of it. “Alright. You can compete in the tournament.”

Gohan sighed, pulling a small victorious fist down as he hissed, “Yes.”

“Mom,” Mia piped up. Siyaka eyed her daughter skeptically. “I’d like to compete, as well.”

Siyaka frowned, putting her fork in her food as she looked at Mia. “How are your grades?”

Mia looked down at the table, “My lowest is a B in Latin. Second lowest is an A minus in history.”

Her mother nodded, thinking about it. “Well, you’re already out of school for the month,” she reasoned. After a quiet minute, she smiled and said, “Sure.”

“THANK YOU!” Mia squealed. She turned to Gohan beaming. “We can start training first thing in the morning!”

“Yeah! Goten, you want to train with us?” Mia shot Gohan a look asking him “What the hell are you doing?” *He’s throwing away time where we could do anything together!* Goten was already excitedly agreeing.

“Only if you don’t interfere,” ChiChi added, giving her youngest a pointed stare.

“Oh, I promise! I’ll be the best training partner ever!” Goten promised gleefully. Gohan gave an apologetic smile to the Saiyan Princess. He could tell from her small scowl that she returned to him that Goten was already interfering in her training plans.

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The next morning was clear and warm. Barely a breeze rolled through as Gohan and Mia stood off against each other. They both stood in sparring form in the valley Mia and her mother had grown accustomed to sparring in. Unlike Gohan, Mia wasn’t wearing a training gi. She wore gray running capris, a green tank top cut off at the waist, a black beat up sweatshirt with the sleeves cut off, and tennis shoes. The super saiyan hybrid watched the princess carefully until he saw a weakness in her defensive stance. He launched at her, throwing a right hook at Mia. She stepped back quickly, dodging the blow with an easy spring in her step. She threw a kick to the left side of his skull, which he blocked with his forearm. He grabbed her ankle and swung her around. As she flew towards a cliff, Mia did an aerial flip, halting her momentum in the air. Gohan wasn’t given long to admire her flying prowess as she launched back at him with a series of punches and kicks that was even more impressive. Gohan phased back, lifting a hand for a ki blast, not nearly powerful enough to cause any real damage. He fired, and she countered, knocking his blast aside with one hand and firing another with her other hand.
“GOHAN!!!!” Goten called, pulling Gohan’s attention away as he caught Mia’s ki blast with one hand, whih he dispelled easily. Gohan looked around for his brother, as Mia closed the gap between them, her arms crossed. Goten came out from behind a rock with a large lizard held high over his head. “Lookit, Gohan! He reminds me of Icarus!”

Gohan scowled. “Goten, you can’t keep interrupting us like this. We’re supposed to be training!” Goten slowly began to pout as he let the lizard go. “Now let’s put our noses to the grindstone and get work done.” Mia shot Gohan an odd look. She’d never heard him so stern. She looked back at Goten who couldn’t even look his older brother in the eyes, and gave a small sniffle. “Oh, Goten, I’m sorry. It’s just…”

Mia held up her hand shushing Gohan easily, stepping forward to the young saiyan child. “Goten, why don’t we play a training game?”

Goten instantly brightened up. “A game!?"

Mia nodded excitedly, her bangs flopping into her eyes a little. “Of course! A training game. How would you like to throw rocks at your big brother?”

Goten’s onyx eyes brightened significantly as he almost became giddy. “M-Mia,” Gohan started, nervously.

“Sh!” Mia hissed, not turning to the older hybrid. “What do you think Goten?”

Goten threw a fist in the air excitedly. “Yeah!” he whooped childishly. Mia grinned, gesturing for the small saiyan to follow her.

“M-Mia, how is this going to help?” Gohan argued, his fists planted on his hips as the saiyan princess guided his younger brother to stand behind a certain line she dug in the dirt with her foot about twenty feet away.

“To teach you to dodge intuitively,” Mia called back. She lifted a hand and blasted a boulder with ease, reducing it to small stones, which she gathered and placed next to Goten, as she continued explaining, “It’ll be kind of like dodgeball, but with rocks instead of playground balls.”

“What’s dodgeball?” Both Gohan and Goten asked almost simultaneously.

Mia stopped, dropping the rocks she had gathered into the pile, and stared at the brothers. “You know! ‘If you can dodge a wrench, you can dodge a ball,’” she quoted, a frown slowly overtaking her face as Goten and Gohan looked increasingly confused. “I-it’s only the most played game in every school gym class.”

Gohan shook his head. “So far, we’ve only played baseball and basketball.”

Mia blinked slowly at him, then turned to Goten who just shrugged. She turned back to the older hybrid and called back, “Gohan, do you even watch movies?”

Gohan seemed taken aback by this question. Of course he’d watched movies. “Yeah. Why?”

“Well, what movies?” Mia asked, her arms crossed. “Because every movie quote I throw at you, you seem confused by.”

“Mostly documentaries,” Gohan replied. He wasn’t sure adding that it was only because his mother didn’t like him watching movies unless they had some educational part to it would help him in any way. “A-and Die Hard,” he added softly. He had a soft spot with that movie, thanks to his Dad
watching it with him as a kid in between training sessions.

“So movies like Mean Girls, Princess Bride, Dodgeball, and Star Wars, not really in your repertoire?”

“What’s Star Wars?” Goten piped in.

Gohan could almost see Mia freezing as if Goten had said something that shook her to her core. She slowly held her hand up, shaking her head. “I’m going to ignore that, and teach you about pop cultural movies later. Now, back to dodgeball!” She announced, grabbing a rock and handing it to Goten. “In the movie, they explain the five D’s of dodgeball.” She held up her hand as she listed them off. “Dodge, Duck, Dip, Dive, and Dodge.”

“You said ‘dodge’ twice,” Gohan stated, looking confused.

Mia turned to him and replied simply, “That’s because it’s the most important.” She stepped away from Goten before ordering, “Let’em fly, Goten.” Goten threw the first hard, almost hitting Gohan’s cheek as it zoomed by him, lodging itself into the cliffside beside him. Gohan’s green eyes were wide as he turned to see the rock lodged in the rock-face behind him. “Gohan, DODGE!” Mia called to him. Gohan turned back quickly to see three rocks headed his way, and moved to miss them. He continued to dodge his brother’s rocks, slowly becoming accustomed to the pace.

“I-I think I’m getting the hang of it guys!” He called to them.

“Good!” Mia laughed. “Maybe I’ll start throwing!” Mia reached down for a rock, but stopped when Goten dropped his own rock, looking at the ground. “Goten, what’s wrong?”

Mia wasn’t sure she knew what she saw in Goten’s onyx eyes. Determination, hope? “G-Gohan, is it ok if I be like you now? I want to be a super saiyan now.”

Gohan let out a laugh. “Oh, Goten,” he said through his chuckles, “it takes years of practice to become a super saiyan. I was twice your age when I first transformed.”

Mia frowned. Goten was seven. That math didn’t add up. “I thought you were a super saiyan at the Cell Games.”

“Yeah, but I was like twelve then,” Gohan replied, not thinking.

Mia was now scowling speculatively at him. “How? I was only ten, almost eleven.”

Gohan let out a small breath with a laugh, as he recalled he hadn’t really let slip his annual age and biological age weren’t exactly matching, thanks to the hyperbolic time chamber. “Uhm, funny thing, actually …”

He could see Mia becoming peeved as she crossed her arms and asked dangerously, “Is it, now?”

They were interrupted with a loud pip and whooshing wind, drawing their attention to the smallest saiyan whose hair stood on end and sparked, then flashed to a brilliant gold. His aura flared around him in golden hues as he finished the transformation, leaving the two teen saiyans speechless. “G-Goten?” Mia managed.

“Yeah?” Goten replied, his voice still cheery.

“How long have you been able to transform?” Gohan asked, his knees weak as he stepped towards his younger brother.
Goten shrugged. “I can’t remember.”

“Th-that’s crazy,” Gohan breathed, looking at Mia, who silently nodded her head. A thought crossed his mind, and he shot a look at Mia worriedly. “Hey Mia…”

“What?”

Gohan touched the tips of his index fingers together nervously. “Would you be mad if I sparred with Goten instead of you for a bit?”

She raised an eyebrow, and her look at him told him he was in trouble. “Is this because I’m not a super saiyan, and he is?” She could see the word “Maybe” forming in his lips, and she looked away with a scoff. Of course he was ditching her for a stronger opponent. She’d probably do the same thing, honestly. “Fine,” she groused, pulling her hair out of her braid and heading through the trees. Gohan had a sneaking suspicion that that “Fine” didn’t mean fine, but he wasn’t about to second guess permission to train with another super saiyan!

As Mia walked through the trees, she counted out five strands of hair before ripping them from her scalp. “It’s ok,” she muttered to herself, as she looked at the five jet black strands of hair in her fist, “I can make my own training partners.”

For what seemed like forever, Gohan and Goten fought, jumping from cliff to cliff. Goten threw punches left and right, and it was all Gohan could do to block. Vegeta had been right, he’d fallen way out of fighting shape. Seven years ago, he’d have almost no problem fighting back in super saiyan form against another super saiyan, at least if the training sessions with his father had been any indication. Goten was clearly giving it all he had, and Gohan wasn’t sure if he had that much.

In the distance he heard a large explosion, causing his attention to drift in the direction it came from, the direction Mia had left in. With that distraction, Goten was able to land a punch in Gohan’s stomach, causing him to heave and gasp. Goten instantly jumped back. “Gohan, are you ok? I didn’t mean to hit that hard.”

“No,” Gohan coughed. “No, don’t pull your punches. It was a good hit. I shouldn’t have been distracted.” Slowly, the older hybrid straightened himself up, rubbing his stomach where Goten had punched him. He let out a long breath, and stated, “You’ve got a hell of a punch. Where’d you learn to fight like that?”

“Mom,” Goten answered blankly. “Whenever you were inside studying, she took me outside and trained me.”

“Mom?!” Gohan replied in disbelief. He knew his mom had changed a bit during the grieving process after their dad died, but he hadn’t realized it was that much of a change. “Does she know you can go super saiyan?”

Goten nodded with a pout.

“What’s wrong, Bro? Did she freak out?”

Goten nodded sadly again. “Yeah, she called me a monster. And told me not to transform again.”

Gohan laughed. Well, at least one thing had never changed. “Well, you’re the best little monster I know. And hey, if you’re this good, maybe you could enter the tournament!”
Gohan could tell that small compliment meant the world to his little brother. “Wow! Really!? That’d be totally cool for someone my age!”

“Seriously,” Gohan replied. “You got some moves, Squirt. Are you ready for round two?”

“Are you?” Goten countered, nervously.

Gohan laughed. *Touché.* “Yeah, let’s go!”

And they were at it again, throwing punches and kicks at each other. They finally reached the highest mountain in the area, and Goten was about to have Gohan cornered against a cliff edge. Goten threw one last punch as Gohan lost his balance, shifting to flying high. “HEY!!! YOU’RE CHEATING!!! IF I CAN’T FLY, YOU CAN’T FLY!!!” Goten called up to his older brother.

“What?” Gohan asked exasperatedly, eyeing his little brother’s angry expression. “You can’t fly?”

“No!” Goten snapped. “If I could, I’d be kicking your butt! But I can’t so you have to stay on the ground!”

Another explosion sounded, almost drawing Gohan’s attention, if it wasn’t for the roar of a jet-copter flying in the not so far off distance. Gohan frowned, trying to see the plane, only to freeze as he recognized the yellow aircraft headed towards his home. “Videl.” *But why would she be here?* “SHIT!!! FLYING LESSONS!” he gasped to himself. “I totally forgot!” He dropped down to Goten, beginning his explanation before he hit the ground. “Hey, I promised a classmate I’d teach her how to fly, so if you want, I can teach you both to fly.”

Goten frowned. “Another girl?” Gohan nodded. “Trunks says they have cooties.”

Gohan let out a bark of a laugh. “Don’t believe everything Trunks tells you. Come on, let’s go grab Mia and head back to the house!” Gohan headed toward the area where Mia had walked off to. Going by the sun, it had been almost an hour since he and Goten had started sparring, and she’d gone off to do her own thing. He reached out his senses to find her only to find himself standing at the beach of a lake, sensing Mia was somewhere in the middle. “MIA!! Come on! We’re headed home for lunch!” There was a large burst of bubbles exploding in a splash in the middle of the lake, then nothing as the water calmed. Instantly, Gohan’s heart sped up as every thought of her hurt or drowning entered his mind. “MIA!!!” He called out, getting ready to jump in the water. Until the sound of a splash drew his attention to a form closing in on the lake’s bank.

His anxieties eased as she popped her head out of the water, grasping a rock to pull herself up with. Gohan froze as he took her in. Her body was soaked from the lake, and her tank top clung to her skin. Her tail whipped around as she shook its fur free of water. She had leaned over, pushing her hair to the side as she wrung the water out of it. It was thick and long. He had never really noticed how long before since it had always been up. And seeing it down, he could tell it was actually wavy, elegantly so, while also keeping the saiyan wildness. He had to admit, seeing her there, glistening in the lake water, she was the most beautiful being he’d ever seen.

She looked up at him blankly. “What?” she asked stepping forward, her tail wrapping elegantly around her waist.

His heart beat in his ears as he tried to speak. She smelled intoxicating. It was odd. She’d never had this ability over him before, but now all he could make out was, “Uh … The house.” He suddenly felt an uncomfortable need for her physically, and a small blush ran to his cheeks. He knew what was wrong this time, but he couldn’t pinpoint why now. Maybe it was the lake water. He cleared his throat, trying his best to ignore the thoughts running through his mind. “Ahem. We’re heading back
to the house for lunch.”

“Ok,” Mia replied cheerfully. She began to race back to the house and called back to them, “Last one there is a rotten egg!”

“I don’t wanna be a rotten egg!” Goten squealed taking off after her.

Gohan followed after them, after he adjusted his pants, trying his hardest to control his mind. But he was downwind from her, and there was something about that smell. It was driving him nuts every time he got a whiff of it.

Siyaka watched off to the side of the Son guest house as a familiar young lady begged entrance into the main Son house. It was entertaining to say the least. ChiChi wouldn’t budge, bringing a smile to the saiyan woman’s face.

“Look, I don’t know who you are or what you want, but my Gohan is unavailable,” ChiChi explained to the dark-haired brunette at the door.

“My name’s Videl, Ma’am. I’m a classmate of your son’s.”

“For the last time, I don’t give two shits who you are. My son isn’t here. He’s very busy training for the tournament. He doesn’t have time for any dates.”

“No, Ma’am,” Videl tried. “I was the one to convince him to join the tournament. He promised to help me on some fighting techniques.”

“Oh?” ChiChi asked, an eyebrow raised as she began to assess the blue eyed girl. “Then fine. But you better keep your hands off him. He’s too young to get married.”

“M-married? No! It’s a martial arts tournament. The two don’t mix!” Videl responded flabbergasted.

ChiChi put her fists on her hips. “I know people who have gotten married at the tournament. Don’t think you can trick my son into one!”

“LOOK LADY –!!!!” Videl started.

There was a rustling through the bushes until an orange and blue blur shot out. Goten was the first home with Mia following a close second. “I won! I won! I won!” Goten sang with glee, doing a small dance. As Gohan came into the clearing, Goten added, “You’re both rotten eggs!” But his song and dance drew the attention of Videl. “Hey, Mom! I’m entering in the tournament!” ChiChi shot an odd look at her eldest son who shrugged.

Videl took a couple steps toward the saiyan hybrid, who’s gaze was trained on the ground for some reason. She poked him in the chest with an accusing finger as she started, “So, did you think you could get out of teaching me how to fly by missing a couple days of school? You’re not getting rid of me that easily!”

“N-no. I gave you my word,” Gohan replied nervously, looking for an escape route.

“What word was that, Gohan?” Mia asked, her deadly glare on Videl. Gohan had to admit, even with the glare she had trained on the both of them, he still wanted the saiyan princess badly right now. What the Hell was wrong with him right now?
Videl turned to Mia, her hands on her hips as she replied challengingly, “He’s teaching me how to fly. What’s it to you? Or better yet, why aren’t you in school either? You clearly don’t have mono.”

“What!?” Gohan gasped almost laughing, as his mother asked with a disgusted scowl, “Mono?”

“M-Mom, what’s mono?” Goten asked, only to be shushed by her.

“No, I don’t have mono,” Mia replied, ignoring the Son family’s reactions. “Remember, you blew my mom’s cover. Now the mafia’s after us.”

Videl eyed her speculatively. “Ri-ight. By the way, nice hair, Shadow.” It was clear the comment wasn’t meant to be a compliment. But whatever the reference was, it was lost on Gohan.

Mia sheepishly reached for her hair, before glaring at the champion’s daughter, dropping her hand at her side. “Shut up! I don’t look like the F-ing hedgehog!” Mia growled, her fists clenched. “And Gohan can’t help you anyway, because he’s training with me. Right, Gohan?” She shifted her gaze to him, only to see he was looking away sheepishly. “Gohan?”

“I-I did promise her,” he stated.

“Mhm,” Videl hummed, crossing her arms as a victorious smirk came over her features.

Mia’s eyes went wide, and he could tell she was livid. Well, he was kind of ditching her again.

“Fine! Teach her,” Mia snipped before making a bee-line for the guest house, nearly slamming the door.

“Is she alright?” ChiChi asked Siyaka, who only shrugged.

Gohan took a deep breath before addressing Videl. “Why don’t you stay for lunch, and then I’ll teach you to fly this afternoon.”

Videl looked at him oddly. It was clear something was off, because all of a sudden he seemed to talk in very clipped tones, like he was rushed. “Are you ok?”

“Yeah,” Gohan replied, shaking off her worried tone. “Just…” he pointed to the house before walking around his mom and inside. Before anyone could ask him where he was going, he had shut and locked the bathroom door. As soon as he knew he was secure, he dropped his trousers to see he was engorged. “What the hell?” he groaned.

Siyaka went inside the guest house, and as soon as the smell hit her, she understood everything that just happened. “Mia, you need a shower,” she ordered, seeing her daughter sitting on the couch watching tv.

Mia shot her mom an odd look. “I just went swimming in a lake,” the princess replied shortly.

“Which is probably why you’re so potent,” Siyaka added, stepping into the bathroom, and reaching into the medicine cabinet. She pulled out a pack of pills and tossed them to Mia, which the saiyan princess caught with a frown.

“Hormone regulators?” Mia asked, giving her mom a confused look. “I’m not supposed to go in heat for another…” she counted on her fingers, then pursed her lips sheepishly. “Oh.”

“Yeah,” Siyaka stated, arms crossed. “You reek. Your mood swings are all over the place. Not to
mention you got incredibly territorial as soon as you saw Videl.”

“That could be just because I hate Videl.”

Siyaka shook her head, looking away. “And poor Gohan probably had no idea what was going on.”

Mia’s eyes went wide as she turned to her mother. “Gohan? What’s wrong with Gohan?

Siyaka sat down in front of Mia, her fingers steepled as she explained, “Gohan’s part Saiyan. That means his sense of smell would be slightly heightened from an average human’s. And he’s a male that’s already gone through puberty. Do the math.” Mia looked down at the pills in her hands. Siyaka tapped the package. “Take one and a shower before you come out for lunch.” Mia nodded blankly as Siyaka stood up and walked out.

ChiChi set all the food on a picnic table outside with the help of Siyaka and Videl. Siyaka brought out the copious amounts of food as Videl set the table full of plates and silverware, six places. As they finished setting up, Gohan emerged from the house, looking bright and refreshed. Cheerfully, he took his seat next to his brother as Siyaka and Videl found their seats and Chichi brought out several bottles of water and Gatorade. Chichi took her seat across Siyaka, between Goten and Videl at the head of the table.

Mia walked out of the guest house not long after, her wet hair tied back in a braid, and her new shirt a baggy tank tunic with running pants and tennis shoes. Her face was a sullen as she took her seat next to her mother and Videl.

“Did you take a shower?” Videl asked, a frown on her face.

“Yeah, what’s it to you?” Mia replied curtly as she dished herself some food. Gohan and his brother were already guzzling their food down.

Videl rolled her eyes, returning to her food. She took her first bites before making a satisfied groan. “Oh my God, this is so good. I should give this recipe to our cook!” Mia ignored the comment as she reached for an orange Gatorade, opening it and taking a sip.

“Your cook?” ChiChi started. “Is your family in the restaurant business?”

“What? Oh, no. I mean our cook at home.”

ChiChi looked flabbergasted. “Y-you have your own cook?” Videl nodded as she took another bite. “You must be pretty loaded. How many rooms does your house have?”

“Uhm, fifty, I think,” Videl replied, dishing herself seconds.

“FIFTY!!!!” ChiChi howled, her hands splayed out on the table. Mia set her bottle down on the table gently as she watched ChiChi’s reactions. “And you’re going to marry this girl?!?” ChiChi asked turning to Gohan, who choked on his drink, his face going red. He sputtered as he coughed up the liquid, mouthing “No.”

Videl laughed. “No, Ma’am. Surely you know that Gohan and Mia…” Mia tapped her bottle, causing it to tip and spill all over Videl’s plate, shirt and lap. Videl jumped up with a gasp, as Mia righted her bottle. “You clumsy bi—!!!” Videl began to howl, shaking her hands free of the sticky liquid.
“Oh God, I’m so sorry,” Mia interrupted her, jumping up and acting apologetic. “Let’s go get you cleaned up before that stains,” she fussed, guiding Videl by the shoulders to the main house.

Mia shoved Videl inside then shut the door. The princess grabbed Videl’s wrist and dragged her back to the laundry room, as the champion’s daughter fought to get her arm free. Mia let go of her as she turned on the sink, letting the water heat up. “Strip,” she ordered.

Videl scowled at the saiyan girl before handing over her shirt and running shorts. Videl crossed her arms as she leaned on the washing machine in her underwear. “Do you mind telling me what that was about?”

“Nobody knows we’re dating. And we’d like to keep it that way,” Mia answered, dunking Videl’s stained shirt in the water. “Not that you need to know.”

Videl raised an eyebrow at the princess. “Why?”

“Because his mother would pitch a conniption,” Mia replied blankly, wringing out the water as she applied the stain remover. She stopped scrubbing for a minute with a sigh. “Look, I know you like him and might be looking to sabotage whatever we have, but getting his mom to hate me won’t help you win him over. Trust me.”

Videl frowned at Mia. “I promised him I wouldn’t interfere,” Videl stated, “that I’d let him make his own decisions about you.”

That brought Mia’s attention to the champion’s daughter. Was Videl not as bad as she always thought? No way. Videl was her childhood bully. And as much as one would wish, a leopard couldn’t change its spots.

“So, you’re right. Telling his mom wouldn’t do anything but make me look bad. But you should know,” Videl added, stepping in menacingly, “once whatever you two have is over, and it will end, judging by the fact you’re keeping your dating secret; I’ll be there to pick up the pieces. You can have your fun with him, now. But I know in the end, once you’re tired of him, he’ll be mine.” With that, Videl snatched her almost clean shirt away from Mia. “You can leave now.” Mia was taken aback by Videl’s abrasiveness, but left the laundry room.

“Alright,” Gohan started stepping towards his new pupils. Videl and Goten sat on the grass in front of him as Mia stood behind watching. She could play assistant teacher. And that gave her a plausible reason to keep an eye on Videl. Mia just couldn’t get what Videl said to her in the laundry room out of her head. Was their relationship doomed to fail? No. Videl is just trying to play mindgames to get me to end it earlier in hopes to get to him sooner. Us keeping this a secret isn’t damning. She knew keeping a relationship a secret didn’t always bode well in the long run, but it didn’t seem like so bad an option knowing Gohan and his mother. And her father. But was keeping their attraction a secret actually damning their long-term relationship? Mom and Dad kept their relationship a secret for years to stay alive, and they were fine.

… But look at what happened, a darker side of her mind reminded. Her gaze shifted to her boyfriend, taking in everything about him. His calm confident stance, his friendly smile, his bright eyes, his strong physique. Gods, she hoped that it wasn’t actually the case. He has ditched me most of today, first to train with his brother, then to train with Videl. His mother has already suggested he marry Videl. Clearly, Videl was already given clearance that even he’s not sure I’ll get.
But that doesn’t mean anything, necessarily.

Can I be so sure? Can my heart withstand the ache of falling for someone I won’t be able to have? So far, that’s all that’s at risk. And it’s already too much if he doesn’t fall too.

“So, to fly all you have to do is harness your ki, and push it beneath you. Then boom, you’re flying!” Gohan explained excitedly, his fists on his hips. “Easy. A toddler could do it!” Goten looked thoughtful while Videl scowled at the hybrid teen. “I-I mean an incredibly talented toddler who’s had years of martial arts training,” Gohan added awkwardly under her intense glare. Mia rolled her eyes. Really? Why did he have to spare her feelings?

Videl’s hand shot in the air. Gohan gestured for her to speak. “What is this ki business?”

“Uhm, it’s spiritual energy.”

“Well, what’s that?” Mia pinched the bridge of her nose. This was going to be a long day.

“It’s like this!” Goten announced, jumping up with his hand outstretched and aimed at a boulder. In an instant, he fired a ki blast, obliterating the rock to pebbles.

Gohan stared after the blasted rock blankly as he added, “Yeah. It’s like that.”

Videl stared at the empty space where the boulder had recently stood with wide eyes. “Wh-what? How?”

“Ki,” Goten answered with a smile. “It’s easy!”

Videl’s mouth twitched as she replied, “Well, I’m not a magician. I can’t do a trick like that.”

Gohan’s eyes went wide, and innocent look on his face as he said, “No. No trick. Just ki.”

“Gohan, she doesn’t know what ki is,” Mia clarified with a frown, her arms crossed as she looked at the champion’s daughter. Maybe Videl would finally realize just how out of league they were to her. “You need to teach her how to use ki before you teach her to fly.”

Gohan frowned. “Right,” he muttered, agreeing with the saiyan princess. He crossed his arms as he thought up a plan. “So, one of us should go ahead and teach Goten to fly while the other one teaches Videl how ki works,” he finally offered. “So, I’ll teach Go—”

“You promised to teach me, Gohan,” Videl emphasized, her hands on her hips.

“Right,” Gohan sighed, his shoulders dropping. He sent Mia a small frown as he asked. “Do you mind showing Goten how to fly?”

Mia’s heart pounded. Her mind screamed, YES! I do mind! But not because of Goten. Teaching Goten to fly was going to be the easy part. It was leaving Gohan alone with Videl’s poisonous persuasions that had Mia’s mind and heart going a mile a minute. But if she voiced her concerns, she knew Gohan would take it the wrong way … like she didn’t like Goten, which would make her look bad. She forced a smile on her face as she said, “N-no. I don’t mind.” Videl grinned victoriously behind Gohan, who smiled gratefully.

“Great!” Gohan beamed. “Mia will teach Goten, and I’ll teach Videl.”

Goten nodded excitedly, running over to Mia’s side. “I’m gonna get to fly!” he sang.
Mia gave the little hybrid a smile. “Are you ready to enter the Jicama school of flying?” Goten nodded excitedly. “I’m gonna warn you, it’s not easy.” Goten continued nodding. Mia ruffled his hair before adding, “Alright. Go to the lake, and I’ll meet up with you in a minute.”

Goten gave her a weird look. “You aren’t coming?”

“I just need to figure out with Gohan what time we’re stopping today,” Mia lied with a smile. “Now go on.” Goten whooped as he turned to sprint through the trees.

Mia made her way to Gohan, giving the smug Videl a glower before pulling Gohan down into a kiss. She could feel his embarrassment and the blush going to his cheeks, just as he could sense her territorial anger directed at Videl. In the end, he’ll be with me, Videl’s echo rang through their minds. And underneath all of that, he could sense Mia’s insecurities, something he didn’t even know existed. I did promise her, his voice said this time. You’re planning on marrying this girl?!

his mom’s comment at lunch called out. Images of him laughing with Videl at school. Then an image from the party with Gohan wrapped in Videls grasp, her mouth on his, his hands on her shoulders. There was a deep pain he could feel, a hole of worry in her heart.

You’re with me, right? she asked, licking his lips for a small entrance.

He was taken aback by the question. Why would you even ask…?

Her hands gripped him tighter, in a desperation. I just need to know you’re with me. Through whatever. That Videl or anyone else won’t convince you otherwise.

He pulled her closer, licking her tongue back, causing her to give a small squeak and sending a shockwave through her body that left her stomach and legs numb. Of course I wouldn’t. You’re mine, I’m yours, through whatever. Always. He pulled away leaving her feeling assured and breathless. He touched his forehead to hers gently, sending one last burst of love through her.

“Of course I wouldn’t. You’re mine, I’m yours, through whatever. Always.”

“I’ll get to control ki blasts!?” he asked excitedly.
Mia’s eyebrows rose high. “You can’t already?” Goten shook his head emphatically. Mia frowned. “Then I’ll teach you that too, if you’re going to be in the tournament.” Goten began to bounce giddily, but calmed as soon as Mia put her hands up. “Now reach inside you to your ki. Try to divide the destructive feeling ki from calm feeling ki. . . .”

A ki blast zoomed from droid to droid around the gravity chamber. Vegeta dodged it with relative ease. He’d been training in 100x gravity for years, but for some reason he couldn’t become as accustomed to it as easily as when he’d been training for the androids ten years ago. He shot another blast, allowing that one to rebound off the machines as his mind wandered. Unlike Goku, Vegeta was able to train and think of other things. Fighting always gave him a sense of clarity, focus that he never had in any other endeavor.

His mind whirred around Bulma wanting a child and the strange girl Gohan had brought to his house a week before. How oddly familiar that Mia Jicama was. Not to mention her saiyan name. An oddly coincidental name. General Jicama was supposed to be his father-in-law before the planet blew. Odd an earthling would have such a name. Especially since Earth was the planet where General Jicama’s daughter, Vegeta’s betrothed, died. But coincidence it had to be. Siyaka had died long before that girl was even born.

When it came to his wife and another child, he wasn’t one hundred percent enthused about the idea. But it was what she wanted, so he consented. Before Trunks, he never really saw himself as the father type. Continuing his line through Bulma was an accident, but a part of him saw it as providential. He didn’t much care for his son as a baby, but after he got to know his son as a young adult, there was an undeniable kinship between them.

Then there was his wife. She didn’t look like she used to ten years ago, when he was first attracted to her. It wasn’t to say he didn’t still find her attractive, but there was something about her so many years ago that caught his eye.

_You can say it_, an old voice echoed through his mind, distracting him. One of his blasts hit him, causing him to fall. He cancelled out the second blast with a simple catch and crush. He turned off the machines for a drink of water, a breather. _She did kind of look like me at the time_, the voice continued. It wasn’t often his imagination treated him to the ghost of his first… first everything. He could almost see her standing there next to him, leaning against the wall.

_Don’t be foolish. Nothing could look like you, Sai._

_You shouldn’t lie to yourself. I remember. The curly hair, the proud glint in her eye_, Sai continued, stepping forward to him.

He reminisced back to the day he saw Bulma outside sunbathing. The way she looked. A smile crawled on his face. _It was really the way she reacted to our old joke._

Siyaka smiled softly, fingering the scar on his chest. He couldn’t feel her, but a part of him wished he could. _The way she slapped you after you said her hair looked stupid._

_Just like you did when we met._

_You thought you found another version of me_. Her finger traced along his scar… their scar, on his chest.
It was the best I could hope for. After you died, I didn’t think… She placed a finger on his lips, and he quieted.

It’s ok you moved on. It’s what I would have wanted.

I still miss you.

I know.

There was a loud knock at the door that pulled him out of his delusion. He looked around the room, where he stood alone. He raised a hand to his scar on his chest. Siyaka’s scar. The one tangible evidence he had that their love had been real. “Come in,” he called back to the door, thumbing the jagged edge of the scar.

The door whooshed open where his son stood, fists on his hips, and his chin held high. His chest puffed out and proud. “I am entering the World Martial Arts Tournament!” Trunks announced, causing Vegeta to raise an eyebrow in amusement. He wore a white tank top and baggy gym shorts. “So, I need to train!”

Vegeta crossed his arms as he eyed his son. “Are you now,” he laughed. “What brought about this decision?”

“Goten said he couldn’t play today because he was entering the tournament,” Trunks stated, stepping into the room. “Now I want to enter and win!”

Vegeta let out a small chuckle. “That’s my boy. “So, now you want to train?”

“Obviously,” Trunks answered flippantly, throwing a punch in the air.

Vegeta laughed. “Alright. But you’ve got to train at my level if you’re training with me.” Trunks nodded giddily. He was such a child. Vegeta made his way over to the controls to turn the gravity back on. He hesitated seeing the setting at 100x gravity, and knew Trunks wouldn’t be able to handle that yet. He’d trained his way up to 35x gravity whenever they trained together. Vegeta turned the dial down from 100 to 50. Trunks would be able to adjust to 50 rather quickly, while still giving Vegeta the training he needed. He powered it up seeing his son brace himself on the increase of pressure. “Remember, you asked for this,” Vegeta laughed, seeing his son struggle to walk around the room, clearly warming up. Trunks nodded, lifting each arm and leg awkwardly before slamming his foot on the ground.

Vegeta rolled his eyes, going to the center of the room to throw punches and kicks. He tried his best to suppress his amused smile as he watched his son struggle around the room. After twenty minutes, and Trunks third lap, Vegeta couldn’t help himself from commenting. “You know son, if it’s too difficult for you, maybe you shouldn’t enter. This is a serious competition.”

Trunks didn’t stop as he replied, “No. Goten’s entering, so I’m entering.”

“So, you’re just going to walk laps around the room?”

The eight year-old huffed, standing straight up. “No,” he breathed. “I guess I could go super.”

Vegeta gave another amused chuckle until his son’s ki shot up as Trunks let out a yell, and in an instant his purple haired son became an eight year-old super saiyan. Vegeta stared at him flabbergasted as Trunks tested his bouncing ability before sprinting around the room with ease. “Did I miss something? “Come here, son.” Trunks stopped what he was doing, and stared blankly at his father. “Can Kakarot’s youngest son also turn into a super saiyan?”
“Uh-huh,” Trunks replied blankly.

“Of course,” Vegeta muttered to himself. “Well, who’s stronger. You or him?”

“I am,” Trunks answered quickly before adding, “only by a bit. Goten can’t even fly yet.”

“Only a bit?”

Trunks nodded.

“Well, that’s going to have to change. Trunks, I want you to attack me.”

Trunks frowned. “Why would I do that?”

“So you want to play like that? Fine. If you can land one punch in my face, we will stop training early for today and go to the park,” Vegeta offered.

Trunks brightened up. “You mean it!? ” Vegeta nodded. “Cool!” Trunks jumped back, getting in a battle-ready stance. Without hesitation, Trunks leapt into a serious series of attacks: punches and kicks. Vegeta had some issues dodging when he realized Trunks’ speed was faster than his own. That would have to change as well. Trunks took Vegeta by surprise as a right hook glanced the prince’s cheek. Out of reflex, Vegeta reared and punched back, shock over his own actions as he saw his son fall back, clutching his nose. “Y-you didn’t say you were going to hit back!” Trunks cried.

“I-I didn’t say I wouldn’t either, now did I?” Vegeta covered, thinking quickly. If Bulma knew he’d full-on punched their son in super saiyan mode … he didn’t even want to imagine the consequences.

“N-no. B-but,” Trunks sputtered, sniffling through his tears.

“Stop your crying. We’re going to the park now!”

He didn’t know why he promised to go to the park. He hated the park. Notoriously hated it. The only rides that caused him any rise in heart rate was the stupid teacups that made him dizzy every time. Remember, a Saiyan royal keeps their word, he could hear Siyaka reminding him from a distant memory. He had failed in many of his promises, but that didn’t mean he didn’t try to keep them. But a Saiyan king couldn’t be respected if he couldn’t hold his promises period. He recalled the legend Siyaka often recited as her favorite. The one of his ancestor, King Vegeta II. He never could understand why that particular one was her favorite. The king had lost the battle thanks to a promise he refused to go back on.

It shows that we are an honorable people, he remembered her saying one time. That even though we pillage and destroy planets, we never go back on our promises. It was one of the many lessons she had taught him over the years that he would never forget.

“Dad!” Trunks called, tugging on his wrist, “Let’s get some cotton candy!”

“More candy?” Vegeta replied, looking at the vender with a disgusted frown. His stomach ached mildly. He could go for a snack. He allowed his son to tug him over to the food vendor, ordering two cotton candies for his son and five hotdogs for himself. Silently, he paid the vendor, giving his son his candy and taking his hotdogs to a nearby table.

They ate in silence for a little while before Trunks said, “Hey, Dad?”
“What?” Vegeta replied inbetween bites of hotdog.

“We’re saiyans, right?”

Vegeta dropped the hand holding this third hotdog onto the table. Trunks knew that answer. And his son was anything but stupid. He blinked at his son trying to figure out what exactly Trunks was getting at. “Of course. Why?”

Trunks shrugged. “Just something Goten told me.”

Now Vegeta was really curious. “What did Goten tell you?”

“That saiyans have tails,” Trunks replied innocently. Vegeta had some difficulty suppressing his laughter. The saiyan tail had never come up before, even with future Trunks. It was odd to think he’d have to go over Saiyan physiology with his son. “Well, we don’t have tails! At least I don’t remember having one. Gohan doesn’t have one. You don’t have one!”

“Yes, saiyans have tails. Mine was cut off many years ago in battle,” Vegeta explained, deciding to leave out the details of his invasion of earth, and close friends of Bulma’s doing the removing. “Your mother had yours removed when you were born, so you’d fit in at school better.”

Trunks gave a small disgusted frown. “I had a tail?” Vegeta nodded, finishing his hotdog and moving onto the next one. “So, those girls I saw were saiyans, too? Because they had tails!”

Vegeta froze as his son’s words rang through his mind. He dropped his hotdog, his eyes wide.

“Dad?”

“What did you say?”

Trunks now looked scared and confused. “They had tails.”

“Who?” Vegeta interrogated, his discerning scowl on his son. “Who had tails?”

“Those girls staying at Goten’s house,” Trunks replied shakily. Is he angry at me or something?

Vegeta’s mind ran a mile a minute. There were more saiyans. Women. Saiyan women. Alive on Earth. And they were at Kakarrot’s house? How was that possible? Vegeta’s face fell to a glower as he realized, Gohan. He obviously knows about this. And Vegeta wanted answers. Now. “Go home, Trunks,” Vegeta ordered as he got out of his chair.

“Wh-what? Dad!?” Trunks called out, but his father had already shot off into the sky with a speed Trunks could never hope to match. “DAD!!!! THIS DOESN’T COUNT AS TAKING ME TO THE PARK!!!!” Trunks yelled after his father before he crossed his arms and pouted. He could feel the eyes of the park’s crowd on him, making him uncomfortable. He huffed, grabbing what was left of his father’s snack and his cotton candy, walking it over the trash can and dumping the food. Once that was taken care of, he too took off, heading back towards his home.

His mood was apparent as he walked through the door and flung himself on the couch. His mother was in the kitchen, washing her usual coffee mug. “How was the park?” She called out to him.

“Dad left me there!” Trunks pouted, kicking his heels against the sofa.

“She did what?!” Bulma asked, her tone dangerous. She placed the mug on the table as she walked towards her son, her arms crossed. “What happened?!"
“Nothing. I dunno!” Trunks started defensively. “We had fun on the rides, and we stopped for a snack. I asked him about the saiyan tails, because I saw those two girls at Goten’s house –“

“What girls?” Bulma interrupted, dread forming a pit in her stomach.

“The saiyan girls at Goten’s house!” Trunks answered, exasperatedly. “What’s so special about them?”

Bulma backed away from her son, her blue eyes wide. Vegeta knew. Because her own son let it slip. And she hadn’t gotten pregnant yet. And Vegeta was about to be face to face with his ex. Because Vegeta knew. “Shit,” she whispered as she ran to the phone, dialing the Son’s residence as fast as she could. At least she could warn them. Ring. Ring Ring. Ring Ring Riiiiiiing. “Hi! This is the Son family residence. We aren’t able to answer the phone at the moment –“

“Fuck!”

Trunks eyed his mom worriedly. She usually never cursed. “Mom?”

Bulma held up a finger as she made her way to the door, snatching up her purse and capsule pack with the airplane. “Stay here Trunks.”

Bulma was gone.

“B-but what’s going on?” Trunks asked dejectedly, sinking into the sofa, worry taking over his heart.

“I still can’t believe you got Videl to cut off her hair,” Mia laughed as she and Gohan made their way back to the Son house after a long day of training. It had been a good day. Goten had sparred with Gohan in the morning, and after lunch Goten stayed home with ChiChi while Mia and Gohan had some time to spar and enjoy each other without any watchful eyes. Gohan counted it as one of the best training days he’d ever had. And he thanked all the powers that be that his days teaching Videl how to fly were over. It had taken her a couple days to master ki and fly, and Mia was more than happy to see her fly out of Mount Pouzu for the last time.

“Why?” Gohan asked innocently, his hands rested around his red gi belt. “It’s completely practical with fighting and flying. Haven’t you thought about cutting your hair to fight?”

Mia scoffed, playing with the end of her onyx braid. “I’m a purebred saiyan. There would be no point. It would grow back the way it was within a day or two.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. That’s one of the reasons I keep it in a braid. That and Shadow the Hedgehog comments,” Mia paused, halting in her footsteps as she added dangerously, “That wasn’t a hint that you prefer short-haired girls, was it?”

“What?” Gohan replied nervously, sticking his hands up. “I don’t care about hair length. Honestly. I just remember how unmanageable fighting was when I had long hair.”

Mia let out a laugh. “You had long hair?” Gohan nodded. “How long?” He gestured to his lower back. Mia chuckled, her hand over her mouth as she shook her head. “That’s ridiculous. No way. I just can’t see you with long hair.”
Gohan ran his hand bashfully through his hair. “Yeah, Dad cut it really short for me just before the Cell Games, and I just kept it that way.”

Mia mussed his hair, enjoying the silky strands in her fingertips as she laughed, “Good. Short hair suits you. But I’m gonna need some photographic evidence of your long hair. For ridicule reasons.”

Gohan smiled at her joking banter. “You’ll never find them.”

“So there are photos!” Mia inferred excitedly. Gohan looked away suspiciously. “I now have my mission. Operation Mullet commences!” she announced, running to the house.

“M-Mia! Wait!” Gohan called after her, picking up his pace.

As they reached the house, they found ChiChi, Siyaka, and Goten getting ready to leave. “What’s going on, you guys?” Mia asked as she slowed down, taking in her mother, who for the first time Mia had really seen in years, was dressed nicely. Siyaka wasn’t one for jewelry and heels, but if the event called for it, she wore a dress. She wore a long-sleeved mesh purple dress with her signature black flat boots. That was dressy for the Jicama matriarch. ChiChi and Goten were dressed much more formally. ChiChi wore a yellow and black lace dress with black pumps. And Goten was in a dress shirt, golf shoes, suspenders, and a maroon bow-tie.

“Dad’s having a festival at the village for their hundred-fiftieth anniversary celebration,” ChiChi explained, fishing for her car keys in her purse. “If you’re joining us, you’ll have to hurry to get ready.”

Gohan frowned with a sigh. “We’ve got that history paper due on Monday,” he reminded. He turned to Mia, chewing on the inside of his lower lip. “What do you think? Should we go?”

ChiChi shook her head emphatically. “If you’ve got homework, you’re staying,” she decreed.

Mia gave his arm a light tap. “I’ll stay with you. We can crank it out together. I’ll even cook,” Mia offered excitedly. Gohan gave her a big smile, showing her he was grateful.

“Thanks, Mia,” Gohan replied.

“Don’t mention it. We’ll see you when you get back,” Mia stated. She gestured to the guest house. “Lemme grab my books.” Mia excused herself, making her way to her room in the guest house. She rummaged through her backpack for her history books and laptop. After thirty minutes of packing up what she needed, and unpacking what she didn’t, she slung her backpack over her shoulder and made her way to the main house, where she could see Gohan setting up the kitchen table through the window. The kitchen phone rang, and Gohan moved to answer it before he stopped, seeing something in the window. She reached for the door knob, her hand grasping the brass.

“Stop right there,” a voice behind her ordered. Her eyes were wide and her heart pounded. She knew that voice.

But what’s he doing here?

She turned to see her father dressed in a blue t-shirt and khakis, his arms crossed and his onyx glare on her. “I knew your Saiyan name couldn’t be a coincidence. Show it to me.”

“Wh-what?” Mia stammered, her heart beating in her ears.

The front door swung open behind her. “Vegeta. What brings you out here?”

Vegeta’s deadened glare didn’t move to the hybrid, but stayed trained on Mia. “My son told me something very interesting today.” He paused dramatically, but in her gut Mia knew what the prince was talking about, even though she had no idea how Trunks found out. “That your family is
The prince cut him off, “He also mentioned Goten saying they were saiyans.” His gaze fell back to Mia, his glare cold. “And oddly enough, here is a young woman with a saiyan surname.”

“Vegeta, don’t be…” Gohan tried, but stopped when Mia held up her hand.

“Gohan, stop. He knows.” With a sigh, Mia reached back into her pants, pulling out her tail. It waved in the air, slinking out of her grasp. The fur stood on end a little as it adjusted to the cool evening air.

Vegeta watched the tail wag in the air, his mouth curled in a victorious smirk. That proved it. “How did you come to Earth?”

“I-I was born here,” Mia answered nervously.

“Impossible. No saiyans other than Kakarrot were on Earth long ago enough to conceive a child your age,” Vegeta refuted.

“Conceive? No,” Mia replied. “But I was born here.”

Vegeta scowled. That doesn’t make any sense. “Explain.”

“V?”

Vegeta froze, his heart pounding. Was this his imagination again, tricking him with her voice and visage? He turned to see her in a dress he didn’t recognize. She’d aged a little, but that was to be expected after over eighteen years. Her jet black hair still haloed her face in angelic curls. Her normal gaze was less steely and more bittersweet. This couldn’t be his imagination, yet he could hardly believe it. She was dead … wasn’t she?

“Sai?” he breathed.
Chapter 9

The Tragic Love Story of Sai and V

Goten laughed in the backseat as he pointed out the shapes of the clouds. They hadn’t been in the car long. Twenty minutes at most, when ChiChi’s phone began to ring. She hit a button on her steering wheel, pulling up the Bluetooth call feature. “ChiChi, are you there!?” the voice was frantic.

“Yes, Bulma. What’s wrong?” ChiChi replied calmly.

“Vegeta,” the woman on the line replied, garnering Siyaka’s attention. “He’s on his way over to your house, because Trunks told him about Mia and her mother. Which, by the way, why didn’t you tell me they were staying with you!?”

Chichi put on her flashers and pulled off the road as she replied, “What does it matter? So there are saiyans staying at my house.” She slammed the car into park as she frowned out the window. She didn’t care for the genius’s tone at the moment. “Big whoop.”

“The big WHOOP is that Mia’s mother faked her death eighteen years ago when she found out she was pregnant with Vegeta’s child, aka Mia,” Bulma howled over the phone. ChiChi shot a dumbfounded look to Siyaka. The saiyan lady rolled her eyes, opening the door to the car and flying back to the house as fast as she could. Yes, this was definitely a mess. “So you need to warn them … what just happened?”

“Well Siyaka was in the car, and now she’s flying back to the house,” Chichi answered tiredly, rubbing her eyes. “I’m turning around. It’ll be twenty minutes, though.”

“I’m flying over currently. He might already be there,” Bulma stressed.

The saiyan throne room had never been a place for children. At least that’s what her mother always told her. Siyaka was young. Five, almost six in a few months. She stood next to her mother and father in the throne room, fingering the dress her mother had forced her in. Her mother, Sorreli, was never really strict about how Siyaka dressed. Being of noble birth, Siyaka always wore the finest silks, even if it was usually pants and a tunic, like the other noble boys when they weren’t off planet. But today was special. Her mother had told her that they had a meeting with the royal family, and Siyaka had to look her best.
The dress she wore had slitted sleeves of red silk. Her small saiyan armor ended at her waist, where her red silk skirt started. She had a gold headband adorning her hair, sparkling against her black curls. Her tail wagged about as she looked around. Her mother clicked her tongue at that, reminding Siyaka that a lady doesn’t wag her tail like a common schnup, of which she had three at home. They made great pets.

Her mother, Sorreli, was dressed similarly, but her silk remained white with gold trimming. Her father wore his saiyan uniform. Black with gold trimming. His black pants covered strong legs ending at his black boots.

It wasn’t often her father was home from a mission. She reacquainted herself with his curly black hair, which she had inherited; his strong, tall build; and his hardened gaze.

If her father was the battle hardened warrior, her mother was the opposite. Sorreli had a kind face, and stick straight hair that flared out at her waist. She wore a small diadem with white crystals in them, showing off her status as a noblewoman and former lady of the Saiyan Court.

The room was large with sinister blue columns aligning the sides, hoisting up the cathedral ceiling. A red rug was placed leading to the throne, which sat on a pedestal of stairs. Behind it was a stained glass window of the Saiyan insignia, which reminded Siyaka of a trident.

“Lady Sorreli, General Jicama, welcome!” a voice greeted.

Her parents turned towards it and bowed. Siyaka followed suit, noticing the woman walking towards them wearing a pointed iron crown adorned with obsidian jewels. She looked fierce. Her eyes seemed held in a perpetual glare, even with the sincere smile she had at seeing old friends. Her hair was pinned back away from her face with jewel crusted pins, but it was still wild, like the stem of a rose. Her cheekbones were prominent, but her fair skin and jaw line made it clear she was also born of high rank. The crown made it clear this was the Saiyan Queen, Celeria. From the immediate history Siyaka had been taught in her training, she was only queen by her marriage to King Vegeta XIV. Were he to die, she would become regent until their son, Prince Vegeta XV reached an age he where he could rule. If Prince Vegeta died before then, she’d continue her regency through until their second son, Prince Tarble, could take over the throne. Tarble had only been born two months before.

Behind the Queen stood a young boy, a couple years older than Siyaka. His hair stood on end in flame-like formation. His glare seemed more bored than angry, as he held his arms behind his back, underneath his red cape. He wore normal saiyan armor, white and gold, but with black pants and white boots. On his chest rested the symbol of the saiyans.

“It’s been so long since you’ve been at court,” the queen chided, pulling Sorreli in for a short hug. “I hope everything has been good for you out at your estate.”

“I hope everything has been good for you out at your estate.”

“It has,” Sorreli replied, a genteel smile on her face. “Taro is about to return from another raid, and we are preparing a feast for his return.” Taro was Siyaka’s older brother by ten years. While Siyaka looked mostly like her father, other than the eyes, nose, and height of her mother she inherited, Taro was the perfect mixture of the two. He was the golden child, at least, he was noticeably the General’s favorite. They shared the same height and interests in battle, while Taro also got their mother’s sweet disposition. Not to mention his inheritance to the General’s status and lands made his prospects vastly more valuable than Siyaka’s.

“Having him home is sure to be a treat,” The queen replied, before she turned to Jicama with a smile. “And I hope my husband, the King, hasn’t kept either of you away for too long, Jicama.”
The general replied stoically, “Our time is the King’s time. His orders are no infringement.” Sorreli frowned and looked away, something the queen silently took note of. “Now, if I may be so bold as to ask what this meeting was called for? Why was Siyaka requested for your presence?”

The queen’s smile this time was not so sincere. “V, why don’t you and Siyaka go play while the adults talk,” the queen more ordered than offered. The young prince nodded, guiding Siyaka over to a corner. Siyaka was sweet as she almost skipped beside the prince, while Vegeta was less than enthused. “Well, General, the King and I have finally come to an agreement on some serious matters pertaining to the future and succession of the Saiyan race. One of which is the matter of our eldest son’s betrothal.”

The general seemed at a loss, while Sorreli began to beam at the prospect. “You want Siyaka to marry the prince?”

The queen nodded. “She’s the only noble the right age and with the monogamy gene required for the queenship. Not to mention her pedigree as a warrior, through Jicama, and as a noble, through Sorreli, makes her an ideal candidate to take over the queen’s throne.” When Jicama seemed nonplused by these accolades, the queen added a little more sternly, “This is the will of both myself and the King. It’s not something you can say ‘No,’ to.” The General looked away, avoiding the penetrating glare of the queen. A small smile fell over her face at his reaction as she added, “Of course, Siyaka will have to live here at court from now on. And she’ll also join Vegeta’s team on certain excursions.”

“Your Highness,” Sorreli started nervously, cautiously, “as wonderful as this prospect is, I’m afraid I must inform you that Siyaka has had little formal training. She knows the basics: flight, ki blasts, and of course some of Jicama’s ki finesse. But she has never really seen battle. Are you sure it’s wise to place her on the prince’s team, when he’s so experienced? You don’t think she’ll endanger them with her lack of battle knowledge?”

The queen laughed. “My dear, Sorreli,” she chided, as a friend, “Siyaka will be well mentored before her first mission with my son. We haven’t picked out the General yet to train her, but I’m positive she’ll be ready.”

“Your highness,” Jicama spoke up, his gaze focused on the ground, and his stance formal, “would you please accept my offer in training Siyaka here at court?”

The queen eyed him speculatively. “Do you approve of the match, General?”

“It’s not something I can say ‘No,’ to,” he replied, quoting the queen. His gaze was stern and focused on the queen, who only gave a small victorious smile. “If that’s the case, I’d like to be the one to train Siyaka to better control her ki in the ways that only I can teach her,” Jicama clarified. The General was never one to lie, even if it might have saved his head.

The queen grinned. “Of course you can join her here, and oversee her training. You and Sorreli will have some quarters set aside here in the palace.” She took a relieved breath. “Well, if that’s all settled and we are in agreement, we’ll plan for the betrothal ceremony to be in one week. That should give you each time to get ready.”

Sorreli bowed her head as she replied, “Yes, your highness.” The General begrudgingly bowed.

The queen clapped her hands, and with a cat-like smile, she said, “Perfect.”

Siyaka watched the adults talk from afar, and voiced, “What do you think they’re talking about?” The prince didn’t reply as he looked at the little girl. He’d heard the word betrothal tossed around
all day today from servants to even his mother. He wasn’t stupid. He knew it meant they had picked out a mate for him; which of course he was against even at eight years old, but it was tradition.

As he looked at the girl a scowl overcame his features. He couldn’t believe she was their pick for him to mate with. She was weak, young, and a little homely. And talked too much. She had already asked five questions, even without a response. She was wearing on his nerves. And her hair. Curly hair was a rarity in Saiyans, and on her father, it looked odd with his strong features. But on her, it was ridiculous amount of poof for any child.

“Hello. Are you going to ignore me the whole time?!” Siyaka snapped at the prince, her face contorted into a scowl, and her hands on her hips. “Say something!”

Vegeta looked at her with a blank expression as he replied, “Your hair looks stupid, just like the rest of you.” Her eyes went wide. And with a flash and a resounding “SMACK!” her hand flew around, contacting with his cheek and leaving it red.

Subconsciously, Vegeta’s hand went and covered his reddening cheek as he looked at the girl in shock. Siyaka’s mouth was contorted in a pout as tears threatened to spill over her eyes. “MEANIE!” she yelled, before stomping away from the prince, rubbing her tears from her eyes.

As Siyaka neared the house, she could hear people arguing. She saw Gohan and Mia standing outside as she came in to land behind a slightly shorter man. “No Saiyans other than Kakarrot were on Earth long ago enough to conceive a child your age,” Vegeta reasoned, his tone gruff and full of distrust.

“Conceive? No,” Mia replied. “But I was born here.”

Siyaka landed with a silent “tp” of her toes. Her heart pounding as she stared at the back of Vegeta’s head. There was no denying it was him. She’d recognize his flame styled hair anywhere.

Vegeta tensed, his biceps flaring as his grip tightened. “Explain,” he ordered.

“V,” Siyaka called, her heart feeling like it seized as she let out the syllable. It had been so long since she had seen him. She wasn’t sure she was ready to see him again. Not after everything that had passed. Not after almost nineteen years of their life spent apart. Not after he’d moved on. That was probably the most difficult part of their situation. He had mourned her and moved on to love another. Siyaka never would be able to.

She could see his spine going rigid as his head turned slightly to her, like he had heard the voice of a ghost. He turned slowly to face her, his eyes wide with disbelief. Not just disbelief, but hope. A hope so deep it seemed to haunt him. “Sai?” he barely breathed. Her name in his uncertain voice was the hardest blow to her heart she had ever felt. She could see the questions whirring through his mind behind his haunted eyes, and suddenly she was overwhelmed.

She could barely breath as her heart refused to beat under his gaze. Her eyes began to burn with tears under his pained gaze, forcing her to look down. “I’m sorry, Vegeta,” was all she could say around the lump forming in her throat as she tried her best to control her breathing.

Vegeta entered Frieza’s office, his gaze finding the window, the black sky to fixate upon. He had
learned long ago to not look the galactic emperor in the eyes. And the Galactic Empire’s capital and prize jewel and Frieza’s home, the dark planet Jotun, was well known for its constant dark skies and often frozen landscape. Vegeta gracefully kneeled on one knee, bowing his head a little as he said, “You requested my presence, Sire.”

“Yes, Vegeta,” Freiza purred back, his voice curling like shaved metal. Vegeta knew his cue for him to stand and did so, his gaze finding the window again. “I have a new soldier for your team.”

Vegeta’s control broke a little as he looked at the Frost alien with confusion. “Sir?” As far as he knew, his team was considered one of the best functioning teams under Frieza’s control. Nappa may not have been much in the brain department, or Raditz in the strength department. But their shortcomings were not only covered by Vegeta, but further highlighted the prince’s strengths. They worked together well. Any new members would throw off their rhythm, which would throw off their efficiency. “Are you sure adding a new member would be…”

“Vegeta?” Frieza interrupted, his tone dangerous, causing Vegeta to snap his mouth shut. “I’m beginning to wonder if you remember your place.”

Vegeta’s heart pounded as he tried his best to control his fear. He should have known better than to speak up against the tyrant. “S-sorry my lord,” Vegeta said quickly, his head bowed again. Frieza was silent a moment as he regarded the young prince. His hate for the monkey and his entire breed swelled a little. He measured the pros and cons of murdering the prince and his saiyan team immediately, but calm, reminding himself of the whole reason he took Vegeta under his wing. Of all the saiyans that had been born, Vegeta had the most potential for becoming a super-saiyan. If Frieza could get the prince to achieve that, all the while still maintaining his control over the nineteen-year-old royal thorn in his side, Frieza would be able to control the whole galaxy, with Vegeta as his main enforcer. The only thing he currently lacked was a control over the prince’s loyalties. And if the next plan worked, he’d have that too.

“As I was saying,” Frieza continued coldly, “your new teammate is an old friend.” He made a motion to Zarbon, who nodded, reaching for the door behind him.

The door slid open, and the green man said, “Lord Frieza will see you now.”

Out stepped a young woman with curly black hair and tough black eyes. Her armor accentuated her breasts and waist, making each look dangerously curvier. Her purple spandex stopped at her upper arms, showing off her shoulders, collar-bone, and cleavage. She wore white boots and gloves, similar to the prince himself. Her dark brown saiyan tail wrapped around her waist elegantly. Vegeta almost couldn’t believe his eyes as he began to feel his heart thud in his throat. She may have been a bit homely as a child, but she had definitely grown into a gorgeous young woman. He hadn’t seen her since just after the planet blew, and Frieza separated their teams, her with her father and him with Nappa and Raditz.

His gaze shifted quickly to the tyrant as he wondered, What could Frieza be playing at?

“If my memory serves me correctly, this is your old mate, correct,” Frieza stated fiendishly. A blush crept over the prince’s cheeks as he thought of what the emperor was implying. “No, my lord. We were too young to ever actually become each other’s mate,” Siyaka corrected, her voice, though nervously shook, rang clear like a bell. “We were each other’s intended.”

“Of course,” Frieza purred, ignoring her semantical correction. “Well, poor Siyaka has found herself without a team. So she’ll be joining yours.” He looked at the two teenage saiyans beginning
to crush on each other with a little disgust. Honestly, the idea of the prince actually mating was a disgusting thought to the tyrant. But it was necessary for the plan to work. “You’re dismissed.”

Vegeta and Siyaka gave the frost alien a bow before exiting the room. They walked in silence for a minute, Vegeta’s mind whirring as to what Frieza could be planning, putting her on his team. “So,” Siyaka started. “Long time, no see.” Vegeta eyed the sixteen-year-old saiyan woman before returning his gaze forward. She raised an eyebrow at him as she added, “What, no witty comment?”

A small smirk came over his face, barely able to resist himself. “Your hair still looks stupid.”

Siyaka rolled her eyes, giving him a slight shove to the wall. “And you haven’t changed a bit,” she replied as the prince found his footing, glaring at the noblewoman. She dared to push him, to presume she was better than him. Her eyes found his, and her brow rose to a semi-concerned form. “That didn’t hurt your feelings, now did it?”

A small sinister smile crept on to the Prince’s face as he said, “Follow me.” He led her back to the training rooms, taking her into an open one. This way he could punish her without incurring the wrath of the frost tyrant. “I need to know if you can actually fight.”

Siyaka smirked, her arms crossed. “Is that all? I guess it’s not like I’ve been on another team of Frieza’s, taking out planets myself for the past ten years.”

“You haven’t been on my team for the past ten and a half years,” Vegeta corrected, as he locked the door. “I only accept the best on my team.”

“Isn’t Raditz on your team?” Siyaka scoffed, interrupting the prince.

Vegeta scowled at her. “And how do I know you’re better than him?” He asked calmly, not looking at her. In an instant, he phased in front of her, a fist flying to her left cheek. She blocked it with ease, snatching his wrist and holding it above her, and placing a blast in her hand at his stomach.

Her eyes connected with his glare. “Checkmate, Prince,” she said with a smirk. She was enjoying this.

Vegeta let out a growl as he set off the blast and maneuvered around his caught arm, making him able to deliver a kick to her side, sending her flying into the wall. She coughed up a little blood from being kicked in the diaphragm. She let out a grunt as she tried to stand up, only to get pinned to the wall by the shoulders, Vegeta’s forearm bearing down on her collarbone. He held a small blast in her face. It wouldn’t do much damage, but then again he didn’t want to kill her either. He laughed at her helpless position. “It’s not over until I say it’s over.”

“What is she doing? his mind whirred.

She pulled him towards her with an unforeseen force, and her lips connected with his. His onyx eyes went wide as alarm bells went off in his mind. Something was wrong. Something was very wrong. She shouldn’t be acting like this. He didn’t know how to counter this. And for the first time ever, the prince was at a loss.

She pressed her tongue against his lips, and on instinct he let her in, his heart pounding in his ears
from exhilaration. His eyes fluttered closed as her tongue battled against his for ground as a knot began to form in his stomach. What is this? he thought vaguely as his arms snaked their way around Siyaka, his body begging for more against his confused mind.

You seem to be enjoying this, Siyaka chided into his mind, opening their psychic link. Her voice in his mind startled him a little. She was planning something, and she had forced her way to gain access to something no one had ever had before, his mind. Before he could react, her knee came up sharply, hitting him squarely in his manhood, causing him to gasp and let go of her, clutching his hurt member as he collapsed in on himself. He could barely breath from the shooting pain. “Never drop your guard, Prince,” Siyaka laughed as she stepped over him. “I’ll see you in the dining hall.”

As he groaned on the floor, he had to commend her tactical prowess. She was the first to best him on brains and not on strength.

A knock sounded on Siyaka’s chamber door, waking her from a somewhat happy dream, which was few and far between recently. She looked at the clock, seeing it was two and a half hours before the base usually got up. With a sigh, she swung her legs off her gray bed and crossed the stark white room in the darkness before pressing the button to command the door to slide open. She rubbed her eyes, letting out a small yawn. “Yes?” she grumbled slowly, her eyes beginning to register the light of the hallway.

When she heard Vegeta clear his throat, she looked at what she was wearing. She wore a skin tight spandex, under armor tank top with no chest support and under garments. She huffed at his uncomfortable expression, too tired to really give two shits about what she was wearing. If he had a problem, he shouldn’t have woken her up at this ungodly hour. “What do you want, Vegeta?”

He brought his gaze back up to her tired eyes as he stated planely, “Frieza wants you and I to ship out on a mission in ten minutes.”

Siyaka blinked at the prince before she huffed, “Ten minutes!? I can’t get ready in ten minutes!”

Vegeta let out a small chuckle. “You better try.”

It took two days to fly out to planet Nirefd, one of the last planets of the Erisidian Galaxy’s republic left standing. It was an outpost dwarf planet, with fairly weak yet brilliant inhabitants. The planet only circumference only 4,760 miles at its equator, and a population of 1.93 million, it was easily one of the quickest jobs Vegeta had been assigned. However, with the planet being so small, it’s moons weren’t large enough to trigger a transformation. Still, he projected they’d be ready to return in only two days. The Galactic Empire under Frieza and the Erisidian Republic had been at war for at least eight years, and with the ER down to its last couple planets, Frieza was poised to take Planet Erised right after Vegeta and Siyaka took Nirefd.

The first day held a successful slaughter. As with most of the deployments to the ER, the planet was to remain unharmed for selling or Frieza’s own ownership. Nirefd was the coldest planet in the system, but wasn’t even close to the sometimes blizzard conditions of Jotun. But with every breath they had, clouds of smoke puffed out in front of them as they walked through the desolated town, a victim of their destruction.
“Where are we going?” Siyaka asked, suppressing a shiver down her spine.

The prince shot her a short look before turning back to look ahead, “The pods.”

Siyaka stopped, the souls of her boots grinding against the stone road. “Why?”

Vegeta stopped, rolling his eyes at his annoying companion’s questions. “Well, it’s almost night. So, rest.” He tried his best to keep his composure as his stomach growled loudly. He scowled at Siyaka who bit her lip to hold back a laugh. If her expression wasn’t at his expense, he’d think it was attractive.

“Or,” Siyaka offered, pointing at a semi-ruined house on the side of the road, “we could eat and camp here in a town that obviously has food and shelter no one is going to be using.”

The prince opened his mouth to refute her as his stomach growled again. He huffed at his own weakness and scanned the structure with his scouter. He knew they had made good work of the town, destroying the towns people and most of the buildings. There wouldn’t be anyone in the house, but it was better to be safe. Once he saw no lifeforms in the house, he followed her to the abandoned house. She shoved the door open with her shoulder, which swung open, banging against a wooden cabinet. As they walked in, they took in the quaint house. There was a sitting area and a dining area just off the kitchen. Towards the back were a couple bedrooms and a bathroom. In the sitting area was a fireplace, which Siyaka walked over to first, placing some reddish brown logs sitting next to it into the fireplace and bursting a fire in them with a small blast.

Vegeta made his way to the cabinets, obviously looking for food as he opened one after the other not finding any. Siyaka made her way to the cooling chest, opening it to find a cake reading “Happy Birthday Daddy,” in Erisidian symbols, with lots of other foods, leftovers, drinks. The way she held the chest door open caught Vegeta’s attention. “Anything good in there.” She remained silent as she stared at the cake, a knot of self-loathing filling her stomach. “Siyaka?”

“Do you ever just think about how shitty our job makes us?” she asked, her voice full of melancholy. Vegeta immediately turned off his scouter, setting it on the counter. He motioned for her to do the same, and she did.

“Never make a comment like that when they’re listening in,” Vegeta ordered, his face stern. He didn’t need anyone from his team giving Frieza a reason to kill them.

Siyaka frowned. “Well do you? I can’t be the only one.” When he didn’t say anything, she added, “Really. Killing defenseless children, citizens, not warriors! That doesn’t bother you.”

Vegeta closed his eyes, letting out a small sigh. “Of course it does. But it’s not our job to protect the weak from the strong. If they can’t protect themselves or adapt to Frieza’s agenda, then their death becomes a necessity.”

Siyaka’s eyes were wide as she looked at the prince. “You don’t actually believe that, do you?”

There was a moment of silence as Vegeta’s eyes dropped, focusing on the ground. His own words justified the desolation of his own race, something few people knew was actually a planned action from the frost tyrant. An action he prayed to one day avenge his people for. In his heart, he knew he didn’t believe his own speech. “No,” Vegeta breathed, allowing himself to be sincere with one of his teammates for the first time, “but not acting like you believe it is dangerous.”

He actually cares a lot about those close to him, she realized. Siyaka gained an odd look, as if she was realizing something about the prince for the first time. If he truly didn’t care, he wouldn’t be
warning me, and instead he’d let my own thoughts betray me in the long run. Vegeta returned her confused gaze with one of his own as he asked, “What?”

Siyaka gave a small smile as she said, “Nothing. It’s just comforting to realize you’re not as heartless as you seem.”

Vegeta looked a little alarmed at that, before he covered it up with a small snort of derision. “Don’t be ridiculous.”

Siyaka grinned at his fluster. “Nope, it’s undeniable now.” She lowered her voice, sidling up to him in a friendly demeanor, “But if you’re worried about others figuring that out, don’t. Your secret is safe with me.” A small blush crept to his cheeks, causing Siyaka to laugh, patting his chest gently. “Let’s eat.”

After Siyaka surprised Vegeta with her cooking skills, they settled on the couch next to the fire. They stayed up talking about humorous missions they’d each gone on and memories of Vegeta’s court. Vegeta wasn’t sure when they ended up drifting off to sleep, but when he woke in the early pre-dawn hours, the fire had died down to embers and the cold was able to reach them a bit. Vegeta found Siyaka had curled up with a blanket under his arm, her head rested on his chest and shoulder. She hummed softly in place of snores, like a purring schnup taking a nap in the sunlight back on Planet Vegeta.

Had it been Nappa or Raditz who had the audacity to snuggle up to the prince, he’d have beaten them within an inch of their life with one of their own limbs. But as he stared at Siyaka, her peaceful and calm disposition made him feel oddly safe. And a small irrational terror crept into his mind that if he woke her up and disrupted that peaceful feeling, it would never return. And in a small part of his heart, he realized he didn’t mind her curling and snuggling into him for warmth.

“Y-you died,” Vegeta breathed, his mind barely able to process the information standing in front of him. “You’re dead!”

Siyaka frowned. “No, I didn’t,” she confessed, her onyx eyes not leaving his.

“I listened to you die!” he declared, heartbreak in his voice as if he was reliving her death in some small way. “Your pod exploded! I heard you screaming for your life!”

Siyaka took a small step forward, steadying her stance and heart. Every reminder of what she did to destroy his world, even if it was for the greater good, hit her like he was blasting her himself. “No, you didn’t,” she cried, wiping a tear from her eyes. “I never died. It was a lie.”

Vegeta’s eyes went wide, his mind whirring from the news of her betrayal. He’d long learned from Frieza that anyone can betray anyone. But hearing someone he trusted, someone who he had actually let into his mind, someone who knew him so intimately could be capable of doing that to him tore his heart to shreds. As his mind felt as if his reality was being ripped apart, his voice was barely able to croak out, “Why?”

A couple weeks had passed, and their new complete team had finally gotten an assignment, planet Erised. The inhabitants of Erised were somewhat peaceful, with the Republic’s more warrior-like races on other planets in the system that had been already destroyed. Erised was the Republic’s gem
and capital, and the last of the population of the Republic’s had gathered to the last bastion of their
galaxy. Frieza had begun the war on the Erisidian Republic because he wanted a few of the planets
for their healing properties the minerals they possessed. To say the Erisiedians were willing to give
up their minerals would have been crediting them with brains they did not have. It didn’t take long to
destroy most of their race, the last vestiges of which had sought refuge on Erised, which on the
fourth and final day of the assignment had been cleansed.

Vegeta, Nappa, Raditz, and Siyaka enjoyed a feast in the castle’s great hall. Raditz had found the
Erisidian King’s finest wine and rolled several barrels to the hall, breaking them open to let the red
liquid flow. Nappa passed out goblets of wine filled to the brim. Raditz held his aloft, sloshing its
contents onto the floor a bit. “To another planet conquered!” he cheered before downing the glass.
Nappa whooped, downing his drink as well.

Vegeta was never one to over-do the drinking like his counterparts, but he sipped on his drink. He
noticed Siyaka looking at the goblet oddly. “You aren’t drinking,” he whispered to the saiyan
female.

She shook her head, “I-I was never allowed to on Dad’s team.”

Vegeta’s eyes narrowed at her tone. She sounded sad, thoughtful. “Well, you’re not on Daddy’s
team anymore! Drink up!” Nappa laughed tactlessly. Vegeta shot his old trainer a dangerous look,
but like usual, Nappa drank his drink and was merry despite the prince.

Raditz was a little more caring as he sat next to Siyaka, his hair sweeping the floor around the chair.
“What happened to your team?”

Siyaka fingered the goblet, as if contemplating its contents. “On our last mission, we split up to
corral the last of some race Frieza wanted for the intergalactic slave trade. It was just Dad and I.
So, when it was time to meet up, Dad never showed,” she started. She sat up a little, rubbing her
nose quickly to keep from sniffling. She had the other Saiyans enraptured in her story. “After a day, I
radio in about his absence. I get a message back saying that my father had been killed after facing a
surprisingly strong warrior of the race. That they’d dispatched one of Frieza’s higher-ups to finish
the job in his stead. The next morning, in came Dodoria with the last of the race for the trade.” She
paused as she held the goblet up to her, staring at the red liquid. “It’s odd,” she added, swirling the
liquid a little, “I didn’t see any strong warriors among them.”

Vegeta closed his eyes as the last of her story hit him. He knew Raditz or Nappa wouldn’t pick up on
it. But General Jicama had been assassinated by Dodoria per Frieza’s order, and Siyaka was
clearly figuring the same, but didn’t have the proof. “Don’t overthink it,” Vegeta suggested before
holding his goblet up. “For General Jicama.” Raditz and Nappa held their’s up in return, their gaze
falling on the young woman. A small smile came over her face as she held up her goblet. Raditz and
Nappa downed their drinks.

He watched the younger saiyan down her drink like their companions and set it down, her hand
shaking a little and her face steadily going red. She let out a loud hiccup, her eyes flying wide as she
muttered a small “Sorry,” running a hand through her hair nervously. He got a sudden scent,
musky like the sap of a pine tree mixed with honeysuckle petals. It wasn’t strong, but just a hint was
enough. The scent was … intoxicating. His eyes looked for a source as Raditz shot a fervent look to
Nappa and Vegeta before scooting his chair closer to Siyaka. That’s when he realized. Shit.

“So,” the long-haired saiyan breathed huskily, “Siyaka.” She gave him an odd look as he gave a
short sniff to the air. “Do you always wear perfume?” he asked as he leaned in towards her, his
eyes on her and dilated from arousal. Vegeta already had a guess that Raditz and Nappa wouldn’t
have as strong control to suppress their natural urges, like most saiyans. Vegeta was one of the few
saiyans who wasn’t a complete beast in the head. His logical and strategic mind could push down any beastial urges, though it would be a fight.

Her eyes went wide as she looked at the long-haired saiyan. She almost coughed out a laugh, her hand flying to her hair nervously, a blush creeping to her face. “Excuse me?” The scent got a little stronger as she twisted a lock of her hair between her fingers, innocent yet a little flirty at the same time, and she adjusted her seat awkwardly, as if physically uncomfortable.

Vegeta’s gaze flew to Nappa, taking in the general’s uncomfortable but hungry gaze on the young saiyan. He was certain now that the young woman had gone into heat, and their current close proximity to each other was affecting the men, maybe even Siyaka herself. But if she was aroused as well, her actions didn’t betray it. His eyes flew back to Siyaka as Raditz moved to grasp her hand gently, and she moved to open her legs a little. Vegeta shot up from his chair, his hand aimed menacingly at the lower class saiyan. “Back away from her, Raditz.” I don’t need anyone impregnating another on my watch, he thought, the hold Frieza had on the saiyan race weighing heavily in his mind.

Raditz froze his eyes wide as he stared at the threatening prince. “Vegeta! What the Hell?!” Siyaka snapped at the prince. But he could see in her eyes, she wasn’t really confused. She was challenging him.

Vegeta was resolute in his stance. When Raditz didn’t move away from the young noblewoman, Vegeta formed a blast in his hand. “I will not repeat myself, Raditz.”

The long-haired saiyan stepped away quickly, like a dog with its tail tucked between its legs, his hands up in surrender. “S-sorry.”

“V-Vegeta. What the Hell is going on!?” Siyaka snapped, standing from the table. While her words suggested ignorance of her own situation, her hooded eyes and flushed skin betrayed a burning lust she needed quenched. She was feeling the effects of her own heat and was flaunting them for the men. Vegeta realized quickly that he needed to get her away from the others to keep the little remnants of the saiyan race safe. If there was one shift in the status quo Frieza had set, they were doomed.

Without a word, Vegeta snatched her wrist and dragged her away from the hall. She fought against his grasp as he wound their way through the halls, not to run away, but to get him to fight, a common form of Saiyan foreplay. I just need to separate her from my team until it’s time to leave, kept going through his mind as he did his best to resist the effects of her pheromones. It was difficult, holding onto her, knowing the best release he’d get from the pain building in his gut, groin and mind could only be taken care of through her. He was better than his animalistic urges though. He could fight this lust. If he could just seclude her away from his team and get away, then she’d be safe from their non-existent mental resolve to keep their hands off her.

She wrenched her wrist out of his grasp, and as Vegeta turned to her, a glare on his face due to her ignorant insolence, she swung a hand around, slapping him across the face, leaving his cheek red. She stepped back a little timid under his enraged gaze, but it was a flirty innocent timid, one Siyaka never actually possessed. Slapping was disrespectful, mostly because of the intimacy in its action. She corrected her timid gaze with her own glare when she realized timidity had no effect on him, and she snapped again at the prince, “What’s your problem!?” She was still trying to goad him.

Vegeta’s gaze turned exasperated as he looked at the young woman. She wanted to fight, to get him to release his animalistic tendencies, to give in to temptation. He growled unintelligibly, his fists clenched at his side. She made a move to return to the hall, and Vegeta moved to block her path. “Don’t.”
She didn’t think when she threw a punch at him. He caught it easily, swinging her around and pinning her against the wall. She gasped a little in joy as he pinned her with his body. He panted against his thoughts as his heart pounded, his chest against her back. He was hard, but at the moment he didn’t care. This is what she wanted. His nose was so close to her hair as a shudder went through his body, his mind struggling hard against his nature. She ground a little against him, giving a small moan against him, eliciting a groan from his throat. “I’m trying to protect you,” he grunted in her ear, her smell filling his senses, driving him insane. He had to hold on to that little light of sanity he still had.

Her breathing was shallow as her hips ground against him again. Her face was more curious and flirty as she turned slightly to him. “Protect me from what?” Subconsciously, his hand dropped to her waist, allowing her to spin around to face him. She wasn’t scared as she looked at him now. Her tail moved against his body sensually. Her lips were near his as one of her legs began to hike up to Vegeta’s hip, the smell of her ready sex filling his sense and driving out the reigning remnants of his willpower. Vegeta wasn’t sure what to think as her eyes seemingly hypnotized him. “I don’t need protecting,” She breathed in his ear, causing a shudder to run down his spine.

“Y-your …” he tried to speak, before his mind finally gave up on its control. “Fuck it,” he growled, slamming his lips onto hers. She opened her mouth and mind to him willingly as his tongue probed her mouth, his knees spreading her legs as he ground into her. He could feel her body was being devoured by a similar hunger, a need of release. Her body ached for it, and her mind wasn’t going to fight it. She lifted her leg higher onto his hip, allowing him to grind into her easier.

Quickly, he realized he wasn’t one to extend foreplay. He picked her up, wrapping her legs around his waist as she held their mouths together. He found his way to a nearby room as fast as he could, only to be stopped by one of them throwing the other against the wall, discarding their boots and grinding against each other between moans and kisses. After struggling with the doorknob, Siyaka tackled him through it, breaking the door with their fall. He was happy to see it was a noble’s quarters as he picked her up and threw her on the down bed. He ripped his gloves off, loving the feel of her skin under his fingertips. She shuddered against his touch, letting out a soft moan as he pulled off her armor with a feverish abandon. She made quick work of his armor as he trailed kisses down her chest, taking deep inhales of her pheromones like an addictive drug. Her tail twisted around his, squeezing it gently, earning a hiss from him as he pressed her naked legs open, his member propped against her wet entrance, causing her to moan.

He paused for a moment, his hands in her curly hair and his widow-peaked forehead pressed against hers. He could see in her mind that she’d never mated before, and honestly, neither had he. This was the point of no return. “I – I might not be gentle,” he murmured, trying his best to remember the basic etiquette of mating.

She pulled him into another kiss, her calves pushing his hips and member’s tip a little into her. “I honestly don’t care right now,” she replied huskily.

He slammed his lips against hers as he rammed himself into her. She hissed in a little pain. Through the psychic link he could feel both the pain and ecstasy of him in her, melding with his own slight relief at beginning of sexual release. The pain ebbed quickly, and he began to pound into her, their minds melding into one mind, their bodies, their senses all becoming one. Her nails dug into his back as he moved in her, causing an odd joy with the pain. Every grind he made that added ecstasy to her mounting climax, he felt in his stomach tightening for a release. His hands running over her body magnified their pleasure as he felt his own release begin to spill over. He felt her own pressure about to burst in climax as her muscles contracted around his member. He didn’t need to voice it. She knew. With a loud groan, he came in her, riding her into her own climax. She began to let out a loud moan he silenced with a kiss until she twitched against him from the after effects of her orgasm.
He eased himself away from her, his eyes on her naked form as she gasped for air, her hands running through her hair. And suddenly he saw her in a new light. He already thought she was pretty, but now he realized she was beautiful inside and out. She was the first and only person he felt could be considered his equal in all aspects. And in that instant, he realized he needed to protect her no matter what.

The next morning, Siyaka awoke sore, but refreshed. She stretched against the silk sheets of the bed, loving the feeling against her skin and fur. She rolled over to see Vegeta was no longer in the bed they had shared the previous night after several rounds of sex, until both she and the prince couldn’t stay awake. She wasn’t sure what she’d expected from the cold-hearted Saiyan prince, but a small stab of betrayal crept into her heart seeing he wasn’t there. “Right,” she muttered to herself, sniffing a little, “Should have expected he’d run off.”

“Who’d run off?”

Her eyes went wide as she looked to a door off to the side of the room, where Vegeta stood in his full armor. She tried her best to hide the elation in her heart at seeing him still there. She smirked at the nineteen-year-old prince, flirtily asking, “Did you come back for seconds?”

Vegeta smiled a little to himself, a pure joy she never saw in him before as he thought of the night before. The smile fell away to a frown as he stepped forward. He reached into his armor’s chest pocket, pulling out a small vial. “I need you to take this as soon as you get in the pod.”

He handed the vial to her, which she eyed strangely. “Why? What is it?”

“Poison,” he answered bluntly. She shot him a dangerous scowl before he added, “You were in heat last night, which meant your smell had a negative effect on me and my men.”

“So, I should poison myself?” she snapped back, her jaw set.

“The scent is gone, which means a child was likely conceived. The poison will kill it, not you,” he explained, his voice melancholy. Siyaka opened her mouth to protest, but Vegeta silenced her with a simple gesture. “You know Frieza can’t be trusted, especially when it comes to the Saiyan race. It’s the reason I was trying to separate you from my men last night, which didn’t go as planned,” he added the last bit as if ashamed with himself. Siyaka opened her mouth to absolve him, tell him it wasn’t his fault their natures came out, but again, he waved her off. “Siyaka, I need you to understand that if there is any alteration in our current status quo with him, he could kill us for it. Promise me you’ll take it.”

The sixteen-year-old saiyan grasped the poison in her hand, giving a small nod. “Yes, Sir,” she said in a small voice.

“V.” She looked back up at him curiously. “You can call me V,” he reiterated softly. He didn’t look at her as he stood up stiffly, adding, “Get dressed. We fly out in thirty minutes.” With that, he turned on his heel, and left.

“MURDERER!” she called out after the pink blob. She fired a shot after the alien, which he dodged easily by sidestepping it. “You killed him!”
Dodoria smiled, his purple lips thick and sneering. “I don’t know what you’re talking about, but if you have a death wish, monkey, I’ll be happy to oblige.” He held up a white ball of ki in his hand as he readied his stance to fight.

“Sai! Stop!” Vegeta called from the side as he found the fight beginning to start in the gardens near the landing deck. The seventeen-year-old woman floated in the air, her eyes full of hate and betrayal as she stared at Frieza’s second in command.

“He killed him! He killed my father!” Siyaka howled, her fists shaking as she lifted them to fight. Vegeta called out from the side, “You can’t win against him! He’ll kill you!” The blizzard-like wind howled against them, catching their hair as they stood off against the pink monster.

“I don’t care!” she yelled, charging after Dodoria, who could only smile at her actions. Dodoria let the ki blast fly. Vegeta cursed, phasing between Siyaka and the blast. He blocked it by crossing his arms in front of his face, but it still exploded sending him and Siyaka flying past the evergreens cut into artistic figures and into the icy walls of the gardens. Siyaka hit her head hard against the stone wall, causing her to become incredibly dizzy. She could barely find her feet to stand as the world spun around her.

She heard Dodoria phase in front of them. He snatched Vegeta off the ground by the collar, his hand posed to strike, causing the prince to groan and wince in pain. “Say goodnight, Prince.”

“Dodoria!” a voice called from the other side of the gardens. Dodoria turned to reveal Zarbon, whose crossed arms and stern gaze settled on the pink blob. “Frieza would like a word with you,” Zarbon informed coolly, his amber eyes daring Dodoria to go against him. Dodoria made a move to finish his strike when Zarbon raised his voice sharply. “Now, Dodoria!”

The pink blob growled, sending a scowl to the prince and his lover. “You got lucky,” he stated, before leaving with Zarbon.

Vegeta moved to get up, his hands and feet finding ground in the icy rubble. Siyaka let out a breath she didn’t know she was holding, rubbing her head. “Never do that again, got it?” Vegeta growled, steadying himself, his hands on his knees as he propped his body up.

“She murdered my father, V,” Siyaka excused, steadying herself against the wall as she stood up. She needed to get the world to stop spinning, and it slowly was.

“She killed our whole race! You don’t see me committing suicide over it!” Vegeta howled back, throwing his hand out dismissing her reasons.

Siyaka frowned, her eyes wide with shock. “He did what?” she asked breathily, a harsh wind diminished by the surrounding walls rolled through the gardens and caught their hair.

Vegeta closed his eyes, his shoulders sinking in surrender. I shouldn’t have said that. “Nothing. Go back to your quarters. I’ll clean this up,” he ordered defeatedly. Frieza was not going to take this accusation lightly. He was going to take the attack on his second man worse. He sighed, knowing he’d have to pay for Siyaka’s insolence against the tyrant. Vegeta moved to leave the gardens, ignoring Siyaka’s calls for him.

As Siyaka sat in her chambers, sipping on her water and trying to ease her aching head from the scuffle in the gardens. Vegeta’s slip about how Frieza destroyed their race rang through her head as
she rubbed her scalp free of pain. It had been nearly three days since the incident in the gardens, and she hadn’t heard or seen Vegeta anywhere. She’d barely left her room in those three days from fear, but Vegeta’s quarters were close to hers. She’d have heard him going to his room at some point. Raditz would bring her some food from the mess hall, but he never had any news about Vegeta. Just that no one had seen him. Worry began to grow in her heart about Vegeta. She heard a beeping coming from her scouter, telling her she had an incoming message. She opened it up, attaching it to her ear as she said, “Siyaka.”

“Lord Frieza would like a word with you,” Appule stated over the line, “immediately.”

Siyaka’s heart sank as she realized that Vegeta might not have been able to fix the situation she put them in. She’d acted rashly when she’d heard that Dodoria had been the one to kill her father, Jicama, not some random warrior. In all honesty, she’d had a vague idea that maybe Dodoria had killed him, but it was a thought she didn’t like to entertain. “Thank you, sir. I’m on my way.” She quickly downed her water, slamming the cup down on her desk before making her way out to Frieza’s office. The door buzzed open revealing Frieza, his eyes focused listlessly out the window at the midnight black sky. Dodoria stood off to the side, a smirk on his face, while Zarbon stood next to the side door of Frieza’s office, a door that led to the punishing room. She’d never seen it, but she’d heard stories. Siyaka knelt down, bowing her head to the tyrant. “You called for me, Lord Frieza?”

“Yes,” Frieza hummed, not bothering to turn to the young saiyan. “It seems we have a disagreement with one of my higher ranking officers.”

Siyaka’s gaze shifted to Dodoria in the corner, doing her best to keep her breathing and emotions under control so as to not give away her nervousness. Before she could speak up to defend herself, Frieza motioned to Zarbon who opened the door where Vegeta was being held by Rasberry and Cui. Vegeta’s body was beaten and broken, his face bruised and cut beyond recognition. It was clear he’d been whipped and blasted. His armor hung off him in tatters, exposing his gashed and bruised chest, his body shaking from pain and deprivation. They let go of the prince, letting him drop unceremoniously to the white ground with a thud. Siyaka’s breath caught in her throat as she suppressed the urge to go to him as he let out a pain-filled groan.

“Vegeta stepped up for you, claiming responsibility for your actions,” Frieza stated coldly, turning towards her. “While it was a noble act, I’m not sure him taking your punishment gives you the necessary perspective of your rank under me and my men.” Siyaka shook, her eyes wide with fear as she caught the tyrant’s gaze. What is he going to do? Frieza continued, ignoring her slip up in manners as she stared at him, “But I’m a merciful lord, and I’m willing to overlook this error in judgement due to your ignorance of the situation, and explain. I ordered Dodoria to assassinate your father after a failed plot to take my life,” Frieza explained coolly, leaving Siyaka’s heart pounding so hard it ached, her eyes wide with fear and the realization of what the tyrant was implicating. “Your actions are no doubt an impassioned reaction to the truth, and clearly don’t mean your loyalty to my cause has wavered, like your father’s did.” Frieza stepped closer to her as he added, “You and Vegeta are only still here because I have plans for you both. But let me be clear, one more toe out of line from either of you, and I will happily forget those plans and dispose of you both. Are we understood?”

Siyaka eyes were wide and tearful as she looked at her prince, weak and groaning on the floor in pain. She nodded blankly, unable to speak around the lump in her throat.

“Good,” Frieza said with a smile. “You can help the prince back to his chambers.” As Frieza walked away back to the window, Siyaka dove to Vegeta, checking him quickly and picking him up. “Oh, and Siyaka, don’t take Vegeta to the infirmary. If I find out you did …” Frieza let out a small sadistic chuckle as he finished, “well, I don’t think I could have been clearer.”
Siyaka tried her best to control her pounding heart under Frieza’s intense and murderous gaze. Take Vegeta to the infirmary, and we’re both dead. “Got it, Sir,” she replied, leaving the tyrant’s company with Vegeta groaning in her arms.

She sped down the corridors at breakneck speeds until she reached Vegeta’s door. She rushed to get him into his bed gently. He let out another pain filled groan as Siyaka did her best to remove his armor. “Sorry,” she muttered as she finally got his armor off him enough to reveal his ruined torso. She rushed to his washroom, grabbing a cloth and wetting it under the tap. She wiped down his face, removing the dried blood, leaving bruised cheeks and a black ringed eye. His right eyebrow and lip was cut. As soon as his face was clean, albeit bruised, she went to his back, which was chewed up. “Oh, God, Vegeta,” she rasped as she looked at the bloody mess that was his back. “Why would you do this? What would possess you to take my punishment.” He grunted, a grimace on his face. “Seriously, what were you thinking?!”

He let out a painful laugh. “You don’t know?”

She looked confused as he turned to look at her, pain in his eyes. Not physical, but like a small heartache reflecting in his onyx eyes. Her hand on his shoulder, she could feel his heart beating fast as their eyes caught each other. He didn’t say it. He didn’t even think it. But she suddenly felt it deep down in her gut, something her heart had only hoped for, but she didn’t think it was actually possible. “Y-you love me?” she breathed.

His lingering gaze was an almost confirmation before he looked away with a scoff. “Don’t be absurd.”

“You love me,” she more stated this time, her eyes wide at the realization. His voice may be denying it, but his eyes told her it was true. Without thinking, her hand reached for his own, grasping it tight. He watched her carefully as her gaze focused on his bruised face. Her heart pounded as their minds barely connected. She sensed his nervousness, and he sensed hers. “I-I love you too.” His eyes went wide at her words, his heart beginning to hammer against his chest. It wasn’t an expression she had ever seen in the prince. If she hadn’t known him, she’d have thought it was fear. But she did know him, and his mind wasn’t full of fear. It was hope. For the first time in his life he had begun to hope for something he couldn’t just take. “I … I don’t know when or how. Maybe it was always like that, and I just didn’t know. But I do. I love you too.” She gave his hand a squeeze, her other hand finding its way to the base of his skull, her fingers weaving into his hair, causing a shiver to roll down his back. She completely opened the connection between them, and her heart began to lift at the affirmation of his love for her flowing through her mind. He leaned over him, her lips barely brushing against his, feeling his light breath puff against her lips. Her eyes closed as she pushed her lips against his, taking in his scent, his mind, his heart. This was the first kiss they shared that wasn’t clouded by lust, heat, or passion. It was a simple, pure need. A need to be one, to understand each other as one. He opened his mouth, licking her lips for entrance which she granted, and in that instance he opened up his memories completely for the first time.

He’d known for a while not to develop any attachments, and he’d tried his best not to form any after the death of his father. Frieza had killed the king even though promising the prince he wouldn’t, removed any friends Vegeta might have made in his youth other than his trainer, Nappa, and his teammate, Raditz. In his gut, he knew Frieza would steal away anything Vegeta had grown fond of in hopes of holding his loyalties. Yet inspite of his plans and efforts, sometime after she’d joined his team, he’d realized in his heart that falling for her would be inevitable. His only chance at saving her from Frieza’s target would be to push her away and act as if he didn’t care for her. But every time he did, she saw through his façade somehow. And now she understood why she could never figure out how deeply his feelings ran for her, but now she did. His feelings for her were rooted in the very core of his being, as hers were for him.
Frieza can never find out about us, or we’re doomed, one of them thought, neither was sure which.

“WHY SIYAKA!?” Vegeta howled at her shame filled silence.

She jumped at his shout. She knew she deserved it. She’d abandoned him to an evil tyrant, and didn’t give him a reason. “To save us. The status quo.”

He scowled. “What are you talking about?” he growled, his fist clenched at his side.

She took a deep breath as she tried to think of the best way to say this. She looked to Mia for a second, standing awkwardly behind her ignorant father. “I grew immune to the poison,” Siyaka finally started, one of her hands ringing the other.

His eyes narrowed, confused. “Poison?” he asked, his eyes begging for clarification. “What are you talki- … ?” He stopped as a piece of information seemed to click in his brain. He eyed Siyaka carefully before, his eyes narrowed and his brow furrowed. “No,” he breathed, his head whipping around to see Mia. The young princess’s eyes held fear as Vegeta regarded her more carefully, his eyes more scrutinizing. He breathed a little darker, “No.”

“Because I’d grown immune to the poison, that night on planet Liamafi,” Siyaka continued, painstakingly, “I got pregnant.” Vegeta didn’t look at her as she gave him that news. His hard gaze was trained on his daughter taking her in, suddenly seeing the undeniable facts of her genes. Mia’s wild saiyan hair, her high regal cheekbones, her proud chin, her fiery courageous stare returning the cold glare the Prince sent her. There was no denying where Vegeta’s earlier discomfort of her gaze came from. The girl looked just like his mother, the queen. His wide eyes and pounding heart told him he knew it was true before Siyaka confirmed it. “Vegeta, Mia’s you’re daughter.”

Siyaka relaxed with Raditz after a much needed time off. Right after their mission on Liamafi three weeks ago, Vegeta and Nappa had been sent off for another mission, per Frieza’s orders. She and Raditz were ordered to come back, and she honestly wasn’t complaining. The past few days, she had felt completely drained. Raditz and she had stepped out to get some food from the mess hall. He couldn’t cook to save his life, and Siyaka hadn’t found the time to get groceries for her quarters. She sat at their usual table, waiting for him to return with a feast.

“I come bearing peas and mystery meat!” Raditz announced with a joking flare as he placed the several plates of food in front of them.

“Mmmmm. My favorite,” Siyaka smiled back, reaching for her first round of meat. It wasn’t really mystery meat. Mostly ground up Jotun bovine, and she did love bovine. She took her first couple bites and swallows with gusto until the first chunk hit her stomach, leaving a stronger than normal aftertaste of iron and spice. She paused, setting her food back on her plate, earning an odd stare from Raditz.

“You ok, Sai?” Raditz asked, lowering his own meal, second plate in oddly. He did eat insanely fast.

She nodded awkwardly, waving him off. “Yeah, I’m just not hungry, like I thought.” She paused, putting a smile on her face to mask her unsettled stomach. “Why don’t we go to the garden and spar!?” the twenty-one year-old saiyan lady offered excitedly.
The long haired saiyan eyed her skeptically before giving a small nod. “Yeah, why not.” They got up from the table, abandoning their food, something Siyaka would have never done, and Raditz knew that. It didn’t take them long to reach the gardens, the wind was lighter than usual. They took their stances across from each other. As soon as Raditz saw an opening in Siyaka’s defense, he charged in exploiting it. Siyaka moved to flip away from him, giving his chin a kick on the way. Once she was a decent distance away from him, she stopped to power up. When she fought with Raditz, she always opted for long distance. It was her weakest form of fighting. As she reached into the well where her ki usually rest, she stopped, feeling it was empty. What was going on. He was coming at her now, and she tried to shoot a small blast at him to veer him away, but all that happened was a sad puff of smoke in her open hand. Her attempt seemed to attack her own body instead, causing her to double over in pain. She let out a grunt as the taste of her small lunch resurfaced. Raditz stopped, watching her as her back arched up as she let out a loud cough before emptying the little contents of her stomach with excess bile. She threw-up once more before moving herself away from the undigested bovine chunks. She grunted as she pushed herself to sit on her ass, her knees raised to hold her head up.

Raditz pulled out his scouter and pressed the button to check her power level. As he feared, her power level was wavering around ten to twenty, dangerously low for anyone under Frieza’s employ. He quickly turned it off, pocketing the device. “Sai, come with me,” he urged, moving to help her up. She groaned tiredly, but she let him pick her up.

“I must have gotten a bug or something on Liamafi,” she muttered tiredly as Raditz helped her back to the barracks, where their suites were. She frowned in confusion. “Aren’t you taking me to the med bay?”

“Not for this,” Raditz stated, as he got to his suite door.

Siyaka laughed painfully, “For what?” Raditz only gave her a silencing hiss in response as he opened the door.

He set her down gently. “Make sure your scouter is turned off,” he growled at her quietly.

She shot him a bored scowl. “It’s getting repaired, remember? I’m supposed to get it tomorrow after my post mission check-up.” Raditz let out a sigh, earning a confused look from the saiyan lady. “What’s this about?”

“Sai,” he breathed seriously, “I’m not even going to act ignorant anymore of what you and Vegeta do when we’re off planet.” Siyaka’s eyes went wide. How could they know!?!? Raditz laughed at her shocked face. “Give us some credit. We were on most of those missions with you. We’re not idiots … well, jury’s out on Nappa,” he added, with a small smile. He continued on seriously, “But that’s not the point. For expedience sake, I’m just going to ask you.” He paused, letting herself brace for the question, “How have you been thwarting pregnancy in the past?”

Siyaka was taken aback by the question, but still answered, “Poison. Vegeta’s been giving me poison afterwards.”

Raditz nodded solemnly into his steepled fingers, stating to himself, “And he wouldn’t think to change it, so you grew immune to it.”

“What?” she snapped dangerously.

He shot her a disbelieving look. “Don’t tell me you haven’t noticed.”

“Noticed what?”
“That you’re overly tired, throwing up, not eating, and your ki is out of whack,” Raditz replied bluntly, listing off each item with a tick of his finger. “Not to mention you smell different.”

She scowled at the lower class warrior. “Are you suggesting I’m pregnant?”

“I seriously think you might be,” Raditz stated, his arms crossed. He huffed as she turned away from him, annoyed. “Siyaka, you’re my best friend. If there is even a remote possibility I’m right, you need to know before Frieza figures it out.”

“How do you suggest I do that? Go down to the sick bay and say, ‘Hey, can you give me a pregnancy test? Vegeta and I have been mating it up on the side,’ ” she replied snippishly.

Raditz rolled his eyes at her melodramatics. “No, but you could steal one.”

She nodded, fiddling with her right earring as she thought. She hadn’t had earrings long. Vegeta had given her her first pair a little over two years before, on their first mission just after they had confessed their love for each other. They didn’t dangle like Zarbon’s. They were just small silver buds. “Ok, but what about the blood and urine test?”

Raditz chewed on the side of his thumbnail as he thought. “M-maybe I can help you with that,” he said in a low voice, not looking at her.

The next day, Siyaka sat in the doctor’s office nervously. Raditz had snuck over to her room early that morning with the most disgusting gift she had ever received: vials of his own blood and urine. Had she not needed it desperately to fool Frieza’s medics, she probably would have forced him to dispose of them. She currently had them hiding in sealed bags under her armor’s breast cups. And she’d noticed last night that her breasts had grown tender. After her conversation with Raditz the night before, she had begun noticing more and more symptoms that only she would notice, and the dread filling her with the thought of being a mother under Frieza’s rule became a very real possibility.

As the doctor finished drawing her blood, one of the final tests before the urine sample, Siyaka began to realize that Vegeta and her mating had probably been expected by Frieza. Why else would he force her, and only her, into a post mission check-up after every mission. Maybe it was something he wanted. Maybe he just wanted a reason to kill them both, and this was his way of making sure. A part of her was now certain he expected Vegeta to impregnate her at some point, but she wasn’t sure why. And she wasn’t sure she wanted to find out either.

The doctor removed the needle, giving her a bandage to stop the bleeding. He capped the blood vial and set it in the rack on the side for the nurse to get later. She nervously looked at her armor folded in the corner, where Raditz replacement samples were. She looked back as the doctor addressed her with a small cough. “I’ll step out so you can get dressed now,” he stated, his hand opening the door.

“Yes, thank you, Doctor,” Siyaka said in a small voice, giving him a smile. As soon as the door sealed shut, she leaped forward, knowing she only had a couple minutes to switch the vials, get dressed, and find that pregnancy test. She snatched Raditz’s blood vial, pealing the sticker off of hers and placing onto Raditz’s. She took her blood vial back, putting it in the sealed bag back under her breast. She quickly pulled her clothes back on, knowing she only had moments until the doctor came back. She opened on cupboard, then another, and another, finding nothing but empty vials. She hissed as she began rummaging through the drawers. Still nothing. “Fuck,” she groused to herself.
The door beeped, announcing its opening, and she rushed to shut everything and act normal. Her right forefinger and thumb found themselves twisting the silver bud in her earlobe nervously. “Are you ready to submit your urine sample?” She gave a small nod, knowing that even if she wasn’t, it wouldn’t matter. He was going to lead her to the bathroom attached to the testing lab anyway. She followed the doctor down the hall, past the testing lab when she got an idea. If there were ever a place for a pregnancy test, why not the testing lab. She made a mental note to sneak back there before she was done.

They rounded the corner, and the doctor pointed to the restroom door. “You know the drill.” Siyaka rolled her eyes to not tip the doctor off to her nerves. She went into the room, locking it and turning on the fan to not be overheard. She grabbed a cup from the cupboard and set it on the back of the toilet. She pulled out the cup of urine and carefully poured it into the cup. She steadied her shaking hand as she stepped away from the cup, reaching up to remove an earring and pocketing it. She needed a rouse. She took a steadying breath before she grabbed the half-filled cup of yellow liquid and placing it into the transfer cabinet. She flushed the toilet for effect and washed her hands.

She stepped out of the restroom, and as she expected, the doctor stood there. She fiddled with her ear as she said, “I’m sorry sir. I think I dropped my earring in the office.”

The doctor frowned, but gestured for her to go. “The door should be open.”

Siyaka nodded and made her way back to the room. She paused against the doorway of the lab. Only one doctor was in there running test. She steadied her breathing as she stepped in, her steps as silent as possible. She had never done recon before, but sneaking to Vegeta’s room every once in a while had given her some practice. The doctor never noticed her behind him as she hit him hard at the base of his skull, causing him to pass out. She grabbed his shoulder, gently placing his arm under him to make it look like he’d simply fallen asleep at work. She didn’t have a lot of time before the other doctor came to check on her progress. She moved over all the shelves and cabinets until she found what she was looking for. She smiled nervously snatched the test off the shelf and hid it in her armor. She made it out of the lab, her earring in hand as she fixed it into her ear. She passed the other doctor on her way out with a smile, fiddling with her ear and brandishing her earring. “Found it!” The doctor nodded boredly, gesturing to the exit door. She quickly made her way through it, finding Raditz on the other end, arms crossed and leaning against the opposite wall.

“Did you get it?” Siyaka nodded quickly, walking past him towards their barracks at a quick pace.

Raditz followed her closely behind, even stopping with her to get her scouter and into her suite. She moved to her bathroom, pulling the test out of her armor. “Are you taking the test now?”

She nodded, chewing the inside of her lower lip. “I-I need to know.” He nodded, letting out a small sigh as he sat on her bed. She turned away from him, closing the door and looking at the test. She let out a shuddering breath, fear taking over her heart a little. I need to know, she reasoned quickly, pushing down her nerves and opening the test.

She set the test aside after taking it. Her fingers steepled as she waited. Her heart pounded with worry. Thirty seconds was too long. The anticipation was killing her. A death sentence waited for her on the simple answer of a stick. All she could do was pray. Pray that a negative symbol popped up. It had been almost a month since she and Vegeta had done anything, but it would still only give her a couple weeks before any changes would be visible. If there were any changes to be visible. If.

She really hoped on that “if.”

The timer on her scouter went off, and she rushed forward, her breath caught in her throat. Her heart dropped with horror seeing that dreaded positive symbol laughing back up at her. Her hand went to her stomach and cursed what grew inside. She stepped out of the bathroom, feeling a lump
developing in her throat so painful, her eyes began to sting with tears.

Raditz stood at her broken visage. “Is it … ?”

“Positive,” she said, her breath hitching and causing her voice to break. Her hand covered her mouth as her mind rushed with the knowledge of her and Vegeta’s damnation, her tears rolled down her cheeks. They were dead. There was no way around it. She let out a sob as she fell to her knees, dread and hopelessness filling her heart. Her breathing became ragged as her chest racked with sobs.

She didn’t notice Raditz had knelt down next to her, his hand rubbing her back as she sobbed. “It’s ok.”

She shook her head. Ok was everything it wasn’t. “No it won’t,” she sobbed. “We’re dead.”

“No, you’re not. We’ll figure something out,” Raditz reasoned. “Trust me.”

She glared at him, not enjoying his hopeful demeanor. “There is nothing to figure out. I’m dead. Vegeta’s dead. Our baby is…” She couldn’t finish the sentence, sobbing into her hands.

There was a rustling as Raditz’s hand left her back. She sniffled, rubbing the tears from her eyes as Raditz held something to her. “Here.” She held her hand out as he slipped a photo into her fingers.

She sniffled as she looked at it. There were two saiyan toddlers, a young boy and a girl, in the photo. The boy looked like Kakarot and Bardock. His hair was the wild spiky sort General Bardock had become famous for. His skin tone was darker than Kakarot’s was, but his face held the same cheerful expression Raditz’s younger brother wore so often as a baby. The other child was frowning into the photo. Her hair was clearly just being barely tamed by the ponytail it had been tied back into. It was long, like Raditz. But while the boy’s bone structure had looked so familiar, the girl was less so, but still pretty.

Siyaka swallowed around the lump in her throat. “Who are they?”

“That is Kohl,” Raditz answered, pointing to the young boy, then to the little girl, “and that is Rabi.” A wistful smile came over his face as he looked at the photo. “Aren’t they precious?”

Siyaka frowned. “Of course, but who are they?”

He gave her a weird look and a small laugh. “They’re my kids. I drop in after missions when Freiza isn’t looking.” Siyaka eyed Raditz, her eyes begging desperate for him to continue. “When Vegeta blew-up, there was a rebellion,” Raditz began explaining. “King Vegeta staged it so the rebellion would cover up our race’s refugees, who escaped to a distant planet, and have been thriving somewhat. Our numbers aren’t what they used to be, but they’re growing.”

Siyaka’s eyes were wide with disbelief. “How? You’re a father?”

Raditz laughed again, taking the photo back and tucking it into his armor plate. “Yeah. I know. Unbelievable, right? But Rapunzel is a great mother even though I’m rarely around, and they’re happy.”

“Rapunzel?” Siyaka asked. The name sounded familiar, but she couldn’t remember why.

“Yeah, Nappa’s daughter. She used to be in the Saiyan court,” Raditz explained.

Siyaka couldn’t help the chuckle that escaped her lips. “Y-you’re Nappa’s son-in-law?”
Raditz nodded, his shaggy black hair falling in his face a little. “Sure. Laugh it up. But that’s not why I’m telling you about this.”

“Well, you’re going to sneak me off planet to the saiyan sanctuary, right?” Siyaka filled in, hopefully.

Raditz shook his head. “No. You being the only Saiyan female Frieza knows about, you’re watched way too carefully. And there is no way I can sneak you there without bringing it to Frieza’s attention. But there is another saiyan who was off planet when Vegeta exploded.” Siyaka’s brow furrowed as she tried to think how that was possible. “My father had his suspicions about Freiza’s intentions, and stole a pod to send my brother Kakarot off planet to a place called Earth.”

“Wouldn’t your brother go under Frieza’s scrutiny then?”

“Not if your pod were to malfunction on approach to the planet,” Raditz offered, an eyebrow raised playfully.

Siyaka frowned. “I’m not following you.”

“We fake your death,” Raditz surmised. “Frieza will then second guess sending another fighter back down there, thinking Kakarot is probably dead as well due to ship malfunction. All we need to do is find the record of the stolen ship my brother was sent in.”

Siyaka frowned. “That sounds an awful like a needle in a haystack.”

“But it’s not, since I already know the ship’s ID number,” Raditz stated with a smile.

A few days later, Vegeta had finally returned from his last mission. His first thought was to find Siyaka and check on her. Without bothering to visit his quarters to freshen up after his trip, he asked around for her, everyone directing her to the basement of Frieza’s fortress, where all the records of his employees, past and present, stayed. Almost no one ever visited the records, so it was ideal for their reunion. Without a word, he wrapped his arms around her waist, pressing his chest against her back. She bristled a little against him as he leaned forward, whispering in her ear, “Miss me?” As soon as she heard his voice, she relaxed a little, closing the file in her hands. He put his nose into the crook of her neck, kissing her skin lightly.

He opened his mental link to her, only to find she’d blocked him out. Something she’d never done before. He pulled away from her, his fingers tightening around her waist, pulling her to face him. She didn’t look him in the eyes, which also caught the prince as strange. “What is it, Sai? What’s wrong?”

She maneuvered out of his hands and back to the table setting the file down with several others open. “Nothing’s wrong,” she said quietly, knowing he wouldn’t buy it. She knew however that to make things easier, for her and for him, she had to push him away. Even though he didn’t know she was leaving, she couldn’t tell him, because he’d definitely start acting differently, which could tip off Frieza to her plans. It pained her to know that she was leaving him indefinitely, but it was the only way to keep them all alive and not incur Frieza’s wrath. And if he kept loving her, and asking her, she’d eventually let everything go and tell him, which would further damn them both. So the only solution was to push him away, and act like she didn’t love him until she left. It was going to be difficult, because even though her mind knew that it was the only way, her heart still hoped for the impossible, a new way out of this without sacrificing her love for him.
Vegeta shook his head. “That’s bullshit. What’s going on?” She set her jaw, ignoring his request as she organized the files she’d present to Frieza about Kakarot. She could feel Vegeta’s onyx glare on her, burning through her skull. “Siyaka!” he snapped, his voice hinted with a growl.

“Stop!” Siyaka yelled back, spinning to look at him, letting her pain and anger surge through her to him. Her eyes stung with tears she was trying her best to hold back. “I can’t tell you! So, just stop!”

Silence hung in the air between them as Vegeta stared back at her, his worry and hurt evident in his gaze. After a minute of nothing said between them, Siyaka turned back to her files. She’d found what she needed. Now she needed to bring it to Raditz. She began piling the files together. “What can’t you tell me? Why?” Vegeta breathed.

Her heart broke as she realized the only thing that would push him away. “I can’t tell you because Frieza watches you too closely,” she answered, feeling better that she could at least give him that. But the next part was killing her already. “And because of that, it’s over.”

Vegeta scowled at her, his arms crossed in his usual protective stance. “Over?”

“Us,” she said, holding the files to her. She took a deep calming breath as she said with finality, “Whatever we had is over.” Love. They had love. True love. She knew it. He knew it. But she had to crush it for both their sakes. Before her eyes, she could see the prince’s face fade from pained to stony. Like any ray of goodness in Vegeta that Siyaka had uncovered, any pop of light was immediately snuffed out. He was too proud to show true pain to anyone, but Siyaka knew as soon as he adopted the stone cold demeanor that he was in more pain than he’d ever been in before, and it was her fault. She ignored her aching heart as she said, “Goodbye, Vegeta.” She turned, leaving him in the records room to his thoughts and pain.

Vegeta was silent as he stared at his teenage daughter, his mind blanking on what to say. It was a lot of information to take in. Siyaka left on purpose because he had gotten her pregnant. She was right. It was the only way to make sure Frieza didn’t kill them. It explained a lot. Her cold demeanor the week and a half before she left, suddenly ending things with him. Her obsession with Kakarot’s records. Volunteering for his return mission as solo. Now that he thought about it, it was obvious. There were so many signs that he just ignored. Her smell had altered, but he explained it away back then. She didn’t eat much during meal times. How had he been so oblivious?

“Raditz helped me trick the tests and escape once I’d confirmed it,” Siyaka continued. “We’d have been found out without his help.” She stopped, seeing his shaking stance. “Vegeta, say something.”

Vegeta didn’t know what to think. She’d been here eighteen years. She’d have known he was there. Especially during the Cell Games, where she’d have seen him on a live broadcast. “You knew, and didn’t think it was worth telling me,” he growled, his fists balled and shaking at his side.

“Vegeta, I couldn’t tell you. Not under Frieza …” Siyaka started.

“What about after!?” Vegeta howled, interrupting her, spinning and directing his rage to her. Usually he was more composed than this, even his wife hadn’t seen him this furious. But this was Siyaka. The one woman he’d shared everything with. The one woman who knew him and his past more intimately than he did himself. And she’d left him to Frieza without any inkling of what had changed. “You knew I was here for years! And you didn’t give me as much as a phone call!”

“I-I tried!” Siyaka spoke up in her defense, but Vegeta wasn’t listening.
He was angry for being taken for a fool by his old teammates. Even the hybrid had fooled him. “And what about you, boy!? How long have you known?!” he asked, directing his glare on his rival’s eldest son.

Gohan looked down away from the angered prince as he mumbled, “A couple months.”

Vegeta barked out a laugh. This was rich. “A couple months, and even you didn’t think to say anything.”

Mia stepped in between her father and her boyfriend, her glare reminding Vegeta so much of his mother when she had scolded him as a child. It was certainly unnerving. Her arms were splayed out as she spat back, “Don’t blame Gohan. I forced him to introduce me to you. And not saying anything wasn’t his call, it was your wife’s!”

“No, Gohan,” she snapped back coldly. “He wants to know the truth, so he’ll know the whole truth.” She turned to glare back at her father, venom in her voice over his reaction. Maybe it was warranted, but she could tell his anger was hurting her mother deeply. And no one hurt her mother.

“I was against not telling you, but Bulma insisted for your sake.”

Vegeta was taken aback by this news. *Bulma knew as well? No doubt Gohan told her. But why didn’t she talk to me? She is my wife, and she played me for a fool as well?!* His anger welled again, his fists shaking at his sides as the pieces fell into place. *A couple months. Is that why she was pushing for another child all of the sudden?! Did she think he was enough of an idiot that he wouldn’t figure that out?!

Mia continued on, “And Mom did try to tell you at least once. When I was five, and we came home and saw an alien attack had happened on the news. As soon as Mom saw you in Oozaru form, we flew over to you. But by the time we got there, you were gone. Mom told me a couple years after, that she was sure you had died, judging by all the blood we saw on the battlefield.”

Vegeta thought back. That was during his battle with Kakarot, when he’d escaped with barely his life. But that still left the seven years since Cell that they knew he wasn’t dead, which was still plenty of time to contact him at least once.

“There was one other time,” Siyaka added with a small sniffle, causing Mia to freeze. She hadn’t known about the second one. “I called Capsule Corporation a day or two after the Cell Games. One of the fighters on your team was wearing their logo.” He remembered back. Bulma had fixed the redhead android 16, and replaced all his Red Ribbon logos with Capsule Corp. “When I was patched through to your private line, your wife answered. And I could hear your other child over the phone.” That was when Siyaka realized all these years, not introducing Mia to Vegeta wasn’t to protect her daughter. And deep down, a part of her had known this all along. It was to protect herself from facing the pain she had put all of them through. To protect herself from the pain of never being with the man she’d always love. To protect herself from the regret of all the time they lost. A small, self-hating smile came on her face as she realized part of it was also to protect Vegeta from those feelings. Mia would have always been fine. It was Vegeta and herself that were hurt most by her actions. She finished in a small voice, “You’d moved on already. And I didn’t want to ruin that for you.”

Vegeta’s glare at his former love was dead and emotionless. He huffed as he turned his back away from the group. “That excuse isn’t good enough,” he stated gruffly, before powering up quickly and flying off. When he’d gone there in search of answers, he hadn’t expected that. His life as he knew it, all past eighteen years had been a lie. He’d been duped by everyone he knew, including his own
wife. He wasn’t sure which truth hurt worse: that Siyaka hadn’t really been dead for eighteen years, or that his wife knew and didn’t want him to know for her own selfish reasons. He needed time to himself, to gather his thoughts. He wasn’t sure he could face anyone right now without questioning everything he’d thought he’d known.

A couple minutes passed, as Mia tried to calm down her mother. It was odd, seeing Siyaka like that. Usually the roles were reversed, and it was her mother trying to calm Mia down. Maybe I just never noticed how strong Mom acted, she thought, chewing on the inside of her lip. Gohan had helped get them both inside, dropping a glass of ice water in front of the saiyan lady. He had to admit, with women crying, he was at a loss.

The sound of an airplane landed outside brought their attention away from the somber moment. Bulma came sprinting through the door. When she saw Gohan standing there with a glass of ice water in his hands, a refill from earlier, Bulma snapped. “Don’t you answer your phone!? I tried calling you twenty times! Trunks let it slip about Siyaka and Mia, and Vegeta’s …” She looked around, seeing Mia comforting the woman from the picture Bulma had downloaded months ago. Seeing Siyaka’s disheveled hair, red nose, and streaked mascara, Bulma’s heart fell. “He’s already been here,” she filled in.

Gohan nodded, giving Bulma her answer. The blue-haired heiress huffed at her timing. Of course she’d just missed it. She just missed everything. Seeing Frieza twice, the androids, and now preventing her husband from a mental breakdown. She grabbed the ice water out of Gohan’s hands and took a swig. She pursed her lips as she swallowed. Water did not cut it. She shot the hybrid a sideways glance holding up the empty glass as she huffed, “We’re going to need something a little bit stronger.”

Gohan nodded again at her suggestion, and moved to grab some of his mother’s liquor, which she mostly had for parties. He handed the bottle of whiskey, Bulma’s favorite, to the blue-haired woman. “Thanks,” she muttered, grabbing a couple low-ball glasses from the cupboard and filling them with a few ice cubes. She sat down, pouring the two glasses half full. “Sai,” she called, aiming to slide the glass over to the saiyan woman. Siyaka looked up at the blue-haired woman with a scowl. She didn’t let just anyone call her that. “I’m guessing that’s your name,” Bulma stated, her eyes not wavering from the broken saiyan woman. “Vegeta never told me about you, but he did say your name in his sleep a couple times.” Siyaka looked down at the wood table, now feeling shittier with that news. Even with her pretending to be dead and staying away, she’d hurt him even more. She saw a glass being pushed gently into her view, looking up to see the blue-haired woman giving her a pitying smile. “Drink. You’ll feel … well, you’ll feel less.”

Siyaka picked the glass up, knocking it back and downing its contents in one gulp before passing the glass back to the blue-haired woman. “So, am I right in assuming you’re …?” Siyaka started, trailing off.

“So, am I right in assuming you’re …?” Siyaka started, trailing off.

“You weren’t the only one,” Bulma stated, also looking at her glass.
Siyaka smirked, a small chuckle escaping her lips for the first time that night. She couldn’t hate Bulma, she realized. She held up the glass and said, “To fucking things up.”

Bulma glanced over her before nodding, lifting her glass. “To fucking things up.”
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

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Please remember to review!

Chapter 10

Gather for the Tournament

The day of the tournament was fast approaching. The night before, ChiChi, Goten, Gohan, Mia and Siyaka made their way over to Capsule Corp. to fly out early in the morning. Bulma had agreed to let them spend the night to make traveling as a group easier. As they pulled up to the yellow domed mansion, Siyaka couldn’t help but feel a little overwhelmed, as well as a little jealous. When she and Mia got to Earth, they were lucky to scrounge by barely a living. Meanwhile, Vegeta came here and married an heiress to an enormous fortune, and got to spend his days training. It just didn’t seem right to the Saiyan noble. Maybe that was karma punishing her for hurting him so much.

They ambled out of the car, greeting Bulma’s family on the yard. Vegeta was nowhere to be seen. Bulma introduced everyone to Mia and Siyaka, and while her parents were abnormally friendly, the boy, Trunks, seemed more skeptical of them. Siyaka could tell that he was Vegeta’s son, although his purple hair and striking blue eyes made him look more human than saiyan. Goten and Trunks ran off to play, while Gohan and Mia left to put the finishing touches on their training in the gravity room.

That left Bulma, Siyaka, Chichi, and Mr. Briefs sitting awkwardly in the dining area, while Mrs. Briefs brought in coffee, tea, tea-cakes, cookies and brownies. “So, Soiyaka!” Mrs. Briefs laughed around her cake, her hand over her mouth. “What do you do for a living?”

Siyaka shot the blonde woman an odd look, watching her take a bite out of a small tea-cake, before replying, “No. I don’t have time with work.” She hoped that was all she’d have to say as she took a sip of her coffee.

Bulma rolled her eyes at her mother’s absent-minded questions. She would have spoken up to tell her mother to hush, but it was never any use. Instead she took a long sip of her coffee.

Siyaka’s bored gaze had no effect on the oblivious blonde. She let out a small sigh. “I’m a homicide detective in the Satan City Police Department,” she answered, praying that was it. After everything that happened a little over a week ago, she just wasn’t up for the weather-talk inquisition from her ex’s brainless mother-in-law.
“Oh my Gawd, a detective!” Mrs. Briefs gushed. “That must be terribly exciting! I just love watching those cop shows, like Law and Order. I think being a detective must be terribly fun! I think maybe I’d be good at it. Honey, do you think I’d make a good detective?” she asked her husband. Dr. Briefs was reading his newspaper. “Honey?”

“Sure, darling,” he replied, turning the page in the paper. “Whatever you say.”

There was only so much of it Siyaka could take. “You know what, I think I’ll check in on Gohan and Mia. See how their training is going.”

Everyone at the table looked up at Siyaka, mostly curious. Except for Dr. Briefs. He seemed to hold understanding in his eyes at Siyaka’s suggestion. He nodded, setting his paper down. “I’ll take you to the gravity room,” he said, standing up. Siyaka followed him through the hallways up to the top. “Bulma told us what happened,” he started as they wound their way to the gravity room. Siyaka shot him a dangerous look, which didn’t shake him, surprisingly. Either he was dimwitted, or he’d spent enough time around Vegeta that threatening looks no longer bothered him. “About you being Vegeta’s ex from his time under that lizard alien. That Mia is the long lost daughter he never knew about.”

Siyaka looked to the white hallway wall, not knowing how to respond to that except for a small, “Yeah.”

Dr. Briefs nodded. “She also told us he didn’t take the news favorably, which is why he has been gone for the past week and a half.”

“Vegeta’s not here?” Siyaka asked, her gaze shifting back to the doctor.

The scientist smiled oddly. “With all of you being able to sense power levels, I’d have expected you to notice.” Siyaka scowled at the doctor. He responded with a mild, “Hmm.” He paused, letting the silence linger as they continued towards the gravity room. “Yes, Vegeta’s flown off. It’s not the first time he’s done it. Usually he disappears when he receives some important news. There was that time he stole my spaceship after Goku refused to come home from some alien planet. Then again when Bulma announced her pregnancy with Trunks. Again when Goku died at the Cell games.”

Siyaka eyed the doctor carefully, taking in that news. The Vegeta she knew didn’t use to run away from new information, not unless the news was severely negative. Like the couple days he’d flown off after she ended their relationship on Jotun. In fact, that was the first time she ever saw him react like that. She remained silent, thinking correcting the old man wasn’t exactly in the best of taste.

“He’ll be back before too long though,” Dr. Briefs mused, grasping his hands behind his back. “Even though he flies off at a moment’s notice, he always returns. Ah,” he breathed, stopping at a door, “here we are.”

“Thank you, Doctor,” Siyaka said in a small voice, taking the doctor by surprise.

A slightly shocked smile was on the doctor’s face as he replied, “You’re welcome.”

She set her eyes on the white metal door as the doctor left her. She hit the button, sounding off a buzzer as the door opened. Once inside, she saw Gohan helping Mia walk around the gravity room, struggling with the weight of her body. As Siyaka moved towards them, she had to admit, her legs felt somewhat leaden as well. She looked at the machine on the side, seeing the gravity set at twenty-five times earth’s gravity, and she cursed at herself. All these years on Earth, and she’d grown soft.

“Hey, Ms. Jicama,” Gohan greeted with a grin. He didn’t seem the least bit bothered by the added
weight. “Is everything alright?”

Siyaka huffed, cracking her neck with a simple movement of her head. “Well, there’s only so much mindless chatter I can handle, and Mrs. Briefs seems to be full of it,” she stated, plainly.

Gohan laughed heartily, “That sounds like something Vegeta would say.” Siyaka frowned, looking at the ground, her guilt eating at her a little. It was odd. Before last week, Vegeta or their old relationship rarely came up in conversation. Now that her history with him became a somewhat known taboo subject, no one could stop mentioning it or him to her. “S-sorry,” Gohan muttered, turning back to tend to Mia.

“What are you doing here, Mom?” Mia asked through gasps, clearly not used to the heavier gravity simulation. Her bangs clung to her forehead, soaked with sweat. She had obviously changed into shorts and a tank top at some point, which made Siyaka regret not getting out of her jeans and into something more flexible. But she could still train, no matter her attire.

“I want to train,” Siyaka replied, as if Mia should have guessed. They were in a training room after all. “And I’m entering the tournament,” she added with finality, causing Mia to struggle to straighten up. “I won’t be the only saiyan on Earth not joining in.” The way Siyaka said it, it was clear that it was a matter of pride to her. But the saiyan princess could sense something else underneath the pride, something she couldn’t put her finger on, but it was obvious that it had something to do with her father and his lack of presence. Maybe she wanted him knowing that she was going to be around now, no matter what. She wasn’t leaving this time.

Siyaka held up her fists, powering up to Super Saiyan with ease. She huffed as her golden ki flared around her, eyeing the two teenage saiyans, falling easily into a fighting stance similar to Vegeta’s. “Alright you two. Come at me with everything you’ve got.” Gohan smiled, turning to Siyaka. With a loud shout, he transformed into a super saiyan, causing Siyaka to smile excitedly.

Mia shot them both a slightly disgusted and jealous scowl. She powered up as far as she could, finding the pull of gravity not pulling as hard, but movement was still difficult. Gohan gazed at her amorously before switching his expression back to one of battle and focused back on Siyaka. Siyaka got the inkling she’d missed something between the two teens, but her mind let it go with ease, focusing on last minute training.

With a howl, Mia launched at her mother with an impressive series of right and left hooks and kicks, all of which Siyaka dodged and blocked with ease. It was simple thanks to the gravity affecting Mia more than her mother. Siyaka was able to shove Mia away with a push of energy, giving Gohan an opening to jump in. His fist flew faster at the older saiyan, and they were more restrained than Mia’s. Siyaka long knew Mia’s style of fighting was to go all out early, hit hard rather than pull her punches. Gohan was different. Even though he hit harder than Mia, which was obviously because he was a super saiyan, she could feel that he was trying to feel out her own limits before going to his own.

Siyaka frowned. She wasn’t a fan of such games. She snatched his right wrist out of the air, pulling it behind his back, and twisting it up, immobilizing that arm unless he felt like dislocating it. Her other arm grabbed a firm hold of his left shoulder, pushing him onto his knees. Her thumbs jabbed into pressure points each in the shoulder and wrist, causing him to gasp. He looked back at the saiyan woman, eyes wide. “How’d you do that?” he managed to ask through gasps of sharp pain.

Siyaka smiled, letting him go. He immediately moved to rub his sore wrist, looking at her for an explanation. “Police training prefers to teach submission fighting,” Siyaka explained. “Certain pressure points, if squeezed can cause the body to lock up, like the ones I pressed in your wrist and shoulder.”
“You left yourself wide open, Gohan,” Mia stated, off to the side as she gathered her breath. Siyaka smiled. At least her daughter saw the mistakes Gohan had been making. Mia knew better than to hold her fist anywhere long when fighting her mother. Gohan’s cyan gaze looked over Mia strangely as she added, “Mom’s more mixed martial arts than just straight martial arts. Sticking to normal sparring form without adaptability can cause you to lose.”

“Huh,” he sighed, turning back to the super saiyan woman.

Siyaka scowled at the two teens, her hands on her hips as she snapped, “Are we going to chit chat, or train?” Mia smirked, her power rising back to its normal level as she stood next to Gohan. She muttered a plan to him, which caused him to smile. Siyaka raised her fists in front of her face, her cyan eyes watching the teens carefully. “Let’s go, you two!”

The flight to the island took longer than Mia expected. Had she known it was going to take at least two hours, she would have tried to convince Gohan to fly separately. Maybe they could have gotten there early and had some fun. But there was no use complaining about it now, as they had already landed on a crowded island. She walked next to Gohan in front of his mother, brother and grandfather, following Bulma, Trunks, Krillin and his family leading the way. Oddly enough, their group also consisted of an old man named Roshi, a pig named Oolong, scarred man named Yamcha and his talking cat, Puar. The scarred man reminded her little of her uncle Rito in his mannerisms. Both were flirts, but neither were as lecherous as the old man, who had already tried to make a pass at both Mia and her mother. Mia smiled at the memory from the plane when Roshi had moved to grope her mother only to get pulled into a headlock that made him turn blue as she told him, “Touch me again, old man, and you might not live to see tomorrow.” Bearing that in mind, Siyaka had decided to walk flank to the group keeping an eye out, and her distance away from the old man.

Gohan looked down at her with a curious expression. “What is it?” he asked.

She shrugged, twirling strands of hair at the end of her braid. “Nothing,” she replied. “Just, today is going to be a fun day.” She could feel her tail squirming with anticipation. She couldn’t wait. She knew she wouldn’t win, but she’d get close.

The sounds of instruments, games, and street vendors filled the air as they walked through the grounds. “Wow,” Krillin murmured, “it’s like a world fair.” Bulma nodded her agreement, keeping an eye out for her husband. She was nervous, understandably. Mia would be nervous too if Gohan just up and left for a week and a half with barely a word between them. She let her hand graze his, her fingers caressing his palm a bit, causing him to blush at the loving touch. Their gloves didn’t allow them the skin to skin contact needed to connect their minds, but the gesture would have been unmistakable to him at least.

Loud cheers echoed around the area, causing everyone to turn to see the excitement. “Hey, look you guys!” Yamcha laughed, pointing to a red plane. “It’s the guy who saved us because we were too weak to stop Cell.” His sarcasm was apparent, causing a few people to laugh. The crowds around the plane cheered louder as the familiar burly man with curly black hair, and shining blue eyes stepped out. His white cape was draped over his shoulders as he waved to the throng of clamoring fans. Videl stepped out from behind him, and the interviewers pounced, begging for answers from the Satan family.

“Would you get a load of them?” Krillin scoffed, a look of mild disgust on his face as he eyed the spectacle. “I don’t know what’s worse. Him or his fans.”
“I’m more curious about where my Dad is,” Gohan stated, frowning as he looked everywhere except the plane.

“Well, well, well. Look who decided to show up?” Roshi called out, gesturing to a small copse of palm trees with his cane, where a tall green man and a turban stood in the shadows, his arms crossed in a tough-guy stance.

Gohan grinned, walking over to his longtime friend. “Hey, Piccolo.”

The former guardian smiled, opening his onyx eyes to his first friend, only for his smile to falter. “You aren’t actually wearing that, are you Gohan?”

“Yeah, sure,” Gohan replied easily. “H-have you heard from my Dad?”

Piccolo sighed, loosening his stance as he looked off into the sky. “No, not yet. But don’t worry. He’ll be here.”

At that moment, there was a loud PIP, causing everyone to turn to see its cause. In front of them stood a somewhat tall man dressing in a bright sunset orange dogi with a dark blue t-shirt and belt. He wore black boots with red ties around the ankles and blue sweatbands on his wrists. His hands settled in easy fists on his hips as he looked at the group with his dark saiyan eyes. His hair was settled in wild jet black spikes. Mia had recognized him immediately from his baby and family photos. It was Kakarot. Mia had to admit, she originally thought Gohan looked a lot like his mother, but seeing Kakarot now, she could see his bone structure, kind eyes, and easy smile were directly from his saiyan father. Next to him was a pink-haired hag that sat on a crystal ball.

“Hi, guys!” Kakarot half laughed with a wave. His gaze shifted to Gohan, a proud smile on his face as he added, “My God, Gohan. You’re giant!”

Gohan let out an awkward chuckle, which Mia could tell was to cover the tears shining in his eyes. Her heart ached a little seeing Gohan so emotive. He was always smiling, but this was the first time she’d seen him near tears from happiness.

He wasn’t the only one either. Krillin, Bulma, Chichi, and even the talking cat looked as if they were going to collapse into a puddle of tears. Kakarot gave an awkward laugh as he scratched the back of his head. “Well, are you guys just going to stand there?”

Krillin dove first, grabbing the taller man around his waist as he cried, “Goku!”

Gohan dove next, pulling his dad into a tight hug around his shoulders, exclaiming, “Dad!” The pig and cat flew at him last, Puar grasping around his neck, and Oolong around his leg.

Mia cast her eyes down as the rest of the group cried at their dead friend’s return. She wasn’t sure exactly what she should have done at such an intimate moment. She didn’t really know him, except that he was the reason Mia and her mother were on Earth now. Well him and his brother’s sacrifice. She felt like she was intruding, and as she looked over to her mother, Mia realized she wasn’t the only one feeling out of place.

ChiChi sniffled off to the side, her fingers under her nose as tears streamed down her cheeks. “Honey, I’ve missed you so much!”

Kakarot smiled at her past the group hugging on him, his grin full of love as he looked at his wife. “I’ve missed you too, ChiChi.” A movement behind Chichi’s leg caught his eye. Goten’s spiky black hair, a dead ringer for his father’s, poked out from behind her. Kakarot shot his wife an odd confused look, pointing at her leg as he said, “Uhm, ChiChi, there’s a little me behind your leg.”
ChiChi nodded with another sniffle, turning back to her youngest son. She wiped a tear from her eyes as she told him, “Goten, it’s ok.” The mini-Kakarot leaned out from behind ChiChi, his white-knuckled fist holding onto ChiChi’s yellow dress in a death grip.

Kakarot maneuvered himself out of the crowd of hugs to kneel in front of his wife, his gaze trained on the little boy. “Hi,” he said in a small voice. “What’s your name?”

Goten blinked at his father, his mouth closed tightly before muttering, “My name’s Goten.”

“Goten, huh?” Kakarot said with a smile. “My name’s Goku.”

ChiChi placed her hands on Goten’s back, pushing him gently forward. “It’s ok, Goten. That’s your father,” she said softly, looking back at her husband earnestly.

Goten’s unsure gaze shifted from his mother back to his father, before he sprinted forward, leaping into Kakarot’s arms, calling out, “Daddy!” as he tackled the saiyan man to the ground.

“Wow, you’re a strong one, aren’t you?” Kakarot laughed as his youngest son hugged him tightly.

The pink-haired hag floated next to him, her cold gaze on the reunited father and child. “Remember Goku. You only get twenty-four hours. That’s the best I can do,” she rasped.

“Of course, Baba. Thanks,” Kakarot replied as he got up. He stood up, still holding onto Goten. “Well, we should go ahead, and sign-in, right?” The group agreed, and everyone followed behind Krillin and his family towards the sign-in ahead. Kakarot turned towards Bulma, his eyes holding a curious gaze. “Hey, where’s Vegeta? I don’t think he’d miss this.”

Bulma flushed, looking to the ground away from her long-time friend. “I don’t keep track of him,” she muttered only to be drowned out by a gruff voice calling out from the side, “I’m right here Kakarot.” The group turned to see the Saiyan Prince, his hands in his pockets, and already dressed in a navy blue fighting jumpsuit. The prince didn’t look at anyone except Kakarot, a determined gleam in his black eyes as he took in his long-term rival.

“V,” Siyaka barely breathed, causing his gaze to shift for a millisecond to his former lover, then shift back to Kakarot quickly. That was enough to tell Siyaka he was still wounded from her betrayal, but his reunion with Kakarot was more important than his hurt pride.

“Vegeta,” Bulma started, stepping towards him, her arms crossed. He looked longer at his wife, his scowl still in place. “Trunks, why don’t you and Goten play. Mommy and Daddy need to talk.” Trunks nodded, moving away from his parents, but still eyeing them carefully. Bulma stepped towards the prince, gesturing for them to break off from the group. He complied, following her over to a sidewall.

“Hey, Gohan!” another voice called from just outside the group. Mia’s eyes narrowed as Videl walked over standing next to Gohan. She wore her normal clothes. Black spandex shorts, and a baggy t-shirt with fingerless gloves and boots. The only difference was the her short hair that still took some getting used to. “I almost didn’t recognize you,” Videl purred, causing Mia’s eye to twitch. Oh, she couldn’t do anything now, but Mia couldn’t wait for an opportunity to deck the bitch in her face. Gohan chuckled sheepishly, scratching his head through the knot of his black mask. She eyed him like a slab of meat before adding with a flirty smirk, “The mask really suits you.”

“Uh, thanks,” he replied uncomfortably, a blush creeping to his cheeks. No doubt he could sense Mia’s fury building. Or her glare burning a hole through his head. “Hey, how’s your flying going? You still practicing?”
“Yeah,” Videl answered with a grin. “Now, I’m twice as fast. You wanna see?”

Gohan bit his lower lip, as if in thought before he replied, “Better save it for the ring.”

“Of course,” Videl said with a small pout, waving off the suggestion simply. She pointed at him as she added, “I better see you after the pre-lims.”

“Of course.”

With that, Videl nodded, making her way back to her father and his throng of fans. Mia scowled at even the way she walked away, sashaying her hips dramatically, the intrusion leaving a distaste in her mouth. Videl knew he was taken. She didn’t have to make her feelings so obvious. Gohan wasn’t the type to cheat, and it clearly made him uncomfortable the way she talked to him so sexually charged. On top of it all, Videl just came out of it looking desperate. It was enough to make Mia sick.

“Gohan, who was that?” Kakarot asked, gesturing to Videl.

“Oh!” Gohan chirped awkwardly to his father, waving off the interaction. “That’s just Videl. She’s just a friend from school.”

“Well, she was flirting like she was just your girlfriend,” Yamcha chimed in, with a wink.

Krillin frowned at Gohan. “I thought you were with Miss Dress-a-like over there,” Krillin started, jamming his thumb in Mia’s direction, who scowled back at the interaction. How dare they even suggest Gohan was with Videl? That would need to be fixed… Now. “D-do you have two girlfriends?”


“Aw, Gohan. Is that a sunburn, or are you blushing?” Kakarot teased, poking at his son’s cheeks.

Gohan scooted away from his father’s finger, eyes trained on the ground with his hands up in surrender. “G-guys. Don’t be crazy. I-I’m not dati…”

“Gohan only has one girlfriend,” Mia announced, stepping in the middle of the group, her tone full of annoyance. Before anyone else could say anything, she pulled Gohan in by the collar in an aggressive kiss. His mouth opening at her lips contact, which she seized immediately deepening the kiss.

Mia, what are you…?

I’m getting them to shut up, she thought, pressing her tongue against his for ground. She could feel his nervousness and shock through their kiss, and she sent calming feelings through their contact, settling his uneasy feelings. As he began to calm, he began to ease into the kiss as well, pulling her into him, her chest against his. His right hand found its way to her hip and the top of her ass, while his left rested at the base of her skull, pulling her in for better access. Her tail unraveled from her waist as the ecstasy of the moment surged through her, wagging the furry appendage in the air, earning a couple gasps from the group.

“We need to talk,” Bulma started as she pulled Vegeta aside, her arms crossed in a protective stance.
“I’d say so,” Vegeta half laughed, half barked. “Like for starters, why didn’t you tell me about Siyaka and my …” he paused awkwardly, the word daughter catching in his throat. He cleared the awkward word out with a small cough as he crossed his arms, matching his wife’s stance, correcting his wording, “about Siyaka and Mia?”

Bulma scowled at the prince, a deep-seeded disappointment in him growing as she snapped back, “I might as well ask why you never told me you had a serious relationship before me!”

Vegeta looked away from his wife with a frown. “It never came up before.”

“Bullshit!” Bulma snapped back, her eyes shining with tears. “I told you everything about me! Everything that hurt me. And you couldn’t manage to tell me about one relationship! Why?” He refused to look at her now, his jaw set as he took her backlash. She couldn’t help but feel the deep seeded anxiety welling up inside her again. “D-do you still love her?”

Vegeta sneered back at her. “I don’t need to be questioned by you! You lied to me for months!”

“And you lied to me for almost ten goddamn years!!!” Bulma hissed back, her blue eyes burning with fury. “Were you ever going to tell me about her?!” she added, her voice creaky from holding back tears.

“When were you going to tell me about Mia? Before or after you got fucking pregnant?” he snapped back, his voice biting, knowing he’d hit a nerve with that. Bulma looked down, her bangs covering her face to hide her shame. Of course he’d figured out her plan. “That’s what I thought,” he hissed.

“Vegeta,” Bulma breathed. “I didn’t mean to …”

“You didn’t think I’d figure it out,” Vegeta said back, shaking his head, and looking away from her.

“No,” Bulma cried, wiping a tear quickly from her eyes. He gave her an appraising look as she wept. “It wasn’t that. I-I thought … I don’t know what I thought.”

“Finally, some damn honesty,” Vegeta huffed, glaring at his wife.

“Damn!” Yamcha wolf whistled off to the side. “Get it, Gohan!”

“Sh-she’s a saiyan!?” Krillin gasped, causing Vegeta’s ears to perk up, just as ChiChi hissed at her son, “Gohan!”

Siyaka let out a laugh. “It’s about time.”

“EW!!!” Trunks and Goten called out.

“Uuuuh… What’re you doing, Son?” Kakarrot asked.

“REALLY!!?” Krillin seemed to snap at his friend, who gave a small “What?” in response, as Android 18 said seemingly to ChiChi, “You poor woman.”

The Prince’s attention was torn from the argument with his wife to the oldest hybrid brat only to see Gohan’s gloved fingers rested on his daughter’s hip and neck. Her arms rested on his shoulders, pulling herself up to meet him. An intimate embrace to be sure, but what made Vegeta see red was the brat’s lips on his daughter’s, the kiss deep and passionate. Their eyes closed in bliss as their mouths battled against each other. Her tail wagging happily like a common schnup.

“ABSOLUTELY NOT!!!” he howled, stomping away from his wife and over to his daughter. He ignored the odd looks the rest of the group gave him as he moved quickly to the young couple,
grasping his daughter’s forearm tightly as he ripped her from the hybrid’s grasp. Their lips came
apart with a loud smack as Vegeta spun Mia around to look at him. “There is no way in Hell a
daughter of mine is mating one of Kakarrot’s brats!” Mia began to smile, her eyes containing a proud
cocky shimmer he’d recognized frequently in his own. She was going to challenge him. A pit of
dread fueled anger welled in him at the thought of Mia and Gohan together as he added, “I forbid it!”

“W-wait, you’re dating Vegeta’s daughter?” Krillin gasped, looking at Gohan, who could only blush
and purse his lips. “Vegeta has a daughter?!” Behind Vegeta, Roshi let out a small squeak, his eyes
shifting to Mia’s mother, who responded to his fearful gaze with a nod.

Mia laughed. In. Vegeta’s. Face. That was not ok. He growled, “You think this is a joke? I’m
absolutely serious, M… uhm…”

“It’s Mia,” she reminded, with a smirk, easing herself out of her father’s grip. She added
patronizingly, “And I think it’s just so cute you think you have any say in who I date.”

Vegeta felt his eye twitch as his lividity welling in his stomach began to grow. “What?” he hissed
dangerously.

Mia shrugged, her frown nonchalant. “Well, Gohan and I have been dating a little over a month
now. And, well, you’ve only known I was your daughter for a week.” Vegeta tightened his fists at
his sides, shaking with fury. “You don’t really know anything about me. Hell, you don’t
even remember my name. So, you really have no say in who I’m dating.”

“I am your father, and that should be enough,” Vegeta hissed.

Mia let out a bark of a laugh. “Pfft. Yeah, ok,” she chuckled, patting her father lightly on the
shoulder with a gloved hand in a condescending way as she passed him. “Good luck with that
argument in the future.” She waltzed back over to her blushing boyfriend, hooking her arm with
Gohan’s as she said, “Come on. We need to sign-up for the tournament.” Gohan did his best to avoid
Vegeta’s deadly scowl as they turned towards the sign-up area.

Vegeta shook all over as his glare followed his daughter and her boyfriend. He hoped Gohan could
feel his murderous intentions through the glare the prince sent to his back, through his ridiculous red
cape. He thought back on the several times he had a chance to murder the boy, but didn’t because it
wasn’t quite worth it. His first time one Earth, Namek, even just after Namek. It would have been
easy. Murdering him would have been worth it if I’d known about him seducing my daughter, he
thought. Just the idea of one of his offspring mating with one of Kakarot’s, especially the goody-two-
shoes that was more interested in studying than being battle-ready, it just rubbed the prince the wrong
way.

A hand grasped his shoulder, gently. He looked over, seeing Siyaka as she gave his shoulder a small
squeeze. He shrugged her off, returning to glare at the hybrid boy. “She’s a good kid,” Siyaka stated,
hers kind gaze falling on the young couple. “And he’s a good kid, too. She’s really liked him for a
while.”

“I don’t like it,” Vegeta growled, shrugging Siyaka’s hand away. “She shouldn’t be mating with
anyone yet. Especially someone like him.”

Siyaka laughed. “No, I don’t think they’ve mated yet.”

Vegeta shot her a skeptical look, a sneer on his mouth. “How would you know?” he asked, returning
to glare at the young couple.
Siyaka rolled her eyes. “Trust me. I’d know.”

Vegeta shook his head, not really trusting the word of his former mate. As far as he was concerned they had been together a month, which means they could have already mated. The first time he and Siyaka mated, they had only been friends a couple weeks. And whether his guess was true or not, that put the hybrid brat on his hit-list.

As his daughter leaned over the table to sign-in, Vegeta finally got a good look at what his daughter was wearing. A bright red sleeveless dress that was cut on her chest to show her ample bosom, and a short enough skirt that her ass poked out a little from the bottom. She still wore a black body suit underneath, her only skin showing was her copious cleavage and jaw-line. The white cape she wore was one-shouldered, and did nothing to cover what the skirt didn’t. Nothing was left to the imagination. Gohan may not have noticed, but there were other men around staring at Mia as she bent over the table. They’re looking at her like she’s a piece of meat.

“What is she wearing!?” he growled, a look of disgust crossing over his features. “She looks like she’s wearing a harlot’s uniform.”

Siyaka shrugged, watching her daughter straighten herself up and letting Gohan sign-in. “I don’t know. Your wife was the one who designed the costume.”

He looked up to direct a glare at his blue-haired wife, who refused to look at him. He gave a derisive snort as he turned back to watch his daughter link arms with the slacking hybrid, leading him back towards the locker rooms as the rest of their team began to sign in. Vegeta was interrupted as Kakarrot leaned over to him and asked, “So, what were they doing?”

Vegeta glared at the Saiyan simpleton as he replied, “You’ve got to be fucking kidding me!” Kakarrot just stared blankly at the prince as Vegeta snapped, “THEY WERE KISSING, YOU DOLT!”

Kakarrot continued to stare blankly as he replied, “I don’t know what that means.”

Vegeta blinked at the taller Saiyan slowly, then left. Goku turned to Bulma for back up, but the blue-haired scientist just shook her head, her face in her palm.

“Mooney!?” someone called out with a high pitched voice, causing everyone to turn to see a tall blonde young woman with lightly tanned skin walking towards their group. Her long hair cascaded in golden waterfalls over her shoulders and down her back. Her sultry bright brown eyes glistened like the diamond stud in her upper lip. She wore light pink lip gloss on her thick lips that were pulled into a grin, showing off her perfect white teeth. She wore a bohemian top, that made her already large bust seem even bigger, as well as comfortable looking blue jean capris and brown cork espadrilles. Master Roshi did his best to contain his horribly obvious drooling.

Mia turned around, her eyes wide. She extricated herself from Gohan’s grasp as she asked, “Libby?”

The girl put her hands on her hips, a frown on her face as she said, “Well, don’t I get a hug, Bitch?” Mia let out a loud squeal catching everyone but Siyaka off guard as the saiyan princess sprinted to the newcomer, nearly tackling her in a hug. The blonde squeezed her back tightly. “Oh my God. I missed you!”

Mia pulled herself out of the girl’s grasp as she asked, “What are you doing here!?!”

The blonde put her hands on her hips, puffing her large chest out as she stated, “Well, I got back from my trip a couple weeks ago. And my brother, Sharpener, had tickets to support Videl in the tournament. They had bought an extra for another friend, but he hasn’t been in school for a month.
So they gave me the ticket. And voila. But I’ve got a better question,” she segued, holding a finger up at her friend. “What are you doing here, and who are these people? One. Two. What are you wearing? Three. Who’s your boyfriend? He looks familiar. And Four, the most surprising since you’re supposed to be the good one between us. What is this I hear about you crashing a Satan party?” Mia began to refute the last one as her friend held up her hand, silencing her as she added, “And don’t bother denying it. I’ve already seen the video on BOSCH.0! So spill!”

“She crashed a what?” Siyaka spoke up, stepping up to the teen girls, her arms crossed and her glare dangerous.

“Oh,” the blonde muttered, pursing her lips. “I didn’t see your Mom there. Sorry,” she apologized, patting Mia on the shoulder gently, who just shot her friend a withered look in response. The girl put on a big smile, waving to the saiyan woman as she greeted cheerfully, “Hey, Ms. J.”

Siyaka’s scowl didn’t lessen on her daughter as she replied, “Hi, Libby. Now what was this about a Satan party? And what video?”

Libby pursed her lips, leaning down to Mia as she asked, “Should we just show her?”

“No!” Mia hissed.

“Yes,” Siyaka ordered simultaneously. Libby shot a look at Mia, causing Siyaka to snap, “Now!” Mia sighed, gesturing for Libby to pull out her phone and pull up the video online and handing it to her mother. The group listened in to the sounds of a raucous party over the phone as the beat of a popular song beat over the crowd’s roar. Mia had seen the video already. She was dancing on the table, gyrating her hips to the music sexually. Roars of unhappy groans echoed over the phone, which was when Gohan was pulling Mia from the table and on her way out. There was a decent amount of rustling before groans of disgust erupted and someone laughed, “Ugh, she barfed!” There was a little more laughter, before the video cut off.

Siyaka tapped the phone, glaring at the screen, her mouth pursed into a frown as her mind ran through her options. “I’m sorry?” Mia offered.

“Sorry?” Siyaka scoffed, shooting her daughter a perilous look. “I can’t believe you’d do something like this.”

“Mom…”

“And you pulled poor Gohan into it,” Siyaka huffed. She held up the phone accusingly to Mia. “You care to explain this, Mia?”

“I-it wasn’t completely my fault,” she tried. “I was drunk!”

“And now you’re grounded until graduation.” Siyaka tapped the phonecase with her finger, her lips pursed in a frown. Siyaka shook her head, a glower on her daughter.

“Figures,” Mia mumbled.

“I just can’t believe your nonchalance about this. You’ve got a lot on the line: college, jobs. You know anything posted on the internet can hurt you in the long haul.” Siyaka huffed, handing the phone back to Libby. She crossed her arms as she eyed her daughter. “And why was everyone cheering ‘Slut’?”

“Rumors,” Libby chimed in, waving her hand as if the matter meant nothing. “My brother’s an ass, and he’s spread some bullshit about her. But you know how it is. The more you deny rumors, the
more people believe them. But don’t worry. Mia’s never been anything like me, you know. She’s a good girl.”

Siyaka lifted an eyebrow at the blonde girl, knowing full well of her sexual escapades from her many nights with Mia. Siyaka nodded, letting the comment go and choosing to trust her daughter in that aspect. She ran a hand through her hair, “Tell me, what did the colleges think about this? Because, you know they look at that stuff.”

Mia blanched at her mother’s addition. “Uhhhh – yeah, about that.”

Siyaka scowled, her arms back to crossed. “What?” she growled, baring her teeth.

“I’m still accepted at the colleges I heard back from, but… Mia trailed off not looking at her mother.

“But?” her mother growled dangerously, urging her daughter to continue.

“I sort of lost the full-ride scholarship at Northwestern,” Mia finished sheepishly, wincing at her mother.

“MIA!!” Siyaka howled, “How could you!? That was your in! I can’t pay for four years of college out of pocket. We’d go bankrupt!”

Mia held up her hands, trying to shush her mom before Siyaka spiraled out into a fullblown panic attack about money. She caught her father’s gaze for a brief second as he stood off to the side pretending to ignore her mother’s tirade. “Now, Mom. Mom. You know I’m nothing if not resourceful. I’ve already applied for a PEL grant, Financial aid, and I’m here, entering in a tournament for money.” Siyaka shot her daughter a panic stricken glare.

“Don’t forget those scholarship singing competitions we did together. We did win 3 years in a row,” Libby chimed in, earning a wide-eyed glare from the princess and a confused look from the saiyan noblewoman. Libby’s helpful smile fell to a sheepish twitch. “Wow, I’m just hitting it out of the park in the blabbermouth department, aren’t I?”

“Singing scholarships,” Siyaka asked, her frown shifting between the two. Mia placed her face in her hands, muttering, “Libby, you suck,” under her breath. “But, you can’t sing. When were these competitions.”

“Now, Mom, please,” Mia started. She let out a sigh, her shoulders dropping as she realized it was better to just come clean. “Yes, I can sing. I won about 650,000 zeni in opera singing scholarships, which will pay for a little under two semesters. And I didn’t tell you because I knew you would judge me for having such a passive hobby.”

“Mia,” her mother breathed, a sad look in her eye as she looked at her daughter.

“Mia’s never been anything like me, you know. She’s a good girl.”

And I even put that passive hobby to use. See, resourceful,” Mia finished anxiously. She shot an uneasy look to her mother as she asked, “Are you still mad at me?”

Siyaka sighed, a small smile on her face as she pulled her daughter into a hug. She added softly, “No, I’m not mad.”

“Am I still in trouble?” Mia inquired hopefully.

“I’d say so,” chimed in a new voice. The group looked up, seeing a familiar man with a tanned face, and chiseled looks.
“Omg, it’s him,” Libby breathed, her eyes gaining a lusty hopeful gaze. She began twirling her hair girlishly, and with a breathy giggle said, “Hey Rito.”

He shot the blonde teen an odd smile as he replied awkwardly, “Hey Libby.”

Libby blushed, giggling at his addressing her. Mia poked Libby, drawing her attention away from the Latino detective, as she asked, “Dude, what’s your deal?”

Rito rolled his eyes and turned to his partner, pulling her aside with a scowl on his face as he added, “Jicama what are you doing here? Aren’t you supposed to be in hiding?”

“I’m entering the tournament,” she answered boldly. “I’m done hiding.”

Rito rolled his eyes. “Done hiding,” he laughed. “Well, I’d say you’re being an idiot, with mafia wanting you and all, and this being a televised event. But …” his gaze shifted to Mia off to the side, “with Mia being a flying superhero, I’m guessing there’s more to you than meets the eye.” He took a step closer to the saiyan woman. “So how long have you known?” he asked Siyaka. “Because, Mia had me fooled the whole time, apparently.” He shot Mia a smile and thumbs up mouthing “Good job,” which she reciprocated.

“She only told me after the cooler.”

“But you’ve known she could fly already, right?” Rito started filling in.

Siyaka shrugged. “Well, someone had to teach her.”

Rito grinned in disbelief. “You can fly too!?” He shook his head with a laugh. “I don’t know why I’m surprised. Of course you can fly. And I’m guessing you’re not worried about running into your ex anymore, either?”

Siyaka jerked her head over towards Vegeta, who scowled appraisingly back at the tanned man. “He’s over there.”

Rito looked over to the saiyan prince, his eyes narrowed as he looked the spiky haired man over. “Ri-ight. I just missed everything the past couple months apparently. … Why does he look so familiar?”

“You wouldn’t believe me if I told you,” Siyaka laughed.

“You just told me both you and your daughter, who I’ve known for the past ten years, can fly? I’m fairly certain you can’t blow my mind further,” he pointed out, a smirk on his face as he crossed his arms, challenging her.

Siyaka cocked an eyebrow at her partner. She huffed before saying, “If I hear you told anyone about this, you and I gonna have problems.”

Rito nodded his agreement, scooting closer to the saiyan lady. “So, who is he?”

“You recognize him from the Cell Games,” Siyaka stated.

“No F-ing way,” the human detective breathed as he looked back to Siyaka’s ex, getting a return glare. Rito’s gaze roved over the rest of the group they were with, recognizing the tall green man immediately from the televised fight seven years ago, as well as the short pale man who now had hair, the man in the orange gi that looked so familiar. Realization donned on him as he realized half of the big group that showed up to the Hercule versus Cell fight seven years ago were present and
signing up for the tournament. That meant Mia’s new boyfriend, Gohan, was the young delivery boy who’d stepped in just before the feed cut out. A giddy smile came over Rito’s face as he excitedly whispered through his fingers that had subconsciously found their way to his mouth in his shock, “NO F-ING WAY!!! Oh, Dios Mio…” He rounded on Siyaka, an accusatory finger pointing at his partner. “I want details!”

Siyaka opened her mouth to explain, but he waved her off excitedly, “Not now. You gotta sign in to the tournament. But after! You better call me, or I’m hunting you down.”

“Ok,” Siyaka laughed, rolling her eyes.

“I’m serious. You’ve been sitting on this information for seven years. I’ve been your partner for ten,” Rito argued. “I think I’ve earned some backstory on this.”

Siyaka nodded. “Fine. I’ll tell you everything after the tournament.”

“Good,” Rito breathed with finality. He moved to leave adding, “I’ll be cheering for you.”

“Thanks, and hey,” Siyaka stopped, holding out her hand, stopping her partner, “how’s the investigation going?”

Rito sighed, his face lower as he replied, “It’s close, but there isn’t a definitive perp yet. But we have found a few cops who had family ties into the mafia, and we are looking into one or two of them who had previously gone undercover in the mafia. Captain’s worried one of them might have turned while on the other side. Whoever it is, they’re careful. But we’ll catch ‘em. Don’t worry.”

“Can you tell me who they are?”

Rito shook his head. “Captain has this as strictly confidential. Only Steve Lays and I are on this.” He reached out for her shoulder giving her a reassuring nod. “We’ll get them. Don’t worry. Now go kick some ass.” With that he left, walking across the group of super-powered warriors. He stopped for a minute at the blue-haired scientist who had separated herself a little from the group. He gave her a once over with a nod and asked, “How you doin’?”

“RITO!” Siyaka snapped, causing him to turn back to his partner. She held pointed to her left ring finger before jutting her head over to her ex, who seemed to be scowling at the unspoken conversation.

He mouthed a small “Oh,” pointing gently to the scientist as if Siyaka’s message rang loud and clear. He gave a small huff and called back, “Tell your ex to leave some for the rest of us. Damn!” He gave a small salute to Bulma before turning on his heel and leaving.

“What the Hell is that supposed to mean?” Vegeta growled as Siyaka passed him to sign in. When Siyaka ignored him, he pestered further. “Siyaka, who the Hell was that guy?”

“He’s my partner, Fabian Rito,” she intoned as she signed her name on the sheet. “He’s a bit of a flirt, but he’s very dependable.”

Vegeta frowned. “Was he just flirting with my wife?” Siyaka rolled her eyes and walked away. She didn’t have time for his jealousy. “Figures you’d mate with such a base human.” That caused her to freeze, her cold glare turning to him from over her shoulder as she rounded on him.

“I never said he was my mate. I said he was my partner,” she bit back coldly, making her way menacingly towards the Prince, who, although unsettled by her domineering stride and posture, remained stern in his position. “He and I work together as detectives on the Satan City Police Force,
because not all of us can marry an heiress and have our lives set without some sort of guaranteed income.” She was seething as the hurtful words came tumbling out of her mouth, filling them with venom in her biting tone. Her chest was now almost touching his as she added in a hiss, “And let’s not forget, of the two of us, only you had the genetic disposition of straying from a mate and fucking another. Which you did.”

Vegeta looked away angrily as he replied, “That’s not fair. You were dead for ten years as far as I knew.”

“And I thought you were completely lost to me for eleven years,” Siyaka replied, causing his gaze to soften, but still didn’t look at her. “Six of which I too thought you were dead. Add on another seven I knew you were alive and fucking another, that’s eighteen years. And yet, not one of those eighteen years did I ever have a moment of straying from you.” He remained silent under her glare, facing it head on this time.

She was right, he realized, much to his chagrin. It was common for saiyans to remain loyal to their mate even in death. This had been a rising trend for the past two-hundred years before the planet had blown up, because of the sharp increase in the monogamy gene in the saiyan population. Of those who didn’t have the gene, like the Prince and many of the saiyan nobles, a long mourning period was somewhat standard before moving onto a string of meaningless sex. But officially taking on another mate, much less marrying a second mate was just not done.

Arriving on Earth had seemed to change that. His saiyan race was gone, and he was the last one with an inkling of Saiyan culture. After Bulma had his son, Trunks, he learned that Earth’s customs of two people being married despite previous mates was common. And it had made it easier to give in to his physical needs for the blue-haired scientist, despite never forgetting Siyaka, his first. And he had convinced himself that him moving on would have been what Siyaka wanted for him, to be happy with a family. However, since he had realized she was actually alive all these years, he had also realized that the part of him that had convinced him it was ok was the guilty conscience he had from bedding the scientist in the first place.

And yet, giving into his physical needs with Bulma the first time would have been considered normal for someone like him, as much as it was for the many whores his father infamously fucked during his marriage to the queen. But having a child with Bulma and marrying her, making that child official, it just wasn’t done in Saiyan culture. Mostly because it was a sign of huge disrespect to the first mate and their memory. Almost as if he proclaimed his first official mate was nothing more than a whore he had bedded frequently. A part of him knew that if his mother were alive, she’d have blasted him within an inch of his life for such behavior.

He didn’t voice his understanding of how hurt his decision to move on had made Siyaka. The shame that had flicked across his gaze had been enough to tell Siyaka that her comments had hit home hard enough. With that, she turned back to the group, following Mia, Gohan, Kakarrot, Krillin, 18, Piccolo, and the boys, leaving Vegeta with his guilt.

Mia waved goodbye to Libby, shaking her head at her friend’s ridiculousness. After Rito extricated himself and Siyaka from Libby’s blushing gaze, Libby confessed her undying lust for the Latino detective who had known her since she was ten. Yes, Mia could observe he was and attractive specimen, but the idea of someone her age dating the thirty-eight-year-old detective had seemed disgusting. Libby ignored her friend’s disgust and vowed that since she’d banged her way through the Northern territories and had become of legal age, she would get into Rito’s pants in one way or another.
As Mia returned to Gohan and his friends and they headed for the locker room, Gohan gave her a small odd smile as he asked, “Who was that?”

“Who, Libby?” Mia asked, jamming her thumb at the teen blonde who seemed to be drooling after the Rito’s retreating figure. “She’s my best friend, and Sharpner’s twin sister.”

Gohan frowned, looking back to the blonde trying to see his classmate’s resemblance. “His twin?” he asked, noting Libby and Sharpner shared the same shade of hair, defiant brown eyes, and strong posture. “How come I’ve never seen her before?”

Mia shrugged with a frown. “Well, she graduated from Orange Star last year, as Sharpner would have had he not been held back freshman year.”

“Oh,” Gohan breathed, frowning.

He opened his mouth to ask more about her, but was interrupted by his father who beamed at Mia as he asked, “So, you’re the Mia Jicama I’ve heard so much about.” That caused several curious looks to fall on the pure-hearted saiyan.

Gohan opened his mouth to question his father when Mia interrupted him with her own question. “Yeah, I was wondering how you knew my name back when you announced that you’d be back today.”

“He what?” Gohan breathed, a confused glance shifting between his father and girlfriend.

“Trunks told your father about Mia and Siyaka when Goku first arrived from Yardrat,” Piccolo interjected, a small knowing smile on his face, which he shared with Goku. Mia silently followed the conversation as Gohan frowned at his mentor.

“Yardrat? You mean when Frieza came to Earth?” Gohan asked. Piccolo and Goku nodded. “You’ve both known about Siyaka and Mia for ten years?” he clarified. They nodded again. Gohan gaped at his two role models until he just blurted, “And you two never told Vegeta …?”

“Trunks asked me not to,” Goku replied honestly. “He told me that Siyaka in the future and he had developed a close friendship when she became his mentor after you died avenging Mia’s death. Apparently you two developed a relationship in the future, and when both of you died, they only had each other and Bulma. Siyaka wanted to make sure he was still alive in this timeline, and if Vegeta knew, that wouldn’t happen.”

“Ok,” Gohan breathed, his mind processing the new information, filing it away with what he already knew. He was a little surprised Mia was still quietly following the conversation instead of interjecting her annoyed opinion, which he knew she had. “But why didn’t you tell him after Trunks was born?” He didn’t understand why, but the principle of Vegeta being purposefully left in the dark about being a father just rubbed him the wrong way.

Piccolo shot his old student an odd look as he stated, “Vegeta was off in the reaches of space for the last year of training, remember? He didn’t get back until the androids showed up.”

“And then he went AWOL because he figured out who Trunks was,” Mia filled in for Gohan, knowing that tidbit from their conversation a month ago.

“Exactly,” Piccolo stated agreeably. “And by the time Goku would have been able to tell him, the Cell Games happened.”

“Then why didn’t you tell him?” Gohan asked, turning to his teacher with a disapproving frown.
Piccolo scoffed. “I was in no position to tell Vegeta that news. I hated him then. I still kind of hate him now.”

“Well, isn’t that rich?” a gruff voice huffed from behind them. The whole group turned to see a confused Siyaka who looked on the group with concern, as the Saiyan Prince glowered at the group with contempt. “So everyone, except me, was in on this whole false death thing?”

Krillin raised his hand with a small voice as he said, “Neither 18 or I had any idea.”

“I knew who Mia was when she landed on the island,” 18 corrected in a bored tone, not looking at the group.

“What’s Android 18 doing here?!” Goku shrieked, eyes wide as he took note of the dangerous blonde for the first time. “She’s not still trying to blow up the planet, is she?”

She shot the pure-hearted Saiyan an amused smile. “He finally noticed.”

“No, Goku. She’s my wife,” Krillin chided, ignoring Goku’s freak-out and questions as he turned back to his wife. “How did you know about Siyaka and Mia?”

“Gero had scouting machines tracking Piccolo and Goku during the five years of peace. When Raditz visited Earth, he came across Piccolo, and Gero had the tracker follow Goku’s brother instead,” 18 explained tiredly. “Raditz next stop was a playground in Orange Star City, where Siyaka was watching Mia play.” Mia and Siyaka looked at the Android with a disgusted horror, as the blonde’s clear blue eyes seemed to be recalling a memory, a video in her database. They had been watched? 18 continued, “Kakarrot was mentioned, as was Mia’s heritage, and filed away for future use. After Raditz died, Gero decided they were also to be watched, and their dossiers were programmed into each Android up to us in case they joined your team of fighters.

“17 and I were programmed and designed with infinite energy technology to be able to beat Siyaka’s strongest form, which was later identified as Super Saiyan in our fight with Vegeta,” 18 finished. “And before anyone asks, I didn’t tell you because I didn’t care.”

Vegeta’s lividity coursed through him, causing his body to shake slightly. Raditz’s meeting with Siyaka was likely when he told Nappa and himself that the scouter was malfunctioning and “needed to be restarted.” His subordinate treated him as a fool. Not only that, all the Androids had known about them. Kakarot knew about them. The fucking green slug knew about them. His future son had never brought it up to him, even in the year they spent in the Hyperbolic Time Chamber. Gohan and Mia even mated in the future, as well as now. And the cherry on this sundae from Hell, Siyaka had actually made it to Super Saiyan first, not Kakarot. Which made him third … or fourth if Trunks from the future was still to be counted.

Vegeta huffed and passed the group not looking at any of them. He was here to settle his rivalry with Kakarot once and for all. After that, he’d figure out how best to handle his “friends’” betrayal. He could feel his hatred for them growing as he left them behind, stalking off to the locker room.

Siyaka watched the Prince as he walked on, worry for what this meant for him. It was one thing for her to lie to him out of necessity. But his friends had also lied to him about her and Mia for years. Most of them who had held out on him had done it out of hatred for him, except his wife, who lied for her own reasons. The Vegeta Siyaka knew wouldn’t handle this well at all. Nappa, Raditz and she always respected him, and knew he cared deeply for his team, even though he didn’t show it well. He’d have been able to get over her lie, because it was to protect them both. But to find out everyone you were constantly around, people you thought were maybe friends, definitely teammates, didn’t actually care for you … she knew it would hit him hard.
A part of her wanted to reach for him, to comfort him, but she knew it wouldn’t help him now. Him walking away was to save his pride, what was left of it. Her pity would be less welcome than an energy ball to the face. And the fact he hadn’t flown away told her he was staying for a reason, in spite of everything. He had something he was holding onto, to either bolster him, or drive the final nail.

She walked on, ignoring the chatter of the group as she followed behind Vegeta quietly. She made a note to keep an eye on him, to make sure he didn’t do something so stupid, he’d regret it later. Knowing him, he’d be in that state of mind.

Goku poked at Krillin annoyingly until he got his best friend to turn around. “You live in the same house as her?”

Krillin nodded, giving his tall friend a pitying look. “Of course. We even have a daughter, Marron.”

“What?!” Goku screeched, his eyes wide in shock, “How do androids have babies!?!??!”

18 rolled her eyes, continuing to walk on to the locker rooms. Krillin frowned, a little embarrassed for his friend’s ignorance. “She just so happened to be a human first. Gero kidnapped her and her brother and remodeled them. But she’s not completely a robot.”

“Oh,” Goku said in a small voice before giving his friend a beaming smile. “Well, congratulations!”

“Thanks,” Krillin replied slightly annoyed as they began to walk on towards the locker room. Krillin caught up to 18, who was shaking her head and laughing. “Aren’t you happy you married me, now?” 18 nodded her answer as Krillin scoffed. “What kind of man doesn’t kiss his own wife?”

Goku frowned, but dropped back to talk to Gohan and Mia, who held hands as they followed the group. Goku adopted a sly, knowing look as he asked, “Soooo, how long have you two been together?”

Gohan blushed at his father’s antics as Mia responded blandly, “A little over a month and a half.”

“And you’ve been training and spending time together the whole month?” Goku added with a surprised smile.

Gohan and Mia nodded their answer.

Goku mirrored their nods, eyeing them both curiously before narrowing his eyes with a smile as he asked, “Are you two planning on getting married today?”

Gohan froze, his eyes wide at even the suggestion. Mia could feel his hand shake a little in her grip as she laughed. The only reaction available to her at the thought. “What is it with your parents thinking you’re getting married today?” she asked in almost a whisper to Gohan, who shook his head in disbelief.

“Well, we are at the tournament, which is where it happens,” Goku started listing of, while Gohan and Mia shook their heads, Mia mouthing a small “No.” Goku didn’t seem to notice. “You’re both around the same age ChiChi and I were when we got married. And I only get to come back for today, you know.”

“W-we haven’t even talked about marriage yet,” Mia sputtered out, licking her dry lips, and disentangling her hand from Gohan’s. Now it just didn’t feel right holding onto it while they were being grilled on their intentions of marriage.
Goku’s eyes went wide. “Really!? That was the first thing ChiChi and I ever talked about.” He paused, tapping his chin with thought before he added, “Well, I didn’t know what it meant then. Actually, I thought it was some type of food,” he laughed, looking up to the sky as he recalled his memories, “but I still technically proposed to her. It wasn’t until she found me at the tournament when we were older, told me who she was because I didn’t recognize her, and reminded me of what I said when we were kids. So, then I proposed again, officially, and we got married that day and have been living together ever since.”

Both of the teens’ eyes were wide at Goku’s innocent tale of proposing and marrying ChiChi. Mia could barely match it to what ChiChi constantly went on about how beautiful their wedding was at the tournament, and how she and Kakarot had been dating and in love since they were kids. The way Kakarot said it, though, there was no planning involved. He didn’t think much of her as a kid, and when she showed up as an adult and reminded him, he just went with it. Like the option was just a convenience. And a part of Mia was fairly certain he still wasn’t sure all that marriage entailed, especially given the bomb he dropped earlier about he and ChiChi never kissing before. It was clearly a miracle they had any kids, let alone two!

Goku stepped up next to Gohan, nudging his son in the arm. “You know Gohan, it’s never too early to propose.” Gohan looked at his father in disbelief, his face turning beet red.

Mia patted Gohan on the shoulder awkwardly as she said, “I think you need to talk to your Dad.” She walked away from the father and son duo at a brisque pace, her gaze focused on the ground. Goku looked after the princess curiously as he asked, “Was it something I said?”

Gohan pinched the bridge of his nose as he muttered, “Dad, do you even know what it means to get married?” Goku nodded his answer, but Gohan continued ignoring his father, knowing his father likely didn’t get the entire gist of it. “It’s not something anyone really enters into lightly. We haven’t even gone into what we want in the future, much less if we think we might actually be in love with each other.”

Goku frowned at his son, “I didn’t even know what love was when I proposed to your mom.”

“I gathered that,” Gohan muttered, looking away from his father as his heart sank a little. It was clear his father loved his mother now, at least in his own way, and even when Gohan was a kid, or at least he thought so. That was never in question for Gohan. But it did make him wonder exactly what had gone on in his parents’ early marriage, considering Goku himself had been born only a little after their first anniversary. He’d done the math years ago, figuring he was conceived only 3 to 4 months after their marriage. While he’d already figured he wasn’t planned, this knew information did make him wonder if his father even understood the concept of being in love or even if Goku was in love with his wife when they’d done the deed.

Gohan shook his head clear of those thoughts. His younger self was hesitant to mar the image and memory that was his dad, his idol. Gohan huffed at himself, an almost scoff at his clinging childish ways.

“It’s odd how clueless father can be at times,” he mused. When it came to training and being a good father, Goku was hard to beat. But when it came to tact and social norms, his father seemed relatively lost. “What I’m saying is we don’t even know what we want in life yet. And if our lives go separate ways, getting married might not be our best option.”

Goku shook his head with a laugh, a smile on his face that almost closed his eyes. “Gohan, you are overthinking it. Do you like her?”
Gohan nodded, muttering a small “Of course,” watching his father’s expression nervously.

“Does she impress you?” Again, Gohan nodded. “Is she someone you could see yourself living your life with?” Gohan had to stop and think on that one. In a perfect world, where everything went right, and they didn’t have to worry about college or income, and just live the way they wanted, sure. He could definitely see himself staying with her, spending their time training and having fun. But this was reality. And reality had so many twists and turns, that he knew their relationship was way too young to know whether they could weather those changes. That caused Goku to falter, eyeing his son with concern. “Well, is she?”

“I don’t know,” Gohan sputtered, his gaze focused on the ground. Goku’s shoulders seemed to fall at his son’s answer. “In a perfect world, maybe. But now is just too early …”

“Gohan,” Goku sighed, a knowing smile on his face, “there’s no maybe. She either is or isn’t.” Gohan refused to look into his father’s eyes as Goku continued. “And you know, according to future Trunks, you two were married in the future. Which we all know was far from a ‘perfect world.’ So, why should it be any different?”

Gohan eyed his father oddly. While now knowing that they had made it work in an apocalyptic future eased his mind about their relationship, it still didn’t change one fact. “But that was in a different time-line, full of other factors that would never happen here. It’s different this time around.”

Goku frowned as Gohan continued, “Neither of us is ready for that kind of commitment just yet.”

Goku let out a small disappointed sigh as he rested his hands behind his head. “Oh well. I guess I’ll just miss it.”

Mia walked into the locker room, shaking her head in disbelief and muttering to herself. Siyaka’s onyx eyes followed her daughter oddly, a small smile reaching her face as she asked, “What’s wrong, sweetie?”

“Gohan’s parents,” Mia muttered, shaking her head in disbelief. “Both of them have mentioned Gohan getting married today. Kakarot even asked if we were planning on getting married today while he’s here.”

Siyaka chuckled, a small smile on her face as she commented, “Well, you are wearing red.”

Mia frowned. “What does that mean?”

Siyaka gave her a prudent look as she stated, “It’s tradition for a Saiyan woman to wear red on her wedding day.”

Mia rolled her eyes, groaning as she turned away from her mother. “Not you, too!”

Siyaka laughed, going back to tying her shoes, securing them in a double knot, “I’m only teasing.” She shrugged, adding in a small voice, “But the wearing red thing is actually the truth.” When Mia shot her mom a shrewd onyx glare, Siyaka shook her head, laughing again as she added, “But I wouldn’t be too worried. Going by how perturbed your father was by just seeing you kissing Gohan, it will be a cold day in Hell before he gives Kakarot’s son his blessing.”

Mia gave her mom a strange look and crossed her arms in a dominant stance as she asked, “Why should that matter? Vegeta barely even knows me. Your blessing would be the only one Gohan would really need. Maybe Rito’s if he really needs a man’s blessing.”
Siyaka licked her lips, her teeth biting into her tongue and holding a dangerous frown. She set her foot down as she stood up to see Mia fully, taking in her daughter’s nonchalant gaze and stance at the mention of her father. “Mia, you need to respect your father as much as you respect me or Rito. He may be distant now, but it’s because he needs time to process such a drastic change in his life. It’s not every day someone’s life gets turned upside-down.” Mia scoffed at her mother, clearly not buying what she thought were excuses. “Mia, you need to understand your father is going through a lot right now,” Siyaka stated, more demandingly, earning a serious gaze from her daughter. Siyaka’s gaze softened becoming distant, pulling Mia’s braid to fall over her shoulder. She finished with a small smile, “I’m certain once he figures everything out, he’ll do his best by you and be a good father.”

“Whatever,” Mia said, her brow furrowed in an odd look at her mother before she turned to leave.

Siyaka sighed, her gaze following after her daughter. A small nagging hope in the back of her mind and heart praying her faith in Vegeta and his proud honor wasn’t misguided.

Eventually, Mia found her way to the qualifying area, seeing that the only recognizable person among the crowd was her father as she stepped through the archway. Set in the middle, being crowded by attendants checking it out, was a machine with a large round pad in the front. “And you are?” the attendant asked, blocking her from the doorway, and drawing her attention away from her father. He held a clipboard and pen in his pudgy hands as he eyed her warily behind his glasses. “Uh, Saiyagirl,” she replied calmly with a smile.

The man nodded, checking her off his list as he stated, “Alright, you should be around the twenty-seventh called for the qualifying test. We will begin qualifying rounds as soon as Mr Satan arrives after his interviews. If you wouldn’t mind waiting patiently in the area until we begin.”

Mia nodded blandly before she moved to stand near her father, since he was the only one she knew in the space at the moment. She caught her father’s suspicious gaze on her, causing her to frown back at the navy blue clad prince. “What?” she almost grunted in annoyance.

He wordlessly turned away from her, his gaze returning to some distant speck on the far wall. It was odd, she realized, that she could see a little of herself in him from the side. Her jawline and nose matched his a little. While she seemed to have her mother’s eyes, she definitely had the prince’s cheekbones. “You seem to be staring,” Vegeta stated gruffly, not looking at her.

“Well, I’m just now seeing the resemblance to you Gohan mentioned,” Mia commented snarkily. She gestured between herself and her father as she added, “Mom’s annoyed expression is way different from ours.” His gaze was now focused on the sky, as if silently pleading with the heavens for some miracle. “Must be your standard expression, because that was the only time Gohan could see any resemblance between us.”

“When one’s forced to deal with Kakarot’s ilk and naiveté, annoyance becomes standard,” Vegeta remarked with a huff. “Logic is none of their strong suits.”

Mia shrugged with a laugh, “Maybe I’m just more patient than you, which is saying something.” Vegeta didn’t warrant the comment with a remark. After a quiet moment, Mia added, “Is that why you don’t like Gohan?” Vegeta only grunted, looking away from his daughter. Mia shrugged, and continued, “He did mention something about you and his dad being rivals.”
A small sneer drifted across his expression that he quickly tried to suppress. “There are many reasons I don’t like Gohan,” Vegeta started. “One of which is how insufferable his father is. Another is his slacking attitude when it comes to training, disgraceful for a Saiyan. And another was that he had the gall to begin seducing, possibly even mating, my daughter behind my back, which both of you are too young for!” The last one, he settled his onyx glare on his daughter, causing her back to go a little rigid under its severity. It wasn’t a death glare like she’d seen him give once or twice within the day alone, but one that held a much deeper emotion that always unsettled Mia. Disappointment.

Mia let out an awkward laugh as her father turned away. “In his defense,” she offered, “if ChiChi was your mom, you’d study over training too. Because at that point, it’s self-preservation more than pride. You should have seen the conniption she had when he said he was taking a month off of school to train for the tournament. Although, to be fair, she’s been married to a guy for nineteen years, and he’s never kissed her.” Vegeta did his best to hold back a laugh at that, but he did show a small tight-lipped smirk. “I mean, it’s no wonder she’s so high strung.

“Anyway secondly, we haven’t even mated yet, which we aren’t too young for, going by how young you and Mom were.” Vegeta opened his mouth to retort, but Mia cut him off as she continued, “See, she told me you two first mated when she was sixteen, and you were barely nineteen, and weren’t even barely friends at the time. Considering I’m almost eighteen, and according to Gohan’s time in the time chamber thing, he’s almost nineteen, we’d be the same age you were when you first mated. So age isn’t really a good argument. Not to mention, we’ve been dating a month and a half, and friends for almost three. That’s a lot more restraint than either you or Mom showed.” Vegeta was seething at her comments, an annoyed rage burning in his coal black eyes as his jaw shook against the pressure of his teeth grinding together.

“Thirdly, I’d hardly call it seduction. Mostly, he was just the first person at school to be nice to me, and include me in things after Libby graduated and left.” Vegeta’s scowl lessened a little hearing that. It was a little surprising to hear his daughter, like himself, had trouble fitting in amongst the earthlings. Of course there were a few who always tried to make him feel included, his wife and Kakarot mainly. Everyone else just seemed to barely tolerate him. It should have been little surprise that Kakarot’s son would do the same thing. “I started liking him because he was giving me a fresh start.” Vegeta lowered his gaze a little, almost forgiving Gohan in that part at least. “It helps that he’s tall, smart, and incredibly hot,” she added almost meltingly. And there it is again.

His annoyed glare and mild rage returned for the hybrid.

“Hey! Are we late?!” a cheerful voice called out breaking the annoyed tension between the prince and his daughter. They lifted their gazes to see the rest of the group led by Kakarot, with Goten and Trunks running ahead while Gohan and Krillin followed right behind him, with Siyaka, Piccolo and 18 bringing up the rear.

“They haven’t started yet,” Mia called back with a smirk. “Mr. Satan’s taking his time with the reporters. You know how celebrities are.” That earned a chuckle from the group as they stood next to Vegeta and Mia. Gohan moved to stand next to Mia, their hands drifting to hold each other, interlacing their fingers. Vegeta grimaced at the small PDA. “Everything ok?” she asked her boyfriend in a small voice.

“Yeah,” he sighed back, giving her gloved hand a small squeeze.

“I don’t believe it!” someone called from the side, drawing everyone’s attention to the new voice. An older man with fake blond hair, moustache, and sunglasses ran up to their group a grin on his face. The man wore a black suit with a vibrant red tie, making it clear he was not a contender. “Son Goku. You haven’t been back here in years! Last I saw you, you had just gotten married, and both you and Majunior blew up the stadium! How you doing, Goku-baby?!” He pronounced “baby” like a
Hollywood director schmoozing a picky actor.

“Hey!” Kakarot responded brightly. “I didn’t know you still did these!”

“Well, who else can they get to commentate on fights when crazy people like you, Majunior, and even Krillin show up,” the blonde joked, pointing at Piccolo, causing Mia to frown in confusion. He also gestured to the short man in the group and stated, “Nice hair.” Krillin nodded his acceptance. Kakarot laughed sheepishly, rubbing the back of his head. “By the way,” the blonde started with a frown as he looked just above the friendly saiyan’s head, “You haven’t always had that halo, have you?”

“Oh!” Goku started, wide-eyed. “Nah. I got this when I died fighting Cell. I’m just back today for the tournament.”

The blonde man stared at him blankly before letting out a loud bark of a laugh as he said, “With all the crazy shit I’ve seen you do over the years, it’d be stupid to start doubting you now. Right?” He slapped a friendly hand on Kakarot’s shoulder, then taking a look at the group staring at them. A hopeful gleam appeared in his eyes that glowed through his sunglasses as he asked, “Are all these people with you?”

“Yeah-huh,” Kakarot grunted, putting his fists on his hips in a proud stance. He clapped a hand on Gohan’s shoulder, “This one’s actually my son!” The blonde began to eye Gohan with wide eyes.

“Dad!” Gohan hissed.

“What?”

Gohan just looked at his clueless father like Goku should have known why he was upset. “Secret Identity,” Mia whispered helpfully while Gohan just continued to glare.

The blonde nodded. “Right, mums the word,” the commentator mimed his lips being locked. “So, how old are you, son?”

Giving an odd look at being interrogated, he answered, “Uh, I’ll be eighteen in two weeks.”

The blonde laughed, shooting a glance at the previous world champion. “Wow, you don’t waste any time, do you?”

Kakarot’s eyebrows rose high in innocent confusion as he murmured a small, “Huh?”

The commentator ignored Goku’s confusion as he added, “Well, I gotta say, thank God you’re all here. The past decade of tournaments have been mind-numbingly boring! I can’t wait to see the action you’ll no doubtedly deliver! Just … uh – let’s keep the Ring intact this year, ok?” He added the last bit nervously, as if it was definitely a possibility.

“No promises,” Piccolo answered, a small smirk on his face.

The commentator beamed at the green man. “And that’s the exact attitude this tournament’s been lacking!” Before the blonde could continue, loud cheering sounded as people rushed to crowd the entrance. He checked his watch with a sigh. “That’s my queue. It’s nice to know we’ve got some decent fighters this year. I’ll see you all in the ring!” Kakarot, Krillin and Piccolo all waved the announcer off.

As everyone turned to the thunderous noise, a thick black and gold champion’s belt was thrust in the air as Mr. Satan called out in a thunderous voice, “DOES ANYBODY WANT THIS!?!?!?!” He
was answered with a deafening cheer.

“No,” Mia muttered sarcastically to herself. “We all just decided to stand in a qualifying room for hours. Can you believe this guy?”

Gohan let out a small laugh. “Yeah, he’s always been a ham.”

“I’M SORRY!!! I DON’T THINK I HEARD ANY OF YOU!!! I SAID, ‘DOES ANYBODY WANT THIS!?!?!?!’” Hercule was again answered with a deafening cheer, only a little louder this time. He finally lowered it, making his way to the center of the room. “ALRIGHT!” he called out.

One of the attendants stepped forward next to the reigning champion. “Thank you all for joining us today,” he started, his voice a little whiny matching his weaker stature, short and flabby. His hair was parted and gelled down the middle, and he wore thick round glasses that magnified his eyes oddly. “As you know, this tournament has sixteen spots available for fighters that you will be qualifying for using …” he paused for effect, allowing for a literal drumroll as he swung his arm to the machine, presenting it like one of the ladies would on The Price is Right, “THIS PUNCHING MACHINE!!!!”

Kakarot let out an awed, “Oh,” as he looked the machine over.

Krillin frowned approvingly as he muttered, “At least we aren’t wasting a whole day fighting each other to qualify.”

“Why?” Vegeta scoffed, not looking at the short man. “Afraid you’d lose?”

“Knock it off,” Piccolo breathed, shushing both of them.

“Now,” the attendant continued, “seeing as how Mr. Satan is the current champion holder, he is already qualified for the tournament automatically, leaving fifteen slots open! The fifteen highest punching scores will land a spot in the tournament this afternoon. So, to get us started, Mr. Satan, will you do the honors?”

Hercule stepped forward with a small nod. “My pleasure,” he growled with a smile. He stepped up to the machine, positioning himself in a fighting stance in front of it. With a loud yell, he threw his punch at the machine pad, the rating up at the top dinged, flashing a nice 120 for everyone to see. He let out a calming breath before turning to the crowd with a smile. “Good luck, everyone! I’m looking forward to meeting the best fighters here in combat. Hopefully, one of you will rank higher than one-hundred so we can have an even match!” He turned on his heel, walking out to greet the interviewers again and get his schedule for the day. He’d have to move to introduce the Junior Division tournament on time. As he left the qualifying room, he lifted a victorious fist, earning cheers and applause from his would be competitors.

“Alright!” the attendant called out. “First up is Achil!” Up walked a shirtless man with curly black hair and striking blue eyes. He wore yellow gym shorts and his arms and fists were wrapped with tape. He threw his punch, the machine giving him a bright 87. And on it went. Another name was called, another fighter went up and tried his best to give a good punch.

18 was the first of the group called up. She moved to step forward, hearing some jeers from the crowd. “Now, honey, remember to hold back,” Krillin reminded as he jumped behind her, almost following her up to the machine.

She blinked slowly, boredly, not looking at her husband. “I know,” she groused. She positioned herself up to punch, giving a small knuckle punch. The screen flashed up 774, causing everyone to
go quiet and the attendants’ eyes to go wide. They immediately moved to the machine to check its calibration.

Krillin glowered at his wife as he muttered, “You call that holding back?!”

18 rolled her eyes. “Not my fault they’re all weaklings.”

“Alright, we should be all set. Why don’t you give it another try, Miss?”

18 set herself up again, her fist positioned just in front of the pad. This time, she only sent out two fingers to flick the pad, causing the numbers 208 to flash up on the screen. The attendants’ eyes were still wide as they jotted down her score, gesturing her to move out for the next qualifier, her husband. He performed a light punch, earning 199. Kakarot went next, earning a 176. Piccolo was called next as Majunior, and with a small backhanded flick, earned 182.

“The calibration must be off,” one of the attendants commented. His observation was quickly dismissed by the others as they had just checked it.

Vegeta huffed impatiently as Siyaka stepped up next. “I believe it’s my turn,” she huffed annoyed at the attendants. They let her pass, and she gave a small two-fingered flick, earning a 198. One of the attendants shook their head, muttering, “This isn’t right. They have to be cheating somehow.”

Mia took her spot in front of the machine, giving a slight punch, earning a 203. As she turned away from the machine, proud of her number, she caught the wide eyes of Videl from the crowd and smirked.

“You asked us to be here, Mia thought giving a small acknowledging nod to the champion’s daughter, receiving a glower in return. Mia could almost laugh to herself, realizing Videl still didn’t understand just how in over her head she was.

Vegeta caught Mia’s glare over to Videl and rolled his eyes. He didn’t have time for his daughter’s mean-girl squabble with some other teen girl. His patience was already worn so thin. “Out of the way,” he ordered Mia, causing her to turn and give him an odd look. She moved, though, letting him pass to the machine as she went to stand by her boyfriend.

“Did my dad just cut in front of you?” Mia asked, a small scowl burning into her father’s back.

Gohan crossed his arms and shrugged, a blank expression on his face. “Not actually that surprising, knowing him,” he sighed.

“You’re cheating,” a voice stated, causing them to turn to see Videl glaring at the princess. Mia noted she didn’t even see her move over to them, and frowned at the accusation. “It’s the only way to explain how you got over two-hundred while my dad only got one-twenty.”

Mia couldn’t help herself. “Or I’m just stronger than your dad,” she goaded, a smirk on her face. Gohan shot her a nervous look, but she ignored it.

“Bullshit!” Videl snapped back, her gloves squeaking as her fists balled together. “My dad’s the world champion. He has been for almost ten years!”

“Only because he hasn’t gotten in the ring with any real fighters,” Mia replied aggressively before being pulled away by Gohan. She struggled to get out of his grasp, frowning at him.

“You need to stop,” Gohan urged in a hushed tone.

“Why?” Mia replied haughtily. “Because you don’t want your friends to know the truth?” The words stung Gohan a little as he leaned away from her. He knew it was Videl who brought this side out of
her, and he never completely understood it. He could save a thousand damsels in distress, and had, without Mia acting out or being hostile. But whenever Videl came in to the picture, Mia’s claws would show.

“You know why,” he breathed, his eyes pleading with hers to calm down.

Videl shook her head in disbelief. “She cheats and she lies, in front of your face, and yet you stick with her,” Videl scoffed mostly to herself, but Gohan and Mia caught it.

Mia moved to punch the short-haired girl, only to be caught by Gohan again. “Save it for the ring,” he urged, an uncomfortable frown on his face as he appraised Videl. In the back of his mind, he realized Videl never planned on giving Mia and Gohan’s relationship a fair shake, as she had promised. But she was still his friend. And he wanted Mia and her to get along. But maybe that just wasn’t possible.

A loud explosion caused the scuffle to end, bringing everyone’s attention to Vegeta in the center of the qualifying room, his fist held out. The floor was destroyed in a path leading to the exploded punching machine in the corner. As Vegeta turned to leave the rubble, Kakarot smacked his palm against his forehead, and several of the qualifiers with wide eyes muttered their plans to back out and began moving to the exits. Mia could see her mom pinching the bridge of her nose at the prince’s actions.

“Nice, Vegeta,” Gohan muttered, his expression crestfallen at the spectacle.

Mia let out a laugh, causing Gohan and Videl to eye her curiously as she begun to slowly applaud her father. “Yeah! Well done!” she called out to her Dad, who was now eyeing her like she was crazy.

Videl scowled at Mia, her actions appalling to the champion’s daughter. “Why are you clapping!? That asshole just destroyed the machine! Now they gotta find another one!”

“Because,” Mia chuckled as she stopped clapping, “‘that asshole’ is my father.” Videl’s face fell as she turned back to the rubble and the man Mia claimed was her dad. It was then she realized Mia just might not have been cheating. A sentiment that Videl wasn’t sure brought excitement or horror along with its realization.
Chapter 11

The Tournament Begins

Mia felt a little down as the group minus Gohan made their way to the tournament ring to watch the Junior Division. Gohan had urged them to go without him so Trunks and Goten would have some support in their matches, promising to catch up as soon as he passed the qualifier. A small seed of resentment for her father’s earlier actions festered as she thought about it. He purposefully cut Gohan off, leaving him alone… with Videl. It wasn’t that she didn’t trust Gohan, but Videl was a whole other matter.

Her attention was taken away from her jealous thoughts as she heard the familiar whoops and cheers of fans at sporting events. And a smile found its way to her face as she began to jog forward to see the stadium. It was huge, about the size of a pro-battleball dome. And it was completely full. Her heart thudded with excitement as popular jock-jams pounded almost shaking the ground as the made their way to the top of the stadium, where they’d see the boys fight the best. Mia wasn’t sure what kind of training her father had run Trunks through, but her lessons for Goten had been extensive. She only hoped that he was able to remember most of them when he fought.

“What is this shit?” Vegeta asked, a grimace on his face. She turned to see Piccolo had plugged his ears as well, a scowl on his face. She figured with his pointed ears, his heightened sense of hearing was probably being affected by the pounding bass-line.

She laughed seeing the confused faces of everyone except her mother, who seemed to see this as a normal occurrence. “Clearly you’ve never been to a recent human sporting event,” Mia chuckled as they settled against the railing. Vegeta shot his daughter an odd look as she continued, “It’s a jock-jam. Most sporting events play them to get the audience pumped. And if you look, you can probably see some moshing.” She pointed to a group close to the ring on one side that was throwing their hands up and jumping almost in sync with the music.

“It’s annoying,” Piccolo commented, which Vegeta nodded his agreement to.

Mia shrugged as the music faded out. The group focused down to the ring floor where the blonde man from earlier stepped out, mic in hand. “IS EVERYONE READY TO GET THIS TOURNAMENT STARTED!?!?!” he called out into the mic with dramatic flair, earning raucous cheers in response. “ALRIGHT! LET’S GET GOING ON THE JUNIOR COMPETITION!!! We’ve got ten-million zeni for the winner, and five million zeni for the runner up! Not to mention the winner of this year’s tournament gets a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to fight in an exhibition match...
with the World Champion, MR. SATAN!!!!" There was louder raucous cheers this time, some people chanting for Mr. Satan. “So! Let’s get him out here! I present to you our World Champion and savior, MR. SATAN!!!!” the blonde man finished, making a sweeping gesture to the ring entrance, where the famed hero came sprinting out with fog machines whirring out smoke and fireworks shooting off the roof of the main building. His cape flapped behind him as Hercule sprung up to skip walking up the stairs. Siyaka bit her index knuckle as Hercule made an attempt at flip, which failed spectacularly as his heels landed on his cape, throwing him back causing him to land head first on the marble tiles. He wasn’t moving as his adoring fans continued to cheer for him obliviously.

Mia chuckled, muttering to her Mom, “That was absolutely beautiful.” Siyaka nodded as she held back a laugh. As people continued to cheer, Mia added, “Do you think they’ll notice he isn’t moving?”

It was then the blonde announcer turned to see Mr. Satan on the ground and asked, “Uh, Mr. Satan? Are you ok?” The tournament audience gained a hushed muteness as they awaited their hero’s recovery from his blunder.

After a minute of silent worrying, Hercule sat up almost robotically, his face blank before he broke into a wide grin. “I'M JOKING!!!!" he announced, his fists positioned on his hips as if to show off his tough-guy demeanor. The cheers picked up as he continued his un-injured façade.

The announcer gave a forced laugh. “Aw, Champ. You’re hilarious!” Mia let out a sigh as the announcer began to question the champion about the match with the Junior Champion, getting the general hype up.

She spun, leaning casually against the railing as she looked back at the group. “So, I’ve got a question.” When she was only greeted with confused frowns, she continued, jutting a thumb at Kakarot, “We’ve got a dead guy here, right?” She added in a small voice to him, “No offense.” Goku shrugged blankly, as if he didn’t know there was an offense to be taken. “How is that possible?” she asked with a frown, “And why doesn’t anyone think this is odd?”

Everyone gave her the same look until Siyaka piped in, “I was actually about to ask the same thing. No other Saiyan has been able to come back to life before.”

Vegeta frowned as he looked at his ex and daughter. “I’ve died and come back to life, as has everyone else here.”

Krillin nodded, blandly adding, “Me twice.”


“Has Gohan really not told you about the dragonballs?” Vegeta asked, arms crossed as he eyed his daughter carefully.

“What the hell are dragonballs?” Mia asked in confusion.

Simultaneously, Siyaka’s eyes widened as she stated, “I thought those were just a myth.”

“No, they’re very real,” Piccolo replied with a smirk. “We have them here on Earth, as well as my home planet.”

“And they’ve successfully revived every single one of you?” Siyaka clarified, stepping forward. The rest of the group nodded their answer, leaving Mia standing there lost.
Mia scowled, feeling ignored. She stomped her foot impatiently and huffed. “Again I ask, what the hell are dragonballs?”

“They’re a set of magical balls that when collected grant the user any wish,” Siyaka replied calmly, an uneasy frown settling over her features. Her coal black eyes locked with Vegeta’s, taking him in almost a new light. “But that doesn’t explain a few things —” she started.

“Oh,” Kakarot interrupted, almost childishly, “well, I actually wasn’t brought back by the balls today. Fortune Teller Baba is able to bring people back from Otherworld for twenty-four hours, which she usually reserves for her fortune telling tournaments.”

The Saiyan lady nodded, still frowning at the prince. “That actually wasn’t what I was confused about.”

Vegeta smirked, as if he were reading her mind like he used to. “You’re wondering if I’m here, where are Raditz and Nappa?” he asked with a chuckle, a cold chill running down Siyaka’s spine as he asked it. Her intense gaze didn’t waiver from the Prince’s as he laughed. “Well, Raditz met his end at the hands of Piccolo and Kakarot after he kidnapped Gohan.” Siyaka’s eyes flew wide at hearing the fate of her closest childhood friend. She did her best to hide the feeling of having her gut punched, knocking the wind out of her as Vegeta continued, “And Nappa’s incompetence in battle caused him to have his spine broken by Kakarot, rendering him paralyzed. Killing him was a mercy.”

Siyaka looked to the others in the group, only to see them looking down awkwardly, telling her Vegeta was being honest. Her lower lip quivered as she tried to control her emotions. These were her childhood friends. Her teammates. And Vegeta talked about their deaths so callously. A part of her knew that he was trying to make her feel bad for what she did to him. He wasn’t one to just let go and forgive something. Never had been really. “And they were never revived because …?” she asked, clearing her voice.

Piccolo gave her a sympathetic look as he replied, “When they died, they were evil. Hell bent on destroying the planet.”

Vegeta scoffed at the old God’s answer. “They weren’t evil, necessarily. Just weak, not worth the wish.” His comment received several odd looks from the group.

Siyaka couldn’t withhold the contempt in her glare at her old lover. What happened to him? He’s not the same Vegeta I knew, she realized. “Careful,” she warned the prince in a low voice, her voice cracking around the lump in her throat. His glare lessened a little, almost looking surprised. “You’re starting to sound an awful lot like Frieza.” He jerked his chin up at that, returning her hurt glare with his own indignant one. She turned to the rest of the group, and said a small, “Excuse me.” With that she turned on her heel and flew off.

“W-wait!” Krillin called after her, when Mia raised her hand in a halting motion.

“Just leave her alone,” Mia ordered calmly, cutting a disapproving scowl to her father. “It’s not often you find out someone you cared about is gone for good.”

Vegeta returned his daughter’s disappointed look with an angry frown of his own. “Are you questioning me?” he asked dangerously.

Mia scoffed, crossing her arms and leaning comfortably against the railing. “No, not questioning. Just realizing why Gohan told me you were a bit of a dick,” she replied nonchalantly, causing Vegeta’s face to fall. She rolled her eyes and added with a smirk, “It was a bit of an understatement, really.”
Goku’s and Krillin’s eyes went wide at the tit for tat. But Mia didn’t care about the public forum. No one hurt her mother.

Vegeta was livid. No one disrespects me. Especially not my own daughter! “You listen here …” he snapped, taking a step forward, leaning over her.

“No, you listen,” Mia spat back with a growl. He flinched when the spittle hit his face. And her glare was so much like his mother’s it was unnerving. “For almost eighteen years I’ve heard stories about my father, the noble Prince Vegeta. Only to finally meet you and see the stories have been grossly exaggerated.”

“You need a few lessons in manners.”

Mia smirked as she quipped, “Well, you’ve made it clear my incivility comes honestly.”

Vegeta balled up his shaking fist. “Why you…”

“Pipe down!” Piccolo snapped loudly, causing both royals to freeze. “This isn’t the time for your family squabble. Trunks is up.”

Vegeta huffed, looking away from his daughter first. He’d handle her later, but Piccolo was right. Now was not the time. But to be honest, if this is what raising a teenage daughter was, he wanted no part in it. At least Kakarot’s eldest shows respect for his superiors. He took a few steps away from the group to watch his son’s first fight.

Mia gave a derisive snort at her father’s retreat and turned towards the ring. Krillin let out an awkward whistle as he turned to see the short fight. While Goku let out a cheer for the young Saiyan, Mia watched the boy carefully. She knew being mostly trained by her father, her brother would have the same techniques as Vegeta, and possibly a similar style. Also deep in her heart, she could feel a pang of jealousy, but her mind tried to deflect it best at her father. It wasn’t the purple-haired boy’s fault they shared the same father. And even though she felt the familial pull to hope he’d win the tournament, she felt it more for Goten as her student.

The fight didn’t take long. The blond headed kid was knocked out before you could count to three. The announcer ran over to check him as Trunks waltzed over to the ring entrance as he was declared winner.


The group remained silent as the next few fights went, until Goten’s turn came up. Mia eyed her student’s opponent, noticing he looked strikingly similar to the boy Trunks had beaten. Even though he had chestnut brown hair, it was cut in the same exact mullet, which was odd, as it wasn’t a popular haircut for good reason. And seeing it on two boys in one place? Not to mention they had been wearing the same outfit. It was almost like déjà vu.

“Wow…” Krillin chuckled, a nostalgic gleam in his eyes.

Goku scratched his head with a grin. “Thanks.”

Mia shrugged. “Genetically speaking it was bound to happen. Gohan looks so much like ChiChi, except you know, bone structure,” she stated offhandedly. She didn’t notice she garnered everyone’s attention, as she was mostly thinking out-loud to herself. “Now, Trunks is the one I can’t figure out. How in the hell did he get blue eyes. It’s not even a saiyan gene.”
“You aren’t even curious about how he got purple hair?” 18 commented with a scoff, her blue eyes trained on the princess.

Mia frowned. “That’s a good point too. Both black hair and dark eyes are dominant traits in humans, and are the only traits in Saiyans. At the very least his hair would have been a mixture of Bulma and Vegeta’s hair colors.”

As Vegeta cleared his throat to change the conversation, Siyaka touched back down, her eyes tinged red from tears that she refused to show the group as she forced a smile on her face. “What did I miss?” she asked, directing her question to Mia.

Her daughter shrugged. “Other than Goten and Trunks beating their first opponents, we are discussing the genetic anomaly that is Trunks.”

Siyaka frowned, ignoring her ex’s frustrated harrumph behind her. “What do you mean?”

“Blue eyes and purple hair, which should be recessive,” Mia stated. She added in a small note to herself, “Maybe it’s something on Chromosome 19, which is where hair color and eye color are located in humans. Maybe Saiyans don’t have the same coloring markers, making the human genes dominant.”

Siyaka blinked at her daughter’s fast paced thinking, and laughed, “You’re blabbering.”

Mia’s dark eyes shot up to her mother in an innocent look. “Right,” she mumbled, turning back to the ring. “Make a note for later. We’re here to watch children pummel each other into the dirt.”

There was a long pause as they settled into the groove of the tournament, which was impossibly dull fighting-wise. The time passed with the awkward tense feelings hanging in the air as Goten and Trunks slowly made their way to the Children’s Championship Finals. Siyaka’s gaze drifted to Vegeta occasionally, only to flit back to the ring when he’d fidget uncomfortably. As the blonde announcer called Goten and Trunks out as the finalists, Mia let out a long huff, looking around the stands. “What’s taking Gohan so long? He should be here by now.”

Krillin shrugged noncommittally with a smile as he chuckled. “Maybe he and that Videl girl are …” he trailed off awkwardly as he sensed Mia’s glare on him at even the suggestion. “Uh… still trying to get through the preliminaries. Vegeta did blow-up the last machine.” He laughed uneasily as he scratched his head, avoiding the saiyan teen’s scowl.

Mia hissed, turning her focus back to the ring as she mumbled, “Whatever.”

The gong sounded over the deafening cheers for the kids, signaling the start of the fight. The boys sprung at each other, fists ready to fly. They moved too fast to see who threw the first punch, but they seemed to go all out early, and evenly matched. When Trunks would kick, Goten would dodge. When Goten would punch, Trunks would parry and cause Goten to lose his balance for a second. They danced around the stage with grace most children their age couldn’t even dream of. Mia tapped a finger against the banister on edge, watching her student fight her brother. Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed her father doing the same thing against his forearm, watching his son with bared teeth. A part of her was jarred by the similarity in behavior, but was brought back to the fight when they launched apart only to fly back together a good five or six feet above the stage.

“Whoa,” Krillin breathed, “they’re amazing.”

Mia agreed a little, but a part of her had started to notice flaws in her brother’s technique. Flaws that would have given Goten the upper hand, if he’d just exploit them. Trunks was cocky and left himself
open for attack in some places, but still had the tenacity to go for the win. Meanwhile, Goten just seemed to be fighting for fun.

The sound of pounding footsteps stole her attention away as Gohan and Videl came running towards the group. Mia’s expression fell to a frown as her gaze settled on Videl. *Doesn’t she have somewhere else to be?* “Sorry it took us so long,” Gohan breathed roughly. “The new machine took forever to calibrate, so we only just finished the preliminaries. What’ve we missed?”

“No much,” Krillin answered. “Both Trunks and Goten are fighting pretty well.”

“Yeah. If we don’t watch it, they’ll be stronger than us, soon,” Kakarot joked. “Just look at them go!”

Gohan moved to stand behind Mia, watching over her shoulder. “How’s he doing?” he asked, knowing Mia was watching more as Goten’s mentor than Trunks’s sister or friend.

Mia chewed on her lip as she eyed the younger Son boy’s moves. “He’s fighting like they’re sparring, not like it’s an actual match. He’s not seizing openings in Trunks’s defense he should.” She clicked her tongue against her teeth, adding, “That’ll be something we’ll have to work on.”

Gohan frowned at her assessment, watching the fight unfold. “Is it that bad?”

“Yes,” Mia replied, not looking at her boyfriend.

“So, you’re routing for Kakarot’s youngest?” Vegeta commented, drawing his daughter’s attention. Her onyx gaze meeting his own dark withered gaze.

“He’s my student. So, yeah,” Mia answered plainly, returning to the fight in time to see Trunks trick Goten into attacking an after-image, and with a solid kick sent him flying towards the stands for a ring-out. Mia’s shoulders dropped with a scowl as she watched her student forget his training. “Come on, Goten. We went over flip-turns.” Just as he almost hit the stands, he flipped, stopping his momentum in an instant and regaining his control over his flight. Mia let out a relieved sigh, leaning away from the bar and crossing her arms. “Clearly, we’ve got more to go over.”

“Gohan, why didn’t you train Goten?” Kakarot piped in, eyeing the teens curiously.

Mia smiled sardonically as Gohan shifted uncomfortably. “W-well, I wanted to…”

“He was training me, sir,” Videl spoke up, a little proudly.

Krillin shifted his gaze to the teens warily as Kakarot frowned in confusion. “Oh,” he breathed cluelessly. Mia could tell in Kakarot’s gaze that he still wasn’t sure why that meant Gohan wasn’t training Goten. Gohan was too busy blushing under Krillin’s discerning looks to completely explain himself.

“Videl is one of Gohan’s *friends* from school,” Mia answered for her boyfriend, choosing her words carefully as she garnered the full attention of the group. Away from the fight as Goten and Trunks began ascending into the air higher and higher. “She found out Gohan and I were her superhero competition around Satan City, and she …” the princess paused, a mirthful smirk splaying across her lips as she jabbingly added to the Champion’s daughter, “would you call it ‘blackmail’?” Videl opened her mouth to defend herself, but Mia cut her off as she continued, “Yeah, *blackmailed* us into teaching her to fly and fighting in the tournament.

“When she refused to be taught by me, Gohan took her on as a student, and I took on Goten.”
Videl crossed her arms dejectedly as she grumbled, “Well, yeah. Why be taught by the student when the master is available?”

Mia scoffed. “Gohan did not teach me how to fly.” A loud explosion sounded, causing a blinding light to flash around the stadium. The boys sprang apart, falling back to opposite ends of the ring in an old fashioned stand-off. They shifted around each other before Trunks held his hands out in a splayed form, two balls of yellow energy forming before he slapped them together, forming a large energy beam.

“What is he doing!?” Gohan gasped. “There’s way too many people here for energy blasts!”

“Don’t worry. The kid’s got it,” Siyaka piped in, watching her ex’s son closely.

Goten dodged the beam with relative ease, forcing Trunks to flick his wrists, sending the beam up towards the sky. The ki blast whistled as it rocketed out of the stadium into the atmosphere, then stratosphere. The boys seemed to be laughing, sharing in a joke before Goten held out a hand before a small golden white ball of energy formed. It contracted then grew, contracted then grew until it was about the size of his head.

“What is that?” Krillin asked with a frown, looking at Gohan.

Mia smiled proudly. At least her student was using one of her better moves. “It’s called Chaos Bomb,” she replied. “Let’s just say Trunks will have difficulty dodging this blast.”

Vegeta scowled at the ring. “Chaos Bomb. Why does that sound familiar?”

“It was one of my father’s moves,” Siyaka replied, a scowl of her own on her face. Hers aimed at Mia. “It’s one of his techniques that’s supposed to be a family secret.” Mia shrugged as the bomb went off, bursting into multiple ki balls hovering around a blue ki nucleus. Goten threw the blast like a ball at Trunks, and it hovered between them for a second before the nucleus shot out, hitting Trunks in the shoulder unexpectedly with a small blast causing him to stumble back. Like a freshly aggravated bee hive, the rest of the ki balls began to vibrate and buzz before flying after the purple-haired saiyan. Trunks sprung up, flying away from the ring and the ki balls flying after him.

Vegeta turned sharply to his daughter, fists clenched as he snapped, “You taught him General Jicama’s ki splitting technique!?”

“Ki what?” Kakarot asked, confusion etched on his face.

“Yes. I taught him how to split ki,” Mia answered challengingly. Siyaka’s mouth opened to reprimand her daughter, but Mia interrupted her quickly, “And before you ask, no. I didn’t teach him that move.”

Vegeta glowered at his daughter, turning away from her in a huff sourly. “No, you just gave him the building blocks for it.”

“Uh, I’m a little lost here,” Krillin spoke up. “What’s ki splitting?”

Siyaka crossed her arms, still scowling at her daughter. “Ki splitting is a technique my father created, using the different kis in their purest forms for attacks and flight.”

Piccolo frowned, eyeing the saiyan noblewoman speculatively. “What do you mean different kis?” he asked gruffly. “It was my understanding that one’s ki was one’s own.”

Siyaka nodded. “Yes, but within each person there is positive ki and negative ki. Peaceful and
destructive. If you can split them to their purest form, positive ki allows better controlled flight and even minor healing if another’s ki stores are depleted, only if you’ve mastered ki infusion, which leads to a whole other slew of techniques. Whereas negative ki creates blasts that essentially don’t need a controlling entity.

“See,” she continued, pointing to the Chaos Bomb still flying after Trunks, with Goten not moving or providing any direction, “The Chaos Bomb is a blast of pure destructive ki. Once it’s set off, it homes in on the positive ki signature that the nucleus attacks.”

Krillin turned to the ki blast in question, still following Trunks closely, and gaining on him. “S-so what you’re saying is it’s like a homing missile?”

“Yes,” the Jicamas and Vegeta replied unanimously.

Trunks spun, flying backwards as he shot off a few ki blasts to lose some of the Chaos Bomb’s ki balls. Loud explosions sounded, surrounding the purple-haired saiyan with smoke. Any visibility of Mia’s little brother was gone, but more explosions sounded as Trunks let out a pained yelp. Almost like a cannonball, he was shot from the smoke cloud, flying towards the stands. Several people screamed, running out of the way of the plummeting eight-year old. Trunks let out a yell, powering up and letting his ki flair around him, his hair going gold as he stopped himself, hovering a few feet away from the stands.

“Woah! He’s a super saiyan!?” Kakarot gasped as Trunks righted himself, gliding back to the center of the ring and dropping his transformation. Goten stood scowling across from him, looking cheated.

“How!? When!?”

Mia matched her student’s stance, grumbling, “That was cheap.”

“No less cheap than teaching Goten that move,” Vegeta replied with a huff.

“Actually, it was, since everyone agreed not to go Super Saiyan on the flight over,” Mia argued haughtily. Then she smiled mirthfully as she added, antagonizing, “That’s right. You weren’t there.”

“No Super Saiyan?” Vegeta clarified. “I never agreed to that.”

“I missed something! When did Trunks go Super Saiyan?” Kakarot interjected, a little annoyed. But he was ignored.

“Well, it’s too bad you weren’t there to voice your opinion,” Siyaka sighed, shooting Vegeta a pointed glare, who looked as if he was ready to knock some heads. “And Yes, Kakarot. They both can.”

“Both?” he asked, his wide eyes turning to the ring to look at his youngest son. “Wow. What is it with this generation?”

Trunks touched back down, his eyes surveying his best friend and the ring, trying to formulate the best plan of attack. “You cheated!” Goten called out, pointing at the purple-haired eight year-old.

Trunks shrugged nonchalantly as he responded, “Yeah. But come on. You wouldn’t want the fight to end like that, would ya? It was just getting interesting.” He chewed the inside of his cheek as he wondered exactly where Goten could’ve learned such a move. His father definitely would have warned him about it had he known. Maybe my sis- … Mia taught him… “By the way, where’d you
learn a move like that? It wasn’t one of Gohan’s, I don’t think.”

Goten grinned cheekily. “I’m not telling.”

Trunks smirked, putting on a front. “Well if that’s all you got, then I’m sorry to say, but I’ve already won.” It wasn’t true. Trunks was sure he couldn’t outrun another blast like that. But Goten was so gullible, maybe he wouldn’t try it a second time if Trunks bluffed.

Goten smirked playfully back at his best friend. “We’ll see about that!”

Something flickered in the youngest Son’s eyes that told Trunks he was in for it. Trunks leaped forward, assaulting Goten with a series of punches and kicks. Goten parried back, blocking most of his blows. Trunks stepped back, shooting a small energy blast at his friend, causing Goten to take to the skies in a quick jump. Goten hovered there for a bit before taking a nosedive towards the ring. “Here I come!” he announced, laughing. Trunks watched, waiting for his moment to move. If he didn’t time it right, Goten could fix himself. Just moments before Goten would crash, Trunks dove to the side out of the way. Goten did a quick flip, landing on his toes and stopping his movement in an instant, swinging a hand around with a prepared Chaos Bomb ready to fire. He threw it, and the nucleus zoomed out, hitting Trunks again in shock, causing the purple-haired saiyan to halt, just before being bombarded with small ki blasts that sent him unconsciously flying out of the ring. The stadium erupted into cheers.

He couldn’t believe it. Goten actually won.

Chronoa stood over the altered time scroll, twisting a pink lock of hair nervously. Trunks shook his head nervously. “This isn’t right,” he declared. “I was … I mean younger me was supposed to win that tournament.”

“Don’t you think I know that?!” the Supreme Kai of Time snapped, still twisting her lock of hair. It wasn’t just that it wasn’t right. It didn’t make sense. Goten was on the good side. How would giving him heightened power in any way help Demigra or his partners, Mira and Towa?

“Do you think Demigra had anything to do with this change?” Trunks asked.

Something about that conclusion just didn’t feel right to Chronoa. From the lack of dark energy around the scroll to Goten getting the power-up. It just didn’t make sense for either Demigra or Mira and Towa’s MO. But at the same time she couldn’t just dismiss a change in the timeline, no matter how minor. She tapped her finger nervously on the table. “Where’s your partner?”

Trunks frowned. “We found a potential alteration with Spopavitch and Yamu this morning. So he’s at the tournament to intercept. Why?”

“Tell him to hold off,” she ordered, chewing on the inside of her lip. “Ma’am?”

“I want him to stay back, and make a record of everything that happens,” she ordered again. “Something doesn’t feel right about this. But I just can’t put my finger on it.” When Trunks didn’t move immediately, she shooed him away.

As he left the Scroll Temple, he made a call through his inter-time/space communicator. “Come in. Can you hear me?”
“Yes,” a gruff voice huffed over the static line.

“Madam Kai wants you to hold off on any further interactions in the tournament.”

There was silence over the line before the voice asked, “Did she say why?”

“Goten wasn’t supposed to win the Junior Division,” Trunks answered grievously.

The voice let out a bark of a laugh. “She wants me to stop a mission based on your wounded pride?”

“My pride isn’t wounded, Asshole.”

“Ri-ight.”

“Look, it’s an alteration in the timeline. It may seem minute, but Mira and Towa have managed to make the biggest differences with just the smallest change. So, you should take it seriously!” Trunks snapped. Sometimes, his Time Patrol partner was a real pain in the ass.

“Keep your shirt on, Princess. I’ll investigate it.”

Trunks gritted his teeth at the “Princess” comment, but decided to hold his tongue. “You’ll give us a full report once they fly off for Buu, right?”

“Yes.”

Trunks let out a sigh. “Alright. Good luck, Bardock.”

“Luck is for weaklings,” the older saiyan replied back before cutting off the line. Bardock wasn’t one to really say goodbye anyway. He scratched his head as his eyes fell on his young grandson standing in the middle of the ring, getting ready to go against the “World Champion.” As he sat in the stands, he stewed in his thoughts. *It’s only a matter of time now.* “Fucking Hell,” he breathed, pinching the bridge of his nose.

“I think I ate too much,” Kakarot complained, rubbing his stomach as the group left the champions’ buffet to get their slots.

“You know, most people don’t eat before a big fight,” Krillin replied smartly, a small mirthful smile on his face. “Maybe you should try it.” Goku stuck out his tongue as if the idea was boring. Siyaka chuckled at the younger saiyan’s childish antics.

“I don’t understand how you Saiyans can eat so much, anyway. It’s disgusting,” Piccolo groused, greener than usual.

Siyaka raised an eyebrow at the namekian. “Well, not every warrior race has evolved chlorophyll in their skin.” Piccolo glowered at the Saiyan noble.

There was amicable silence until Videl asked, “What’s a Saiyan?”

“Nothing you need to worry yourself with,” Mia replied with a patronizing smile, her arm territorially looped with Gohan’s as they walked the span between the buffet and the Fighter’s waiting area, where they would draw lots for the tournament. Gohan fidgeted uncomfortably, not used to a woman clinging to his arm. Mia didn’t usually hang on him, but Videl’s presence made her more on edge than usual, which he still didn’t understand. Mia knew they were only friends.
The group suddenly slowed to a stop in front of two strangers with pointed ears. One was tall with reddish pink wrinkled skin and long white hair. He wore red robes tied closed with an orange sash, and teal pants underneath. The other was short with fair purple skin and a striking white mohawk. He was dressed similarly as his taller companion, but his robes were navy. He looked young, but his eyes held an unnaturally old spirit and wisdom. It took Mia a minute to realize the younger one was actually floating a half foot off the ground with well-practiced control. He spoke first. “You wouldn’t be Son Goku, by any chance, would you?” he asked, although it sounded like he already knew the answer.

Kakarot gave a small frown. “Uhm, yes?”

The purple stranger’s smile was peaceful. “Wonderful. I was beginning to worry I wouldn’t be able to meet you before the tournament.”

Kakarot still frowned. “Uhm, how do you know my name?”

“Oh, tales of your battles have spanned the universe. See, we’ve traveled very far to meet you, and I was hoping to see if the legends were true,” his tone was so eerily peaceful and nonchalant, it threw Mia off. He added a smile that didn’t quite reach his eyes right as he added, “You could say I’m your biggest fan.”

“Oh,” Kakarot chirped, “Thanks.”

“Goku, may I shake your hand?” The question was odd, but the man already had his hand outstretched waiting for Kakarot to reciprocate the gesture.

Kakarot blinked away his confusion before grabbing the proffered hand. “Yeah, of course.” As they shook hands, the purple stranger’s eerie smile grew to his eyes.

“Thank you. You’re as brave as everyone says you are,” he added unsettlingly, causing Kakarot to let go and look at his hand oddly. The purple man dropped his feet to the ground, gave a slight bow with his hand over his chest as he said a small, “Good day.” He then turned with his companion to leave without any remaining words or comments.

“What the hell was that?” Mia asked unceremoniously, breaking the silent hold over the group. Siyaka scowled, looking to their groupmates for answers. However, they seemed as clueless as the saiyan women.

Gohan shrugged, muttering a small, “I dunno.”

Piccolo stepped close to Kakarot, saying in a hushed tone, “I don’t like it. There’s something off about those two.”

“Yeah, no doubt,” Kakarot muttered, still looking at his hand oddly. He dropped it to his side with a smile as he asked, “Well, isn’t that the point? Coming together to find and overcome the unexpected challenge?”

“You’re way too blasé about this, Kakarot.” Even Vegeta was irked by their presence. No one was going to get in between his fight with Kakarot.

“Maybe,” the younger saiyan laughed at his rival’s discomfort, making his way to the waiting area. Mia agreed with her father. Gohan’s father was too blasé for his own good.

The group followed Kakarot into the waiting area, seeing most of the other fighters already there. Mia suppressed the urge to vomit seeing two sickeningly pale men at the edge of the arena, their
heads bald and veiny sporting a large curvy “M” for all to see. They had rings under their beady eyes and their arms were twitchy, agitated. They wore black, one in puffy black pants with a purple belt, and the other, larger, man in a black leotard that left nothing to the imagination. Mia looked away, repulsed by the larger man, wishing he’d at least thought to wear a modesty cup. As her gaze drifted around the room, to see a man with very short arms and legs, and a freakishly long torso, wearing a belted toga and sea green masked hood. He seemed to throw his arms and legs around as if unused to their movement, and Mia could only guess he was unhinged as he seemed to talk to himself … a lot. There was a large Indian man who smiled smugly at the others around him, clearly thinking he had the tournament in the bag. He couldn’t be further from the truth. And lastly were the two strangers from earlier.

Mia wasn’t sure what to think about the group assembled. She knew she was far from the strongest in their group alone. Her own mother had her beat several times over. And she couldn’t speak to the strength of anyone else, other than Gohan and Videl, and even Gohan, not fully. What she knew was that Gohan defeated Cell, and even though he never showed her that power, she knew it was immense. Kakarot defeated Frieza before that, as well as he defeated her father. Chichi often talked about how he even won the last tournament that they participated in, the one they were married at nineteen years ago. Clearly, that made him one of the strongest contenders here. Then there was 18, who Gohan had said was an android engineered to have limitless power, which made her a little more intimidating than most of their team. Mia was only certain on one thing going into the tournament, Hercule would not named be champion this year.

“Oh! You’re here!” the blond announcer called cheerily, waving to their group. He returned to his list quickly, ticking their names off as he muttered, “Alright. Now all we need is Mr. Satan, and we can start.” Almost as if on cue, an attendant came running up to the announcer and whispered something in his ear, causing the announcer’s face to fall in confusion. “Uh, yeah sure,” he said blandly to the older man before addressing the group of fighters. “Apparently, Mr. Satan is indisposed at the moment, and has asked us to start without him. When I call your name, you will come up here and grab a ball with a number, which will determine which fight you are in. Sooooo, LET’S GET STARTED!” he cheered the last bit, a fist in the air. No one cheered back, but that didn’t lessen the announcer’s excited spirit. “Alright! Let’s get started with 18!” The fem-fatale android stepped forward, her hands in her pockets in a cool manner. As she stepped up to the box, the announcer gave her a coy smile as he asked, “Is ‘18’ your real name?”

She blinked at him boredly, before replying blatantly, “My father wasn’t really known for his creativity.” She reached into the box, pulling out a green ball, which she flicked at the flustered announcer. “Now I’m number nine.” She didn’t wait for his response before quickly stepping back to join her husband and the group.

The announcer transferred the information to the tournament attendants who wrote her name on the board. “Next is Siyaka Jicama,” he called out. The saiyan noblewoman stepped forward, a hand on her hip as she walked towards the box. Wordlessly, she reached in, pulling out another green ball. “I’ll be number six,” she stated softly, handing the ball to the announcer. He nodded, taking the ball from her.

“Kabito?” the announcer called.

“Yes,” the reddish pink stranger called out, stepping forward. The group watched him in earnest, hoping to glean any information they could off of what little he said. The man reached into the box, but oddly acted like he already knew which position he would be in as he pulled out the green ball and said, “I’m number eight.” The announcer took the ball, repeating Kabito for the attendants.

“Next is Krillin.”
Krillin let out a puff of air, clasping his hands together as he prayed, “I don’t ask for much. Just don’t make me go first. And don’t make me fight my friends.”

Piccolo laughed at the shorter man’s prayer. “You know that’s not how this works.”

Krillin scowled at the namekian. “Well, it doesn’t hurt to try.” He let out another slow breath as he stepped forward, reaching into the box. “Alright, good number,” he breathed as he pulled the ball out seeing a large “16” printed on it. “Oh no,” he grumbled, crestfallen.

“Mighty Mask.” The announcer was met with silence, causing him to look up from the list in confusion. “Mighty Mask?” His eyes fell on the man with a toga and hooded mask and he frowned. Clearly he was just wasting time. “Mighty Mask, if you’re here, please come forward, or you will be disqualified.” He pronounced every syllable of the last word sharply, driving his point into the word.

The toga man turned awkwardly, putting a cartoonishly large hand over his small chest, as if to ask, “Who? me?” The announcer nodded in annoyance. The small man ran up, his movements awkward, as he muttered in an overtly cartoony deep voice, “I’m sorry.”

“It’s alright,” the announcer replied brightly, shining his famous gleaming smile. “Now, draw a good number.”

“Sure.” Mighty Mask reached his disproportionate, gloved hand into the box, pulling out a green ball. “Lucky number … thirteen!” His feet seemed to jump underneath him, causing his upper half to wobble oddly before he awkwardly made his way back to his corner.

The announcer looked at the odd, hooded fighter worriedly. “Right. Next is Majunior.”

The namekian stepped forward stoically, reaching into the box. He pulled out a clashing green ball in his sharp-nailed hands. “I got number three.” He frowned. So far, no match ups. As he made his way back to the group, Vegeta moved to lean against the back wall. He wasn’t going to be called until the end anyway, if they kept going alphabetically. Siyaka, Kakarot and Hercule moved because of their last names taking precedents, which Vegeta didn’t have. As much as he loved his wife, at least before he knew about her betrayal, taking an Earth name, especially one like Briefs, felt wrong.

“Pintar.”

The large Indian man made his way to the box, pulling out a green ball. “Fifteen.”

Krillin perked up. The last match was decided, and he would be fighting Pintar. He grinned excitedly. “That’s my opponent!? Thank god!”

The large Indian man scowled at the little buddhist, pointing an accusing finger at him. “You better watch it, Small-fry. You won’t last a minute in the ring with me!”

Krillin smirked. “You want to put money on that bet?”

Pintar growled, shifting his body to attack Krillin, only to be interrupted by the announcer. “Now, now you two. There’ll be plenty of time for that in the ring.”

Pintar scowled, spitting on the ground before turning to return to his spot in the waiting area. The announcer frowned disappointedly at the offending spit on the ground. “Nice,” he grumbled to himself. “Next up, Saiyagirl!”

Mia stepped forward, cracking her knuckles. She let out a calming breath as she stepped up to the box, her nerves racking through her body. As excited as she was to be here, this was still going to be
her first big fight with someone who knew how to fight, that wasn’t sparring. She reached into the box, feeling around the box for a number that felt right. She pulled out a green ball and frowned. “I’m number two,” she breathed, half fretfully. While she usually liked to go first in the classroom, she was not in a hurry for this just yet. She walked back, chewing on her lip nervously.

Gohan placed an easing hand on her shoulder. “Don’t worry. You got this.” Mia smiled back at her boyfriend, feeling better with his support.

“Saiyaman!”

Gohan gave her shoulder a squeeze before he stepped forward, leaving her with the group. He reached in, just as nervous as Mia, but more about his identity being revealed during a fight, rather than not matching up with a good opponent. He pulled out a ball, reading it carefully. “I’m number seven.” He looked to the board, seeing his name being written next to Kabito. His gaze shifted to the reddish pink stranger nervously.

He felt his father’s hand clap onto his shoulder. “Try not to worry too much. He may be big, but a true warrior fights with his mind.”

“Right,” Gohan breathed. “With the mind.”

As Kakarot pulled his son away from the box, the announcer stated, “And since Mr. Satan couldn’t be here, I’ll be drawing for him.” He smiled as he pulled out the green ball, announcing, “Ten goes to Mr. Satan!”

“18! You get to fight Mr. Satan!” Krillin said with glee. “How come you get all the luck.”

18 gave a bored smile as she sighed, “Poor man won’t know what hit him.”

Videl stepped forward, worry all over her face. “I wouldn’t say that lightly. He’s pretty dangerous. He did take down Cell.” 18 shifted her gaze to Gohan and Mia, as if to ask if Videl was kidding. Mia gestured to not say anything.

“Next is Videl!” the announcer called out, causing Vegeta and Kakarot to look up with a confused frown. Are they already in “V”?

As the young champion’s daughter stepped forward, and reached into the box for her placing, she asked the announcer, “Hey, where’s my Dad?”

The blond man frowned, nonchalantly replying, “Mr. Satan needed to rest in between bouts.”

Kakarot’s frowned dropped into a gape. “Woah, woah, woah. Did she say Mr. Satan is her FATHER!?”

Siyaka smirked as her daughter quipped, “Say it louder. I don’t think they heard you in the main arena.”

Krillin eyed Videl with a furrowed brow as he crossed his arms. “Is that why you’ve been censoring what we say all day, Gohan?”

Gohan couldn’t reply to his father’s childhood friend’s remark. Just mumble an unintelligible, “Uhm.”

“MIA!” Videl called out, garnering the attention of the group as a green ball came flying to the saiyan princess’s head. Mia caught it deftly in one hand, then lowered it to look at it. As soon as she
saw the number on the ball, she began to vibrate with excitement. Thirteen years. After thirteen years of pushing down her instincts to pummel the rich girl into the ground, she was finally getting her chance. Mia looked up at Videl, mirroring her smirk. Her fate was sealed as soon as she invited them to the tournament. And that made Mia grin bigger.

“What was the number?” the announcer asked curiously.

“One,” the girls said in unison.
Chapter 12

The Things We Said

The pulse of the audience's cheers thrummed through her veins, blood pumping adrenaline through her humming body. She'd waited for this moment for so long. She couldn't help reveling in the feeling of finality in the moment. Like the closing of a book or the finale of a show. Her life leading up to this moment when things would be tied close into a neat little bow. The excitement for this moment amped her mind and muscles.

"You can't kill her," Siyaka breathed in her daughter's ear, like an advising confidant.

It brought Mia down a little from her hyped state. "I know, Mom," Mia sighed. That didn't mean she was any less excited for justice to finally be served. Thirteen years. Her whole life had been leading her to this moment. Staring at the champion's daughter with excited glee was probably too much, but Videl was sizing her up similarly.

"Just making sure you do," Siyaka said, crossing her arms and leaning against the wall next to the ring entrance. "You tend to take things a little far, like someone else I know." Mia's gaze flitted away from Videl for a second to her father, and she smiled as she realized he was probably feeling the same way. He looked as amped as she felt. She knew why, too. Gohan frequently talked about how their fathers were bitter rivals. They were in the sixth match, but Mia and Videl would settle things in the first.

Gohan leaned to her awkwardly as he asked, “You wouldn’t actually hurt her, would you?”

Mia scowled at him, taking in his worried face through his mask. “We’re in a match, Gohan.”

“I know but …” he trailed off, trying to find the right words. Mia began to scowl at her boyfriend. “You wouldn’t be excessive, right?” Mia’s eyes fell from his. She wasn’t going to promise him something she couldn’t hold herself to. She wasn’t going to lie that she felt she finally was able to lay out thirteen years of repressed anger and hurt, and that meant Videl could get hurt more than he deemed appropriate. He tried to get her to look in his eyes, “Right?”

She refused to look at him. “If you knew what you were asking …” she breathed, a lump in her throat.

He grabbed her hand with his, his other hand lifting her head under her chin. “Please tell me you won’t beat her too hard.” His worried gaze was hard to resist. His eyes searched hers for an answer.
she couldn’t give him though. She stood on her toes to meet his lips in a quick kiss.

She pulled away as she felt his mind start to link to hers, and she whispered, “I’m sorry, but I can’t promise that.”

“Mia,” he breathed, disappointment in his tone as she stepped away, finding her place next to Videl behind the sign.

Videl smirked at her, which Mia tried her best to ignore. “Relationship troubles?” When Mia didn’t answer, Videl laughed. “Maybe Gohan can see reason.”

A rage boiled in Mia’s core as she mentally repeated a mantra, *Save it for the ring. Save it for the ring.*

“Alright, everyone! Who is ready for some amazing fighting!?” the announcer called out to further hype the crowd. The loud cheers answering him caused Mia’s heart to pound with excitement.

She balled her fists and smiled. *It’s time to cut loose.*

“Yeah! Let’s get this party started!” the announcer yelled excitedly into the mic. “For the first match, we have the daughter of our World Champion, Videl!” As her name was called, the short-haired brunette stepped out of the shadows of the fighters’ area and into the sunlight of the ring. She was answered with loud cheers and a brass band playing a fight song for her. She was clearly the fan favorite to win. Mia smiled ruefully at the thought of winning in spite of Videl’s present fan base. “As most of you already know, she won the junior championship four years ago, and now she’s grown and ready to try her luck in the adult ring. To keep up her training, she helps keep the Satan City streets clean with the help of the local police! What a gal!” Mia had to hand it to the blond guy, he knew how to make a person look good. Even Mia could hear why the crowd would root for her tormentor. But Mia also knew of Videl’s darker side that few outside their school even knew about, and even fewer in their school even cared about.

Videl was already almost to the ring when the announcer added excitedly, “And her opponent is her rival Satan City superhero, and loyal sidekick to the legendary Great Saiyaman, Saiyagirl!” Mia stepped out hearing a few cheers, which was surprising enough. She smiled at the attention, and grinned even bigger as she heard the distinct cheers of Rito, finding him sitting ring-side with the other police officers. It seemed a little surreal, the bottoms of her wedge-heeled boots clacked against the marble tiles of the ring entrance reminding her of where she was, as the announcer continued. “While not much is known about Saiyagirl, she has pulled some amazing feats with the Great Saiyaman, like saving a bus from diving off a cliff to taking down a rampaging pterodactyl. This is her first time ever in a tournament match, so let’s hope she can hold her own against the other combatants.” Mia ignored the last comment, centering herself on the ring and turning swiftly to see Videl smirking at her. A breeze rolled through the ring, catching Videl’s short hair, and Mia’s braid and mask ties.

Videl went ahead into a fighting stance, no smack talk required between them, her fists lifted in front of her face as her feet settled her legs into a lunge ready to spring into attack. Mia’s smile grew as she settled herself down into the standard saiyan fighting form her mother had taught her since she was a child. A sideways lunge with one hand positioned over her forehead ready to swing a high strike, with her other hand positioned low and slightly curved to the front to either block or quickly follow the high strike with a low one. The cheers as the girls fell into their stances was deafening. It was definitely a fight worth the high-priced tickets.

“Aaaaaaaand, BEGIN!!!” the announcer yelled out, followed swiftly by a loud gong.
Videl was first to spring into action, something Mia had hoped for a little. It was always easiest to defend and let the other fighter wear themselves down before attacking. Videl swung a right hook, then a left, both of which Mia blocked with ease, pushing her fists to the side.

“Videl is on the attack! She’s leaving Saiyagirl little time to react! But don’t count Saiyagirl out just yet!” The crowd roared at the action, pumping more excitement into Mia’s veins. Gohan’s plea replaying in the back of her mind, _Please don’t beat her too hard._ She wanted to please him, but at the same time Videl was too weak.

The champion’s daughter continued her punching assault as Mia continued to parry and deflect her blows with ease. A smile found its way to the princess’s face as she thought, _If this is all she has, then she is going to lose._ Videl switched to a kick, which Mia blocked, throwing her leg down as Mia stepped back. Videl gave a roundhouse kick towards Mia’s head, which Mia lithely ducked away from, throwing her first punch into Videl’s gut.

Videl staggered at the shock to her diaphragm, gasping for air as Mia stood, smiling over her. Videl let out a growl, swinging her arm out quickly, slapping Mia across the face unexpectedly. Mia’s head swung to the side, gloved hand clutching her reddening cheek. The audience’s roar diminished to an eerie quiet, as Mia turned to see Videl, the human’s wide blue eyes looking at her hand as if it had betrayed her true intentions.

The announcer shifted his gaze between the two girls, speaking into the mic with a hushed tone as he said, “Now, I’m not entirely certain what’s going on here, but one thing is certain. Videl and Saiyagirl know each other personally.” Mia realized that if her classmates didn’t realize her identity yet, they were about to. There weren’t many that Videl publicly hated anymore. Mia looked to Gohan who watched from the waiting area with confusion. She mentally apologized for their identities being revealed in this fight, at least to their classmates, but that’s all that really mattered anyway.

It was such a girly reaction, Mia almost didn’t believe Videl had actually done it except for the stinging in her cheek. But it did solidify one thought in Mia’s mind that she hadn’t really thought possible. Videl saw herself as the victim between the two of them, and that realization made Mia burn with a fury. Videl had tortured and secluded her for thirteen years for no reason, and still wanted to pretend to claim innocence between the high school psychological warfare between them. Then Mia remembered Videl claimed that Mia had slept with Sharpener in their first year of high school, something that was completely untrue. The princess scowled. “That’s why you invited me here!?” she growled.

Videl balled her betraying fist, her other hand still holding her throbbing diaphragm and her blue eyes piercing into Mia’s black ones as she gasped, “You don’t deserve him!”

Mia was deadly silent, shaking her head with disbelief. “I don’t deserve him,” Mia scoffed, covering the light lump in her throat. Something snapped in her as she laughed a little louder, “You’re saying I don’t DESERVE him!?” Again, she mentally apologized to Gohan, but this time it was because Videl lost all the patience Mia was willing to give her in this fight. Mia was done repressing her urges to pummel the champion’s daughter into the dirt. But she could show Gohan a fraction of the recompense Mia felt she deserved. She lowered a withering glare onto the champion’s daughter. Some things just needed to be said, and she’d be holding onto these truths for too long. “When you’ve been tormenting me for thirteen years?! When you have treated not just me, but so many others as your lesser for thirteen years!?”

“I am better than you!” Videl rebuffed hautily.

Mia scoffed, “Really? Did you tell Gohan about why you started saving the city in the first place!?”
“That’s in the past,” Videl tried.

“Really!? Because last I checked, Penn still lost his battleball scholarship because you mangled his arm,” Mia snapped back.

“I overreacted, and I paid his medical bills!” Videl defended.

Mia ignored her as she continued, “What did he do again? Say he saw your Dad picking up prostitutes?”

“Well, I never slept with a guy knowing he was with someone else!” Videl snapped, changing the subject and gaining her breath back, her glare matching Mia’s.

Mia’s body shook with seething rage. “Neither did I!” she yelled back at her, fists balled at her side. Videl began to brush her off until Mia added hurtfully, “Or did Erasa never tell you…”

Videl gave her an annoyed look as she asked, “Tell me what?”

“That she slept with Sharpner when you two were dating,” Mia said with emphasis, her glare on the champion’s daughter. Her words were sharp, meaning to cut Videl to her core. She didn’t even care that her grievances were being aired out in the ring, being witnessed by hundreds of people.

Videl eyed her with suspicion. “Y-you’re lying!”

“Am I?” Mia scoffed back. She stepped forward a little menacingly, her wedge heels clacking against the marble. “Who told you I slept with Sharpner? Erasa?”

“Sharpner,” Videl corrected.

“So, tell me, what did he say about my tail?” Mia asked, her eyes leveling on Videl.

Videl frowned, confusion across her face. “Tail?”

Mia smirked. “Did you forget?” Her tail unwrapped from her waist, wagging it in the air to show that it was really a tail. “It was the first thing you ever teased me about when we were kids.”

Videl’s eyes went wide as she saw the tail dance in the air. “I-I thought you got rid of it…” she muttered trailing off.

Mia smirked. “So Sharpner didn’t mention my tail.” Her gaze leveled with Videl’s, seeing her realize how wrong she’d been. Realizing how unwarranted her actions the past few years were. “I find it very odd that he’d leave out such a defining and shocking detail,” she said it so patronizingly.

“Erasa would never … She’d never …”

“Never sleep with Sharpner? Really!?” Mia barked out a laugh. “You’ve seen how she moons over him. Or have you just ignored it completely?” Videl didn’t answer, so Mia continued. “See, Sharpner didn’t realize his sister, Libby, and I would be at their house so soon, and we walked in on them.”

“Stop it.”

“Libby told me they kept at it for months after you two broke up,” Mia continued, her words twisting a knife into Videl’s heart.

“Stop it, Mia!”
“And Erasa never mentioned it to you. I thought she was your best friend,” Mia added, even more hurtfully.

Videl snapped, launching at Mia as she yelled, “I SAID ‘STOP IT’!!!!” She swung her fist, only to have Mia catch it with ease. Videl let out a guttural cry as she punched with her other fist, that one, too, caught by Mia.

The princess gripped Videl’s fists in her own, putting pressure on the bones. Mia pulled her by her fists, holding her in place as she said, “I’m done playing nice with you. You’ve tormented me for thirteen years for no reason. You’ve tried to sabotage my relationship with Gohan over and over. He’s made his choice, and it was me. So, for your sake, I’m ending this now.”

In the blink of an eye, Mia flung Videl up into the air as if she weighed nothing. She phased from her spot on the ground to behind Videl, doing a flip-turn kick, which caught Videl across the middle of her back. Videl let out a gasp from the shock of the blow. Mia clasped her hands, bringing them down on top of the champion’s daughter, sending her plummeting to the ring.

Videl did her best to catch herself with her ki, but was relegated to breaking her fall by landing on her hands and knees. Mia landed with ease as Videl struggled to get back to a standing stance. Once Videl had her fists barely lifted in a fighting stance, Mia attacked, throwing punches across Videl’s face and driving her back towards the edge of the ring. Every connected fist was cathartic to Mia. As Videl neared the edge of the ring, she sprung into the air, flying back to the middle carefully. Mia smirked, Now she wants to test her skills of flight against me. With a small “pip,” Mia hovered and inch above the ground, flying with tremendous speed towards the champion’s daughter. Videl started to run as Mia chased her down, but as she was about to get cornered again, she sprung into the air, trying to distance herself from the Saiyan princess. It didn’t work. Mia was in front of her in a second, throwing punches and kicks that Videl could barely keep up with to block. Eventually she faltered, and Mia wasted no time exploiting Videl’s suddenly exposed weakness with a small ki blast, sending Videl plummeting to the ground, outside of the ring.

Mia touched down in the ring, just above where Videl landed in the grass. The announcer ran over, skidding as he saw the scene. “In a surprising turn of events, Videl has landed outside the ring! Mia … I mean Saiyagirl has won her first match!” The announcer was met with cheers at the news, which threw Mia off. Videl was supposed to be the fan favorite.

The princess looked back to Videl lying out on the ground, panting. Mia jumped off the ring, landing next to her school rival. She nudged the brunette with her boot, earning a pained grunt from Videl. “Come on Videl. Get up.”

Videl breathed out a whimper. “Everything hurts,” she managed through a weeze.

Mia nodded knowingly as she knelt next to her, saying, “Yeah, well, you did collide with the ground. So…” Videl hissed as she tried to move, not wanting to hear the princess’s snark on top of her injury. Mia let out a sigh, pulling the champion’s daughter off the ground to a supporting stand as she said, “Alright, come on.”

Videl eyed Mia with pained confusion. “Why are you helping me?”

Mia gave her a rueful smile as she replied, “Because, unlike you, I’m a nice person. Maybe if you’d given me a chance, you’d already know that.”

Videl was silent for a moment, humiliated in so many ways, from losing the match to how she treated Mia. The princess didn’t urge her to speak as they walked back to the waiting area. “I’m sorry,” Videl breathed, not looking at her childhood victim, “… for everything.”
Mia set her jaw, looking to her feet for a moment. She’d held onto this hate for so long. Waited for an apology or acknowledgment for the way she’d been treated for the past thirteen years. Hoping to one day rub her bully’s face in her actions for so long, and tell her that her actions were irredeemable. But in that moment she felt her grudge ebbing away, being replaced by a modicum of understanding and respect.

“You don’t have to say anything,” Videl urged as they neared the fighters’ area.

Mia stopped, causing Videl to jerk forward. Videl eyed her curiously, seeing Mia fighting with herself. “In the thirteen years I’ve known you, I never expected you to apologize to me.” Videl frowned, feeling worse about her actions. The past three years, she did her best to mend fences and right the wrongs of her years tormenting the other kids at school, and helping save the city to become the good person she was expected to be, being the daughter of the world’s savior. Videl opened her mouth to defend herself, but Mia started again before she could, “I’m not forgiving what you did, … but … thank you.” Videl smiled. It was a start.

Mia guided her back to the fighter’s area, passing her off to the doctors as they came running into the area. As Mia passed her off, Gohan walked up to her, his face a worried frown. “What?” Mia asked, annoyed because she knew he would say something about being disappointed.

“I know that was hard for you,” he whispered, putting a comforting hand on her shoulder. Mia frowned in confusion. “What?”

“I never realized how much she’d done to you, but I’m grateful you held yourself back,” Gohan explained with a sincere smile.

Mia shrugged. “After everything was one the table, the fight just felt … cathartic. Like I was finally releasing all the negativity I associated with her.” Gohan nodded his understanding. Turning back towards the ring. “I’m sorry our identities were revealed.”

Gohan shrugged. “It was fun while it lasted.” His eyes leveled with hers, drifting his hands down her arm to her hand as he asked, “Are you ok?” Mia nodded, squeezing his hand with hers lightly.

“AND NOW! For the second match! We’ve got Shin versus Majunior!” the announcer called out, amping the audience into a frenzy. “This is Shin’s first time here, and not much is known about him, but his preliminary round score was so impressive, that he’s bound to go far! Majunior has been here once before and made it all the way to the finals! After that fight, the ring needed some serious refurbishing.” The announcer skidded up to the ring as Piccolo was about to walk up the stairs as he added, “This time, could we please try to keep the ring intact?” Piccolo didn’t answer as he moved to stand opposite Shin. “BEGIN!”

Mia crossed her arms as she watched the fight in between her mother and Gohan, using her flight to see just over the sign, by hovering there. “They’re just standing there …” she commented curiously. A small smile came to her face as she said, “Since I’ll be seeing him in the next round, any pointers on taking out Piccolo?” The question was more aimed at Gohan, but no one answered. She turned to her boyfriend, seeing him watching his mentor with similar worry that he had for her fight with Videl. “What’s wrong?”

Gohan gave a small shake of his head as he said, “He’s nervous. I’ve never seen him like this.”

Mia quirked an eyebrow, shifting her gaze back to the stand-off. As she looked closer, she noted that Piccolo did seem shaky, while Shin stood calm. “What do you think is wrong?”
“He recognizes him,” Siyaka stated, her gaze sharp and observing. Krillin opened his mouth to refute her, but she cut him off, saying, “You do enough interrogations, you can tell when someone knows another, even though they say otherwise.” As Krillin gained a confused look, Siyaka pointed to herself, “Remember, detective.”

Krillin turned back to the ring. “But how?”

“I promise, you’ll know soon,” Shin said to Piccolo out of the blue. The namekian’s eyes went wide as he shifted back, his jaw dropping in shock. Shin smiled wider as he added, “But for now, let’s enjoy our little match.”

Piccolo was silent with fear for a few moments before turning away from Shin to the ring entrance, and walking down the stairs. “I forfeit,” he breathed as his foot landed on the first step. The shock was evident on everyone’s faces, except Shin, who looked amused.

“ Quitting?” Gohan breathed, disbelievingly.

Mia laughed nervously. As Piccolo walked into the fighters’ area, Mia awkwardly asked, “Soooo … is he really that strong?”

Piccolo cut an annoyed gaze to the princess before looking back ahead as he answered, “More than you can imagine.”

Mia pursed her lips. “Fantastic,” she muttered ironically.

Piccolo ignored her.

“Alright, everyone! Let’s keep this show going!” the announcer called out. “The first of our next two fighters is a homicide detective with the Satan City police force. Since becoming a detective, she has achieved the highest record of criminal take-downs in the precinct. Give it up for SIYAKA JICAMA!!!” Siyaka stepped out from behind the sign, her gaze locked on the ring with a smirk as Shin made his way back to the fighter’s area. This will be easy.

“YEAH! Go MOM!!” Mia cheered, causing Siyaka to smile as she stepped out, hearing more resounding cheers.

“Our other competitor had some bad luck in the last tournament, losing in the first round. But now he’s back looking for some redemption. Give it up for SPOPAVITCH!!!” More cheers erupted from the crowd, although some boos were thrown in, more than any other fighter.

When he didn’t step forward, Mia looked back to where he was seated against the back wall, panting like he was in pain or overexerted. Mia couldn’t tell which. Yamu stepped up to him, tapping him on the shoulder. Mia frowned as she watched Yamu whisper something to Spopavitch that made him smile. Yamu reached in his pocket, his comrade giving him a nod before walking to the entrance of the ring. An uneasy feeling settled into her gut as she watched Spopavitch join her mother in the ring, seeing Shin stop and scowl at the lumbering fighter. Something was definitely up. Mia crossed her arms, her fingers twitching against her arms out of nervousness for her mother.

Gohan noticed, giving her a light playful nudge as he asked, “Are you ok?”

“I dunno,” Mia answered, still scowling at the ring. “Something’s off.”

Vegeta laughed from the side, not looking at his daughter. “You’re mother has faced far worse than this clown.”
“Give her a break Vegeta,” Kakarot chided, also looking to the ring. “This is the first time she’s seeing her mom in combat, right?”

Before Mia could answer, Vegeta answered for her, “Siyaka’s a saiyan elite. Any idiot could figure out that she’ll be winner of this fight.”

Mia’s gaze followed a worried Shin back into the fighter’s area as she muttered, “I just dunno. Something feels off.” She saw Piccolo stop Shin, pulling him aside to a quiet conversation. She would have moved closer to them to eavesdrop, but the fight started up with Siyaka launching at Sopavitch with a series of punches that left the onlookers stunned.

“And they’re off with Siyaka taking the first few punches with Sopavitch only able to block,” the announcer called out with excitement.

Siyaka switched to a couple kicks, clearly testing Sopavitch’s blocking range, before jumping back, her gaze locking with his as she smiled a little. The crowd roared in their ears, begging for more action. Sopavitch laughed before he asked, “Is that all you got?!”

Siyaka smirked. “It’s all I need.”

Sopavitch growled, gnashing his teeth at her arrogance. “We’ll see about that!” He charged at her, fist raised to strike.

As Sopavitch swung, Siyaka dove skidding between his large legs, spinning around and kicking his legs out from under him. Sopavitch crashed to the ground, and Siyaka was on him, flipping him over and pinning him to the ground as she pulled his arm back, primed to shatter his humerus. One foot was planted on his other shoulder to keep him down.

“I can’t believe it! Siyaka was able to topple her opponent and now has him in Double Wrist Lock!”

Sopavitch moved to get up, but Siyaka slammed him back down with her foot, twisting his wrist a little tighter. “This would go a lot more smoothly if you just gave up.” Sopavitch grunted against the marble tile, struggling against her, causing her hold to become tighter and more painful. “Seriously, you won’t get out of this with your arm. Just give up.”

Sopavitch began to power up, earning surprised glances from the group. Both Vegeta and Kakarot shared a confused, worried gaze before turning back to the fight. Mia huffed. She couldn’t sense power levels like they could, as Gohan had told her, but that didn’t mean she should be kept out of the loop. “What’s wrong?” she asked, annoyance niggling at the back of her mind.

“Sopavitch has a lot more power than he did the last time he fought in the tournament,” Kakarot answered.

“Well, he has been training.” Gohan tried to justify, but there was still some uncertainty in his voice, and Mia wasn’t accepting it as a good enough excuse.

“No,” Vegeta spoke up, his tone grave. “If you really sense him, he has this empty well of power that he’s pulling this from.”

Kakarot nodded, continuing for the prince, “No amount of training would give him that much power in such little time. It’s impossible.”

With a quick movement, Sopavitch forced his arm to dislocate, jarring Siyaka enough to loosen her grip and get out of her hold. He rolled away from her, his arm hanging limply at his side, the end of the bone pushing his skin out awkwardly. Mia felt the bile rising in her stomach at the sight. The
announcer was at a loss for words as Spopavitch grabbed his hanging arm and swiftly popped it back into place without a hint of pain. He even smiled. He gave it a couple test punches and swings, before turning back to Siyaka, perfectly fine.

Siyaka leveled her gaze at him, taking in his unphased demeanor with a scowl. He wasn’t fighting like a normal human. No, he was different. This was going to be harder than she thought. She lifted her fists back to a fighting stance, realizing the only way to beat him was to fight as she did back in Frieza’s army, not as a cop.

Before he could see, she phased behind him, planting a strong kick to his back, knocking him forward a few steps. She phased back infront of him, landing several punches on him before planting a boosted uppercut on his jaw, sending him up in the air as the announcer called, “And the detective is giving him what for at such speed, that you can hardly keep track. I think one thing is for certain, any criminal in Satan City should be wary with this slugger on the force!” She phased above the hulking fighter, joining both hands together to knock him down to the ground with a mighty blow. “Spopavitch is falling fast, towards the outside of the ring! This could be the end, folks!”

At the last second, Spopavitch flew out his hands, and with a loud yell and power surge, he stopped himself a few feet from face plant into the grassy ground like Videl had. He maneuvered himself in the air to prevent out of bounds contact to face Siyaka, whose eyes were wide at his sudden talent. He jumped up, rising to meet her in aerial combat at great speed. “He’s flying!?” Gohan breathed incredulously. In that moment Mia knew she should have listened to her gut from the start.

Siyaka aimed quickly, firing of a powerful ki blast at her opponent. He knocked it to the side with ease, his own purple ki blast prepared in his other hand, which he blasted and the saiyan noblewoman. She brought her arms up quickly to block the blast, but the explosion still sent her flying towards the stands. She did a flip turn, stopping her momentum meters from the stands. The announcer was at a loss for words again.

With a smile, Spopavitch lifted his hand, ready to fire more ki blasts. He glowed a dark purple as his ki whipped around him. “This is bad,” Gohan muttered, seeing the audience behind Siyaka. “If she dodges, that blast will hit all those people.” Siyaka didn’t move as Spopavitch fired off three powerful blasts, one aimed at her, and the other two aimed at where she could go. There was a loud explosion and smoke where Siyaka once was, terrified screams filled the stadium.

“G-gh-gh … Spopavitch just blew up his opponent!” the announcer screamed in disbelief. “And not just her, the stadium too!”

Mia wide eyes watched the billowing smoke in terror. “Did he really just … ?”

“No, they’re all fine,” Kakarot stated, his glare on Spopavitch. “But for that stunt, he should be disqualified.”

“Yeah,” Krillin gulped.

The smoke gave way to Siyaka, her curly hair blonde and standing on end, with her angry teal eyes giving her the look of an avenging angel. The smoke disappeared with her golden power surging around her, showing the stadium intact. There was a hushed silence as the audience took in the scene. Murmurs of the cell games began to flurry through the onlookers.

“It’s time,” a calm voice breathed behind them, causing Mia to jump and turn around. Her next opponent, Shin, stood behind them with Piccolo and Kabito. “You do not need to worry about Siyaka. She will be fine. But whatever happens next, I want you to promise me that you will stay out of the ring.”
Mia scowled at the purple man. Something was definitely up.


Mia was already shaking a little, anger building inside her.

Shin continued. “It’s not quite going according to plan, but I’m certain that when Siyaka goes in for her next attack, the others will make their move.”


But Mia didn’t care. One word stood out to her, and it was magnifying her anger. “You’re planning on using my mom? Who the fuck do you think you are!?”

“Mia!” Piccolo hissed. “That is no way to speak to the supreme kai!”

Everyone gasped in shock, except Mia who continued to frown in confusion. “Wait, Shin is the Supreme kai!?” Kakarot gawked.

“I don’t care if he’s God! He’s not using my mom as a bargaining chip!” Mia snapped, power surging around her. Gohan put his hand on her shoulder trying to calm her down, and it worked a little.

But Shin was frowning disappointedly at her, which caused her to grind her teeth. “As I’ve already said, your mother will be fine. But you mustn’t interfere.”

“Who are these others?” Vegeta finally spoke up, his tone a little too cool for Mia’s taste.

“Spopavitch and Yamu need to gather energy for their master. The original plan was for Gohan, as he’s the strongest fighter here, but Yamu has an unforeseen grudge,” Shin explained.

Mia’s eyes widened in disbelief. “A grudge!? And you seriously think he’s going to leave with just her energy!?”

Shin didn’t dignify her with a answer as he turned his gaze to Kabito, and whispered, “Are you ready?” Kabito nodded.

“I’m talking to you!” Mia growled, stepping toward him menacingly.

Gohan squeezed her shoulder, pulling her back to him. “Mia, you need to show him some respect. He’s a kai.”

“What the fuck is a kai!?”

Gohan’s gaze was full of understanding and pity, which made Mia want to spit. “He’s a god.” That answer made her stop, letting that information sink in. This small man in front of her ran the universe. She couldn’t fight him.

Mia looked back to Shin, her anger starting to ebb a little. “You promise she’ll be ok.” Shin nodded. She let out a calming breath, turning back to her mother’s fight.

Siyaka pumped up her super saiyan energy, her ki flaring around her. She didn’t drop from her Super Saiyan form. Everyone saw her anyway. She’d have some explanations headed her way at work, but now there was nothing she could do about that. In super saiyan, she could take this monster down no problem. And it was clear he was a monster. Only a monster would have targeted the audience to make sure that they hit their opponent. She couldn’t stand by and watch innocents get hurt. She
wasn’t that woman anymore.

Siyaka moved through the air quickly, fist aimed.

“NOW!!!” Yamu cried from the sidelines, speeding into the ring, and throwing Siyaka’s attention away from her opponent. He too was enshrouded in purplish black ki.

Shin moved impossibly fast to stand in front of the tournament sign. “There!” he called.

Taking advantage of Siyaka’s distraction, Spopavitch launched, wrapping his arms around her, preventing her from moving. She moved to power up and use her ki to repel him, but as she did, Shin raised his hands and called out, immobilizing her with some power. Her eyes went wide with fear at not being able to move as Yamu closed the space between them holding a large white instrument with a curvy M on the side.

Yamu smiled sadistically as he positioned the siphon by her abdomen as he said huskily, “The Red Shark Gang sends their regards.” Her eyes went wide as he jammed the syphon into her side, puncturing her skin and organs. She could feel the blood leaving her body and beginning to pool at the syphon with her ki. Then she was overtaken by the excruciating pain shooting through her side and spine, paralyzing her mind as she let out a bloodcurdling scream.

Vegeta uncrossed his arms, taking a step forward, his face full of worry and pain. Before he could move anywhere, Shin snapped at him. “I told you, she will be fine.”

Vegeta stood paralyzed by the kai as he growled, “Unhand me.”

“Mom,” Mia breathed, not hearing the kai. Not even registering that there was anyone else around. Her eyes were wide on her mom screaming. “YOU LIAR!!!” Mia screamed, turning on the kai. “You told me she wouldn’t be hurt!”

“She will be fine,” Shin replied, still holding Vegeta with the power he had left. It was hard enough to restrain one Saiyan, but two required extra focus.

Siyaka’s screams were becoming too much for Mia to bear hearing. “MOOOOM!!!” Mia screamed out in response to her mother’s cries. She began to run out. To hell with the kai. Who did he think he was?! Her arm was snagged causing her to stop. She looked to her arm to see Gohan’s hand holding onto her wrist, his face serious. She sucked on her teeth, trying to control her anger. “Let go of me, Gohan,” she hissed dangerously.

“No,” Gohan growled back, his face stern. “Not until you calm down.”

Mia balled a fist, trying to control her breathing. But her mother’s screaming echoing in her ears was driving her crazy. She needed to help her. And Gohan was in her way. “I said … LET GO!!!!” she screamed, throwing a punch at the hybrid’s left eye. He quickly powered up to a Super Saiyan as he caught it.

His grip on her fist and wrist tightened as he said, “Calm down!”

Mia jerked both of her arms, putting her whole body into it, her breathing becoming erratic as she fought against her boyfriend, her mother’s horrifying howls reverberating in her brain. “LET GO OF
“Mia, you need to calm down.” It wasn’t Gohan this time, but her father. He wasn’t looking at her, but glaring at Shin. The kai had a hold of him, and he hated being held back.

She continued to fight as she snapped back at him, “What about you, Father?!” she spat at him. She didn’t need to look at him to know her next comment would cut him, deep. “She once told me that you promised to always keep her safe. Where’s that promise when she’s dying for some kai’s cause?! The Vegeta she told me about wouldn’t be held back so easily.” That was it. Her mother’s screaming had reached a higher, more desperate pitch, causing Mia to yell, “LET GO!!!!” She saw in Gohan’s eyes his fear and surprise as something snapped in her brain. Her aura, her ki suddenly felt different, hot, as if a blazing fire roared inside of her. Everything was flying around her. Her white cape billowing out uncontrollably until it unfastened itself, getting lost in the breeze. Her hair stood on end, and she could no longer feel her braid against her back. Her breathing seemed to calm, but her mind was firing all synapses. She needed to get out of his grip.

“Mia,” Gohan gasped worriedly. His worry, and this sudden new sense of power, this fire surging through her, she knew she had done it. She had transformed into a super saiyan.

“I’m sorry,” she muttered. She needed to show her mind was calm, despite her transformation. Her mother was able to do it.

His grip loosened lightly. “I-it’s alright, Mia.”

“Good,” she breathed, her expression deadened. “Because this isn’t personal,” she added quickly, grabbing his wrists tightly and pulling him down, and kneeing him in the chin with unprecedented speed. He grunted at the sudden pain in his jaw, and his shock caused him to loosen his grip. She lifted her legs up and planted them in his stomach, using her boyfriend as a springboard to kick off from, flying towards the tournament ring. She ignored the loud crash of Gohan against the back wall, Kakarot calling for his son. They’d forgive her after she saved her mother.

“NO! Stop her!” Shin cried, but no one moved.

She ripped off her mask, loosening the knot to open it up. She’d need to bandage her mother’s wound with something. But now that she thought about it, she’d probably need a tourniquet to stave off the bleeding. She sprang to the screaming tournament announcer as light began to flash throughout the stadium. She snatched the mic away from him, ignoring him yelling at her to give that back. After huffing, he pulled another out from his jacket, tapping the mouth piece. “Testing, Testing.”

In an instant, Mia swung both legs around, spin kicking both Spopavitch and Yamu away from her mother. The men landed in the ring with a boom, surrounded by dust clouds. Mia grabbed her mother, weak and paralyzed, landing on the ring floor, and placing her down gently. Mia took in her mother’s injury, pulling out the syphon, seeing the blood pool out. Siyaka gasped, and Mia put herself to work tying her mask into a tourniquet around her mother’s wound. “M-Mia,” Siyaka rasped with a proud smile.

“Sh,” Mia said, not looking at her mom, “don’t speak. Save your strength.”

“Y-you transformed,” Siyaka rasped with a proud smile.

Mia half smiled back as she said, “Yeah, I did.” Siyaka hissed as Mia tied the last knot. “Mom, I need you to focus. If you start feeling faint, I need you to twist this, got it? It’ll slow the bleeding.” Siyaka nodded. “Good.” Mia stood up, her shoulders back and her body battle ready as she saw
Spopavitch and Yamu standing haggardly, glaring at her.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, I’m not sure what’s going on, but after saving the detective, who she calls Mom, it looks like Saiyagirl is going to take on both Spopavitch and Yamu! I’m not even sure if this is allowed! Can we get a ruling!?” the announcer called into the mic.

Mia reached to the back of her head, not counting how many strands this time, and ripped a lock of hair out of her skull, some skin and blood coming with it. She threw the golden hair between her and her opponents, still holding her hand out as she shot white ki at each hair. The strands of hair glowed and grew, morphing into another person, until eleven Mias stood in the ring, each with golden hair and teal eyes. The announcer stumbled to find his words as he took in the new ratio of fighters. Two Mias sprung off the stage, guarding the ring entrance, their arms splayed out. “Do not try to stop me,” they each said in tone.

Gohan grunted as he stepped forward, holding his stomach. “What is this?” he asked.

“Mia never showed you?” Vegeta remarked, eyeing her copies.

“It’s multiform, right?” Kakarot asked, settling into a fighting stance.

“Don’t touch them!” Vegeta snapped as he saw Krillin moving closer to the copies. “It’s not multiform. Their Ki Golems. You touch them, they’ll explode.”

Krillin stepped back nervously. “Got it.”

“What’s a Ki Golem?” Gohan asked, still holding his stomach. Mia’s heels really added extra pain to her kicks.

Vegeta scowled, turning to the ring. “General Jicama of the Saiyan army, Siyaka’s father, was revered for his ki splitting techniques by being able to put ki into parts of himself, usually a piece of skin, and make a Ki Golem. These golems looked identical to him, but when touched, react to the imbalance of energy, and explode. Each one has the same energy as my Galic Gun. Siyaka told me that he’d only be able to produce three golems, because he’d have to cut his own skin off to make them.”

“But Mia is using the skin cells in her hair,” Gohan filled in. Mia’s long hair provided enough skin cells to produce a golem. While part of Gohan was freaked that his girlfriend had this ability, another part was impressed.

“This is what I’m afraid she taught Goten,” Vegeta finished, watching his daughter.

One of the golems picked up the syphon and threw it, while Mia held her hand up, shooting a ki blast and blowing it to pieces with a thundering blow. The audience gasped as the syphon blew up, erupting in an explosive cloud before disappearing in the higher altitude winds.

Spopavitch and Yamu growled as eight Mias approached them, in a synchronized fashion. They shuffled into one another, making it impossible to tell who was the real Mia. The one who threw the syphon stayed back to guard Siyaka. Spopavitch and Yamu jumped up into the air, the Mias springing up in flight just behind them, circling them. Yamu and Spopavitch floated back to back, leaving no blind spot. “Spopavitch,” Yamu growled eyeing the ki golems in front of them, “don’t attack first. We may be able to kite them …”

But Spopavitch didn’t listen as he lunged forward, punching one of the Mias away, only to have her grab his hand, taking him soaring into the sky as she began to shine brightly before exploding like a powerful blast. Another two flew up after them, leaving five surrounding Yamu. He ignored the
screams of his partner as he looked at the golems, waving for them to start.

The real Mia had zoomed up to Spopavitch, and gestured for the other golem to dive into the explosion’s cloud, grabbing Spopavitch and lighting up again like an active mine. His screams echoed through the stadium, but he hadn’t fallen out of the cloud. As the clouds blew away, he came back into view hovering in the air, his arms covering his face. His leotard hung off him in tatters, ripped and burned edges over his abdomen and legs. His arms and legs retained scratches and burns. He lowered his arms to glare at the Super Saiyan, the rings under his eyes redder than before. Mia sneered at him before launching into a series of heavy hitting punches. He blocked as best as he could, but he was no match for her Super Saiyan speed. She phased from in front of him, appearing behind him and kicking him forward, causing him to lose his balance for a minute. That falter was enough to open him up for the double handed smashing blow that left him plummeting back to the ring. As he landed with a thud, denting the ring with his impact, Mia leveled her hand, pointing two fingers at him and shooting five energy rings down to him. Each ring embedded itself into the rock stage, chaining his arms, legs, and neck to the ground.

Yamu was smarter than his partner, dodging each golem that dove as best he could. Mia followed his movements until he tried to dodge a golem, jumping out of their circle. She phased in front of him, spin-kicking him back into one of the golems, who flashed before holding onto his waist and exploding. Although he was stronger, Yamu was clearly weaker than Spopavitch. He began to fall back to the ring, semi-conscious from the explosion. Mia again leveled her hand at him, her fingers shooting off five more rings that held him tight and unable to move. He landed on the ring floor with a thud, groan and a bounce, but other than rolling, he couldn’t move.

Mia landed back in the ring, leaving her golems in the air as her deadly gaze leveled on the smaller man. He was clearly the brains of the two, and Mia wanted answers. If he was with the Red Shark Gang, and acting on their behalf, she wanted to hunt each and every one of them down. Her heels tapped against the marble as she stepped in front of him. She glared down at him as she growled, “Who sent you?”

Yamu sneered before spitting blood onto her white boots as his answer.

“You want to do this the hard way?” Mia scoffed, kneeling to his level and reaching for the edge of her glove, pulling it off and exposing a perfectly manicured hand. “Fine, let’s do this the hard way.” She place her hand on his forehead over the “M.” She could sense a barrier over his mind, which she destroyed with a small surge of ki, causing Yamu to scream out in pain. She began to rummage through his mind, not caring to be delicate as she searched for her answers. **Who do you work for!**

**Who is this?** a coy voice asked. It sounded as if a cat learned to speak, shrill and calculating. Almost as soon as she heard it, a shockwave knocked her back from Yamu, her palm seering with a dark presence that clawed its way through her body until it enveloped her skull, applying enough pressure to cause her to scream. Her ki slipping from her control as her body seemingly froze in place. She sensed her golems exploding around the stadium, smoke and screams filling the arena. **My, aren’t you a powerful one. You will make a fine addition to my minions.**
Chapter 13

Control

Smoke wafted around the stadium from where the golems exploded, and sirens were heard from all around as firetrucks made their way to the tournament grounds. The fighter’s area was blown to pieces, and bits of the thatched roof fell in flaming ashes like black snow. The rubble moved as Gohan shifted out from underneath, his green toga ripped in a few places, his cape singed, and his mask gone. He pulled Shin up from the rubble. He coughed from the smoke before asking, “Are you alright?”

“Fine. Thank you, Gohan,” Shin reassured

“No problem,” Gohan huffed, shifting around as he took in the destroyed scene. “DAD!!” He called out, unable to see through the smoke.

“I’m alright,” Goku responded, shifting rubble away from him.

Vegeta groaned behind him, bits of the wall shifting as he moved to stand. He was covered in scratches, and his jumpsuit was torn and singed in places. He’d been closest to the blast, thanks to Shin’s power holding him in place. It had happened so quickly. A few seconds after Mia placed her hand on Yamu’s head, opening the psychic link, she started shrieking and the golems began to flash just before the boom. Gohan dove for Shin, while 18 phased in front of Krillin to use her force field. Piccolo created a barrier with his energy, deflecting the blast from him and Kabito. They all stood firmly now, taking in the ruin.

From the back, they heard Pintar screaming as he ran out the back door. Krillin’s gaze followed the fat Indian man’s retreating figure. “Well, there goes my opponent.” He wasn’t the only one to run off. Several of the tournament attendants had fled and mass panic and screaming filled the stadium.

“I’m more curious about what happened,” Gohan huffed, looking towards the ring with worry. He could see the blonde announcer falling to his knees at the fighter’s area, crying “My tournament…” But Gohan was more worried about Mia. The smoke began to clear revealing Siyaka still lying on the ground, but turned toward where her daughter was in the ring. Mia knelt on the ground, her ki
flying around her, flinging her hair around as she clutched her wrist as if her hand were in pain. She grunted and growled as if being put under pressure.

Shin took in the scene as well. “He’s trying to control her.”


“The wizard who orchestrated this whole thing, Babidi,” Shin answered annoyedly.

Vegeta wasn’t listening to the kai spouting his doom and gloom about some magical wizard and his henchmen. His eyes were on Siyaka, struggling to move towards his daughter. His heart pounded as he saw the blood-soaked rag in her side. Even though Shin’s hold on the Saiyan prince broke just after the explosion, Vegeta’s feet didn’t move.

Why aren’t you jumping in? the voice was Siyaka’s, and his heart sank. Partly because she sounded disappointed in him, but mostly he was disappointed in himself. Two weeks had passed since he’d found out she was alive, and he was still haunted by her phantom. It hurt his pride that he’d become so attached to a woman that even her betrayal didn’t even phase his feelings for her. She was always there, pestering him. Reminding him what his life could have been had he not slept with Bulma, had he not fathered Trunks, had he not settled down under the guise that Siyaka would want him to be happy and move on with his life. He regretted all of it.

She’s dying, your daughter is struggling, and you’re just going to sit there?

Shut up.

He didn’t need a ghost telling him he’d failed. She wasn’t real.

Save them!

SHUT UP!!!

His mind was consumed with his regret and his pride as it spiraled down to his core. He never should have gotten married. He never should have slept with Bulma. He never should have listened to his temptations. He never should have come to this wretched planet. He never should have let Siyaka go. He never should have said goodbye. He never should have gotten her pregnant. I never should have fallen in love with her.

His heart hit bottom as he realized the last time he felt true clarity was before that dreaded Siyaka stepped into his life. She’d turned him upside down, and was still messing with his mind and heart twenty years later. The only way to fix that was to change back to who he was before she tainted his mind with love and heartbreak.

Mia barely registered her body as she held her wrist in front of her, the paralyzing pain shooting from her palm to her head coming from the throbbing curvy “M” embedded on her hand. It burned as if she held a red-hot coal in its place.

Yes, you will do fine, my pet.

Mia’s stomach curled at the shriveled voice. I’m no one’s pet!

We’ll see about that. The pressure immediately increased, and she felt her body give way a bit.
She heard Yamu laughing next to her. His teeth bloody as he grinned at her pain. “Is that my master?” She didn’t answer him, and he laughed more. “MASTER!” he called more cheerfully, “Show this bitch what happens when you mess with my master!”

“Shut up, you fool!” Mia’s eyes were wide as the words came out of her mouth, but the words weren’t her own. They belonged to the voice in her head. Dread began to pool in her guts as she feared she couldn’t control herself anymore. Yes, fear me, my pet.

Yamu was taken aback by the her rebuke, “But Master, we didn’t … SHE-”

“I said silence! I’ll deal with you in a minute!”

“MASTER!” Spopavitch called out, his voice deep and strange, sounding almost like the Frankenstein monster. It was clear he didn’t use it often. “I’m sorry, Master.”

The voice let out a tired groan before whispering conspiratorially into Mia’s mind, Be sure to watch this. I think you’ll enjoy it, my pet. The next second, Spopavitch began to grow abnormally in places, his veins and eyes popping out of place as his skull expanded. “MASTER!” he called out before his screams became distorted as his tongue swelled out of his mouth, blood running out of his ears and nose. He grunted as he struggled to curl into himself just before his body exploded into reddish purple goo, his blood and guts all that was left on the stage.

Mia wretched at the site. Her lunch coming back up, being pushed by fear and disgust. Yamu’s screams joined those of the audience that could see the carnage of Spopavitch’s demise.

“B-BUT MASTER!” Yamu screamed, struggling in his confines but unable to move away.

Mia felt her marked hand being tugged to aim at Yamu, but her other hand held it in place. She needed to fight for control of her body. The voice had control of her ki, powering it into a ball in her hand as it aimed at Yamu’s face. His black beady eyes widened in fear as the ball glowed against his skin. He struggled to break free of Mia’s confines, but was unsuccessful.

“Master, please!” he cried. The ki blast still glowed in front of him. Mia’s arm shook as she tried to fight for control. As the ki blast grew, she could smell his urine pooling onto the tiles as his life undoubtedly flashed before his eyes. She could feel the release of her ki as she felt the blast began to ignite. With a final push for control, she let out a yell, swinging her hand up to the sky, letting the blast fly up without hurting anyone.

The voice in her growled at her for gaining control of her body for an instant. She immediately felt him seize control back, forcing her to look at Yamu as his face began to contort as Spopavitch had previously. You should have just let the blast hit him. It would have been less painful, the voice chuckled. She couldn’t move her head as Yamu’s eyes began to pop out of his face, the veins pulsing larger and larger. His body shook as the pain radiated through his body. Mia could see the life draining from his eyes as they lost their focus, blood dripping down his nose and ears. She flinched as he exploded as well, his blood and guts exploding onto her, and marking her face, hands and clothes.

She felt her stomach churning, yet empty. Her eyes teared as she looked at the scene, horrified by what happened. She almost killed a man, and because she refused, he died more painfully anyway. She felt a darker side of her ask, How could you just sit there and do nothing? You’re weak!

Yes, weak. I can make you stronger though.

You can’t even fight for yourself. Pathetic.
You’re too weak to fight me.

Maybe you should listen. You can’t fight him.

Yes … the voice purred.

“Mia,” Siyaka groaned off to the side. She had rolled onto her side, still clutching the tourniquet over her abdomen. “Mia, it’s ok. It’s over.”

Mia shook, her ki flaring around her again. “Mom,” she rasped. The voice allowed her to turn her head to see her mother inching closer to her. A trail of blood from her mother’s wound streaked against the white marble. Fear gripped her heart for her mother. She couldn’t control her body. She didn’t want to hurt her mom. She didn’t want to kill her mom.

The voice could sense that. It giggled with delight.

“Stay back,” Mia cried. “I can’t control it.” But Siyaka kept inching forward.

Kill her.

No.

Kill her! Mia felt her hand being raised again, this time aimed at her mother. A lump formed in her throat at the thought of killing her own mother when her actions weren’t her own.

Still, Siyaka kept moving toward her, only a few feet away now.

Please, don’t make me do this.

KILL HER!

“Mom,” Mia cried as a blast began to form. She felt a tear fall down her cheek.

Siyaka looked back at her daughter, her eyes full worry and hope. “Mia. This isn’t you.”

“I can’t control it! Stay back!” Mia cried again, fighting for her body to inch away, to move away from her mother. She doubted she could take control of her arm again like she did last time.

KILL HER!!!

“MOM!”

Everything happened so quickly. Siyaka was able to grab Mia’s outstretched arm just as the blast fired, diverting the blast to the sky as Siyaka pulled her daughter down as she pulled herself into a sitting position, still holding the tourniquet in place. She was able to curl Mia up onto her lap, her daughter’s head falling on her chest to hear her heart beat. Her free hand ran her fingers through her daughter’s hair, blocking her mind to whatever had attacked her daughter’s.

“Mom …” Mia cried, tears falling from her eyes.

“Sh,” Siyaka said weakly, still running her fingers through her daughter’s blond locks. Just as she used to do when Mia was an infant. She began humming a familiar tune that Mia immediately recognized and instantly calmed her.
“Little child, hear my voice.
I’m with you in the dark night.
Oh little child, you’ll grow and find
Your strengthened inner light.

So, little child, don’t you fret.
The dark is soon to pass.
And when the sun shows again,
You’re fear will leave at last.”

Her mother’s love began to flow through her mind, calming her rampant fears that the voice had been feeding on. Her mind filled with images of her and her mother sparring, laughing, enjoying each other. Her Uncle Rito smiling and joking with her. Always trying to protect her in his own way. Her mind shifted to Gohan, remembering their training, and the way he held her and made her feel safe. She’d done worse than what she did today, and he still loved her. Finally, she remembered that even with her difficult past, she’d always persevered because she didn’t just have people who loved her, but she had learned to love herself. Mistakes and all.

She held onto those thoughts tightly, like rope thrown from safety to catch her in the current. She fought away the voice’s control of her body. She felt her ki surging through her, but it was her own.

What are you doing!? the voice cried, Stop!!

Mia ignored him as her mind overpowered him easily, seizing full control. It was easy once she let go of her fear. Now all she felt was righteous anger as she shredded the hold the voice had on her to pieces. And the voice disappeared, all for except a tiny piece that remained, leaving an odd sensation in her mind. It seemed as if her mind’s ear was pressed against a door, and able to hear the muffled inner workings of the other’s mind. And he was livid. She picked up pieces of a Majin Buu not being resurrected.

She shuddered as she became conscious of her breathing, and calmed her ki, powering down from super Saiyan. “Mia?” her mother rasped, clearly barely holding on.

“Mom,” Mia breathed, looking to check her wound. “We need to get you healed up,” the princess added, a bleak smile on her face to tell her mother that she was alright, and that there were more important things to worry about. “Medic! We need a medic over here!” Mia called, reaching for the tourniquet. That was when she felt how soaked the fabric was, drenched with her mother’s blood. “MOM!” she gasped. Siyaka’s adrenaline ran out, and she fell slack against her daughter, and Mia cried out again, more urgently, “HELP!” Tears stung her eyes as the thought of losing her mother re-entered her mind, feeling it as almost a certainty now. “Mom, hold on!” she pleaded through sobs, gripping her mother’s shirt as if it would hold her spirit to this world. “Please don’t die.”

“Stand aside,” a deep voice said next to her.

Mia looked up to see Shin’s attendant, Kabito staring down at her. His outfit had been wrinkled and
singed from the explosion. He knelt on the other side of Siyaka, pulling her unconscious body away from Mia to lie down. “What are you going to do?” Mia asked shakily, feeling tears sliding down her cheeks. Kabito said nothing as he placed his hands on her mother.

The princess felt a comforting hand fall on her shoulder. “Mia,” the softer voice of her boyfriend breathed. She immediately stood, turning to him and crying into his chest. She didn’t know what she would do if her mother died. Gohan held onto her tightly, leaning down to kiss her forehead. “Don’t worry. She’ll be alright.”

“He’s right,” Shin said behind them. Mia turned to see the purple kai. “It was very dangerous to take on both Spopavitch and Yamu. And as I suspected, Babidi tried to take control of you.” Mia scowled at the kai as he spoke. Babidi. The piece left in her mind seemed to recognize. “It’s good you were able to break his hold,” Shin continued, “but if you don’t mind me checking to see if you’re still intact.” She could tell he meant mentally. She allowed Shin to reach a hand to her forehead, searching her mind of any connection to this Babidi. Shin frowned, removing his hand from her head and he eyed her curiously.

“What is it, Supreme Kai?” Gohan asked reverently.

Shin shook his head as he stepped back, his face showing his confusion. “I’m not sure if this is normal or not. Mia is the first to overthrow Babidi’s bid for control. But in overthrowing him, he seems to have left a piece of his mind in hers.”

Gohan looked at his girlfriend worriedly, stepping closer to her as he put an arm around her. “So, what does that mean? Will he be able to control her again?”

Shin pursed his lips as he eyed the Saiyan princess. “I don’t think so,” he answered. “I’m not sure if Babidi is even aware of the connection.”

“So, what does that mean?” Gohan urged, his grip on Mia tightening.

Mia seemed to understand the glint in the kai’s eye as she filled in, “It means we have the advantage. If I know how he’s thinking, we can use that against him.” Shin nodded his agreement.

Gohan frowned, slightly pushing Mia behind him protectively. “Hold on. You want us to fight him?!”

“Well, I could use your help,” Shin stated, chewing on his bottom lip as he added, “But, when Mia destroyed the syphon and took on Spopavitch and Yamu, she ruined our chances to follow them to Babidi’s hideout.”

Mia scowled at the kai, growling, “If you didn’t use my mother as bait, I wouldn’t have had to step in.”

Shin shot her a curious smile as he asked, “Would you have preferred I used Gohan, as I originally intended?” Mia scowl turned deadly as the kai continued, “For that matter, you were the only one who stepped in against my order.”

“Against your order?!” Mia repeated in a dangerous tone.

Gohan held up his arm, barring Mia from launching at the kai, her claws ready to mangle him. “Calm down, fighting amongst ourselves won’t get us anywhere,” the hybrid reasoned, glancing between his girlfriend and the kai.

Mia rolled her eyes, stepping away from the group to cool off. As she moved away, she felt the piece
in her mind being tugged back a different way. She followed the feeling, moving towards the northwest corner of the ring. Her gut told her if she kept following that feeling, she’d find Babidi.

“What I can’t believe is that he killed his own men,” Gohan huffed. “What kind of people kill their own?” Piccolo, Krillin and Goku shot a look at Vegeta, each wondering if Gohan really forgot. Vegeta scowled back at them.

“That’s what he does,” Kabito stated, still healing Siyaka as her wound sewed itself shut. “He promises them riches and power, and once he gets what he wants, he disposes of them like trash.” Kabito’s healing powers slowed to a stop, and he removed his hand from the Saiyan noble’s abdomen. “You should be fine now,” he grunted, leaning back off his knees to stand. Siyaka sat up, her eyes wide at how strong she felt. She tested her strength by flexing her biceps as she stood. She felt good. Better than good. It had been since Mia’s birth that she felt the effects of a Zenkai boost, and she welcomed the new norm.

As her arms fell to her side, her eyes caught the blood stain in her now ripped white tank top, and she frowned. She’d have to buy a new one. “Figures,” she muttered. She turned to find her daughter lifting off a little into the air towards the northwest corner of the ring. “Mia?”

“I – I think he’s this way,” Mia stated, pointing the direction she faced. Siyaka looked to the group for clarification. She caught a little listening to Mia and Shin’s argument over the hum of Kabito’s healing powers.

“What makes you say that?” Kabito remarked skeptically, as if a mere mortal could locate a being he and the Supreme kai couldn’t find for months.

“The piece he left, it’s getting stronger when I move in that direction,” Mia huffed, scowling at the disbelieving kai-in-training.

Shin smirked at the news. “Well, maybe your defiance has born fruit.” The purple kai stepped forward, his eyes calculating and hopeful. “If you have the means of finding this wizard, lead on,” he ordered, lifting an offering hand.

“Woah, hold on,” Krillin jumped in. “If we’re going into battle with a guy who controls some of the strongest fighters in the universe, shouldn’t we, I dunno, have some insurance? Like Sensu Beans?”

Siyaka and Mia looked at the Buddhist oddly as Mia touched back down to the ring, and as Goku offered, “I’ll go to Korin and get some!”

“Who’s Corn?” Siyaka asked.

Mia spoke tiredly over her mother, feeling the necessity to urge him to hurry, “We leave in one minute.” She didn’t know what it was about Gohan’s father, but she got the vibe from him that he was never particularly on time or expedient unless it suited him.

Goku froze, eyeing his son’s girlfriend curiously. “What?”

Mia’s bored gaze fell on the tall Saiyan, the connection to Babidi wearing on her nerves, feeling foreign and dirty in her mind. “We leave in one minute, with or without you.” Kakarot made a move to complain, and Mia closed her eyes, sighing, “59 … 58 … 57…” The palm-haired Saiyan huffed, not liking being bossed by the younger girl, and he quickly put his two fingers to his forehead and disappeared in an instant.

“Hold on!” Vegeta growled, looking between his daughter and the kai who seemed to be calling the shots. “I came here to fight Kakarot! Not go galivanting half a world away to fight some stupid kai’s
Mia’s cold gaze fell on her father. She’d almost had it with his dismissive attitude towards her and her mother. “You don’t have to come,” she hissed annoyedly at her father, her arms crossed just as his usually were.

“Don’t be absurd,” Vegeta groused, his glare matching his daughter’s. “If Kakarot goes off to save the world, then that shoots the 24 hours he’s here down the toilet. I want a proper match, as I was promised I would get!”

“You know, you weren’t the only one with plans for Dad today,” Gohan stated, frowning at the Saiyan prince’s selfish mindset. Frankly, Gohan wanted to go fishing one last time and bring Goten for some male bonding. He also knew his mother had a reservation at a restaurant, just the two of them while Gohan stayed home with Goten. Siyaka had mentioned at one or two meals going through his Saiyan file with him, which had pictures of his parents, recordings, birthdates, jobs, and so much more. To Gohan, those plans seemed more important than Vegeta’s need for finally besting his father in battle.

Vegeta made a derisive snort, looking away from the group. They’d never understand!

“Oh, I should go tell my wife,” Krillin piped, turning to run back to the fighter’s area, where 18 and Mighty Mask stood off to the side. Krillin pulled her away from the oddly shaped masked fighter and explained the situation, eventually getting her blessing. Within a few seconds of returning to the ring, Goku appeared, holding a burlap pouch aloft.

Vegeta immediately snagged the taller Saiyan by his shirt, his glare fueled by ludicrous rage. “You promised me a match! That was the only reason I signed up for this stupid thing!”

Goku’s eyes were wide and innocent as he held his hands up in surrender. “It’s ok, just hold on. I’m going to help Shin with his wizard problem. But I promise, you and I can go at it like we used to as soon as I get back.”

Vegeta scowled at the Saiyan simpleton. “You forget, you’re only here for the day!”

“I don’t have time for this,” Mia huffed, the piece of Babidi’s mind itching in her brain. She knew the only way it would go was if Babidi was dead. It was simple. The longer the piece remained in her mind, the more irritated she got. She jumped into the air, shooting off in the direction of the wizard. She’d kill him herself if she had to.


The prince could see the way Kakarot was looking off to the horizon, following the rest of the group. It didn’t matter how hard he’d trained over the last seven years, how strong he’d gotten, how much it meant to the Prince. Kakarot would never actually settle the score between them. Maybe he had been foolish thinking that today who could leave with a piece of his pride intact. Everything else had gone to shit. His marriage, his heart, his whole life was a joke, apparently. But not his pride. Coming here, he had hoped … no … needed for one thing, just one thing to hold on to. Vegeta shoved him off, fuming, knowing the low-born Saiyan would choose to save the world over their fight. Their score wasn’t important enough to settle to the low born Saiyan.

Kakarot smiled before shooting off behind the rest of the fighters, following the princess and the kais. Vegeta huffed, knowing he had to go now, or he’d never hear the end of it. He blasted off just behind the palm-haired Saiyan, calling to him, “I’m right behind you, Kakarot!”
Bardock sat in the stands, his gaze focused on the gore in the middle of the ring. People around him were horrified. Someone sitting three people down from him vomited at the bloody explosion. “Bardock? What happened?”

Bardock set his jaw, getting up to leave the stadium with hundreds of people sprinting for the exits. Masses full of confusion and panic herding themselves to the doors like cattle. He used the smoke from the fighter’s area as a cover to mask his movement, finding a clear area to open the capsule to use his time-transponder to take him back to the time-scroll room. Not that he really needed the cover. The earthling get-up they made him wear blended him with the crowd well. The only thing that caused him to stand out was his hair.

“BARDOCK!” Trunks yelled over the transponder.

“Shut up, princess,” the tired Saiyan veteran huffed, continuing to make his way to a safe place to disappear from.

“Well, what happened?” The purple-headed hybrid could be annoying.

“Spopavitch and Yamu exploded in the fight,” Bardock stated.


Bardock didn’t need to waste his time filling in the princess. He would be back in just a few seconds if the purple brat could be patient. Must have gotten that from his father, Bardock assumed as he zoomed through the time-space flux, pure blinding white with flashes of battles past as he made his way to the time nest in Age 851, another 75 years in the future from where he was, a total of 112 years from when he was snatched from his fate to join a misfit team of fighters to fend off the demon realm from reviving their wasted world. Had Vegeta not blown, he would have either been an old Saiyan past his prime or long dead on some distant battlefield. He hoped the latter.

As soon as he popped back into being at the time nest, both Trunks and Chronoa jumped on him demanding answers. Bardock huffed at their incessant questions in nagging tones, like a mother worrying after her own child. His gaze shifted to the owl, Toki Toki, sitting on its golden egg. That egg was the whole reason for this fight with the demon realm. Chronoa still refused to tell him why it was important, just that it was and couldn’t fall into the hands of the demons Mira and Towa.

“Bardock, would you pay attention!?” Chronoa shrilled annoyedly.

Bardock’s bored gaze fell on the pink kai. For a kai, she was rather hot tempered. He knew what she wanted though. “Spopavitch and Yamu were both dispatched by Babbidi, except in the ring rather than at the wizard’s ship. This was after the fight between Mia, Spopavitch and Yamu, after Spopavitch’s match with Siyaka ending with her being syphoned.”

Chronoa frowned in confusion at Bardock. “Who?” she asked.

“Spopa – “

“I wasn’t talking about Babbidi’s men! I was asking about the women,” the pink kai snapped. “Who are Siyaka and Mia!?”

“Siyaka was Dad’s betrothed on Planet Vegeta before it exploded,” Trunks filled in, also frowning.
“Mia is their daughter, my half-sister, who was conceived while they were under Frieza’s army.” Bardock pursed his lips and his eyebrows raised, a little surprised by Trunks’ answer for a couple reasons.

Chronoa was still clearly confused as she added, “Ok, then why haven’t we seen them in the time scrolls before?”

“Siyaka is still alive in my timeline,” Trunks replied blandly. “She explained that they didn’t seek out Vegeta for a long time because they believed he was dead, as they did with Goku. But they were on Earth the whole time.” Chronoa was still lost by this explanation. More Saiyans on Earth? “What I don’t understand is why Siyaka was the target,” Trunks continued, crossing his arms. “Wasn’t that supposed to be Gohan?”

Chronoa nodded.

“Why would Towa change that?” Trunks asked

“To break the syphon?” Bardock supplied, earning confused glares from the kai and purple prince. “Mia broke the syphon,” he started again, annoyed he had to fill in the blanks for them, “an item that gave power to Majin Buu, who killed Towa’s brother, Dabura.”

“So what?” Trunks urged. Bardock scowled at the purple-headed hybrid. For the son of a genius, he was really stupid sometimes.

But Bardock could always count on Chronoa to think outside the box. “You think she’s trying to stop Dabura’s death by preventing Majin Buu from being awakened?” Bardock nodded.

Trunks’ eyes went wide at the implication. “Do you think it will actually work?”

Chronoa flitted back to the time scrolls until she found the next one. She skimmed through it, her brow furrowing together before uttering a small, “No. He still dies at the hands of Majin Buu.”

“Then why make that change?” Trunks asked again.

Bardock let out a sigh, scratching his head tiredly. He turned easily heading out the front doors of the time nest. “Where do you think you’re going?” Chronoa snapped at him.

“He’s married.”

“And?”

Trunks shuddered in disgust, turning back to his work.
As they sped over the ocean, Shin piped up, “We should probably create a plan of action …”

“He already knows we’re coming,” Mia stated over him, silencing the purple kai. “He’s watching us in his crystal ball.” She tried to sound clear and informative, but her hair flying in every direction made it difficult to keep it from whipping in her face from time to time.

“So much for the element of surprise,” Piccolo huffed.

“Who knows we’re coming,” Siyaka asked curiously, having missed Shin’s explanation earlier. Kabito filled her in as Mia listened in, catching tidbits she didn’t already know. The wizard who attacked her was the son of another wizard named Bibiddi. Bibiddi had created a monster named Buu that terrorized the universe, wiping out galaxy after galaxy several thousand years ago. Earth was intended to be the next target for the monster, but Shin killed Bibiddi before he could release the monster once more.

“So, is Buu in the pumpkin?” Mia joked, trying to bring levity to Kabito’s apocalyptic tone. Sadly, the joke fell flat as she was returned with confused glares. “Oh, come on! Didn’t any of you watch movies as a kid?” Again, she was met with silence. “Cinderella? Needs a coach to get to the ball? Bippoty-Boppity-Boo, the pumpkin turns into a coach and the mice turn into horses?” Still silence. She huffed dejectedly, “It was a joke.” No wonder Gohan’s clueless, she noted mentally. He was surrounded by people who did nothing but fight, and his mother’s idea of television was discovery channel, and that was it.

Shin seemed intrigued though. “So, Earthlings know about Bibiddi, Babiddi, and Buu?”

“No,” Mia stated, rolling her eyes. “It’s just the incantation the fairy godmother uses in the earthling fairy tale, Cinderella. I was referring to one of the odder variations of the story where Cinderella doesn’t make it home in time, and gets stuck in the pumpkin when it reverts back.” Her gaze shifted to the Kai when he remained silent. “Again, just a joke.”

“Well, I got it,” Siyaka stated, her face serious though.

Mia shot her mother a perturbed look as she replied, “A laugh would have been nice.”

“Must you squabble?” Kabito growled. Mia ignored him, instead speeding up to get to the wizard faster.

After thirty minutes of flying, passing wastelands, volcanoes, and forests, they had finally reached the ship. Only a tip stood out from the ground where the ship had clearly been buried. Kabito cursed themselves, muttering how they had flown over this place, but not noticed the disturbed earth hiding the ship. It was so obvious. They circled around the ship carefully finding it odd no one was out to guard or greet them.

Gohan’s eyes fell to the dead family off to the side of the buried ship. Dead mother, her curly blonde hair splayed out around her, protectively holding her dead fair-haired toddling daughter dressed in pink and pigtails. The man of the house splayed out on the ground, his gun clutched tightly in his lifeless hands. Gohan’s fists tightened to a ball as his stomach churned at the sight.

“I don’t like this,” Piccolo stated. “Didn’t they know we were coming?”

Mia nodded, also feeling nervous. Listening to Kabito’s doom and gloom on the way here, she missed any plans Babiddi made with his henchmen.

Everything happened in an instant. A tall man in a blue jumpsuit and white cape zoomed out from one of the side mountains. His skin was reddish pink. His face was long with long pointed ears and
horns to match his devilish widows peak and goatee. On his forehead was the same curvy M as Spopavitch and Yamu. Clearly another one of Babiddi’s puppets, yet he seemed to exude power and strength just from the way he held his hand in front of Kabito’s face. The next second, a red blast took the reddish kai’s place, and then he was gone.

Shin gasped at the man. “Dabura!”

“Kabito!” Gohan cried out.

Goku turned to Krillin seriously and stated, “Krillin, get back to the tournament!”

Piccolo lunged first, throwing punches but unable to land a hit on the demonic man. Dabura maneuvered around the Namekian with ease and spat at him. Disgusted, Piccolo wiped the offending spittle off his cheek with his hand.

“Oh no!” Shin gasped.

Krillin used the opening of Piccolo’s shock to jump back and escape. Dabura shot an energy blast just by his head, causing the Buddhist to freeze in his tracks as it exploded in front of him. Dabura spat again, this time hitting Krillin squarely in the back. As the two non-saiyan fighters dropped to the ground, Mia jumped in, her fist flying through the air at the demon. He dodged her attack with ease, spinning around and kicking her to the ground with ease. She collided with the rocky ground with a crash, dust and debris clouding the air.

“Mia!” Gohan called out, zooming down to check on her.

That was when Piccolo and Krillin began to scream, and the team stood in shock as they watched their friends turn to stone, their voices croaking as their insides solidified.

The demon laughed at the team’s horror. His voice was deep and dark, what one would expect a demon to sound like. Nothing like Babiddi’s voice, that was for certain to Mia. “Follow me, if you dare!” With that, he zoomed into the ship.

“Krillin!” Goku cried, landing and running to his childhood friend as he became nothing but a stony statue.

“Don’t touch him!” Shin snapped. “He may break, and there will be no way to save him if that happens!”

“So, we can save them?” Siyaka clarified. Shin nodded his answer as Gohan and Mia rejoined the group on the ground.

Vegeta scoffed at the sentiment. “Who was he anyway?”

“The king of the Demon Realm, Dabura,” Shin answered gravely, his gaze on the petrified fighters. “If Babiddi was able to ensnare Dabura, there’s no telling how strong his powers are.”

Mia frowned at the kai’s solemn tone. “Yeah, sure,” she muttered sarcastically, having proven that she could overthrow the wizard’s power, and she was the weakest of the group, except Krillin. She eyed the statues with a worried frown. A breeze rolled through the valley catching the Saiyans’ and Kai’s hair. Mia flicked her hair over her shoulder as she asked, “But we can save them, right?”

Shin nodded again, saying, “Only by defeating Dabura, then your friends will return to normal.”

“Then what are we waiting for!” Goku laughed, suddenly feeling easy. The orange clad Saiyan
made his way to the spaceship’s entrance followed quickly by Gohan and Mia.

“Stop!” Shin tried, stepping forward with his hand outstretched. “You don’t know what you’re getting into!” But Goku, Gohan, and Mia ignored the pestering kai, and jumped into the spaceship’s well-like entrance, disappearing into the void.

Siyaka held back, her jet-black eyes watching Vegeta closely. She’d realized from his reaction in the ring his driving force was a fight with the palm-haired Saiyan to prove himself. Her gut told her that jumping down this hole was a mistake, that something was going to happen with the Prince she knew. She saw him shift uncomfortably under her worried gaze. “Vegeta …” she breathed, hoping to pull his focus away from the ship.

“Let’s go,” Vegeta huffed gruffly, ignoring his old mate, taking three steps to the ship entrance and hopping down the hole.

Her heart sank as the negative feelings she got increased. Her time on the Satan City Police force, especially as a detective, taught her to listen to that gut instinct. It felt wrong to go against it, even though she knew she would. “You feel it too,” Shin stated, his gaze full of skeptic worry. Siyaka nodded her answer. His shoulder’s drooped in slight relief. “Ok then,” he breathed, looking at the door. He raised a hand, offering her to go to the door. “Ladies first.”

Siyaka chewed the inside of her lip, but jumped into the ship, quickly followed by the purple kai. As soon as they landed in the large round room, the sound of gears whirred to life and the hole they dropped in through closed decisively. There would be no escaping. Siyaka’s feeling of dread grew. The floor of this room was blue stone, an odd material for a spaceship. In the center was a gold ring encircling another spiral-gear door.

“Well, now were stuck down here,” Shin huffed glaring at the orange clad Saiyan.

Goku didn’t pay attention and frowned as he looked around the room. “I thought we would at least encounter some fighters,” Gohan said with a small pout.

“You guys can fight. I want Babiddi,” Mia stated, glaring at the M on the side door. The same curvy M emblazoned on the foreheads of the wizard’s slaves. She could hear Babiddi chuckling in her mind, watching them from his crystal ball. Just his presence felt like nails scratching on the inside of her skull. She wanted him gone.

A humming sound drove everyone’s attention to the side door as it lifted, revealing a black and white alien with solid green eyes. His lips were the only brown part on him, and they were shaped like a toad’s. He had a long head and sharp spikes protruding from his back. His muscles looked about as toned a Vegeta’s, suggesting he was a seasoned fighter. The curvy M rested just above his eyebrows, if he’d had any. “Welcome to Stage One,” the alien said with a smile, his voice sounding croaky, like his voicebox had been crushed yet the air could still pass through just enough for him to speak. “Babiddi is on Stage Five at the bottom. But there is no use in worrying about him. You’ll die here, because your first fighter is me, Pui Pui.”

Siyaka immediately felt at ease seeing the first opponent. Nothing her Super Saiyan form couldn’t take. Goku chewed on his tongue as Pui Pui finished his speech before smirking, “Ok, who’s going to fight first”?

“What?!” Pui Pui snapped, insulted by the insinuation.

Mia rolled her eyes. “Since I’ve called dibs on Babiddi, I’ll pick a number between one and ten,” Mia offered. She paused to think then announced, “Ok, now whoever’s closest goes first, furthest
“Five!” Goku called excitedly.

“Six!” Vegeta called almost as eagerly, not to be outdone by the palm-haired Saiyan.

Siyaka smirked. “Ten.”

Mia turned to Gohan, who pursed his lips thinking hard. “Eight?”

Mia nodded. “The answer was six, so it’s Dad, Kakarot, Gohan, and then Mom.” Both Vegeta and Siyaka pumped a fist in victory, giving a whoop in excitement.

The three male Saiyans paused, turning to the curly-haired noblewoman with strange looks. “What?” she asked. When they still eyed her oddly she stated, “I just felt it was safe to assume the strongest fighter would be the last. Am I wrong?” She added the last question turning to Pui Pui, who just returned her quizzical gaze with a glare. “I mean, Dabura isn’t on this level. It’s this guy.” Goku and Gohan nodded sagely in agreement.

“Shut up! I will kill you all!” Pui Pui screamed, his fists balled.

They ignored him. “Dammit, you’re right!” Vegeta cursed, throwing a fist through the air because he didn’t think of that. He looked at his old mate angrily as he ordered, “You cheated! Switch with me!”

“Knowing my daughter’s usual numbers isn’t cheating! So, no,” Siyaka laughed. “Go fight the weakling.” Vegeta crossed his arms, still glaring at his ex.

“You aren’t seriously fighting alone,” Shin asked, aghast at the spectacle.

Goku frowned innocently as he said, “It wouldn’t be fair if we all ganged up on him.”

“ENOUGH!!!” Pui Pui screamed. “You will all die by my hands!” The spiked alien phased to the other side of the room, landing in a martial arts stance. “These next few minutes will be your last!” He phased again, landing in another martial arts stance as he added, “For your arrogance, I won’t show any mercy.” He phased once more, adding, “And every ounce of energy you lose will be given to Majin Buu!”

Vegeta looked back at Siyaka annoyed. She responded by shooing him with one hand to the fight, earning an amused snort from their daughter. The prince rolled his eyes, phasing an inch in front of the black and white alien, his onyx glare meeting the surprised wide green eyes of his new opponent. Vegeta lowered his arms into a fighting stance, letting some power roll off him, addling Pui Pui’s original bravado. “Let’s fight,” Vegeta breathed huskily. Siyaka did her best to hide the shiver of arousal down her spine, mentally cursing herself for still being affected by the Prince in that way.

Pui Pui jumped back away from the Prince. Vegeta let him with a smile. “Show me what you got,” Vegeta added.

Pui Pui shook his head with a laugh. “Trust me, you don’t want any of this.”

“Are you going to talk me to death?” Vegeta joked, a smirk playing on his lips.

“Take this!” Pui Pui snapped, firing a blast quickly at Vegeta. The Prince caught it with ease, crushing the blast as if it were nothing. Angered, Pui Pui began his assault by throwing punch after punch, which Vegeta dodged with ease. Pui Pui then tried a spin kick, only to be blocked by the
Prince, his ankle caught in the saiyan’s tight grip. Holding him steady, Vegeta landed a kick in the alien’s torso, causing Pui Pui to be thrown back against the wall, the force of which caused a shockwave making the ship shake menacingly. Pui Pui collapsed to the ground, his hands twitching in shock.

“Careful!” Shin called, his eyes wide as he looked at the shaking ground. “Any shockwaves could awaken Majin Buu.”

Pui Pui laughed. “Yes, we wouldn’t want Buu out prematurely, would we?” Vegeta huffed at the alien’s glee, feeling it would be best to ignore the kai’s comment to an extent.

“It probably would be best to listen to the kai. No need to destroy the ship while you fight,” an impishly pleased voice said, echoing around the room. Mia’s back went rigid. It was Babiddi.

The next second, the room disappeared to swirls of space and flashing stars. The spiral door still present, showing their connection with the ship was still present, but the wall Mia was leaning on was gone, forcing her to stand. She braced herself against the harsh winds whipping through them, pulling their hair in all directions. The spinning stopped on a strange planet, it seemed, with a red rocky ground and a permanent night sky full of several multicolored moons, none of them full. Mia could feel the tug on the planet being heavier than she was used to, and she tightened her fist as she fought against the harsher gravity. She could still stand, but her movement would be addled. No one else seemed to have that issue, and Mia cursed her weakness. She chalked that up to Gohan, Goku, and Vegeta using that special gravity chamber her hybrid boyfriend showed her last night. Practicing at twenty-five times Earth’s gravity once would not be enough to be used to it. She’d need at least a week.

Shin cursed Babiddi for giving Pui Pui the advantage. Goku smiled, adding, “Well, at least the fight will be interesting,” earning a shocked glare from the kai.

Pui Pui laughed, pulling himself to stand in front of everyone, picking up a rock. “Welcome to my home planet, Voon, where the gravity is ten times what you’re used to on Earth.” He punctuated the greeting by dropping the fist-sized rock, which made a resounding crash as it hit the ground. Mia pursed her lips to hold back a chuckle, even though she was struggling to stand. Boy, is he going to be disappointed, she thought, knowing every fighter here other than herself was used to at least fifty times Earth’s gravity. Then again, if she went super Saiyan, she could handle fifty too. “In short, you’re doomed!” Pui Pui continued smugly.

Vegeta began bouncing easily from foot to foot, like a boxer testing the bounce of the ring, as he threw a few test punches. Pui Pui’s face fell as the prince showed off the ease at which he moved, earning a smirk from Vegeta as he stopped his movements. “Ten times Earth’s? Wow,” the prince commented smugly. “I might actually have felt something if it was five hundred times, but ten? I don’t feel a thing.”

Pui Pui’s eyes bugged, but Vegeta gave him no time to think about how screwed he was. Vegeta promptly got in the spiky alien’s face, pummeling Pui Pui in the face, then delivering a hefty kick to his abdomen, causing Pui Pui to fly into a pile of rocks several yards away. It took Pui Pui a minute to get up, brushing off the shock from the blow. Vegeta stood, arms at his side as he smirked at the alien. “Still think you can beat me?”

That was it. Pui Pui charged at the prince angrily, clumsily. Vegeta scoffed, phasing low in front of the alien, causing Pui Pui to stop awkwardly as Vegeta lifted his hands to his white chest, the prince’s hands glowing with power. Vegeta’s blast was large and instantaneous, wiping Pui Pui from existence.
The next second, they were back in the room, and Mia untensed, feeling the effects of the higher gravity drop. She let out a long, relieved breath. “You okay?” Gohan asked. Mia nodded him off, hearing the spiral-gear door in the floor opening.

Vegeta wasted no time hopping down the rabbit hole one more time, quickly followed by Siyaka, Gohan and Mia. As Goku jumped after his son’s girlfriend, his excitement for the next fight welling, he noticed Shin watching the saiyan’s bug-eyed. He waved back to the purple god with a laugh. “Come on! You’re gonna’ miss it!”

Shin followed, wondering exactly how much had he missed ignoring the other races’ growth over the centuries he focused on Buu’s eradication. Clearly, these Saiyan fighters on earth were nothing if not formidable. But whether they were strong enough for Buu remained to be determined. And for the first time in a long time, Shin was hopeful.

“You’re sure about that?” Rito asked into the phone, talking to an old high school buddy who worked in the business side of the World Tournament.

“Yeah, even though what the girl did was horrifying …”

“Defending her mother,” Rito corrected, having a serious issue with people thinking ill of Mia. She was like his little sister, maybe even his own kid or somewhere in between.

“Blowing up two men and the tournament grounds,” his buddy recorrected, clearly annoyed with Rito’s protective stance of her. “Legally, she should be fine. All the fighters, and the owners of the tournament since the Jackie Chun versus Goku fight back in 750, sign a waiver before the tournament begins. The fighters and anyone on their behalf waives their rights to sue the tournament or other fighters in case of serious injury or even death, as well as forfeit their options to pursue charges of murder or criminal intent. And after Jacki Chun won the counter-sue against the tournament owners, who sued him for damages, any owner buying stakes in the tournament waive the rights to sue fighters for damages to the ring and tournament grounds. Of course, the new construction was supposed to solve any issues of damages to structures other than the ring, after the Majunior debacle.”

Rito pinched the bridge of his nose as he processed what his friend said. “So, even though people are crying terrorism and murder, she’s legally in the clear?”

“Sadly, yes.”

“But, looking at it adversely, the two men who jumped and stabbed Siyaka, her mother, since they were also fighters in the tournament, they cannot be investigated or held liable?”

“Well, no,” his friend replied frankly. “Any fighters that sneak in contraband weapons or substances forego all legal protections.” Rito chewed on his tongue as he paced a little, feeling a little vindicated by the system now. “Rito, I need you to promise me this stays between us. I know you’re close to the two women, so I shouldn’t be telling you this.”

“Of course,” Rito replied. “No one will hear it from me.”

“Good.”

“Thanks again, Chris.”
“Sure.”

Rito hung up with a sigh as he rubbed his hands over his face.

Almost an hour had passed since the Jicama women’s new group flew off, leaving the tournament in shambles. Only three fighters remained in the whole tournament, including Mr. Satan. With the explosion of the fighter’s waiting area, even that number was surprising. People had begun to leave the stadium in anger or fear, demanding refunds for their seats. Some remained, wondering how the tournament would continue, or if there would be an automatic refund anyway.

Rito felt lost after watching what had transpired. He was immensely proud of Mia’s fight with Videl. He didn’t know Mia could fight, but after finding out her father was one of the challengers in the Cell games, and Siyaka being her mother, it was safe to say fighting was in her genes. Then those thoughts immediately contrasted what happened after, when Siyaka was double-teamed by Spopavitch and Yamu and stabbed. Not to mention Siyaka had turned blonde, like the Gold Fighter she was supposed to catch before she went undercover. She probably knew exactly who the kid was. That was obvious now. Rito was certain her job would be gone, and he’d be questioned by Internal Affairs on Monday.

But his partner had been stabbed, and no one in their new group stepped in to save her, except Mia, who had also gone blonde. And the powers she showed in taking down Spopavitch and Yamu were incredible, tricks or not. The multiple Mias had boggled his mind. And when they all exploded at the same time, Rito knew something was up. Mia wasn’t evil. She was kind, caring. She wouldn’t blow up the tournament on purpose. But some of his cop friends were already calling for her to be brought in for terrorism. That was when Rito left for the lobby, trying to find some clarity in the events that had just transpired. He stood at a tall table sitting off to the side from the food vendors, sipping on a cold beer as he tried to process what happened.

“Did you want anything, Puar?” Rito overheard a man ask calmly in line at one of the vendors.

“Just a pretzaldog,” a squeaky voice replied. The tones of their voices seemed unperturbed by what had happened, while most of the stadium was debating whether to leave and wondering about their safety.

Rito looked up, seeing a scarred man in a garish yellow suit and white wife-beater tank top talking to a floating blue cat. He could see that the man was roughly the same height as himself, his spiky black hair maybe adding an inch. Rito’s eyes narrowed as he realized he was from the group Siyaka and Mia were hanging with earlier. The detective grabbed his beer and walked over to the scarred man, making sure not to come off as aggressive. If this guy had just as much fight as the other people of their team, Rito was certain he couldn’t take them. “Hey,” he greeted easily, earning a confused look from the scarred man as he finished his order. “You’re in that group Siyaka and Mia were hanging out with earlier, right?”

Recognition dawned in the scarred man’s eyes as he said, “Right. You’re the guy who hit on Bulma.”

“Yeah,” Rito replied awkwardly, assuming that was the name of the blue-haired lady. He continued on, ignoring the knowing smile from the scarred man, “Anyway, I’m actually Siyaka’s partner. We’re detectives on the force. Anyway, she seems to have not mentioned a lot of information that
makes what just happened make sense. And since your group is all in the know, I was wondering if you could fill me in?"

The man pursed his lips and nodded. “What did you say your name was?” he asked with a charming smile.

“Rito,” the detective replied. “Fabian Rito. But everyone calls me Rito.”

“Well, Rito, there’s a lot to unpack …”

“I’ve got time,” Rito interrupted.

The man smiled at that as if he should have known Rito would say that. “Do you want to come sit with us? I’ll fill you in on the way.”

“Please,” Rito answered.

The man nodded with a smile, paying the vendor and grabbing his food. He gestured for the detective to follow him as he started, “I don’t know too much about them, except for what Bulma told me. They’re Saiyans, like Goku and Vegeta …”

“Woah woah woah,” Rito said, holding a hand up, “Saiyan?”

The man nodded. “They’re some warrior alien race that conquered planets for fun and was mostly wiped out decades ago when their planet exploded. Anyway, she and Vegeta, you know the one with the widow’s peak?” Rito nodded, remembering Siyaka pointed that man out as Mia’s father. “Well, back when their planet was still around, they were betrothed, as royals do.”

Rito’s eyes bugged at the information. “Royals?”

“Yes, Vegeta’s a prince, as he keeps reminding us,” the man said with an eyeroll. Clearly, he wasn’t a fan of this widow’s peaked prince. “Anyway, after their planet blew up, they were slaves to a space tyrant for most of their adolescents. At least until Vegeta knocked her up, and she faked her death and came here to find our friend, Goku.” Rito puzzled that with what she’d already told him. Originally, he thought she’d been in a violent cult, but space tyrant slave, things were starting to make a lot more sense. “And that’s all I know.”

Rito nodded along as they turned out of the hallway to the stands. A part of Rito missed his ringside seats, because their group was in the nosebleeds. “So,” Rito started, trying to piece the information together, “the blond hair, that’s a Saiyan thing?”

The man nodded.

“And the tails,” the floating cat added. Rito pursed his lips, realizing finding out his friends had tails was oddly not the weirdest thing that happened today. Even though some of his questions were answered, that still left a lot of confusion in his mind.

“Yamcha! Did you get my soda?” a woman called. Rito looked up, seeing the blue-haired woman he hit on earlier, and a small blush came to his cheeks.

The man nodded, passing her the can. “Look who else I found!” he added cheerfully, stepping aside to reveal Rito, who mostly returned confused looks to him, except Bulma who recognized him immediately. She blushed, turning her face to her shoes as if they were the most interesting thing. “Everyone, this is Rito, Siyaka’s detective partner. Rito, this is … are we still called the Z-team?”
“No, we’re their cheerleaders,” the pig snorted dirisively.

Rito frowned in confusion as silence fell over the group for a minute. “So, do any of you know where they went?”

“Probably off to save the world,” the old man with sunglasses replied both sagely and forebodingly.

The second fight with Yakkon was short. Too short. “I thought you said he had the universe’s strongest warriors under his control,” Siyaka chided at Shin as they were brought back from the shadow world of the beast they just fought. Everyone cringed as their retinas got used to light again.

“He does …” Shin stated defensively. It wasn’t really his fault these people he’d happened upon were just as powerful as the kai himself. But he wasn’t about to let that slip.

Vegeta ignored the kai’s feeble explanation for his misconception as he dropped down into the spiral door. Something still unnerved the prince about how Kakarot won. That last burst of light contained a massive amount of power and light. It felt beyond Super Saiyan two. He clenched his fist as a part of him realized the clown might have surpassed him again.

Even after seven years of straight training, Vegeta couldn’t match him. His mind whirred a mile a minute at even the idea that Kakarot might have found a new level.

Today was the prince’s last chance to beat him. He had to beat him once this stupid mission was over!

Babiddi watched Earth’s heroes making their way down the ship’s shaft, his heart pounding with fear as his fists tightened to balls, his black fingernails digging into the skin of his palm. “Dabura!” he snapped. “You’re up!”

The demon king bowed to the wizard, an eager smile on his face as replied, “With pleasure.” Dabura turned to head towards the meditation chamber to hone his energy.

“Dabura,” Babiddi called, a little gentler this time, as if speaking to a favored pet. “Do your best to win. Clearly our enemies shouldn’t be underestimated.” Dabura nodded his agreement, and continued on to the chamber, which shut with a hum.

Babiddi stepped away from his crystal ball, his robes rustling around him as he moved. The heroes could wait a few minutes. Instead, he checked on Majin Buu’s giant ball, seeing the meter at only an eighth full, and he frowned. The way things were looking, Majin Buu would never be revived. He cursed himself, puzzling over how the readings from 100 years ago could have been so off. The strongest human was barely half a kili, yet these fighters were reaching well past 3,000 kilis! It didn’t make sense. Another part of him worried that even if Buu did manage to get revived, would he be able to stand up to them. He knew the legends, but seeing these new fighters, he wasn’t sure about them anymore.

“LADIES AND GENTLEMAN!!!!” the announcer called out. “After discussing with officials for the past hour, we have decided to eliminate all fighters who exited the tournament and since have not returned. This leaves Mighty Mask, Number 18, and Mr. Satan!”
Chichi looked down at the ring, completely let down as she pouted, “But … how will Gohan and Goku …” She chewed her lower lip and clenched her fists in anger as she her disappointment shifted to anger. “God dammit. They always do this! I’ve had it! One day! Just one day! And Goku can’t help himself from pulling this shit!”

“Calm down, Chichi,” her hulking father tried, shooting an apologetic look at the four-year-old Marron.

“As per Mr. Satan’s suggestion, the last three fighters will compete in a Battle Royale for the championship title!” What remained of the crowd cheered as the three competitors stepped out onto the freshly cleaned marble tiles.

“Well, if our men can’t make it to the finals, I guess we’ll just have to cheer for 18!” Chichi huffed, joining the crowd’s cheers for their favorite competitor as they squared themselves off.

18 glared at Mighty Mask who glared right back at her. She wasn’t sure how this guy could be so formidable, or even cocky, with how he looked. His arms weren’t long enough, neither were his legs. And his torso was shaky, as if the man’s skeleton couldn’t completely hold the weight on his bones, even though he looked completely scrawny.

Hercule looked between both the blonde bombshell and the masked fighter anxiously. He felt better now that the fighters from the Cell Games were completely gone. These two would be cake. He’d take out the scrawny Mighty Mask as he’d done in previous tournaments. One megaton punch and then a dynamite kick, and Mighty Mask would be knocked out. No sweat. The blonde was different. She gave off a tough chick vibe, but her jewelry told him she was still a girly-girl at heart. He’d have to take it easy on her so as not to come out of the fight looking like a total ass. Maybe get her number too, if he was gentle enough. Hercule sneered as the visions of the fight played out through his head, and he let out a hearty laugh as he grinned, hoisting his hand in the air showing off two fingers for “Victory.”

“EGADS! Mr. Satan is already claiming his victory!!!” the announcer yelled excitedly.

Neither of the other fighters looked at the curly haired buffoon as they glared each other down. Their plans were simple, Hercule goes last.

“Begin!” the announcer called out.

Mighty Mask immediately jumped on the offensive, taking on 18 with several hard punches that she had some difficulty blocking due to him also delivering some hard kicks. His fighting style was erratic and illogical, which proved to 18 he was more formidable than just some strange looking man in a mask. She jumped into the sky, knowing she could get some distance with flying. It wasn’t a well-known move amongst humans. Although, she immediately regretted the move as soon as Mighty Mask shot up to meet her, finding no problem fighting in the air. “Alright,” she growled. She began to maneuver her opponent in a position where she could get the upper hand before sending him crashing down with a double-fisted reverse volley.

Mighty Mask collided with the marble tiles hard, creating a small crater where he landed. There was a long silence as Mighty Mask lay motionless on the ground. The announce jumped up nervously, realizing he’d missed his queue as he started, “One! … Two! … Three! … Four! …” Before he got to five, Mighty Mask shot back up, engaging 18 again in aerial battle.

18 did her best to keep up with Mighty Mask, but it was like fighting a completely different fighter this time. He’d jab. She’d parry. He’d kick. She’d block. She’d let him play his game for a bit. Just as she was starting to get used to this new Mighty Mask’s fighting style, he surprised her with a large
ki blast that pushed her back. She was able to dispel the blast with a huff. She didn’t launch back into a fight as she mind whirred with possible explanations. One this was for certain. Mighty Mask was not a usual fighter. He’d somehow gained skills and abilities he didn’t have in previous tournaments, abilities he shouldn’t have. Her gaze narrowed at the masked fighter, who was smiling a familiar cheeky smile back at her. Something was off about him, but she didn’t have time to figure out what. She needed to end this now.

She sped back into the fight, eager to end it and move onto putting the long reigning “Champion” in his place. Mighty Mask would learn just how deadly she could be on the offensive. She rained down a fury of punches, chops, and kicks onto the masked fighter. She smiled as she saw him faltering, unable to dodge or block all her blows. Again, she sent him plummeting to the ring again, making another crater right next to the previous.

The announcer jumped up and started counting again, but she didn’t expect him to stay down this time. She might have knocked his head for a loop, but he’d be back up. Of that she was certain. As the announcer yelled, “EIGHT!!!” Mighty Mask shot up again, facing off against 18 again.

But this time he didn’t jump straight into offense. He stared her down for a minute before letting out a yell, his power shooting up as his body was surrounded in a golden flamelike aura.

18 smiled.

*Of course it’s them. How did I miss it earlier?*

Mighty Mask charged up a final flash, but missed 18 creating a destructo disc and hurling it at them. Mighty Mask stopped his attack immediately, his top and bottom halves seemingly separated and going two opposite ways as the energy disc flew through him, cutting the toga and cape in half.

“GAH-Ah! 18 just cut Mighty Mask in half!!!” the announcer called out in shock.

“Dammit Goten, this is all your fault!” Trunks yelled, still wearing the hooded mask. The belt barely secured the toga to Goten’s small frame who glared petulantly back at his best friend.

“My fault!?” Goten snapped back, fists balled at his sides. “I told *you* this was a bad idea!”

Trunks shook his head annoyedly as he removed what was left of the Mighty Mask costume. “So, what do we do?”

Goten shrugged. “I dunno.”

“I say we finish it,” Trunks said, turning to look at 18, who scowled back at the little boys.

“Yeah,” Goten agreed. The launched at the android simultaneously, double teaming her with punches and kicks, which she found a lot harder to block.

“Wha? … Mighty Mask is actually two people!” the announcer called out, before adding, “THAT’S AGAINST THE RULES!! YOU TWO ARE DISQUALIFIED!!”

The kids stopped their onslaught at hearing they were disqualified. So much for their plan to take the winnings this year. “You wanna see where everyone else went?” Trunks offered, doing his best to find their dads’ ki, which were all clustered a fair distance away. But from what they heard earlier that the Shin guy described, it sounded like fun.

Goten nodded eagerly, and they shot off to find their dads.
18 blinked after the two boys, hearing their mothers’ screaming for them to get back there, and promising punishments. She looked back to the ring, a smile on her face as she looked at the sheepish champion, weighing her options. *Well, I don’t want to kill him. His title is definitely worth more than ten million zeni.* She smiled as the last though drifted through her mind, already imagining what she could do with that kind of cash. Move out of that pervert’s house was one. That thought in mind, she drifted back down to the ring gently, falling back into an easy fighting stance against the oaf.

Thirty minutes had passed, and Gohan began to tap his white boot impatiently. “What’s taking so long?” Gohan huffed, crossing his arms in annoyance, almost mirroring Vegeta. The prince noted this action and uncrossed his arms to appear less similar.

“Maybe they’re having difficulty finding a suitable candidate,” Shin replied hopefully, a small nervous chuckle escaping his lips.

Mia frowned, shaking her head lightly as she replied, “No, they still have Dabura at least. Either the person recruited for this level is scared, or Babiddi is piss poor at planning.”

Siyaka shrugged, adding, “I dunno. I’m with the elf on this one.”

“Supreme Kai!” Shin corrected, but was ignored.

“What do you mea—“ Goku started, only to be cut off by the whirring of the side door, announcing the arrival of the much awaited third level fighter. All coal black eyes of Earth’s mightiest heroes rested on the door with the emblazoned Majin “M,” as they waited with baited breath to see who would be going up against Gohan.

As soon as the royal blue legs of the person’s jumpsuit was visible, Siyaka cursed, shaking her head in annoyance. “Piss poor planning it is,” Mia laughed as Dabura was finally revealed to be the next fighter. He stepped out, having to stoop to fit through the hole, his black talon-like fingers gripping the sides of the door frame.

Gohan grinned, finally excited for this match. This was his chance to prove just how much better he’d gotten to his father.

The Demon King smirked at the group as he said, “Let’s not waste time. All of you can fight me at once.”

“No,” Gohan snapped, stepping forward, putting himself between Dabura and everyone else. “It’s my turn.”

Dabura’s heavy gaze barely flitted to him as he chuckled, “Run along child. Your death will come soon enough.”

“Just out of curiosity, who’s on the last level?” Siyaka asked as she shifted her weight to the Demon King with her arms crossed, clearly annoyed her plan did not go accordingly.

“That’s none of your concern,” Dabura laughed. “You won’t make it past this level alive.”

“I’m just saying, we thought you’d be the fourth fighter,” Siyaka continued.

Dabura shot her a scathing look as he replied, “I might not be the fourth fighter, but I’m the last
“Pretty big talk from a guy who was too scared to show his face for thirty minutes,” Mia scoffed. The past two fighters had definitely left the group feeling like Dabura was more king of the pushovers than demons. The only reason he’d taken down Krillin and Piccolo was because his attack on them was a surprise. Anyone could win like that.

Dabura’s withering gaze fell on her as he smiled. “Ignorance isn’t a becoming trait.”

“Neither is cowardice,” Mia remarked with a smirk.

“Enough of this banter,” Dabura said as he grinned. However, the gleam in his eyes was definitely sinister as he called out, “Babiddi, take us somewhere similar to Earth’s atmosphere. No need for an unfair advantage.”

The ship’s setting disappeared as it was replaced with whirring stars and different speeding hues. While the first time had been dizzying, the third time was an expected experience. Gohan focused on his opponent instead, sizing him up and coming up with a strategy to take him down, using the knowledge from their previous fight as a base. The whirring colors gave way to an odd wasteland with reddish orange rocks and hot pink sky. The water was a glistening hot pink as well as it calmly rippled against the craggy shores and cliffs.

“Well then, let’s begin. Shall we?” Dabura offered, opening his arms out as if presenting himself to them.

Gohan settled into a fighting stance as he replied haughtily, “Let’s.”

“Remember Gohan, stay sharp,” Goku said, smiling proudly at his son.

“Yeah, Dad.”

Gohan was the first to move, launching at the demon dramatically, using a high-powered punch to send Dabura flying back through several rock pillars. Gohan floated down, waiting for Dabura’s response as the demon recovered. Dabura sent an air slice that Gohan barely dodged in time to see it cut through the water, making a line in the lake-floor. Dabura threw several more slices at Gohan that the hybrid just barely managed to dodge. Dodging was never really his forte, so he was thankful Mia took the time to drill his intuitive dodging abilities during their past month’s training.

As soon as there was a pause in Dabura’s attacks, Gohan dropped down into the lake, using it as a cover. Dabura floated over the rippling water, curious at the hybrid’s antics only to be met with a moderately size energy beam being shot at him. “Child’s play,” Dabura muttered, holding his hand out to catch and dispel it. The demon was immediately surprised by Gohan phasing to his right and charging at him, drawing his attention away from the blast, but not able to respond to either. Gohan kicked him back down to the ground, and just narrowly dodged his own beam. Clouds of dust blew up as Dabura collided with the grounds, burying him in debris.

Mia’s jaw dropped a little, confused by the move her boyfriend just pulled.

“What the fuck was that?” Siyaka asked, a small laugh in her tone.

Mia didn’t answer as she thought to herself, *He knows this is a serious fight, right?*

Vegeta scoffed, crossing his arms and chewing the inside of his cheek angrily. “The last seven years have made him soft. He’s completely lost his fighting instinct.”
“Aw, lighten up guys,” Goku offered hopefully, “I’m sure he’ll get the hang of it as soon as he finds his rhythm again.”

The boulders began to float, revealing the unharmed demon king holding up his hands in a majestic way before sending them flying back at Gohan, catching the hybrid by surprise. Gohan yelped as the boulders collided against him, driving him back into another stone pillar that collapsed on top of him. Dabura landed in front of the fallen pillar, chuckling at his work. The large stones were blasted away as a blinding light shone out from underneath them. Gohan revealed himself, unscathed and transformed into Super Saiyan. He glared down at the demon, looking like an avenging angel as his flame-like aura licked at the air around him. The smoke from the rubble billowing into large clouds blown away by the slight breeze.

Dabura huffed. Of course, he has this transformation as well.

Gohan phased in front of the demon, punching him in the stomach and catching him by surprise. Dabura coughed out as his diaphragm spasmed under the punch’s impact. Gohan delivered another high-powered left hook to Dabura’s face, sending him flying backwards. Before Dabura could stop himself, Gohan phased behind him, flip-kicking Dabura back to the ground, where the demon kind landed with a large crash, dust and rocks forming a cloud around him. Gohan set himself back down, powering up before shooting a large ki blast into the smoke.

Dabura phased behind Gohan, but the hybrid was somehow able to sense him, spinning and catching the demon’s fist. Dabura immediately responded by pulling Gohan by his caught wrist into another punch, freeing his first hand, then elbowed him in the face. Gohan punched back, but was immediately blocked. They traded blows, creating loud thunderous claps with each connection. They landed on opposing pillars, not even the least bit winded.

Gohan clenched his fists and let out a yell as he powered up again. “Come on, Dabura. Show me your real power! You can’t win at this rate,” the hybrid goaded. Dabura let out a small growl at being so easily transparent. Gohan raised an eyebrow at this as he asked, “Well, how about it, Dabura?”

Goku smiled at his other teammates as he remarked, “See. They were just warming up.” The comment fell on deaf ears.

Dabura chuckled. “You want a glimpse of my true power? Then so be it! I didn’t know you were in such a hurry to die!” Gohan didn’t supply him with a reply, and Dabura grinned, throwing his arms out wide. The demon king let out a loud yell, and was struck by blue lightning as he powered up. His new power rippled off of him in waves, just before he phased away, Gohan phasing out with him. They met up trading blows, then phased again, trading blows somewhere else. Each attack met with a block, creating loud thunderous claps and bashes as they tried to pummel each other.

Finally, Gohan got a good kick on the demon, sending him flying back. Dabura rebounded, finding his footing as his cape flew around him. Gohan flew after him, only to see Dabura had left an after image. Dabura let out a cruel laugh as he shot an energy blast at Gohan’s back. Gohan turned, his surprise freezing him in place as he stared at the oncoming blast with wide eyes. He let out a scream as the blast connected, exploding around him, sending the hybrid flying into the lake.

Vegeta sent Goku a withering look, receiving only an innocent shrug from the lower class warrior. The prince huffed, turning back to the fight, his fingers tapping on his arm impatiently. “How long do we have to watch this shit?”

Mia watched the lake nervously, waiting for her boyfriend to resurface. Exerting as much as he had, he’d be out of breath, and underwater … it didn’t look good. She did her best to reign in her
Gohan sent out two ki blasts, away from where Dabura was expecting him to emerge, and drawing the demon’s attention away for a second. Dabura quickly dispatched the energy balls, then shot an energy blast right where Gohan jumped out of the water. The hybrid let out a distressed yell, but had somehow been able to shield himself from taking on too much damage, grunting painfully.

Dabura let out a laugh as he replied, “I expected you to be stronger. What a disappointment.”

As the smoke around Gohan cleared, Mia could see his green toga hung off him in tatters. What little had remained of his red cape had all but disappeared. He gripped the tattered clothes in one hand then ripped them off, casting them to the side. Mia’s breath caught in her throat at the sight, mentally reprimanding herself that it was not the time. “Alright,” Gohan growled. “Time for Round Two!”

They began to phase around the battleground again, trading blows and blocks for each other. Every punch was met with a parry. Every kick thrown away by a block. Eventually they set themselves apart, catching their breath for a moment. Dabura smiled, waving at Gohan enticingly. “Come on, you can do better than that,” he taunted. Gohan scowled, falling for the taunt as he charged the demon, readying a right hook. Dabura lowered his hand with a smile, and spit at the hybrid, which Gohan caught on his glove. As the magic spit started to turn the glove into stone, Gohan wiggled his hand free, throwing the glove to the ground. He looked at his hand, grateful that it wasn’t turning to stone as his glove shattered beneath him.

Dabura scowled, glaring at the shattered glove. The boy was too quick to be turned to stone. They launched back at each other, trading blows again. After a minute, they paused, standing off against each other.

“This is ridiculous,” Vegeta grumbled. “If he takes any longer, I’ll step in and finish this!”

“Woah, Vegeta,” Goku started, raising his hands to try and calm the prince down. “Just give him some time. He hasn’t lost yet.”

“Dabura is toying with him! You know it as well as I do! They are both just wasting our time!” Vegeta snapped. “If I fight him, we’d be done in a minute!”

“Calm down, Vegeta,” Siyaka tried.

“Shut up,” he growled, taking Siyaka aback with his tone. “I’ve heard enough from you today. And I am done waiting for our battle!” He directed the last comment at Goku, an old fire returning to his eyes. “I refuse to pretend to give a damn about this escapade! My only goal today was to best you in combat! It was the only reason I even showed up to the goddamned tournament! And if your time gets piddled away because your son can’t figure out how to close one goddamned fight, I will feel nothing as I take my anger out on him.”

“Excuse me?” Mia asked dangerously. But Vegeta was way past caring about anyone else’s feelings.

Dabura was grinning almost ear to ear. Gohan eyed the demon warily as he touched back down facing the group with a smile. The world spun back to stars and trippy hues, and Gohan joined his team, eyeing Vegeta warily. He never understood the prince’s animosity towards him, and the announcement that he was dating the prince’s daughter had only magnified those feelings.

They returned the ships room, and Dabura moved to go back down the door he came in, almost chuckling. “Hey, where are you going!” Gohan snapped.

“We’ve found a new fighter to entertain you,” Dabura answered, holding on the side of the small
door. “We’ll be sending him up shortly.” With that, they were left alone again in the room.

Everyone was silent for a few minutes before Vegeta snapped again, “This is your fault!” pointing at Gohan. “If you hadn’t played around, and instead taken him down, he wouldn’t have gotten away!”

“How was I supposed to know he was gonna run!?” Gohan snapped back, clenching his fists at his side.

“Excuses! Is that what you will tell you STONE friends upstairs!?” Vegeta replied, his tone barbed as he added, “Or did you forget defeating him would return them to normal!?”

Gohan immediately looked away, feeling sheepish. He’d let his friends down, again. How many times would he do that before he’d learn?

“Where do you get off?” Mia growled, stepping up to her dad in her boyfriend’s defense.

“Alright, everyone. I think we need to just take a breath,” Shin tried.

“Shut up!” Vegeta and Mia snapped at the kai in unison, still glaring at each other. Goku and Shin just watched the family with wide eyes as they began to go at each other.

Mia grit her teeth at her father. “Well?” When he didn’t reply, she added, “What gives you the right to be such an insufferable asshole?”

“Mia!” Siyaka reprimanded.

“Sorry,” she replied to her mother. She wasn’t actually though, and Vegeta knew that.

Vegeta smirked. “You sure you want to know? Because you might not like the answer.”

“What? You think the world owes you anything? It doesn’t!”

“You owe me respect!” he snapped at her.

Mia laughed. “I don’t owe you shit!”

Vegeta, almost instinctively reared his fist back, and threw a punch at her, knocking her back into the wall. Siyaka moved like lightning, punching Vegeta back, and sending him into the opposite wall. “Don’t you dare touch my daughter again, you son of a bitch!” she howled as Gohan ran to go check on Mia.

Suddenly, her hand burned, and she gasped as she grabbed it, not even registering Gohan's pleads for her to tell him what was wrong. Yes, he's perfect! Mia heard Babidi chuckle, his voice scratching against her mind. Immediately she understood what he meant, what Dabura had said.

“Dad,” She breathed, pushing past Gohan to Vegeta, who had slumped to the ground. “Dad?” she asked, ignoring the twinging feeling in her cheek and crippling pain in her hand as she moved to touch him. She jerked her hand back as Vegeta let out a blood curdling scream, curling in on himself. He panted against Babidi’s hold as Mia tried to encourage her father. “Fight him. You can do it.”

“What’s happening?” Goku asked while Shin stood next to him, shaking in fear.

“Babidi’s trying to possess him,” Mia replied shortly, turning back to her father as he groaned and writhed on the ground. He turned Super Saiyan, and the electricity surrounded him almost shot her away, but she refused to be moved. She coached, “You can throw him off Dad, just like I did. Just think about everyone who loves you, and hold onto that.”
Babiddi chuckled in her mind. *Oh, Mia,* he thought, almost purring. Mia’s blood ran cold as he acknowledged their connection. *Haven’t you figured out why I picked him? No one loves him.* Mia blanched as he said that, looking down to her father, covered in sweat, but seemingly calm now. Babiddi’s chuckle seemed almost a boisterous laugh now as he added, *He’s got nothing to live for. You and your lot have destroyed every last bead of light in his heart. Now he’s mine.*

Mia backed away, slowly, looking at her father with fear as he looked up, showing the dark curvy Majin “M” emblazoned on his forehead. And for the first time since she saw him, he was smiling.
AN: I know. It’s been almost a year. In my defense, it’s the longest chapter I’ve written at a whopping 30 single-space pages, sans author’s note. I also cover about 5-8 episodes of the Buu arc, because I’m trying to keep everything moving, and I’d be lying if I said it wasn’t daunting. I get how Toriyama was exhausted. And I got a lot of comments asking if I was going to continue this, and just going to say assume the answer is yes. I’ve got way too much shit planned and already written in excerpts to stop now. Lastly, this chapter took longer because I was writing the next Ripples in Time: History of Trunks chapter, which is also finished and will be posted shortly! I’m predicting the next chapters for each stories will come quicker, mostly because I have half of the next chapter for this one already written (be ready for lemons). And RiT:HoT’s next chapter is the final chapter (excluding epilogue), so I’m mostly just tying up loose ends. Final chapters come very easy for me.

Anyway, enjoy! And remember to review, like and favorite!

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Chapter 14

Which to Bury, Us or the Hatchet

As soon as Vegeta pulled himself to stand, the world began spinning. The eerie grin on his face churned Siyaka’s stomach with fear. The smile reminded her of the Prince’s crueler days. The façade he’d wear to show Frieza that he didn’t care about anyone, even his team. But Frieza wasn’t here, and this wasn’t a façade. The world stopped spinning to loud raucous cheers. The sun shone brightly on their faces, and Siyaka had to lift her hand to her eyes to keep her retinas from burning. She looked around, and with wide eyes, saw they were positioned back in the middle of the ring of the World Tournament as the stadium fell silent. Hercule stood off to the side, holding up his new championship belt, but his expression was full of confusion as they stared at the suddenly returned warriors.

Mia’s gaze shifted over to the champion, and rolled her eyes. Of course without them there, he won. But there was a bigger issue at hand. Her gaze shifted back to her father who sneered at both Kakarot and her mother. Shin stood off to the side, almost in between them. Mia was the closest to her father, disappointment in her eyes as she looked at him. Gohan stepped forward, placing a hand on Mia’s shoulder as she pulled him back to her protectively. She didn’t fight him off. Her father was already a lethally strong man, as the strength machine proved earlier in the day. But with the wizard amplifying his power, even Mia could feel it rolling off him.

“It’s time, Kakarot,” Vegeta rasped, lifting a hand. “Shall we commence?”

Goku frowned at the older Saiyan. But before he could do anything, Vegeta fired a strong energy blast at the palm haired Saiyan, with very little space between them. Goku threw his hands up in a block, screaming, “Vegeta, NO!” The prince ignored Goku’s pleads, and forced more energy into
the blast with a loud yell, pushing Kakarot back.

Siyaka dove into action, seizing Vegeta’s extended wrist, canceling out his control of the blast as she pulled his arm behind his back and pinning him to the ground. Goku still struggled with the energy until he couldn’t block it anymore, and the blast slipped by him barreling into the stands behind him. The attack exploded into a mushroom cloud of smoke, throwing the audience into a full-blown panic as people stampeded to the exits. Gohan’s grip tightened on Mia as he threw himself in front of her, protecting her from the debris of the explosion. He shook as he sensed the amount of lives lost to the blast. As Gohan opened his eyes, his gaze found Vegeta’s glare at them as he struggled against Siyaka’s hold. His glare was unsettling, crazed. Mia grabbed Gohan’s hand in fear as they watched the situation unfold. But with every struggle, Siyaka pushed the prince harder into the marble. She’d powered up to Super Saiyan at some point, and held the prince down like a criminal under arrest, her arm still holding his wrist back, her other arm pinning down his shoulders, and her knee holding down his hips. Goku landed, gaping at the large hole left in the North stands.

Vegeta finally swung his free arm back, and with a boost of energy, elbowed her off him, sending her flying back. Siyaka held her side, as she struggled to stand back up. “Mom,” Mia breathed, going to her, but Siyaka waved her off, gesturing for her to stay back.

Vegeta paced around as Goku squared off to him. “Well, Kakarot!?”

Goku frowned at the prince. “This isn’t the time Vegeta.”

Vegeta nodded, expecting the disappointing answer. He lifted another hand, aiming at the East stands this time and fired another large blast. This time there was no build-up, just an explosion, causing more panic. His glare still settled on Goku, who looked back at the Prince confused, his body shaking with rage.

“Vegeta, stop!” Siyaka yelled, pulling herself up, and setting herself into a fighting stance. Another surprise takedown wasn’t going to work.

“SHUT UP WOMAN!” Vegeta snarled, sending a blast of wind at her that knocked her off balance.

“Please! Vegeta, this is exactly what Babiddi wants,” Shin tried, “Us at each other’s throats.”

Vegeta smirked, his glare still focused on Goku as he asked, “Well, Kakarot?”

Something clicked in Goku’s brain as he looked up, his own glare settling on the Prince. “Vegeta, tell me you didn’t.” Vegeta just returned an eerie smile as his answer. Goku’s glare intensified as he yelled at him, “Tell me you didn’t sell yourself just to fight me!”

The silence between the group lingered as they looked between the two rivals, hoping for an answer. Vegeta scowled, “How else would I get your attention? I’ve been set aside by you at every turn.”

“Because there’s something bigger going on right now!” Goku snapped back.

Vegeta’s power skyrocketed, wind picking up around him, sending rocks and dust flying away from him as he yelled, “THIS IS NOTHING! WE’VE DEFEATED EACH OF THEIR WARRIORS, AND BUU WILL BE JUST THE SAME! ALL IT’S DONE IS TAKE UP THE LITTLE TIME YOU HAVE LEFT TO FIGHT ME HERE ON EARTH!”

Goku’s gaze fell to a tired look, but his power skyrocketed to meet Vegeta’s as he transformed super Saiyan. Shin jumped in between the Saiyan men as he tried to reason, “Goku, stop. Any damage Vegeta does gets sent back to the ship, and Buu will be revived.”
Goku wasn’t listening as his gaze settled on Vegeta. “Tell me, Vegeta. Is this Babiddi’s order or is it your old grudge against me?”

Gohan shot a confused look to his father, clutching Mia close to him as he asked, “Does that really matter?”

“Is that really what this is about!?” Shin scoffed, his mind boggled at the mere thought of it. “You threw away your life because of some meaningless grudge!?”

“MEANINGLESS!?” Vegeta snapped, rounding on the kai who stiffened under the prince’s dangerous gaze. “What do you know of meaningless!? Live your life ruled by another, and then tell me what matters more to you than your own strength!” Vegeta instead saw Shin’s judging eyes, and continued. “I watched my race, my kingdom dwindle to a handful without any prayer of saving them. I grew up knowing my destiny was to one day avenge them.” Siyaka’s eyes fell at this. He’d never been told the secret. “Only for my destiny to be destroyed by this clown,” the prince spat the word as he pointed an accusing finger at Goku, who looked taken aback at the accusation, “this low-class nobody who surpassed me. The man my mate used to escape our slaver, leaving me to suffer alone in the dust! An idiot who didn’t even care what our people went through, even despised his own Saiyan heritage. And he is the one to avenge us?! He showed mercy when he should have ended my misery. He … he even saved me as if I were a helpless child!” Vegeta’s gaze fell to the ground in shame as he spat out the last part.

“And his son,” Vegeta growled, pointing to Gohan as Mia clutched the hybrid tighter, stepping slightly in front of him as her glare leveled on her father, “who as a child disgraced me similarly when he defeated Cell, stealing my chance at vengeance for my son. And he has the gall to seduce my daughter and lie to my face about it.”

Vegeta took a breath before continuing, “While I can overlook his son’s sins for now, he has stolen my honor, my destiny, and my purpose. And his debts must be paid.”

Shin and Siyaka looked between them confused as the silence hung between them. Slowly Shin stepped forward, looking at Goku as he got between the Saiyan men, his arms outstretched. “I’m sorry. But I can’t let either of you go through with this.”

Goku finally shifted his gaze to Shin, a serious scowl on his face. “Supreme Kai. Move.” Shin stared back, unmoving. Goku’s power flared as he raised a palm to Shin’s face threateningly and said, “I said, ‘Move.’” Again, Shin didn’t waver except the flash of fear in his eyes. A ball of ki whirred to life in Goku’s palm, glowing against Shin’s purple skin, reflecting in his black eyes. “Don’t make me do this,” Goku warned, his tone holding a scary type of finality.

Shin’s glare shifted from Goku to his ki blast, knowing that it would wipe him out in a second, and then all his efforts would be for nothing. They were going to fight no matter what. Slowly, Shin lowered his hands, looking to the ground dejectedly. Some Supreme Kai he was. If only Beerus was awake, this could have been handled simply. But no, he had to sleep for half a century at a time. Shin stepped aside, and as he did, Goku’s ki ball evaporated. “Alright. You win. I can’t stop you.”

“I’m sorry, Supreme Kai,” Goku breathed, not taking his eyes off Vegeta, who was grinning that nothing stood in their way anymore. Goku turned to the sky and yelled, “Babiddi, take us to a place with no people! If you can do that, then I’ll fight Vegeta.”

Mia could hear Babiddi’s giggles in her mind as he squealed, “Marvelous!” Again the world around them spun, magicking them away from the tournament grounds. They appeared in a deserted canyon with high red plateaus formed from ancient erosion. Dust picked up from wind whipped around them as the spiral ship door opened with a loud groan.
Shin stepped forward again, looking between Vegeta and Goku as he said, “You two have your fight. As long as Gohan, Mia, and Siyaka are with me, we can still probably stop this tragedy from happening.” His tone was hopeful, and he held up a victorious fist. He turned to Gohan and Mia and said, “Follow me.” He jumped down the shaft, floating down gracefully.

Gohan turned to his father, and he sighed, “I’m sorry things got so screwed up on your only day back Dad.”

“Me too, Son,” Goku replied, a tired look in his eyes as he stared at Vegeta.

Gohan nodded, knowing he wouldn’t get more than that as he moved to jump down the hole. “Come on, Mia,” he offered, looking back to her.

She followed, no sentiments to her father. She did pause, turning to her mom and asking, “Come on, Mom.” But something about Siyaka’s determined glare told her Siyaka thought something different.

Siyaka stepped in front of Goku, taking him and Vegeta by surprise as she said, “I got the fourth fighter. That means Vegeta is mine first.” She gave Goku a side glance as she added, “You can fight him after I’m done.”

Vegeta laughed. “You think you can take me?” Siyaka powered up to Super Saiyan, her wordless glare on her ex being her answer. Vegeta suppressed an eyeroll as he growled, “Very well.”

Mia tried to step towards her mother, saying, “Mom, don’t!” Gohan grabbed her wrist, stopping her. She looked back to him, and could see in his eyes that there wasn’t time to convince any of their parents otherwise. Mia set her jaw, stepping back to the door and yelled back, “Mom, you’d better not lose!” Siyaka smirked as she watched Mia hop down the shaft, Gohan following closely behind her.

They joined Shin in the next room where forty of Babiddi’s men stood waiting for them. Shin retreated back as Gohan and Mia fell into fighting poses. Mia and Gohan shared a look with a small smile, and then launched into action, dispatching of this level’s fighters.

*~*~*

Goten and Trunks sped along, the wind trailing past them, creating large wave trails in the water behind them. Goten was the first to start slowing, looking back at where they’d come. Trunks noted his friend looked confused and commented, “Hey, what’s wrong?”

The hung in the air as Goten said ominously, “Did you feel that? A lot of energy just disappeared back at the tournament.” Both boys looked back at the way they came, Trunks now frowning just as his best friend. “What do you suppose happened?”

Trunks chewed on his lip as he thought. No one had explained to him what energy disappearing meant. And he was supposed to be the smart one between them. He could make a guess, but that meant something had gone horribly wrong with their dads and siblings. “It’s probably people just leaving the tournament,” he offered.

Goten nodded along, sighing, “You’re probably right. I was worried something bad happened.”

Trunks did his best to hide his nervous smile. Turning back to where they were flying, and now he was really confused. There were two sets of power levels. One group had moved far south from where they were originally flying while one had stayed. Goten seemed to be sensing the same thing as he asked, “What’d you think is going on?”
“Uuuuuhhhh,” Trunks breathed, his mind drawing a blank. “M-maybe they split up to take on more enemies.”

Goten nodded with him blankly, staring ahead. “So, where do you think we should go?”

Trunks pursed his lips, looking toward both directions as he assessed them. He pointed towards the northern group, guessing, “That way feels more dangerous. So … let’s go there!”

“Ok,” Goten cheered obliviously, powering up to fly. Trunks did the same, and they sped off towards the northern group.

*~*~*

A gust sailed through the canyon, whipping through the saiyans’ hair. Vegeta smirked at his old lover as he stated, “I don’t want to fight you, Sai.”

Siyaka settled down into her fighting stance as she replied, “Pity. Should have thought about that before you sold your soul and killed 60,000 people.”

“Always so dramatic. ‘Sold my soul,’” Vegeta chuckled, his arms still crossed. “As if pretending to be dead for nineteen years was any better.”

“Well, I didn’t kill anybody to do it,” Siyaka snipped back, her feet itching to move. She wanted to take him down and quick. His ringed eyes and angry glare unnerved her.

His smirk devolved to a sneer, setting his jaw as he glared at her. It was one of those “if looks could kill” expressions. He mirrored her stance. “Come on then.”

Siyaka struck first, with a right hook that Vegeta blocked with ease, and immediately followed it with a high kick which landed. She smiled at the connection until she heard him laugh. He threw her back and flew after her, fists flying. Siyaka did her best to block, but Vegeta was much faster than her, and she wasn’t expecting him to be nearly as strong as he was. He was always stronger than she was, but he’d really grown since they last sparred. It had been nineteen years though. Thinking he wouldn’t get stronger just as she had wasn’t logical. But he’d gotten way stronger than she could have expected.

He formed a blast, catching her by surprise. It exploded, sending her flying through three large stone columns. She let out a grunt as her back collided with the last plateau that created a small crater from her impact. She flickered out of Super Saiyan as she looked up, seeing the columns she flew through collapsing from the holes she created. Then she saw Vegeta closing in on her quickly, but she didn’t have enough time to react. He punched her squarely in the diaphragm, causing her to gasp for air. Her eyes flew wide with the shock and pain. He’d never hurt her like this before.

He dug his fist in as he growled, “Do you feel that?” She couldn’t get air to answer him, and he didn’t care for her answer either. “This is what it feels like to see your face knowing what I know now.” He punched her again and again as he yelled at her, “This is what I feel every time I think about everything we had!” He stopped as he heard her lungs rattling for air, her weak battered form slinking from his impacts. She coughed up a little blood as he panted over her. He’d barely noticed his transformation to Super Saiyan two. He set his jaw, and kicked her back down to the ground. She skidded against the dirt and rocks a little bit as she landed.

He touched down lightly, walking over to her slowly as he added, “I was naïve to think you loved me half as much as I thought you did.”

Siyaka struggled to stand, spitting the blood from her teeth as she got to her knees. Her arms shook
beneath her as she got up. He let her get into another fighting stance, his face contorted in a permanent scowl. Her tank top hung off her in tatters, barely clinging around her waist as the cloth rolled away from her chest, one of the straps and bra underneath it burned off from his first blast. She was thankful that the bra stayed in place in spite of being down a strap. She noticed his discomfort at seeing her so close to half-naked, and a small part of her smiled. He was still in there somewhere.

“Careful, Vegeta. What would your *wife* think?” Siyaka joked with a sneer. He hissed and threw another punch, which she blocked, but the force of it still made her skid several feet back. “Or was she who you were aiming for when you blew up the stands?”

“Shut up!” Vegeta growled throwing another punch, which she blocked again, switching back to Super Saiyan quickly for the boost in strength. She threw his hands down and landed a few blows on her own, taking him by surprise.

“Or your son?” Siyaka added, switching between right and left hooks as she spoke. “He was supposed to be with her after the kids’ tournament. Right?”

“SHUT UP!!!” he yelled, throwing her back with a sudden rise in ki. He raised a hand quickly, blasting her.

She diverted it to the right, her arm tingling from its force. She let out a huff as she said, “Funny you question my love when you go off and fuck another woman!”

That did it. He sprang at her, overpowering her with pure rage boosted strength, pounding into her like an unthinking beast. He didn’t even register her or who she was. All he saw was red, and all he wanted was for her to be gone. For this pain to be gone. Why didn’t this mark change any of that? It just turned his pain into rage. Uncontrollable rage.

A sudden kick sent him flying away from her. “I’m stepping in now,” a calm voice said. She felt someone picking her head up and placing a bean in her mouth, which she just swallowed like a pill. It worked like a miracle. Suddenly her vision was back to normal, and she didn’t feel nearly as sore and broken as she did earlier. She could feel the zenkai boost making her stronger again. She looked up to see Goku, but his Super Saiyan form wasn’t his usual one. The bangs were all different. That’s when she realized that both Goku and Vegeta, maybe even Gohan, had reached levels far above the legend.

Goku moved to fight the Prince, and this time Siyaka didn’t get in the way.

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“BULMA! SLOW DOWN!!!” Yamcha called after her as the group struggled to keep her pace. Rito wasn’t sure what the hell was going on, or why Siyaka’s ex just randomly decided to blow up over half the stadium. Clearly, something big was going down. Something Earth-shattering. The logical move for him to make was to stick with the group that at least had an inkling of what was going on.

Out of everyone right now, though, Rito felt worse for the woman named Bulma. It was her husband, after all, who did those atrocious things, seemingly of his own volition. When it happened, Rito was the first to jump forward and catch her when she passed out. He could only imagine how tormented she was by this.

“BULMA!” Yamcha yelled again as she pulled out a pack of capsules, and threw one out which turned into an easy-lift-off plane out of a big plume of smoke. The door opened up and she moved to step into it. “What are you doing?”
“WE are getting on this airplane, and WE are going to gather the goddamn dragonballs to wish away this whole mess,” Bulma snapped, tired of her ex’s whiny voice. “And if you’re not with me, you can find another way home!” Most of the group stared at the blue-haired scientist pitifully. ChiChi huffed angrily behind the group, pushing people aside with her hand grasped tightly on little Marron’s hand as she moved to board the plane, muttering something about how their boys flew off, and that if they were caught in Vegeta’s blasts, she was castrating the prince herself. But clearly, she was with the scientist’s quest.

“W-what are dragonballs?” Rito asked incredibly skeptical.

Yamcha let out a puff of air as he said, “Well, I guess you’ll have to learn on the way. I’m coming,” he called to her, adding, “And I’m flying. You don’t fly well when you’re emotionally compromised like now.” The rest of the group seemed to follow suit, climbing onto the airplane. Again, Rito felt it was logical to stick with them, so he did.

“RITO!!!” someone called out, making him pause on the ramp to look back into the crowd. His eyes fell on a familiar blonde who stood just off from a group of an injured Videl and her classmates, and he frowned. I really don’t need this right now. He moved to turn like he didn’t hear her, and she snapped, “Oh no you don’t!” The rest of the group watched on entertained as the blonde girl ran up to the group, snatching Rito by the shoulder.

“Watch it Libby!” Rito gasped. Mia was right. Libby is crazy strong for a girl who doesn’t train or anything.

“Oh-uh,” Libby growled, her hands on her hips. “Not until I know what the Hell is going on!? Start talking.” 18 landed and stepped on the plane, finding her daughter and setting her down with her, giving Rito a dirty look for standing in the doorway.

Rito frowned, saying, “I don’t know. But there isn’t any time to explain anyway.”

Libby crossed her arms with a scowl as she said, “I’m not going anywhere until you do.”

Yamcha started flipping switches to turn on the plane, and the engine begun to roar to life. “ARE YOU COMING OR NOT!?” Yamcha called back to the detective, clearly wanting to close the door.

Rito chewed his lower lip as he thought over his options, only to realize that there wasn’t time for that either. He grabbed her forearm, growling, “Come on.” She struggled against him annoyedly. He sat her down in front of where he planned to sit with a huff, “Just sit down and be quiet.” She gave him a surprised, worried look, but nodded her understanding.

As the door began to hum close, they heard a small, “Hey! Please wait!” The group turned in their seats to find Videl hobbling onto the plane with her crutches, asking, “Is there room for one more? I’d really like to help!”

ChiChi smiled, and patted the seat next to her, as if to say that it was free. Rito and Libby frowned at this, but no one seemed to find anything wrong with Videl’s presence. Rito wasn’t sure why, but it felt like ChiChi preferred Videl to Mia, judging by some of the things she said, especially when she and Gohan made any sort of PDA. Whatever it was, Rito couldn’t really put his finger on why, but his gut told him it was true.

Yamcha pulled off the ground as Bulma reached down into a compartment and pulled out a handheld radar, which dinged at seven different signals. Most of them pointed Northeast, which was the direction Bulma told Yamcha to fly in, and he followed.
Mia knocked out the last of Bibiddi’s men with a karate chop to the back of the neck. She let out a sigh, and looked back to her boyfriend who didn’t even seem winded by the melee. He caught her eye, and she smiled. “Anyone ever tell you we make a good team?”

Gohan smirked as he replied, “I believe I was the one to tell you that.”

She laughed, gathering her hair back away from her neck, and fanned herself. Another reason she hated not having a hair-tie. “How do you think our parents are doing?” she asked. She looked back to him and noticed Gohan looking at her, a strange glint in his eyes. He blushed and looked away as the floor began to open up. Shin just seemed to glare disapprovingly at the two of them. She wasn’t sure why.

Gohan hopped down first, not making eye contact with anyone. Shin moved to follow, shooting a pointed glare at Mia who frowned back at him. “What’s got your panties in a twist?”

Shin didn’t address her as he jumped down the hole. She rolled her eyes and followed after them. As she landed and took in the sight of the giant pulsing pink ball that had ridges in it similar to a pumpkin, but veins covered the outer shell. “Well, what do you know?” Mia laughed nervously to herself, “Buu is in a pumpkin… Kind of.” Occasionally, jets of vapor shot out of the base the ball was sitting on, and the ball seemed to beat as if it were heart.

“We’ve got it, Dabura. He’s almost at full power! Good find on that Vegeta fellow.” Mia froze as the words hit her ears. That voice. It was Babiddi. Gohan stopped, looking back at Mia nervously. She shook her head, urging him to keep going.

“It was nothing, Master.”

“Finally, my father will be avenged by his own creation!”

“Not if I have anything to say about it!” Shin declared. He looked to Gohan triumphantly as he explained, “We made it in time. We can stop this now!”

Gohan froze as he looked at the ball, his eyes were wide and he shook his head. “No, we can’t.” Mia eyed him strangely as he said, “We’re too late.” Almost as soon as he said it, the ball began flashing bright pink, and the steam picked up heavily.

Mia realized Gohan was using his sensing ability that she still hadn’t gotten quite the hang of yet, and she began to worry knowing that the energy of Vegeta’s damage was being transferred to the ball to resurrect the monster. Sure, Vegeta blowing up two thirds of the stadium was a decent chunk of energy, but there was no way that was enough. Mia’s heart sank as she asked, “Is Mom ok?”

Gohan shot her a frown as he said, “Vegeta took her down quickly, but I’m guessing Dad gave her a senzu bean, since she seems fine now.” Mia let out a sigh. “But Vegeta and Dad must have been fighting at Super Saiyan 2 this whole time. That’s the only way to explain it.”

“Super Saiyan 2?” Mia asked. Gohan nodded, looking back at the ball as Babiddi giggled triumphantly.

“DO YOU UNDERSTAND NOW CLOWN!?!?” Vegeta howled at an immobilized Goku. The palm haired Saiyan was slowly being strangled by the tight ki-rings binding him to the cliff. “How you disgraced me!? HUMILIATED M-ACK!” He gasped as Siyaka jumped in, using his
monologue as a distraction to land a kick. He went sailing from the unexpected blow as Siyaka straightened up, back to Super Saiyan.

“Siyaka,” Goku rasped. “Get out of here.”

Siyaka ignored his order, settling down in her Saiyan fighting stance as she replied, “You stepped in for me. I’m repaying the favor.”

“I can … take care of him … ach,” Goku rasped as the ki-ring tightened.

“Get out of those first,” Siyaka chuckled, seeing Vegeta sailing back at her now, his eyes full of rage. This time, Siyaka was ready. She was always much better at defensive fighting, and her time on the force had really helped with that. He closed in on her, using his momentum to fuel his punch, but she used a redirection technique to throw his momentum back into where she threw him.

He did a quick aerial flip-turn to stop himself, glaring at her. He clenched his fists as he reached back into the never-ending well of power. “You should have stayed down,” he growled.

Her heart began to pound with trepidation under his intense glare. “You should know me better than that,” she replied, her hands twitching with nerves. Neither moved to attack. “You know, the Saiyans aren’t gone.”

He scowled at her. “What are you talking about?”

“Our parents knew what Frieza was planning, and evacuated half the planet while the other half distracted Frieza with a rebellion,” Siyaka stated, knowing he wasn’t going to take this news well, but if losing his race was one of the reasons fueling this rage, maybe she could take that away. “Your mom, your brother, they’re all still alive.”

He started shaking, his eyes full of confusion. “That’s impossible,” he breathed. “Y-You’re lying!”

Siyaka shook her head, seeing that his defenses were lowering. “I’m not. King Vegeta led every elite fighter into battle while Queen Celeria evacuated everyone else onto a stolen Arcosian ship. About 45,000 Saiyans are still alive on New Vegeta, at least last I heard. Raditz offered to take us to them after he convinced his brother to join us.” She could feel Goku looking at her just as confused as Vegeta now. “But Raditz never showed at the meet-up. Now I know why.”

Vegeta scowled at her angrily. “Prove it,” he spat.

She faltered a little as she replied, “All the evidence died with Raditz.”

Vegeta scoffed. “So just another lie?” He settled down into his fighting stance as he growled, “I’m done listening to you. All you seem to say is lies.”

“I haven’t lied once,” Siyaka replied, her fists clenched.

“So, you did die eighteen years ago, and this is all just a bad dream,” he snarked back, half laughing at the ridiculousness of the statement. “Do yourself a favor and shut up. And get out of my way!” With the last bit, he launched at her. She did her best to use his momentum against him, but that wasn’t working again as he seemingly moved with her, getting in a few good hits. She staggered back, holding her ribs where his last hit connected, her eyes never leaving his.

The sound of rocks breaking broke their concentration as Goku launched himself forward, using the two boulder his wrists were pinned to as giant mallets against Vegeta as he smashed them into him. “Don’t count me out just yet!” the palm haired Saiyan said with a tired grin, looking at the dazed
prince. Goku launched at him in spectacular fashion, pushing the fight away from the ground and higher into the clouds. Siyaka did her best to keep up, but they were too fast for her, and she was relegated to watching from the sidelines.

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“So, these balls are magical?” Rito asked, leaning over the seat holding the bag with the six orange balls that they were collecting. Libby peaked at the bag over the back of her own seat, watching as he reached down to hold one up to the light. They shined like a perfectly glass ball, but everyone had been handling them as if they were unbreakable. In the center was a red star the seemed to move with the refraction, always perfectly in the center. He was holding the five-starred ball. The only one they were missing now was the four-starred ball. Yamcha and 18 were sent out to get a few of the balls, since they were the only ones able to fly. It took them maybe thirty minutes each to get them, leaving the last one for Bulma and the group.

“Only if you collect them all together,” Yamcha replied.

Rito frowned at them, confused that something like this existed on Earth. He put the ball back in the duffel bag as Libby huffed, “So, you collect all of them. Then what?”

“The sky will turn black as night, and then a magical dragon named Shenron comes out of the balls, and he grants you a wish,” the old man explained stoically.

Rito frowned at him, unable to discern the old man’s facial expression with his sunglasses on. He looked around the plane confused as no one refuted the man. “You’re shitting me, right?” Rito asked, earning a harsh glare from 18 for using such language in front of her daughter. He raised a hand, uttering a small, “Sorry,” to her.

Libby sat back in her chair, twirling her long blond hair between two fingers as she added, “Yeah. That does seem kind of far-fetched.”

“No,” Gohan’s mother replied, her arms crossed as she looked at them. “It’s true.”

Libby shrugged, still twirling her hair idly as she looked out the window. “If you say so.”

“Man,” Yamcha sighed, “Can you all remember the last time we summoned Shenron?” He was met with awkward silence before he let out a small, ironic chuckle as he added, “That’s right. None of you were there.”

“I don’t think it’s the right time for a trip down memory lane,” Bulma huffed, staring out the windshield distractedly.

Yamcha didn’t seem to read her tone well as he replied, “Anytime is a good time for nostalgia. Like, remember our first wish, Bulma?”

“Yamcha …” Bulma sighed annoyedly.

He continued laughingly, “You were going to wish for a boyfriend. And then that little blue guy stole all the balls and held us hostage in that crazy moon room.”

“Yamcha …” Bulma growled a little more annoyedly.

He was laughing now as he added, “What was the wish, Oolong? What was the wish you made again?”
“Panties,” the pig answered slowly, a blush coming to his cheeks.

“PANTIES!” Yamcha almost shrieked. “Months going across the country collecting these things, and then we wish for panties!”

“YAMCHA! SHUT UP!!” Bulma snapped, her fist crashing against the dashboard of the aircraft. Everyone looked at Bulma nervously as she settled back into her seat tiredly. “Jesus,” she huffed, shaking her head. There was only silence in the aircraft, everyone seemingly waiting on Bulma to blow up again. Rito frowned pitifully, realizing she must be blaming herself a lot for her husband’s actions at the tournament. She let out a calming breath before saying stoically, “The last ball is on that island just ahead. Get her ready to land.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” Yamcha replied nervously as Bulma stood, walking to the rear of the plane.

Rito moved to go talk to her. ChiChi cleared her throat to get his attention, then motioned for him not to do anything. He rolled his eyes at her, and walked to the back of the plane anyway. He didn’t say anything as he stood there, waiting to land just as she was.

After a minute of silence, she quietly asked, “What do you think you’re doing?”

“Not letting you do something stupid, like go off alone to do something clearly dangerous,” Rito answered.

She scoffed. “I’ve been at this way longer than you. I think I can handle myself.”

“Sure,” Rito said back with a smile. “But it’s better to be safe than sorry.”

Bulma braced herself against the back wall as the plane connected with the ground. The back door started humming open as she said, “I’m fine.”

“I don’t think you are,” Rito said, his eyes connecting with hers seriously. She frowned, looking away quickly as she hopped off the plane, following her radar up to the top of the small craigy cliff on the stoney island. Rito followed after her quickly. He followed her in silence all the way to the top, where a couple yards away from the top of the cliff sat a nest with three eggs, and a gleaming orange ball.

Her shoulders sank as she eyed the dragonball, wondering just how she was going to get it. She got to her knees, and started to try and reach across the divide for it, muttering, “Don’t look down. Don’t look down.” The way her dress was cut accentuated her ass nicely, and Rito resisted the urge to comment on it.

“You don’t need punish yourself for your husband’s actions,” Rito stated instead, walking up to stand by her.

“You don’t know what you’re talking about,” she said, strained as she tried to reach for the ball again, this time gripping the edge of the cliff.

“You think you’re the first woman to marry a murderous douchebag?”

“Shut up! He’s not a …” He looked at her skeptically as she sat back on her heels, silently. She sullenly chewed on her lower lip before saying in a small voice, “This is the only way I can fix what he did.”

He nodded, understanding exactly what she was thinking. He put his hands in his pockets as he stated, “I know you think since he’s your husband, you share some blame in what he did. But you
don’t. What he did at the tournament grounds was despicable, and there is no way you could have predicted it.”

Bulma rolled her eyes. “Yeah. All I did was lie to him for months, destroying any and all trust he’d had in the people he thought cared about him. How was I to know he’d revert to his old planet pirating, mass-murdering ways once I did that,” she said sarcastically as she stood. She couldn’t reach the ball where it was, and she would need help, but not this strange man’s help.

Rito blinked at her slightly taken aback before responding, “Well, I didn’t say you handled things perfectly.”

“Look, I don’t need some half-assed psychoanalysis from some random cop who wouldn’t judge his partner as harshly as he’s judged my husband, in spite of them going through and doing the same shit,” Bulma snapped, her sky blue eyes holding a fire burning with a furious anger. “So, I’d thank you if you would kindly just fuck off.”

Rito pursed his lips, staring her down before replying, “Sorry, but I can’t do that if I think that person poses a danger to others or themselves.”

She rolled her eyes, crossing her arms as she chewed on her bottom lip. She let the silence hang between them as they stared each other, willing the other to concede. He mirrored her stance, telling her he was just as stubborn as she was. After a few minutes, she exhaled and looked back to the dragonball, stating, “Well, the least you can do is help me get the ball, so we can wish on the dragon. It’s the last one, and the more time you stand here chiding my decisions, the longer it will take for us to fix what my husband has done.”

Rito frowned, then walked over to the cliff’s edge to visually measure the distance. He was only a few inches taller than the blue-haired scientist, so trying to reach across the gorge for it wouldn’t work. He chewed on his lip nervously as he asked, “You’ve used these things before, right? So, you know they work?”

“Duh,” Bulma replied, not looking at him.

He let out a slow breath as he backed away from the cliff a good distance, shaking his hands free of any nerves. “Ok,” he breathed out, bouncing his knees as he did his best to expel all nerves from his system. “Full name, Fabian Rito. Make sure you wish me back if I miss this jump,” he said before starting to sprint to the ledge.

“Wha-WAIT!” Bulma cried out just as she saw him jump across the gorge. She could only watch in wide-eyed horror as this man, who was not gifted with flight like her friends, jumped across a gorge that meant certain death if he fell to a precariously perched nest where the dragonball lay. He landed nimbly on the nest, holding his arms out to keep his balance. Bulma held her hands over her eyes, just peeking through her fingers as she fell to her knees, her heart racing. “Oh my god.”

He carefully knelt down and grabbed the dragonball before carefully turning, holding the gleaming orange orb with a large grin. “Got it.”

Bulma nodded blankly, trying to calm her breathing and heartrate at almost seeing a man die. Once she calmed down, she glared at him, snapping, “Why are men so stupid!? What on Earth possessed you to jump off a cliff!?!”

“Uh, Blue?” he said, nervously, looking at something behind her. She glared at him, not appreciative of the nickname. His gaze shifted over to her for a second before he said, “Think fast,” throwing the dragonball to her underhand. She caught it easily, but didn’t understand why he’d thrown it to her
until a long pink tongue zipped by her, wrapping around the nest Rito stood on. Bulma let out a blood curdling scream, scooting back away from it and seeing the giant pink flying dinosaur it was attached to. The dinosaur retracted its tongue, pulling the nest out from under Rito, who was sent flying to the craigy waters below.

“RITO!” Bulma screamed.

Videl was the first to act, jumping down from the lower cliff and flying to catch the detective before he’d hit the water at an odd angle. He let out an “OOOFF…” as she collided with him, holding him like a common damsel in distress. “You ok there, officer?” Videl asked, trying to be sincere as she flew him back to the plane. Rito didn’t know how to answer as she landed back on the lower cliff.

“RITO!!” Libby cried out, rushing to meet Videl as she dropped him unceremoniously and hobbled back to ChiChi, who held her crutch. “Oh my God. You scared the shit out of me!” Libby cried into his shirt dramatically. Rito frowned, patting her shoulder awkwardly. Yamcha and 18 jumped to the higher cliff, where Bulma was throwing sand at the pink lizard to fight him off. The ex-bandit and android were much better at scaring the lizard away than Bulma’s pocket sand had been. After a blast from 18 and a couple punches from Yamcha, the dinosaur yelped and flew off, his massive wings creating some large gusts of wind that the team braced themselves against.

18 dropped back down first, picking up her crying toddler as they boarding the plane again. Yamcha dropped down, holding Bulma by the waist as she clutched the last dragonball as if her life depended on it.

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A familiar pit of dread welled in Gohan’s stomach as he watched the large plumes of steam gather overhead and the veiny ball holding the monster flashed. They were fucked. The world was about to go to shit, all thanks to Vegeta fucking up the plan, again. His dad’s day back was completely ruined. And on top of that, Gohan had gotten another whiff of that honeysuckle musk that started to fill his head with visions of him and Mia in the throes of passion. He shook his head trying to clear the distracting thoughts and focus on the problem at hand. Buu was about to be awakened, which would plunge the Earth into danger again.

“Any plans?” Mia asked him.

“No,” Gohan said begrudgingly.

Mia chewed on her lip as she clenched her fists. They had gotten so close only to trip at the finish line. Her gaze fell to the tiny, wrinkled, green bug of a man delightfully giggling over his victory. The sound of his voice grated on her. The same voice that tried to control her in the stadium. The same voice clawed against her brain. She powered up quickly, and fired a blast at the small man. Maybe Buu will wake up, but at least Babiddi will die by my hands!

Dabura was quick to act, jumping in front of his master and blocking the blast, diverting it to the wall behind them. The ship shook, and the steam paused for a moment until things settled. Babiddi looked to the back wall where the blast connected, gaping at the large hole left in its wake. “Y-you blew up my ship! You wretched little -!” Babiddi snapped

“Master, it might be best if we move this outside,” Dabura offered, interrupting his master as he stepped out to square off against the Saiyan teens.

Babiddi was seething, glaring at Mia now and shaking with rage. After letting the silence linger between the two groups, Dabura tried to get Babiddi’s attention again, only for the wizard to shout,
“Paparra-Pa-PAH!”

Immediately they were transported outside, the ball steaming now into the open blue sky. “Kill her,” Babiddi ordered. “Kill her proper!”

Dabura stepped forward, a devilish smirk on his face as he moved towards the princess. “Understood.”

Both Mia and Gohan fell into fighting stances, getting ready to take on the Demon king. “So, what’s your plan?” Gohan asked as the demon walked over to them slowly.

“Kill Babiddi. That was it,” Mia answered, not looking at him.

Gohan looked over to his girlfriend incredulously. “Kill Babiddi? That was it!?"

“Well, if he’s dead he’s not mind controlling anyone, meaning no power is transferring to the ball. So yeah, kill Babiddi!” she snapped back at him. “Shit,” she breathed as Dabura phased in front of them, a blast at the ready. Gohan pulled her back, effectively dodging the blast.

“Clever little vermin,” Dabura chuckled, falling into an easy fighting stance.

Gohan stood in front of Mia protectively as he said, “Your fight is with me, not her.”

“It makes no difference to me,” Dabura chuckled, “both of you will die soon.”

Gohan snarled and charged up to Super Saiyan as Dabura launched into action again. Gohan blocked his first few punches before blowing him back several hundred feet and flying after him. With Dabura distracted, Mia set her eyes on the wrinkled wizard, and began walking over to him, savoring this moment. Babiddi stared at her wide eyed as she towered over him, her fists clenched at her side.

She couldn’t resist herself as she said with vengeful smile, “Hello. My name is Mia Jicama. You threatened my mother. Prepare to die.”

She moved to strike a killing blow, but the wizard pushed out his hands and screamed, “Paparra-papa!” and a spherical force-field enveloped him, and Mia’s strike against it bounced off, leaving her hand throbbing. She hissed at the pain, holding her injured hand tenderly. “DABURA!!! STOP MESSING AROUND AND END THIS GIRL!!!” Babiddi shrieked, still holding up his force-field.

Dabura groaned, grabbing his head as Babiddi seized control over him again, and instinctively shot a large blast down to the girl. Mia could only watch the blast wide eyed as it barreled toward her. She did her best to perform a quick block, but the blast was too fast for her to react. It hit and sent her flying several hundred feet away screaming.

“MIA!!!” Gohan cried out, frozen where he was, and his heart pounded with worry. She landed with a skid along the ground, then remained motionless. He moved to fly down to her, but Dabura intercepted him, kicking him to the side into a neighboring mountain.

“END HER! END HER NOW!!!” Babiddi screeched.

Dabura did as his master bid, raising another blast aimed towards the unconscious princess to make sure she stayed down for good. He and Babiddi were suddenly distracted by an enraged howl and a sharp increase in power where Gohan was. The hybrid exploded the mountain to rubble as he transformed into an ascended super Saiyan. Within the blink of an eye, Gohan had crossed the distance between him and the Demon King, and struck him down with a mighty blow. He followed
the attack with a powerful blast, stunning Dabura.

Gohan turned his gaze to Babiddi. Mia was right. Killing Babiddi was the key to stopping this. He started flying down to the wizard at great speed only to be stopped by a loud cracking sound. Everyone turned to the ball finding the ball starting to crack open. Gohan stared wide-eyed as he breathed, “Dammit, I’m too late.” He touched down, gaping at the ball as the seal opened, letting out pink cloudy plumes. The ball split open and pink clouds evaporated out of it.

A moment of silence hung in the air as Gohan tried to process what he was feeling. When they found the ball, he’d sensed a massive amount of energy coalescing inside it. But the ball split, and it looked as if nothing was inside. But that mass of energy still hung in the air, filling the area with an ominous feel.

The wizard stepped towards the ball, wide-eyed. “Come on. Come out, Majin Buu. Come out.”

Shin let out a loud laugh, sounding full of relief. “You waited too long to enact your plan! Majin Buu must have died being stuck in that ball for so long.” He turned to Gohan and said, “The fates have smiled on us today.”

Babiddi growled at the kai’s outburst, and looked to his Saiyan compatriot, only to frown. He followed Gohan’s forboding glare to the sky where pink clouds were swirling overhead. Babiddi began to smile. He hadn’t lost yet.

“You’re wrong Shin,” Gohan stated, not looking at the chuckling wizard. “Something did come out of that ball.”

“What?” Shin hissed, following Gohan’s gaze back up to the skies. The clouds began to condense, starting to create a vague humanoid shape. Shin let out a small breath. “Oh no.”

“YES!!!” Babiddi shrieked happily, pumping a fist in the air.

“Gohan, we need to get out of here now!” Shin snapped as the full weight of their situation settled on his mind.

“No,” Gohan huffed, prepping to fight this pink cloudy monster. His gaze shifted quickly to his unconscious girlfriend off to the side, just starting to move again. He looked back up to the clouds as he added, “I can’t just leave Mia.”

“Sometimes you must sacrifice for the greater good. The planet is doomed if you don’t get out of here now!” Shin argued. Gohan scowled disgustedly at Shin’s reply. “This is a time for strategy, Gohan. Not blind heroics. We must regroup and wait for a better opportunity.”

“I’m sorry, but I still have to try,” Gohan growled, not looking at the kai any longer. Maybe Mia was right not to trust them.

“Gohan, please. We need you alive!”

“I’m not just going to abandon the people I care about!” Gohan snapped.

There was a bright flash as the clouds gave way. “BUU!!!” the monster called out before dropping to the ground, which shook under his weight. Gohan’s jaw dropped as he took in the monster’s appearance. He was bald except for a short antenna, pink, and rotund. He had a purple cape tied around his neck like a child playing superhero would do to a blanket or towel. He had a black vest, black leggings, and held up by a black belt with the Majin “M” emblazoned on it were puffy white shorts that looked more like a strange diaper on him. His gloves and boots were the same bright
yellow that clashed with his bubblegum pink skin. While he didn’t look terrifying, the amount of power contained within him as a massive never ending well of chaos and destruction.

Dabura landed next to Babiddi, watching the pink thing with confusion. “Is that the real Majin Buu?” He asked, clearly not as sold on the monster’s resurrection as he was previously.

Babiddi chewed on his cheek, feeling slightly disappointed at Buu’s form as well as Dabura’s second-guessing of the wizard. “To be honest, I don’t know. The only one who’s seen him as the bastard kai,” he growled, shifting his gaze toward Shin. Babiddi took in Shin’s wide-eyed horror and added with a chuckle, “He’s terrified, so it must be him.”

Dabura blinked, staring at the pink thing as it stretched. “Are you sure?”

Babiddi growled, “I’m going to ignore you said that.” He floated towards his father’s creation as he ordered, “Hey, Majin Buu. Come to me.”

Gohan settled into a fighting stance as he said, “I want you to get Mia and find some cover.”

Shin looked at the hybrid as if he were crazy. “You want me to what? You don’t plan to fight him, do you?”

Gohan chewed on his lower lip as he eyed the pink monster, before stating, “You may have been right about Buu becoming weaker from being in captivity. He’s strong, but he doesn’t feel like he’s unbeatable.”

The kai stared at him wide-eyed.

Buu started walking toward Gohan and Shin, as if sizing them up. Gohan’s defensive stance tightened. He wasn’t going to make the same mistake he did with Dabura. Starting offensive would be too dangerous a move with an opponent of this caliber. Gohan set his jaw as he realized that the monster was humming to himself, completely at ease. The pink blob turned away, skipping over to Babiddi as he hummed his merry tune.

“Yes, Buu. Come to me,” Babiddi purred, his arms opening wide for his father’s creation. The monster walked like a toddler over to his new master as the king of demons watched on with a frown. As Buu stepped to tower over the tiny wizard, Babiddi said in a soft voice, “My name is Babiddi, son of Bibiddi. I’m your new master. Together, you and I are going to do great things.”

The monster giggled, then hid his face behind his two large mitten hands. Babiddi and Dabura shared a confused look before Buu opened his hands, waving them against his cheeks with his tongue out in a taunting manner. Babiddi watched his father’s creation with confusion as Buu skipped back around in a circle. Babiddi clenched his fists at the taunt. “What nerve,” he growled.

“It’s not clear why, but it is clear his revival has been unsuccessful at best,” Dabura stated, disappointingly. “After hearing tales of this Buu, I had high hopes for this monster. But he nothing more than a simpleton. A waste of our efforts.”

Babiddi shot the demon king a dangerous look, but at the same time, he wasn’t entirely in disagreement with him either. Buu looked up at Dabura, catching the demon’s eyes. “What?” Dabura chuckled. “You have a problem with what I’ve said?”

Buu moved to square off with Dabura’s stance, then victoriously raised his fists in the air and yelled, “BUUUU!!” Babiddi’s eyes went wide, wondering what Buu would do, but Dabura was clearly done with this thing’s games. Buu began hopping around on one leg, one fist in the air as he chanted, “Pow Pow Pow! Ow Ow Ow!!”
Dabura smirked. “A pity. He can’t even comprehend enough to realize he’s outclassed.” Buu continued to stare the demon down, and Dabura settled easily into an offensive stance. “Run along Buu. You’re no match for me.”

Buu grinned, and steam shot out of his arms and skull with a sharp whistle, jarring the demon’s ears. Buu’s eyes settled on Dabura and fully opened for the first time, showing a gleeful madness at the prospect of destroying something. Dabura’s heart filled with dread for a brief second, which was all he had before Buu’s hands shot out to his eyes, blinding the demon with ease. Dabura cried out as Buu began to howl victoriously. Unable to see, Dabura swiped at Buu’s cheering, only to miss. He swiped again, only to feel a swift and strong kick to his back, sending him flying into a cliff.

Gohan watched the short battle wide eyed and mouth agape. Dabura had been difficult, and this monster just took him down with no exertion. “Shit,” he breathed.

“Stop!” Goku yelled, his hand outstretched, “Time Out!”

Vegeta paused, chewing on his lower lip as his rival stared off into the distance. “What is it?” Siyaka called from the side, pulling herself up. She’d jumped in a couple more times, and everytime was soundly beaten to the side until she’d recovered enough to stand again.

“Majin Buu. He’s been released because of our fighting,” Goku stated. He was battered as well. Bruises all over his body, and his lip busted and swollen in several places, as well as one eye starting to swell shut. “That has to be what it is.”

Vegeta scoffed, just as beaten and bloody as Goku. He spat out some blood on the dirt, and said, “So what? If that’s his power he’s a weakling.” He started laughing. “To be honest, I’m not surprised. He’s been trapped in that ball so long, we Saiyans were bound to catch up. He’s no match for us. We’ve gained strength that even our universe’s greatest overseer couldn’t predict. Buu may have been powerful back then, but now he’s nothing to us.”

Goku shook his head. “You’re wrong.”

“Enough of this! You’re just stalling!”

“No, Vegeta. I know you sense the same thing as me,” Goku stated. “You’re just too proud to admit it.”

He scoffed again.

Goku scowled at the Prince. “Don’t you get it!? Don’t tell me you don’t sense that power level that just dropped to almost nothing!” Goku snapped. Siyaka looked at him nervously, hoping it wasn’t Mia. “It felt like Dabura! And if I’m right, and Buu has been released and was able to take down Dabura that quickly, we can’t be messing around, or that means the end of the line for everyone! You, Bulma, Trunks …”

“Mia,” Siyaka added harshly, her teeth grinding together. She wasn’t sure who she was madder at now, Vegeta or herself. She clenched her fists, realizing she’d let Vegeta channel all this energy, all this power to the monster that would end them. “Me?”

“I told you, none of you matter to me anymore,” Vegeta announced, diving at Goku. “I sold myself to Babiddi.”

He was blindsided by Siyaka launching in, screaming, “LIAR!!” She continued to land punch after
“Shut up,” Vegeta growled.

“If we hadn’t lied to you … If we hadn’t broken you and your pride like glass, we wouldn’t be in this mess, right!?!?” Siyaka doubled down.

Vegeta blasted her and she blocked it as best she could, skidding back several yards. She dispelled it, her legs shuttering underneath her as she did her best to stay standing. Her breathing was hard as she stared down her ex. “I’m sorry,” she spat out. “I’m sorry we had to lie to you. I’m sorry we betrayed you like this.” She licked her lips before she added, “But if anything happens to my daughter because you couldn’t get past your wounded pride, I will end you myself.”

Vegeta scoffed. “Don’t you mean our daughter?”

“Until you’re willing to die for her, you don’t get to call her your daughter,” Siyaka snapped back. “You may have taken part in creating her, but you haven’t done shit to make her who she is!”

Vegeta’s deadened glare fell on her as he asked, “And whose fault was that?”

Goku moved to strike, shouting, “I’ve heard enough.” Vegeta caught his fist, and Goku tried another punch, which Vegeta caught with his other hand. Energy coursed through them as they struggled against each other. “I won’t say I understand what you’re going through. But that is no excuse to sell your soul!”

“You’re right. You don’t understand!” Vegeta snapped back. “Because I didn’t do it because of them. I did it because of you! I did it because if I didn’t make myself a threat, you wouldn’t have taken this match seriously. And that’s all that matters.”

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Mia groaned, her body struggling as she started to push herself up. “Oh, did you see the way he bounced!?” Babiddi giggled. “That was fantastic!” His voice scratched against her skull as she shifted the rocks off her. Her movement caught the wizard’s attention as he said, “Oh, look who you get to kill next.”

“MIA!” Gohan yelled, “Get out of there!!”

Mia shook the dizziness away, only to see large yellow boots. She didn’t have time to question it before a large yellow gloved hand picked her up by her neck, tightening around her windpipe as it lifted her off the ground pulling her to face the giant pink monster. Mia gripped at the hand, kicking around wildly, but not hitting anything. “You play with BUU?” Mia could only gag as she struggled against his strangulation.

“LET GO OF HER!!!” Gohan yelled, delivering a strong kick to Buu’s head, sending the monster flying, letting Mia go in the process. Gohan caught her kneeling by her as she grabbed her throat, coughing for air. “Are you ok?”

Mia nodded, still coughing as she gestured towards the pink monster. “Go. … Fight,” she rasped.


Mia nodded, and as Gohan moved to go fight the monster, she grabbed his arm and said, “I’m
coming back for you.” He gave her a small smile, then turned to face Buu as Mia ran to Shin. She didn’t even stop as she snagged the kai by the arm and said, “We gotta’ get out of here!”

Buu righted himself, towering over the hybrid with an eerie grin. “You strong!” the monster giggled, “Buu try now!” The monster was quick, rearing his fist back and throwing the punch across Gohan’s face faster than he could react. The punch sent the hybrid flying back hundreds of feet, twitching from the pain.

“BUU!” Babiddi howled. “GET HER!!!” Buu turned to the wizard, who was gesturing wildly at the escaping Saiyan princess and Kai. “THEY’RE GETTING AWAY!!!!”

Mia’s grasp tightened around the kai’s wrist as she sped up. Shin flailing behind her didn’t help her aerodynamics. “Calm down!” She yelled back to Shin. She looked forward, skidding to a stop as the pink monster appeared in front of her.

The Monster giggled as he said airily like a toddler, “Down down.” He took both hands and struck Mia on top of her head, sending her plummeting to the rocky terrain below, which cracked on her impact, burying her in stoney debris.

Buu turned to Shin, grinning wider. Shin’s expression was a mix of fear and rage as he ordered, “You stop this!” Buu only chuckled, his grin growing wider. Shin put his hands together, summoning his divine energy for a powerful blast which he fired at the monster. It did nothing more than blow the pink djin back a few inches, which he recovered quickly, towering over the Kai. Shin shuddered to breathe before Buu boxed both of his ears, slightly crushing his skull with the force. Unable to move against him, Buu punched him, sending him flying into a cliff face.

Buu touched down, walking up to the downed kai as Shin struggled to stand back up. “I went pow, and you went down,” Buu giggled, almost in a sing song voice. “Now you up, I pow some more!”

Gohan launched at Buu as he stood over the kai, kicking him away from Shin before the monster could react. Mia got up, assessing the situation as she saw Gohan launch again at the monster again. But the twisted grin on Buu’s face made her spring into action just behind him, yelling, “WAIT!”

“You a big pest. You leave!” Buu yelled. He created a huge blast before Gohan could react as Mia almost reached him, catching the hybrid in the energy ball and Mia right behind him, sending them soaring into the stratosphere. Mia heard screaming, barely registering her own mixing with Gohan’s own pained howl.

Shin heaved himself up carefully, using his divine energy through his eyes to explode the ball, sending the young teens into a forest several miles away, their energy signals hidden by Shins’ powers.

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Goku froze, as the new feeling washed over him. Two large power-levels just plummeted to nothing. Gohan and Mia. He was sure of that. He looked to his rival who had also frozen in place, looking in the same direction as the fight against Majin Buu. “Tell me you felt that too,” he said between winded gasps.

Vegeta settled a cold glare on Goku, growling. “I told you, they don’t matter to me anymore!”

“Liar,” Goku huffed, doing his best to keep his feelings in check. Goku’s fists clenched under Vegeta’s heartless gaze. “Your daughter and my son just died because you just can’t learn to let this fight go!”
“What?” Siyaka breathed, her eyes wide, her tone crestfallen.

“I told you none of that matters!” Vegeta snapped.

“Listen to yourself!” Goku snapped back. “Your own daughter is gone because of the monster we let out. Don’t you feel anything!?”

That comment seemed to hit Vegeta as his aggressive expression calmed. A part of him looked a little defeated as he confessed, “I do.”

“She’s dead?” Siyaka asked again, her voice broken as tears threatened to spill.

Goku turned to her, his own eyes matching her own pain. “I’m sorry.”

“No. Nonononono… Sh-she can’t be…” Siyaka’s breathing became ragged as the thought ripped through her mind. Every memory, every smile, every laugh now a bittersweet reminder of what was. Mia’s toddling voice calling her “Mama” for the first time, and the last time they talked. Their dreams, their plans were now ripped from any possible reality in a moment’s notice. Her eyes fell to Vegeta’s guilty face, that fucking curvy “M” mocking her pain. “I’m going to kill you,” Siyaka croaked, tears streaming down her face. She clenched her fists and screamed, “I’M GOING TO KILL YOU!!!!” launching at her ex.

Goku was quick to spring to action, snagging her around her waist and pulling her back as she fought against his hold, trying her best to claw at the prince. “Siyaka calm down,” Goku tried, his tone steady as he said, “We need him.”

“Let me go!” She screamed, still fighting against the younger Saiyan. “I’m going to rip him apart!” Her strangled howls sounded rabid as Goku did his best to hold her back. Her crazed eyes held Vegeta’s own wide-eyed gaze, and he knew her love for him had a limit, the one unforgivable line he’d decided to cross.

“Calm down. We will get her back, I promise you. But we need to face Buu first,” Goku tried again, holding Siyaka tighter.

She seemed to calm in his arms, looking away from Vegeta as she seemed to curl in on herself, collapsing into a fit of tears. Goku watched her carefully as he let her go, unsure of what to feel about his own actions now. In all their years together in captivity, he’d never seen her so broken. “She’s not dead,” Siyaka cried. “She can’t be.”

“We’re going to need those sensu beans. We’ll need to face him at full power,” Vegeta said, looking away and returning his stoney gaze to his rival.

Goku smiled a grimmer version his trademark grin at his rival as he said, “Good idea, Vegeta.” The younger Saiyan turned around, to grab his bean pouch hanging on the back of his belt.

Goku reached in for his sensu beans with a smile as Vegeta reared back. “Vegeta! No!” Siyaka called out. But it was too late. His fist made contact with the back of his rival’s neck, knocking Goku to the ground, the super saiyan energy leaving his body with a pip as Goku gasped. Siyaka jumped to the younger saiyan, trying to rouse him. “Vegeta, how could you!?” she growled, fighting back tears as her former prince reached down, grabbing the sensu bean off the ground and munching down on it. “This… this isn’t you.”

Vegeta laughed. “Of course it’s me. Unencumbered with any feelings for you.” He raised his head with a sigh. “Kakarrot was right. I can’t sense his son’s energy anymore. Or Mia’s.”
Siyaka gulped, blinking back tears as she looked at her former love. “You’re despicable.”

He shrugged nonchalantly at the comment.

That did it. Siyaka sniffled as she felt tears fall down her cheeks. The heartbreak Mia must be going through, that is, if Mia was still alive. Siyaka couldn’t even think of Mia being gone. She was her whole life, the reason she did anything the last eighteen years. If Mia was gone, Siyaka’s existence meant nothing. “If that monster was released because of your petty rivalry, and killed Gohan, I don’t think Mia could ever forgive you.” Vegeta turned to his ex, his heart sinking at her words a little, until she added the kicker, “And if she’s gone too, I don’t think I could forgive you either.”

Vegeta gave her a pained smile as he said, “Maybe that will make things easier in the long run.”

Siyaka jumped up, phasing in front of him. The smack echoed through the empty canyon. “How dare you? HOW DARE YOU!?!?” Vegeta couldn’t look at her. “You’re only daughter was killed because of you, and all you can say is ‘that will make things easier’!?!?” The tears were running freely down her face as she glared at the Saiyan Prince, that stupid “M” on his forehead. “You’re heartless,” she snapped, a growl in her voice as she tried to control her trembling anger. “You’re heartless, and I hate you,” she hissed, her glower reflecting her words. “I HATE YOU, AND I HOPE YOU ROT IN HELL!!!”

Vegeta remained silent as he walked around his ex. Siyaka let him go to the portal, her back rigid, not wanting to look at the man she hated to love as her heart broke. “I’ll tell Mia you love her, when I see her in otherworld,” Vegeta said as he jumped into the portal.

Siyaka spun around, her arm out as she called back, “Vegeta, wait.” But he was gone. Siyaka fell to her knees next to the unconscious saiyan as she collapsed into tears.

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Trunks and Goten landed on a mountain looking down into the valley where the battle was supposed to be taking place. Trunks signaled to Goten to quietly move forward, as they had previously decided to approach the battle as if they were on a secret mission. Goten followed along dutifully as Trunks quietly hummed the theme to mission impossible. Goten wouldn’t get it, but Trunks always thought it was more fun imagining working with the likes of Ethan Hunt on a perilous mission when they played Super Secret Spies. They scooted up to a large rock that they could hide behind while they observed the situation.

Off to the distant side of the valley stood a small insect-like man and a rotund pink thing dressed somewhere between a genie and a baby. On the ground was the purple guy named Shin from the tournament. He didn’t look like he was holding up well. “Where is everybody?” Trunks asked blankly, confused by the absence at least of his father.

“Trunks, what’s that?” Goten asked.

Trunks turned towards the direction the youngest Saiyan was pointing, seeing two figures standing off from the fight. Trunks frowned. Why weren’t they fighting? Before he could think better of it, he hopped down, making sure not to bring too much attention to himself as he checked out the figures down below.

“Trunks wait u--!” Goten called out, but Trunks hissed at him to be quiet. Goten covered his mouth nervously, looking around for imaginary enemies. Goten may think they were still playing a game, but Trunks wasn’t sure anymore, and he definitely didn’t want the bad guys on the other side of the valley to catch onto their presence.
As they landed, they saw that they weren’t just figures, they were statues. One of Krillin and one of Piccolo. The likeness of the statues was incredible. Both Goten and Trunks inspected the statues with curiosity until a loud screamed ripped their attention away towards the bad guys. The pink thing stood with a spear through his belly, eyeing it carefully.

“What have you done!??!!” the bug man screeched at a red man in a blue suit and white cape that looked like a devil. Goten and Trunks instinctively hid behind Piccolo’s statue at the sight. “I hope for your sake you were aiming for the Kai!!!”

“Master Babiddi,” the man replied, walking forward wearily, “don’t be a fool. This Majin Buu creature is clearly too powerful to keep on a leash. If you keep letting him use that power, he’ll eventually use it to end you. For your sake, I believe this thing needs to be ended. Let me serve you.”

“Dabura, Dabura DABURA!! ARE YOU CRAZY!??!!” the bug man shrieked, gradually getting louder until he was jumping with rage, “Are you even listening to yourself!? There is no ‘US’ anymore!! Buu is all I’ve needed to achieve my revenge. My whole life’s ambition! You are nothing! And you tried to kill him!”

“But master,” the devil replied crestfallen.

“I’ve had enough!!!”

The bug man turned to his pink thing, almost crying over the loss of his monster. Buu looked down at the spear in his belly, grasping it carefully before pulling it out of him with a small “shloop.” “Are you alright, Buu?” Babiddi cried. Buu turned to Babiddi, showing the hole rippling to a close.

Dabura looked at the monster with disgust, gasping, “What is this thing?”

Babiddi began to giggle manically.

Buu set his sights on Dabura, his eyes finally opening as he grinned crazily. “Now new plan. Now I eat you!”

“Y-You wouldn’t dare!”

Buu began his advance, and Dabura reacted immediately, flying at the monster with a fist ready. Dabura’s punch connected, but Buu smiled, remaining unaffected as his stomach absorbed the blow. Dabura stared at the monster wide eyed, trying to inch back only to have his arm grabbed by Buu and thrown into the air. The demon screamed as he flew haplessly into the air as Buu pointed his antenna to him and screamed, “BUU TURN YOU INTO A COOKIE!!!!” A beam shot out of the antenna hitting the demon.

Dabura screamed as his form morphed into a Dabura shaped sugar cookie. Buu caught the cookie as it fell to the ground and quickly stuffed his face.

Trunks and Goten watched the scene in wide-eyed horror, shaking at the sheer insanity of it.

“Gah!” someone breathed near them, causing the two hybrids to jump. They turned to see Krillin in place of the Krillin statue, and Piccolo as well. “Huh,” Krillin huffed.

“What happened?” Trunks asked. Both he and Goten were scared seeing Buu turn someone into a cookie and their friends suddenly appearing, but at least Trunks could pull himself together enough to form sentences.

“I dunno,” Krillin replied. “Some red man spit on us, and we turned to stone.”
Goten looked wide-eyed as he asked, “You mean the red man the fat genie just ate?” jabbing his thumb back towards the monsters.

Krillin and Piccolo quickly looked to where Goten was pointing, their eyes going wide as well. “Hide,” Piccolo growled, grabbing Goten’s arm and running towards one of the cliffs nearby. Krillin did the same thing with Trunks tailing close behind. As they ran, something exploded, and they froze, bracing against the blast. The wind slowed as smoke billowed around. Piccolo lowered his arms as he looked towards the monsters, now seeing a familiar figure. And he was speaking.

Piccolo’s jaw dropped, and Krillin’s gaze shifted from the smoky figure to Piccolo curiously. Trunks smiled brightly, saying, “That’s my dad! What’s he saying?”

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Vegeta looked over the valley as he landed, smoke billowing behind him as he looked on at the monster and his master. They were the only ones standing. Looking at the pink monster awakened some rage smoldering in his heart, and he set his jaw.

“YOU IMBICILE!!! YOU BLEW UP MY SHIP!!! NOW I HAVE NO WAY TO GET HOME!!!!” Babidi screamed, jumping up and down like an enraged flea. “How dare you betray me like that! Do you have any idea what you’ve done!!?”

“Overkill, I know. But smashing through the ships portals was the fastest way here,” Vegeta replied snarkily.

“I don’t even get how you did this! You’re supposed to be under my control!” Babidi huffed, clenching his fists. “AND BLOWING UP MY SHIP WAS NOT AN ORDER I GAVE!!!” Vegeta let out a small bark of a laugh as the flea wizard continued. “I’ve never met a more disloyal servant …”

Vegeta’s glare focused on the pink thing. “So this pink blob is Majin Buu, huh?” He said, interrupting the wizard. There were more important things than the flea’s attitude. He grit his teeth, sneering at the monster. “That means you’re the monster who killed Gohan and my daughter.” It felt wrong to say her name aloud, as if he didn’t deserve to anymore. He felt his chest ache just at the thought. He did his best to push it down, focus that pain on the pink monster.

Buu gave him a questioning look, tilting his head as if he’d never heard the word before.

Vegeta clenched his fist tightly, he could almost feel his hand through his gloves. “You’ll pay for that.”

“Monster? What’s that?” Buu asked, still confused.

Babidi frowned at the prince as he answered, “It just means you’re big an ugly.”

The pink thing pouted a little, muttering a small, “Oh.”

Vegeta smirked, “And clearly dumb, too.”

Buu opened his eyes wide, his face contorting in a scary grimace as steam whistled out of the holes in his head. He tightened his fists, and his muscles if they could be called that flexed. The monster pumped his fists in the air as he shouted, “YOU MAKE BUU MAD!!! BUU GONNA’ KILL YOU!!!!!”

“Poor choice,” Babidi replied with a smirk, turning to his monster. “Let him have it Majin Buu. He’s
useless to me now."

Buu threw up his hands as he charged up, and Babidi ran for the sidelines. Vegeta stared at the pink blob, grinding his teeth together. He could sense the monster’s power growing, and he knew deep down this was a fight he wouldn’t walk away from. His victory over Kakarot was bittersweet as he realized he couldn’t even win with the added power boosts from joining the Majin’s, but solely by convincing his rival that their fight was over, letting him drop his guard and hitting him while he wasn’t looking. A cheap shot. It wasn’t the victory he wanted, but it was the one he got. And the price was his daughter and a boy he watched grow into a man trying so desperately to fill his father’s void. The ultimate sacrifice was the true mark of a hero, the true mark of Kakarot. With Cell’s impending self-destruction, Kakarot gave the ultimate sacrifice to save them. And with this monster, Gohan and Mia did the same. And in that moment, Vegeta realized he would too.

His fists clenched, he snarled, “Well, I’m not going to Hell by myself! I’m taking you all along for the ride!!!” He charged himself up, his power surging off him in waves, billowing dust and rocks all around as he yelled. Giant boulders hovered above him before shooting towards the monster, burying buu under them. Buu let out a shout, sending the boulders flying and reducing them to pebbles. It was a good distraction as Vegeta launched at him, kneeling the Majin in the face. He landed with Buu disoriented and launched back into action, landing punch after punch on the monster’s face, pushing him back, not letting Buu get enough sense to block. He kneed Buu in the jaw, then kicked him in the face, and as the monster flailed, he grabbed his wrist tightly, swinging the monster around to further disorient him before spin-kicking him. Buu flew back several yards, landing harshly on the ground.

After a minute, he jumped back up, his body jiggling all his injuries away. Vegeta launched at him again, fist ready. He was going all out. Buu charged at him this time, and the prince pulled his fist up in an uppercut, landing it in the monster’s cheek. Hit after hit landed, knocking Buu for a loop, sending him flying with light squeals before landing hard on the rocky terrain.

Vegeta landed, waiting for the monster to get up again to restart his onslaught. Buu stumbled to a stand only to hear Vegeta yell, and kick the monster hard across the eyes, sending Buu back to the ground with an elbow to the head, a fresh imprint of Vegeta’s elbow and leg across his face. Vegeta punched him again, sending the monster skidding several yards before launching on him, inundating the pink blob with punches so fast Buu couldn’t respond. He finished with one large uppercut to Buu’s jaw, sending the Majin into the clouds. Vegeta phased above him, clenching both fists together for an overhead blow. Buu plummeted back to the earth quickly, welts all over his body from Vegeta. Vegeta phased to him again, doing a flip kick, driving the monster into the ground. Buu landed with a loud crash, dust billowing everywhere, only a large hole left in the ground.

Vegeta stood off to the side, waiting for the monster to rise again. Buu did, popping out all of the welts and revealing himself to be completely unharmed. Vegeta growled, readying his stance for a blast. His energy cackling around him with electricity. His energy shot up, billowing dust out around him. He smirked as he shot it, sending his blast straight through the monster’s large belly. Buu flew back with a cry as the blast ripped through him, his torso now just a gaping hole as he fell to the ground. Vegeta smiled. He’d avenged them.

Buu’s fist clenched, and Vegeta’s heart seized for a moment. Buu stood, now angry. His stomach filled in with a pop as Buu growled, “Buu!” The monster looked around smiling a little at Vegeta’s now calculating gaze as he said, “You only hurt Buu a little bit.”

Vegeta grimaced, muttering to himself, “What is he, immortal?”

Buu began powering up again until he was surrounded by a magenta ball of energy. “Buu don’t like
you. BUU REALLY DON’T LIKE YOU!!!!” Vegeta braced himself, feeling the power radiating off the monster. Almost enough to lose his footing as Buu’s power picked up dramatically. The sky went dark around them from Buu’s energy, and rocks and dust flew around them in big clouds. “Buu really … does not like …” Buu lifted his arms up, releasing his energy as he screamed, “YOOOUUUUU!!!”

Vegeta did his best to block against the blast, but it was too much for him. As the blast faded, all that was left was a smoking crater. Vegeta knelted in the crater, blood dripping from his shoulder, the same one 18 had dislocated seven years ago. It wasn’t often he retained an injury, but that one had remained a small weak spot. Ever since 18, the feeling in that arm had never been quite right. He held it carefully as he stood up, careful not to jostle it if it was broken again. He growled as he watched Buu do a small victory dance and chant above in the sky, none of Vegeta’s attacks showing any lasting damage. “Damn,” he breathed. This was going to be impossible.

Buu landed, a smile on his face as he lifted his hand and started waving. “Buu done playing with you, so you go bye bye!” The monster giggled to himself, before reaching for his stomach, pulling a roll off. Vegeta stomach churned at the sight. Buu began slinging it around, walking towards the prince.

“Quit playing around and fight me!” Vegeta snapped, not happy with Buu’s current antics. Buu smiled before shooting blasts from his mouth towards the prince, which Vegeta dodged with ease. “Come on! I could dodge these in my sleep!”

Majin Buu sent a much larger blast out, which Vegeta could only barely block as it exploded. As his ears rang and his eyes adjusted back to normal, Buu had moved just out of sight, throwing his belly goo around the prince tying him down. Vegeta grunted against his restraints, trying to free himself from its sickening confines as the pink monster charged, knocking him for a loop. Buu kicked him up high, then phased above and kicked him down to the ground. Vegeta landed with a satisfying bounce and groan. Buu almost skipped up to him happily before repeatedly kicking and punching the prince in the face, humming a jaunty tune. This happened for a while, and the prince could feel his consciousness fading.

The next thing he knew someone was unwrapping him, and crying. That didn’t make any sense to the prince. Who would be crying over him now?

“Goten, just hurry up and help me!” the familiar voice of his son, Trunks, urged, dropping the mounds of Buu flesh with a thud.

“He doesn’t look so good. You think he’ll be ok?” Goten asked, assisting his friend.

“OF COURSE HE’LL BE OK! He’s my dad!” Trunks snapped, not appreciating Goten’s candor. “My mom told me that he used to be the prince of all Saiyans. You hear that!? A prince! And no monster is going to kill a prince like my dad!”

Vegeta struggled to open his eyes, grumbling from the pain.

“Dad?” Trunks asked hopefully.

Vegeta’s head was pounding as he slowly picked himself up, dizzy and nauseated.

Trunks grabbed for his shoulder. “Here. Let me help you.”

Vegeta shook his head, a poor move given how dizzy he was. Concussion probably. Wasn’t the first time he’d had one of those. He held back the bile in his throat as he choked out, “I’ve got it,”
pushing himself to stand. As he got upright on his shaky legs, his shoulders slumped, weak from exertion. He would regret this fight. He heard Babidi screaming for Buu, only to look up and see Piccolo flying over the wizard before chopping him in half. Babidi sealing Buu back up was no longer an option, if it really was one to begin with.

Suddenly, the wizard’s hold on him disappated, and he was struck by the horror he’d caused, the full weight of everything. He’d murder several hundreds of people to goad his old rival into a fight. He’d beaten Siyaka almost to death twice. And he’d given their energy to a monster that murdered his daughter.

His son grabbed his arm, asking, “Dad?”

He turned to Trunks, seeing how much his son loved him. He hated himself for it. He didn’t deserve it. He looked out, sensing for the monster, feeling him shifting under the rubble a hundred yards away. “Come here, Trunks,” Vegeta breathed. Trunks did as he was bid, and Vegeta pulled him into a hug. After everything, Trunks still loved him, and in that moment filled with guilt and self-loathing, it was the most important feeling Vegeta needed. He thought back on his son’s life, their relationship, the change in him from becoming a father. “You know, this is the first time I’ve held you,” Vegeta stated, almost as if he just realized it. “Even as a baby.” It took facing absolute death to realize how important it all was. He squeezed his son a little tighter, subconsciously hoping to makeup the fact he would never do that to the child he killed.

Trunks wouldn’t leave him. He knew that. “I just want to tell you,” Vegeta added solemnly, “I’m proud of you, my son.” It was something he’d always needed to hear from his own father, but never did. He wouldn’t leave his own son wondering if he’d ever earned his approval.

Trunks looked up at him with wide-eyed wonder, and Vegeta smiled before knocking his son unconscious with a sharp chop to the base of his skull. Trunks crumpled in on himself, falling to the ground like a stone.

“WHY!!!” Goten cried harshly, looking at his best friend before charging the prince. “Why would you do that!? He trusted you! Fathers aren’t supposed to do that to their kids!”

Vegeta dropped down, giving a sharp jab to Goten’s abdomen, knocking out Kakarot’s youngest.

Piccolo landed looking at the prince carefully. Vegeta’s face held a self-loathing smile as he asked, “What? No harsh words for hitting the children?”

Piccolo frowned. Vegeta should have known him better by now. “I’m not going to talk you out of your decision.” Vegeta smirked at his answer.

“Get them out of here,” Vegeta ordered, looking towards where Buu would resurface if the oaf could figure out what the hell up was. Piccolo did as the prince bid, picking up both boys and holding them like potato sacks under his arms.

Vegeta couldn’t explain it. The pain he felt in his chest. The aching pulled at his throat, making it difficult to breathe. He looked on towards the monster his pride had released, and in that instant he knew this pain was guilt. He had caused this. All of this. The death of his daughter was his fault, all over his hubris to best Kakarot. Siyaka was right to hate him for this. He hated himself too. He blinked, forcing back the tears threatening his eyes. He was a warrior, a prince of warriors. It would not do for him to show his pain, his weakness. There was only one other time he had ever felt grief and guilt like this before. When Cell had killed Trunks on the battlefield. That had been preventable, too, had Vegeta ignored his impulse to see Cell’s perfect form. *My daughter*, he thought. That seemed to happen every time he let his ego get in the way. He’d lose something precious to him.
“You’ll die, you know that,” Piccolo more stated than asked.

Vegeta didn’t dignify it with a response. The Namekian had just stated the obvious. “Tell me. Will I see Kakarot or …” He couldn’t bring himself to say her name. It was like he didn’t deserve to.

Piccolo knew who he was talking about anyway. “Not likely, no. Goku got to keep his body thanks to him devoting his life to others. Mia might be the same, from what I’ve seen. But your afterlife will be much harsher.”

Vegeta sucked on his teeth. “Oh well.” He let out a long breath, turning to meet his fate. “Go on. Get out of here!”

Piccolo nodded, not needing a second dismissal as he held on tightly to the two saiyan children and took off. “Come on! Let’s go!” he called to Krillin, who jumped up and flew off with him, leaving Vegeta and the magical pink blimp known as the monster, Buu.

*I’m sorry, Mia. My pride killed you. Y-you shouldn’t have died.* His heart broke piece by piece as he said his goodbyes. *I know you mother will never forgive me for my hand in your death. B-but maybe right here I can prevent any unnecessary bloodshed. To save everyone else. Bulma, Trunks … your mother. I’ll do this for you… and for them.*

“No! You stay!”

“Yes! I stay! I fight you!” Vegeta howled back at the pink monstrosity that murdered his daughter.

*~*~*~*~*~*

AN: **Ripples in Time: History of Trunks. Will also be updated within the hour.**

As always, remember to leave a review!
Chapter 15

The ground rumbled harshly, causing Mia to snap awake. Her back hurt. Her ankle was rolled. Her ribs were sore. And she’d landed under Gohan. She eased herself out from under him, unsteadily as the ground shook beneath them. She looked to the sky, seeing it darken around an immense explosion several miles away. A burst of wind whipped through the trees, scaring the wildlife in them. A large cloud of dust rushed towards them, and Mia covered Gohan, making sure he wasn’t hit by any rocks or branches.

Someone had just died. Of that Mia was certain. The princess didn’t know any beings that could withstand a blast of that power. She found herself praying everything would be alright, but it felt empty. Buu had been released, and now it was only a matter of time before everything she knew was gone.

She turned to Gohan, seeing him unconscious. His body was broken and bloody. He’d been hit with the brunt of the blast. Her heart pounded as she realized there was a good probability that her boyfriend had died from the blast. She reached over him with two fingers, resting them on his jugular and doing the same with herself. She could still feel a pulse, but it was slower and weaker than her own. She did her best to keep her emotions at bay as she summoned what little remaining ki she had to use her ki infusion technique, putting a healing hand on his head and over his chest, the two largest ki centers where she knew he was hit the hardest. She knew if she could get those ki centers working, his body would start to heal.

She could feel her ki draining fast, but Gohan still wasn’t waking. She pushed herself harder, knowing that if she ended up suffering from Ki exhaustion, she’d still wake up in a few hours and be
good once she ate. But she would never forgive herself if he died, and she didn’t do everything she could to save him.

She felt the last of her ki leave her and her eyes began to close. She could feel her body give out from under her as she tried to fight for consciousness, a battle she knew she’d lose. The last thing she saw was Gohan breathing normally.

Bulma and the group flew through the skies almost completely silently, except for Puar and Oolong trading transformations as a game. Yamucha suddenly frowned looking at the horizon. “What the Hell is that?”

Bulma looked up seeing a wave of light spreading out, heading towards them. The men had gone to save the world again, but something about that energy told her to worry. She put her hand on her chest, immediately thinking of her husband. “Vegeta,” she barely breathed to herself.

“BRACE YOURSELVES!” Yamucha yelled, tightening his grip on the plane’s controls.

The waves of energy hit the plane, almost leveling it. A few people cried out involuntarily. Bulma couldn’t tell which.

“WE’RE GOING DOWN!!!!” Yamucha yelled as the plane’s alarms started going off, taking a nose-dive to the water.

“DON’T YOU DARE CRASH THIS PLANE WITH MY DAUGHTER ON BOARD!!!” 18 yelled as half the group screamed for dear life.

“IT’S NOT ON PURPOSE!!!!” Yamucha yelled back.

Scowling, 18 handed her daughter to ChiChi before opening the back hatch and jumping out. Suddenly the plane leveled and was slowly being guided down to a small island.

“GOOD JOB 18!!!” ChiChi called out of a window as they started to land.

“GOOD JOB MAMA!!!” Marron called out after her, just as cheerful.

Bulma finally calmed her breathing. That was no ordinary explosion. And if she had to guess, her husband was right at the epicenter, fighting whatever big bad had arisen. Judging by how far the blast radiated, she knew was that her Vegeta was in trouble. As the plane was put on solid ground, Bulma realized what she was thinking. Pining after and praying for the man that just blew away thousands of innocent bystanders. The whole reason they were on this dragonball journey again.

A hand reached for her shoulder, and she turned seeing it was Rito’s. She could see in his eyes that he knew what she was thinking about, but rather than looking at her with judging eyes, they were more supportive. In that one interaction, she knew they were going to be ok. They had the dragonballs.

“VEGETA!!!!” Krillin called out, staring after the large explosion. A gale of wind blowing past them with dust and debris. He moved to fly back to the field, before Piccolo stopped him. Krillin frowned. “He … he can’t survive that.”
“He wasn’t planning to,” Piccolo replied darkly, looking back to the massive explosion.

Krillin turned to the Namekian confused. “What? Why?!” The Buddhist’s brow furrowed further as he asked, “Why would you let him do that!?”

“Because for once in his life he’s doing this for someone other than himself,” Piccolo stated. “Taking control of his own fate.”

The blast calmed, the wind whipping around them died, and a peaceful silence returned. Piccolo’s shoulders fell a little as he said, “It’s over.” He moved towards Krillin, gesturing for him to take the kids. “Someone should go see if there’s anything left.” Krillin obliged as Piccolo added, “Take them home. And tell their families what happened.” Piccolo turned to leave.

Krillin frowned further. “Their families? What happened?”

The Namekian stopped, barely looking over his shoulder as he said, “You should know, before Vegeta died, he confessed his mistake led to Majin Buu’s revival. The monster’s first act was to kill Gohan and Mia … which was why…”

“Gohan!?” Krillin balked. “No. That can’t be right. Gohan can’t be dead.”

Piccolo clenched his fist tightly, clearly pained by the news.

Krillin remembered the bond Gohan and Piccolo shared, and he snapped his mouth shut, only muttering, “It’s just hard to believe.”

Piccolo didn’t say anything as he flew back to the battlefield, and Krillin began to fly southeast, starting with Bulma’s home. He sensed for them, finding them flying back towards Capsule Corp from somewhere in the middle of the ocean, nowhere near where the tournament had been taking place. Krillin frowned. What the hell happened?

It wasn’t long before Piccolo came flying back, eyes wide as he rushed to catch up. “Was there anything left?” Krillin asked. The question was crass, but there was no other way to put it. He saw the look Piccolo made, giving the Namekian a strange look as he asked, “Piccolo?”

“Majin Buu is still alive,” Piccolo spoke quickly. “We need to get them to the Lookout. It’ll be safest there.” He grabbed Goten and started flying south. “Quickly! We need to get out of here!”

Shin stumbled between the craigy cliffs towards the distant forest. Gohan and Mia had landed there. That much he knew, but where exactly he wasn’t sure. Buu had beaten him within an inch of his life, and he wasn’t sure if he could even make it there. He’d used a decent amount of his energy to hide Gohan and Mia’s ki. Gohan needed to survive. That much Shin was sure of. Gohan would be able to do the impossible, and that could give him the power to beat Buu. But he had to find him first.

He felt his legs give out beneath him, tripping on a rock. He fell to the ground, too weak to pull himself. Up, breathing out feebly, “Gohan …” before passing out.

Siyaka hadn’t moved from where Vegeta had left her, kneeling on the ground. The ship smoked in front of her where Vegeta had blown it up. She fell to her knees when the shockwaves of a major
blast waved over her and Kakarot, and she knew Vegeta was gone. She regretted what she said. She hated his part in Mia’s death, but her heart ached with his loss again.

She let out a loud screaming cry, punching the rocky ground, cracking it with her fist. She let herself cry, to feel everything. Vegeta’s and Mia’s loss. She was alone. Completely and utterly alone. She may have been loud as she cried, but she wasn’t registering it. Her back racked with her gasps for air as her body shook from the pain. She’d never hurt so much. Her heart had felt like it had stopped beating, and her throat was raw with her cries, her pain choking her. She punched the ground another three times before curling in on herself as she cried into her knees.

She didn’t know how long she’d been crying when she heard Kakarot waking up with a groan. She did her best to calm herself, adopting the same stony exterior her ex did when he was heartbroken. “What happened?” the younger Saiyan groaned, rubbing his head.

“Vegeta knocked you out,” Siyaka replied emptily. She heard him moving around, possibly standing and looking for his pouch of beans. “He took your bean pouch,” she added.

Kakarot sighed disappointedly. “Of course he did.” There was silence between them for a minute before he remarked, “I can’t sense his energy.” Siyaka nodded. He noted her empty reaction, and he asked, “What happened?”

She pursed her lips, feeling her lips tremble. She sniffled before answering, “He went to face Buu alone.”

Kakarot was silent again. She didn’t have to explain it further. Vegeta was dead. He could sense that. He put his hand out for her. While surprised by the action, she took it, standing up. “We can’t stay here,” he stated, his gaze grim. He held her hand tightly, and it felt odd, comforting and warm. And he wasn’t opening any link, which was weird. Most saiyans couldn’t resist, it was why skin to skin contact was so rare between them. He put two fingers to his head, which Siyaka looked at oddly before they seemed to appear at a marble palace that was floating in the sky.

Siyaka was short of breath as she took everything in. The sky was cloudless and starkly blue. She turned, seeing the edge of the floor only a few feet away clouds passing beneath them. “What is this place?” she breathed. After all the events today, she was beyond asking how the fuck they got there.

“This is the Lookout,” he stated, his hands on his hips as he looked over the palace fondly. “It’s where the guardian of Earth lives.”

Siyaka frowned. “The what now?”

Before Goku could answer, Krillin and the Namekian Piccolo came skidding out from inside the palace. “Hey!” Goku called out with a wave. Siyaka crossed her arms. So, they aren’t stone anymore. The short man quickly devolved to tears as they looked at their friend, and Siyaka scowled disappointedly. She never knew a man to be so emotional. “I thought you’d be happy to see me,” the younger Saiyan laughed self-deprecatingly.

“I am happy! Just so happy, I could cry,” Krillin laughed, running towards his old friend, hugging him tightly as Goku grunted with discomfort. “Sorry,” he replied letting go of him.

Siyaka noticed a younger Namekian walking up with a black genie. “Here,” the younger Namekian said, his voice calming. “Why don’t I heal you up?”

“Thanks, Dende,” Goku replied, sitting down as the young Namekian laid healing hands on him.

Piccolo looked to Siyaka, asking, “What happened?”
Krillin turned to listen as well, only then noticing half of her shirt had been blown off, as well as some of her bra hanging in tatters. He averted his gaze, blood rushing to his cheeks.

She chewed the inside of her lip before stating, “Shin informed us the only way to save you two from being statues was to defeat Dabura. So we went into Babiddi’s ship, which was fun for a while. Most of his fighters were chumps anyway,” she added, glazing over each of the fighters. “Dabura ran away from his and Gohan’s fight, which was confusing, until we found out it was because he and Babiddi had made a plan to make Vegeta one of his slaves.” Krillin’s jaw dropped, but Piccolo nodded sagely.

“That explains the mark on his forehead,” the older Namekian stated.

“What!?” Krillin snapped, looking between Piccolo and Siyaka as if they were crazy. He’d only looked at the prince from afar, so didn’t get a good look of the Majin M emblazoned on Vegeta’s forehead.

“Apparently, Vegeta had made several hints on his candidacy on purpose to make Kakarot fight him,” she stated, chewing the inside of her lip. She turned to Goku adding, “Which, if I’m being perfectly honest, makes no sense. Why would he give two shits about you?”

Goku opened his mouth to answer, but she waved him off as she continued, “Anyway, he blew up the tournament grounds to goad Kakarot into a fight, which worked. But the fourth fighter was supposed to be mine, and on top of that I felt somewhat responsible for his state of mind. As soon as we got to the tournament this morning, I knew something was off. He was exhibiting all the behavioral signs we’re told to look for in …” she trailed off, not wanting to say it. Mass murderer. It was something that now seemed so monstrous compared to when she was under Frieza. But that’s exactly what he was. She should have known he would do something like this. She’d known as soon as they were walking into the locker room that he was waiting on one thing. One thing to crush him or bolster him. “He’d disappeared for the last two weeks, no contact to anyone, which is a serious red flag. He’d been despondent, holding grudges, paranoid, volatile …”

“But that’s just Vegeta,” Krillin stated, as if even questioning his behavior had been ludicrous.

Siyaka scowled at his response. “In all the time I knew him, Vegeta didn’t disappear when he got news that upset him. The only time he did was when I broke up with him, and even then, only for a little over a day. Now according to his father-in-law, he disappears quite a lot for long spans of time, depending on the news he’s given.” Krillin frowned as she stepped closer to him, dangerously adding, “And when I broke up with him, he fell into a depression. Raditz told me that. So, tell me. If his reaction to bad news when he’s depressed is to run away, how long had he been in a depression? And none of you, his supposed friends, gave a damn about it?” Siyaka hissed the last part.

“Dende let Goku up, who put a calming hand on Siyaka, which again, she felt weird about, especially with her shoulder bare from being beaten and blown up. His eyes connected with hers as he said, “I know his death must be hurting you.”

She shrugged him off disdainfully, tears about to come to her eyes again. “You have no idea what I’m feeling,” she remarked. “I get one mate in my entire life, and he’s dead! You have no idea what that feels like, because you don’t even know what it’s like to have one!”

Goku looked taken aback by the spite in her tone.

“That’s not fair,” Krillin growled defensively. He looked at Goku sheepishly as he said, “He—he’s
got a wife.”

Siyaka laughed almost manically, “That he doesn’t kiss. Does that sound like a loving couple to you!?” Piccolo mirrored Goku’s confused frown as Krillin pursed his lips. She turned to Kakarot, adding, “What your parents had was rare. They were true mates. It’s what I thought Vegeta and I had … but …” she trailed off, scoffing bitterly as she added, “He went off and helped kill our daughter. So…”

Goku licked his lips, looking to the ground as he stated, “Yeah, well I didn’t know ‘em, did I?”

“I did,” she stated. She let out a small laugh as she added, “Maybe that’s enough.”

Goku frowned at her as she stalked off.

“As fascinating as this is,” Krillin spoke up, scowling at Siyaka’s retreating form. “What do we do about Buu?”

“Well, if Gohan and Vegeta were alive… or even Mia, we could use Fusion,” Goku stated, his lips pursing as he added, “But we don’t have a chance with that, now…”

“What’s Fusion?” Krillin asked.

Goku explained the metamorian technique as best he could, but it seemed pointless to him. No one could use it. As Goku finished his explanation, Popo added, “Why not the little ones? They’re the same height and power. Could they learn this technique?”

Goku looked at the genie as if lightning had struck his head. He jumped up excitedly, grabbing the genie, “Mr. Popo, that’s brilliant!”

“Alright!!” Krillin cheered.

After solidifying a plan with Krillin, Popo, Dende, and Piccolo, Goku followed where Siyaka had stalked off, seeing her still bruised and in pain, but fighting off showing anything. He’d let her steam for a few minutes, but they were going to need her. “You should get yourself healed,” he remarked, crossing his arms as he looked at her. She didn’t say anything. He pursed his lips, knowing she stormed off after a remark about his parents. “I did used to think about them,” he confessed. She turned her ear toward him, so he continued, “When I was younger, before I knew what Saiyans were, I wondered what they were like.” He settled next to her, crossing his arms as he added, “Wondered why they gave me up. Especially when ChiChi had Gohan. I didn’t understand how they could.

“Then I met Raditz, and he was ruthless. And things kind of fell into place,” he finished.

Siyaka turned to him, muttering, “You know nothing.”

“Maybe,” Goku replied, “But I’ll never know.”

She frowned, turning towards him completely. He gave her a weird look as she stepped up to him, putting his hand on his temple and opening a psychic link, just as Trunks had so many years before. She projected a memory to him, and it was as if he was standing right there.

*She was sprinting through city streets, occasionally looking behind her at her new teammate Raditz.*
His hair lopped from side to side as they sprinted along the dusty streets. The buildings were tall and oddly shaped, yet majestic in gleaming white. Tall spires reach to the skies. As Goku turned to look in the living memory, he saw a palace atop a large cliff under a moon too close to ever be full. While the scenery seemed alien to what he grew up with, a part of him felt at home.

He followed Siyaka and his brother as they reached a door in the marketplace. “I win!” Siyaka giggled, her tail wagging playfully. Both she and Raditz looked to be five and six at the time. Raditz pouted as she bounded inside and laughed, “You owe me jerky!”

“Come on! You got a head start!” Raditz complained.

“And I won,” Siyaka laughed.

Raditz scowled. “Cheater.”

“Raditz!” someone reprimanded from behind the counter. Goku looked up to see a moderately short woman with long shaggy black hair and kind, motherly eyes. “You know that’s not how you treat a lady.”

Raditz frowned. “She’s not a lady. She’s an annoying brat.”

The woman bopped him on the head with what looked like a meat tenderizer, and Siyaka giggled as the woman added, “You know as well as I that she’s the prince’s intended! Not to mention you shouldn’t be treating any girl like that!”

Raditz looked to the floor sullenly, scuffing his boot on the ground as he said, “Yes, mother.”

Goku looked at the woman seriously now, taking in all her features. That was his mother. She was pretty and not what he’d expected. When he was younger, after he found out what girls were, and their whole part in reproduction, he’d thought of his parents wondering what they were like. After meeting Raditz and hearing of his heritage, he’d thought they were probably beastly people, gruff. But his mother wasn’t like that.

She huffed as she turned around, her hands on her hips and stalking to the back room as she asked, “Now where did your brother get off to?”

Raditz pursed his lips, looking up, only for his eyes to bug as he saw something. Goku followed his gaze only to see himself at around two, having somehow climbed on top of a shelf trying to open some packaging clearly for customers. Raditz jumped up, quickly plucking his little brother off the shelf saying, “Come on, Kakarot. You don’t want to fall again and go back to the incubator, do ya’?” Kakarot started crying loudly, and their mother did her best to shush him, using moves Goku remembered ChiChi using on Gohan when he’d get fussy, eventually surprising him with a pastry of some sort which he responded favorably to, his hand outstretched and saying loudly, “Gib? Gib?” Raditz handed Siyaka the jerky, and his mother reprimanded again as she handed the pastry to little Goku, “I hope you’re going to pay for those.”

Siyaka had already stuffed one in her mouth, and pointed to Raditz awkwardly. “I bet her jerky if she beat me in a race. And she did.” Their mother still wasn’t moved by the story, only raising an
eyebrow at him dangerously. Raditz huffed, pulling out some money from his armor’s inner chest pocket as he said, “Here.” Then he moved to go sit with Siyaka and chat over their jerky.

After several minutes, in walked a man who looked exactly like Goku, and Goku stared at him with wide eyes. He remembered Raditz saying he looked like their father, but he didn’t realize he was a carbon copy of the man except for the scars on his cheek. He wore black armor with green and white accents, as well as black spandex on his legs and red leg warmers over his boots. He carried a large satchel, which he dropped by one of the booths. He wore a red scarf around his head, which he untied as he sat down in the booth he picked, rubbing his temple.

“You’re home!” Goku’s mother called, setting young Kakarot on the ground, only to pause, looking at her mate. “What’s wrong? Was it a difficult mission?”

He shook his head, walking up to his mate and pulling her into a hug and kiss. Raditz and Siyaka had been looking, but Raditz quickly looked away blushing. Kakarot giggled. Their parents pulled away from their kiss, and his father sighed, “I needed that.”

Their mother frowned, running her fingers through his hair as she said, “You’ve had these visions for over a year now. You need to tell someone.”

“What?” their father scoffed, dropping his hands and pulling away from her. “You think I can charge King Vegeta’s palace and tell them, ‘Hey! Frieza’s going to destroy our planet. I don’t know when, but he will.’”

Their mother frowned. “No, but you need to tell someone.”

“I don’t want to talk about it,” he sighed. “I just want to spend what time I have with you.”

Their mother smiled coyly as she stated, “You’ve been gone for over a month. Don’t think I haven’t made plans.” Their father’s expression matched hers, and she looked to Raditz. “Rad, can you take your little brother over to Grandpa Onio?” Raditz sprung up, snatching Kakarot off the ground and almost running out of the butcher’s shop. Siyaka followed quickly, only stopping to watch as their mother turned the sign to closed. As soon as she did, their parents came back together, kissing and caressing each other before their father picked their mother up, taking her to some stairs in the back.

The memory ended, and Siyaka pulled her hand away, her questioning gaze on Goku’s. He blinked, trying to process the memory she’d projected into his brain. His parents were nothing like he expected, and he suddenly regretted not remembering them. “They loved each other, huh?” he asked. After finding out how brutish Saiyans were, he thought maybe their relationship wasn’t far off from his and ChiChi’s. No frills, just food and sex only when she wanted kids. Originally he thought that was love, but after seeing his parents together, seeing Mia and Gohan together earlier, hearing 18’s comments referencing hers and Krillin’s relationship, he realized he had no clue what love meant.

“Yes,” Siyaka breathed. “They loved each other very much. And you.”

He frowned. “They sent me off to destroy a world.”

Siyaka was taken aback. “Is that what Raditz told you? While he was being listened to by Vegeta and Frieza on the other end? Did you stop to think he was lying?”

Goku set his jaw, knowing the answer was “No.” He didn’t say it though. How could he tell her that her best friend had threatened to kill his son, her friend’s own nephew?

“They sent you off to grow up. Raditz told me they picked Earth for you because Bardock saw you
growing here, becoming who you are. They stole a pod to make sure you got off planet when Frieza called all the Saiyans to Vegeta. They went to jail for that. Couldn’t escape because of that, and died when the planet blew. They literally died for you.” Siyaka added the last bit, having gone through his memories as she asked, “And you hated them.”

Goku frowned, feeling guilty with this new knowledge.

He opened his mouth to defend himself, but as he did, the sky went black. “What’s going on?”

“Shit,” he breathed, running out to the rest of the group. Siyaka joined him.

Krillin called to them asking, “What’s going on!? This has to be Shenron, right?”

Siyaka frowned at the group, unsure of what they were talking about. Who was Shenron?

“Yeah,” Piccolo answered, “but why now?”

“Bulma’s the only one who could have gotten them this quickly,” Krillin added, still looking confused. “But why would she?”

Goku’s face fell as he answered, “Vegeta killed a lot of people today at the tournament. She’s probably trying to wish them back.”

Piccolo scowled, “They don’t know what’s happened, or about the plan.”

“If they use all three wishes, it’ll be a year before any more wishes can be made,” Dende stressed.

“I know!” Goku huffed, putting his fingers to his head. “I’ll try and get there before any wishes are made.” With that, Goku disappeared, leaving Siyaka frowning, confused by everything.

“What the fuck is happening?”

It had taken Yamucha an hour to fix the plane, then another two hours to fly back to Capsule Corp. As soon as they landed, Bulma had snatched the bag of balls up, and waltzed them out into the yard. A blonde woman and elderly man walked outside blissfully. “Hey Bulma, what’s going on? You’ve got another wish?” the old man asked, noting her dumping the dragonballs into the yard.

“Not now, Dad,” she huffed, making sure the orange balls didn’t roll too far off.

They flashed with an odd hue, and Rito had started to believe that maybe they were magical. The majority of the group said they worked, whereas only the three newcomers hadn’t seen the dragon before. Four if Marron was to be included. ChiChi excitedly told Videl to, “Keep your eyes on the balls.” Bulma held her hands out as if warming them over a fire as she called out, “Shenron! I summon you to grant my wish!”

The balls flashed brightly before a string of light shot out, snaking its way through the skies, which had turned pitch black. The light began to take form, turning into a vibrant green oriental dragon with large brown antlers, whiskers and mane. His eyes were bright red and his teeth sharp. Rito had to admit it was like staring down a T-Rex. He chanced a glance to gauge Libby’s reaction, and her jaw was almost to the floor.

“I am the eternal dragon.” Shenron’s voice was deep and gruff, yet incredibly formal. “Speak your wish so that I may grant it.”
Bulma chewed the inside of her lip as she said, “Crap, I don’t know how to word this.”

“How about, ‘Bring everyone back who died today, except for the really bad ones,’” Yamucha tried, giving Bulma a smile. She smiled back gratefully.

The dragon’s eyes flashed brightly with a loud hum before settling back to their unsettling red. “Your wish has been granted!”

“Oh NO!!!!” Someone yelled off to the side, earning everyone’s attention. Rito recognized him from the tournament. Orange clad, spikey palm-frond hair.

“Goku?” Bulma breathed.

ChiChi glowered, stomping over towards her husband. Rito had gotten the feeling she was pissed about her husband’s involvement in the days events, as well as having no clue where their kids were. He understood her anger about that, but the man saw his wife and put his hands up in surrender. “Hold on one minute,” he tried, putting a finger to his temple as he said, “Dende, they used the first wish. What do I do?” There was silence for a moment before he gave a nod and turned to Shenron, walking around his wife with a smile. “That’s ok Shenron! No more wishes today! Thank you!”

“Very well,” Shenron growled. The dragon let out a roar as he turned back into light, the balls shining brightly as they shot up in one group before shooting off into different directions. They sky returned to its normal bluish hue, and that was it.

The entire group scowled at him, and only Bulma voiced everyone’s thought. “GOKU! WHAT THE HELL!?!?”

“I’m sorry you guys,” he started quickly. “Something big has come up.”

“No shit!” ChiChi snapped this time, her hands on her hips. “Where are our sons!?” Rito didn’t feel adding Siyaka and Mia to the list, although they were why he tagged along.

Goku rose his hands again in surrender, having two angry mothers on him right now as he said, “I can catch you up if you return with me to the Lookout. Majin Buu is serious, and we all want you in a safe location, ok?” He looked at them pleadingly while they both still looked pissed. Bulma let out a huff, turning her back to him while ChiChi grabbed his hand. ChiChi’s father grabbed a hold of her, and slowly the whole group had grabbed on with Rito, Videl, and Libby looking on confused. Libby was the first to give a shrug and grab onto Yamucha as Bulma argued with her parents on if they were coming or not. Rito moved to grab Libby’s hand. Bulma turned from her parents with a huff, only to find Rito’s expectant hand. She froze a little, staring at it before grabbing it with a frown.

“Videl!” ChiChi admonished as the champion’s daughter stared dazedly at the group.

Snapped from her reverie, Videl jumped up and muttered, “Coming!” grabbing Bulma’s hand. In that instant, they were seemingly transported from the Capsule Corp. lawn to a floating palace. Rito didn’t dare step anywhere close to an edge. He wasn’t afraid of heights, but there was always a limit to that. The sky was blue all around, and the palace was built out of pristine white marble and gold. As he looked around, he saw the green man and the short man that were a part of their group from earlier that morning. He also saw Siyaka sitting in the back, being healed by another green man, clearly younger than the other. Her clothes hung off her in tatters, her white tank top from the morning singed as if she’d been in an explosion. The bruises and scrapes on her face disappeared as the green man’s glowing hands roved over her.
Rito walked to her first, extricating himself from the group as he moved. She looked defeated, more so than he’d ever seen her. He knew something was wrong.

Before he could say anything to her, her healing was done and she stood, turning to the young green man and asked, “Where is Orange Star City from here?” The alien who just healed her pointed and she sprinted in that direction, leaping into the air and flying off.

“JICAMA!” he called after her, running towards the side, skidding to a halt.

“Leave her,” the taller green man called after him. “Let her process what’s happened on her own.”

Rito frowned, crossing his arms now. “Well, what did happen? Who is Majin Buu?”

Krillin, who was now holding his daughter tightly turned to Goku who looked at them forlornly. “Yeah, and where are the boys?” ChiChi asked, calmer now to see more familiar faces, but couldn’t see Gohan and Goten. As Rito listened to ChiChi and Bulma ask about their families, and looked at the face Goku was making, a sickening feeling of dread pitted in his stomach. “Well?”

“Go on, Goku,” Krillin urged softly next to him, as Piccolo looked to the ground regretfully.

Goku pursed his lips, looking at his wife carefully before shifting his gaze down as he said, “What I have to tell you isn’t easy for me to say right now, but…” He trailed off. His voice was shaky as he spoke, which wasn’t usually like him. He swallowed the lump in his throat as he continued, “Goten and Trunks are fine. But Gohan, Mia, and Vegeta are dead.” He licked his lips nervously before adding, “All killed by Majin Buu.”

ChiChi’s eyes flew wide from shock before they rolled to the back of her head, fainting. “NO! ChiChi!” her father called out, reaching for her. Goku ran to his wife, trying to rouse her.

Bulma collapsed into a puddle of tears, gasping hard as her fists clenched, clearly unable to breath. Yamucha grasped Bulma by her shoulders, whispering something to her. Rito understood. He clenched his fist, looking back to where Siyaka and flown off, realizing how much she was hurting. His heart ached for her, missing Mia already. How could she be gone?

Libby spoke first. “You … You’re lying!” she cried. Rito looked to her, surprised. Tears fell from her eyes freely, but she was shaking, her fists clenched tightly. “SHE’S NOT DEAD! STOP LYING!”

“We can’t sense their energy,” Krillin stated, confused at this blond girl’s reaction.

“THEN SENSE HARDER!!” Libby snapped, her voice shaky as she yelled. “WE JUST WISHED EVERYONE GOOD BACK TO LIFE. IF SHE DOESN’T COUNT, THEN THOSE DRAGONBALLS ARE WORTHLESS!” She stomped off, everyone looking after her confused as she went to go cry alone.

Kabito snapped awake, confounded as to what happened. He was dead. He was at Yemma’s gates when suddenly he was brought here. He stood, nothing but dust and rubble around him as he looked. Where am I? He remembered being blasted in the face by Dabura, but he wasn’t where that happened, unless the terrain had changed that drastically. All that he saw was a crater. Maybe that was it. He was still where he died, but the group his master had traveled with had a mighty battle with their foes, leaving nothing but a dusty crater.
He looked around, resolving he needed to find his master.

Mia and Gohan sparred off, each Super Saiyan. Seeing his hair blond, his eyes blue, and his skin a slightly darker shade than usual. It was … hot. She threw a punch at him which he caught in one hand, a smirk on his face. She tried to pull away to hit him with another, but his grip tightened as he pulled her in closer. She felt his other arm snake around her waist, pulling their torsos together. “Gohan, what are you…” she stopped as she felt the hand previously holding her own slide up her arm and rest around her shoulder, his fingers running through her hair. She breathed nervously, licking her lips as she focused on his. That smirk, his eyes smoldering her. His hand reached up to the base of her head and pushed her face to his. The kiss was intense, and she felt like she couldn’t breathe. She melted in his grasp, her fingers finding their way into his silky hair.

Suddenly, she felt her back against something, she wasn’t sure what, and Gohan in front of her, pinning her to the wall, his eager eyes taking in everything of her. His knees spread her legs apart, which she lifted up to wrap around his waist. She only just became aware of how her womanhood was throbbing, begging for him to discover its wonders. She could feel him too, hard and ready. Her breathing became labored as she rasped out, “Gohan, please.” She felt his hand running up her thigh, cupping her supple cheek and giving it a squeeze.

Almost like they had been naked the whole time, she felt Gohan thrust his hips against hers, filling her completely as he gasped, “Mia.”

Mia couldn’t speak around the feeling, her womanhood twitching around his length. It felt good, but at the same time like it didn’t quite fit. She began to adjust and gasped in ecstasy. He let out a grunt and moved inside her as a response, and she let out a groan. “Oh, G-Gohan.” She began to move around him, her hips pumping and twisting against his.

“He buried his face in the nape of her neck, his teeth grazing her skin, causing her to moan. She could feel the friction between them taking over their bodies. Her vagina throbbbed around him as she felt it. The coil was about to spring, and she couldn’t breathe. “Ah! Gohaaan!” she screamed with her orgasm surging through her.

“God, Mia!” he howled. His vision began to dim, but she still heard him. “Mia. Mia!? Are you alright?”

She groaned, still grinding almost mechanically as she growled out one last groan.

“Mia, you’re burning up,” Gohan seemed to say, his voice full of worry. She could feel his cool hand on her forehead, feeling her temperature. “Mia, wake up!” Mia realized her eyes were screwed shut, and she opened them, seeing Gohan still in his ripped black spandex, his face and body full of little scrapes and bruises, his lip busted and cheek bruised, but his eyes full of concern as he looked over her. Her breathing was labored, but slowly reality started settling in … and she was mortified.

“Oh no,” Mia breathed, the grass rustling underneath her as she sat up, running her fingers through her hair. Her eyes went wide as shock set in. She left the pills at home, not thinking she’d need them, since she was only going to be gone a few hours out of the day. “This is bad.”
He let out a sigh. “It’s ok, Mia. You were having a nightmare,” he assumed. Gohan still had his hand on Mia’s forehead, checking her temperature as her mother would. “But we really need to bring this fever down.”

“Fever?” Then she felt it. The burning sensation all over her body that had her skin clammy and shaky. She barely took a whiff and realized she reeked of pheromones and sex. She knew he was smelling it too, and was doing his best to control its effect on him. While his face looked concerned, his spandex couldn’t hide his half-mast, which she caught herself staring at a little too long. And she was very wet as if she had indeed just came as she had dreamed. Both of them were going to have some difficulty controlling themselves. “Shit,” she hissed.

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

Mia let out a small laugh, awkwardly trying to maneuver herself away from him. “Uh, where to begin? How about I went into heat yesterday, and because I didn’t think we were going off to save the world, I left my pills at home.”

Gohan frowned at her, but subconsciously moved closer. “In heat?”

“Please stay where you are,” Mia said, raising a hand. She did not need their relationship taking larger steps than necessary because her body was all Let’s make a baby! At the same time, she knew her mind would give into her body immediately if things persisted.

Gohan closed the distance between them, and she could tell that his mind was starting to give way to her scent. “You mean ‘sexually’ in heat?” She nodded nervously, and he seemed a little relieved. “I thought it was just me,” he muttered to himself in relief. She realized she was stuck, and she had no control over anything in the current situation. Mia didn’t like that. But at the same time, what was the worst that could happen. He was a hybrid virgin. “So, that wasn’t a nightmare?” Gohan more deduced than asked.

Mia looked over at her boyfriend. He had that playfully amused smirk on his face. The one that drove her a little crazy inside. The same smirk from her dream. A shiver went down her back, not from cold, but her arousal. She blushed before she licked her dry lips nervously and admitted, “No.”

Gohan let out a laugh, as he seemed to get even closer. “I must have been good,” he joked.

She shot him a strange questioning look. “How do you know it was you?”

He gave her that playful smirk again before saying, “I think you screaming out my name is a good indicator.”

She felt her blood draining from her face. No. I didn’t. Please, God, no. She buried her hands in her hair cursing herself.

“It’s ok,” he breathed, pulling her hands away from her face. She felt his hand catch her jawline and pull her face to look at his. His eyes roamed over her face, focusing on her eyes as if seeing her, her soul for the first time. Her breath hitched as she saw love in his gaze for the first time. Not just wanting or needing, but a sort of wonder. It was far too soon to admit it, but she knew in her heart that she loved him too. She could feel his breath on her skin as he said, “I want it too.”

Mia’s eyes went wide. This is happening. They were going to lose their virginity like Samwell Tarly: broken, beaten, and barely escaped death, but somehow still ready to fuck.

He leaned down and pulled her face to meet his in a kiss, slow at first, careful to not hurt her more, just as she was with him. He licked her lips for entrance, and she complied, feeling his tongue press...
against hers, fighting for ground. She nibbled gently on his lower lip as he adjusted his position before attacking her tongue again with a fierceness she recognized, that she’d dreamed about. There was that passion, that need she felt in both herself and him. It was enough contact to see his own visions of her dancing around in his head, taking her until she screamed for him. Her own dream mixed with his visions, and he smiled, grinding into her, needing the friction between them. She let out a moan at the sensation. Her body was on fire, and every fiber in her body, every atom yearned for his touch on her bare skin. She hadn’t notice that she was pulling him down to her, as she lie back on the ground and him over her. One of his hands was at her waist, kneading her through her clothes. His other hand was tangled in her hair splayed around the ground, his forearm holding him up. She felt Gohan between her legs moving, still completely clothed, little the spandex did. She lifted her legs to wrap around his hips and pull his hips to hers. She let out a small groan. “Mmmmm, Gohan.”

He stopped, pulling his mouth away from hers and pressing his forehead to hers. He looked deep into her eyes. She gave him a curious and begging pout, while he sighed, closing his eyes. “Not yet,” he whispered. “Not without protection.”

She shook her head as she said breathily, “We don’t need it,” trying to pull him back down into a kiss.

He pulled away from her kiss, even though his hips still ground into hers, needing to feel inside her. But his brain was starting to win the battle over his body as he said, “I don’t want to get you pregnant.”

“You can’t. You’re a hybrid. So, just…”

He stopped moving, looking at her strangely. “What?”

Her body screamed for him inside her, and now he was backing away. Her in-heat brain seemed to flip from horny to angry that he wasn’t in her yet as she huffed, “Hybrids can’t have fucking kids! So, if that’s you’re only hold up, then you’re good to just put it in me!” He just looked at her confused, and she puffed, pulling him back into a kiss, this one angry and desperate. He seemed to fall back into rhythm with the kiss, but his mind was whirring with the realization that he couldn’t have kids. He’d always just assumed one day when he was ready, but no, that wasn’t going to happen.

“What’s going on here!?” someone growled, and Gohan sprung off her immediately.

“God fucking dammit,” she hissed under her breath as she opened her eyes to see Shin and his attendant Kabito glaring at them. Her eyes went wide as she stared at the godly beings, feeling slightly mortified they walked in on them. Only people worse would be their parents.

Videl walked around behind the palace, following the path Libby had taken earlier. Most everyone had moved inside, but Rito and Videl weren’t sure who should follow Libby after her snap. Videl offered, realizing she finally understood something about Sharpner’s twin she didn’t know before. Her boots tapped along the marble as she walked, finding the blond young woman sobbing into her knees in the shadow of the palace. Her hair shielded her face like a curtain as Videl walked up to her.

“Do you want to talk about her?” Videl asked, moving to sit next to her.

“What’s there to talk about?” Libby hiccupped. Her breathing staggered as she added, “She’s dead.”
“Yes,” Videl stated, she chewed on her cheek before adding, “But you were also in love with her.” Libby took a sharp breath at the accusation, lifting her head but looking out, refusing to look at Videl. “I get it.”

“No, you don’t,” Libby growled.

“Sharpner told me,” Videl stated, frowning. Libby let out a harsh laugh. “He didn’t mean to. He was drunk. But he told me you were into some girl, which I didn’t believe because you flirted with a lot of guys at school. But now I think I do. It was for the façade, right?”

“I’m going to kill him,” Libby stated, her mouth trembling. “He had no right to tell you any of that.”

“But it’s true, isn’t it?” Libby scowled at Videl as she continued. “That’s why you reacted so hurt when they told us. I know, because I wanted to say the same thing for Gohan. I love him, even though...” she trailed off, setting her jaw, leaving the “he doesn’t love me back,” hang in the air. Libby understood that. She was feeling the same way about Mia. “That’s how I know you love her.”

Libby nodded shakily, sniffling a little. “Yes. I love her,” she admitted, slowly she added through a choked voice, “Even though she’s straight. And I knew she’d never feel the same ... I love her.” Videl put her arm around Libby, pulling her into a hug, and Libby dissolved into harsher sobs. It took her a while to start to calm, and she whispered, “She can’t know. No one can know...”

“I won’t tell anyone,” Videl whispered back.

There was sudden flurry, and people running. Videl stood, Libby behind her, doing her best to dry her eyes. The stepped around the building seeing the group running out to Siyaka, who had changed into a strange uniform and held a bag next to her. She wore a purple spandex body suit with white boots up to her calf, white gloves up to her elbows, and white and gold armor that had one shoulder pauldron over her left arm. Her tail waved freely in the wind before she wrapped the furry appendage around her waist. The look she gave the group made it clear, she wasn’t one to be messed with.

Gohan and Mia sat quietly on the green grass of the Kai planet as Kabito healed them both, an order from Shin. Mia was too embarrassed from earlier to look anywhere but the ground. After they had found them almost en flagrante, Shin explained that they were going to travel to the Kai’s planet for training, mostly for Gohan. When Kabito argued that Mia didn’t need to be a part of it, Shin told him Mia had been hidden just as Gohan was, and if Mia was found to be alive, Babiddi would realizing the kai’s were alive and up to something. Kabito had argued that Mia was just going to be a carnal distraction for Gohan, and the World of the Kais shouldn’t be tainted with such behavior, but Shin silenced him with a look. So, Kabito transported them, a firm frown on his face as he looked at the couple.

Completely healed, they stood. “Now what is this plan you have for these mortals?” Kabito asked annoyedly.

Shin smiled peacefully as he said, “With me.” He lifted into the skies with ease, flying westward. Gohan and Mia quickly pursued him, and Kabito right behind.

Kabito caught up quicker, scowling at Shin. “You don’t mean to test their might?”

“I’ve seen his might,” Shin replied. “It’s not a test if you know the answer.”
The pink kai scowled further. “No Kai has ever lifted the sword. Even you.”

“Yes,” Shin stated with a knowing smile. “He is stronger than me, I must admit.”

“That’s absurd! A mortal!?” Kabito huffed. “You need more than might to wield the sword anyway.”

“You were dead, so you couldn’t see it. But I did,” Shin smiled. “Trust me when I say Gohan wielding it is the best chance we have to beat Buu.”

“Excuse me!” Mia called up to them. “You aren’t taking us to Excalibur, are you!?” Shin, Kabito and Gohan all gave her a strange look, each confused. She frowned back at them, “Come on! The sword in the stone!?” She scowled at Gohan more as she said, “You should at least know that one!”

Kabito frowned at the Saiyan princess. “How dare you call the Z sword such a name! And those tattered rags you’re wearing are an insult to this sacred place. This is a higher realm that even lower kais cannot access!” Mia frowned at the pink Kai. It wasn’t like she picked her outfit planning on being there today. Kabito pointed two fingers at them, and both her and Gohan’s clothes sparkled than changed.

Shin looked to them both and laughed, “You look good dressed as kais. I see you’ve pulled inspiration from Chronoa’s style.” The last bit was aimed towards Kabito, who looked sternly ahead.

Mia looked over to her boyfriend, seeing his clothes turned from ripped spandex to a royal blue and red trimmed robe, a dressy light blue shirt underneath with white pants and red boots similar to Shin’s. An orange sash was tied around his waist. Silver earrings with blue balls dangling from his ears. Mia gave a taut smile to the irony, since he would never see them. Gohan smiled at his new outfit, appreciating the new duds before turning to Mia and grinning at her awkwardly.

She took in her own outfit and frowned. Her undershirt was a black spandex turtleneck without sleeves. She could feel instead of just being a shirt, it was more like a leotard. Her robe was forest green with golden trim, the shoulders drooped down her arms to her elbows, the sleeves tightening there and coming to a point on her hand, and the robe was tied with a golden sash at her waist. Mia frowned further, looking to her pants which were now puffy around her thighs and tight under her knees to her ankles. Her boots looked identical to the ones she had before without the scuffing incurred from her battle with Buu. She could also feel the same earrings dangling from her ears that Gohan and the kais had. Mia let out a laugh, “Who knew Kabito was the fairygodmother in this fairytale. I guess I’m ready for the ball now?”

Kabito scowled at her, turning to look ahead. Mia chewed on her bottom lip, wanting to get a rise out of the stiff kai. “Was the chastity belt necessary?”

Gohan fell out of the skies blushing while Kabito blanched, Shin giving him a weird, judging look. “Wh-What?! I’d never … Master, please…”

“Just a joke,” Mia stated, shaking her head as Gohan finally rejoined them, his face burning bright red. “Jeez, you all are a tough crowd.”

“How dare you talk about such impropriety in this hallowed place!” Kabito snapped, his fist clenched.

“Calm, Kabito,” Shin said with a soothing laugh. “You are only fueling her amusement.”

Kabito huffed, turning forward. Gohan leaned over to her asking, “He didn’t actually give you a … uh…”
“No,” Mia stated, looking at her boyfriend as if he should have known her better. “But might as well have, given this turtleneck leotard.”

Gohan looked over her, stating, “I don’t think it looks bad.”

“Just uncomfortable is what it is,” Mia sighed, quietly enough so Kabito wouldn’t overhear them. Shin could read minds, so it didn’t matter.

“Gohan!” Shin called out, looking to the couple disapprovingly. Her jerked his head towards them, saying, “Up ahead! That’s its home.”

They looked ahead and saw a large stone column reaching towards the heavens, they were closing in on. Mia figured this was the Z-sword’s anvil. They landed seeing out from the top of the column sprouted a hilt, its handle a rusty red with a blue gemmed pommel. Mia frowned at it as Gohan stepped towards it, putting his hands on his knees as he checked it out. “This is the Z Sword. The weapon of legend.” Mia looked at Shin pointedly as he added, “See if you can pull it from the rock. If what has been told is true, no one has been able to wield it in history.”

Mia scoffed, quoting, “Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil is rightwise king-born.” Shin, Kabito and Gohan shot her a weird look. “We read King Arthur’s legends with Excalibur in AP Lit at the beginning of the year.” She crossed her arms, leaning in towards Gohan saying, “Just be ready, if you pull this sword, I’m calling you ‘Arthur’ for the rest of your life.” She shot a smirking grin to the supreme kai as she added, “Shin can be ‘Merlin.’”

Gohan frowned at his girlfriend, not appreciating her glibness. He knew it was part of her defense mechanism. Over the last couple months of getting to know her, and especially the last month of them dating, she always got really sarcastic and flippant whenever a situation was getting out of her range of comfort. And it was reasonable that she was well out of her range of comfortable understanding. She’d never had to fight for her world before or face a foe like Cell or Buu.

He knelt down, getting closer to the sword, tapping his fingernail on the pommel. Gohan tested his grip on the hilt of the sword, trying to pull lightly on it, but it wouldn’t budge. He stopped with a curious look on his face, his gaze shifting to Mia. She had a point. Something would happen if he pulled the sword from the stone. “Just a second, guys,” he said, his ebony eyes moving to Shin as he asked, “What exactly happens if I pull this sword free? Nothing dangerous, right?” Like unleash another big bad on the world they didn’t know about.

“It is said that he who wields the sword will be granted tremendous amounts of power. Likely enough power to defeat Majin Buu in single combat,” Kabito answered, glowering down at the Saiyan hybrid.

“Oh, wow,” Gohan breathed, looking at the sword nervously. “That means this sword must be super sharp. Sounds intimidating.”

“If it’s been sitting there for centuries, it might need a whetstone first,” Mia remarked, still eyeing the hilt skeptically. “Erosion and rust can be a bitch.” Kabito scowled at her, but she didn’t pay him any attention.

Kabito set his jaw with a haughty laugh. “It doesn’t matter. It’s not like he will be able to pull the sword free.”

“Thanks,” Gohan breathed, relaxing his shoulders as he gripped the hilt again. “Ok.” He grit his teeth, his brow furrowing with concentration as he really started to pull on it, letting out pained groans as he pulled. His knees began to buckle under him with every pained grunt and groan. It looked like he was getting somewhere, but then his hands slipped with a screech, causing him to fall back and hit his head comically, the column shaking from the impact.

Mia immediately fell into a fit of laughter, clutching her stomach as tears streamed down her face. She laughed so hard, she let out a small snort, causing her to laugh harder. Even Kabito did his best to suppress an amused grin to no avail.

“Haaaaa,” Gohan gasped, looking at his very red and painfully throbbing hands. “It burns!”

Shin turned to Mia, saying, “I believe you are only distracting him right now. Would you mind flying up away from the winds?”

Mia scowled at the kai before gaining a look of understanding and did as she was bid. She flew up high as Shin leaned over the hybrid, asking, “Gohan? Are you alright? I still think you can do this.”

Gohan hopped up, huffing, “It’s pointless! I can’t even get it to budge!”

Kabito smirked at his response.

Shin pursed his lips, stating, “But you haven’t tried it with your transformation yet.”

Gohan chewed on his lower lip, looking to the ground before giving a small affirmative nod, massaging his wrist which ached from the first failed pull. “Ok,” he breath, focusing hard as he clenched his fists beside him. “One more time.” Gohan set his stance, powering up to Super Saiyan, his golden aura flaring around him. Mia blushed, looking away, and Gohan did his best to put her and her dream from before out of his mind. Now was time for work. Kabito smirked smugly, but didn’t say anything as Gohan reached for the hilt again. He started the same, gritting his teeth hard so much his gums and jaw ached, and his brow furrowed over his now green eyes as he growled against the pressure. Electricity sparked around his hands as his grunting and groaning heightened. His feet cracked the ground a bit as he let out a pained yell, dust and rocks flying out from the column into the lake below, the water rippling from the pressure he was exerting on the column. “Come on!!” Gohan yelled, his aura flaring up as he tapped into the hidden reserve of Super Saiyan 2. The column began to crack loudly, and Shin and Kabito jumped off just before it crumbled, Gohan flying high up as he pulled the sword free, meeting Mia’s own altitude.

Mia smirked at her boyfriend as he huffed and puffed. “So,” Mia started, “who’s your first nomination for the Round Table, Arthur?” Gohan looked to her out of breath, glaring at her. She smiled cheekily at him, and his glare dissipated into laughter. He couldn’t stay angry her when she smiled like that.

They landed a few miles away from the column where a few trees sat. The column was still visible, but just on the horizon. Shin and Kabito touched down beside them, Kabito looking sour. “Well. I guess I was wrong.”

Shin smiled hopefully at the hybrid. “Why don’t you swing it around a bit? See if you can feel the sword’s power in you.”

Gohan nodded, gripping the blade tighter. He hoisted it up, heaving as it shook slightly in his hands. He quickly swung, Mia just barely getting out of the blade’s reach fast enough. “Sorry,” he grunted to her as she called out a, “Jesus! Watch it!” The weight of the sword caused him to almost fall, but he caught the sword by leaning back awkwardly. He pushed himself back up with a groan. “Is it
supposed to be this heavy?” Shin looked at him worried as Gohan added, “Just I dunno’, I don’t feel any Z Sword might either.”

Shin watched the hybrid at a loss as Gohan swung haphazardly again, muttering, “Well, that’s strange.”

“Unless something changes,” Gohan huffed, “No one’s beating anyone with this, let alone Majin Buu.”

“Take that back!!!” Kabito snapped. “The Z Sword is the greatest weapon in the world of the Kais! It’s more than capable of destroying Majin Buu. It’s you who’s not, as long as you’re staggering around like a weakling!”

Gohan raised an eyebrow at the pink Kai, a small smile on his face. “That’s easy for you to say. Try holding it,” Gohan offered, stepping over to him, the sword aloft. He spread his hands along the hilt to allow Kabito to grasp it. “Here. It’s not that I’m weak, it’s just really heavy.” Kabito reached for it, his grip tight as Gohan asked, “Got it?”

“Yes.”

“Cool.”

Gohan pulled his hands away, and the sword caused Kabito to fall forward, dropping the sword to the ground in a large pile of dust, Kabito falling on his ass. Gohan smiled amiably at the doubtful Kai as Shin looked on in shock. “I wasn’t kidding,” Gohan laughed easily, showing his hands which were burning red. Kabito ignored him, walking to where the blade fell and trying to pick it up with no avail. Mia let out a snort at the Kai’s dismay, and he quit, stepping away, blowing on his own throbbing hands.

Gohan, Shin and Mia gave Kabito a weird look as he muttered, “It wasn’t that bad.”

Mia rolled her eyes at the Kai’s pride turning to Gohan, her arms crossed as she said, “Ok. So it’s heavy. That doesn’t change the fact you don’t know how to use a sword. Nor do the Kais.” Gohan frowned, turning to Shin and Kabito who both shook their heads. “That’s what I thought,” Mia sighed, stepping forward. “You’re lucky they brought me along. You can’t hope to wield it if you’re swinging it around like a baseball bat.”

Gohan blushed.

“Well, pick it up,” Mia gestured to the sword, and he did.

Gohan eyed her strangely as he hefted the sword up. “And how would you know how to use a sword?”

Mia smirked, “Highland Games Summer Camp, three years. They taught us things like caber tossing, sheaf tossing, shot put, hammer throw, and sword fighting.” Gohan balked at her, and she shrugged. “Another officer gave my mom tickets to a Highland Games event, since they couldn’t go last minute, so Mom took me. She saw I was fascinated by all of it and decided to sign me up for the camp they had, since it was all strength based and would, ‘help with my training,’ when she couldn’t.” She put the last bit in finger quotes.

She stepped up to him, adjusting his grip on the sword, stating, “Never grip the pommel,” pushing his lower hand up on the handle. “It’s supposed to act as the sword’s counter weight, and might be contributing to the weight problem. And you want this one just under the quillions.”
“The what?” Gohan asked, eyeing her strangely.

“The quillions,” she reiterated. She frowned when he still looked at her confused. “You’re going to need to learn the parts of the sword if I’m going to teach you.” She moved along the blade, careful with its edge as she pointed each out, “The point, the blade, the quillions, the handle, and the pommel.”

Gohan frowned. “I thought that was just the hilt.”

“The whole part you grip, including the quillions, is the hilt.” Again she looked his hands over, and she remarked, “Also, you don’t want to hold the handle so tightly. It’ll strain the sword’s moveability, restricting it to how your arm moves.” Gohan frowned at her further, and she huffed, “If I had another long sword, I could show you.”

Shin lifted his hand, and another long sword appeared, causing Mia’s eyes to go wide. “Will this do?” Shin asked, offering her the new blade.

Mia nodded blankly, her hand roving over the blade with wonder. It was prettier than the Z Sword, and shone brightly in the light. She took the sword, feeling the weight of the blade in her hand. She spun it expertly, placing the point in the ground as she looked at the supreme kai, asking, “Can you summon anything?”

Shin shrugged easily. “It depends, but mostly yes.”

Mia chewed on her lips before asking, “Can you summon hormone regulators for myself and the … you know?” She knew he could read in her mind that she was thinking about her being in heat. Her scent would only get stronger in the night, and she’d have to be in close proximity to train Gohan, which could make things difficult.

Shin gave a her a sad frown as he replied, “That is unfortunately out of my power.”

Mia’s shoulders dropped. “Oh well,” she huffed. She turned to show Gohan how to hold the blade correctly, using herself as an example, showing a few simple moves for him to test out. They practiced for a few hours, letting Gohan get used to the Z Sword’s weight. Gohan was a quick study, Mia found out, and he was almost on her level by the end of the day. Tomorrow, they would be sparring, and Mia was excited. Maybe a little too excited.

As the sun set, Shin clapped his hands with a smile, stating, “You both have done excellent work so far. I’m really impressed. But as most mortals do, you both need your rest.”

Gohan sighed with relief, leaning the sword against a tree. He turned to Mia who did the same, those visions still dancing in his head. During training, he could focus, but now, he wasn’t sure he could sleep. She gave him a small smile, stating, “I’m going to find somewhere else to camp. Hopefully you can get some sleep tonight.”

Shin nodded to her sagely, Gohan gave her an understanding smile, which she returned, flying off.

Goku carried ChiChi’s unconscious form back to the room Mr. Popo had offered for some privacy, feeling sad seeing his wife like this. She was usually so strong. But maybe this was too much. The room had a full size bed with a canopy of white netting. He laid her down gently on the downy bed, making sure to take her boots off, as Mr. Popo would have had a fit if he knew shoes had been on the bed. Mr. Popo was scary when he got angry.
He sat down at the foot of the bed, his hands steepled over his nose and mouth as the reality of everything began to sink in. He’d been running around trying to make sure everyone was safe and not summoning Shenron too early that he hadn’t really had time to process everything that had happened. Majin Buu had been awakened. Babidi couldn’t control him, according to Piccolo. Vegeta was dead. Mia was dead. And Gohan. He pinched the bridge of his nose just thinking about it. It had been so preventable. If Vegeta hadn’t given himself over, they could have taken everyone in the ship down with ease, and Buu wouldn’t have woke up, and his son wouldn’t be…

He let out a huff, remembering how much he hated the prince sometimes. He wasn’t one to curse the dead, being dead himself, but a part of him wanted Vegeta to hurt. He knew he’d see Gohan again, and that they’d be able to revive him with the dragonballs, but he was only 18.

His back straightened up as he muttered to himself, “Wow. Eighteen.” That was the same age he and ChiChi had been when they got married. Before today, Gohan was just an eleven-year-old boy that had surpassed everyone’s expectations by killing Cell and saving the entire world. And now he was the age of a man, but it still felt like Gohan was just that little kid to him. His son had grown, and he’d missed it.

“Gohan!” ChiChi called, snapping up. Her cheeks were stained with tears, and her eyes red and puffy as her gaze connected with Goku’s. Her breathing was hard as she realized where she was, why she was there, and what had happened. Her shoulders sank and her lips started to tremble as she looked away from her husband.

“ChiChi …” Goku started, reaching for her hand.

She pulled it away, placing it in her lap and still not looking at him. She sniffled and rubbed her eyes, trying to clear the tears before they flowed. His heart hurt a little more, seeing her in such pain. He set his jaw, doing his best to ignore his heartache. “ChiChi, please.”

“No, Goku,” she shuttered, shaking her head as the tears began to fall. “I-I can’t.” She began to sob. “I can handle losing you. But our boy. Our baby boy! He’s gone. And I … I just can’t …” every word was a struggle to get out as the sobs took over her breathing.

Goku pulled her close to him, letting her sob into his chest. He was always at a loss when ChiChi cried, so he just held her, one hand rubbing her head, and messing up her perfect bun. The memory of his Saiyan parents Siyaka had shared with him flashed through his mind, how they’d kiss and everything would be alright. *Maybe it’s worth a shot.*

He lifted her face to look at him with a finger, and she gave him a confused look. He looked at her lips, which were painted with red lipstick, which was always weird to him, but ignored it as he leaned down to kiss her for the first time. He saw her eyes fly open wide as their lips connected just before he seemed to melt into the sensation. Before he knew what was happening, she took over as usual when it came to anything remotely romantic. She wrapped an arm around his neck, giving her a better angle. She licked his lips for entry, and purely out of shock, he opened his mouth and let her explore him. *Nineteen years. Nineteen fucking years, and now he kisses me?*

Goku pulled away, his eyes wide at that. He’d always gotten sensations or emotions from her whenever ChiChi had pushed him to have sex with her, but never a clear thought. “I’m sorry,” she said breathlessly, a hand covering her mouth trying to hide her smeared lipstick. “I thought …” her eyes held a confusion that Goku seemed to match as she asked, “You were trying to kiss me, right? I wasn’t forcing yo--”

“I thought it would help,” Goku interrupted, a little self-conscious. He licked his lips, and his tongue tasted cherry candy. He frowned some more as he wiped at his lip, finding traces of his wife’s
lipstick on his fingers. Intrigued, he tasted the red streak on his finger, tasting the cherries again. Oh. So that’s why women wear lipstick. For their husbands to eat it, he thought, feeling like he discovered something strange, yet exciting.

“I never knew you’d ever thought abo…” ChiChi started, sounding unsure, only to be interrupted by her husband pulling her into another kiss. This time, he maintained control, licking at the cherry tasting lipstick. ChiChi opened her mouth, inviting him into explore her as she let out a small contented sigh. He delved into her, finding her mouth tasted different, but not bad. But what held him there was the sensations running through her, a yearning hum coursing through her body, something he noticed in his own body as well. She’d needed this. Needed it for a long time. While a part of him felt useless for unknowingly withholding something she needed, another part was happy he’d finally figured a part of her out. His fingers had found their way into her hair, causing her bun to fall completely out and her hair to cascade down her shoulders. The electric sensations running through their bodies caused him both to become light-headed and hard, which he couldn’t explain.

He didn’t notice her unfastening her dress until she pulled away to pull it off, revealing a white lacy bra. Suddenly he realized exactly where this was headed. As she was about to dive back into kissing him, he stopped her at her shoulders and said, “Gohan’s coming back.”

ChiChi blinked, confused by the sudden turn. “I’m sorry?”

“Gohan’s coming back,” Goku repeated himself. “As soon as Goten and Trunks learn Fusion and defeat Buu, Gohan will be wished back with the dragonballs.”

ChiChi stared blankly at her husband before spluttering, “I know.”

Now was Goku’s turn to look confused as he said, “Ok. Then I don’t know why you’re trying to have another kid.”

ChiChi’s eyes went wide as she asked, “What?”

“No to mention I’m dead. I’m fairly certain I can’t give you one anyway,” Goku added around her, not really taking in anything she was saying.

“What? No.”

“I mean, we could still try. But I’m pretty certain it’s not going to work.”

“Oh my God,” ChiChi huffed, getting up from the bed and grabbing her yellow dress.

Now Goku was really confused, seeing ChiChi fuming. “What did I do now?” he asked cluelessly.

“Nothing!” ChiChi replied through a tight grimace as she pulled her dress back on. “I just realized I was stupid to think you actually learned anything about being a husband.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I can’t believe you thought I was trying to replace our son!” she growled, her fists clenched at her side. She was so angry, she didn’t know what to do with her hands. Goku was a little lost at the flip in her emotions, but ChiChi let everything go. “Our son! Nothing could replace him! Eighteen years, I’ve never loved anyone so much as him. And he’s gone, trying to save the world one last time! If things don’t work out, I won’t get to see his smile again, or hear his laughter. I won’t get to see how he grows, what he’s like. And Goten is going to follow right behind him, on your orders!”

“They’re our only chance.”
“Bullshit!” she snapped, wiping the tears away again, as they’d returned full force. Her voice had become raw with emotion. “You could stop this right now! Siyaka could stop this right now! Piccolo, Krillin, anyone except our sons!” She collapsed to her knees as she sobbed, “When is it enough?”

He knelt down with her, putting a hand on her shoulder that she pushed away. “Stop,” she sobbed, pulling away from him.

“ChiChi,” Goku tried, his own hurt evident in his tone, “I miss him, too.”

ChiChi let out a laugh, shaking her head in disbelief as she said, “More bullshit. You’ll get to see him as soon as you return to otherworld tomorrow. Let me guess, next you’re going to tell me you loved him as much I did.” Goku opened his mouth to refute her, but she cut him off. “Our sons are nothing but fighters in your gang to you. Just more numbers to take down the next big bad.”

He tried his best now to not show how her words were affecting him as he said, “That’s not true.”

“This isn’t the first time you’ve thrown our son to the wolves,” she rounded on him, glaring him down as he seemed taken aback by her expression. “This is just the first time he didn’t walk away from it.”

There was silence between them for a few minutes. Goku didn’t know how to respond to her, how to defend his actions. She was right. Yes, their son died trying to save the world, as Goku would have done. That was just who they were. But it should have been him, not their son. And clearly his decision seven years ago, thinking evil wouldn’t return to Earth if he left, was a mistake. He’d missed his first son grow up, his other son being born. Where was he when his sons needed him most? She was right, and it hurt him to admit that, even just to himself.

“In spite of all of that, I still love you. Even though you never…” she trailed off, not able to finish. Goku tried to reach for her hand but she pulled it away, sniffling as she said, “I know you were pretty much raised by wolves after your Grandpa Gohan died, and that accounts for the majority of the stunted understanding you have when it comes to the relationship between men and women, and understanding what love is. I know when we got married, you had no clue what it meant to be a husband, and later a father. No clue what it meant to be in love. Maybe you still don’t.”

“ChiChi.”

She threw up a hand to stop him as she continued, “I wasn’t trying to replace Gohan. I just … When you kissed me, I thought you had finally learned how to be intimate.”

“I don’t know what that means,” Goku stated, a little sadly.

ChiChi let out a laugh. Yes, this was the man she loved, as much as it drove her insane. But now that she mentioned it, she’d have to explain it. “Being intimate is when a husband and wife show that they love each other. Being able to comfort each other. Being close to each other. Being vulnerable with each other.”

“Why would I want to be vulnerable?”

“Because being vulnerable with someone you trust creates love,” ChiChi explained.

Suddenly, Goku looked as if something clicked and he asked, “Like when I had the heart virus and I trusted you to take care of me?”

ChiChi gave a small frown as she answered, “Kind of?” He still looked a little confused with that answer. “Why don’t I show you?” He still looked confused, but she grabbed his hand, guiding him
back to the bed. She sat him down, and explained, “Siyaka mentioned you can read my thoughts when we touch. You just have to open your mind.”

Goku frowned. **Is that what that was?**

ChiChi let out a small sigh before leaning down and kissing him. His instinct kicked in, and he kissed back just as he’d done before, enjoying the euphoric humming through their bodies that kicked up to full power again. He opened his mind, and followed her every thought, kissing her all the while. They’d part for a second just to remove a piece of clothing, then rejoin, their bare skin connecting them and making the bond between their minds stronger, until they were completely naked and her thoughts and emotions mixed with his into one. The pain they shared as well as the love, and hope. He realized he’d been craving that sensation without even knowing it. He wondered how that was possible, but he felt her desperation at needing the feeling of being whole with him. And he understood. They weren’t making a child, but coming together as one being, as they’d promised each other in their wedding vows. They didn’t make sense when he’d said them, two people becoming one, but now they suddenly made perfect sense.

As he pushed himself into her, and he drowned her gasps with kisses, the feelings were different than usual. When she pushed to have kids, sex was more like work, for both of them. But this time, there was no push to finish, just needing the feeling of every inch of skin connecting them. The euphoric friction between them. The excruciating bliss. Finally, he understood everything. And didn’t understand how he ever thought he felt whole to begin with.

He felt a tingling in his jaw, a need to clamp down on something. She’d kept telling him to follow his instincts during this time. He hoped she didn’t mind. He bit into her shoulder, his teeth puncturing her skin as his thrusts became less controlled. “Goku,” she gasped in pain. But he couldn’t release her. His body wasn’t his own anymore. It had taken control of itself, driving for completion. She dug her nails into his shoulder blades, but he didn’t slow. He was almost there. His body knew it. Finally, she bit into him just as hard as he had to her. That did it. His body released the building pressure, pooling himself into her as he came, feeling a pop in his back. As his senses cleared almost instantly, he felt his wife still grinding into him as she moaned, which he silenced with another kiss, feeling her own pressure releasing as she thrashed beneath him. It was the first time he ever felt his wife experience that. He slowly pulled out of her as her muscles twitched with her orgasm’s after effects.

Their breathing was labored as he rolled off her, not entirely certain what happened between them, but still really happy it did. He felt more exhausted than a day’s worth of training. But he didn’t hurt, except where she bit him, which only twinged a bit. Actually, he felt a little stronger overall. “I’m sorry,” he said between breaths, knowing his bite hurt more.

“It’s ok,” ChiChi sighed, rolling over and snuggling into him. “Siyaka informed me how mating marks work for Saiyans.”

“Huh?”

“You can ask Siyaka about it later,” ChiChi sighed, gripping her husband tightly, using his chest as a pillow.

Goku snapped up, throwing off his wife accidentally, not registering the yelp she made as he whispered, “Siyaka. I need to talk with Siyaka.”

“Can’t it wait until morning?”

He shook his head no, rushing to grab his discarded clothes as ChiChi covered herself with the sheet. He spoke quickly as he pulled on his gi, “You said she could stop this. And she can. I’ll still teach
the boys Fusion as a back-up plan, but if …” He stopped, seeing his wife staring at him with wide eyes, her mouth slightly opened in a perplexed expression. “What?”

She pointed at him dumbfoundedly as she spluttered, “U-uhm … your tail…?”

His expression matched hers as he looked to his back, seeing his old brown furry appendage had returned. “Huh … would you look at that?” He couldn’t explain it. It had been gone for twenty years, and only now returns after he and his wife “made love,” as his wife put it, for the first time. He didn’t have time to think about it though. He quickly pulled up his pants, only to wince as his tail got pinned against his waistband and back.

ChiChi chuckled to herself, holding the white sheets close to her as she walked over to him. Carefully she grabbed the back of his pants and ripped them just enough to let his tail hang out. She grabbed his hand gently, and pulled herself up to kiss him on the cheek tenderly. He wasn’t expecting it, but it made him feel better somehow.

He ran out of the room down to where he sensed her, looking over the edge of the lookout, clearly thinking about something as the night sky had just started to twinkle above. “Siyaka,” he called. She turned to look at him, her expression void of emotion. He could tell she wanted to avenge her daughter, but that, going as she was now, would only be putting herself at risk. “I think I know how we can defeat Buu.”

Her brow furrowed at the notion, her gaze urging him to go on.

“Oh, just watch me for a minute. I can’t hold this form for long,” he stated, moving into a position where he could charge himself properly. He powered up to Super Saiyan, saying, “You already know this transformation.” He powered up to Super Saiyan two adding, “This is the transformation you saw Vegeta and I fight with today.” He saw her chewing the inside of her cheek as he continued onto his final transformation, the one he’d kept hidden all day to make sure his time on Earth wasn’t wasted. “Here is the transformation you need to beat Buu,” he said, before tightening his grip as he pushed his body to the brink, feeling his hair grow long, his pupils dilate wide, and the enormous power radiate off him in large waves. The electricity crackled around him. “This is Super Saiyan Three.”

She looked at him wide-eyed before a small smile came to her face. She couldn’t sense energy, but she could feel the power coming off him. “How?” was all she asked.

He powered down quickly to his base form, out of breath as he said, “There’s a room at the base of the lookout called the Hyperbolic Time Chamber. In there you can do a year’s worth of training in a day.”

She frowned again. “If you have this transformation, why don’t you use it against Buu?”

“Because,” he breathed heavily, “I only have twenty-four hours here, and this transformation drains that. Just this stunt probably cost me thirty minutes.” She was silent as she processed what he just said. His eyes connected with hers as he said, “Someone here needs to defeat Buu. It can’t be me. And I know you’re like me. You won’t stop training until you’ve achieved this form.”

She pursed her lips. He wasn’t wrong.

“What if Buu attacks while I’m training?” she asked carefully. While she had Saiyan instincts, she wasn’t as foolhardy as Kakarot or Vegeta. She liked having a back-up plan in place.

“I’ll be training the boys in the other technique.”

“Fusion?” He’d mentioned it before.
Goku nodded.

She frowned, confused why he was changing the plan all of a sudden. “Why the shift in plans?”

Goku’s gaze dropped, and he said, “ChiChi was right. You could finish this. You just need to know how.”

She eyed him carefully, even noting the his new tail wagging behind him and his hair slightly more ruffled than usual. She knew the only way a Saiyan tail would return was due to a heightened release of oxytocin, which for Saiyans was usually only released in the midst of battle or the midst of sex with a mate if a mating claim was being made. For children, it was usually in battle, since the amount released would be enough for the tail to return. But in adults, their bigger bodies needed a higher dose, which was usually only seen during mating claims. She decided to ignore the fact that her friend had just fucked, and possibly bitten a consenting dead man, as today had already been weird enough. But she appreciated that ChiChi had forced him to see Siyaka as the better solution. Now she could take her revenge on her daughter’s and mate’s murderer.

Siyaka uncrossed her arms, smiling now as she asked, “Where’s the room?”

AN: Ripples in Time: History of Trunks will have its final chapters uploaded within the hour.

As always, remember to leave a review!
AN: I meant to get this to you all a week ago, in time for my birthday, but alas I got sick. But it’s here now!

Lemon in this chapter. Just FYI.

Also should note, if you hadn’t already figured, Gohan is going through a different character arc. I go into more detail in the chapter, but I got a review that seemed upset that I was doing this (as well as not putting Gohan with Videl immediately). Literally everyone’s character arc is altered thanks to the timeline being f-ed up (and it is). That’s the main plot, but you won’t know everything about it until halfway through Battle of Gods Saga. Gohan’s will probably be the most changed (I think for the better).

Anyway, enjoy! And remember to review, like and favorite!

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Chapter 16

A Fever You Can’t Sweat Out

Goku quietly opened a dark oak door slowly. Siyaka eyed it strangely. It looked like a normal door, not the opening to a pocket dimension as Goku had stated. He gestured for her to walk in, and she did, her eyes flying open wide as she took it in. The room was a bright white, with two canopy beds to the rights and a table and chairs to the left. Past the beds, Siyaka could see a kitchen fully stocked, and past the table was a bathroom. The room opened up, and Siyaka walked out towards it, her boots echoing with every step she made. She froze, seeing nothing but an impossibly vast white void. Her eyes spanned over it with a mix of horror and wonder in her gaze.

“Don’t get lost. This is the only door in and out, and if you can’t find it, you’ll be stuck here forever. Same if you accidentally blow it up.” Goku stated. There was silence between them before he stated, “It should only take you a year to catch up. You were almost on par with Vegeta and I in our base forms.”

Siyaka tightened her grip, her teeth grinding against each other. The gravity was similar to Planet Vegeta. This would do nicely. “Then I should get started.”

Goku gave a small nod turning to leave. He stopped a minute before saying, “I got these from Korin in case you need them.” He tossed something at her, which she caught without looking, lowering it in front of her to find a new bean pouch. “There’s only a few in there, so only use them in serious situations, but they should help.”

Siyaka gripped the bag tightly, thankful for the gift. With that, Goku left her, the door shutting with a loud echoing click, and she was alone for a year. She turned to the kitchen grabbing a sharp knife and bandaid before returning to the void. She pricked her finger, infusing her blood droplets with ki, dripping it along the floor. She set the knife away before grabbing a bandage, tapping the cut shut as
she watched her Ki Golems take form. Mia was right. They made for the best solo training.

It had been two hours since night had fallen, and Shin had bid them to sleep. Two hours since Mia flew off to sleep alone somewhere on this strange planet. Two hours and Gohan couldn’t rid himself of the visions of her. Her naked form against his own, taking him into her. Her skin under his fingers as she moaned for his touch. She was gone, somewhere near the stone pillar he sensed, but somehow her pheromones lingered. He did his best to ignore how hard he was, ignore the visions, to sleep. He almost drifted off once, but the vision of her became so vivid, he woke, sitting up and looking around, making sure no one heard him.

Shin had been meditating a few feet away, Kabito further than his master, also meditating. Shin was gone at the moment, but Kabito wasn’t far.

After narrowly escaping the wet dream, he rubbed his forehead, trying to focus enough to rest. She wasn’t there. How was that scent affecting him still? He remembered the month prior when he caught the same smell from Mia, that honeysuckle musk that seemed to drive him crazy. He had to relieve himself before he could even think straight, and even then, it was a couple times. But he couldn’t do that here. There wasn’t a bathroom or bedroom he could fix himself in. He was exposed the whole time. And he could feel he was tenting bad. It had started to become incredibly uncomfortable.

“It’s as I thought,” Shin breathed. “Her affect on you won’t wear off for a couple days, unless you…” Shin trailed off blushing.

Gohan turned to him with wide eyes. “What? How would you …?”

“Zuno,” Shin stated plainly, “The man who knows everything.” Gohan frowned, still confused. “I went to go see him to find out how Mia’s situation would likely hinder your training. The prognosis is not good.”

Gohan’s shoulders drooped, realizing he might have missed his window. “How long were you gone?”

“Fifteen minutes.”

Gohan wanted to hit himself, but then he remembered Kabito was only ten yards away, so it wouldn’t matter.

“Kabito’s asleep,” Shin stated, reading his mind.

Gohan frowned, looking around the Supreme Kai, and sure enough, his attendant was snoring ever so gently. Gohan set his jaw, feeling a fool. “So, what did this Zuno say?”

Shin pursed his lips, blushing as he answered, “That the pheromones Saiyan females secrete during their heat, when inhaled, unlocks a dormant part of the Saiyan male brain, their sexual drive, until it is closed through the act of …” Shin pursed his lips, not sure how to word it, “relieving himself.” Shin grimaced at the last two words as if they left a bad taste in his mouth.

Gohan laughed. “Yeah, I knew that.”

“He also stated, the urge becomes greater the longer it is ignored,” Shin stated. He tilted his head, a regretful expression on his face as he added, “Not to mention for the females, they tend to get more
aggressive, hostile, if not attended to. And if I’m accurate in my assumption about how she’s used her ‘hormone regulators,’ as she put, she’s never learned to control the aggressive side of her situation.”

Gohan’s eyebrows shot up, and he crossed his arms, eyeing Shin carefully. “Are you saying Mia and I need to …”

“I said no such thing,” Shin hissed.

“It just sounds like you’re suggesting …”

“I SAID NO SUCH THING!!!” Shin interrupted loudly. His eyes wide and looking away awkwardly. Shin carefully looked over his shoulder to Kabito, who coughed mid-snore, resuming his rhythm. Shin let out a relieved sigh, turning back to Gohan. “It is an option, one I will not push.”

Gohan looked at the Kai with wide eyes. A part of him thought Shin was kidding, but the look on the Kai’s face told him he wasn’t. “If you choose to attend to her, she will not be as aggressive, and therefore able to continue to teach you how to wield the sword. However, if you choose to only attend to yourself, she must remain parted from the group until her heat has run its course.”

Gohan breathed in deeply through his nose, not really sure about either choices. He needed her to teach him, and he didn’t want to isolate her for being in heat either. But on the other hand, sex. It wasn’t that he didn’t want it. He did. But the timing was less than ideal. They’d only been together just over a month. They hadn’t even discussed how serious their relationship was, in spite of both his parents assuming he was going to get married at the tournament that morning. Even though they hadn’t said they were in love with each other, he knew he was with her. He just wasn’t sure it was the right move, especially with everything hanging in the balance.

He thought about everything going on back home with Buu. The world was ending again. There was a good possibility they weren’t surviving this anyway. But if they did …

“Shin,” Gohan breathed, his decision almost made. “Did you ask if Saiyan hybrids are … can they have children.”

Shin smiled wanefully, having read his mind earlier and knowing that was his biggest considering factor. “In the history of the Saiyan race, no hybrid has ever had a child.”

Gohan looked to the ground, his jaw set. He gave a small nod, now resolute in his choice as he stood.

Shin gave a small nod, turning back towards Kabito as he said in a small voice, “Understood.” Before Gohan left, he added, “Careful with your mind link. Babiddi has regained his strength from before, so the connection to Mia’s mind might still be open.”

Gohan kicked off, flying in the direction Mia had flown, finding her ki signature around the Z Sword’s stone column. She was facing the pillar, standing in the water. Her hair wet, clinging to her naked back. Her skin light from the reflections of the waning three-quarter moon on the water. The water only went to her hips, her tail lazily floating in the water. He looked to the side, and saw she had stripped out of her clothes, finding a way out of that leotard. The scent picked up again, possibly from the lake water now awash with her pheromones. He braced himself as his mind flooded him with explicit visions again. One was from her dream from earlier, and he smiled.

He began to undress, casting his clothes with hers before stepping into the water. He stepped into the water, and it wasn’t so cold. She could hear him, he knew it, but she didn’t pay him any mind, staring at the reflection of the moon on the water. The water rippled around him as he moved. Her
scent grew stronger, more potent the closer he got, the visions more vivid. His heart was in his throat with trepidation.

“I was trying to break my fever,” Mia said, barely over her breath. She turned slowly as he placed a gentle hand on her hip, feeling her burning skin under his fingertips, her need coursing into him through that small touch. His breath caught in his throat as he took in her completely exposed form. Her perked nipples dripped with water, and her waist tapered away from her breasts with an elegant curve around her hips. She had mild, affeminent six pack abs with lightly chiseled muscles around her pelvis. He needed to put his hands on her to feel how her abs moved, how her breasts fell. His tongue wanted to lap up the water dripping off her form. “But it didn’t work…” she trailed off, finally taking his own naked form in with surprised wide eyes. She chuckled nervously, adding, “I didn’t realize Arthur fancied the Lady of the Lake.”

His other hand found her waist, his eyes on her lips now as he tried to focus there first, ignoring her comment. He wasn’t there for her quips. He pulled her closer, leaning in to kiss her as her own hands drifted up his arms to his shoulders.

She bit her lower lip, and it was the sexiest face she’d ever made. “The Kais …?” she asked, breathlessly.

There was less than an inch between them as Gohan ran a hand up her back, feeling her spine shiver under his touch as he said, “Shin gave me a choice. I chose this.”

She had wide eyes as he leaned closer, and he felt a brief surge of panic go through her, but also exhilaration. She needed him. Touching her. Tasting her. Filling her.

He closed the distance between them, pulling her mouth to his. He licked her lips, and she opened herself to him willingly. His hand found its way to her ass, squeezing her cheek in his hands, enjoying its firm plush shape. He could feel himself getting harder than he’d ever been, feeling her tits against his body. His other arm wrapping around her waist, holding her tightly to him. She used her grip on his neck to pull herself up to him, standing on her toes. He moved his hand from her ass, pulling her leg up to his waist. She jumped up, wrapping her legs around his waist, her tail wrapping around his member, enjoying the jolt of shock through him at the sensation. Needing more leverage, he pinned her against the stone column, and she let out a moan as he moved to her neck, trailing kisses down to her collar bone. His hips moved into her tail, feeling her readiness on his stomach as she moved against him. He moved down tasting the water dripping down her cleavage before taking her nipple into his mouth, lapping at the water dripping from her hair to her breast.

“Oh Arthur,” she jokingly gasped as he ground against her, and his tongue flicked her nipple. He quickly pulled her breast out of his mouth as he looked at her, his gaze serious as he reached to her tail, pulling it from around his dick, done with the foreplay. “Shut up,” he breathed, not wanting jokes now as he eased her down, her butt gently grazing the water now, his eyes connecting with hers. Their minds were connected, and he could feel how turned on by the direction she was.

He pressed his mouth against hers, pushing himself into her fully, earning a squeak from her throat as the sensation filled her. He smiled as she adjusted to his size, clenching around him, not used to feeling him in her … yet. She felt amazing to him. He pulled himself out slowly, causing her breath to hitch before pushing back in, starting a pace slow and steady. The sound of their heavy breathing and water splashing under them the only thing echoing in their ears. He chewed gently on her lower lip as she panted, her nails digging into his back as her ecstasy mounted. He released Mia’s mouth, grunting from the movement, feeling the urge to quicken his pace, his core tightening and he felt his headrush. His gums tingled with the feeling of needing to sink his teeth into her. He buried his nose in the crook of her neck, hoping to satisfy the craving. Her tail snuck around, snaking under his ass,
which he grabbed, giving it a light squeeze, and she melted like puddy.

She was almost there, he could feel. Her body hummed like a live wire, her gasps high as he held her tail tightly under her leg. “I … Oh, Goha … I-oh … Yes … Fuck yes!”

Her moans and the slippery feel of her was too much. He sank his teeth into her shoulder, biting hard enough to break skin, a growl running through him as he began to feel his climax. Her legs tightened their grip on him as she too sunk her teeth into his shoulder, her vagina clamping down on him as her own climax surged, her muffled screams causing his own climax to spill over, filling her with his useless seed. As he clamped down tighter, feeling his climax through him, he felt a pop at his lower back, and he slowed.

Mia breathed hard against him, and he her as he pulled out gingerly, their chests heaving against each other. His forehead connected with hers gently, feeling his deposited semen dripping out of her against his penis still just under her entrance. He smiled, enjoying the hum of endorphins rushing through both of them, before noticing an extra feeling he hadn’t felt in years. He turned gently to see his tail had returned, and he frowned unsure why it returned all of a sudden.

Mia smiled, reading his mind as she reached around with her own tail. *We can use it,* she thought, sending images into his head that reawakened his erection. He carried her back to the beach in an instant, seeing her plan for him. He let her ease him down as she knelt over him, caressing his member in her hands as it grew back slowly. Her hand slid down to his new tail, placing it on her dripping womanhood, massaging it against her clit as she lowered her mouth onto his penis, licking the head before pulling him in. His eyes rolled to the back of his head at the ungodly blissful sensation, his hand finding its way onto her bobbing head. He chanced a look at her, and the look she gave him made him fully erect again. She did a few more bobbing sucks before taking him out with a pop of her lips, moving up to settle her groin back against his, she kissed at his neck, grinding against him. He could feel how wet she was mixed with both of their juices. He needed her again, his hands sliding up her legs and positioning on her hips, ready for her to ride him. Her tail postioned his member correctly as she sat up, sinking onto him, taking him into her again. She chewed her lower lip again as she slowly moved back up and down. One of her hands entwined with his as she rocked along his member, her other hand drifting to her clit. He snatched that hand away, and before she could protest, used his tail to massage the bundle of nerves as she did before. She buckled under the sensation, bowing over him, pinning his arms to the ground above his head, giving him prime access to her breasts, which he took full advantage of. The added sensation of him in her, his tail flicking her bean, and his mouth sucking on her nipple quickly drove her into another maddening orgasm, giving a screaming whimper as she rode through it, baring her teeth. She slowed as the feeling ebbed, catching her breath as her arms and legs shook beneath her.

He could feel her tensing at every movement, and his mouth let go over her nipple as he stilled his grinding. *You aren’t done, are ya’?*

Her mind was a flurry of nonsensical thoughts. He caught snippets like, *Holy shit … Fuck … Amazing,* before a giggly thought, *I can’t move my body.* Her hands gripped and pinned his tightly, and he could see her still shaking like a horse that had just been broken. He tested her with another pump into her, and she let out a hiss, her mind saying, *Nonononono… not yet…too sore…* He smiled, quickly moving his hands from hers to her back, and flipping her against her protests. She may have been finished, but he wasn’t. As she sprawled out underneath him, his member still inside her, he leaned into her, nibbling on her ear.

*Do you mind if I finish?*

She closed her eyes, a grin on her face. *Only if you do all the work.* He had no problem with that as
he started in on another pace, more frenzied and urgent, as his mouth drifted down to her jugular, licking and sucking on her neck until he reached the bite from earlier. His teeth grazed it, and he heard her breath, “Bite it.” Just the sensation of his teeth on her skin caused her body too begin to build again for another mind shattering orgasm, and he smiled. “Fuck …” she hissed as her back arched against him, allowing him in deeper than before, allowing him to hit the spot that caused her to scream a little in ecstasy. You’re going to fuck me senseless, she thought between pumps. He got a high from feeling her orgasm building again, hearing her climbing pitch every time he hit that spot. He sank his teeth in her again as he felt his own climax approaching, feeling her own building so large to ruin her more than the previous. She sank her teeth in him, screaming into him again as it hit her, her nails digging in his back, her mind a deafening hum as her body clamped onto his.

His teeth released her skin as her climax forced his own, as he hissed out, “Damn…” He gasped as his wasted seed shot out again as he drove into her still tightening pussy. His eyes were screwed shut as his ejaculation drained him, his throat making an inhuman groan at the sensation. Both of them twitched against each other as their climaxes released, leaving their bodies wrecked and drained. He just barely pulled out of her, slumping to his side. Their legs remained tangled together, and his hand in her hair, resting against her head. She turned to her side, giving him an exhausted smile before her eyes drifted shut and falling easily to sleep, his doing the same.

“Greetings, People of Earth. You should all be hearing me loud and clear, so it is time to stop what you are doing so we can have a little. Chat.” The voice was scratchy, and cat-like. Lilting and dangerous.

“You can look around all you want, but you won’t find me. I’m speaking to each and everyone of you directly into your brains, using magic, of course.

“Sorry to interrupt your peaceful and mostly insignificant lives. But I’ve had an unfortunate run in with three unsavory people in your midst. And now I need your help to locate these villains. Now close your eyes and pay attention. I’m about to send you their images so you can all do your part. You should be seeing them in your mind right now.”

An image of Piccolo in his standard blue gi and weighted training gear showed. Young Trunks right after, his blue glare focused ahead. Then Goten, looking so much like his father, if it wasn’t for the focused glare rather than his usual cheerful expression.

“These are the three miscreants I need to find.

“Come out. Come out, where ever you are. I’m sure the three of you are seeing this too. You should step forward and make this easier on the rest of the world.

“Oh, sorry, rest of the world. Where are my manners? You don’t even know who I am.” An image of a green flea like man wearing an orange cape and black and teal robes belted together with a large curvy “M” buckle. He held his hands up like Nixon with “Victory” signs. “I am the great and terrifying wizard, Babiddi. And this is my servant Majin Buu.” Another image flashed across, this time a pink, bubble gum genie looking thing, dressed very much like a child playing hero with a tied on cape. He punched his yellow gloved fists in the air, chanting his own name, “Buu!” The wizard chuckled as he added, “He’s even more terrifying than me. The strongest warriors on your planet have already tried to stop him, and failed. None of them stood a chance!”

He began laughing maniacally before a scene of a city panned across the view. “You should all be seeing a city now. Pleasantly quaint, don’t you think? Now, you’ll see a small taste of what will
happen if those three don’t give themselves up!

“Wars can be so dirty. And I hate making a mess.” The wizard was now talking to them in view, pointing to the city below as he added, “It’s much better to keep things elegant and playful.”

He looked up, readying to give an order with his finger up like a teacher directing class. “Ok, Let’s begin, Majin Buu.” He pointed down to the city, the view shifting between the pink genie and the city.

Buu lifted his hands out with a humming grin before gleefully saying, “Upsie.” In the city, you could hear screaming as people began to float over the skyscrapers. People crying out to be let down.

“What should Buu make them be?” the monster asked itself. “Cake? No, Buu have enough cake… OH! TURN INTO HARD CANDY!!!” A beam shot out of Buu’s antenna, surrounding the city’s people in a purple beam. The next second, everyone had turned into colorful jaw breakers. Buu grinned, before sucking them all up like a vacuum cleaner hose, his cheeks expanding with the human candy like a hamster’s. He grinned with the sweet tasting candy, chomping down on them hard. He swallowed, patting his stomach as if the meal had been filling.

“I hope you were paying attention. Because that could happen to you next,” Babiddi stated cheerfully, pointing at his monster like a prize on a game show before laughing. “Now, clean this up,” he ordered. Buu took in a deep breath before blowing out a huge gust of wind, leveling the city. Babiddi grinned at the destruction. “Oh, my. Now it’s an even bigger mess. Oh well. Just remember, I’m looking for these three.” Piccolo, Trunks and Goten flashed in the vision again. “It will take us five days to wipe out the population, so do come forward before then. If you have any information, just call my name. I’m always listening.” Babiddi giggled and cut the vision.

“BUU!!!!” Trunks yelled, snapping awake. Suddenly, he didn’t know where he was, seeing the room wasn’t his own.

Next to him, Goten gave a muffled cry, blubbering, “I had a nightmare! All those people! He … He ate all those people!!” He turned to see Goku holding his youngest son tightly, his face contorted into a scowl. Piccolo standing by the door, also frowning.

The look in Goku’s and Piccolo’s eyes was enough for Trunks to understand. Not why, but what. “That wasn’t a nightmare…”

Goku shook his head. He stood from the bed, pulling his son off to stand. “Come, it’s time to train.”

Trunks frowned, seeing Goten rubbing his eyes and follow his father as everyone turned to leave. It was still dark, and Trunks didn’t understand why they had been woken up so early. Train? Train for what? He decided it was best to follow Goten’s dad and Mr. Piccolo. As they walked outside, Trunks looked out, and the palace was still dark, only lit by the light from the waning moon. The night sky twinkled, and Trunks marveled at how many stars there were. Living in the city, he didn’t usually see them. “What time is it?” Trunks asked, his voice croaking.

“Three o’clock,” Piccolo answered stoically. “You’ve been asleep since five thirty.”

“I missed dinner!?” Trunks snapped. “Why didn’t you wake me!!?” Goten made a similar complaint. His mind was always on food.

“Silence!” Piccolo snapped. “We only have eight hours to train you. You’ll be fed once we see improvements.”

Trunks and Goten scowled at the Namekian, both thinking about how he and Dende didn’t need to
eat, as they survived on a glass of water a day.

“Where are we?” Goten asked, looking around the palace with wonder.

“This is called the Lookout,” Goku replied.

They led them into a room, Goku moving to open the door. Trunks looked over Goku scrutinizingly, surprised to see a tail sticking out of the man’s pants. He was certain that wasn’t there yesterday.

“Hey Goten. What’s with the tail?” he hissed to his best friend quietly.

Goten shrugged.

“Pipe down!”

“It’s alright Piccolo,” Goku stated with a smile. “My tail used to grow back all the time as a kid. I had Kami remove it when I was fifteen for the last time, but for some reason it grew back last night. I don’t know why.”

Both Goten and Trunks frowned, mouthing, “Kami?”

“Should we remove it again? He removed it because it was a weakness,” Piccolo stated, Kami’s memories supplying why and when.

Goku shook his head. “We’ve got more important things to do. Plus, I won’t be fighting anyone who could exploit it …”

“AND WHY NOT?!” Trunks puffed up, his fists balled, understanding the implication. “Aren’t you going to fight Buu?!” Trunks frowned further, remembering Buu was still alive, after facing his father. He became worried as he added, trying his best to sound tough, “My dad fought him. What happened?”

Goku frowned pityingly, and Trunks’ fists tightened.

“Where is my Dad!?"

“Dead,” Piccolo answered, remaining stoic. Goku shot him a look, clearly thinking he was going to be breaking the news to the boys. But Piccolo knew them better. Goten especially. “Your father sacrificed himself to destroy Majin Buu.”

Trunks turned away, his eyes filling with tears, as did Gotens, but for different reasons. “Wasn’t Gohan with you?” Goten asked, his voice shaky. “Where is he? And Mia! Where’s Mia!?"

Piccolo frowned. He knew Goten and Mia were close. She was his teacher. “They were the first to fight Buu,” Piccolo stated, his fists balled. “And the first he killed.”

“NO!” Trunks snapped, as Goten began to bawl loudly and incoherently. Tears flew down both hybrids’ faces as Trunks shook his head violently. “NO! It can’t be true! You’re lying! YOU’RE LYING!!!”

“We don’t have time for this,” Goku growled. “Stop crying!” They refused to look at him. Goten’s shoulders shaking with sobs as Trunks did his best to control his breathing by sucking on his lower lip. “You just heard Babiddi say they are wiping out the planet in five days! If you don’t stop Buu and avenge your father, brother and sister, no one can. You hear me!?"

The boys’ crying died down to sniffles as they turned to the older Saiyan. They raised their teary
gaze to him, their eyes burning with anger and revenge.

Gohan awoke to the cold, crisp morning air, a shiver rolling over his body. He opened his eyes, his memory flooding with his actions over the night. He and Mia had sex. Multiple times. It had been good. Great. His muscles were still aching lightly from their exertion. As he took in the morning sunrise, sitting up gently, he realized Mia wasn’t where she was last night. He looked around, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, only to hear her spring up from the lake. She ran her fingers through her hair, shaking the droplets out as Gohan marveled over her naked form dripping in the early sunlight. A part of him couldn’t believe how lucky he was.

He leaned back on his arms as he watched her. She turned to look at him, biting her lip as she looked at him, and he blushed. She knew how that look made him feel. He made it very clear last night. She walked out of the lake, wringing her hair free.

As she stepped up to him, she breathed a small, “Hey.”

“Hey,” he breathed back. He wasn’t sure what else to say. Last night was amazing. Special. I want to do that again. I can’t believe we did that. I can’t believe Shin told me to do that. Mom will maim me in my sleep if she finds out … Vegeta will murder me. But damn, was it amazing. You’re amazing. I love you.

She reached down to the discarded clothes, smiling shyly as she tossed him his boxers, which hit him in the face. “We should get dressed before Kabito starts to look for us.” He watched her in wonder as she quickly started to dress, seeing now that she’d burned off the bottom of the leotard to get it off. She tucked her tail between her legs, almost automatically as she pulled her pants on. She frowned, seeing him not moving. “Earth to Gohan.”

He blinked, his eyes wide as he gulped down all the thoughts running through his head. “Yeah,” he breathed, grabbing his boxers which had fallen in his lap as he stood. He moved to get dressed, stepping close to her to pick up his clothes from the dirt. He stepped into his boxers, adding, “I’m just still in a little bit of shock. I wasn’t expecting last night to be like that.” He pulled his underwear up and winced as it hit his tail. His eyes went wide as he realized, “I forgot about the tail.”

Mia smiled. “And that we claimed each other last night.”

He frowned, and she gestured to the large bruise on the crook of her neck. His eyes went wider as he realized he had one too in the same spot. “Shit,” he breathed.

She put a hand on his bare chest, sending calming emotions to him. Their bodies buzzed as they touched, like low voltage running through them. She could feel he was worried that everyone would know what they did, and he was nervous about other people knowing. Her hand moved to his head, pulling her to him as she stood on her tiptoes to give him a kiss. It’s ok. We can hide it. She reached around him, adjusting his waist band to not pinch his tail. She gently caressed his tail, petting the fur as she pulled it between his legs into place, shivers of pleasure running from his tail to his head as he let out a relieved sigh. She pulled away from their kiss, a small happy smile on her face as she handed him his pants, stating, “Keep your tail placed there, and it shouldn’t pinch or be visible.” She was upset about something though. He could see it in her eyes.

He gulped, suddenly remembering Shin’s warning last night about them connecting minds. He’d completely ignored it during their night. “Babiddi doesn’t know we’re alive, does he? Last night didn’t …”
Mia shook her head, massaging her palm with the curvy M burned on it. “I think us being so far away, his powers don’t reach that far.” Gohan let out a relieved sigh. That was the last thing they needed. “Plus, even on Earth, it was only one way. I could hear his thoughts. He couldn’t hear mine after I fought him off.”

Well, that’s a relief, he thought. His gaze shifted over to her, and he could see she was still upset about something. The only other thing he could think of was that she knew he wanted to keep this part of their relationship a secret. His gaze softened on her.

She turned away, fastening her robe close. “We can tell them if you want,” he stated, throwing his own clothes on. “It’s just Vegeta will have some serious issues with … this,” he gestured between them. Vegeta had made it clear yesterday that he didn’t approve of them even dating. Having sex was definitely right out.

Mia shook her head. “I’m more worried about what your mother would say.” The way she said it made Gohan frown. Mia caught his confused expression. “She already doesn’t like me. And now…”

Gohan frowned further. “What are you talking about? She thinks you’re great!”

Mia rolled her eyes, adding, “Maybe as your friend. But I’m another Saiyan, meaning you’d be going down less of a scholarly path than another girl would offer…” Mia chewed the inside of her cheek as she said, “Like Videl.” Yes, she caught ChiChi hovering around Videl during their month of training, constantly hinting that Gohan should pursue her instead of Mia.

Gohan gave her a weird look, crossing his arms. “I don’t even like Videl.”

“She does,” Mia stated, her face giving him a mild grimace. “For you, I mean. She’s wealthy, smart, and human. She’d be less likely to push you to train and take you away from your studies.”

“But I want to train,” Gohan argued. “I hate sitting still. And while I like learning, but I’m not that big a fan of constant studying, like my mom wants.”

“I know.” Mia talked over him, knowing this about him already as she added, “But if we come out with this to your mom, I’ll be the Saiyan siren that’s convinced you to have sex before you were ready.”

“But that’s not what happened.” True, he wasn’t entirely ready, but in the circumstances dealt them, he would have happily done it again.

“Sure,” Mia sighed, plopping down on the ground as she put her boots back on. “You could tell her Shin told you to all you want. But it wouldn’t change the fact that you wouldn’t have done it if it wasn’t me here. Being in heat.”

He frowned. “That may be true, but that doesn’t mean I regret it.” He moved to sit down next to her, putting on his own boots and stating, “Plus, I think what she would be most upset about is the lack of protection.” Mia frowned, and he expounded, “She doesn’t want me throwing my life away by becoming a parent too quickly, like she did. She’d mentioned it several times when we had … the talk.”

Mia’s gaze narrowed, looking at the stone pillar in the lake, where they’d taken each other’s virginities. It was what he mentioned when he was first hit with her pheromones. It was clearly something so deeply ingrained in him that he’d been able to focus and resist through her scent, even if only for a moment. “What changed your mind?”

He pursed his lips, looking at the stone pillar as well. “Shin talked to this guy who literally knows
He shrugged, with a small shake of his head. “It’s fine.” But the way he said it, she could tell he didn’t believe it. She grabbed his hand, sending loving feelings into it. He gave her a sad smile, and she gave him a small peck on the lips before standing.

“Come on. I want to see the look on Kabito’s face when Shin tells him we’ve ‘Desecrated these hallowed grounds,’” she offered with a mischievous smile. Gohan couldn’t help the small matching smile showing on his face, pulling himself up with their still connected hands. Mia smirked. “Maybe he’ll change those blue balls for you.” Gohan gave her a weird look as she gestured for his earrings. “He gave you blue ball earrings,” Mia explained with a chuckle, and Gohan blanched. “I thought he was being ironic.” Gohan gave her a mildly panicked expression as she laughed, hopping lithely into the air. He followed after her quickly.

As they closed in on the Kais, they could see Kabito was already up and arguing with Shin. “How could you let them do such a thing!? To desecrate these hallowed grounds with … fornication!” Kabito hissed out the last word, giving it more weight. Mia shot Gohan a smirk, having picked his words exactly.

“For our plan to work, Gohan needs to be able to focus. Due to uncontrollable, natural forces, he would not be able to without doing such an act,” Shin stated.

“That is absurd!” Kabito snapped. “You’ve let them defile the sanctity of this world! Mortals! It’s vile!”

Shin scowled at his attendant. “What would you suggest I have done, then? Let Gohan’s training suffer while Majin Buu destroys the galaxy?”

“I was against bringing him here to begin with,” Kabito huffed. “All lower beings and their vile behaviors do not belong here. Full of excrement and indecency! The whole lot is a gross imitation and waste of life.”

Shin’s back went rigid, his scrutinizing gaze on the pink kai. “It is not a Kai’s place to judge the mortal realm as such. As a Supreme Kai in training, you should have already learned this.” Kabito looked away, his gaze cast to the ground. Shin remarked, “Maybe I chose my apprentice poorly.”

Kabito bowed his head. “Forgive me, Supreme Kai. It was my understanding this realm was the holiest of sanctuaries, and as such is to be treated with respect.”

“Its sanctity will recover,” Shin stated pointedly. “What worries me is your views on mortals. As Kais, it is our job to nurture and oversee mortal life. To help the wild become civilized, peaceful, and enlightened. To do so, a Kai must have an open, undiscriminating view of the mortal realm.”

Kabito bowed further. “I still have much to learn, Master.”

Shin nodded. “You have much to meditate on, then. Go,” he ordered.

Kabito did as he was bid, only seeing Gohan and Mia looking on as he turned to fly away, now feeling sheepish for acting in such a way in front of them. As Kabito left, Shin’s gaze found the two Saiyan teens, and he smiled, slightly forcefully. “Gohan. Mia. I trust everything has been dealt with?”
Gohan blushed a violent red. “Yes, sir,” Mia stated, and Gohan shot a weird look to her. She’d never been so formal. “We were just hoping this could stay between us, though.”

Shin gave her an odd smile as he replied, “I have no reason to tell anyone.” Mia’s gaze pointedly listed off to where Kabito had flown, before looking back to Shin. He nodded his understanding. “He won’t tell anyone.”

Mia let out a relieved sigh, turning towards the tree where their swords sat. “Now, let’s pick up where we left off,” she huffed, grabbing her sword, turning away from Gohan. Gohan picked up the Z Sword as well, standing opposite her with his own sword prepared. She looked at him carefully. “You ready?” she asked.

He gave a curt nod as his answer, and she leapt at him with a strike, their swords clashing with a loud, mighty clang.

They had taken a break from training for an hour to eat. It had been three hours since Babiddi’s last transmission, destroying another large city. Piccolo had wanted to keep training the boys, but it was clear they needed a break, and Goku was hungry as well, so he paused training for a minute. Popo had prepared a beautiful morning feast in the main hall, where everyone had slowly joined the group. Trunks and Goten eagerly went to their mothers as soon as Bulma and ChiChi walked in, crying into their clothes over their fallen family. ChiChi shot her husband a scathing look, knowing he didn’t sleep with her last night because he’d woken the boys early to train them. She wouldn’t start an argument with him in public like this, though. He knew where she stood.

She sat silently next to Goten, grabbing only a few fruit and drinking some water. Goku frowned at her, knowing her to usually eat more than that, but she refused to look at him.

The rest of the group trickled in, starting with Videl and Mia’s blonde friend. Siyaka’s detective friend was the last to show, and when he arrived, he looked around curiously for his Saiyan partner.

“Why aren’t we using the Hyperbolic Time Chamber to train the boys?” Piccolo asked, his arms crossed as he sat next to Goku, who was wolfing down syrup laden, sausage pigs-in-blankets.

Goku swallowed his mouthful, stating quietly, “Siyaka is using it now for her own training. If she completes her training before the boys, she will fight Buu. The boys are plan B.”

“What!?” Piccolo hissed dangerously. “We agreed the best course of action was to teach the boys Fusion. What if they need to use the chamber!?”

“I realized a better course of action last night,” Goku stated, his gaze shifting to ChiChi, who was listening in on their conversation, he could tell. They may have been talking quietly enough for the boys to not be able to hear over their own fork scraping and chatter, but ChiChi had always had good ears at the dinner table. She shot Goku a confused frown, and he gave her a reassuring nod before turning back to Piccolo adding, “Siyaka wasn’t that far behind Vegeta and I in our base forms. I realized if she could achieve the transformation I achieved in Otherworld, she could beat him.”

“Do you mean to tell me you have another transformation that you didn’t try against Buu!? Or Vegeta!?” Piccolo snapped with a growl. Goku shot him a careful look, so as not to alert the boys to their argument. “What the hell Goku!?”

“If I used it in a fight down here, I’d be returning to otherworld in a few minutes,” Goku stated. “It’s
a draining transformation. I only transformed to it for a minute to show Siyaka, and I can already feel it’s impact on my time here.”

Piccolo looked at him alarmed. “How long?”

“I said a minute.”

“How long do you have?” Piccolo corrected darkly.

Goku shrugged. “Less than three hours.”

Piccolo blanched. “Then what are we sitting around here for!?” Before Goku could protest, Piccolo turned to the boys with a glare, shouting, “Back to training! Now!” The boys moved to get up, already afraid of the Namekian, as Goku pouted, clearly not wanting his meal to be interrupted.

“People of Earth! It is I, the great wizard, Babiddi, and my loyal servant, Majin Buu. We’ve gotten some news since our last transmission that I am excited to share with you all about one of the three hooligans at large!” Babiddi’s voice rang in all their minds, his chuckling giddiness evident in his tone. “It seems one of these villains lives in a building with a rather unique name called Capsule Corporation over in West City. I think we’ll stop by. Just letting you know Trunks, we hope to see you there. If not, Buu will eat everyone there next.”

“Gah!!!” Trunks and Bulma shrieked.

“Grandma and Grandpa!” Trunks cried.

“More importantly, the dragon radar!” Bulma huffed, standing. Her gaze fell on Goku. “If he destroys West City, the radar is gone! I left it there.”

“What?” Piccolo gasped.

“Someone has to go get it!” Bulma snapped, “Otherwise we won’t be able to wish back anyone once Buu is dead!”

Piccolo turned to Goku gravely, “Someone is going to have to distract them while someone else goes to get it.” Goku understood what he was saying. He was the only one with a transformation that could withstand Buu, but Goku’s time would officially be up if he did it.

Popo came running in, huffing out of breath as he said, “Siyaka has come out of the chamber!”

Goku and Piccolo frowned, with Goku saying, “But she’s only been in there six months.”

Popo shrugged in response, but they each could sense Siyaka’s new power, and it was overwhelming. Goku was the first to sprint over to the room, the rest of the group following him quickly. As they closed in, Goku saw Dende mending her armor with his powers. “There. That should work.”

Her gaze found Goku’s. “I’m ready,” she said.

Goku smiled with relief. “Good. You can hold them off while I retrieve the radar.” He offered his hand, saying quickly, “Grab on.” She did, and they disappeared, reappearing just above Capsule Corp.

Goku dropped his hand quickly, stating, “They will be here coming from that direction in a few minutes.” He stated, pointing north west.
“I know,” she stated, her gaze focusing that direction as if she could already see them. “I was able to teach myself that handy energy sensing trick you and Vegeta used.”

Goku gave an impressed huff. “Ok. Hold them off as long as possible.” With that, he was out, and Siyaka flew after Buu and his wizard on her own.

Kakarot had been right. They were there within half a minute, screeching to a stop as they saw the Saiyan lady. Babiddi screaming as he flew forward as Buu’s cape flung him from deceleration, Siyaka dodging the wizard quickly. “What the Hell, Buu!? You nearly killed me! Haven’t you heard of whiplash!??” He growled, turning around to see Siyaka floating there in her purple spandex and white Saiyan armor. “Ah. Well well well, look who it is.” Babiddi chuckled, floating back to his servant. “Vegeta’s spurned lover. I thought he killed you.”

“I got better,” she remarked coolly.

“Be that as it may,” Babiddi smirked, “I should be thanking you. You and that other oaf played a crucial role in Majin Buu’s return.”

Siyaka’s jaw visibly tensed, but she didn’t say anything, her mouth twitching as she did her best to suppress her sneer.

Babiddi’s gaze narrowed on the Saiyan beauty. “So, what are you doing here?” he asked. When she didn’t answer, he smiled stating, “You haven’t come to turn in the others, have you?”

“I’m not that petty,” Siyaka replied. “I don’t let the actions of children get to me as much as you do, apparently.”

Babiddi scowled.

Siyaka smirked. “No, I came to end you.”

Babiddi eyes widened with glee. “You hear that Buu? She thinks she can kill you.” Buu frowned as Babiddi giggled. “I should let the whole world see this. Make you into an example of those who try to cross me.”

Siyaka smirked wider. “Not the first time someone has tried.”

Babiddi frowned before giving her an evil smile. “People of Earth,” he addressed, “It seems we have another challenger. See what happens when even your strongest attempt to face Majin Buu.” He turned to Buu. “Kill her.”

“Before that, you wanna’ see something cool?” Siyaka asked the pink monster.

Buu seemed excited, and nodded giddily. “No one cares about your stupid tricks! As my servant, I order you to kill her, Buu!” Babiddi shrieked.

Buu scowled at his master. “Buu no like your mean comments.”

“I don’t care what you like. As long as you kill her,” Babiddi huffed, pointing at the Saiyan lady.

“You no be nicer, Buu kill you instead!” Buu warned, giving his master an open-eyed glare.

Babiddi gave his monster a dangerous warning glare, asking, “What was that?” Buu refused to look at his master now, smiling at Siyaka who looked on at the two bickering villains calculatedly. “If you don’t do as I say, I’ll seal you up in ball again for another million years!”
“I think he’s ignoring you,” Siyaka smirked. Babiddi let out a small growl, shaking with rage, but not saying anything. “As he should. Buu, you’re so much stronger than him. Better than him. I bet you’d have so much more fun if he wasn’t around.”

“You shut your mouth!” Babiddi snapped. “Buu is my servant! My sword! He kills whomever I see fit! He obeys my every whim! And if not, he goes back in his ball!”

Siyaka smiled, looking at the glare the pink monster gave his master. Not for long, she thought. She readied her stance with a nonchalant shrug as she stated, “Just thought I’d give my opinion. I was a servant once too, and now my master’s dead. And I can tell you I started having a lot more fun when I was free.”

“You shut up!” Babiddi growled, his fists clenched.

“Fine,” Siyaka stated, her power level slowly rising. “Maybe you’re right. A puppet is nothing without someone else pulling his strings.”

Buu took offense to that remark, steam shooting out of his head with anger. Siyaka smirked, her power shooting up just like Kakarot’s had the previous night. Clouds drifted towards her as her power shook the Earth, electricity shooting up from the city sparking around her as her power skyrocketed. An inhuman scream tore from her throat as felt her transformation taking hold. Her hair grew long, and her tail wrapped around her waist turned to gold. She could feel her eyes dilate, and her vision gained a hyper-intensity. Then something in her tandens snapped, unlocking and magnifying all the ki in her body, and she calmed, finishing her transformation.

“Holy crap, what is that?” Gohan stated, looking off in the far distance with a frown.

Mia used his distraction, slapping her blade against his wrists forcing him to drop his sword, which fell with a loud clang to the ground. She quickly maneuvered her blade up to his neck with a frown, stating, “Never drop your guard!”

“Sorry,” Gohan breathed, gulping against her blade. She’d proven in their sparring that she was deadly with the tool, besting him several times over. “But you don’t feel that?”

Mia frowned at the question. Lowering her blade as her glance shot over to the Kais who were looking in the same direction as Gohan. Kabito had returned a little under an hour ago, silently observing their progress. “That can’t be my dad again, can it? It’s more powerful than that surge last night,” Gohan asked, still looking that direction as Mia put her sword point in the ground, looking off the way they were, confused as to what they were talking about.

“No. I’m surprised to say, but it’s actually Siyaka,” Shin stated with a worried frown.

Mia looked carefully at the Supreme Kai. “Mom?”

Gohan shook his head blankly, “That doesn’t make any sense. How could she have gotten so powerful and such short amount of time?”

Kabito frowned. “There are strange happenings on your planet. More than we accounted for. Maybe this was just another one,” the pink Kai stated.

Gohan ran his hands through his hair, huffing, “I wish I knew what was going on!”
Mia frowned, looking at her sword. Shin said he could summon almost anything. “What about a crystal ball?” she asked, looking up at Shin.

The Kai frowned, but held his hands up, creating a clear crystal ball in them. “Why?” he asked.

“To see what’s going on,” Mia huffed, chewing on her bottom lip. “That old lady who brought Goku back had one. I’m assuming because they actually work.” She held her hand out, and the Kai gave her the ball. She held the ball in her hands, and she focused hard on her mom until an image became clear in the ball. Mia looked at it wide-eyed, surprised it actually did work. And seeing her mom looking how she did. “Woah,” she breathed.

Gohan crowded over her, trying to get a look, as did the Kais.

Mia let out a nervous chuckle. “Mom looks like she’s going to a hair band concert.”

“She’s fighting Majin Buu,” Gohan stated, even more worriedly. Mia looked closer, and did see Babiddi and the pink monster squaring off with her mom.

Mia visibly gulped, seeing her mom relax in her new transformation. Before anyone could register what happened, Siyaka launched on the pink monster, yelling, “This is for Gohan!” She kneed the monster in the jaw, sending his head back. “This is for Vegeta!” she yelled, kicking the monster up high. She brought her hands together, her hands going in a flurry of movement that Mia had only see her mother do a few times before, finishing with her thumbs and index fingers together as she yelled, “And this is for my daughter, you SON OF A BITCH!!!!!” A huge blast shot out towards the monster, hitting him squarely.

When the blast faded, bits of Buu remained, floating in the air where he had been. “Alright!” Gohan cheered, his fist up. Shin said nothing, looking on grimly. Mia noted Shin’s reaction, and said nothing as well, observing the ball carefully for what Shin already knew.

The pink pieces turned to puddy, conglomerating together until Buu reformed triumphantly. Siyaka didn’t look surprised by his reappearance. Gohan’s smile fell to horror. “Oh no.”

Siyaka smirked, and Mia felt hope again. Her mother wasn’t out of options yet. But it was clear, she and Gohan needed to continue training. She handed the ball to Shin, stating, “Keep us posted on anything important. Gohan, we need to step it up.” Gohan shot her a frown, but the expression she gave him told him that she was serious as she grasped the hilt of her sword. She gestured to the fallen Z-sword, ordering, “Pick it up.” Gohan gave her a bleak expression, before nodding, picking it up with a small grunt and preparing to spar again.

Goku ran through Capsule Corp, Dr. and Mrs. Briefs trailing behind him, slowly looking through the different rooms of their house as if it were a simple scavenger hunt. “Where is it!?” Goku huffed, having rummaged through Bulma’s lab for a fourth time. They needed to find it quick, especially if Siyaka couldn’t hold off Buu.

“You know,” Mrs. Briefs stated airily, “I have a friend that whenever she loses something, she prays to this Saint guy. She’s catholic, but she tells me whenever she says the prayer, whatever she was looking for turns up.” Goku and Dr. Briefs eyed the blond woman strangely as she put her hand to her cheek as she asked herself, “Now how did it go? It was ‘Dear Saint … somethin’…’ I know it was rhyming!” She shook her head blankly, trying to remember.

“Didn’t Bulma use it yesterday?” Dr. Briefs asked. “They summoned Shenron, so she must’ve had it
“RIGHT!!” Goku huffed excitedly, before his smile faltered, asking, “But where would she have put it?”

“Why don’t you just call her and ask?” Mrs. Briefs offered, gesturing to the phone on the wall. Goku frowned. “She’s on the Lookout. They don’t have a phone.”

“Her cellphone, silly!” Mrs. Briefs chided. “She always has that on her.” Goku frowned, not sure what she was talking about. She waved him off, saying, “It’s ok. I’ll call her for you.” Mrs. Briefs picked up the landline, dialing Bulma’s cellphone. “Bulma, sweetie! Goku’s over here, and he’s havin’ some difficulty finding the radar. … Oh? You were? … Ok. I’ll tell him.” Goku was now jogging in place ready to run get it. “Also, have you talked to Tights recently? Does she know what’s going on? … I just thought it might help her on her next book, y’know? … Well, honey, this is no reason to be abrasive. I’m just trying to be a helpful mother… Well, honey, not everything is about you. Your sister has a career that should be supported too…”

Goku was unable to wait anymore, especially through one of Bulma and her mother’s arguments. Mrs. Briefs was nice and airy usually, but when she and Bulma but heads, it could get ugly. He stole the phone from the blonde woman, huffing into the phone, “Where is it, Bulma?”


“Thanks,” Goku breathed, hanging up the phone.

Mrs. Briefs frowned, a rare expression from the Briefs matriarch, and it filled Goku with a little dread. “Well, that was very rude.”

“Go on, sweetie. I think I can finish helping Goku out,” Dr. Briefs suggested, ushering his wife out. Mrs. Briefs pursed her lips, and with a small “Hmph,” and a pout, she left. The doctor turned to Goku, who watched the blonde woman with wide, wary eyes. “Now, where is that radar.”

“Bulma said in the plane …” Goku answered.

“The plane?” Dr. Briefs asked with a smile. “I put it up after you all left yesterday. I have it right here.” He pulled out a packet of capsules, gesturing to Goku to follow him outside to open it up. Goku nodded, and fell in step with him. “So,” Dr. Briefs stated blandly, “I see you got your tail back.”

Goku blushed a little, not understanding why everyone was talking about it. “Yeah. It kind of just showed up.”

Dr. Briefs pursed his lips, quirking his head to the side as he mused, “I wonder if Vegeta will also get his back?”

Goku shrugged, scratching the back of his head nervously. He wasn’t even sure what caused his to come back in the first place, although he deduced it had to do something with he and his wife having sex, but it still didn’t make sense to him. He and his wife had sex four other times in his life, and it didn’t grow back then. Maybe it was because he was on bottom usually, whereas last night, he’d been on top. His mind drifted back to Dr. Brief’s question, and if he actually thought about it, Vegeta didn’t seem like a guy who would enjoy being on bottom, but he wasn’t sure.

He shook his head violently, not liking where his train of thought was taking him.
Dr. Briefs grabbed the capsule as they stepped outside, throwing it open with a loud pop and a puff of smoke. Goku quickly hopped inside, scouring the plane until he found it. He held it up victoriously. “Bully!” Dr. Briefs cheered.

Goku put his fingers to his forehead, using his instant transmission to take him back to the Lookout quickly. He quickly handed the radar to Bulma, who held it up, cheering with Krillin excitedly that their prospects had improved significantly. He saw Piccolo and Dende staring at the edge with the strange man who worked with Siyaka. “What’s going on?” Goku asked.

“I don’t know what transformation you told her to train for,” Piccolo started with a huff, shooting Goku a weird glance before stating, “But whatever it was, she’s done it. Buu can’t even land a hit on her.”

Goku smiled. “I thought she could do it.”

“It’s mind boggling,” Piccolo growled. He smirked. “Everytime I think I catch up, you somehow manage to pull way ahead.”

Goku gave a waneful smile as he sighed, “In some regards. There are other aspects you’ve always been better than me with.”

Piccolo looked at the Saiyan carefully, seeing is old rival was thinking about Gohan. Piccolo gave a small frown. “Gohan thinks the world of you,” he stated, crossing his arms.

“But he still thought more of you,” Goku sighed.

They let the silence linger between them a moment before Piccolo requested, “When you see him in Otherworld, tell him I miss him.”

Goku pursed his lips, suppressing a small pout as he replied, “Of course.” He frowned looking towards the fight. “Uh-oh.”

For a solid minute or two, Siyaka held the pink monster by his antennae and hitting him repeatedly, like a boxer hitting a speedbag in training. Buu made funny groans with every hit. At this point though, she was just running out the clock, much to her chagrin. He’d already displayed his amazing powers of restoration, and she’d tried her strongest attack, the Galick Gun. She even threw him into a building. He was damaged from it, but would still recover with ease. She wanted to tear him limb from limb, but she realized even with this power up, that was impossible. She needed to train more, that much was clear. On top of that, he’d hit her with some powerful moves. Her Super Saiyan 3 aura had helped her in deflecting some of them, but one punch he gave her abdomen was killing her.

So now, she waited for Kakarot to get out of West City to tell her he’d completed his mission. She felt his energy disappear, and she breathed a sigh of relief. With that teleporting move he had, she hoped he’d come get her. Her ki was dangerously low, and her abs cramped from when Buu had landed a hit there. In that time, maybe she could do something else to help them.

Well, that’s all I have…

Siyaka dropped out of Super Saiyan 3 to her normal state, her aura evaporating into the atmosphere, watching Buu pulling himself back together. She hoped Kakarot could feel her drop in power and knew it was time to get her. Her ki was dangerously low, and her abs cramped from when Buu had landed a hit there. In that time, maybe she could do something else to help them.
“What are you doing?” Babiddi growled, seeing her drop out of her heightened state, his fists clenched.

She did her best to continue to look strong as she smirked, “Nothing. I’m just bored.” Buu quirked his head curiously as she yelled at him, “You bore me!”

“What? Bore?” Buu giggled as he asked. “We play! Buu have fun! Buu play more!!!”

“It’s not as fun fighting a puppet,” she started.

Buu quirked his head. “Puppet? What you mean?”

“I mean, it’s no fun wasting time fighting someone who lets someone else do his thinking for him,” Siyaka yelled back, before Babiddi could say anything. “How do I know I’m fighting you and not him? What if I told you that all the people you’re looking for want to fight you, but need two days to prepare to end you. A puppet would ignore that, and do what his master says, killing them too soon. A warrior would wait until they’re ready for battle.” The two days was for herself, but he didn’t need to know that.

“Hmm…” Buu mumbled, putting his hand to his chin in thought.

“What does it matter!? I think you’re bluffing!” Babiddi screeched. “I think you’re tired, not bored. Buu, finish her off!”

Both Buu and she ignored the wizard as she yelled over him, “So which would you choose, Buu!? Are you a puppet or a warrior!?”

“He’s not interested in your stupid philosophies! Buu, she’s weak! Kill her now!”

She suddenly felt the presence of Kakarot behind her, and she smiled. “Think about it, Buu. Two days!” Kakarot gripped her shoulder and they disappeared, Babiddi screaming with fuming rage.

“What was he even doing here!?!?!?! How did he get here!?!?!?” Babiddi screamed. “GOD DAMMIT!!!” His glare shifted to Buu and he howled with an accusing finger, “This is all your fault!!! If you didn’t dawdle, and killed that bitch when I said so, she wouldn’t have escaped, YOU INEPT IGNORAMOUS!!!” He looked around fervently, huffing, “Well, they can’t have gotten too far! They must be around here. So don’t just sit there like a lump! GO OUT AND LOOK FOR THEM!!!!”

Buu ignored him.

“HEY! Do you hear me, BOZO!?!?!” it was less a question, and more of a threat. “Go on now! Get moving, already, Fatty!!!”

Buu let out a guttural growl, an evil smile coming to his lips. He turned to the wizard manically. “Guess what, Babiddi!”

Babiddi frowned, his arms hanging low, his expression tired from dealing with a childlike nuisance for the past fifteen hours. “What?” he growled.

“Buu had a good idea just now!” Buu laughed, pointing to himself.

“Really?” Babiddi asked skeptically. “An idiot like you having a good idea? I seriously doubt it, but hurry up so we can hunt down those miscreants.”
Buu flew close to Babiddi, leaning in as if to share a secret. “Alright now. Listen real close.”

Babiddi frowned at the pink monster’s antics. “Hurry up and spit it out. We don’t have all day.” Buu’s hand shot out, grabbing Babiddi by the throat. The monster’s manic grin grew wider as he began to chuckle to himself, squeezing on Babiddi’s throat tightly.

“Babiddi no can speak now,” Buu said in a sing song voice. “So no can he say magic spell to seal Buu in ball again! CAN HE!?!?” His grip tightened, and Babiddi’s already buggy eyes flew wider, his face turning a purplish blue as blood rushed to his head. His tongue lulled out as he clutched at Buu’s hand, trying to pull him away. “Buu learned lots and lots from you. But now, Buu no need you no more. So, Buu done with mean old wizard!”

Babiddi gave a screaming grunt against the hold, a crying groan as the wizard blinked back tears, seeing his own demise. He waved his arms around helpless, trying to force himself away, but Buu was right. Without his words, he was nothing.

Buu laughed again, lifting a fist charged with some ki. “Bye bye!” Buu cheered, throwing his punch, the ki blast from it disintegrating the wizard’s head.

“BUUUUU!!!!” the pink monster squealed happily, doing a small victorious dance in the air, letting Babiddi’s body fall below to the ocean. He let out a giggle, throwing his hand out and blasting the last of Babiddi’s body. Gleefully, he cheered, steam blowing out the holes in his head. Quickly, he flew to the first city he could find, and with a mighty huff and puff, he blew it all down. He let out another howling cheer as the people screamed in terror. He could have his fun with them.

Mia felt something snap in her head, almost like she pinched a nerve at the base of her skull. She froze, causing Gohan to come to a screeching halt in their training. “Mia, are you alright?” She looked off blankly, the feeling burning until the pain ebbed. As the pain left her, she blinked slowly, taking a deep breath.

She looked to her right hand with surprise, seeing the curvy M finally gone. She frowned. “What’s going on?” she called down, now looking at Shin who looked horrified at the crystal ball.

“Babiddi is dead,” Kabito answered gravely.

Goku and Siyaka appeared on the Lookout. Her gaze connected with his tiredly, as she groaned, “Took you long enough,” quickly falling to her knee. Goku could see her body was shaking as if the transformation had left her unstable.

“Are you ok?” he asked, a little nervously.

She gave a resolute nod, not looking up from the marble tiles as she caught her breath. Rito ran over first. “Jicama!”

“I’m fine,” she huffed. Rito pulled her into a hug, and she gave him a weird frown, not used to him being so overzealous, especially with her. She lifted a shaky hand, tapping him gently on the shoulder. “Ok. You can get off now.”

“You scared the ever-living shit outta’ me!” Rito huffed, squeezing her tighter.
“O-Ok…” she grumbled stiffly. She shot Goku a look, mouthing, “A little help here?” Goku smiled back, letting her suffer for a moment. Why, she didn’t know.

“I think she needs a little air,” Videl called out as she walked over, Libby staying close by the Champion’s daughter. Rito pulled away, giving a small glare over his shoulder. Siyaka waved him off, taking a deep breath as she ran her hand through her hair, trying to relax her body from the strain. The group slowly gathered around them. “What happened?” Videl asked, her own expression fixed in a worried scowl.

“Underestimated him, overestimated my training,” Siyaka huffed, feeling her body start to calm. She caught their worried expressions, and growled, “Don’t worry. It won’t happen again.”

Just as she said that, everyone with power sensing abilities felt a large energy fading, turning towards the edge of the Lookout. Siyaka frowned. “He did it.”


“Buu killed Babiddi,” Siyaka stated, grumbling to herself as she pulled her body to stand. “I guess he listened to me.” Piccolo and Goku eyed her even more worriedly now as a breeze rolled through the Lookout, catching the leaves and their hair. “That means he’s giving us two days.”

“How would you know that,” Piccolo growled.

“Because I told him to kill Babiddi and give us two days if he wants a stronger fighter to prove he was a warrior and not a puppet,” Siyaka answered with a smirk. She could feel the horrified looks on her as she added, “He killed Babiddi. So he’ll give us two days.” She stepped away from the group, walking back towards the palace.

“H-He?” Krillin called out annoyedly, but Goku put his hand out, silencing his friend.

She stopped, turning back to them, but her gaze on the younger saiyan. “Kakarot.” He looked to her with a small frown. “You’ll be gone by the time I’ve finished my training.” His normally cheerful expression shifted a little grimly at the reminder. Just over two hours now. She put her fist out, which he bumped with his own, a little awkwardly. “It was good to see you,” she said earnestly, her pride and determination shining in her eyes. He could almost see a sadness in them, a sense of loneliness. She dropped her hand and left, back to the Hyperbolic Time Chamber.

Goku turned to Piccolo, and the namekian nodded as if sharing his thought with only a glance. “Boys!” Piccolo snapped. “Back to work!”

Hours passed, and Buu had begun to grow bored. He’d destroyed five cities, a flying machine, and a mountain range. He crossed his arms, thinking about what he should do. He let out a big, irritable yawn. “Hmm. Buu need beddy-bye.” He stopped over a peaceful town, barely able to keep his eyes open. He landed in the middle of a dusty road, causing a truck to screech to a halt.

“HEY! GET OUT OF THE ROAD YOU IDIOT!!!!” the driver yelled, leaning out of his window. The man froze, seeing the pink monster standing in front of him. “Oh … oh no.”

With an eerie smile, Buu kicked the truck, sending it flying into several houses. People began to scream and run again, as Buu walked through the town, taking in the scenery. He gave a cheery grin, putting his hands on his hips as he said, “Hmm. This nice place. Buu build house here so Buu can go nighty-nite. Uh-huh.” The screams of stampeding people and animals made him annoyed as he tried
to envision his house. “You people too noisy!” he huffed. He lifted his hands high. “Noisy people go up!”

The people and animals began to float, and with a beam from his antenna, he turned them into building puddy. As the puddy congealed, Buu sucked in another mighty breath to level the land, erasing the town, trees, and even hills that dained to be too close. He chuckled to himself happily as the puddy landed. “Now, Buu build!” And he did.

“FU-SION HA!” the boys yelled as they ran through their poses again. Trunks and Goten had lost count.

Goku smiled. “Good. You boys seem to have it down.” They looked up hopefully at that. “I think maybe we should try it.”

Piccolo frowned, his arms crossed as he eyed his old rival carefully. “Are you sure?”

Goku nodded. “We should try without super Saiyan, just to start,” he stated, stepping forward, his arms dropping to his side. “I’m curious to see what they become.”

Piccolo eyed Goku carefully, knowing Goku’s time was nearing, figuring that had something to do with it. He gave a small, acquiescing nod. The boys moved to their previous positions, setting up to actually perform the Fusion this time.

“Power up,” Goku ordered. They lifted their fists, pushing their energy to the level they’d determined earlier that morning. Goku nodded with a smile. They were ready. They set themselves in their primary positions, each taking in a deep breath to align their breathing.

They looking up in sync with each other, pulling their arms over their heads as they called out, “Fuuuu -SION!” They cocked their knees up, hitting the pentultimate position. Piccolo just barely caught Goten had his hands in fists correctly, but Trunks had extended hi pointer fingers early before reaching together yelling, “HAAAA!” A brilliant light shone, blinding everyone watching, a few of the group looking on gasping at the sudden flash.

The light cleared, and what appeared made Goku mildly pout. “That’s not right…”

There was a new boy standing where Goten and Trunks would have been, although, he was much fatter than expected, and in the Metamorian garb. His hair stood on end, black in the center, and purple on the sides. His eyes resembled Goten more, but his mouth was Trunks. Beyond that, Goku couldn’t really see how the boys blended. Goku could sense barely any energy coming off him, meaning the fusion had faltered somewhat.

“Trunks made a mistake,” Piccolo stated, his expression furrowed. “His fingers extended too early. Should they separate and try again?”

Goku shook his head defeatedly. “No. They can’t anyway. We just have to wait thirty minutes, and they’ll separate automatically.” Goku stepped forward, looking at the new boy carefully. “So what are we going to call you?”

“My name is Gotenks,” the boy answered, pointing to himself. His voice was a weird mixture of both boys’.

“Gotenks, huh?” Goku laughed. Another “Go-.”
“So, what do we do until they separate?” Piccolo asked.

Goku shrugged.

“You could show us that transformation Siyaka’s training for,” Gotenks offered excitedly. Piccolo and Goku shot each other confused looks as Gotenks continued, “It’ll be good inspiration. Please!”

“I…” Goku started, trying to find a reason not to, without alarming them about how much time he had left.

“Tick Tock!” an old woman called. Goku looked over to the side where Baba floated in on her crystal ball. Her wrinkled face grim as she said, “Your time is almost up.”

Goku’s eyes went wide. “Wha-!? Already!?”

“You have a little over a half hour. That stunt you pulled, even for a minute cost you over an hour. If I were you, I would use that time to start saying your goodbyes,” Baba stated, casting a glance towards the group. Goku followed her gaze finding ChiChi’s tearful eyes. His heart sank. He hated to leave her this way.

AN: I should note, if you have any questions about what Shin told Gohan, or what Zuno told Shin, I’m going to send you to **Ripples in Time: History of Trunks**, which has any answers that could be answered without spoilers.

As always, remember to leave a review!
Chapter 17

AN: Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays! I took a small break from this to finish two other novels that will be published next year. I’ll keep you posted on that if anyone is interested (one of which is a rewrite of the first 10 chapters of this fanfic, which is being repurposed for a new series I’ve had an idea about for a while). But I promised to get this chapter done and out before Christmas, and it is!

Lemon in this chapter, too. Or, might be a lime (I’m a little unclear on the difference line). Just FYI.

I’d like to note, I know it may seem like I’m rushing the Buu fight a bit. I’m doing this for a couple reasons. One, a lot of important stuff happens in the next saga that I really want to get to, whereas Buu Saga still has some, but not much. Two, it drags on in the show between plot points. I mean really drags on. I hadn’t noticed it until I got really writing this fanfic, and wow. I get why Toriyama took 18 years to pick it back up again. This chapter is 30 pages again. And there are 4 chapters left in the Buu Saga.

Anyway, enjoy! And remember to review, like and favorite!

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Chapter 17

Eradicate

“We’re gonna really miss you!” Krillin sniffled, doing his best to hold back tears. Goodbyes were always hardest when you knew it was for forever. But it wasn’t. Not really if you thought about it. “It’s just not the same without you around,” Krillin added, scuffing his shoes on the tile disappointedly.

“Well, you could always join me in Otherworld if you wanted,” Goku joked, a little too cheerfully for the morbidity of the suggestion.

Krillin blanched. “Where you’re going? No way man!” Goku let out a hearty laugh at his best friend, who stepped back to be with his new family.

“It was good to have you back, Goku,” Piccolo said, stoicly as ever. “Although, we really could use you for the rest of this fight.”

Goku smiled. “Siyaka and the boys will do just fine.”

“I hope you’re right,” Bulma said grimly. Goku shot her a smile full of hope, and she could help but feel a little hopeful seeing it.

His gaze fell on ChiChi and Goten, both were crying. The boys had separated five minutes before. Goku knelt down in front of his youngest son, his smile bittersweet now as he asked, “Goten, are you gonna’ be able to take care of Mommy for me?”

Goten did his best to hold back his tears, but his gaze was watery, and his lip quivered. The little hybrid nodded affirmatively before swinging his arms around his father’s neck, hugging him tightly.
“P-please don’t go…” Goten whispered. Goku felt his son’s tears drop on his shoulder, and his heart broke a little. He looked up to ChiChi who was looking at a hankerchief she was wringing in her hands before bringing it to her eyes.

“I’ve got to,” Goku answered, putting his hand on Goten’s head, his thumb rubbing soothing circles in his son’s scalp just like Grandpa Gohan did for him when he was little. “So, I need to know you’re gonna’ be strong for Mommy, ok?” Again Goten, nodded, but now broke down into sobs as he held his father tighter. ChiChi knelt down, easing Goten away, and Goku looked at her gratefully. He wished he had more time. He wished now more than ever that he hadn’t decided to stay in Otherworld seven years ago. But there was always going to come a time when he wouldn’t be able to defend the world.

ChiChi handed Goten to her father, who did his best to calm down his grandson. She turned back to her husband, her eyes full of mixed emotions. He saw a tear roll down her cheek, and he caught it with his thumb, caressing her skin lovingly. Her breath hitched, her voice breaking as she said, “Gohan’s gone. I can’t lose you, too.”

As soon as her eyes connected with his, he pulled her in for a kiss, ignoring the murmurs of his friends as he licked at her lips, which she opened welcomingly. He felt a comfortable humming surge through them at the contact as his tongue played with hers. He felt her mind open up to him. Her pain, her love on ready display for him. She already missed him, and he pulled her tighter, wishing she had the same abilities as him so she could feel how much he already ached for her.

He heard Baba clear her throat, and he pulled away reluctantly. “I love you,” he breathed, still caressing her cheek.

“I know,” ChiChi answered back. She stepped away, and he let her, watching her form as she turned back to her father, taking Goten from his arms.

He turned to Baba. “I’m ready.”

Baba gave a nod, and they floated into the sky together. “Bye you guys! Gonna’ miss you all! But I’ll see you when you die!” Goku called out with a wave.

Then they faded from view to Otherworld, flying over the world of yellow clouds and floating walkways. Goku looked down, hearing crowds of voices below him. The walkways were full of spirits, and the ogres in charge of directing them to Yemma’s place were out with megaphones, yelling, “Please proceed in an orderly fashion! Any sin made waiting for Yemma’s judgment can and will count against you!”

“Woah!” Goku breathed, seeing the chaos below. “I’ve never seen this place so busy before … Ow!” he yelped, colliding into Baba’s crystal ball. He frowned, looking at her as he rubbed his sore head, “What’s the big idea!?”

Baba stopped for a minute just before diving into the yellow clouds surrounding Otherworld’s entrance and King Yemma’s domain. “Are you sure you made the right call back there?” She looked back to him carefully. “I mean really, is entrusting the safety of the entire world to little boys is risky.”

Goku frowned. “I know what those boys are capable of if they put their minds to it. Plus, they’re only the back up. Siyaka is the one I’m betting will take him down.”

Baba shrugged. She hadn’t thought of the last Saiyan. “Siyaka maybe a better bet, but I saw how she fought against Buu earlier. You really think she can do it.”
“Yeah,” Goku said with a smile.

Baba turned back around, looking off dismally as she said, “If you believe so. The Earth should be protected by the people who actually live there, right?”

“Right,” Goku stated emphatically.

Baba shot him a knowing smile before diving in to the yellow clouds, Goku following after quickly. Goku flew past her, excited to reach Yemma’s palace on the other side of the clouds. He landed just above the “Welcome” sign. “Ok, Goku. I assume you can make it the rest of the way on your own.”

“You! Thanks!” he cheered, giving her a small salute. “I’ll see you around, Baba!”

“Goodbye, Goku.”

With that, she floated away, and Goku jumped down off the roof, springing ahead of the line and sprinting into Yemma’s chamber. One of the ogres tried to stop him, yelling, “No cutting in line!”

“You’ll have to forgive me, I’m in a rush!” Goku called back cheerfully. As he entered Yemma’s, he called out, “King Yemma! King Yemma!!” trying to get the giant’s attention.

The giant pink man looked up boredly before a small tired smile crept to his face. “Oh, Goku. It’s you. You’re back a little earlier than I expected.”

“I hate to barge in King Yemma,” Goku started quickly, “but there’s something I have to ask you, sir.”

King Yemma scowled at him. “Do you see the line? We’re already almost out of walkway for the souls. It’s been like this for fifteen hours. Look at all the paperwork we’ve gone through already!” He held up a large stack of nineteen thick books, which Goku remembered was supposed to last one year. “What makes you think I have time to answer a question?” King Yemma growled.

Goku looked over his shoulder feebly. “Yeah. To be honest, it’s not that surprising. You might get the whole population soon.”

“What!?!?” King Yemma blanched, the nineteen books fell off his desk, burying an unsuspecting ogre. Goku looked at the pile worriedly, hoping he wasn’t hurt. “The whole population?” he asked slowly, to make sure he heard correctly.

Goku gave a grim nod.

King Yemma sat back, rubbing his tired eyes. “How!? What the Hell is happening on Earth!?”

“Majin Buu,” Goku answered.

King Yemma blanched again. “Majin Buu is on Earth!?!” Goku nodded. King Yemma put his head in his hands. This was bad. Really bad.

“That’s why I wanted to ask you if you’ve seen my son, Gohan, come through here … or his girlfriend Mia Jicama? They would have come through yesterday afternoon,” Goku stated. He added quickly, “Before the rush. They’re missing.”

King Yemma looked at Earth’s hero carefully, before reaching for the book sitting on top of the pile. It was labeled “Deaths 774,” but it had been scratched out and relabeled, “Deaths Spring 774: End date May 5th.” King Yemma sighed as he begun flipping through the pages. “Gohan, Gohan, Gohan
…” he muttered to himself. Goku floated up to see the book as the heavenly gatekeeper flipped through the pages. “No, he’s not here,” King Yemma stated with finality. “Neither of them.” King Yemma frowned, looking at the Saiyan hovering over his desk as he added, “Come to think of it, if he had been here, I think I would have remembered it.”

“So, they’re not dead!?” Goku gasped excitedly. He pumped a fist in the air as he cheered, “ALRIGHT! THEY’RE NOT DEAD!!!! THEY’RE ALIVE!!!!”

“Although, I do have a name here that does ring a bell. Named Dabura?” King Yemma stated, putting the book down. The look Goku gave him told him Dabura was a familiar name to the Saiyan. King Yemma smirked, “Being a demon, I figured he would have enjoyed Hell, so I sent him to heaven instead.”

Goku grinned, “That’s awesome!” Elated by the news his son was still alive, Goku stepped out from in front of the line as he said, “Thanks for answering my question. I’ll let you get back to work.” He shot up, back into the yellow clouds, the thought his son was still alive making him feel lighter than ever. “I can’t believe that Libby girl was right. Man, she’s really smart! Probably shoulda’ listened to her …” He froze as he thought about it. Even if Gohan and Mia weren’t dead, no one could sense their energy. “So, where are they?” he asked himself.

He closed his eyes, pushing out his mind to sense his son. That’s when he sensed an enormous power surging like beacon. His eyes flew wide as he turned its direction. It was Gohan alright. And Mia was with him. But it wasn’t exactly in Otherworld. Nor King Kai’s.

Goku frowned. “If they’re not dead, what are they doing in this dimension?” He put his fingers to his head, focusing on their energy before instant transmissioning to them.

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Mia sliced at Gohan, and he parried as best as he could. The Z-sword was still a little awkward in his grip, especially at the angle he needed to block her at. She’d learned that weakness early, and had been relentlessly attacking it, hoping it would give a little. He pushed her sword down with his before lunging at her, and she tripped him causing him to stumble. She spun her sword around, placing it carefully at the base of his skull. He could feel the cold sharp steel against his hair.

“Now, you’re dead,” she stated, with a disappointed frown.

She removed her sword and allowed him back up. They repositioned before starting their dance again. He swung first, and she parried, dancing around him artfully, the steel of their swords clanging against each other. Gohan sliced down, and she caught it quickly, struggling against the Z-sword’s weight. Mia was able to push him off, and he sliced from the right, but stopped when they heard a yelp. Both of them froze, seeing Goku standing there, checking his hair which the sword had just buzzed.

“Gah!” Goku huffed, ruffling his hair.

“D-Dad,” Gohan started, his eyes bugging wide. “What are you doing here!?” He lowered his sword, as did Mia, placing the point of her blade in the grass.

Goku held onto his head as he tentatively looked up. “Oh, you know. Just trying to keep my head.” The palm haired saiyan’s eyes flew wide as I took in Gohan and Mia’s new outfits and swords. “Wow, Son. Why’re ya’ll dressed like Kais?”

Gohan blushed, looking at his robes as he placed his sword’s point in the grass, scratching his head
self-consciously as he replied, “Oh, well, it’s kind of a funny story, actually.”

“Huh,” Goku grunted, standing up. “Well, where are we?” he asked looking around.

As he turned both Gohan and Mia got a good look at Goku’s new appendage. While Gohan’s eyes went wide and his face drained, feeling his own tail squirm between his legs reminding him how his returned, he heard Mia gasp behind him, “Oh my God.” He knew she was thinking the same thing he was.

“We’re at the Supreme Kai’s Sactuary,” Gohan answered quickly, looking away from his dad’s tail. The more he looked at it, the more he thought about how it had to have come back, and he really didn’t want to think about his parents in that way.

Goku turned back to look at his son confused, only to see both Kais from the tournament standing twenty yards behind them. “Huh. Is that Shin and that other guy who’s supposed to be dead?”

“Kabito,” Gohan filled in.

“Yeah!” Goku laughed. He waved over to them shouting, “Hello!” They waved back, walking over to the group. Goku turned back to his son with a beaming smile as he asked, “So what happened? Everyone on Earth thinks you’re both dead.”

“You want the long or short version?” Mia asked.


Gohan shot Mia a nervous look, reminding her to leave some details out. She rolled her eyes and she waved him off. “We fought Buu when he woke up. He took us both down with a single blast, which Shin dispelled as well as hid our power so Buu couldn’t find us. It took Shin a while to find us, but once he and Kabito did, they brought us here, hoping Gohan was the warrior of legend who could pull the Z-sword free from the stone. It was a whole King Arthur type thing and the sword was supposed to grant amazing powers,” Mia rambled off. As soon as she mentioned the amazing powers, Goku began beaming at his son excitedly, until Mia continued, “But it hasn’t. It’s just really heavy. We’re figuring he has to master it first, then he’ll become the warrior of legend …”

“And stop Buu,” Gohan finished. Gohan smiled at Mia fondly as he added, “Mia’s been teaching me. Apparently, she’s a bit of a master swordsman herself.”

“I wouldn’t call myself a master,” she corrected. “I just studied sword fighting for two years at summer camp.”

“Still, she’s been very helpful,” Gohan stated.

“Indeed,” Shin offered.

Gohan turned to his father with a frown before asking, “Don’t you still have another two hours before your time is up?”

Goku smiled at his son bittersweetly. “I had to show Siyaka Super Saiyan three. It kind of zapped it up.”

“Oh,” Gohan said a little sadly. “I’m sorry your whole day home had to get so screwed up.”

“Me too, Son,” Goku breathed, crossing his arms. His gaze shifted to the sword in his son’s hands, and he asked, “So that Z-sword is supposed to make you some legendary warrior?”
“We think,” Mia answered carefully.

Goku’s eyes gained an excited gleam as he asked, “Do you mind if I try swinging it around a bit?”

Gohan gave a thoughtful shrug before handing sword over. “Knock yourself out. Fair warning though, Mia wasn’t joking about it being heavy.”

Goku ignored the warning a bit, grabbing the handle only to have the point immediately drop to the ground with a clang. “Whew! You weren’t kidding. This is the heaviest thing I’ve held in years.”

“Told you,” Gohan laughed.

“Wow,” Goku breathed out before hoisting it up with a grunt, the action causing both Shin and Kabito’s eyes to bug as the older Saiyan swung it around like a baseball bat a couple times. “You know, all you’d have to do to beat Buu is make him hold this, probably,” Goku joked, his voice strained under the pressure of the blade’s weight.

Mia shot Gohan a smile as her boyfriend laughed, “I said the same thing.”

“Well, if this is supposed to make you stronger than Buu, that’s awesome news, Son,” Goku huffed through a couple more swings. He hefted the sword up onto his shoulder, turning to the Kais a little breathlessly. "Hey, Shin, do you mind if I hang out here until Gohan goes to defeat Buu?"

Shin looked at the Saiyan with wide eyes. The surprises these Saiyans had presented to him about mortal strength knew no bounds. “Sure. Make yourself at home.”

“Cool,” Goku said, struggling to hand back the Z-sword to Gohan. “Another thing, and I swear it’ll be the last.” Gohan grabbed the sword, and Goku let out a relieved sigh before asking, “Can we get something to eat? I’m famished.”

Shin frowned. He hadn’t thought of providing meals, but of course he could prepare something easily. “Gohan, Mia, are you ready to take a lunch break?”

“Sure,” Gohan said, hoisting his sword on his shoulder. Mia mirrored him, frowning that she didn’t have a scabbard to hold her own. It made traveling awkward.

“Follow me,” Shin offered, flying off with Kabito close behind. The three Saiyans flew after him quickly, excited for a meal.

Goku looked towards his son and said enthusiastically, “I’d really like to see a move after lunch!”

“Sure!”

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Lunch had been good, and Goku contentedly watched Gohan and Mia spar with their swords. Gohan had yet to get the upper hand, but Goku still cheered him on. It was almost dinner time when Mia put her sword point in the ground. “Ok. I think that’s enough for today.”

“Oh, come on!” Goku cheered, “He almost had you there! You’re really gonna call it quits now?”

Mia scowled at the older Saiyan. She had her reasons for stopping now. Mostly dealing with her being in heat now. While the mindblowing sex the night before had sated her for the rest of the day, she was starting to feel her lust burning again. Her agitation growing. If she kept sparring, she wouldn’t be able to control herself. Fighting was Saiyan foreplay.
“I could keep going,” Gohan said a little breathlessly.

Mia frowned at him, shifting her glance to Goku. Even though he was dead, she was certain Gohan didn’t want to have this conversation in front of his father. She looked at her sword, noting it’s general phallic-ness. She licked her lips nervously, settling a careful gaze on her boyfriend as she said, “The sheath is starting to need it’s sword.” Gohan frowned not sure what she was saying. She stepped closer, her sword point in the ground as she tilted its hilt to Gohan, adding, “If you aren’t careful, the sword will need its sheath tonight, too.” She gave a slight head tilt towards the stone column from last night.

His gaze followed her head tilt out, seeing the column, and his eyes flew wide as a blush settled across his cheeks. He looked back at her nervously, shooting a quick glance to his father, then back to Mia. Clearly, he was why she was speaking in double entendre. He gave her a nervous smirk as he said, “I sheathed the sword last night.”

“And you will need to again,” she warned. “The sheath’s pull is atleast three days,”

He gave her a deadpanned look. “Well, the sheath has very poor timing!” Mia shrugged, giving him an annoyed look. He waved her off, scratching his forehead. He knew it wasn’t her fault. She’d never gotten used to the hormones, thanks to the absent pills. He let out a sigh. “Can the sheath just chill while the sword’s da—,” he paused, realizing he was about to make it painfully obvious that they weren’t talking about swords and sheaths. “—ger,” he recovered, “the sword’s dagger is present.”

She scowled at him. “Battle makes the sheath need the sword.”

Gohan shot her a perplexed look. “Really?”

She returned his expression with an annoyed scowl. “These types of sheaths, yes.” She couldn’t say anything more or she might as well yell its hidden meaning.

Kabito leaned towards Shin. “They aren’t talking about the Z-sword, are they?”

Shin shook his head, but Goku piped up in awe, “She’s teaching him sword-fighting philosophy. That’s deep. Right on!” He pumped a fist in the air, cheering, “Be the sword, Gohan!”

Gohan’s blush turned crimson, and he shot his father a sheepish smile, waving him off. He turned back to Mia. “I can practice without you for a bit,” he offered. She nodded, walking off to sit under a tree, rubbing her eyes. She watched on as Gohan readied his stance, starting with a few small swings, then going through some larger footwork that Mia had taught him yesterday, spinning with the sword swinging in his grasp. Every move he made, he could feel her heavy gaze on him, making him nervous.

“Good job, Son!” Goku cheered. After Gohan finished running through his footwork and spin-work, he stopped with a calming breath. Goku gave his son a round of applause. “Wow! I can’t believe you’ve gotten that good in a day!”

Gohan smiled at his father’s compliments, and he scratched the back of his head sheepishly. “Thanks.”

Goku smiled, looking at the Z-sword excitedly. “We should really test that puppy out! See what that sword’s made of you know?”

“Hmm?” Gohan grunted with a frown. Mia eyed the older Saiyan suspiciously.
“Seriously,” Goku started, eyeing the sword closely. “It’s gotta be super sharp, being a legendary sword and all. I bet it could cut through anything!”

Gohan nodded, following his father’s logic. “Like what?”

Goku looked around, then saw the large boulder he’d been sitting on. He picked it up, hoisting the giant rock over his head. “How about this one?”

Mia’s eyes bugged, as Gohan laughed, setting himself in a batter’s stance as he called out, “Great! Let her fly, Dad!”

“BAD IDEA!!!” Mia called out, jumping up nervously. But Goku threw the boulder already, ignoring the princess. The boulder soared towards Gohan, who with one single slice, cut the boulder in half. Mia felt her knees give way under her, her nerves firing through her body. They got lucky.

“Whew!” Goku sighed happily. “Nice. That’s really sharp!” Mia’s eyes flew wide at the tone in his voice. They weren’t done “testing” the sword. “Let’s see if we can find some better targets.”

“What about something with more density, but less weight,” Shin offered, raising his hand and summoning a giant black block.

Mia’s eyes flew wide. “REALLY BAD IDEA!!”

Gohan waved his girlfriend off as Shin tossed the block to Goku. “Come on, Mia. Don’t be such a downer.”

“What is this stuff?” Goku asked, tapping his knuckle against the bottom. It made a light, “chink chink” sound with every tap.

“It’s called, Kachin,” Shin stated. “It’s the hardest known material in the known cosmos.”

Gohan hoisted the sword over his shoulder again, and Mia snapped, “Gohan! You are going to break that sword!”

Gohan frowned at Mia, and scoffed, “Mia, come on. It’s a legendary sword. What’s the worst that could happen?”

“You could break it!” Mia snapped.

He rolled his eyes with a laugh, “You worry to much.”

Mia could only stare in wide-eyed shock at her boyfriend. This was stupid. He was being really stupid! And he wasn’t listening to her. She put her head in her hands. She couldn’t watch this.

“Let it fly, Dad!”

Goku threw it. Gohan swung. The blade hit the Kachin with a “CHING-SKREEE – SNAP!” Mia looked up, seeing the whole Kachin soar past Gohan’s head, burying itself deep in the ground. Gohan stared at the broken blade of the Z-sword with wide-eyed horror, and Mia’s heart plummeted. A day and a half of training, teaching him how to use a sword. Losing their virginities just so she could teach him how to master the sword. All of it was for nothing.

“YOU BROKE THE MIGHTIEST SWORD IN THE UNIVERSE!!!!” Kabito screeched.

“ALL HOPE IS LOST!!!!” Shin cried.
Goku’s eyes’ bugged, as he scratched his head innocently. “Uhm, … not to point fingers … but that was your idea, Shin.”

“YOU ALL ARE FUCKING MORONS!!!” Mia snapped. They all turned to her, affronted by her accusation. She pursed her lips as she stepped forward. “Quick lesson in basic geology. The hardest material on Earth is diamonds. Other than lasers, there is only one thing on Earth that can cut a diamond, AND THAT’S ANOTHER FUCKING DIAMOND!!!!!” They all frowned at her as she huffed, “So unless you KNOW the Z-sword was made of that fucking Kachin, it couldn’t have cut it, no matter how fucking sharp it was!”

She finished breathlessly, her glare on all of them.

Gohan pursed his lips, looking away as he dropped the hilt of what was left of the Z-sword. The sword’s geology was a fairly large oversight. He looked up hopefully, trying to find the silver lining in everything as usual. “Well, maybe all I needed to become the legendary warrior was just the workout it gave me,” Gohan offered, testing his arms. “I mean, it was seriously heavy. It must have made me way stronger. I bet with a regular sword, I’d be unstoppable.” Gohan flashed a hopeful grin to the kais who were now nodding hopefully along as well. “See, Mia. Give me your sword so I can …”

“So you can break it too?” Mia finished darkly, her grip on her sword tighter. “You can go fuck yourself.”

Both Gohan and Goku frowned at her, Gohan clearly more disappointed as she clutched her sword like it was her prized possession.

“Well, if you insist…” an old voice cackled. Everyone turned wide-eyed towards the voice, seeing a very old version of Shin, mohawk, skin tone, robes and all, standing where the hilt had been dropped. The old kai had a small moustache and slouched a little, a weird smile on his face as he added with a chuckle, “but I lack the proper equipment to do so.”

The old kai began stretching and grunting, muttering, “Seventy-five million years can give you such a crick in the neck.” There was a loud pop, and he groaned a little in relief.

Shin was the first able to speak. “Uh … who are you, Sir?”

The older kai gave Shin a wisened frown, settling back into his old man slouch. “You can’t guess?”

When Shin remained silent, the old kai huffed. “So much for the wisdom of Supreme Kai,” the old kai scoffed before adding, “I’m like you, a supreme kai, but much older. Fifteen generations older to be precise.”

Shin balked. “Fifteen generations!?”

“TWO SUPREME KAIS!?!?!?” Kabito gasped.

“Oh, don’t worry. I won’t step on your toes since we hold the same rank,” the old kai offered. “Just think of me as the voice of experience.” The old kai looked around wistfully. “Not much has been done with the place since I was sealed away,” he sighed, until his gaze fell on the Saiyans. He frowned, noting they clearly weren’t kais. “Where are you all from?”

Goku pointed to him and his son sheepishly. The old kai nodded. “Uh, Earth.”

The old kai frowned again, as if recognizing the name. “You mean the planet with the giant brainless lizards? I thought everything had been wiped out on that planet.”
Goku looked at Gohan slightly confused. Yes, there were dinosaurs on Earth, which most had gone extinct, until about a hundred years ago they were suddenly flourishing. They shrugged.

“Hmm.” The old kai turned to addressing everyone, “Anyway, long ago, I was sealed away by a dastardly villain, you probably know who.” He gestured to Shin, who shook his head confusedly. The old kai raised an eyebrow, “Wisdom indeed. Anyway, I was sealed away into that infernal sword by the god, Beerus…”

“Beerus?” Shin asked, recognizing the name immediately.

The old kai smiled. “So you do know?”

Goku raised a hand, blurting out, “Excuse me. Who’s Beerus?”

“No one,” Shin answered quickly. Goku gave the Kai a look saying he wasn’t accepting that answer. Shin let out a huff, and stated, “It’s not really for mortals to know, but for simplicity’s sake, he’s my counterpart. My other half.” Shin turned to the older Kai adding, “Which he would have been yours too. So why did he seal you away?”

Goku frowned at the answer, but shrugged, letting the old kai continue.

“Yes. Well, he sealed me away because I threatened to use my powers against him over a disagreement. So why did it take seventy-five million years for me to be released?” Shin didn’t have an answer, and instead began apologizing immediately, Kabito falling over himself comically to do so as well.

Goku leaned over to his son, whispering, “This Beerus guy sounds strong.” Gohan shot his father a concerned look. “You think this old guy is as powerful as he says?” Again, Gohan didn’t say anything, but his expression urged his father to be careful. Goku eyed the old kai and smirked, lifting a hand and charging a small blast. “Let’s test him.”

“That sounds like a bad idea, Dad,” Gohan breathed nervously, but the blast shot off, aiming straight for the old kai’s face. It exploded, knocking the kai back with a yelp, his face a smoking mess.

Shin and Kabito fawned over the old kai, cleaning him up tenderly, again apologizing for their guests’ behavior. The old kai snapped up, his hands balled tightly into fists as he screeched, “WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU!?!?!”

Both Gohan and Goku looked at the old Kai slightly flabbergasted that it had hurt him that much. “T-that was child’s play.”

Gohan nodded in agreement, adding, “My little brother could have handled that shot.”

“I DON’T GIVE A FOOT WHAT YOUR EXCUSES ARE, YOU NINCOMPOOP!!!! HOW DARE YOU ASSAULT A SUPREME KAI!!!” the old kai shrieked.

“Please forgive them, venerable elder,” Shin started with a bow.

Goku pouted, stating, “Well you made it sound like this Beerus guy was strong. If he was afraid of this old guy enough to seal him away then …”

“It is not my strength he feared, but my powers,” the old kai hissed, his fists clenched tightly as he shook with rage. His glare on the oldest Saiyan. “But since you’re as hasty as a child, I won’t show you!” He crossed his arms, putting his nose to the skies away from Goku, as if giving the palm-haired Saiyan the silent treatment.
“What kind of powers?” Mia asked, watching the old kai carefully. “Could they help us defeat Buu?”

He turned to her, knowing she wasn’t a part of the plot to blast his face. An excited gleam in his eyes shone as he walked towards her. “Well, quite possibly, yes, they could. But what does a pretty thing like you care about defeating some terrible foe? I’m sure a little kiss from you could do the trick.” Mia was taken aback by his flirty tone, and she gave a wide-eyed blush.

“HEY!” Gohan snapped territorially, but the old kai ignored him.

“My powers are quite impressive. I got them after fusing with a witch,” he stated, leaning closer, and Mia shifted back uncomfortably. His gaze became lusty as he added, “I can show you, if you show me …” His fingers pinched at her boobs, and before he even had the chance to enjoy what little of her breast he felt, she punched him in his face, sending the old kai flying back well past the group into a tree.

The old kai felt to the ground with a groan as Mia howled, “YOU FUCKING TOUCH ME LIKE THAT AGAIN, AND I WILL MURDER YOU, OLD MAN!!!!!!!”

Neither Kabito or Shin went to help him up, Shin blushing from embarrassment of his ancestry. The old kai let out another groan as he tried to pick himself off the ground slowly and shakily. Goku gave a small pout. “Man, I wanted to see his power.”

“That wasn’t the punch of a normal human,” the old kai groaned.

“That’s because they’re Saiyans,” Shin informed him with a frown.

The old kai gave a small nod as he returned to his slouch. “Ah.”

Mia’s fists were clenched, and she seethed with rage, but she was still curious why a god would be afraid of this old man’s powers. “Now, to apologize for that sexual assault, you will show us your power. You said it could help defeat Majin Buu. Prove it!”

The old kai pouted at her. “Nope. I didn’t get to really feel anything. So, I get nothing out of it.”

“Ancestor. Show some decorum,” Shin tried, but the old kai just rolled his eyes.

“You felt enough!” Mia snapped. Gohan gave a resolute nod behind his girlfriend’s declaration.

“Nope,” Old kai huffed, looking away and crossing his arms again like a child giving his parents the silent treatment. “Can’t make me.”

“Come on, Mia,” Goku tried. “One boob grab could save the world.”

“DAD!” Gohan growled. “ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND!???”

Goku looked at his son innocently. “What? So, you let another guy get some action on her. Either that or it’s the end of the world.”

Gohan’s face went red as he said in a menacing tone, “My girlfriend is not some prostitute you can just whore out. WOULD YOU OFFER UP MOM!??!” The question was meant to be rhetorical, but as soon as he asked it, he knew his dad was considering it.

Goku shrugged, “Well, your mom isn’t near as young and perky as Mia.”

Gohan stared in wide-eyed horror at his father. He couldn’t believe his father just said that.
“Wow,” Mia scoffed, shaking her head in disbelief at her boyfriend’s father. She looked at Gohan and added, “I can’t even with your family.” She rolled her eyes in disbelief, and walked over towards the old kai, who suddenly shook nervously at her approach. “If it can save the universe, you’ve got five seconds with one boob. Any longer, and you’ll wish you were still stuck in that sword when I’m done with you. Understand?”

Old Kai nodded eagerly, already reaching, and she smacked his hand away. “First, you have to tell us what your power is, and how we can use it.”

He rubbed his hand with a frown before saying in a huff, “I can unlock unlimited reserves of hidden potential in a person. The greater the hidden potential, the greater the difference in power.” Mia frowned at him at first. The kai didn’t like that, and he added, “I do mean deeply hidden power. It would push any normal fighter well past his limits.” He smirked as he asked, “Have you heard of such a thing before?”

Mia shifted a glance to Goku and Gohan and the other kais. While Shin and Kabito seemed marveled with the prospect of this kai’s powers, Gohan and Goku seemed less sure. Goku scratched his jaw, muttering, “Actually, I think that’s a fairly common ability…”

“LIAAAAR!!!!!” the old kai shrieked, sprinting to the older Saiyan. “To the limits and beyond, I push them. THE LIMITS AND BEYOND!!!! NAME ONE OTHER PERSON WHO CAN DO THAT!!!! ANYBODY ELSE!!!!”

“Ok,” Goku said nervously, his hands up in surrender. “If you put it that way, maybe you’re right.”

The old kai scowled, then looked towards Gohan. “You,” he called, pointing an accusing finger. Gohan was surprised by being called on, and he pointed to himself self-consciously. “Yes, you,” Old Kai grumbled, “the one who managed to pull the sword out of the stone.” Gohan gave a small nod. “If you could already manage that and swing it around, then when I’m through with you, pulling out the potential I can already sense, then you will be quite a fearsome opponent. Probably the strongest man in the universe.” He held a hand up, pointing to a small hill, saying, “Stand over there for a minute.”

Gohan looked at Mia, and her gaze connected with his. His face held a serious frown. “Are you sure about this?” he asked before he dared make a move.

She rolled her eyes with a nod. “If it can help you save the universe,” she huffed. It was clear she wasn’t totally on board, but she would contribute her part.

The old kai smiled giddily, and she refused to look at him as he walked over, a little skip in his step. “Five seconds,” she reiterated when she could feel him standing under her. He grabbed her left boob, giving it a little squeeze, and she blushed, not looking at him or listening to him giggle, as she counted, her voice growing darker by each number, “Four … Three … Two … One.” He let go, but for some reason, he couldn’t help himself poking her one last time right where her nipple was with a small, “boop.” Swiftly, she delivered one blow that sent him flying into a cliff, which desintagrated on impact with a loud crash. No one went to his aid.

She clenched her fist, her eyes full of rage that her body shook from as she stomped away from the group, muttering, “Got boob-grabbed by a god to give my boyfriend a power-up to stop some bubblegum monster from destroying the universe. Hashtag Me fucking Too!”

She pointed angrily at Goku, yelling, “I’m telling my Dad this was your idea!!!” Goku blanched, but before he could say anything, she was out of earshot.
As soon as she was gone, they heard old Kai groaning, “I deserved that.” Eventually, he got up and made his way back to where Gohan was standing. His nose was bloody, and a bruise was forming on his left cheekbone. He noted Gohan’s scowling glare at him, and he asked, “What’s wrong? You don’t want the power-up?”

Gohan clenched his jaw before answering through grit teeth, “That was my girlfriend you just groped.”

The old kai gave an approving nod. “You’re a lucky man. Now, let’s get started. Stand still and try not to fidget around.” Gohan rolled his eyes, pursing his lips and bottling his anger. Mia let herself be groped so he could get this power-up. It would take a minute, and then he would never see that old codger again. The old kai smiled knowingly as if he could hear Gohan’s thoughts, then stepped back with a wise smile and a nod just before throwing up his hands and yelling, “OFF YOU GO TO DISPOSE OF MAJIN BUU!!!!” then starting what looked like a bizarre rain dance in a circle around Gohan.

Gohan looked at the kai as if he’d gone insane, and asked, “What the hell are you doing?” After everything with Mia, he was well past being nice.

“Keep that mouth zipped!” Old Kai huffed as he continued to dance around Gohan. “And don’t move. This is the extremely important opening ceremony.”

Gohan balked at the old kai. “Ceremony?”

Everyone watched the old kai dumbfoundedly as he finished his first revolution, starting his second. “So, how long will it take?” Goku asked a little whinely.

“Five hours for the ceremony. Then another twenty for the power-up.”

Gohan’s eyes flew wide as Goku let out a surprised laugh. “Ok then. In that case, I might as well go to bed. Hang in there, Son!” With that Goku flew off, Gohan’s pleading gaze following his retreating figure, leaving him feeling utterly abandoned.

*B~*~*~

Bardock sat at the bar, fingering the glass of his beer bottle before tipping it to his lips. This earthling piss they dained to call an ale was the strongest thing he could get at the restaurant built in the Conton District of Toki Toki City, at least he still called it Toki Toki City. After that whole debacle with Chronoa needing to show off her power a few months ago, and wiping the original Toki Toki off the map by accident, no one knew what to call it. Some still called it Toki Toki City, some called it New Toki Toki, and some called it Conton City, after the main builder tasked with rebuilding the market district and residential zones. New buildings seemed to appear every week to accommodate the influx of new time patrollers.

He sucked on his teeth as he swallowed the swill. Today had proven to be enough of a clusterfuck. That much was clear. Someone had fucked up. Fucked up bad. He had his suspicions who, but there was no fixing it now. If he was right in his suspicions, the idiot would ignore his warning anyway and make the same mistake over again. Not like the idiot didn’t ignore him this time around, anyway. The ripples of the mistake were already reaching this time, and he dreaded how big of a swing that would cause. He picked at the label of his beer nervously as he thought about it.

“Penny for your thoughts,” he heard behind him.

He quickly put on the easy, aloof façade that he’d perfected long ago, only giving a grunt to the
newcomer as he knocked back another sip. He felt a gentle hand on his forearm, and he gave it a small glance but didn’t shrug her off. The pink kai sat next to him at the bar, turning to him with a small smile. “I know seeing your son without being able to talk to him, to any of them is difficult,” Chronoa stated.

Bardock’s jaw tensed, but he didn’t say anything, downing his drink instead. She could think what she wanted to think.

She placed a hand on his thigh, and again he looked at it wordlessly. It was more a familiar touch than that of an associate and his boss. “You don’t have to be alone in this.” Again, he didn’t say anything. She blushed as she added, “You know I can help you.”

He sent her a pained expression, “You mean like the last couple times.”

She blushed more. “If that’s what you need.”

“Chronoa,” he breathed, his voice low so as not to be overheard. The guilt of their affair was not worth what he got out of it. He froze just as he opened his mouth to let her down, his eyes settling on the slightly open bathroom door, seeing a familiar blue demoness. And she did not look happy.

“Bardock?” Chronoa asked.

His gaze flicked back to the kai with a charming smile as he said, “I need a minute.” He hopped off the barstool, and quickly walked to the bathroom, locking the door behind him. The bathroom was empty, and he scowled. “I know you’re here.”

The was a tap, tap … ching and then she made herself visible. “You fucked up,” Towa stated, a disappointed scowl on her face as she held her staff tightly.

“It wasn’t me,” Bardock huffed.

Towa was not convinced. “I’m sorry. Who else are you counting in this plot? Because if you are talking about one of the people you talked to in the past, that’s still your fuck up.”

Bardock rolled is eyes. “Fine! I fucked up. But it’s nothing major,” he argued quietly, doing his best to make sure no one outside the bathroom could hear. “So what if there’s a spike in Saiyan Time Patrollers?”

“Think again,” Towa growled. “I see another change coming, and it’s not pretty.”

Bardock shook his head. “How so?” He smirked, stepping towards her as he added, “One of the changes has already gone completely undetected.”

“No it hasn’t,” Towa stated. Bardock frowned, and she continued, “Maybe the other time patrollers don’t notice, but that’s only because they aren’t immune to time shifts. Chronoa is.”

Bardock looked over at the door nervously. “So what are you saying?”

“I’m saying you need to keep distracting the kai. Anything to keep her off the trail,” Towa ordered.

Bardock sneered back a growl and shook his head. “For how long?”

Towa gripped her staff tightly. “Only a little while. I need the egg to hatch to keep the timeline preserved. You know this.”

His gaze narrowed. “And when will that be?”
Towa smiled mirthfully. “Soon,” she answered. She placed a hand on his shoulder as she finished, “Just keep Chronoa off your scent. This next change may be big, but if her mind’s clouded by you, maybe she won’t notice it.”

He frowned as she stepped back, giving him a small wave before disappearing. As much as he hated it, if what she said was true, then he’d have to keep up the façade. He rolled his eyes, cursing his luck. As soon as he walked out, he saw Chronoa leaving, looking sad, and he rushed to catch up with her. He caught her just outside, yelling, “Chronoa, wait!”

“I get it, Bardock. I do,” she stated, a little tearfully. “You feel guilty for the times we’ve been together.”

“You read my mind?” he asked annoyedly. “You know how I feel about that.”

“I’m sorry,” she sniffl ed. “It’s just, you’ve been so distant lately…”

“Of course I feel guilty,” he stated. “For the past seven years, at least for me, I’ve had one mate. One.” He closed his eyes, giving a pained expression. He needed to sell this. “But she’s dead, and I’m not.”

“Bardock …” Chronoa tried, but he held up a hand to silence her.

“Just let me say this, please,” he said, mildly choking over his words. He cleared his throat before stating, “I’ve never been good at relationships.” She gave a small nod, trying her best not to pout. He walked over to her, grabbing her hand and adding quickly, “But I’m not ready to give up what we have.” He did his best to suppress the gag over his words. God, he hated this part of the arrangement.

Her tearful black eyes smiled up at his, and she quickly pulled him down to a kiss. It wasn’t their first. And if Towa was right, it wouldn’t be their last either. He responded back, licking at her lips, which she opened happily. This is for Gine, he kept reminding himself, pretending his lips weren’t tasting the kai’s but his wife’s instead.

Chronoa pulled away, the gaze in her eyes sad but wanting as she gripped his hand tightly, whispering, “Kai Kai.” They appeared in her bedroom. It wasn’t the first time he’d been transported like that. She was on him again, hungrily kissing him as she pulled at his armor. Towa’s words rang in his head, Keep her distracted. He hated whoring himself out like this. The first time had been a mistake that led him down this path. And now he was stuck under Towa’s thumb until he could finally get home. It was all he wanted. Return to Gine.

He grunted a little as he pushed the kai away, pulling off his armor before pulling her back to him. She was already out of her overcoat, and down to her leotard. His tail unraveled, snaking its way between her legs to brush her womanhood.

“Bardock,” she breathed with a blush.

“Sorry,” he said quickly, retracting his tail. “I forget.”

Sex with a kai was different than normal sex. They didn’t have the normal equipment. Between her legs, and he suspected most kais’ legs, was nothing but skin with a little mound where it was supposed to be. Divine beings weren’t created for such a purpose. They didn’t have a use for such orifices. They didn’t even piss or shit, much less procreate. That didn’t mean some kais didn’t have such interests. And the connections he made with her mind through his hands told him she had such interests with him tonight.

She pushed him to the bed, and he sat down, leaning back as she trailed kisses down his neck, chest,
over his heart and abdomen, to his hips as she pulled down his spandex. His erection only barely grew until he felt her grasp it, pumping and rubbing it. His eyes rolled back in his head at the sensation, and he tilted his head back, praying, *Gine, forgive me.*

He felt lips kiss the head of his penis, licking its crown, illiciting a groan from his throat just before she pulled his cock deep into her mouth. He fisted the sheets as he felt her hand move down to caress his balls, sucking his shaft as she bobbed her head up and down, deep throating him. In spite of himself, he started to feel carried away by the kai’s godly mouth, his hand finding its way to her pink hair as he groaned, “Fuck…” She started going faster when she was ready. He could feel his toes curling as more moans came out of him subconsciously. He felt it bubbling up in him. His hips started thrusting of their own accord, and her mouth met the challenge, bobbing with his erratic movements. She was moaning with him, and the vibrations it made on his penis floored him. “Fuck … now,” he breathed feeling his semen’s building pressure, ready to explode any second.

She knew that though. That’s how sex with the kais worked. By getting a mortal off and sharing that orgasm with them empathically.

She sucked him hard and deep, wanting his release. He gave it to her, shooting his load deep into her mouth as the euphoria surged his mind. He heard her moaning as the semen dribbled out of her mouth, her eyes screwed shut in ecstasy.

As they fell from their high, she moved to clean herself up, handing a cloth to him so he could do the same. He cleaned himself off, feeling deep shame at it all. He loved his wife. Yet, to keep her safe, he had to demean himself in such a way. Not only that, but his own body enjoyed it. His gaze fell to a thick scroll, red, unlike the others. It was the Scroll of Eternity, or at least it had been before he replaced it. All of this was for that one action. He looked away from it quickly as Chronoa stepped back into the room. He let her pull him back to the bed, snuggling into him as she fell asleep, something he’d never been able to do in this room.

*~*~*  

*After two days of terror, and over half the population decimated in the wake of Majin Buu’s destruction, the people of Earth finally have some good news. Mr. Satan has come out of his bunker, after training, and is now walking to Majin Buu, to defeat this monster in the only way the Champion of Earth can!*  

He knew that was what everyone was hearing now, worldwide as he stepped closer and closer to the strange house. It was what everyone expected of him. The world’s savior putting his life on the line to take down another threat. And he couldn’t help but feel way in over his head. He never thought anything worse than Cell would show its face on Earth. How wrong he’d been.

He should have known. Everyone said the same thing about Piccolo Day that they did about Cell. “It can’t possibly get any worse.” And yet it had.

Hercule remembered Piccolo Day like it was yesterday. Mostly because it was the day he and his ex-wife had scheduled their wedding day. They should have known that in and of itself was a bad omen on their relationship, but they postponed the wedding for a month later. A couple years after that, they had Videl, and by the time she turned ten, they’d divorced. It was a bitter custody battle full of dirty tricks from their lawyers. Both of them wanted full custody, and neither was settling for half. Miguel refused to let her daughter be raised by a “muscle obsessed meathead.” Her words. And he refused to let Miguel manipulate his daughter against him. Videl was everything to him. Still was. Then Cell appeared, and after going through the Cell Games, the title “Savior of the World” was ripe for the taking, and no court would dare take a child away from a man who literally saved the world. It was so easy. The boy who actually did it disappeared, clearly not wanting the title. Cell was the
baddest bad the world would see. And Hercule needed the title to win the custody battle. The decision had been a no brainer that day.

But now. Now he was willingly walking towards certain death, to the home of a monster whose only pleasure was to wipe out cities. Alone. Because that title demanded it.

On top of that, his daughter hadn’t been seen or heard from in two days. He did his best to think positive thoughts, doing his best not to worry if she’d been part of the half slaughtered by this monster. If he even thought about it, he would surely break down. His grip tightened on the bag full of tricks he brought for the monster. He had one mission. Kill Majin Buu.

His knees shook as he looked at the strange house, and he gulped in fear. Mission or not, he wasn’t insane. Anyone would be afraid. He moved to belly crawl along the ground, picking up a branch to hide him as he crept towards the structure. When he was within a hundred feet, he stillled kneeling on the ground, grabbing a rock he’d seen earlier, and throwing it at the house before hiding behind his branch, waiting for Buu to realize that a strange shaking bush had just grown in full next to his house. No answer. He crept closer until he could sidle up the side of the house. He inched down to the large window/door thing to peer inside. He felt the fear in his heart release as he looked inside finding nothing. “He’s not home,” he sighed in relief. He snuck around the front, mumbling, “Better safe than sorry.” He jumped up at the front window thing, and again the structure was empty. He let out a small laugh at his luck. “Thank God.”

His gaze narrowed on the home, and everything it stood for. He clenched his fist then hit it with a kick, “HA!” He kicked it a few more times before throwing some test punches in the air before letting out a haughty laugh, his chest puffed up as he said, “Well! I guess you lost your nerve, Majin Buu! Can’t say I blame you! I am the World’s Champion after all!” He strutted a little as he laughed, “Guess I’m Champion again by default. I should just go home!”

He heard some leaves rustle, and immediately his heart seized with fear. His eyes clenched shut, waiting to be torn apart by Majin Buu. He didn’t move, didn’t speak, thinking, I should have known this is how I die.

He finally opened his eyes after 20 seconds. He’d counted. At his feet, munching on a dead leaf was a little green lizard that only flicked his tongue a little bit. “GODDAMMIT!” he howled, kicking at the lizard. “You startled me!!!! HOW DARE YOU SNEAK UP ON THE WORLD CHAMPION!!!”

“YOOOHOOOOOO!!!!” a voice called out, and Hercule’s blood ran cold as he looked on top of the house. At the top of the structure stood the fat bubblegum monster named Majin Buu. The monster waved a gloved hand at him as he called out, “HEEEEELLOOOOO!” Majin Buu jumped down right in front of Hercule, a big, blank grin on his face.

Hercule was paralyzed with fear, feeling his bag of tricks slip from his grasp to the rocky ground as he stared wide-eyed at the pink monster. What do I do now? He wondered, staring at the monster who looked tickled by his new visitor. Suddenly, he bowed, saying quickly, “Oh, thank goodness you’re here sir. I was beginning to worry I’d missed you.” He flashed Buu the largest grin he could muster. He began rattling off everything any fan had ever said to him, even finishing with, “You’re my hero.”

Buu giggled. “Oh. So, what Buu turn you into? Candy, cake or cookie? Buu let you pick.”

“NO NO!” Hercule yelped, throwing his hands up in surrender. He definitely didn’t want death by dessert. “Don’t turn me into anything yet! I’ve got a present for ya’!” He quickly unzipped his bag, pulling out a wrapped box and handing it to the monster. “Here you go! It’s ritzy chocolates!”
Buu cocked his head, looking at the box. “Buu like chocolates. But what ‘Ritzy’ mean?”

“Uh … Gourmet. The best chocolate made,” Hercule answered quickly.

“Hmmmm.” Buu eyed the chocolates carefully before grabbing one and popping it in his mouth. “Mmm,” Buu hummed, popping another in his mouth. Then another, and another.

Hercule grinned. *Yes, you dumb fuck. Eat up. Each chocolate is laced with a heavy sedative as well as a high concentration of cyanide poison. Death is only moments away.* He counted down the seconds the chocolate concoctions were supposed to take to kill their target, Ten … nine … eight … seven … six … five … four … three … two … ONE! … One! … one! … *Why isn’t this working?*

“Mmmmm,” Buu giggled. “Buu like these!” he declared, shoving handfuls in his face as Hercule looked on blankly.

*Okay, plan B.* “Oh! I’ve got another present for ya’!” He let Buu polish off the chocolates as he reached back in his bag, pulling out an old Gameboy. “Here! You play games on it.” He’d preloaded it with an explosive game of Tetris, heavy on the explosive. Buu grabbed it, fiddling with the buttons, starting an easy game of Tetris. “Why don’t you play it for a bit? I left something in my car.” With that, Hercule sprinted far enough away before pulling out the remote control detonator. “Bye bye, Buu,” the Champ chuckled as he hit the trigger, plugging his ears as the game exploded.

He smiled easily, holding his fingers up in a victory pose. He’d done it. He’d saved the world from Majin Buu.

“HAHAHAAA!” he heard, and his blood ran cold again. “That game was fun! Buu liked big explosion!” Hercule was floored, watching Buu make his way over to him. “Buu like you, funny man. Buu make you his servant.”

Hercule was at a loss of what to say. “Uh, sure. Thanks. That’s exactly what I wanted.”

*I’m in trouble.*

*Mia woke up late the next morning a little groggy. As she picked herself up, she stretched before fixing her outfit. She was happy that her heat had died down to a manageable level over the night. She could even smell the scent had died down somewhat, but not totally. That could have been from tending to herself in the middle of the night a couple times as necessary, or it could have been from the fact that last night was supposed to be the final night of her heat. Whatever it’s cause, it meant she could return with little issue. Once she was ready, she flew back to the kais. She landed a good distance away from Elder Kai and Gohan who had reached the sitting portion of the power-up. Gohan stared at the kai, who read a manga, giggling occasionally at something funny. She walked over to the others who stayed under a tree not too far off. Goku munched down on some lunch happily.*

“Save some for me,” she ordered as she stepped closer, putting a hand on her hip.

“HEY!” Goku cheered through a mouthful of rice. “You gonna’ join us for some lunch?”

Mia slowed. “Lunch?” Goku nodded cheerfully as he shoveled more food in his face. Mia looked to Shin in confusion. “What time is it?”

“A little past midday,” Shin answered. He turned back to watch Gohan and the Elder Kai. “They finished the opening ceremony last night, and they’ve been sitting for the past fifteen hours.”
Mia frowned. *I was gone for twenty hours?* “Huh,” she breathed as she sat down. “Must have been more tired than I thought.”

Goku nodded, adding, “Well, you and Gohan had done a lot of training the past couple days. It can take it out of you.”

Mia shrugged, grabbing some food and chowing down. After fifteen minutes or so, she shot a glance at Gohan, seeing him staring at them hungrily. “Has Gohan eaten?” she asked around a mouthful of dumpling.

“No,” Shin answered. “He’s not allowed to move during this part.”

“FOCUS!!!” Elder Kai snapped, drawing Gohan’s attention back to the power-up.

Mia set her jaw, feeling bad eating like this in front of him. But she was starving. She took a couple more bites, then set the food aside. She got up, settling a hand on the hilt of her sword as she moved to stand next to the Kais. “So, do we know what’s going on on Earth?”

Shin shook his head, stating, “We haven’t checked, but the here’s the crystal ball.” He held out his open hand, summoning the crystal ball. Mia grabbed it carefully, focusing hard on her mother. After several minutes and nothing appearing, she turned to Shin. “It’s not working. What does that mean? Is my mom dead?” She could feel the panic seizing her heart. Shin shook his head dumbly, not able to answer her questions.

“She might still be in the Hyperbolic Time Chamber,” Goku offered around a mouthful of food. Mia frowned at him. He added thoughtlessly, “She was using that when I left to perfect the Super Saiyan 3 transformation.”

“Oh-huh,” Mia grunted, unsure of what he meant. But he had an explanation that wasn’t death. That was good. She turned to Shin, asking, “So, I should try focusing on Buu?”

Shin gave a small smile, sensing her unease in her ability to do so, and said, “I can help with that.” He put his hands over top the crystal ball, and they both focused on Majin Buu until a picture formed in the crystal. He removed his hands as the image became clearer.

Mia frowned, not sure she was looking at something real. Majin Buu was outside a strange structure, standing next to Mr. Satan, and playing catch with a puppy. “Well, that can’t be right,” she muttered, turning the ball around to see if another picture would form, but it didn’t. “He’s not homicidal or anything.”

Goku moved to look over Mia’s shoulder with a frown. “Well, what’s ‘e doin’?” he asked, again mouth full. She did her best to ignore his lips smacking in her ears as he chewed his food.

She set her jaw, annoyed with him already as she answered, “He’s playing with a puppy.”

Goku squinted at the ball as he looked. “Is that Mr. Satan?”

“Yeah.”

Mia looked to Shin who remained silent, but frowning. He turned a little way, but was clearly focusing hard on something far off in the distance. Suddenly his furrowed brown relaxed, and a relieved smile found its way to his face as he let out a small laugh. “I don’t believe it. He’s good.”

“What?” Kabito snapped.
“His aura is completely different. At peace,” Shin answered, still looking far off in the distance. “Pure.” He pumped a fist in the air as he cheered, “We might not have to fight him at all!”

Mia frowned at the pink majin in the ball, seeing the puppy lick at his face as Buu laughed as if nothing had ever been wrong. Just all of a sudden, Majin Buu was good. It was a victory, sure, but it felt hollow. Shin could cheer that all was right with the world now. Majin Buu had turned away from evil. But what about the billions of people he’d already slaughtered. The damage he’d already caused. Mia could still feel his fist around her throat when he tried to strangle her. She could still see the glee in his face as he hit both Gohan and herself with a blast that could have easily killed them. It almost did. She could still feel it searing on her skin. Hear Gohan and her screaming as they were hit. And that was just what he’d done to her. She couldn’t imagine the terror and fear half the Earth had felt as they were turned into food and eaten. But day two of his murder spree, he’d found a puppy and now was a good person? She couldn’t believe that.

Shin, being a mindreader, sensed her unease, and put a hand on her shoulder. “This is good news Mia. If he can be rehabilitated, everything else can be fixed.”

She felt tears pricking at her eyes. It was so much easier to hate Majin Buu for his actions than to realize that even the supreme ruler of the universe would forgive his actions, as long as he was a good person now. It just made her feel cheated, robbed of her emotions. She licked her lips, biting back a sneer as she said, “Yeah. All he needed was a puppy, right?” Setting her jaw, she handed the crystal ball back to Shin, not wanting to look at it. It would only make her angry.

She moved to walk away from the group to think, but was stopped when she heard a gunshot. “Oh no!” Shin breathed, and Mia ran back to the ball, wondering what happened. The puppy lay bleeding, clinging to life in the middle of the field, a gunshot in his side. Buu walked over to the puppy, his expression distraught as steam plumed out of his head. If she wasn’t mistaken, she could see tears falling from Buu’s eyes as he knelt by the puppy, placing his hands over it. They glowed with a strange light, and Mia realized Buu was healing the hurt dog.

Mr. Satan ran up the side of a cliff, finding the sniper and beating him to a pulp. The sniper argued the same sentiments Mia had just thought. Buu had been slaughtering humanity for days, but now the World Champion was protecting him. To the sniper, it didn’t make sense, unless Mr. Satan wanted the death of his own people. Mia understood him, but even she knew the sniper’s actions were seriously miscalculated. The dog had done nothing wrong except play with a monster. Yet the sniper had shot him for it.

Mr. Satan threw another punch, which knocked the blonde sniper on his ass. The sniper glared as Mr. Satan spouted something sanctimonious, which was clearly falling on deaf ears as the blond pulled a pistol out of his waistband at the back, and shot Mr. Satan in the chest, felling the World Champion in an instant. Majin Buu cried out, watching the sniper kick Mr. Satan’s limp body off the cliff. The puppy stood, completely healed as Majin Buu ran to Mr. Satan, healing him as well.

When Mr. Satan was healed, he sat up, thanking Buu for helping him.

“LEAVE NOW!!!” Buu screamed, more steam billowing out of his head with a high-pitched whistle. Mr. Satan nodded, scrambling to run away, and grabbing the puppy in the process. Above Majin Buu, the clouds of steam began to shift and change, slowly morphing into something new, and Mia’s heart began to plummet. Majin Buu looked up at the clouds nervously as they finished taking the shape of another Majin Buu. This one was completely different. He was a dark, seemingly drained pink color. His eyes were sunken in his head, and his body was lean in almost a skeletal way. He was much taller, and he glowered at the first Buu. Mia could see in his eyes, this Buu was pure evil.
There was silence between them, until the darker Buu lifted his hand and shot a blast where the sniper had been. The sniper’s screams at the explosion alerted everyone to the direct hit. Someone else screamed, and started running off, the sniper’s friend Mia assumed. They were wearing the same clothes. Evil buu liquified his body, pouring himself down the friend’s throat before exploding him from within. He reformed from the goo, standing opposite from the original Buu.

Good Buu charged him first, throwing punch after punch, but Evil Buu dodged him with ease. Majin Buu started panting, running out of breath, and Evil Buu chuckled before throwing a punch to Good Buu’s face, blinding him, and then a kick that send the fat majin flying. Evil Buu flew after him quickly. By the time Good Buu recovered, Evil Buu was on him. Good Buu’s eyes went wide as Evil Buu immediately assaulted him with punch after punch, kick after kick. In the stomach. In the face. Evil Buu was so fast, Good Buu couldn’t hope to block. Evil Buu sent another kick that sent Good Buu flying back, but Good Buu recovered quickly, steam billowing out of his head as he grit his teeth in anger.

Good Buu pulled some of his body of his stomach, rolling up the gooey material before throwing it at Evil Buu, tying him up with it as it wrapped around his body. Good Buu made it squeeze Evil Buu, hoping to pop the villain like a grape. Evil Buu glared at Good Buu, building up his power before blasting the goo off him with a flex of his muscles. The gooey material floated around him as Evil Buu smiled before sucking it up, chewing on it, and swallowing it with a satisfying gulp.

“This is bad,” Mia breathed as Evil Buu launched at Good Buu, assaulting him again with punch after punch, then trading energy blasts. Good Buu smacked away what he could, but he missed the blast Evil Buu had sent to the ground beneath him, throwing him back. When Good Buu recovered, he and Evil Buu lined up, readying a Kamehameha type blast at each other in point blank range. The blasts struggled against each other as each Buu pushed for dominance. But it soon became clear, Good Buu couldn’t hold it while Evil Buu had no issues pushing back. The blast exploded, sending Good Buu flying back, collided with a small cliff.

It took Good Buu a couple minutes to get back up, scowling at Evil Buu, his fist tightening its grip. “You,” he growled. His antenna flipped up, pointing at Evil Buu as he yelled, “Buu make you chocolate!”

Evil Buu smiled as the antenna glowed, shooting a ray at him. Evil Buu sucked in some air, then blew the blast back to Good Buu. Good Buu was hit with his own food ray, and he let out a scream that slowly died away as his body morphed into a chocolate bar.

Mia gasped, seeing the Majin Buu who’d terrorized half the world to death, who’d killed her father, reduced to nothing but a candy bar. Evil Buu walked over to it unceremoniously and throwing it into his large mouth. As soon as he swallowed it, he let out a maniacal laugh as pink steam shot out of all the holes on his body, enveloping him like a cacoon of clouds.

“What’s going on?” Goku gasped.

Shin shook his head nervously, saying, “This is bad. Really bad.”

“Dad! What’s going on?” Gohan asked curiously, hearing everyone else fretting over the crystal ball.

“FOCUS!!!” Elder Kai snapped.

Goku waved a hand at his son, trying to give him a reassuring smile as he answered, “It’s nothing Gohan. Keep doin’ what you’re doin’!”

The pink clouds began to clear, and the figure left standing was completely new. He was more
muscular and toned than the Evil Buu, but his eyes were still black and sunken in. He was taller than the old Buu, but he was the same bright pink. Shin stepped back, panic in his eyes as he breathed, “He’s regressing.”

“Huh?” Goku asked, but Shin shook him off. The new Buu turned westward, twisting himself up like a spring, and launching himself in that direction with frightening speed. “Where’s he going?” Goku asked, but no one knew until he arrived twenty-five minutes later, as an ornate pole came into view, and he angled up sharply, soaring high into the heavens. “Oh no,” Goku breathed as Buu cleared the cloud barrier. Buu finally stopped, hovering above the Lookout, staring down at everyone as they looked back in terror.

“HEY OLD KAI!” Mia yelled, turning back to the old lecher and her boyfriend. “HOW MUCH LONGER!? THE SHIT’S HITTING THE FAN OVER HERE!!!!!”

“Two more hours, at least!” Old Kai snapped back, turning back to his manga.

Gohan shot her a worried look, but she rolled her eyes, turning back to the crystal ball. “We’re fucked,” she breathed to no one in particular.

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Piccolo’s heart sank as he watched the new Buu float down to the Lookout, gently landing on his toes, his devilish eyes not wavering from the Namekian. Piccolo had been watching the Earth below as the boys got their “much needed” nap, according to their mothers. Since Goku left, they had mastered the Fusion technique, but not their abrasive personality they combined into. Gotenks was cocky, too much for his own good. They’d performed two successful fusions, but both times they flew off to fight Majin Buu. Both times being beaten to a pulp, and only making it back to the Lookout just in time to collapse from his wounds before they’d separate. It became clear to Piccolo that Siyaka was their only true option. However, she was still in the Hyperbolic Time Chamber. He worried a little since she’d been in there almost twenty-six hours since she fought Buu the day before, alone. It wasn’t a good idea for anyone to train in there alone, but there hadn’t really been another option. Still, Buu said he would give them two days.

“I think I preferred Fat Buu,” Krillin muttered, his voice shaking with fear as he looked at the new and improved Buu.

“Yeah, no kidding,” Yamcha scoffed, doing his best not to look totally terrified.

“I finally found you,” the monster giggled. His voice had changed from the child-like innocent one of his previous incarnation to one more dark and low, like a growl.

Piccolo tightened his fist. “Yes, you did.” It was an obvious statement. But the implication behind it was damning. Piccolo had watched the fight below, had seen the transformation just take hold. The only reason Buu could find them now and not before was he didn’t have the brains to figure out energy sensing. Now he did, which didn’t bode well.

Buu let some energy ripple off him to give them a taste. He’ll kill us all, Piccolo realized, his heart dropping at the thought. He cracked his neck grotesquely as the fighters remained silent. “Produce.” When no one responded, he yelled, “PRODUUUUUUCE!!!” Energy flew off him, pushing some of the weaker fighters back from the sheer force of it.

Piccolo frowned, holding his ground. “Produce? Produce what? Tell us what you want from us.” Buu cracked his neck again and bared his teeth, showing his new fangs as he clarified, “I was
promised a good fight. Produce the fighter promised to me. Which one of you is it?” When no one moved or volunteered themselves, he laughed, “Come forward. Don’t be shy. It’s time for our battle.” He cracked his neck again with an eerie smile, his gaze settling on Krillin as he asked, “I sense great power here. And I’d like to kill it.”

“Well, that’s perfect,” Krillin scoffed out to Yamcha. “Now he’s more powerful, and can track our energy down.”

“Then who is it?” Buu growled. “Produce the fighter. The one who’s hair grew and changed colors. She promised me a fight.” He let out a sigh, then cracked his neck again. “Produce!”

“She’s here, but not here per say,” Piccolo tried.

“Then go and get her,” Buu growled back.

“She’s not ready yet!”

“I SAID PRODUCE!!!” Buu snapped.

“No. You don’t understand. I-it hasn’t been two days yet. She’s not ready to fight you. She needs to rest to be at full strength,” Piccolo said, gulping back his fears. Siyaka wasn’t out yet, and the boys were in no condition to fight. He’d go through everyone else on the Lookout like fire through kindling. “You’ll have to come back tomorrow if you want a fight worth the wait. Or you won’t have the challenge you want.”

Buu pursed his lips, then shook his head. “No. Can’t do. I hate waiting.”

“But we still have one day left!” Piccolo huffed. “You agreed to …!”

“My mind’s changed,” Buu interrupted gruffly, still cracking his neck. “Thinking differently now. Produce!” Piccolo didn’t deign to answer that. “PRODUCE!!! LAST WARNING!!!”

Piccolo grit his teeth, knowing he’d need to buy some time. “Please! She won’t be ready until tomorrow. Give us more time! Maybe not a full day, but something at least. You’re bored, right? While you wait for her, you can have your fun with the rest of the planet. There are still billions of people on Earth you can kill for your amusement while you wait for her to return.” King Yemma, forgive me. But we can wish everyone back with the dragonballs. We just need time.

“WHAT!? PICCOLO!” Dende called out, wondering if the older Namekian had completely lost his senses.

“QUIET DENDE!” Piccolo snapped, his fists clenched to keep his body from trembling to visibly from fear. Surely the Guardian of Earth could figure out his plan if he stopped to think for a minute.

Buu settled a smile on Piccolo before turning to look over the edge of the Lookout. He began walking slowly around the perimeter of the Lookout. They watched in silence as he walked. After five minutes of silence, Buu had only made it a quarter, Krillin asked, “What’s he doing? A victory lap?”

“He’s assessing how many people are left on Earth,” Piccolo stated, nervously watching the monster quietly walking around the Lookout.

“Piccolo,” Dende growled in a hushed voice, “We can’t let him kill everyone on Earth.”

“We have no choice!” Piccolo hissed barely above a whisper. “We can wish everyone back with the
dragonballs. But now we need to buy time for Siyaka. This is how we do it.” Dende frowned, not sold on the plan, but Piccolo ignored the guardian’s sour expression.

“She’s been in there for over a day. Isn’t she done?” Krillin asked.

Piccolo didn’t answer him, just closed his eyes. His point was valid. At Buu’s pace, it would take another fifteen minutes for him to finish his assessment. In that time, Piccolo needed to contact Siyaka. He focused hard on her. Siyaka. Siyaka, can you hear me?

Who is this? It was her. He gave a small relieved sigh. She hadn’t perished on her own in there.

It’s Piccolo. I’m speaking to you telepathically.

I figured. What do you need?

It was better to just come out with it. Buu has transformed, and he is no longer giving you two days. Is your training complete?

Almost. I’m just fine tuning now.

Well, we don’t have time. I may have bought you a few minutes now, maybe a few hours longer, given his transformation and depending on how he plans on taking out the rest of the population. That should give you at least a month in the chamber to finish up.

You’re letting him kill everyone?

I’m buying you time.

Is he there?

Yes.

What about the boys?

They’re too green and cocky for him now. We need you.

Ok. I will fight him in here. Tell me when you are coming so I can be well rested for the fight. Keep the boys with you incase I fail.

Will you?

I find it’s better to hedge my bets than to assume everything will go as planned. But I shouldn’t fail. Meanwhile, get as many people as possible off this planet. Tell everyone on the Lookout to go to Capsule Corp, and get on spaceship immediately. We don’t need excess collateral damage.

They can go to Namek. That way if we need a wish, they’ll have the dragonballs and the radar available.

I don’t care where. Just get them off Earth.

Piccolo opened his eyes seeing Buu was over halfway done with his assessment. “Popo,” he hissed. The Genie looked at the older Namekian worriedly as Piccolo continued, “As soon as Buu leaves, I need you to start transporting everyone on the Lookout except Goten, Trunks, and myself to Capsule Corp as fast as you can.”
“What why?” Krillin interrupted.

Piccolo sent a glare to the short Buddhist, before answering, “Siyaka wants everyone on the Lookout off Earth. She wants everyone here in a safe place.”

Dende frowned. “Did you tell her your plan to wipe out humanity.”

Piccolo scowled at the younger Namekian. “Yes, which is why she wants everyone here safe. I think Namek is the best bet, since you will have access to the dragonballs there.” Everyone nodded nervously, agreeing with Piccolo’s judgement. Piccolo shot a nervous look to Buu. “Krillin. Go find everyone and get them ready. We won’t have much time to act once he leaves. Yamcha, you go with him.” The humans gave a curt nod, then ran off into the palace to get everyone.


“What?” Piccolo huffed back nervously.

Buu didn’t answer him, staring blankly at him for a minute before giving him a smile and raised his hand. A bright pinkish purple energy blast formed in his palm, then engulfed his whole body in that pinkish aura before shooting up into the sky into billions of energy blasts that zoomed down to the Earth. Piccolo, Dende, and Popo watched in wide-eyed horror as he took out the last of humanity in a matter of minutes. Piccolo could feel the millions of lives lost second by second. He could practically hear the screams of terrors coming from the Earth.

Buu’s aura dissipated, and he lowered his arm as the last few blasts shot out. Piccolo dropped to his knees, unable to process the loss of lives he just let Buu destroy. The entirety of humanity was wiped out in a matter of minutes. Not enough time for Siyaka to be ready. Or to get everyone covertly off the Lookout.

Damnit! All those people! Forgive me. I promise, I’ll wish you all back. I promise!

Buu’s gaze leveled on the broken Namekian with a smile. “I’ve destroyed every last living thing on Earth. Now produce the fighter!”

“I will, but please Buu. She needs more time. An hour, at least,” Piccolo tried. “Please.”

Buu’s gaze narrowed as he frowned. “Just one hour?” Piccolo nodded. “How long is that?”

With a puff of magic, Piccolo created an hour glass, placing it between him and Buu. As the grains trickled down, he stated, “An hour will be up once all the grains of sand reach the bottom.”

Buu squatted, watching the sand begin to trickle down into the empty part of the glass. Then he stood with a scowl. “No wait!”

“Watch your mouth, girl!” Buu snapped. “I kill you next.”

“Why not!” a woman scoffed from the side. Piccolo turned to see Videl, Bulma, ChiChi, and Ox King standing off to the side. He could tell they were just waiting for his signal to escape. “If I know Siyaka, she’d never back down from a fair fight. But you can’t wait an hour!”

“Wait!” Piccolo called out, pointing to Videl. “That’s Videl Satan. Hercule Satan’s only daughter.” Buu frowned at that news, but made no aggressive moves seeing her eyes on him. “If she wants you to give us an hour, you know Mr. Satan would want that too!”

Buu growled, sneering at Videl. “She does smell like him. They must be related.” He relaxed a little, frowning as he looked at her. “Alright. I’ll wait. Once the sand is gone, I kill you all. Including the daughter.”
Piccolo visibly relaxed as Buu sat down in front of the hourglass. He shot a look to Popo, who gave a small nod. It was time to get everyone off the Lookout as quietly as possible.

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Gohan watched his father and girlfriend focusing on the crystal ball, watching the Earth. He could see Mia’s hands over her mouth, her eyes wide with horror, shaking her head in disbelief. “He just killed them. All of them. Just complete annihilation.”

“Dammit,” Goku breathed.

Shin shuttered a breath as he said, “I can’t comprehend that many victims.”

What were they talking about? Who? Was his family ok? His friends? They weren’t going to tell him, because they didn’t want him to worry. But all not telling him was going to do was make him worry. He did his best to keep from tapping his foot, which he usually did subconsciously when he was worried. His gaze shifted to the elder kai, seeing him laughing at his stupid manga. Gohan clenched his fist as he felt his anger swelling. “Hey, Elder Kai,” Gohan snapped. “How much longer? We should be almost done by my calculations.” It had been over an hour since Mia said the shit was hitting the fan. It should be any minute now.

“Hmm,” Elder kai said, pursing his lips in thought. “You know what, you’re right. You should be almost done with it. Strange that you’re not.” Gohan felt his face twitch in anger as he let out a growl. “Well, the ceremony seems to be running longer than usual. So I’ll bet by the time that we’re done, your power will be beyond incredible!”

“Oh, I have had enough of THIS!” Gohan yelled, jumping up, his power surging around him with his rage. His power surged around him as gusts of winds billowed out. Clouds circled overhead dangerously as his energy whipped around him. Trees bent at weird angles from just the pressure. “I’m tired of your games, old man! There’s no way this shit is helping me defeat …!” he trailed off as he realized the power at his fingertips. He wasn’t even Super Saiyan, but he felt stronger than the transformation already. He tested his fists, clenching and unclenching as his mind calmed down. “What was that? That crazy power?” It was him. He knew it came from him, but he’d never felt so powerful in his life. His gaze settled on the Kai, and he asked, “Does this mean it’s actually working?”

Elder Kai frowned at him, muttering, “Told you. Now sit down and let me finish! The longer you remain unfocused, the longer it will take to complete.”

Gohan sat down, wondering just how powerful he’d be when they were done. “Yes sir.” He resumed his position, and the Elder Kai resumed reading his comic, giggling at the stupid jokes. “I’m sorry I doubted you.”

“Woah,” Mia breathed, still shaking from the power she’d felt rolling off her boyfriend just now. The power gave her hope that maybe, just maybe, they could make it through this.

“I know,” Goku sighed, crossing his arms, clearly proud of his son. “It’s a good thing the old Kai isn’t just some crackpot.”

“Oh, come now,” Shin chided with a knowing smile. “He is my ancestor.”

Goku smiled, “Yeah, but it’s my son’s power he’s unlocking. And he’s not even done yet! I bet once the old Kai is done, Gohan will be the strongest ever.” Mia smiled, giving an affirmative nod. Hybrid or not, he just might be the strongest man in the universe. Her secret mate. Her heart swelled with
Pride at the thought.

*~*~*~

Piccolo let out a relieved sigh as Popo loaded Dende and Krillin on his magic carpet, the last of the group. Krillin eyed Piccolo carefully before saying, “You sure you don’t want me to stay?”

Piccolo smiled. “You have a family that needs you. And other than Siyaka, the boys, and myself, you are the strongest man on Earth. The rest of the group needs a protector.”

Krillin nodded gravely, before looking back at his friend with tears in his eyes. They’d gone through so much. It was hard to believe nineteen years ago, they were saving the world from the Namekian, and now he was saving the last of humanity, sacrificing himself. Everyone had changed so much, but Krillin knew Piccolo probably claimed the starkest change since he’d met the Z warriors. Krillin lifted his fist out to Piccolo with a sigh, “You take care of yourself. Don’t go dying on us now.”

Piccolo tapped his fist against Krillin’s knuckles with a smile. “I don’t plan on it.” He gave a small frown, turning to Popo. “Now, hurry. I sense his patience is wearing thin.” Popo gave a resolute nod, and they disappeared on his magic carpet.

Piccolo turned back towards where he sensed Buu. The fact that they got him to wait this long was astounding. Even moreso that they were able to evacuate the entire lookout without him noticing. There wasn’t much time, meaning Piccolo had to get the boys up as soon as possible, and ready them for a fight. He zoomed up to their room, shaking them awake. Trunks let out a mumble and a groan, turning away from him as he continued to sleep. Piccolo let out a growl, “We don’t have time for this.” Quickly, he slapped each of them awake, and they yelped, rubbing their cheeks.

“OW! MR. PICCOLO!!” Goten whined.

“SH!” Piccolo hissed, putting calming hands up. “Majin Buu is downstairs. I need you two ready to fight if Siyaka’s plan fails.”

Goten’s eyes shot wide as he sputtered a, “Huh!?"

“What!” Trunks snapped. “We’ve done all this training, and we aren’t even the main event!?”

“Quit your whining!” Piccolo hissed. “You both have no one to blame but yourselves. The last two Fusions made it clear we can’t rely on Gotenks, especially with an opponent who knows how to fight. Fused, you boys are too cocky and immature. With Majin Buu’s recent transformation, he’s too much for you.” The boys frowned at Piccolo’s observation, but the Namekian waved them off. “It’s best to let Siyaka fight him first. She’s our best bet, but if she fails, you are her back-up.”

Piccolo stood up, looking out over the Lookout, seeing Buu watching the hourglass down below. “You should know what’s happened. It’s just us on Earth now. Buu wiped out the last of humanity while you napped.”

“Wha-?” both boys gasped, but silenced when Piccolo gave them a warning look.

“Siyaka devised a plan to save everyone on the Lookout, and we’ve sent them to Capsule Corp to go to Namek,” Piccolo stated before they could panic. “That way we can fight on Earth without worrying about any other casualties.” He shot them another dangerous look as he added, “That doesn’t mean if Siyaka fails, you can slack off at all. It will be a life and death fight. And I expect when push comes to shove, you’ll succeed.” Piccolo turned, leading them out to the hallway back to the front. “Now come. I’m sure Buu is starting to notice everyone’s absence.” Piccolo led them out slowly to the front to watch Buu.
The pink monster’s black gaze settled on the Namekian, and he glared, baring his teeth. “You did something tricky, didn’t you?”

Piccolo did his best to remain aloof at the accusation. “I’m not sure what you’re referring to.”

Buu smirked. “The band of humans who were here are no longer. You will pay for that!”

“Our strongest fighters are still here, including the one you were promised,” Piccolo answered, thinking quickly. “They’d fight better without worrying about their families, so I sent them away.”

Buu grit his teeth again, showing his fangs. “If that’s so, then your fighters are ready to fight!”

“We still have fifteen minutes …” Piccolo tried.

“ENOUGH!!!!” Buu screamed, his power surging enough to smash the hourglass, sand spilling and dispersing to the wind. “I WILL WAIT NO MORE!!!”

“You said you’d honor one hour!” Piccolo tried, only to be cut off by Buu sending a blast through the Lookout between his feet. Piccolo looked at the damage done to the floor of the Lookout garden. He could see the hole reached all the way through, showing the shifting cloud barrier beneath.

“I am done with your trickery,” Buu growled. “Your time is up. Produce your fighter NOW!” The monster screamed the last bit, cracking the floor beneath them.

“Alright!” Piccolo huffed, doing his best at hiding his fear. “I’ll take you to her.” He turned towards the palace, ordering, “Follow me.” Buu smiled eerily behind him, but followed quietly. Piccolo led him up first, taking Buu the long way around the Lookout.

Siyaka. It’s time.

Bring him.

She replied, her mind was haughty. I’m ready.

Piccolo’s mind switched to Bulma, having told her earlier that they were to take off as soon as the fight started. Bulma. It’s Piccolo. I’m speaking to you telepathically.

I gathered that. Is it starting?

Yes. I need you to take off immediately.

Everyone is loaded up, and ready for take off.

Good.

Their plan set and well in motion, Piccolo turned down the next flight of steps, leading Buu directly to Siyaka. He could feel Buu’s anger radiating off him, but he must have sensed that Piccolo wasn’t lying about where Siyaka was. That she was there, and ready to fight him. After ten minutes of silently leading Buu, they had reached the wooden door leading to the other dimension. “She’s in here,” he stated, turning the knob. He opened the door, the light from the chamber seeping out as her stepped aside, offering Buu to walk in.

Buu waited for the door to be wide open, seeing Siyaka standing in the training space. Seeing her ready for him, he smiled, stepping through the portal to the fight. Piccolo closed the door behind him quickly. Best of luck, he prayed before running back up to the main level of the Lookout, back to the boys.

Five minutes passed. It couldn’t have been more than that when he heard the Hyperbolic Time Chamber open up. “You think she already beat him?” Goten asked nervously.
Piccolo frowned, “Four minutes is equal to one day. May –” He was cut off when he sensed something horrifying. He saw the lines of purple energy bubbling up from the tiles until it threatened to explode. Piccolo grabbed both boys quickly, jumping up high as the Lookout exploded. Piccolo looked down seeing another new Buu. The pink monster was no longer the monster he’d led there a few minutes ago. The monster was now affeminent. She had breasts framed by Siyaka’s old Saiyan armor, which was paired oddly with Majin pants. Her face now looked more prominent, and her body completely changed. The only thing that tipped Piccolo off that it was Buu who’d gotten out of the chamber was the bubblegum pink skin, antenna, and the steaming orifices.

Piccolo’s heart sank with terror as he looked down at the new Buu. *Siyaka had failed.*

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AN: I hope you all have a great holiday season! The next chapter will be up next year. I’m hoping to have the Buu saga pretty much done by February, because once busy season hits, I won’t be able to post until late May.

Also, if you haven’t yet, read **Ripples in Time: History of Trunks**. There’s a lot in that story that explains what’s happening in this story’s timeline, and some of the changes already made.

As always, remember to leave a review!
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

AN: Hi all! I know it’s been a while. I was hoping to have this done back in January, then the Buu saga finished by February. But that didn’t happen (obviously). Although, I’ve restructured how the Buu fight will go, because I realized how this chapter ends, and the next chapter ends, the original plan (which was closer to the Toriyama ending) wouldn’t work. But I think I like the way it’s going now better. It’ll be a bit less “Kumbaya.” I also have several chunks of the next chapter already written, so I’m hoping it won’t take so long. But again, I won’t guarantee significant updates until May. If you’ve been reading this story since the beginning, you know this is my office’s busy season, so I don’t get a ton of time to write. But with the Buu Saga restructuring I’ve done, there’s only 2 more chapters of the Buu fight (after this chapter), and then 2 chapters of peacetime, and then the next saga (which again, I’m super excited for). I think out of all the sagas, I’ll have the most fun writing that one. Goku Black and Tournament of Power sagas will also be pretty fun).

Anyway, enjoy! And remember to review, like and favorite!

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See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 18

Last Hope

It had been hours since Piccolo dropped off Buu. She knew outside it had only been a couple minutes, but here, almost ten hours. She’d mastered Super Saiyan 3 and had been using that in the fight. That with the added Zenkai boosts she’d been exploiting during her training, she’d gone well past her previous limits. But she was only matching this new Buu in combat. He was much smarter than earlier, that combined with his incredible strength made him difficult to beat. Especially when he turned his body to goo to dodge or recover from her attacks. This time around, he’d been much better at countering and predicting her moves. He’d even shown off a couple tricks he’d learned since the last time they fought, like rolling up in a ball and catching her in a tornado of volleys. Her personal favorite had been when he stretched his antenna, wrapping it around her neck and thwacking her against the ground. But it wasn’t like she didn’t have a few tricks up her sleeve as well. She used the Chaos Bomb, as well as surprising him with her ki golems, including her piece de resistance which she called the Chaos Bombardment. It was using her four ki golems, the most she could make since she didn’t have long hair like Mia, each one firing two Chaos Bombs, totaling in ten simultaneous Chaos Bombs. She still had one more move she hadn’t used yet. Her Prism Blast. She just needed to get him lined up for it. Surely, it would do the trick.
She slashed at his arm again with her hand charged with ki into a blade. It was the third time she’d done it. He just kept leaving himself wide open. He held up his cut nub, making a show of growing his hand back. She gave a tired head shake with a laugh, “So, we’re just gonna’ keep doing this. You throw a bad punch. I cut it off. You grow it back and try again?” She meant it to goad him into making a stupid move.

He smirked. She hated that little expression. She smirked back as she growled, “Wanna’ see something really cool?” Before he could answer, she held out her hands, all fingertips touching and stiff, allowing her ki to pour and form in between her palms. When the bright nucleus had formed, she began running her hands around it quickly, slowly creating a cage of ki around it that grew and grew until it was about a foot in diameter, and she shot it out to him, yelling, ‘PRISM BLAST.’ As it moved, it doubled in size, then doubled again, and again. Buu stared wide eyed as it engulfed him, pulling him into the center of the cage as the nucleus exploded, ki blasts bouncing around within it and doubling as it rebounded off the sides. When she could tell he was sufficiently shredded, she clapped her hands together, and the cage lit up before exploding.

She let out a few relieved huffs, seeing bits of charred Buu goo falling from the skies. She straightened herself up, wiping the sweat from her brow, tired from the fight. They’d been at it for hours. But she’d done it. She’d won. She let herself smile for the first time in years, even though to the outside world it had only been days. She’d avenged her daughter.

She was about to start blasting little bits of goo to oblivion when she felt something around her ankle. She frowned, looking down seeing one Buu hand she’d cut off earlier had a tight grip around the ankle of her boot. “What the?” Another one appeared, gripping her other ankle, then turned to goo enveloping her feet and fastening them to the ground. “Oh, fuck off—” she growled, just as another hand clamped over her mouth. She let out a scream at the suddenness of it, just before it expanded around her. She swung her arms around, trying to pull it off, as well as blasting the goo off her, but it wasn’t enough. She felt herself shrinking down, getting lost in the goo. She was losing air, causing her vision to dim. Her screams smothered by the goo’s tightness before she succumbed to the darkness.

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“What just happened!?” Mia shrieked, looking at the now exploded Lookout. She didn’t even notice her hands grasping at her hair around her neck, shaking from the shock. What happened? Her mom was fighting Majin Buu in the bowels of that building. The dust started to clear, and a new pink figure was floating in the clouds, and Mia’s heart sank. “No,” she breathed as she looked at the crystal ball, her fingers moving to clutch at it desperately. Majin Buu was still alive, but now looked eerily like the Saiyan noblewoman. She wore Siyaka’s armor piece over her busty chest. She was taller than Siyaka, but her now womanly figure was identical to the Saiyan she absorbed. Her antenna was much longer than before, sprouting from odd curly protrusions from her head that simulated Siyaka’s curly hair. “Nononononono!!! NO! MOM!!!!! MEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!” As she began to scream, Goku moved to hold her as she cried.

“Shhhh,” he tried, nervously looking back to Gohan. He leaned in closer to her. “We can wish her back in a few months.”

Mia coughed out another sob, falling to her knees, her head in her hands as she cried, not hearing Goku’s promises. She had enough experience in life to know nothing ever turned out like she hoped. Her breathing was ragged as she called hoarsely, “Moom… You can’t leave me!!” She curled in on herself. Her mother was dead. Absorbed into Majin Buu. Mia was now an orphan. Alone. She felt Goku’s grip on her shoulder tighten as she cried, realizing there was nothing anyone could say to make her feel better about it. “Mooooom…”
“I might be able to go to Yemma’s and get her,” Goku offered.

“That won’t be possible,” Shin interrupted. Goku and Mia frowned at the kai, and Shin added, “She’s been absorbed by Buu. Her soul cannot move on in that state.”

Mia coughed out another shrieking sob, and Goku looked back to the crystal ball at a loss. He turned to look at his son, seeing Gohan staring at his girlfriend. His fists clenched his pants’ leg, his knuckles turning white.

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Piccolo stared at the new Buu in horror. He wasn’t sure what had happened in the chamber, but if he had to guess, Siyaka had been absorbed by the majin, if that was even possible. It was the only thing he could attribute this new incarnation. His power had skyrocketed, and he was now a woman, and she wore Siyaka’s old Saiyan armor over what had been his bare chest. His horror was a mix of that and realizing Majin Buu had destroyed the Lookout, and if Mr. Popo found it like that, he shuddered what the black Genie would do. But he didn’t have time to mourn his home.

“You two, fly down to the ground and fuse as fast as you can,” Piccolo hissed. “I’ll try and hold Buu off here.”

Goten’s lip trembled as he looked at the Namekian. “Piccolo … ?”

“NOW!” Piccolo barked, pulling his weighted headgear off and grabbing at his shoulder pads. He knew if he held back in this fight, he would die quickly. The boys quickly scrambled at his tone, and flew swiftly to the Earth to fuse.

SaiBuu let out a laugh, as she lifted a hand, trailing their movement as she charged a blast. Piccolo reacted quickly, grabbing her wrist and kicking her squarely in the jaw, his foot indenting in her face. “Your fight is with me,” he growled, effectively getting between her and the boys.

SaiBuu laughed. It was eerie and dark. Siyaka naturally had a sultry tambor, but Buu’s growling tone over what should have been her voice was jarring to the Namekian. “Then you die.” She grabbed Piccolo’s wrist with her other hand, then flipped him through the air before flinging him down to the ground, shooting through the air after him. She caught up with him quickly, throwing punch after punch at him, kick after kick. Piccolo barely had time to block. Suddenly she pulled away, and before Piccolo could wonder why, he saw the ground coming at him quickly, and he let out a yell as he thrust some ki down to catch him and slow his fall, just barely in a crouch, his hands on the ground. He felt his knees buckling under him from the pressure the landing caused, and he slowly pulled himself to stand. He looked up, seeing SaiBuu hovering just over the pot marked ground from Buu’s earlier eradication move. She smirked, her arms crossed as she looked at him hautily. This was going to be easy for her.

She launched herself at him, and again, he barely had enough time to block her full-on offensive. He managed to get one or two lucky swipes in, but it was everything he could do keep up with her. After a few minutes getting knocked around by SaiBuu, she somehow managed to pull him into a headlock. Piccolo struggled against it, but she tightened her arm around his windpipe. His nails dug into whatever her flesh was made out of, but as she was more of a goo monster, it didn’t hurt her much. His vision was starting to tunnel, and his fighting against her weakened. She chuckled softly. “Yes, sleep,” her growling voice intoned. “Then, maybe absorbing you can fix my body back to normal.”

Piccolo couldn’t respond to that, his eyes rolling back in their sockets. This was it. It was going to be worse than death. He was going to become a part of this thing!
“HEY UGLY!!!”

Her pressure on his windpipe loosened with the distraction, and he took a gasp of air, quickly grabbing her arm and wrenching it from around his neck, slicing with his other arm through her torso and cutting her in half. He jumped back, seeing her glaring at them as he rubbed his throat. “Why don’t you stand back,” Gotenks laughed haughtily. “Don’t need you dying on me yet.”

Piccolo coughed out a laugh, rubbing his sore neck. “Don’t be so cocky.”

Gotenks shot him an annoyed look before settling his gaze back on SaiBuu, striking a pose similar to a dab. “GOTENKS IS HERE!!! And I’m going to kick you sorry butt!” Piccolo frowned at the boys crestfallenly. They were strong yes, but too immature for this fight.

The monster turned to them, her head tilted and watching them amusedly as she laughed. “So now the little boys want a try.” Her chuckle was demented. “I’ll play for a bit. Then I’ll eat you.” She took them by surprise, phasing out, then reappearing right in front of them. Gotenks let out a surprised yelp at her speed, but wasn’t given time to recover, as SaiBuu punched him in the stomach, sending him flying back into a pillar.

“Gotenks!!” Piccolo called out after them.

The mountain exploded around them, and Piccolo guarded his face with his forearms. As he peered through his arms, he could see the boys had transformed to Super Saiyan. Gotenks let out another haughty laugh, his arms on his hips in a superhero pose as he said, “Nice shot. But I hit harder!” Then he launched at SaiBuu. He swung his arms around, together, yelling, “Batter up!!!!” He knocked her in the back of her head, sending her flying far towards an empty city. He flew after her with great speed, an excited gleam in his eye as he chased her down.

She shot out with a glare, but he was ready. In his hands, he held Chaos Bombs, courtesy of Goten’s half. He lobbed both of them at the pink monster, who did her best to dodge, but the nuclei searched her out, activating the homing blasts. She flew to outsmart them, but was hit anyway. When the smoke cleared, she was just a gurgling, melted pink mess. Gotenks smirked, then held his hands in a familiar motion, bringing the base of his palms together in front of him. “FINAL FLASH!!!!!!” As the blast faded, nothing was left. Gotenks smirked, holding up two victory fingers. “Yeah!”

“Well done, Gotenks,” Piccolo breathed behind them.

Gotenks let out a yelp, then blushed. “Don’t scare me like that!”

Piccolo rolled his eyes at the fused Saiyan. They were silent for a minute before Gotenks added, “You really think he’s … she’s?…” Piccolo shrugged as if he didn’t know, and didn’t care. “It’s dead?”

Piccolo looked grimly, but hopeful. “Maybe. I don’t sense Buu anymore.”

Gotenks pumped his fists in the air. “ALRIGHT!!! MAJIN BUU IS DEAD!!!! GOTENKS IS STRONGEST IN THE UNIVERSE!!!!”

Piccolo smirked. As much as he thought Gotenks was way too immature for such a crucial fight, the boys had managed to pull it off. For once, he’d give this to them.

Gotenks’ victorious laughter was interrupted by a blast that caught Piccolo in the chest. Gotenks gaped at it as Piccolo coughed up purple blood. Gotenks looked behind them to see SaiBuu perfectly healed, and livid. Gotenks looked back at the Namekian, his blood pounding in his head. This wasn’t over. Not by a long shot. Gotenks shot after her, throwing as much as he could at her. Punch after
punch, kick after kick, but SaiBuu was able to deflect many of his moves, but Gotenks did move a little faster than the monster. He jumped up flashily, flipping over the bubblegum monster, landing on the other side of SaiBuu, and launching back at her with a swift kick to her neck. He jumped back as SaiBuu cracked her neck back into place. She looked at him comically, and he jumped at her again, this time placing the kick in her back that knocked her slightly off balance, then phasing in front of her, yelling, “SCREAMING ANGRY WOMBAT!!!!” latching onto her face while punching, scratching, and biting at her head.

With a swing of her antenna, she flung them off her. She turned, seeing him flip turn recover. Clearly a move Goten learned from Mia. SaiBuu’s gaze leveled on him, and she smiled. This was over long before it started. She launched at Gotenks with full force, catching the fused Saiyan by surprise with a clothesline hook, knocking him on his butt and jarring him. He let out a groan, rubbing his chest as SaiBuu grabbed him by his blond hair, punching him in the face over and over until a shot came flying towards her from behind, which she smacked back. She turned slightly, seeing Piccolo behind her, his hand still prone from firing the shot. His chest somewhat recovered, but he was clearly weaker than earlier.

She tossed Gotenks to the side, turning to Piccolo. She put her hands out, her fingers steepling together as a shining light grew between her palms just before she started making rapid movements around the light, creating a growing glowing cage until it was large enough to throw. “PRISM BLAST!” she called out, sending it speeding towards Piccolo, who was frozen in place seeing the growing energy cage rushing towards him. It hit him head on, and he was caught in its center, ki blast hitting him left and right, rebounding off the cage walls to hit him over and over again. The high-pitched screech from the energy blasts grated against his ears, drowning out his painful cries. She clapped her hands together, and the blast went off in a massive explosion.

SaiBuu turned to Gotenks who stared on at the destruction of his teacher tearfully, his eyes wide with shock. SaiBuu smirked. “Now, you’re mine.”

Gotenks looked at her nervously, before gritting his teeth, swinging his leg out and knocking her legs out from under her and jumping up, righting himself, and readying for a fight. He held out a hand, swishing his finger through the air as he scoffed, “Nah-uh-uh. We still got some moves left!”

SaiBuu looked at him challengingly. Gotenks tightened his fist, his gaze flicking to Piccolo’s fallen form. “You’ll pay for everything. Everyone you’ve killed! You’ll pay! You’re going down! YOU HERE ME?!?!?”

SaiBuu smirked, then opened her arms welcomingly, giving him an open shot. The sheer arrogance in the move made Gotenks’ blood boil. He leapt at her, fist poised to strike. He threw punch after punch, all of which she dodged with a mere tilt of her head. He finally landed one, and with a victorious shout, he swung a round house kick at her, which she blocked with her arm. Gotenks grit his teeth, trying the combo again, but she was reading his movements now like a book. He was too busy trying to hit her, he didn’t see her upper cut, which landed soundly into his diaphragm. He coughed and sputtered from the shock, his breathing erratic as the muscle spasmed. Her antenna wrapped around his throat, and she gave an evil smile, baring her fanged teeth. He grasped at it, trying to pull it off, but it tightened, and her smile grew.

She let out a grunt, throwing her head around, slamming Gotenks into the ground several times over, laughing with every pained groan they made. Her antenna held him up by his neck, smiling evilly as she announced, “Now it’s time for you to join me.”

Just as she said it, a blast came out of nowhere, cutting her antenna in half. Gotenks dropped to the ground, the antenna still wrapped around his neck as SaiBuu turned to the source of the interrupting
blast. There she saw a half dead Piccolo kneeling on the broken ground, his hand outstretched and smoking. His eyes rolled to the back of his head after a second, and he was down for good. SaiBuu sensed for his energy this time, and noted it was completely gone. She sneered at the fallen warrior, “Such a waste.”

She heard the horrified yelps of Gotenks as the antenna goo exploded around him. “GROSS!!! GET IT OFF ME!!!! AAAAAAAAAH!!!!!” She turned as the screams became muffled, and smiled. Now the fused Saiyan was nothing more than a large, wiggling pick blob. She lifted a hand, and flicked a finger, summoning the blob of bubblegum pink goo to her, and it splashed into her. She prayed Gotenks would change her male again, as well as give her an adequate boost in power. She felt him enter her body, and the transformation begin to take hold.

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Mia watched on in horror as Gotenks was absorbed. She didn’t have words for it. Just a couple hours ago, there was hope. Buu had befriended a puppy. Half of the Earth was still alive, including her mother. Now, just a few hours later, everyone was dead, and Earth’s last two hopes had been absorbed into the monster.

Goku punched the ground, startling Mia from her daze as he yelled, “DAMMIT!” His voice was raw, and his fist shook as he clutched at the grass. She saw him gritting his teeth, and his eyes shining as if holding back tears. “ChiChi was right,” he whispered, his voice breaking a little as he said it.

She would have been crying too, but after everything, she was too emotionally spent. She’d reached the point where she was too sad to cry. The ever encroaching despair and hopelessness of their situation had begun to break her emotionally. This was it. She chewed the inside of her cheek, looking to Shin who looked just as broken as her. “So, what do we do now.”

Shin shrugged. “There’s nothing we can do. Not until Gohan has finished.” He turned to Goku sadly. “I’m sorry for your loss.”

Goku chewed the inside of his cheek, his gaze off in solemn thought. Mia knelt down, moving to put a hand on his shoulder, but stopped herself, realizing she had nothing to say. Nothing she could say would make what had happened feel better. She chewed on her bottom lip before saying, “As soon as Gohan’s finished, he’ll avenge them. I know he will.” Goku closed his eyes, as if those words were wrong as well. She frowned, not sure what to say as she turned to the old kai, “Hey, how much longer until you’re done with Gohan?”

“Oh, he’s done!” old kai called back to her noncommittally. They turned, seeing the old kai sitting in the same position. He smirked, “Has been for a few minutes now.” Everyone looked at him wide-eyed.

Although, out of everyone, Mia looked the most livid. Her glare was wide, and her head cocked so far to the side, she looked as if she’d been possessed. “You wanna’ run that by me again?”

The old kai smirked, standing with a stretch. “He finished up a few minutes ago.”

Mia bared her teeth in a forced smile. “And you didn’t tell us then, why?”

The old kai shrugged, going through his final stretches as he said, “I was waiting for a more dramatic opening.” He gave a small laugh.

Mia was on him in the blink of an eye, and the aura coming off her was murderous. The old kai
began to shake with fear under her intense glare as she towered over him, growling, “Everyone’s
dead now. Earth has no defense. All of this has happened within the last minute while we’ve waited
patiently for you to finish your power up. And now you tell us he’s been done long enough to save
them, but instead of telling us then, you waited for a more dramatic reveal. Is THAT WHAT
YOU’RE TELLING ME!?!?!?!?!?!” She shrieked the last part, snagging the kai by the collar. She
was done being nice to this boneheaded perv.

“Uh…” the old kai stammered, feeling her fury rippling off her.

Her grip tightened. “ARE YOU REALLY THAT PETTY!?!?!?! THAT FUCKING SELF-
INVOLVED THAT YOU’D LET A PLANET DIE SO YOU CAN GET A
PUNCHLINE!?!?!?!?!?!” she screamed, spit flinging from her mouth with her rage as she pulled
him off the ground by his collar. Her eyes flashed green.

“Help?” he pleaded, grasping at her hands.

Gohan swiftly stepped in, pulling her off the elder kai as she thrashed against her boyfriend,
screaming with blinding rage, “LET ME AT HIM!!!! I’LL KILL HIM!!!! I’LL FUCKING KILL
HIM!!!!!! I’LL CUT HIM UP INTO TINY LITTLE PIECES, THEN CHUCK HIM INTO THE
OCEAN FOR SHARK BAIT!!!!!!!”

“Mia, calm down,” Gohan breathed in her ear, also glaring at the kai. “There’s no point.” Once Mia
calmed, slumping a little in his arms, he let her go. Gohan eyed him skeptically, and a little
disapprovingly, as the old kai rubbed his neck. “You’re sure it’s done? I don’t really feel all that
different.”

The old kai smirked. “Don’t believe me? Go ahead and test it out.”

Gohan stood, frowning at his hands. “I don’t feel that different,” he commented. “What do I do?”

The old kai frowned amusedly. “Try doing that Super Saiyan transformation I heard those two
talking about. That should work.” Gohan gave a stern nod gripping his fists. Old kai threw up his
hands as he yelped, “Just let me get out of the way first!”

Gohan wasn’t listening as he began to power up, focusing his energy into his transformation as
usual. But when he reached for that familiar well of power, it was different. Larger. Seemingly
bottomless. He let out a yell as his power surged, magnifying through his being. A gust of wind
billowed out, balding the hill he and the kai stood on as the elder kai rolled back from the wind’s
force. The kais, Mia and Goku braced themselves as they were blasted, Mia taking in his new found
power in shock and awe. She dug into the ground, being so close to him from the start, doing her
best not to be blown away like the elder fool. It was amazing. She’d never picked up the power
sensing ability, but she could feel his now.

There was a blinding flash as he finished his charge up. Mia was able to reorient herself as the clouds
of dirt feel around him, looking around and seeing the devastation his power up had left for miles all
around. Nearby cliffs were leveled. The grassy field they had stood in was now bare. Trees were
bent at odd angles, and nearby lakes had agitated ripples and waves. His body crackled with
electricity, and he tested his grip, checking his ki control. “Wow,” he smirked. The old coot may
have been a self-involved perv, but he didn’t lie about his capabilities. “This is amazing. Buu won’t
know what hit him!”

Mia gave a small, believing nod. They heard Goku whoop from the side, and Gohan smiled. There
was hope after all.
Kabito stepped forward, eying the hybrid closely. “It’s remarkable. His form hasn’t changed as it used to, but he feels a lot stronger than he did at the tournament.”

“YEAH!” Goku cheered. “There’s no way Buu’s winning this fight! I can’t believe he isn’t Super Saiyan with that kind of power!”

The old kai got up, dusting off his overcoat as he huffed, “You all put way too much stock into those transformations. They’re just a waste of energy.”

The rest of the group ignored him as Shin called out, “We need to get you both back to Earth as soon as possible. You’re the only ones who can stop Buu. Kabito and I will take you.”

“I do not think that wise, sir. I should take them alone,” Kabito spoke up.

Shin frowned at him, chiding his assistant, “What are you saying? Majin Buu is my mess. My responsibility.”

Kabito shook his head, continuing as he said, “Forgive me sir. You are too important to risk going to Earth, Supreme Kai. A warrior this great won’t need us to be a distraction. I will take them alone.”

Shin frowned at him, but Kabito gave him a small smile, stating, “I too won’t be staying long once I drop them off.”

Shin shook his head, opening his mouth to argue, but Gohan spoke up before him, walking up to the kais, “Thanks, Kabito.” He knew the compliment the pink Kai had just paid him was not one given to mortals lightly. “That’s actually a smart move. It’s better if you stay here, Supreme Kai.”

Shin let out a small sigh through his nose before stating, “You’re right. All I’d do is slow him down.”

“So, you want me to stay behind too?” Mia asked behind Gohan, her tone suggesting she wasn’t so comfortable with the idea of being left behind. Gohan turned to look at her, and her arms were crossed, and her jaw set, telling him she didn’t agree with that plan.

Gohan frowned, looking to the ground as he said, “Mia, I can’t let you get hurt. You’ll be safe here.”

She narrowed her glare at him, taking a threatening step towards him as she said warningly, “If you think I’m just going to sit on the sidelines and watch you go into a life and death battle without the slightest bit of back up, you are dead wrong!”

Gohan’s shoulders dropped, looking down at her, “Mia, please.” He grabbed her hand, saying, “I need to know that at least you are safe. You are the most important thing to me in the entire universe. … I lov—”

“Don’t you start saying your ‘goodbyes’ to me, Son Gohan,” she scolded, not looking at him. She knew what he was going to say, but was too afraid to peer into his mind to see if it was the truth. “I’m going with you, end of discussion.”

Gohan straightened himself with a worried frown, pursing together his lips before adding, “I can’t lose you.”

Her grip tightened around his as she said, “Neither can I.”

He let out a small resigned sigh. “It’s good she’s going with you, though,” Old kai piped up. Gohan frowned, looking at the old codger. “If the power-up isn’t enough, even though it should be, you can have someone to fuse with.”
Everyone frowned at the elder kai with confusion, but only Goku spoke up. “How’s that possible? The Metamorians told me you had to be a similar body type and power level for fusion.”

The old kai’s gaze narrowed on the palm-haired Saiyan. “I told you yesterday I got these mystical powers by fusing with an old witch. Why do you think I look so old now? Kais don’t really age.” The rest of the group looked around puzzled, and the elder kai rolled his eyes. He stepped towards Gohan and Mia, his hands poised behind his back. “The type of fusion I’m talking about is significantly more powerful than the Metamorian Fusion. The fighter created will be much more powerful, and you don’t need to worry about matching power levels or stances or body types. But it should only be used as a last resort.”

The way he talked about it made Mia nervous. It sounded perfect. Too perfect. “What’s the drawback?”

Elder Kai looked at Mia knowingly before stating, “It’s permanent.”

“Permanent?” Goku gasped.

Elder kai shrugged. “Of sorts. The more dominant personality takes over, but their abilities are combined and magnified.” He smirked as he let out a small chuckle, “That’s why I stayed a kai and got the witches’ powers, albeit more enhanced.”

“Woah,” Goku breathed.

Gohan balked at the idea, but Mia asked, “How?”

Gohan let out a nervous laugh. “Mia, you can’t be serious.”

“It’s a last resort, right?” Mia asked, looking at him quickly. “Just in case Buu is too much.” Gohan frowned at the implication, knowing she was right, but not wanting her to be. She gripped his hand, adding, “I don’t mind spending forever with you if it means saving the Earth.” He gulped at her declaration. She turned back to the kai, asking, “How.”

“The earrings of the kais are called Potaras. When two people wear one set of earrings, one on the left, the other on the right, they will be joined permanently,” the elder kai explained.

She frowned. “And taking the earrings off doesn’t reverse it?”

He gave her a disappointed look, then took off his own earrings. As he said, he remained the same. Permanently fused with the witch. He put his earrings back on, stating, “You only need one set though.”

“Then we’ll use mine,” Mia said quickly. Gohan frowned at her, and she added, “I’m sure fighting in the kai garments is going to be more of a hinderance for you than it is for me. Plus,” she grabbed at her sword, fastened to her waist by her golden belt, “I can carry my sword this way.”

Gohan gave a small nod. Kabito stepped forward, asking, “Would you like to be changed into something more battle appropriate.”

Gohan nodded again, looking to his dad who watched him proudly, answering, “A gi, like my father’s.”

Kabito nodded, lifting a hand and closing his eyes. With a pip and a flash, Gohan’s kai garb turned into his father’s familiar fighting gi. Gohan took himself in and smiled. “Thanks.”
He turned to his father, who was walking closer to them, looking a little choked up, but his pride shone brightly. A flashed a bittersweet smile to him before looking to the ground forelornly. “I wish I could go with you, Son. But my place is here in Otherworld now.” Gohan looked to the grass, giving a small nod, doing his best to keep from tearing up. He wasn’t expecting his father to return to Earth, but he’d just gotten used to having him around again. Goku cleared his throat, looking off as he added, “I wish I had been there, you know? To watch you grow up into the man you’ve become.” Gohan looked up to his father, and saw his dad beaming with pride.

He smiled. “I know, Dad.” He did. He always knew if his father hadn’t thought he was a danger to them all, he would have stayed alive after Cell. He would have taught him more about fighting, fishing, and being a hero. He would have been there.

Goku pursed his lips, before adding, “I guess this is the last time I’ll get to see you … at least until you join me here one day.” The statement, while true, caught Gohan off guard. The next time he’d see his father would be when he died. The past month, waiting for his father to return had renewed a happiness in him he hadn’t felt since the days before the Cell fight. The next time he’d see him, if everything went according to plan, would be decades later, maybe even a century, from what Siyaka had explained about Saiyan biology. It seemed cruel to have to say goodbye again so soon. This time he could say it properly, at least he would try to. The words seemed to die in his throat before he could voice them. Nothing seemed right. How do you tell your father goodbye forever? Especially when there was so much he had left to tell him?

Goku grinned, “Good luck, Son. Give Buu exactly what he deserves.”

Gohan set his jaw, the resolute smile returning to his face as he replied, “I will.” Then, without even thinking, Gohan grabbed his father by the shoulder, and pulled him into a hug, wrapping his arms tightly around him. He heard his father give a small gasp of surprise, but he didn’t care. After seven years, Gohan had always wished he could have gotten one last hug from his father. He squeezed his father tightly, savoring the moment, burning it into his memory. It would need to last until he died, whenever that would be.

Goku pulled his arms up, giving him a tight squeeze back, then letting go. “Alright,” he breathed, his voice strained from emotion. This was it. Gohan didn’t want to let go, but he knew he needed to.

Gohan squeezed his eyes shut to keep the tears at bay, then opened them and pulled back. He looked to his father, who smiled at him. “Off you go, Son.” Gohan gave another resolute nod, turning to join Mia and Kabito.

Gohan turned back for one last look, and gave a salute. “Until we meet again, Dad.” Goku gave him a thumbs up, which Gohan returned.

“It was nice to meet you, Kakarot,” Mia called as they began to fade. Just before the kai world faded out, she saw Goku flash her his signature Son Family grin.

They appeared on craigy rocks and cliffs, with a lake or ocean a mile or two away. The wind caught their clothing and hair, and it smelled of the beach. Mia looked around crestfallenly, seeing what should have been a bustling city not far away to the North, but the buildings were fallen over and destroyed. “This is as far as I go. It’s up to you two now,” Kabito stated stoically. Gohan turned looking around, taking in the damage. Mia could see it was more than he expected. They had been quiet when Buu wiped everyone out. Gohan didn’t know. “Good luck, Gohan,” Kabito said quickly, before transporting back to the kai’s planet.

“What happened?” Gohan breathed as he looked around the destroyed horizon.
“He eradicated all life forms on the planet,” Mia answered gravely.

Gohan’s eyes went wide as he turned to his girlfriend. “What? How? Dad said yesterday that he’d only gotten a seventh of the planet.”

Mia shook her head, trying not to remember it. It was horrible. She blinked back tears as she continued, “It took him a matter of minutes. All he did was lift a hand and fire billions of homing blasts at once. And just like that, every man, woman, child, or animal left was dead.” She looked to her boyfriend, trying to gauge his reaction. His fists tightened, his knuckles going white from the pressure. “Except for our friends on the Lookout. Most of them got off planet while Buu waited to fight my mom.” Gohan turned to look at her, hearing in her tone that wasn’t everything. “When he fought my mom, he absorbed her. Then he … she … it – whatever, it killed Piccolo, then absorbed Trunks and Goten.”

Gohan’s jaw went taut, looking out towards where he sensed Majin Buu, before he stated with grit teeth, “We can wish them back once I kill Buu.”

Mia frowned. “Can you wish back someone without their soul?” Gohan frowned, turning to look at her again. “Shin said my mom’s soul wouldn’t go to Otherworld because she was absorbed. I can only assume it’s the same case for Trunks and Goten.”

Gohan glared in the direction of Buu’s power. “I’ll kill him.”

Mia cut a glance back to Majin Buu’s power. “Good. I’m telling you this so you know what’s at stake.” He frowned at her. “I don’t want to see any of those flashy moves like you used against Dabura. This isn’t a game. You strike to kill. Take too long, and you’ll let this monster get away.”

The frown Gohan gave her told her she hit a nerve in him. That what she said rang true to him on a deeper level than she knew.

He looked away, before quickly saying, “I’m going to raise my powerlevel to bring Buu to us.” He cut a glance back at her before adding, “Maybe you should back up a safe distance.”

She smiled, kissing his cheek, before grabbing the hilt of her sword. “Good luck. I’ll jump in if you need it.” He gave another nod as she jumped into the air. “AND GOHAN?” she called out to him.

He turned, and she shot him a nervous smile, “Don’t die.”

Again, he gave a small nod, then turned back to face Majin Buu’s power. He clenched his fists, then let out a growling yell as he powered up. His mystical aura whipping around him sending wind and dust flying, waves crashing, and clouds circling overhead. This was it.

*~*~*~*

Buu’s new transformation finished, and he was back to his male figure. The power he felt flowing through his body now was beyond what he’d expected, and he was thrilled. His antenna was longer, and instead of the breasts and armor, he had an open black vest. He ran his hands over his body, then let out a victorious laugh. He threw some test punches in the air, then a kick. He let out a laugh. “Yes!” He was back.

He jumped into the air, feeling the wind whip his face as he flew. Dust and leaves kicked up around him as he flew. He laughed maniacally as he flew around, enjoying his victory. He’d won and come out stronger than ever.

After a few minutes, he froze, feeling a sudden spike in energy. He turned slowly toward the South, sensing the location of the new power. “Who could that be?” he chuckled to himself. Quickly, he
charged up and sped off in that direction. His adrenaline pumping through him the closer he got, the larger the power became. He sped over oceans and destroyed land, coming closer to the epicenter of the new power. More wind picked up, making flying towards it more difficult. That just made him all the more excited.

He came upon a cliff, the ground around it craigy and broken up into boulders from his earlier destruction. On top of the cliff, a man stood, wearing an orange gi with a blue shirt underneath it. The man stopped charging up once he saw Buu floating in front of him. The man smirked, and Buu cocked his head to the side, feeling like he’d seen this fighter before, but couldn’t remember where. “So, you finally showed up,” the man sneered. His voice sounded so familiar. “Good,” the man continued, “I was hoping to end this quickly.

Buu scoffed at the man’s arrogance. “You think you can fight Majin Buu?” the monster laughed.

The man smiled, and replied, “Fight? No, I’m here to kill you.”

The response took Buu by surprise, but the way he said it made Buu remember where he knew this man. Buu smiled, showing his fangs. “I remember you. I killed you in the desert with that weakling girl.” Buu smirked wider, cocking his head to the side. “You came back just so I can kick your ass again?” He chuckled as he added, “Should have brought the girl with you. She at least had some spunk.”

The man was on him in a second, delivering a strong punch to the monster’s gut that left Buu winded, coughing out spit from its force. “I’m not the same fighter you battled three days ago.” Buu looked at him, shocked by the statement, only to receive a swift spin kick that sent him flying into another nearby cliff.

Gohan flew after him, catching Buu by surprise with a knee to his back. Buu howled in pain, and swung back at him, which Gohan caught with ease. Gohan smirked at how easy Buu was making this. He pulled Buu in towards him as he threw his own leg up in a high kick, connecting with the monster’s jaw, sending Buu back a few steps. Gohan moved fluidly towards Buu, throwing another punch that connected with his gut. Again, Buu drooled from the force of it, his mouth hanging open as he gasped in agony. Buu recoiled, his hands covering his injured stomach.

Gohan grinned, laughingly asking, “What’s wrong? I thought you said you were going to kick my ass.”

Buu clenched his fists. “I will kick your ass.”

Gohan raised a cocky eyebrow. “Prove it.”

Buu launched at him, his fists flying faster, and his kicks more precise. But Gohan was able to dance around them with ease, only needing to block a few heel and elbow drops with his forearms. Gohan swung a fist at Buu, which threw him off, granting Gohan the space to flip over Buu, landing behind the monster. Then he sprung from the landing, throwing all his momentum into another punch as Buu turned to see where Gohan had went, which landed in the monster’s cheekbone, knocking him back several yards. Gohan landed, waiting for the monster to get back up before he attacked again.

Buu laid there motionless for a few minutes, and Gohan frowned. “Alright, get up Buu. Those attacks weren’t strong enough to keep you down this long,” Gohan huffed, sneering at the monster.

Buu lifted his head, his glare leveling on Gohan. He smiled, wiping the purple blood from his lip as Gohan started to make his way towards him. Before the monster could even blink, Gohan phased out, appearing right infront of him with strong kick to Buu’s stomach. Gohan used the leverage of
that kick to flip up, delivering another kick with his other foot to the side of Buu’s head. Before Buu could get his bearings, Gohan phased out again, appearing just above him, and knocking him into the ground. Jarred from the hit, Gohan was able to grab him by the antenna, spinning him around before slinging him into another cliff face. The hybrid raised a hand, and shot a high-powered energy blast after him, which exploded, splitting the cliff in two, smoke pluming out of its newly made crevasse.

There was silence for a minute before Buu shot out of the cliff, demolishing it. His body was curled in a ball, and he shot through the air like a bullet. Gohan lifted his hands to catch him, but Buu uncurled at the last minute, using the momentum to kick Gohan in the jaw, sending the hybrid flying back a few feet with a grunt. Gohan got up, massaging his jaw.

He heard Buu laughing as the monster began walking closer, dusting himself off, “So you’re the one. I knew you’d come.”

Gohan frowned, his hand dropping to his side and clenching as he asked, “What are you talking about?”

Buu laughed. “I knew a stronger one was out there. Just after my human extinction attack, I felt a suspiciously large power level. Somewhere far far away, I could feel you were building up your strength for this battle. I knew if you continued to get stronger, I would too. Which is why I absorbed that woman in the endless room. But fighting in a woman’s body…” He trailed off, shuttering with an evil, gravely chuckle. “I absorbed the little ones to fix that problem, and the power up they gave me was a welcome addition.”

Gohan scowled, feeling dread well in his stomach. He set his jaw before growling out through gritted teeth, “What are you saying?”

“I’m saying I took measures before you got here,” Buu scoffed. “You came here thinking you were the strongest in the universe, but you were wrong. I’m stronger than you.”

There was silence between them for a while, as the wind whipped up between them. Gohan clenched his fist, mulling over what Buu had just told him. Was it true? Had Buu just been toying with him? If so, why? Gohan glared at the monster. No. He’s bluffing.

“Well, I’m not sure about that,” Gohan stated, eyeing the monster. “If that was the case, the why let me kick your ass for so long.”

Buu tilted his head to the side with an eerie smile. “Fun,” he answered. “You’re The last decent opponent I’ll face in the cosmos. What’s the point of being the strongest if there’s no one to prove it against?”

The statement, while simple in logic, was shocking to Gohan. Gohan bared his teeth as he growled, “I’m hearing a lot of conjecture without any proof.”

“I’ll prove it,” Buu assured, grinning evilly with a laugh. Buu then phased out, reappearing in front of the hybrid’s face, taking him by surprise. Before Gohan could even register to block, Buu swung, knocking Gohan for a loop. Buu landed a knee into his stomach, then a headbutt. Gohan cried out in pain, throwing up his arms to block Buu made connecting blows on his body over and over. Gohan was being totally out classed. He grit his teeth, focusing all his mental energy on finding an opening. Gohan slid to the ground, knocking Buu’s feet from under him, then blasting him at point blank range. Gohan then performed several backhand springs way, giving himself some distance. The blast wouldn’t have been enough to damage the monster, just break Buu’s flow.

Gohan pulled himself to stand, shaking the aches and pains from Buu’s previous attack off before
settling back into the same fighting stance his father had trained in him as a kid. He watched Buu pick himself up, dusting off the dirt, which seemed rather Siyaka of him. Then Buu looked up at Gohan, smirking now as he settled into the Saiyan fighting stance Gohan had seen Mia, Vegeta, and Siyaka all use when it was time to get serious.

They flew at each other, clashing then jumping back a few times as they climbed into the skies. Buu readied himself, steeling his resolve as he began a full-frontal attack, swinging left and right, but not connecting. Buu smirked. The man was good. He dodged every punch. He didn’t notice Gohan shoving his elbow upward, denting Buu’s jaw. Buu responded with a swift punch to the face, knocking Gohan back. Gohan quickly recovered, and they clashed on like that, their hits echoing like thunder through the deserted wasteland. A knee to the abdomen, a punch to the gut, a kick in the face. They traded blows on and on, until Gohan swung a lucky uppercut, connecting with Buu’s cheek and sending him up. Gohan quickly grabbed Buu’s ankle with both hands over his head and flung him down to the rocky ground below with an explosive crash.

Gohan flew after him with haste, only to see a large purple blast headed his way. Thinking quickly, he dropped down to the ground to dodge it. He looked up, seeing it explode in midair, only to feel another blast speeding towards him. He turned just barely in time, springing up quickly as he watched the second blast detonate right where he had been standing moments before. He chewed on the inside of his cheek, wondering if he should start pulling out his heavy hitting moves. He remembered Mia right before the fight telling him not to waste time in the fight. Screw it. He placed his palms together at his side, a stance he’d learned a long time ago, pooling his energy into a large ball as he breathed, “Ka-me-ha-me …” He let it fly towards Buu as he screamed, “HAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!”

Buu had apparently been thinking the same tactic, as the Kamehameha was met with an attack that looked eerily similar to the Galick Gun, connecting in a blinding ball. They struggled against each other for a minute before detonating, blinding Gohan as he flew back, rocks pelting him as the explosion launched them. He gasped as he felt his back and head collide with a cliff, cracking it. Before Gohan could register what had happened, Buu appeared above him, smacking him down to the ground. Gohan skidded to a stop, picking himself up in spite of his head throbbing against the movement. He let out a pained groan, then a pink blur flashed in front of him, punching him int the face. Gohan stumbled back a few paces with a grunt, gritting his teeth as his glare leveled on the monster who smiled at him. This wasn’t supposed to happen. Gohan quickly blasted him, but Buu phased out again, appearing behind him with his antenna wrapping around the hybrid’s neck. Gohan gripped at it, feeling it tightening his airway as it lifted him up. Buu laughed. “You thought you could beat me?”

Gohan couldn’t answer. His vision began to tunnel, and he could hear the blood rushing in his ears. Vaguely, he felt his body being slammed against rocks again and again, but he could barely fight to stay present.

Suddenly, the pressure around his neck lessened, and he felt himself drop to the ground, landing on his ass. He pulled at the antenna and it came off easily from around his neck as he gasped for air, looking up to see what had happened. In between him and Buu stood Mia, her sword glinting in the light, and her Super Saiyan aura pulsating around her. Before Buu could react to her interference, she swung her sword over and over, dicing up the monster into tiny bits, before lifting a hand to blast him with her strongest blast.

Gohan looked on awestruck by the swiftness of her attack. She didn’t hesitate to take him out. She saw an opening for a surprise attack, and she hit him as hard as she could in that opening.
She spun on her heel, grabbing Gohan by the arm, and sprinted a few hundred yards away, dragging him with her. Gohan looked at her dumbstruck as she let go of him, and he asked, “Where did that come from?”

“Look, we don’t have a lot of time,” Mia huffed, her tone rushed. “Buu will reform soon.” She carefully pulled one of the potara from her ear and held it out to him. “Put this on. It’s time we fuse.”

Gohan froze. “No,” he breathed. “There has to be another way.”

She looked at him exasperated, before shoving the earring back at him. “Don’t be an idiot. This is the only way.”

Gohan shook his head. “But I won’t see you again. One of us won’t exist anymore. I can’t.”

She grabbed his hand, shoving feelings of reassurance through her touch into his being. She dropped the earring into his palm and closing his fingers over it as she said, “I’ll be with you forever.” She rubbed her thumb gently against the back of his hand, adding, “But we have to do this now.”

Her gaze found his, and he saw her resolve. This was it. He pursed his lips, disappointed he wasn’t enough alone. That he’d have to say goodbye to her to save the world. He let out a small sigh through his nose, taking her in. This would be the last time he saw her. Without hesitation, he pulled her to him, kissing her deeply. His tongue delved into her mouth with need. I’ll miss you.

She kissed him back quickly, then pulled away, their lips making a small smack as she pulled away. “It’s time.”

“Right,” he breathed, feeling the earring in his hand. He lifted it to his ear, but before he could put it in, Buu crashed into Mia, sending her flying. Then he spin-kicked Gohan back to where they had been fighting. Gohan grumbled trying to pick himself up as Buu stalked over to him.

“Tricky,” Buu half scoffed. “Having her hide while we fight, then surprise attack when you needed it. Very tricky. But that only works once.”

Gohan huffed as he stood, with a smirk. “You’re sorely mistaken if you think that was the plan,” he laughed. Buu cocked his head as Gohan called out, “Mia, you alright!?”

He heard her grunt as she pulled herself to stand behind Buu. “Yeah,” she called back.

Gohan quickly fixed the earring to the correct ear. “Alright, it’s on!” he called back to her.

Buu looked at the both of them thoroughly confused, but intrigued. He smirked at the saiyans as he asked, “What’s this? A new trick I don’t know?”

Gohan sneered at him. “You’ll see.” They waited a moment, everyone expecting something to happen, but nothing did.

Buu smirked, “Is something wrong?”

Gohan quickly pulled the earring off, and switched to the other ear. Again nothing happened. He started mentally cursing the old kai, wondering if he’d been lying about the potara fusion. He couldn’t fathom why he would do such a thing, but his current opinion of the old kai was already pretty low.

“Gohan!” Mia called out. “My potara’s broken!” She held up her earring, and sure enough, Gohan could see, the green ball hanging at the end of the chain was shattered.
“OH NO!!!!” Shin cried out. “They can’t fuse!”

Goku crossed his arms, letting out a thoughtful huff. “We have to do something. Gohan can’t keep this up. Buu’s out classing him at every turn. And Mia isn’t strong enough to take over.”

Kabito shook his head forlornly, looking at the crystal ball worriedly. “Then, what do we do?”

Old kai gave a harrumph, putting his hands on his hips as he said, “Well, clearly, we send someone with another pair of potara, and remind them not to screw it up.”

Shin eyed the Old kai carefully. “Ok, but who?”

Old kai frowned as everyone looked at him cluelessly. Then he turned pointedly to Goku. Goku frowned with confusion before pointing to himself. “You mean me?” Old kai nodded. Goku shook his head. “But I can’t go. I’m dead.”

Old kai raised an eyebrow at him. Shin frowned at his elder, stating, “Goku is right. In his present state, he is unable to return to the living world ever again.”

Old kai scowled at Shin. “You think I don’t know that?” The group looked at the old kai with wide wondering eyes, still unsure what exactly he was saying. The old kai smiled bittersweetly as he said, “I’ll give you the life that’s left inside of me. Then you can make your return to Earth.”

Goku was floored by the offer. “Wait. You’re going to give up your life to send me back?” The old kai nodded. Goku immediately said, “No. I can’t let you do that for me.”

“And why not?” Old Kai huffed. “It’s not for you. It’s for the rest of the universe.”

“No sir,” Kabito argued. “This is most unorthodox. You know as a kai you can’t just give up your life for any single issue.”

The old kai scowled at Kabito. “You are missing the bigger picture, as usual. Tell me, Kabito, after Earth, where do you think Buu will be headed? Do you not realize this world will be his next target?”

Kabito backed down sheepishly, realizing the old kai was correct. Shin frowned at the old kai, stating, “If that is so, then this is my mess. Majin Buu has been my enemy since his creation by Bibidi, and repeatedly, I’ve failed to get rid of him. Let me give up my life. You must allow me to pay my own debt.”

The old kai let out a bark of a laugh, “And have Kabito or I report to Zeno that both of Universe 7’s highest deities have died unexpectedly, and without replacements? You believe Zeno wouldn’t destroy this universe on the spot?” Shin looked away with a frown, realizing again, his elder spoke the truth.

Goku didn’t like them arguing over who died to revive him. It wasn’t fair to them. He’d died, and been at peace with that truth for seven years. He had been offered to be wished back, but he said no because he didn’t think the Earth was safe with him there. That was his mistake. Now he knew his presence wasn’t actually a beacon for danger, but it’s saving grace. And now a kai would die for him to live. And he hated to admit it, even to himself, but even that steep price was enough to pay to live again and save the Earth and his family one more time.

“No,” the old kai harrumphed, not even looking at the saiyan. “Of everyone here, I am the most
expendable. You are too ambitious and important for this universe. I am just an old kai now with nothing to look over. Therefore, it should be my life.” He smiled bittersweetly again, looking at the three of them. “Let the old sacrifice their life so that the young may live.”

Shin looked at his elder with newfound respect, as did Goku. “You’re too kind,” Goku breathed.

The old kai nodded, settling to a seated position on the ground as the rest of them stood over him. Shin looked at his elder bleakly, asking, “What do we do?”

“Nothing,” Old kai replied peacefully. He shot the group another small smile once he was comfortable. “I’ll see you later.” It happened in an instant. One second he was full of life, and the next his eyes closed and he dropped to the ground.

Shin looked away, shedding a tear. Kabito fell to his knees, unable to cope with his departure.

“Goodbye, Old kai,” the Saiyan breathed, looking at the old kai’s form. He looked as if he’d just fallen asleep. Goku looked up, seeing his halo disappearing, and for the first time in seven years, his heart began to beat again. He felt tears pricking his eyes that he did his best to shove down as he said, “I promise. I won’t let your gift go to waste.”

Old kai’s eyes sprung open as he glared at Goku. “Then what are you doing!?” Old kai snapped. The shock of it caused Kabito to fall back with a yelp, while Goku stared wide-eyed as the old kai gave him a tongue lashing. “Go kill Majin Buu! It’s not like you have time!” Goku looked above the old kai’s head quickly and noted that he now had a halo. Then he blinked wonderingly at how he didn’t see that happening. King Kai had literally done the same thing after Cell. No processing in Yemma’s line. Just immediate halo.

“Right,” Goku breathed, still blinking as he tried to recover from what now felt like stupid sentimentality. He turned to Shin with a hand out. “Potara?” Shin nodded as if just remembering, taking his earrings out and placing them in Goku’s hands. “Alright, I’m off,” Goku said, putting his two fingers to his head, and with a pip, he was gone.

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Gohan and Mia stood side by side, his fists up and her sword brandished, gleaming in the sunlight. Buu stepped towards them slowly, menacingly. “So,” Mia breathed, “What now?”

Gohan shook his head. “I don’t know,” he confessed, glaring down the pink monster. “Neither of us is enough to match him. And nothing we could do he wouldn’t see coming.”

“We could double team him,” Mia offered, gripping her sword tightly.

Gohan rolled his eyes. “How do you expect that to work?”

Mia smirked. “Like this. NOW!!!!” Out sprang two of Mia’s ki golems, flanking Majin Buu, latching onto him. They exploded on impact, and Mia ripped out another lock of hair, investing more ki in each of them and throwing them to the wind as they took form.

“When did you make those?” Gohan asked, but Mia skimmed over him, organizing her ki golems in a tight circle around the incapacitated Buu who looked as if he was melting. Starting a steady pace, one golem latched onto Buu, then exploded, then another.

As the last golem latched onto Buu, Mia ordered, “Charge your strongest blast. When I give the signal fire it. Even if I’m in the way. We won’t have much time in his weakened state.”
Gohan frowned, “What!?”

But Mia didn’t hear him, instead launching herself at Buu, her sword prone to strike him. With a flurry of movement, she diced him up. Gohan quickly charged up his strongest Kamehameha. “Ka-me-ha-meeeee—”

Once his pieces were sufficiently small, Mia jumped back, putting her hands together in a familiar position, calling out, “Galick Gun!” She yelled to Gohan, “NOW!!!!”

“HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!”

“FIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIRE!!!!!!!”

Their blasts barreled toward Majin Buu, enveloping him in a ghastly glow. When the dust cleared, all that was left of Buu was a deformed pink pile of gunk. Mia breathed a small, “Damn,” as she looked at it. If that was barely effective against the monster, there was very little else she could contribute to the fight, except slicing and dicing. She grit her teeth, her sword ready. “ONE MORE TIME!” she yelled out to Gohan.

“MIA WAIT!” Gohan called out, but Mia was already flying at Buu, her sword ready to swing. She gripped her sword tighter as Buu resumed his normal form, glaring at her. It was too late to second guess her action. She swung it towards him, and he caught it with one hand, effectively immobilizing it. She struggled to free it from his grasp but he held it tight with a sneering smirk. With a little bit of pressure, he snapped the blade in half, chucking the broken sword with a fluid movement. Mia didn’t have enough time to react before he snagged her by the throat, and chuckled, “Now why does this look so familiar.”

She clutched at his hand, doing her best to pry it off her, but his fingers sank deeper in, and she saw her vision begin to tunnel again. Her consciousness began to leave, and she felt her hands drop to her side. She could feel the heat of an energy ball being held against her face. “Why don’t we finish this?”

She heard something flying at them that sounded suspiciously like a buzzsaw, and then she was dropped unceremoniously, then an explosion that flew her back. Through all that, Buu’s hand still clutched her windpipe with a visceral grip. She realized his Buu’s hand had been cut off as she grasped at his wrist and was able to pull the hand off her, and she threw it away. Her ears were ringing and her head throbbed. She coughed as she pulled herself up. Personally, she was sick of the monster strangling her.

She looked up as she rubbed some feeling back into her throat, seeing Gohan fighting with Buu with fresh rage. But Buu was outclassing him with every move. He’d dodge every punch and kick with ease. Gohan caught and Buu’s elbow in the middle of his spine, knocking him down to the ground. Buu snagged him by his hair, dragging and grinding Gohan’s face in the rocky ground. She struggled to stand, but her knees were too weak. That blast had really done a number on her. She saw Buu blast Gohan again, her boyfriend struggling against its pressure before his blocking gaveway and he was hit. “GOHAN!!!” Mia called out, gripping the rocks underneath her. Her voice was so raspy, there was no way he heard her. Again, she struggled to stand, pushing herself now to move. Cursing her legs just to move!

Gohan stood dazed once the blast cleared, and he dropped to one knee. Buu walked up behind him, then kicked him down to the ground. He put his foot where Gohan’s shoulders met his neck, pinning him down with a kick. Buu crouched over Gohan, saying something, but Mia couldn’t hear anything over the ringing.
She saw a blast fly at Buu from behind her, which connected and disappated as it hit the monster’s shoulders.

Mia turned slowly to see who it was, feeling a calming hand on her back. It was a strange bald man with three eyes. He wore a blue fighting uniform with red accents, and a white shawl. The ringing in her ears made it difficult to hear, but she could lip read him asking her, “Are you ok?”

She moved head, hoping she nodded yes, but she wasn’t sure. He handed her two beans. “Eat one,” he directed. She frowned. “It’s a senzu bean. I’ll distract him while you get the other one to Gohan.” She nodded, popping one in her mouth. She chewed on it slowly before swallowing. Its effect was immediate. Her ears stopped ringing, her head stopped throbbing, and her strength was back to normal. Better than normal.

“So, another pipsqueak has joined the fray,” Buu laughed as he walked towards them, away from Gohan.

“So no you don’t,” Buu laughed, tracking her movement with a readied energy blast.

The three-eyed man quickly pulled his hands up, forming a triangle with his fingers, yelling, “TRIBEAM!” A yellow beam shot out, and Mia moved faster, kneeling next to Gohan as the blast connected with Majin Buu.

“Gohan, quickly. Eat this. It’s a magic bean or something,” Mia said quickly, unsure of what it actually was. The three-eyed man said it was a senzu, but she had no clue what that meant. She was able to put the bean in his mouth, and he chewed on it and swallowed.

Immediately, Gohan opened his eyes, and got up, no longer in pain. He frowned, turning to Mia. “What happened? Where’d you get a Senzu bean?”

Mia shook her head quickly, pulling Gohan to a stand. “I dunno. Some three-eyed man showed up, and handed them to me while he went to distract Buu.”

“Tien!?” Gohan asked, his voice full of relief. Again, Mia shrugged, but pointed to where Buu and the man were fighting. Although, fighting probably wasn’t a good term. The bald man was getting his ass firmly handed to him.

The bald man was knocked to the ground, and Buu laughed. “I think I’m done.” He raised his hands and a large energy ball formed. “SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR PITIFUL PLANET!!!! IT’S BEEN FUN, BUT IT’S TIME I END THIS!” He let out a maniacal laugh as the ball grew double its size.

Suddenly, behind Buu appeared Goku with a disc like energy blast at the ready, which he flung at Buu. The disc cut the monster in half, his legs falling to the ground behind the bald man with a thud. His blast evaporated back into him as he turned to see who had dealt him such a wound to see Goku smiling back at him.

“Dad!?” Gohan breathed as he watched what happened. “HOW ARE YOU ON EARTH!?”

Buu gritted his teeth, staring at the palm haired Saiyan. “So another one has shown up. Doesn’t matter. I can sense my own power is leagues above your own. Even if you tried to fight, you wouldn’t stand a chance.”

Goku grinned. “Maybe you can’t sense that I’m the one who got the real power-up.”
Buu smirked, “Oh really?” His eyes flashed, and below they saw his legs hop to life, kicking Tien at the base of his skull, knocking him out before flying up to rejoin the rest of Buu’s body. “Well let’s see it then. You better fight better than that three-eyed goon. I know he was just a distraction to get the boy healed up. Although, it was clear he was a better fighter, tactically speaking.”

Goku tightened his fist as he looked down at Gohan and Mia for a brief second. The look on their faces told him what Buu said was true. Goku swallowed his nerves, then smirked. He powered up to Super Saiyan three, and Buu grinned. “Gohan, Mia! CATCH!” he called out, throwing the potaras their way.

Mia realized quickly what his plan was. Goku couldn’t beat him, even as Super Saiyan three, but he could provide enough distraction to let Gohan and Mia fuse. She jumped up, catching them both. Just as she landed, Buu shot a blast at them, catching on to Goku’s plan. Gohan and Mia sprung away to dodge it, each going opposite directions.

Goku charged up and flung himself at Buu. “You two need to hurry!” he yelled at them as he did his best to distract Buu.

“What’s he talking about?” Gohan yelled to Mia.

“We’re going to fuse,” Mia called back to him, showing the new pair of golden potara dangling between her fingers. Quickly, she jumped over to him, ignoring the fight going on over their heads. She handed him one earring as she quickly removed her broken one.

“So, do I remove the other one?”

“I’d assume so, but I dunno,” Mia answered quickly.

Gohan pulled the other earring off, muttering, “Better safe than sorry.”

“Wait,” Mia breathed, looking up. Gohan frowned, following her gaze to see Buu had frozen midair. “Something’s up.”

“No!” Buu growled. “NOT NOW!” There was a small pop, and he transformed back into his Saibuu form. His voice changed back to an effeminate growl as he huffed, “Dammit!”

Goku smirked. “I get it. Gotenks fusion’s up, so you’ve regressed to the form you took once you absorbed Siyaka.” Buu scowled at him. “You’re power’s dropping like a stone.” Goku dropped out of Super Saiyan three with a smile. “I’m sure if Gohan and I fight together without fusion, we can take care of you now.”

Saibuu sneered at him, before giving a haughty laugh. “Well it’s a good thing I set up an insurance policy.” Goku frowned at that, but just as she said it, pink goo shot up from behind Gohan.

“LOOKOUT!!!” Mia yelled, quickly pushing Gohan out of the way. The pink goo collapsed on her instead, enveloping her. In an instant, the goo shot back to Buu, and Saibuu began to transform again.

“MIA!!!!” Gohan called out. But it was too late. She was gone.

Goku flew down to his son. “Come on,” he said quickly, briefly watching Buu’s new transformation take hold. “If Mia’s gone, we need to fuse.” Goku held out his hand expectantly. “Give me a potara.”

Gohan looked at his father, knowing it was their only option. Buu had taken Mia from him. And
fusing with his father’s strength, he knew then and only then he’d be able to make the monster pay. He gave his father the gold potara. “Left ear,” he stated. Goku nodded and affixed the earring to his left earlobe. Gohan looked at the green one Mia gave him earlier. Mia had the other gold one when she got absorbed. Gohan quickly fixed the green one to his right ear, praying it still worked. Once it was in place, he breathed, “Ok, it’s on.”

As soon as he said it, he felt their bodies being pulled together, like some black hole’s gravity. His father looked determined, although a little nervous. Goku probably would have been nervous too, if it wasn’t for the rage filling him at the loss of Mia. Being absorbed by Buu meant that she no longer existed except in him. She didn’t move on to otherworld. That meant she couldn’t be wished back, unless Buu died. That thought alone made the idea of a permanent fusion with his father a bearable idea.

As their bodies connected, a bright light shone, and a new consciousness appeared. Not Goku. Not Gohan. He opened his eyes, and saw he was wearing the orange and blue gi. His hair stood on end except for the three bangs in his face. One in the middle, and two smaller ones on the side. His tail waved freely in the wind.

In the back of his mind he felt a new presence on the planet. He frowned, looking at Buu still in the middle of transforming. He had time. He brought his two fingers to his head, focusing on the energy, then disappeared.

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Chapter End Notes

AN: I hope you all enjoyed this. Again, no guarantees until May for the next chapter. But I’ll try and post it before then.

Also, if you haven’t yet, read Ripples in Time: History of Trunks. There’s a lot in that story that explains what’s happening in this story’s timeline, and some of the changes already made.

As always, remember to leave a review!
Chapter 19

AN: Hi all! I know it’s been a while. I know I said May, but I didn’t know that literally May through June my life was going to be a shitstorm of weddings, funerals, and traveling. Not to mention, my second book came out. It’s called #Hipster (pronounced Hashtag Hipster). It’s a mature romance novel following two writing student rivals who are stuck together in a class project for a month, working on a NaNoWriMo. It’s up on amazon, and if you have KindleUnlimited, it’s free. The first few chapters are posted on my author’s site, www.amhjohnsonbooks.com, if you aren’t sure if you want to commit to it yet. But I will tell you, it’s a fun book you can finish in 3-4 hours. Also, the buy link for the book is on my author's page.

Anyway, enjoy! And remember to review, like and favorite!

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Chapter 19

Inside Out

“YOU WANT ME TO DO WHAT!?!?!?!” The old lady screeched, nearly falling off her crystal ball. “King Yemma, you must be joking.”

“On the contrary, Baba, I’m deadly serious,” King Yemma responded, inspite of his pun. She gulped as he continued, “We need our best fighters at the ready, dead or alive, which is why I left his soul intact in case such an emergency arose.”

Baba scoffed at the heavenly gatekeeper. “But you want me to take him!? Earth is a warzone right now!” Yemma nodded with her as if waiting for her to make her point. She scowled as she added, “I could die.”

“But the Earth will be saved, as will the entire cosmos,” King Yemma replied.

“And what makes you think I can beat him?” a gravelly voice interjected behind the old witch. Baba nodded agreeingly at his sentiment as he continued, “The first time I fought him, I died and didn’t even make a dent in him. He’s stronger now.”

“Well, if Goku hadn’t already used up his twenty-four hour credit, we’d ask him. But he did when this whole thing started, so we can’t,” Yemma stated, glaring squarely at the Saiyan prince. “Right now, you are the best we have.”

“‘The best we have?’” Vegeta laughed bitterly. When Yemma answered him with a cold, stoic glare, Vegeta laughed harder. “We’re screwed.”

“My sentiments exactly,” Baba huffed, ignoring Vegeta’s pointed scowl aimed at her.

King Yemma’s gaze narrowed on the Saiyan prince. “Vegeta, need I remind you I read your file. I know it was yours and Goku’s fight that released Majin Buu. I know it was your pride that started that fight. You confessed, ‘I’m sorry, Mia. My pride killed you.’ So you knew this as well before you died. So, it’s to be assumed that this whole Majin Buu situation is mostly your mess.” Vegeta
looked away from the giants judging scowl. “If you go and beat Buu, 100 years will be lifted from your sentence in Hell.”

“And visitation,” Vegeta added quickly. King Yemma frowned at him, but it was Vegeta’s services they needed. He was in a position to negotiate. “Allow me to see my family occasionally. And I want to see Mia before I go.” The last request was to apologize. He knew after the smoke cleared, he wasn’t getting wished back this time. He needed to make sure she knew that he was sorry for being selfish that day at the tournament. He put his pride first, and it cost him his daughter, as well as his life. “Do that, and I will fight Buu.”

King Yemma eyed him oddly, before stating, “Vegeta, Mia never came here. Neither she nor Gohan died.”

Vegeta frowned at the new information. “What?”

“Goku asked the same thing when he came through here, when his twenty-four hours were up. And I looked then. Neither of them were listed, and I never miss a soul. Let alone two.”

Vegeta opened and closed his mouth twice, trying to think of a response. Suddenly he growled, “Well, then where the hell are they? They’re powerlevels were gone on Earth.”

King Yemma shrugged. “All I can tell you is they didn’t come through here, meaning they didn’t die on Earth.”

Vegeta nodded blankly as he processed that. He didn’t kill his daughter. Buu may have gotten close, but Gohan and Mia were still alive. He looked up with a smirk. Things were looking up. “Let’s go then.”

“I’m not taking him!” Baba argued again. “Forget it!”

“Baba, I can’t sanction you using Otherworld for your personal bunker,” King Yemma growled. “If you’re here, you do as I say. And I say take Vegeta back to Earth.” Baba opened her mouth to protest, but the look King Yemma gave said his word was final. And when the man who decided if she went to Heaven or Hell for eternity gave her that look, she knew it was better to do as he said before she was smote.

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“This is as far as I take you. Sorry I couldn’t get you any closer,” Baba huffed angrily. “Good luck.”

Vegeta opened his mouth to respond to her, but she had already disappeared, likely back to the safe distance of Otherworld. He let out a derisive snort. Doesn’t matter anyway. I’ll be dead again shortly, he mused.

“I thought that power level was familiar,” someone scoffed. “It was you, Vegeta.” Vegeta spun around, his gaze settling on the new figure behind him. He looked like Gohan. Could easily be the hybrids older brother if Kakarot and his wife had any older than the bookworm. His black hair stood on end, except three bangs hanging over his forehead. He wore the same obnoxious orange outfit Kakarot insisted on wearing. And his voice was strange. It was like someone had mixed Kakarot’s voice with his eldest son’s. He scowled further as he saw a Saiyan tail wagging behind him.

Vegeta frowned. “Who are you?”

“I haven’t picked a name for myself yet,” the man stated. “I’m a new being created by the fusion Goku and Gohan.” The man paused, putting a finger to his chin as he mused, “Although, I should have a name. Gokhan sounds the most doable.”
Vegeta wasn’t listening to him picking out his name however. His gaze rested solely on the tail of this new Saiyan. He had heard of Fusion before, a technique that multiplies two persons’ powers by combining them into a single body with traits of each person performing the technique. That meant the tail came from either Kakarot or his son. Vegeta long knew that the only way to restore an adult Saiyan tail was through claiming a mate. As far as Vegeta knew, Kakarot had never mated his wife, and he was dead when this whole thing started. Not to mention ChiChi was a human, so her bite might not be strong enough to make a mating claim mark. So logically, the tail couldn’t have been his. That left Gohan, who was dating his daughter, a saiyan. King Yemma’s statement rang through his ears. “… they didn’t come through here … they didn’t die on Earth.” Vegeta’s fist tightened, and he bared his teeth as he growled, “You Son of a Bitch!”

Gokhan, or whatever he was calling himself, froze with a frown, his head tilted in confusion. That just made Vegeta angrier. The prince charged at him, throwing punch after punch, which Gokhan deflected as Vegeta yelled, “YOU THINK I’M JUST GOING TO IGNORE THAT TAIL, GOHAN!!!!!!! HOW DARE YOU LAY A HAND ON MY DAUGHTER!!!! YOU PIECE OF SHIT!!!!”

“Vegeta,” Gokhan tried, blocking and parrying every blow with ease, “we don’t have time for this. Buu will be done transforming and find us any second.”

“Sit still and let me hit you, you little shit!” Vegeta snapped. “You think you can just fuck my daughter and get away with it!? I’ll fucking kill you!”

Gokhan moved quickly, shifting behind Vegeta and ensnaring him in a tight stranglehold. The Prince fought against it, but Gokhan used this moment to speak. “Goku had the tail.”

Vegeta calmed. “What?”

Gokhan licked his lips as he stated, “The tail is Goku’s. Not Gohan’s.”

“But ChiChi’s a human,” Vegeta blurted out. “Not to mention Goku’s dead! Which how are you even back!”

“I’d rather not go into the specifics of that evening,” Gokhan stated, still holding Vegeta tight. “He was dead when it happened, you’re right.” Vegeta grimaced in disgust at the confession. “But he isn’t anymore. An old kai gave him his life force to help Gohan and Mia fight Majin Buu.”

Vegeta scoffed, turning around. “That’s disgusting.”

“You know what? We’ve got bigger issues,” Gokhan rebuffed. When Vegeta refused to look at him, Gokhan added with a growl, “Look! Buu has killed or absorbed everyone we care about. And if you can’t get over your pride, then we’re next.”

Vegeta scowled at him. Then let out another huff, looking away.

Gokhan bared his teeth, grinding them together a little. “Fine. Act like you don’t care. But Buu has absorbed our sons, your daughter, and her mother. And just so you know, they’re stuck there forever. The kais informed us that their spirits can’t move on. They’re not dead. They’re not alive. They’re just stuck.” Vegeta bristled at the news, his heart aching a little, and he realized the pain in Gokhan’s voice. The fused being’s voice shook with pained fury. That was something the prince understood well. “I need your help to save them. Because if we don’t, we won’t even be able to wish them back.”

“Alright!” Vegeta growled, crossing his arms tightly over his chest, his gaze turning towards Buu’s
power level, which was starting to plateau. The pink monster would be headed this way shortly. “What do you have in mind?” Kakarot may fight battles by the seat of his pants until he found a weakness, but Gohan was a bit more smart, even if recent history proved he tended to fight more flashily. Them being fused together conceivably had more advantages than setbacks. That and they were incredibly strong. Vegeta could sense enough of that.

Gokhan gave the prince a small smile. “We need someone to be absorbed by Buu to save the others, protecting themselves from whatever Buu uses to add them to it’s body by using a barrier of ki. The other person needs to stay out here and make sure the world doesn’t get destroyed.”

“You want Buu to absorb me?” Vegeta grumbled.

Gokhan smirked. “On the contrary. Whoever goes in needs to be strong enough to do significant damage to Buu’s body to escape. That means me.”

Vegeta scowled at him. “You want me to be his punching bag?”

“I’m sure you’ll do fine,” Gokhan joked. Vegeta clenched his fists, glaring at the fused Saiyan. Gokhan looked up, his smirk falling as he said, “She’s done. Buu’s coming.”

Vegeta’s face fell, turning towards Buu’s power level, inbound. He frowned. She’s coming. Those were Gokhan’s words. Buu’s absorbed both Siyaka and Mia. Does Buu look like them now? He’d know soon, but the thought gave him pause.

“We’re clear right. I get absorbed, you hold Buu here,” Gokhan asked, not looking at Vegeta.

Vegeta gave a bitter scoff as he asked, “How do you know Buu’s going to absorb you?”

“Buu prefers a masculine form, but the most dominant power Buu absorbed is Siyaka, so he’s now a she. She doesn’t like that, and so she’ll try to absorb one of us to go back to being a man. She tried to absorb Gohan for that reason, but Mia intervened,” Gokhan explained. It was weird to think about, he knew. His head hurt just trying to wrap his logic around the pronoun game so many rapid transitions presented.

Buu was on them in seconds, and Vegeta could see what Gohan was talking about. Buu’s face shape and body were now effeminate, and strikingly similar to Siyaka. Her antenna, now long, spiraled in a strange curl, and she wore over her chest Siyaka’s old Frieza Force armor. Vegeta would recognize it anywhere. Instantly, he transformed to Super Saiyan, a ki blast forming in his hand as Buu formed one as well. Buu fired first, and Vegeta threw his into hers. Gokhan followed up behind Vegeta’s with a small blast, knocking Buu’s purple energy ball off course, exploding a distant cliffside.

Buu zoomed up to face off with Vegeta, knocking him down into the craigy rocks below. He rebounded finding his footing, and shooting back up a distance away. Buu hovered in between Gokhan and Vegeta now, looking at both of them, before her gaze settled on Vegeta with a smirk. Vegeta noted Gokhan clench and unclench his fist nervously, his eyes focused on the prince as if willing him to pace himself to execute the plan correctly.

Buu scoffed, “You. I remember you. I fought you before.”

Vegeta smirked. “Back when you were a man,” he taunted.

Buu’s own smirk faltered for a second. Her gaze flicked up to his halo as she added, “At least I’m not dead. Tell me, will they be able to take you soul back to Otherworld if I kill you now?” Vegeta didn’t show any emotion to the remark. Her voice sounded so similar to Siyaka’s, if not for the monstrous tambor around her words. Buu glowered a little at him, realizing she wasn’t getting the
exact reaction she wanted. Then a small realizing glimmer entered her eyes as if she just read his mind, and she tilted her head and asked, “How does it feel knowing I killed your lover?” Vegeta did his best to keep his anger in check. She was goading him. Wanted him to get upset. To lash out.

“That she’s a part of me now. Forever.” Again, Vegeta remained stoic. But the slight move of his jaw told Buu she’d touched a nerve, and she smirked. “That I remember everything of her life. That she hated you when you died.”

She heard him growl, saw him bare his teeth as the monster talked. “Don’t listen to her, Vegeta,” Gokhan tried as she began to move towards the prince with a smirk.

She glided over towards him gently, asking, “What about your daughter and son? They’re in here too,” she tapped the side of her bald head for emphasis. “Wondering how ‘Daddy’ couldn’t save them.”

That did it. Vegeta threw a punch which was caught by Buu, then he was tossed around and flung to the ground by the bubblegum monster, landing in the rubble with a heavy crash. Gokhan used that moment to jump in, landing a blow on Buu’s cheek, grabbing her by the antenna simultaneously. He got a few good punches in, then threw her to the ground as well. Vegeta launched at her as she crashed to the ground, giving a kick to her abdomen sending her flying through a few craigy cliffs. He lifted one hand, sending several energy blasts after her.

“Vegeta, get out of there!” Gokhan called down, seeing how Vegeta had placed himself so precariously. He was doing his energy volley as Buu flew around, but didn’t notice how the terrain trapped him while she still had open mobility. And worse, he was ignoring Gokhan.

“After all, family should stick together, don’t you think!? ” she howled with laughter as she dodged every one of the shots, slicing off her own antenna as she flew around the blasts before phasing behind him. “You should join them!” She hissed, throwing the severed pink goo from her antenna at him Vegeta froze as he saw the pink goo expand like a net before capturing him. He powered up just before the goo sealed itself into a ball around him, shrink down.

“Vegeta!” Gokhan yelled, watching the ball of goo holding Vegeta zoom back to Buu’s body, crashing into her and being reabsorbed, and her body reformed. “DAMMIT!!! Why! Why did you target him!? I’m stronger than he was! Why didn’t you go after me!?”

SaiBuu smirked at the fused warrior, stating, “Then it wouldn’t be any fun.”

Gokhan looked at her apprehensively. “What?!”

“The strongest person in the universe needs to be able to prove that, don’t you think?” SaiBuu chuckled. “Otherwise there’s no point, is there?”

Gokhan clenched his fists. Fun. That’s all this was to the monster. Fun. “You just made a big mistake!” Gokhan growled, forcing a smirk at the monster. He powered up with a quick yell, and the face Buu made clearly showed she wasn’t ready to fight him. Too late for regret.

Gokhan flew at the pink monster, landing a hit on her, sending her flying back through several cliffs. As she flew back, he put his hands together in a familiar stance as he said in a low growl, “Ka … me … ha … me … HA!” The blue orb that formed in his hands was fired forth, chasing down the monster. He felt it connect as he heard SaiBuu let out a yelp, and he shoved more power into it, but was careful not to kill her. They needed her weak, not dead. Not until everyone was saved.

Gokhan had noted the delayed transformation, or really lacking transformation. Vegeta’s base form was stronger than Siyaka’s, so that would easily have been enough to turn SaiBuu back into a male
based Buu. But she hadn’t. Her power also hadn’t shot up, just like when she absorbed everyone else. That meant Vegeta was following the plan, except that he had decided to be the guinea pig rather than let Gokhan do it. Even though there was no guarantee Vegeta could make it out, at least by himself. There was no telling what state their friends were in. Had Vegeta let Gokhan handle it, all Vegeta would have to do is last against Buu, and blasting out of Buu wouldn’t have been an issue. Gokhan could easily handle Buu now, if it wasn’t for the need to save their friends first.

He dropped the Kamehameha wave, seeing in the distance SaiBuu melted and choking on her own goopy body. She chortled against the goo, making gagging sounds as she slowly began to reform. Gokhan was on her before she could, and he landed a kick, sending her flying back. He flew after her, but she liquified her body, slipping under the rocks in a plop. Gokhan skid to a stop, glaring at the ground as Buu disappeared among the cracks. “Dammit,” he hissed. He did his best to sense for Buu, but she was everywhere. Her power had been evenly distributed around him.

“That was a cheap shot,” he heard all around him. “But not so much enough to really hurt me. But you’ve lost all elements of surprise, so it won’t happen again.”

He huffed, looking around. “Damn.” He whipped his head around, only to find Buu had reformed above him, throwing a blast at him, sending him crashing into the ground below with an explosion.

It wasn’t enough to really hurt him. Just caught him off guard. If Vegeta was able to get everyone out, Buu was toast. That much was certain. He powered up, sending the rocks that had fallen on top of him flying, and he gave his neck a twist and crack. His gaze settled on Buu, who smirked at her small victory. Gokhan sneered, “Was that your best shot? If so, I’d surrender now.” He cracked his neck again as he commented, “The body’s still new. So I’m still getting used to it. You should know. You’ve been stealing bodies all day, transforming.”

Buu scoffed at his blasé attitude. “You and I both know that’s just talk. All that fusion seemed to do is make you twice as foolish. Trusting Vegeta to censure himself. Even Siyaka knew that was foolish.”

Gokhan smirked, then sprung up faster than Buu could react, clotheslining the monster, then delivering three punches to her face, and a final kick, sending her flying back. Gokhan smirked at the monster, looking at his hand as he clenched and unclenched his fist. “Are you so certain?” His gaze flicked back to the monster, who looked taken aback from the onslaught. He then charged a blast, firing it at Buu who flung up her hands to block it. But the blast was too powerful for her and overtook her again. The blast exploded, black smoke billowing around them. Gokhan suddenly worried he overdid it.

As the smoke cleared, Buu dropped down eyes wide at the damage done to her person. Her lower half was blown off. One of her arms was gone, and her breast plate hung off her in tatters. “What have you done!? CURSE YOU!!!!”

Gokhan smirked again. “I did warn you.”

“NO!” Buu snapped. “That’s not right!” Gokhan frowned at the outburst. “I have within me all the strongest warriors I’ve faced! You can’t be that powerful!!”

Gokhan smirked, crossing his arms as he remarked, “All the strongest except me.” Buu sneered, a glint in her eye telling Gokhan he gave her an idea. He decided it was best to attack her before she fleshed it out. “So, are we just going to stand here chatting!?” Gokhan huffed.

Buu quickly reformed her body, her stance back to a ready fighting position. One Gokhan recognized as a Saiyan staple. “Bring it on. If you think you’ll win, let’s end this once and for all.”
Gokhan eyed her carefully, trying to piece together how he should approach the fight now. She was acting as if she had him all of a sudden. That she was laying a trap for him. He bared his teeth before launching at her, realizing that was it. All she had was talk and mindgames. Even so, what trap could she pull that would hurt him? He was stronger than her by far. All he had to do was drag this on for a few more minutes, so Vegeta could get everyone out of Buu and to safety.

Once he was within a couple meters of her, she grinned, “You’ll make great candy!” Her antenna swung around, and a purple beam shot out, enveloping Gokhan in purple light. The fused warrior let out a yell as he was shrunk down, then poof. Buu held out her hand, catching the jawbreaker that had been her greatest foe. She closed it in her fist, straightening herself as she sighed, “What a shame. Looks like I won.” She grinned as she tightened her grip, adding, “A sucker for a sucker. That’s what you are.” She laughed at her pun as she opened her hand, looking at the candy. “Now, it’s time to eat you.”

The ball of candy shot up, nailing Buu in the forehead right between the eyes. Buu grunted, grabbing at her dented forehead, as the jawbreaker began hovering in front of the monster. “GAH!” Buu growled. “What the fuck!?”

“Language,” the sucker chided.

“What?” Buu breathed, watching the sucker hovering in front of her eyes. “How are you still talking?”

“Don’t know,” the jawbreaker laughed. “But that’s not all I can do.” It immediately started flying around Buu at a pace that she couldn’t keep up with it, nailing her in places all over her body, causing her to yelp out in pain. He tore through her antenna, and he stopped, laughing as he said, “You know you can still surrender.”

“Surrender? … To Candy!?” Buu growled.

“It’d be a whole lot easier than fighting something harder, faster, and smaller than you,” Gokhan supplied before doing a move set in candy form, showing just how fast he could still move and punch.

Buu frowned. “I don’t plan on fighting you. As soon as I grab you, I’m eating you!”

“Oh,” Gokhan laughed. “Then eat me!” He zoomed towards her, colliding with her stomach, making her gasp. Then up to her chin, rebounding off her before flying through her opened mouth and ripping out the back. She garbled again as he zoomed above her, and knocked her down to the ground. He floated above her collapsed form, haughtily asking, “What’s the matter? I thought you said you were going to eat me. I mean I flew right in.”

She scowled, her body reforming its damaged portions, and shot a blast at him, which he dodged deftly, zooming around her and connecting wherever he could, making her howl in pain. “I told you,” he laughed. “Smaller and faster always beats bigger and dumber.”

She scowled at the jawbreaker before flicking her antenna back towards him and shooting another purple beam at him. Then poof. He was a real boy again. He yelped before crashing, not ready for the sudden change. He quickly picked himself up, dusting himself off before turning to Buu who glowered at him. He returned the expression. “So, what’s your next play?”

Buu gave a mirthful smirk before asking, “Do you want to see something cool?”

Gokhan frowned, unsure of how to respond to the question. He watched as she steepled her fingers
into a diamond, and a small whistling white ki ball formed. She then moved her hands as if they were carving out a geometric shape around the ki ball, until it grew large enough to throw. “PRISM BLAST!!!”

Gokhan braced himself as the blast rolled towards him, growing exponentially as it moved. He put his hands up to stop it, but it pulled him in anyway just as Siyaka’s had done to Buu in the chamber. The nucleus exploded, ki blasts bouncing around within it and doubling as it rebounded off the sides. But, Gokhan was faster than Buu expected. He phased around the cage, dodging the nucleus with ease. Buu scowled before she clapped her hands together, and the cage lit up before exploding.

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Buu smirked victoriously as the smoke billowed up to the sky from the blast. But as the smoke cleared, her face fell as she saw Gokhan standing there, whole. “Was that it?” Gokhan called back to her. When she didn’t reply immediately, he charge a ki blast in one hand as he said, “My turn then.” He threw it at her at such speed she didn’t have time to dodge. She let out a scream as the blast went off. Gokhan crossed his arms, watching Buu as her body floated in pieces around her. “You should pull yourself together, Buu,” Gokhan sighed, hovering over her. “It’s been fun, but I think it’s time I end this.” She bared her teeth as her body reformed. “I think I’ll give you one last shot, but it better be your best,” Gokhan offered.

She straightened herself up as she eyed the fused fighter. “Fine,” she spat. Gokhan raised an eyebrow at her tone, then curiously watched her lift one hand up, then flicked her wrist up. Gokhan was only confused for a second before he saw the shadow of something towering over him. He spun to see bubblegum pink goo collapsing over him like a net. “Shit!” Gokhan cursed, quickly powering up as the goo enclosed around him, shrinking him down and combining with Buu.

“Yes!!!” Buu howled, punching the air victoriously “I DID IT!!!! I WON!!!” She flipped a middle finger into the air as she added, “Suck on that!!!”

*~*~*

“NO!!!!” Kabito howled, towering over the crystal ball. “They lost! How could they lose!?!?!”

“Great Galaxies … it’s over.” Shin fell on his butt, a kind of numbed shock taking over his features. “Gokhan … he … he had it in the bag and then …” Shin shook his head, his gaze haunted as he gripped at the grass under his hands. “I failed. Th-the Earth … the universe is doomed. It’s all my fault. I’m a disgrace to the kais.”

“Master,” Kabito tried, “don’t say such things. You did everything in your power to destroy this monster. You’ve brought mortals to the sanctuary of the kais. You found someone capable of freeing the Z sword. You’ve done the impossible.”

“But he’s still won,” Shin replied. He knew as well as anything else, none of that mattered if Buu remained a threat to the universe.

Elder kai’s gaze narrowed as he looked at the crystal ball carefully, doing his best to ignore the weeping of the other kais. “Would you two ninnies calm down!?” Elder kai huffed at their antics. “Haven’t you noticed something strange?” Kabito and Shin looked to the elder, who knelt down and picked up the crystal ball so they could get a closer look. “Observe, all the way up until Vegeta was absorbed, when Buu absorbed someone, he took on their characteristics. Logically, he should be back to being male now, having absorbed both Vegeta and Gokhan. Both at base form were much stronger than Siyaka, and either would have been the more dominant power when they were absorbed. Strange that this is not the case,” Elder Kai stated wisely.

Shin looked closer, seeing Buu still in the feminine form adopted after absorbing Mia. The change
made that time around wasn’t necessarily obvious. Just her antenna was longer now. But Shin realized the elder kai was right. Buu should be back to being male, given Vegeta and Gokhan were absorbed. Shin frowned. “Well, what does this mean?”

“It means it’s not over yet. He’s having some issues digesting them,” Elder Kai stated, looking down at the ball, seeing Buu flying around, doing her victory lap around the world. Both Kabito and Shin looked at the Elder Kai blankly. Elder Kai continued, “I’m sure if we focused on Vegeta or Gokhan, we’d be able to see them.”

Shin wasn’t sure, but Elder Kai closed his eyes, and soon an image appeared, dark and wet, and it looked like the insides of some creature. But in the middle of that darkness, a lone figure stood shining like a beacon. “I don’t believe it,” Elder Kai said with a laugh. “He’s intact.”

Shin let out a relieved sigh he didn’t realize he’d been holding. There was still hope, however small it was.

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Gohkan landed in the belly of Majin Buu with a small “tpp” of his feet. “At least we know the barrier worked,” the fused Saiyan breathed, taking a look at his surroundings. He could hear Buu’s laughter echoing around them. The monster was celebrating its victory. Albeit slightly prematurely, but what Buu didn’t know was best left to their advantage.

With a slight unflexing of his hands, the barrier came down, fizzling as it dropped. As soon as the barrier was down though, something from within him flashed, and threw apart Gohan and Goku, both looking confused and surprised by the sudden action. Gohan felt for his earring confoundingly, feeling it still in place. He pulled it out, letting out a small sigh of relief. He had some serious reservations about permanently fusing with his dad, and he definitely wasn’t going to look this gift horse in the mouth either.

“W-wait, Son,” Goku started, as Gohan pocketed the earring. “Put it back in. We still need to defeat Buu.”

“If the plan works, we won’t need to be fused to do it,” Gohan stated. While their time fused together was still rather hazy to Gohan, and no doubt his father as well, he still remembered the crucial parts to the plan. Goku frowned, and Gohan explained further, “We just need to get everybody out. Then he’ll be weak enough that we can destroy him no sweat.” Goku turned away from his father, starting to walk up towards what looked like an incline. He added in a mutter, “Not to mention, for something permanent, I’m very happy it didn’t stick. Who knows if we do it again.”

Goku frowned behind him. “I don’t see why you’d have such an issue being permanently fused with me.” Gohan shot his father a weird look, and Goku shrugged adding, “My life is good. I’m the one who’d have to worry about ChiChi sending me to school fused to you.”

“School!” Gohan scoffed. “That’s the only thing you’d have a problem with?”

Goku crossed his arms at his son’s tone. “What? Like your life would change all that much?”

Gohan stared at his dad blankly before stating, “You do know that if we survived this and were still fused, Mom wouldn’t just be Mom, because she’s your wife.” He surpressed a gag just thinking of it. Goku still looked at his son absenty, not sure what Gohan was referencing. Gohan grit his teeth, tersely adding, “You know, husbandly duties.”

Goku frowned in confusion before asking, “You mean, like, gathering firewood?” Gohan shook his
head in disbelief, turning and walking away from his father. He completely understood Mia “not even”-ing with his dad in this instance. He heard his father huff behind him, “What do you mean by ‘husbandly duties’?!”

Gohan was red in the face, not even looking at his father as he snapped at him, “Sex, Dad. I’m talking about sex.” It was bad enough when Vegeta grilled them about Gokhan’s tail. The vivid image of his dad with his mom, then his mother ripping a tail hole for him in his gi right after they’d done it. How his mother gasped when Goku sank his teeth in her. Gohan suppressed a gag, feeling it was best to push away the memory, push it down as deep as possible.

“Oh,” Goku laughed blankly, before adding a small darker, more understanding, “Oh.” His dad let out a light laugh as he added, “Yeah, that would be kinda’ awkward for you.”

“‘Kinda’!?” Gohan balked at his dad’s nonchalance about it. “It’d be full blown Oedipus.”

“Eda-what?”

“Nothing,” Gohan huffed, continuing to hike up. “Just suffice to say, I would officially know too much about yours and Mom’s relationship.” He muttered to himself, adding, “I probably already know enough to gouge my eyes out.”

Goku looked at his son curiously, asking, “What do you mean by that?” Gohan shot him an annoyed look. The past few days had taught the hybrid way more than he wanted to know about his parents’ relationship. Goku’s brow furrowed perceptively as he eyed his son. “It was the tail, wasn’t it?” Gohan stared wide-eyed at his father, whose tail wavered between them for a second. “That’s how you know your mother and I …”

“You really don’t need to say it,” Gohan interrupted, his face turning comically red, his own tail squirming in discomfort in his pants.

His father shrugged. “What’s there to say? You know it happened.”

“Please,” Gohan sighed painfully, “just stop.”

“But I don’t even know how it came back, except –”

“You mated!” Gohan snapped, not wanting to hear his father talk about it anymore. “Mating marks restore tails while … doing IT.”

Goku frowned. “What do you mean mated? All we did was have sex.”

“GAAAAH!” Gohan shrieked. His father moved to say some more, but Gohan childishly shook his head plugging his ears, walking away from his father as he sang out loudly to drown out his dad, “LALALALALALALALA! I CAN’T HEAR YOU!!!!”

Goku frowned at his son’s antics. “And how do you even know?” Goku huffed with a frown. He guessed Mia told him, but he couldn’t understand how it would even come up aside from them having sex and restoring Gohan’s tail. Goku paused at that thought, freezing mid-step. While his memories fused with his son were also hazy, he did remember Vegeta getting upset about Gohan being the one having a tail. A thought popped in their heads when Vegeta mentioned it, with Mia naked under the moonlight, her body pinned to a cliff by his as they kissed. Or was it a memory. It had only lasted a second, but Goku remembered it. Goku looked at his son carefully. Gohan seemed to realize Goku had pieced something together, and he lowered his hands, his gaze at his father nervous. “Did you and Mia have sex on the kai planet?” Goku asked, preferring to be blunt with the topic.

“Gohan?” Goku asked reprimandingly. His son was always a terrible liar.

Gohan averted his gaze as he added, “I can’t believe you’d even ask that. Seriously.”

Goku frowned at his son. “Well, suddenly, you know an awful lot about tails regrowing during sex. And when Vegeta mentioned the tail being yours, we thought of Mia, naked, being pinned against a cliff.”

“Pillar,” Gohan corrected, then his eyes flew wide, realizing he’d admitted to his father what they’d done.

Goku eyed his son incredulously, a small shocked smile on his face and his eyebrows so high they reached his hairline. “So that’s a yes,” Goku deduced. He wouldn’t ever say he was the smartest person in the world, but he knew how to read between the lines.

Gohan blushed, his brow furrowing in anger. “That’s supposed to be private,” he hissed.

Goku crossed his arms annoyedly at his son. “Well, it wasn’t on purpose. We were fused.” Gohan huffed, looking away. Goku dropped his hands, now asking a little excitedly. “Well, are you going to tell me about it? Gotta say, it seems kinda strange, timing wise.”

Gohan rolled his eyes, “I could say the same about you and Mom.” He mentally berated himself again for bringing up the cursed image in his mind.

“We both know that is a completely different situation,” Goku grumbled to his son’s dodging, looking at Gohan a little disappointedly. When Gohan just gave him a shrug, Goku sighed and continued, “Fine. If you must know, it was the last time your mother and I were going to have a private conversation, and I’d just learned what kissing was.” Gohan looked away, pursing his lips as Goku continued, “However, your mother and I are married, which means that timing isn’t that important for us. You, on the other hand, are not married and still in school.”

Gohan didn’t look at his father while he thought it over. Should he tell him. Neither Gohan or Mia were worried what Goku would say. Out of all their parents, he wanted them to get married two days ago. And a part of Gohan wanted to talk to someone about it. Someone knowledgeable at least. And after hearing his father didn’t even know what a kiss was a few days ago, he wasn’t sure if Goku fit that bill. On top of that, his father was horrible at keeping secrets. Gohan knew once the world was safe, Goku would inadvertently tell his mother that Gohan and Mia were doing the deed, which would sufficiently end any private moments between them, as ChiChi would make sure she or another chaperone was in attendance.

“Well?” Goku huffed.

“We only did it because Shin told us to!” Goku raised an eyebrow at that, and Gohan continued. “She was in heat the past couple days, and Shin told us the only way her condition wouldn’t affect the both of us, and interfere with her teaching me the sword was if we got each other off. Shin even talked to this guy who knows everything to make sure.” Gohan took a breath, noting his father’s skeptical gaze, and Gohan continued, “So, we had sex so I could train with the Z sword. We claimed each other, and I got my tail back, so that’s how I know.” Goku frowned, looking towards his son’s rear to try and see it, because he was pretty sure he hadn’t seen Gohan’s new tail. Gohan rolled his eyes at his father’s wandering gaze, adding, “Mia helped me hide it, because we didn’t want anyone else to know.” Goku made a small “Ah,” sound as he stood straight, then noticed his son’s nervous look and frowned. Gohan scowled at his father’s dim look as he added, “Especially not Vegeta or
Mom.”

Goku raised a confused eyebrow at him. “Why?”

“Really? You didn’t see Vegeta’s reaction to us just kissing? What about just a few minutes ago when he thought the tail was mine before we told him it was yours,” Gohan offered, looking at his dad skeptically. “He’d definitely try to kill me if he found out we did that.” Goku looked up, clearly thinking about it, before giving an agreeable shrug. “And Mom will never let us near each other again without supervision. You know that.”

“Gohan,” Goku growled with a serious frown, before laughing at how worried his son sounded. “It’s ok. It was bound to happen some time. Your mom knows that.” Gohan looked at his dad, somewhat surprised by his cavalier tone. Goku frowned, crossing his arms as he stated, “And I can understand doing it if it meant training to save the world or not. Your mother might be a little harder to convince, though,” Goku added the last part more to himself, but Gohan nodded along with it. At least his father could see that. “Still, you know it’s not smart to try to have any kids before you’re married.”

Gohan looked at his dad weirdly. “What? Kids? No. We weren’t trying to have any kids.”

Goku gave his son a confused frown. “Having sex makes babies,” Goku stated pointedly.

Gohan blinked at his dad, as that comment just brought on a whole slew of other questions from “Dad knows people do it for reasons other than having kids, right?” to “Were Mom and Dad trying to get pregnant when Dad was still dead?” Gohan decided to ignore them. Sometimes, things were better left unknown. Gohan cleared his throat awkwardly, then stated, “Dad, people do it for reasons other than having a kid. Sometimes a kid is just a side effect, usually if you’re not being careful, which we were.”

Goku frowned. “Careful?”

Gohan nodded uncomfortably, chewing on the inside of his lip, refusing to look at his dad. He cleared his throat again before stating, “Yeah, so I wouldn’t worry about us having kids anytime soon.”

Goku shrugged. “If you say so.”

“You aren’t going to tell anyone, right?” Gohan pressed, eyeing his dad worriedly. When Goku didn’t respond, Gohan urged, “Dad!”

“What?”

“Promise you won’t tell anyone,” Gohan growled, looking at his father pointedly.

Goku raised his hands in surrender. “I promise I won’t tell anyone. Yeesh,” Goku huffed, “not like it would come up anyway.” Gohan pursed his lips, not liking his father’s answer entirely, but accepted it. As long as the secret didn’t go past his father, they were fine. Gohan clenched his fist, and walked off, feeling slightly demeaned by the whole discussion. He heard his father grumbling behind him, “Aw, come on! Wait up!” as they ventured further inside Buu.

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“Damn goo. Damn worms. Damn everything,” Vegeta growled as he trudged through Buu’s insides. A part of him wanted to vomit especially when he came across the worms. The smell of them was so horrendous, he killed the ones he came across. His gear and hair dripped with stomach acid. That had been an entertaining diversion. Taking a wrong turn to Buu’s stomach and almost being
dugested. Just the cherry on top of this already shitty day. At least he learned down meant no where
good in the body. So, he’d been steadily trekking upwards.

He stopped, seeing a fork in the path. He looked down both, and each path looked identical. A thin
bridge to a hanging chamber, dark holes marking each chambers entrance. He frowned. “Now
what?” he huffed. His gaze flicked between both before he sighed. “I guess I should just pick one. If
I’m wrong, I can always come back here.” He furrowed his brow, flicking his gaze between both
paths. With a huff, he held out a hand resigned, pointing at one, “Eenie …” He pointed to the other,
“Meanie …”

*~*~*

“How far do you think Vegeta went?” Goku asked, his hands behind his head as they walked
through Buu’s bowels.

Gohan shrugged. “Your guess is as good as mine. As far as we know, he hasn’t found them yet.
Otherwise, Buu would have already regressed.”

“I guess you’re right,” Goku sighed. Goku looked around, taking in their surroundings with a frown.
The walls dripping with bodily fluids. The squelching of organs pumping around them. “Kinda
disgusting, isn’t it,” Goku remarked.

“Yeah,” Gohan agreed, glancing around. He slowed to a stop when he saw their path diverge in two.
One going down, the other up.

Goku ran into his son, huffing out a, “What the --?”

“It’s a fork in the road,” Gohan grumbled, ignoring his father’s outburst.

Goku peered around his son, seeing the two paths. The one going down was lighter, while the one
going up was darker and louder. “I think the one going down is promising,” Goku stated.

Gohan frowned, looking at both paths. “If my anatomy serves me correct, down likely leads to the
stomach and digestive track, while up would lead past the heart to the brain.” Goku frowned at his
son. Gohan continued anyway, “While I could be wrong about ending up in the brain, I think that’s
the most likely place we should look, given he’s able to use their moves, without using the time it
would take to perfect those moves.”

Goku nodded along with his reasoning. Made enough sense to change his mind. “So, right?”

“Yeah, I think right is our safest bet,” Gohan answered, walking towards the upward path, his father
close behind him.

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Vegeta stepped into the right sided chamber, and relief immediately flooded his being as he saw Mia,
Trunks and Goten standing at the other end of the chamber. A part of him wanted to run and grab
them, make sure they were real, but the part of him in control remembered Siyaka was still missing,
and they couldn’t leave without her. “Good, you three are alright,” Vegeta sighed as he walked into
the middle of the chamber. “Where is Siyaka? We need to get you all out of here.”

He paused, looking around the chamber. For the most part it was empty and dark. Maybe she’s in the
other chamber, he reasoned.

“Fuuu-sion … HA!” he heard the boys yell.
Vegeta frowned and turned towards the children. The boys joined into one being, which was trippy enough to watch, then they went super Saiyan together. Next to them, Mia had powered up to super Saiyan as well. Both the fused boys and Mia glared at the Saiyan prince. “What’s wrong?” Vegeta asked.

Mia launched first. Pulling out a sword and slicing at him. He caught the blade with both hands, surprised by her sudden strike. When did Mia get a sword? He didn’t have hold of it long, as she pulled back and sliced at him again. “What are you doing!? It’s your father! I came to save you!”

The only thing that answered him was their silence before Mia lunged at him again, her sword aimed to lop off his head. The boys joined in moments later as he dodged, and began a full defensive against his children.

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Goku and Gohan continued hiking up in silence, Goku constantly eyeing his son. Gohan could sense his father’s dark eyes watching him carefully, and every time Gohan peered over his shoulder to his dad, Goku would look off as if observing Buu’s innards was his new fascination. Nothing could be further from the truth, and the hybrid knew this. Gohan slowed to a stop with a sigh. “What is it, Dad?” Gohan grumbled.

“Huh? What? Nothing,” Goku said quickly, crossing his arms as if he wasn’t sure what to do with them.

Gohan turned to his father with a frown, his arms crossed as well. Except Gohan’s expression to his father was clear that he didn’t think Goku was being honest with his sheepish response.

Goku pursed his lips before letting out with a huff, “I guess I’m just still trying to figure out yours and Mia’s relationship.” Gohan frowned as Goku added, “You say you don’t want to marry Mia, but you’ve both done something that you’re only supposed to do once your married.”

Gohan set his jaw uncomfortably before growling out, “And?”

Goku blinked at his son, clearly confused by his nonchalant tone. “And you said that you and Mia weren’t planning on getting married.” Gohan groaned, rolling his eyes as he continued on. “I’m sorry. I’m just having some difficulty understanding exactly where you and Mia stand.”

Gohan shrugged while continuing on, not looking at his father. “It’s not something we’ve discussed.”

Goku frowned, following closely behind. “Not even when you were … you know …”

Gohan pursed his lips annoyedly before gruffly replying. “Nope. Hasn’t come up.”

Goku blinked at his son, still a little incredulous at his lax response. Goku was silent for moment before asking, “How?”

Gohan rolled his eyes, looking up as if something above would save him from his father’s insistence. “I don’t know, Dad,” Gohan huffed. “We’ve been kind of busy with trying to save the world and getting power boosts that we haven’t really had the time to stop and say, ‘You know what? Instead of fulfilling your dreams of becoming a geneticist, and mine of becoming … I dunno, probably a scholar of some sort, what if we’d just threw that all away and got married!? Sure, it might take some time to get a job and move out of my parents’ house, and you definitely won’t be getting a fancy wedding, like most girls dream about, but we love each other, and that’s enough to throw our futures away, right?’” Gohan shot his father an annoyed look once he finished his sarcastically animated
speech.

Goku eyed his son carefully, not appreciating his son’s glib tone at the prospect. The palm haired saiyan held back a knowing look as he more asked than stated, “So, you do love her.” Gohan blanched, starting to mutter a, “What? No!” Goku knew that was a lie. Gohan had already tried to tell her so back on the kai planet. “You just said you did,” Goku argued back, looking at his son pointedly. He couldn’t understand it. Why was Gohan refusing to acknowledge the obvious? What Goku knew as the inevitable.

“It’s only been a month!” Gohan howled.

“And you’ve both already had sex,” Goku argued back. Gohan blushed, grinding his teeth as his father added, “Somehow you found time for that amidst saving the world.”

Gohan crossed his arms, doing his best to control his blushing. “You know, this is the kind of grilling I’d expect from Mom. Not you.”

Goku looked at his son pointedly before stating, “Well, I’ve known you and Mia were supposed to get married for so long, it’s frustrating to see you fighting it for no reason. Especially when you’ve just informed me you’ve both done stuff you aren’t supposed to do until you’re married.”

“You can do that without being married,” Gohan stated smartly. “It’s recommended, not a requirement.” Goku’s brow set into a skeptical scowl. Gohan brushed him off with a shrug. “I can’t even count how many kids at my school have done it already, and none of them are even close to married.” Goku’s jaw dropped a little at the shocking statistic, but Gohan just nodded pointedly. He had the same reaction when his classmates, even Mia, informed him that was going on.

It took a moment for Goku to school his features, before stating awkwardly, “Well, I can’t say for their parents, but I know for a fact that we raised you to be more responsible.”

“Please, believe me when I say we were being responsible,” Gohan huffed, his annoyed glare connecting with his father’s worried stare. He saw his father begin to chew on the inside of his cheek, and Gohan frowned further. “What?”

Goku shrugged in surrender, walking past him as he said, “If you say so.”

Gohan frowned. What was this sudden turn? “I do say so,” Gohan huffed. Goku nodded along. His father had more to say, but was now remaining suspiciously silent. “What?”

Goku shook his head. “Nothing,” Goku sighed. Gohan’s obsidian gaze narrowed. After a moment of silence, Goku said, “It’s just that you’ve already admitted you love her.”

Gohan rolled his eyes, exasperatedly muttering, “Oh, here we go.”

Goku ignored him as he continued, “And there’s no reason better than that to marry someone.”

Gohan huffed, “Except that we’re only eighteen.” He paused before correcting himself, adding, “Seventeen and eighteen. We’re not even out of school, yet.”

“Your mom and I were eighteen when we got married,” Goku stated with a shrug. Gohan pursed his lips, shaking his head. He looked up, seeing they were coming up on a fork. Goku apparently hadn’t noticed it, because he kept talking about how he and Gohan’s mother, while being married young, had been able to make it work. And if they could, so could Gohan.

Gohan, although, had tuned his father out as soon as Goku brought up his marriage. Gohan already
knew too much about their relationship to think it was the perfect marriage. They slowed down as they came up to the fork, and Goku frowned, looking at the path. “Now which way?”

Gohan looked at both paths carefully. They looked identical. The hybrid let out a sigh. There weren’t a lot of places the paths could leave, and both pointed up. “Which way do you want to go?” Gohan asked.

Goku pursed his lips, looking between the two. “If I had to choose …” Goku drawled, looking over each path carefully, and seeing that they were exactly the same, “I’d chose right.”

Gohan nodded sagely. “Alright. Then I’ll go left.”

“Wh-what!?” Goku’s wide eyes fell on his son, a disappointed gleam in them. “You and I both know it’s better if we stick together. That way we can escape together.” Goku frowned before adding, “If it’s because I’m talking about you and Mia…”

“It’s not that,” Gohan said with a huff, then shook his head, realizing he wasn’t fooling anyone, “Well, not entirely. But you are getting really annoying, and I wish you would stop.”

Goku’s eyebrows shot to his hairline. His son had never been so rude to him before, except when training in the time chamber. But even then, Goku knew it had only been to goad him into training him harder. To not go easy on him.

Gohan looked ahead pointedly before stating, “Both paths look identical. If I were to guess, we should be getting close. If that’s the case, it’s better that we split up. Cover more ground, you know?” Gohan stole a glance at his father, who just frowned. “We can meet back here if we don’t find anything.” Goku frowned, but Gohan started walking towards the left path. When Goku didn’t move, Gohan pointed to the right, ordering, “Go that way, and we’ll meet up back here.”

Goku gave a disgruntled grunt before walking towards the right path, muttering something to himself. Gohan pretended not to listen as he continued forward. Before long, he’d entered the cavern at the end of the left path and was surrounded by darkness. As his eyes adjusted to the darkness, he started to see a figure standing at the opposite end of the cavern. He frowned, clenching his fist, readying for a fight. Slowly, the silhouette of a woman with curly hair became more apparent, and Gohan started to recognize her. “Miss Jicama?” he asked. Either his eyes adjusted to the darkness or she seemed to glow a little, he wasn’t sure which, but it was clearly his girlfriend’s mother. Her gaze fell on him, and he let out a relieved sigh, dropping his hands to his side. “Thank Kami, I found you. Where’s Mia and the boys? We gotta be quick, so we can get out of here.”

Her hard gaze bore through him, and he frowned, sensing something was wrong. An aura started flaring around her as she glared at him, power radiating off her as she transformed to Super Saiyan three right before Gohan’s eyes. A part of him was in awe at the Saiyan noble’s raw power, but at the same time, he wasn’t sure why she was powering up. “Siyaka?” he asked, a little sheepishly.

He blinked, and she was on him, her fist colliding with the side of his face, sending him flying back. What the ... He massaged his face for a second, and she was on him again, and he just barely had enough mind to roll to the side. “Siyaka, what’s wrong?” She just growled, and launched at him again, engaging with him in a series of kicks he only barely had the wherewithal to dodge and block. He landed a hit on her, and backflipped back a few paces to gain some distance. He pulled himself up into a defensive stance, seeing Siyaka fall back into the same Saiyan fighting stance Vegeta and Mia liked to use. But the glare in her eyes chilled him to the bone. She wanted him dead.

He couldn’t understand why Siyaka would be so angry with him that she would attack him as such a level. Until a thought crossed his mind. What if she heard Dad outside? What if she knows Mia and I
…? He blanched at the though.

She launched at him, and he jumped back to dodge. The crazed look in her eye made it clear she was enraged about something. He felt in his gut it was best to just assume that she overheard his Dad’s incessant talking about Gohan and Mia on the kai planet. “I’m sorry,” he said quickly. She launched at him with a vicious growl again, and he rolled to the side to dodge again. “You shouldn’t have found out like that. I’m so sorry,” he tried. She let out another growl, and pummeled into him. “We had a good reason!” He blocked her next punch and they struggled against each other. He realized that his excuse sounded like bullshit. “Fine, I’m sorry. She was in heat, and I could barely control myself near her, but I needed her to teach me. It was the only way.” She punched him, and it landed again. He stumbled back a few steps before she was on him again. He punched her away, not wanting to hurt her. He was feeling guilty enough. Painfully, he admitted, “I love her. I promise, I’ll never hurt her, if that’s why you’re angry.”

She glared at him, before moving her hands in a familiar motion. He sagged a little in resignation. “I don’t want to hurt you,” he said, “but I will if I have to.” He pulled his hands to his side, murmuring “Kaaameehameleon…”

“PRIZM BLAST!” she yelled as she fired the expanding energy blast.

“HAAAAAAAA!!!!” He fired his, the room glowing blue from his blast as it hit the Prizm Blast. They struggled against each other’s blast until the unsteady energy combined and exploded.

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Goku and Vegeta stood back to back, eyeing the approaching saiyans. Gotenks against Goku, and Mia against Vegeta. “Alright, any bright ideas?” Vegeta huffed, looking at his daughter who brandished her sword, glaring back at her father.

Goku shook his head as he gasped for breath. “I don’t get it. It’s like they don’t even get tired.” He tightened his fist as Gotenks took a step closer. The fused boy smirked mirthfully as he settled into a fighting stance. Goku cursed. He’d jumped up to Super Saiyan two to take them down the first time. And then again. And then again. And now he was starting to get tired.

“You’re telling me. I’ve been fighting them for thirty minutes,” Vegeta growled.

Goku opened his mouth to snipe back at the prince, only to be interrupted by a giant explosion sounded behind them. They looked up and saw the wall they were using as a backer expanding and glowing before blasting apart, and they dove forward for cover. They felt goop, blood and whatever else buu was made of landing all over their bodies and in their hair. Vegeta let out a groaning gag as he and Goku pulled themselves up. Goku turned to see Gohan on the otherside looking sheepishly at them. “Gohan? What the …”

“Sorry, Dad. Can’t talk right now,” Gohan breathed nervously before Siyaka launched at him again. Gohan moved quickly and floored the Saiyan noble. He jumped back, not wanting to stay on her as he said, “I’m sorry, Miss Jicama.”

“Gohan!” Goku said quickly. “That’s not Siyaka.”

“What?” Gohan asked, hovering above the Saiyan noble.

“They’re thoughts,” Goku explained, pointing towards Gotenks and Mia. “At least that’s what we think they are. They’re pretty impossible to beat.”

“Maybe for you,” Vegeta scoffed.
Goku scowled at the prince, setting his jaw as he commented, “You’ve been fighting them for thirty minutes, and they haven’t gotten tired.”

Gohan frowned landing near them, but also looking a little relieved, muttering a small “Thoughts. Ok.” As soon as he landed, Gohan noted that Vegeta was staring at his ass, and he snidely remarked, “Take photo. It’ll last longer.”

Vegeta scowled, “Just making sure you don’t have a tail.” Gohan looked at the prince wide-eyed. So he didn’t know. Didn’t hear why Gohan apologizing to Siyaka. And Goku didn’t blab. “It doesn’t matter.” Gohan let out a relieved sigh, as the stood back to back, seeing they were surrounded by these bizarre thought projections.

“So,” Gohan trailed, lifting his fists in front of him as he saw Siyaka and Mia’s projections make their way toward them. “How do we beat a thought?”

“If we knew, we wouldn’t be stuck here!” Vegeta growled, seeing Mia brandishing her sword.

“Well, we better think of something quick,” Goku huffed as Gotenks began to advance on him. Before Gotenks could launch into action, though, he turned into a strawberry cheesecake. Goku’s arms and jaw dropped in shock at the scene, just as Siyaka became a Chocolate cake and Mia became an éclair. “What the …?” he breathed.

Gohan was the first to say, “Better to not question it. We need to move on.” Vegeta gave a vague nod, seeing Gohan already walking off. The prince quickly followed behind him. When Goku hadn’t moved, Gohan yelled back at him, “DAD, COME ON!!!”

“Coming!” Goku yelled back, catching up to them quickly.

They marched in mostly silence, especially when they came across the forest of tubing. Vegeta was about to make a funny remark, but Gohan surged forward, as if possessed by a singular, serious thought. As soon as they cleared the tubing, the stepped into a huge pink cavern with a few connecting columns stretching down from ceiling to floor. Gohan looked ahead, and relief washed over him. “Dad! Vegeta!” he called back to them, seeing them still struggling throught the last of the tubing. “They’re here!” He ran up, seeing Mia closest in the group. Each one had been settled in a round, pink pod, with their faces poking through the tight hole. Each of them unconscious. Gohan floated up, his hand caressing Mia’s cheek. A pang of guilt shot through his heart as he thought, She sacrificed herself so I could live.

Behind him, someone gruffly cleared his throat, and Gohan turned, seeing Vegeta glowering at the hybrid teen. His father watched his son knowingly, but had purposely pursed his lips. Gohan backed away from the princess’s pod, and breathed, “Right. We need to cut them down, and then blast our way out.” Gohan took a surveying look around, then up. He flew as far up as he could, nearing the ceiling. He tapped on it, as if to test its thickness. He frowned, going back down to land. “It should work if Dad goes super Saiyan three, and I power up to my max.” Vegeta scowled, not liking feeling left out of the plan. “We’re going to need to pull them down in order though,” Gohan added. “Since Siyaka is the dominant personality, we should probably get her last.”

“And why’s that?” Vegeta growled. In his mind, pulling Siyaka would weaken Buu significantly, and therefore should be first.

“Ah,” Goku hummed as if enlightened. “You don’t want Buu being tipped off to our plan.” He put a finger on his chin as he tilted his head in thought. “But why would it matter?”

“We’re still in his body,” Gohan argued, “meaning he can still thwart our plans. Just look at what he
did with the thoughts."

"Well, if that’s the case,” Vegeta ground out, “then he already knows we’re here.”

“Look, just pull Siyaka last,” Gohan snapped back, done with the arguing. This had been his plan to begin with. Well, his and his father’s in their Gokhan form, but still, it started with him wishing he could go in and save Mia during the fusion process. He wasn’t going to have Vegeta’s need to not take orders supersede his wish to save Mia, Goten, Trunks and Siyaka. He stomped back over to Mia’s pod, and shot a small blast at the bottom chord, which fell dead on the ground, leaving Mia’s pod hanging precariously from the ceiling. He hovered up, grasping her pod by the base of the ceiling chord, and cutting just above it. He held her pod carefully, dropping it down gently, and making sure it would roll any way that could suffocate her.

He looked at the other pods, seeing his father doing the same with Goten, and Vegeta with Trunks.

“Alright,” Gohan breathed. Vegeta scowled at the hybrid’s authoritarian tone. “Dad, we need to power up. Then we’ll fire our strongest blasts there.” Gohan pointed at a point where the ceiling began to curve into the wall. “It’s going to be difficult, but I think we can manage it if we are both at our max levels.” Goku nodded. Gohan turned to Vegeta. “Once we start firing, then you cut down Siyaka. And make sure no one rolls off.” Vegeta rolled his eyes at the direction, but Gohan ignored him. “Once the hole is blasted, we’ll have to act quickly. He’ll recuperate fast, so we may only have seconds to get everyone out.”

He looked at both Goku and Vegeta, who were both frowning and pursing their lips. “Are we clear?” he asked.

Goku gave a nod, then Vegeta rolled his eyes, taking his position under Siyaka’s pod. That was good enough for Gohan. He turned to his father, jerking his head back towards where they were planning on firing their blasts. Gohan settled into his charging stance, and Goku mirrored him, both screaming as they harnessed their power and transformed.

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Buu couldn’t think how it happened. It just did. She’d found a desolate bakery she’d decided to chow down on. Her victory feast over her ingenious idea to fight the microscopic invaders with thoughts. A thought can’t be beaten to death. After her cakes, she walked out of the town, burping loudly. Then she felt a twinge at the back of her skull. Nothing much, just a pinched nerve or something. Then a minute later a burning headache, and she realized her plan had not been successful. Before she could think to peak in on the invaders, she changed into a he. The shock from the sudden change gave him too much of a pause though, and a few seconds later, a beam shot out the back of his head, leaving a gaping hole.

Behind him, he heard three distinct pops, and someone giggled as more pops happened, “Hey look, People-Popcorn.”

“Are you high?” Someone growled back.

Buu turned around dumbly, his brain feeling like it leaked out behind him as he tried to register what happened. He saw that three conscious men floated behind him, with four unconscious fighters floating in the air. He palm haired Saiyan was quick to catch the youngest of the two as they started to fall. But Buu’s observance was cut short as a fist collided with his face, sending him flying back into several buildings.

“Dad, Vegeta! Get them out of here!” Gohan called out. He settled into a fighting stance, his gaze leveling on where Buu was doing his best to recover from his surprise punch. “I’ll take it from here.”
Buu pulled himself up, scoffing, “You think you can beat -- HU--!!!”

Gohan cut him off with a punch in the gut, leaving the pink thing gasping for air. “That was for Mia,” Gohan spat, digging his fist into the monster’s gut. Spit dribbling down Buu’s lips from the sudden impact. “I am going to make you pay for everyone you’ve hurt,” Gohan promised. The pink monster’s black eyes looked up to the face of the hybrid he’d faced twice before now, but this time, the monster saw the face of death. And for the first time in Buu’s long existence, he was afraid.

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Suddenly, the world seemed bright, and Siyaka’s eyes stung from the attack on her retinas. She winced as she opened her eyes, hearing two voices she thought she’d never hear again. “Wow, well done, Gohan,” she heard Kakarot say. Her vision was fuzzy as beams of light blinded her.

“Yes. It’s finally over,” Vegeta said with a huff.

“Gotta say, it’s a proud moment, watching your son save the world,” Kakarot laughed. He added jokingly, “Especially since this time, I’m alive to enjoy it.”

“You know, last time, that was your own fault,” Vegeta grumbled.

Kakarot laughed. “Well, hindsight…”

Siyaka turned her head to open her eyes, pulling her arm up to shade her eyes. As she finally was able to see around her, she saw that she’d been laid out on a roof of a building. She blinked as she moved to look around carefully, noting the bright blue sky, and the generally destroyed land and town around them. She saw Kakarot’s orange legs and navy blue boots standing towards the edge of the ledge, and next to him Vegeta’s tight, navy blue spandex and white boots. She frowned. But they’re supposed to be dead. She looked to her side, and her breath caught in her throat as she saw who lay next to her. She felt the tears pricking at her eyes as her throat ached with hope, praying what she saw before her was real. Mia lay sleeping soundly, dressed in strange green clothing, and her hair splayed out around her. Siyaka reached her hand out to Mia’s face, gently caressing her cheek, praying this wasn’t some ghost sent to torment her.

But the skin under her fingertips was real and warm. She could feel the puffs of breath from her nose on her hand. Then Mia’s eyes opened, her coal black eyes connecting with her mother’s. “Mom?”

Siyaka immediately sat up, pulling her daughter into her tightly. “Oh, Mia! Thank God you’re alright!”

Mia hugged her back, equally as fierce as Mia cried into her mother’s shoulder. “When Buu absorbed you, I thought I’d never see you again!”

All Siyaka could do in response was half laugh and half cry, holding her daughter tighter than she’d ever had before. Feeling eyes on her, she looked up, seeing Vegeta looking back at them with a bittersweet glint in his eyes. Something in his expression told her everything she needed to know. He’d saved them. He’d pulled her from Buu’s body, and reunited her with their daughter. She mouthed a small “Thank you,” to him. He looked away, and she looked up, seeing his halo hovering over his body.

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“Hey, Bardock. How’s it hanging?” a majin named Gloober cheered, seeing the Saiyan hero walk into the apartment complex’s courtyard. Bardock recognized him immediately as the time patroller who lived underneath him, with his brother.
“It’s good, Gloober,” Bardock replied blandly.

“I’m Bloober,” the majin corrected with a frown, pointing to himself. “Gloober’s my brother.”

“Right,” Bardock breathed, shaking his head. “Sorry.” There really was no way to tell the brothers apart, except the slightest shift in color. One of them was a hair more magenta than the other. But if they both weren’t present, they looked identical. Both were short and stubby. Round in the gut and coming only to Bardock’s elbows, antenna included. They both had this blank, wide-eyed look that would resemble what some would term “crazy-eyes” were they not a majin.

The slightly less magenta majin waved him off. “It’s alright. A lot of people get us confused. By the way, we’ve been meaning to ask you … uh.” The “uh” was shaky and nervous, and Bardock looked back at him, seeing that Bloober had been pointing at him, but now his hand was disappearing. Suddenly, the entire courtyard erupted in screams, drowning out Bloober’s own terrified howls. Bardock’s gaze swung around, and everywhere a majin stood they were now disappearing. But everyone else around him, the Namekians, the humans, the other Saiyans, hell even the Frieza bastards weren’t even reacting.

He saw a human girl walk by him, and he grabbed her, recognizing her as another time patroller. “Rachne, are you seeing this?”

Rachne frowned, her purple pigtail hanging limply as she tilted her head innocently. “Seeing what?” Bardock gestured to where Gloober … or Bloober or whoever the hell he was, was just standing, but there was nothing there. He felt his heart stop for a second. Towa had warned him of another big change. This is what she meant. Rachne snapped her fingers in his face, drawing his attention back. “Hello? Are you ok?”

He just shook his head, dropping her arm as he started to back peddle, then run back to his apartment. He ran to his room, pulling open the drawer in his nightstand where it hid. A large, bright red scroll. He’s sure he was just imagining it laughing at him as he quickly grasped it. He took a steadying breath as he opened it, reading it closely, starting with his change back in 736. He’d been careful to watch and make sure there was no significant branching. Then he reached the world tournament he’d just attended three days ago. “Shit,” he breathed as he saw his branch start to spiral off. “Shit shit.” He let out a slew of curses as he read the scroll, past where his son and the prince failed to save the pink blob known as Majin Buu, or as they probably called him at the time “Good Buu.” Which meant the Majin race, which the good Buu started fifteen to twenty years down the line, never existed.

He dropped the scroll in a clatter on the ground he massaged his open jaw in shock. There was no amount of seduction he could perform where Chronoa wouldn’t notice something this big. In short, he was completely and utterly fucked.

He snatched the scroll up again, reading further down the timeline, shaking his head as he realized there were a lot of changes about to happen that he couldn’t miss if he was to keep this universe safe. He cursed as he read that the next crucially important event in this new timeline didn’t even have a working scroll to transport him to in the time patrol headquarters. He rolled the scroll back up, trying to calm his breathing before throwing it on the bed as he howled, “FUCK!”

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AN: Again, sorry this took so long. Buu is done, and I am happy. And I’m betting these next several chapters will come out a lot faster because Buu is gone. Before writing this, I didn’t mind him. He was just kind of an “eh” villain. But I loved watching Goku, Vegeta, and Gohan during that arc. But now having written it out, I now hate Buu with a visceral passion. He’s impossible to write. And
there was no good way to kill him except off screen.

I also know some of you are probably less than pleased with some of Goku and Gohan's interactions in this chapter. I decided to go this way with them for two reasons

1. Goku now understands intimacy rather than just sex, but he still doesn't have a grasp on what it all brings to a relationship. Goku's understanding is "a man and woman get married, so they can make children," and sex is kind of just a step in that process. Kinda in the same vein of "Marriage is living in the same house as a woman." Now that he understands intimacy, he gets sex can be fun, versus his previous understanding which was it was a weird process one must do to make children. Whereas Gohan understands the complexities of a serious relationship, and has realized his father is an idiot where this is concerned (which doesn't happen until Super, and even then Gohan can just brush it off because he doesn't live with his parents anymore, which he does here). SO, these conversations are an adult Gohan explaining a serious relationship to his adult father (arguably) who should understand, but doesn't.

2. Which piggybacks off of that, which is that Gohan is starting to rebel a little, as a teenager usually does. They only show this a little in Fusion Reborn (when Goten says he saw Gohan and Videl making out). This is different because of who Mia is, and the kind of catalyst she is for him. Videl, I've felt, is too nice and respectful when she and Gohan finally started dating. Then look at Mia who is blunt and honest, and demands her respect be earned first. Because of that, Gohan is traveling down a different character path than in the show. One I think is more redemptive.

Also, if you haven’t yet, read *Ripples in Time: History of Trunks*. There’s a lot in that story that explains what’s happening in this story’s timeline, and some of the changes already made.

As always, remember to leave a review!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](https://archiveofourown.org) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!