Following that fateful day at the Cell Games, Gohan quickly realizes that the role of earth's protector is filled with many great trials and tribulations. Encountering new enemies and friends along the way, the young half-Saiyan comes to learn that being a hero can be tough, but at the same time... it can be a lot of fun. AU. Gohan/Videl or Gohan/Harem.

COMPLETE
Author’s Note: Hello all. It’s been a while since I last did a DBZ fic, so I figured I’d throw myself back into the game and give it a shot.

This is a story that I’ve wanted to write for a while now, which is a complete retelling of the Dragonball Z story following the Cell Games. In my honest opinion, the entire world of DBZ started going downhill after the Cell Games, which served as one of the biggest turning points in the series and gave the author the perfect opportunity to make something even more awesome afterwards.

Unfortunately, he cocked it up by not only making Gohan, the supposed cover character after the seven year gap, a complete shadow of his former self, but he also introduced one of the most unsatisfying villains with the most rinse-and-repeat story arcs I’ve ever seen. Though the author did get some things right in introducing Videl, Super Saiyan 3 and re-introducing the tournament and all that, there were so many other things that he did wrong.

To me, the entire Saga after the seven year gap sends a really mixed message to me. Instead of making Gohan the hero, he brings Goku back from the dead to once again save the day. Now I’m not saying loving your hero and main character of so many years is a bad thing, but using him in excess over all of the generations and having him win all of the fights is just bad storytelling.

Basically by bringing Goku back as the hero to save the day for the hundredth time gives the message that we (as people) have to rely on our parents and our fathers to fight and win all of our battles for us, instead of growing up and taking on the mantel of responsibility ourselves. It’s probably why I took a shine to the Naruto series afterwards, since it talks about the next generation taking over and taking on the responsibilities of the world (kind of).

Well, I personally don’t agree with that message and came up with this idea against it.

This story I hope makes amendments to the mistakes of the Buu Saga by introducing different villains (both original and from the movies) while at the same time running parallel to the original story, and making Gohan the hero instead. I also don’t want to overpower characters either and make this a fun story to read.

So let’s see how it goes.

(P.S If I happen to use the name Naruto somewhere in this and the following chapters, please ignore it. I’ve been writing Naruto stories for a while now, so some of that stuff might end up unconsciously bleeding into this fic. Hopefully not)

---

**Dragonball Z**

**Legacies**

**Prologue**

(Over a month after the Cell Games)

Deep inside the pristine wilderness also known as the region making up Mount Paozu, far out of
the way of any known civilization, there sat the familiar dome shaped hut and cottage buildings belonging to the Son family. Quiet, peaceful, surrounded by valleys, forests, and a river flowing directly alongside the property, the small home rose up in the center of this tranquil splendor like a beacon on a map, untouched and undisturbed by the intrigues of human expansion.

To some; it was an ideal place for a farmland. To others, it was a superb location for a family retreat away from the hustle and bustle of city life. But to the few who actually lived in the small, country building sitting in the middle of the field; it was home.

Here, under the orange light of the rising sun, one of the residents of the house could be seen outside, on the grass and hard at work.

Leaping across the rolling hillsides and valleys, adorned in a familiar orange and blue gi with his black, spiky hair sticking out in a peculiar yet ordered fashion, a young boy could be seen going through the motions. Fists and feet cutting through the air at terrific speeds, the eleven-year-old, teen form of Son Gohan blurred across the fields surrounding his home, fighting against an enemy nobody could see. Since he was on his own and there was nobody else in sight or reach, it was safe to say that the young man was in fact shadow sparring.

Just like how his father and Piccolo had taught him, the boy subjected himself to his most familiar of training routines. Dust kicking up as he zipped across the landscape at a ridiculous rate, Gohan pushed himself hard to get his blood pumping and muscles working. Having already been at this for a couple of hours now, the boy had had plenty of time to wake up after a good night of sleep, as well as to mentally and physically prepare himself for the day that lay ahead.

Back flipping across the hills in the form of an orange flash, Gohan eventually skidded to a stop near his home and unleashed a flurry of punches before ending the combination with a swift yet powerful kick. The blow caused a gust of wind to ripple across the grassy hills for several miles, before the gale settled moments later and allowed the half-Saiyan to lower his leg to the ground.

Breathing in and out, Gohan allowed a grin to appear on his face and clenched his fists at his sides triumphantly. “Alright. I think I’m ready now.” The look in his eyes showed the world that he was ready to rock.

“Gohan! It’s time to go!” the familiar call of a woman suddenly echoed from across the flats, drawing the boy’s gaze towards his home. “Come on now! We don’t want to be late!”

Seeing his mother adorned in her familiar purple and orange dress, carrying her purse with her hair all done up, was all the sign the young hybrid warrior needed to tell him that she was all set to head out.

An excited smile graced his lips, “Coming.” Dashing across the clearing, he skidded to a stop in front of the woman, whom he noted had been waiting patiently for him.

“So… are you all warmed up?” Chi-Chi asked, gazing proudly down at her son.

“Yep,” Gohan replied, his visage bright and full of energy. “I’ve been out here all morning working on my stuff. My senses are razor sharp and my fighting techniques are spot on.” With this, he knew without a shadow of a doubt that he was going to make a killing at the big event they were about to attend.

Hell, the entire world was going to be watching him. He needed to be in the best shape possible if he was going to make any sort of an impact on the stage that was waiting for them. Considering what he was capable of though, he knew that it wasn’t going to be that much of a problem.
“Well, that’s good to hear,” the Son mother nodded, turning to look down at her purse and checking to make sure she had everything. “Knowing that Trunks and the others are going to be there today, it would be really bad for you if you went into the ring all tired and spent. I sure hope you didn’t warm yourself up too much.”

Chi-Chi; concerned as always.

At this, Gohan grinned, “Don’t worry about me, mum. I’m feeling great today… better than great. My head is clear and I feel a lot stronger than I was four weeks ago. As long as I keep my eyes open and watch my punches, I know I’ll be able to make it to the finals, no problem.” When he looked up and saw her eyes fix upon him again, the boy’s eyes shimmered brightly. “By the way… thanks for letting me train in my free time, mum. It really means a lot to me.”

Her expression reflecting a momentary sense of surprise, the raven haired mother then broke out a loving smile, which she directed towards the youngster in front of her. “That’s alright, honey. As long as it makes you happy, then I don’t mind letting you out in the mornings and afternoons to work on your fighting skills. You are your father’s son after all… and I’d really hate to deprive you of the one part of him that the two of you love so much.”

In the days following the Cell Games, which had seen the death of his father and the greatest man he’d ever known, Gohan had come to the realization that in order to defend the earth from any new threats that happened to be lurking around the corner, he needed to keep on training and keep on getting stronger. Even though he and his friends had just pulled through one of the toughest trials they’d ever faced in the history of their group, the boy knew that even though the world was now at peace, the days of fighting weren’t over.

After all, it was big, wide universe out there. Although Cell had been defeated, there was a very real possibility that a being even more powerful and malicious than him might show up someday to throw the world into chaos.

With his father gone and the fate of humankind left in his hands, Gohan knew that he needed to take up the mantel that his dad had left behind, and fill in the enormous void that once belonged to Goku. So, with his father’s sacrifice still lingering in his mind, he’d approached his mother and asked her if he could continue training. Though she initially objected and put up one hell of a fight about it, Gohan eventually talked her down to letting him train in the mornings and afternoons, while leaving the bulk of his day to do his studies and help her out around the house.

Since he, his mother and grandfather were now the only ones living in the house, there were many gaps in their lives that needed to be occupied. It was for the best, not just for him and for them, but for everyone.

Despite the fact that Chi-Chi had agreed to Gohan’s terms, she still made it a point to remind him that he needed to focus on his studies as much as possible. Even though she seemed disappointed at the idea of her son training and fighting, the half-Saiyan still reckoned he saw a small glimmer of happiness reflected in her eyes when she finally conceded. It was a feeling that Chi-Chi only ever shown to her husband on the most uncommon of occasions, where his skills, strength and guiding hand had been needed most.

With her expression showcasing her own degree of excitement, the Son woman raised a hand and formed a tight fist, “Now remember son; pace yourself, don’t let your guard down, and don’t mess up. Because if you lose in the first round after all that training I let you do in the last several weeks, then I’m going to be very disappointed in you.”

A smile came to the youngster’s face, “I’ll win. I know I will.”
“Good.” Smiling, Chi-Chi gave a firm nod and puffed her chest out. “Now get out there and show the world what Son Gohan can do!”

The half-Saiyan grinned, “Yes, ma’am!”

The moment that declaration had been made, the pair then picked up the sound of an approaching engine and looked up to see a familiar yellow ship appear out of the clouds. Gazes locking onto it, the mother and son watched the craft descend to the grass in front of them, its engines blazing away and ruffling the clothes hanging on the nearby line, nearly blowing the towels away.

When the square-shaped vehicle eventually touched down and the jets reduced their thrust to a bearable level, both Gohan and Chi-Chi then saw the side door open up and the familiar face of Bulma Briefs pop into view.

“Oh hey there, you two. Ready to head off?” the boss of the universally renowned Capsule Corporation asked with a gleeful look on her face. Over the last few months the woman had grown her hair out and, today, was wearing a headband to push it all back, a pair of jean shorts, pearls, and a green fitting top that showed off her curves. Needless to say, she too was ready for the big day out.

“You bet,” Gohan exclaimed, greeting the woman with a gung-ho smile and a raised fist.

Bulma giggled at the youngster’s familiar grin and expression, “Glad to see you’re all pumped up. I can expect nothing less from the son of Goku. Hop aboard everyone.” With a quick wave the woman ducked back in, allowing the two Sons to approach the deck.

Stepping in through the hatch, the young half-Saiyan quickly spotted his lavender haired, time traveling Saiyan counterpart sitting in the passenger seat up front and waved, “Hey Trunks. What’s up?”

The older half-Saiyan, adorned in his familiar uniform consisting of black pants, yellow Capsule Corp. boots, blue vest, black singlet, and carrying his younger, baby-self securely in his arms, smiled back at his fellow hybrid and nodded, “Not much. Hey. Nice outfit.”

“Thanks. I thought I’d take a page out of my father’s book and decided to try out his colors for a change,” Gohan responded, tugging on the collar of his gi before helping his mother up the stairs. “I gotta say it’s been a while since I last wore this stuff.” The last time he remembered wearing this gear was back when he was four and training with Piccolo.

“Well, it looks very good on you, Gohan,” Bulma remarked from her place in the pilot’s seat, glancing back at the young warrior and strapping herself in. “I’m sure Goku would be very proud to see how far you’ve come.”

Beaming, the raven haired Saiyan hoped into a seat and buckled up as well, with Chi-Chi mimicking her son’s actions.

As soon as everyone was safely inside the transport and secured, Bulma shut the door, put her foot down and took off. The entire plane jerked to life as it lifted off the ground, climbed to a comfortable altitude and turned towards the horizon. Once the woman was certain they were pointed in the right direction, she fired the engines and gunned it, the plane blasting off into the distance.

As it turns out, everyone was excited today, and with good reason.

Because today, for one time only, all the fighters in the world would be partaking in the very first
For the raven haired, eleven-year-old girl sitting in the helicopter on route for Battle Island, the location of the largest martial arts tournament to be held in years, it was the most uncomfortable flight she’d ever been on. While the seat she was planted in was indeed very cushiony and the soda she’d gotten for the flight across the channel was delicious, the fact that she had to share the same space as Hercule Satan, the self-proclaimed strongest man in the world and the biggest oaf she’d ever seen in history, completely tarnished the experience for her.

While everybody else around the world worshipped this man as its savior for the deeds he supposedly accomplished during the Cell Games, this girl did not. Reason being, not only was he flirting incessantly with the waitress serving them beverages on the luxury chopper, which was taking them and the Cash family to their final destination, but because the man with the afro style cut was her father.

Seriously. What daughter in the world didn’t think that their father’s antics in public were embarrassing?

Videl certainly thought so.

Sitting there by the window with a sublime view of the landscape passing by underneath them, the tomboyish girl wearing yellow boots, blue jeans, long green top, red over-shirt, and her raven black hair wrapped into two high pigtails, tried her best to ignore her father’s loud, booming voice and focused on the world outside. However, try as she might, she just could not block out the irritating noises he and the giggling waitress were making, which had the girl snarl inwardly and glare across at her lump of an old-man.

“Honestly… does he ever stop?” Videl thought with a detestable frown. When she saw her father pull the woman into his lap and give another one of his signature laughs, the young girl emitted a groan of disgust and looked away. “If mum could see him right now, she would knock his perfectly white teeth right out of his mouth.”

It was a given truth. Ever since the end of the Cell Games, her father had done nothing but boast to every Tom, Dick and Harry that they ran into on the streets about his achievement, and pranced about like he was lord of heaven and earth. He sung tales of his heroic bravery to the news reporters that came to get tabs on him and to document his life, which not only bloated the man’s already massive ego, but embarrassed the raven haired girl to no end.

Knowing exactly who her father was and what he could do, Videl could say with a hundred percent certainty that the man was full of it.

“All of his fame and glory has gotten to his head,” the child thought, at the same time noticing the land disappear and be replaced by ocean. Knowing that they were coming upon their final marker, Videl began relishing the moment she would finally be able to get off this circus ride. “I hope somebody out there will come around and put my dad in his place.”

“Don’t you worry nothin’, doll! I’ll win this intergalactic competition with both hands tied behind my back!” Hercule bellowed out, making kissy faces with the bashful flight attendant in his lap and at the same time throwing Cash’s son across the way a victory sign. “After all, there’s nothing that the Champ can’t do! Am I right, little man?!”
“Yeah!” Cash’s son, a dorky looking kid with glasses and wearing a sailor’s uniform chirped while imitating the man’s gesture. “Hercule Satan’s the best!”

The show only seemed to annoy Videl even further.

“And soon,” the girl concluded. Moments later, the chopper began its final leg.

OOO

(Some time later)

To those who were just touching down on the island serving as the main location for the Intergalactic Martial Arts Tournament being sponsored by the richest man in the world, X.S Cash, it was almost like they were stepping into the wildest theme park ever. Seriously. It was crazy.

Jets were flying overhead, spewing colored smoke that formed into the head and face of Hercule Satan himself, before the formation of fast-moving craft came back around and cut the cloud to ribbons with their wings in an impressive display of supersonic speed and grace. On top of that, the entire sky was filled with the cloud bursts of fireworks being sent up one after the other, the sounds of their explosions drowned out by the cheers and clamor of the crowds of thousands of people far below.

The sound of festival music blaring away over the speaker phones rounded out the rest of the atmosphere of what could be considered the greatest party the world had ever seen.

On the mainland, people gathered together by the hundreds around countless festival stands and rides, all of which had been set up to accommodate for the large number of visitors arriving by the boatful from all four corners of the globe. Flowing between tents, buildings and carnival rides that were already teeming with excited customers, the ocean of fiesta goers inevitably spilled over to a large pontoon bridge crossing over a wide channel onto a large segment of earth that was, for all intents and purposes, the main stage for this fun gala.

The surface of Battle Island looked like a series of rocks that had been scrambled together and splattered atop a series of towers, pillars and platforms, the edifices of which seemed to blend seamlessly together into something akin to an M.C Escher masterpiece. Aesthetically, it was an impressive art piece. But as sound and flawless as the construct’s design appeared on the surface, the mass of land was in fact an artificial island that’d been built by X.S Cash as a theme park-slash-adventure park for the masses. Due to its specially built interior and elaborate outer shell, it’d recently been retrofitted to host a far more prestigious event the likes of which the world has never seen before.

The world’s largest martial arts competition in history, the once in a lifetime event featuring Mr. Satan himself, drew a ridiculously large crowd. Its many seats and balconies were already jam-packed with thousands of spectators, eagerly counting down the minutes left to the event’s first round of the proceedings.

If it weren’t for the island’s solid foundations, the entire thing would have caved in on itself. But thanks to its frame and attention to detail, the island held firm, and the atmosphere leading up to the main affair was getting hotter and hotter with every second that ticked by.

“Welcome one and all to Battle Island; home of the very first Intergalactic Martial Arts Tournament!” was the announcement that greeted all newcomers to the shores of the hunk of rock and metal. “Today, we will pit the strongest warriors this planet has to offer against the mettle of the most powerful warriors from all four corners of the galaxy, by putting them and the
These were the words that blasted from every speaker in the area as Gohan, Mirai Trunks, Bulma and Chi-Chi made their way through the thick of the crowd to their desired spots. Having arrived at the island only minutes ago, the four of them stepped off of their mode of transport, capsulated it and, after showing their tickets to the staff, made their way over to the registration desk. With the males leading the march, cutting a swath through the hundreds of patiently waiting attendees, the group eventually stopped at an intersection and took note of the sign that would send them down completely different pathways.

Moving left, the pair of mothers faced the two young men beside them who, in turn, also focused their attention on the women.

“Alright boys, good luck out there,” Bulma exclaimed, shouldering baby Trunks up her arms as the child cooed away, “And don’t forget to have fun.” If there was anything she knew about Saiyans, it was that these boys loved to fight.

Seeing the pair beam back in response, Chi-Chi nodded to them proudly, “But more importantly, don’t you dare let yourselves get beat. That goes double for you, young man.” She added to this by pointing down at her son.

Gohan grinned in response, “I promise I won’t let you down, mum.”

“We’ll be sure to put on a good show for you guys,” Trunks replied, giving the women a thumbs-up and watching them accept their words gladly.

“That’s the spirit,” Bulma giggled before turning to the raven haired woman beside her. “Come on, Chi-Chi. Let’s go grab ourselves something to eat and drink. I’m famished.”

“Sure.”

With one last wave, the two non-combatants turned heel and left, disappearing into the crowd seconds later. Upon seeing the two off, Gohan and Trunks then turned their attention to their path on the right and the ascending staircase that awaited them.

Even though it didn’t look it from a distance, this island was simply enormous. The place was just a maze of hallways, levels, balconies, and clogged with the distinct sensation of testosterone hanging in the air. That last bit of information was relevant to the two of them because the Saiyans could literally smell the competition surrounding them on all sides.

“Let’s go find the sign-up desk,” Gohan chirped, earning a nod of agreement from his time traveling friend. “We’ve got some time to kill until the tournament starts, but it would be best if we checked in before the station closes. They usually do that an hour or so before the start of the event.”

“It shouldn’t be too hard to find. Just follow the crowd,” Trunks replied.

“And look for a bunch of guys that are dressed like martial artists,” the other half-Saiyan added, coaxing a grin from the lavender haired man next to him.

Directions set, the pair were just about to get into traction until the sound of loud cheering drew their attention across the way. Following the sound of screams and the sight of dozens of people flocking towards the side of the main highway, they saw a helicopter land on one of the many platforms in the area. As soon as it touched down and the people had been ushered back by the security teams, they saw the door open and a very familiar face step into view.
Adorned in a flamboyant costume completely typical of a comic book superhero, with his gold lined belt flashing under the sun and cape bellowing on the wind, Hercule Satan made his grand appearance on the island. His manly roar drowned out the cries from his fans and drew the expected lightshow from the cameramen and news reporters circling around his transport.

With Gohan and Trunks’ gazes set on the gorilla of a martial artist, they completely missed the sight of the little girl that came to stand alongside him.

“Heh. Look who it is,” the Saiyan from the future chuckled, “The big man himself.”

“Gee,” the youngster next to him chimed in, “He really knows how to draw a crowd, doesn’t he?”

Seeing the people continue to flock to the champ now striking poses for the cameras, Mirai shrugged, “Well, as long as he clears the road for us, then I have absolutely no problems with this.” He then started forward, glancing back at the boy gazing curiously in the direction of the helicopter platform. “Come on. We’d better get a move on. Otherwise we’ll miss the registration.”

“Yeah.” Acknowledging his friend’s statement, Gohan quickly fell in step with him and the two hybrids headed up to the office.

Hopefully, somewhere along this road, they would bump into their other friends. Given the circumstances, they wouldn’t be surprised if they happened to run into them somewhere down this footpath or in the ring when the fighting started.

While the two half-Saiyans headed on their way, commotion over by the Hercule Express had reached its highest point yet. Marching down to the base of the helicopter, the world champion and self-proclaimed most powerful man in the world was almost instantaneously swamped by reporters.

“You guys! Champ! Over here!”

“Mister Satan! Can you tell us how you feel about the tournament today?!”

“Will you be participating in any of the preliminary rounds, Champ?”

“Champ! Diana from Channel 10: West City!” a woman with brown hair and wearing a pink suit spoke up as she jabbed her microphone towards the imposing ‘warrior’. “How do you feel about your chances in the ring with so many fighters flying in from all over the world to compete for the one-hundred million prize money?!”

Smiling smugly at the questions bombarding him from all sides, the towering martial artist with the afro cut and muttonchops stuck his nose in the air and answered the crowds with a booming voice. “Well, Diana. All I can really say is that it’s been a while since I’ve actually had to break a sweat during a fight. What I’m really hoping for today is to challenge the best that our planet has to offer and to test their mettle! The sucker would need the Gaul of a warrior of my stature to actually compete on equal terms with me; the undefeated and undisputed champion of the world!”

“So you’re saying your chances are pretty high then?” the woman asked again, at the same time catching sight of the billionaire X.S Cash and his family stepping out to join the world’s ‘strongest’ martial artist in the spotlight.

“That’s for my audience to decide,” Hercule exclaimed, pulling a tough-guy pose and giving a thumbs-down towards the commoners that lay before him. “What do you say, people? Do you think there is a person alive on this island who can trade blows with your savior?!”
“NO!” was the immediate, collective response from every single fan in sight.

“That’s what I thought! YEAAAAHHH!!!!” Hercule bellowed, throwing his fists into the air and drawing another chorus of cheers from the people.

Eyebrow twitching at the sheer volume of her father, which completely dwarfed the outcry of the audience, the cool-looking Videl exhaled in annoyance before deciding to head off. Her sudden vacating of Hercule’s right flank drew the big man’s immediate gaze after her.

“Uhh… Videl… w-where are you going, sweet pea?” the man whispered after her.

Eyes shut in an effort to ignore the reporters and camera flashes, the eleven-year-old stopped in her tracks, “I’m going to check out the island… and maybe find a seat up in one of the bleachers.”

“But uhh… we both got front row seats up in Mr. Cash’s personal skybox,” Hercule replied, completely confounded by why his daughter was leaving so hastily, “What better spot on the island is there than on a roving, five-star lookout with lobsters and caviar?” By this point in time, the reporters had also noticed the raven haired girl standing ahead of their beloved hero and, within seconds, began snapping pictures of her from all sides.

“Anywhere, as long as it’s away from you,” the clearly embarrassed girl replied, mumbling the last part under her breath.

“Huh? Did you say something, sugar bee?”

“Whatever dad,” Videl waved back, restarting her trek into the crowd and out the other side. “Have fun up in the penthouse.”

Hercule watched his daughter make her way through his army of followers, passing by a few of the reporters and a photographer who thought it would be a good idea to try and get a shot of the Champ’s daughter up close. His camera flash resulted in his hundred-zeni equipment being snatched out of his grip and dropped to the floor by the child, an action which effectively cracked the lens.

“I wonder what’s gotten into her,” X.S Cash’s representative for the event, a man in a dark, striped suit and slicked back hair thought out loud.

“She seems to be a little bit upset,” Mrs. Cash, a fair woman in a white sundress and wide hat remarked while bringing her hand up to her lips troublingly. “Don’t you think so, dear? Maybe the flight over the ocean made her ill.”

“Or perhaps she was simply overcome by the excitement of this tournament,” the billionaire himself, a portly man with dark hair, mustache, square glasses and purple suit spoke up, at the same time adjusting one of the many diamond rings on his hand. “Her father is the savior of the world after all. I’m not surprised that someone as young as her would feel a little bit intimidated in the presence of the most powerful man in existence… even if she is Mr. Satan’s daughter.”

“Heh. Ain’t that the truth?” his attendant chuckled.

At first scratching his head over his daughter’s rather disgruntled mood, Hercule then shrugged it off and returned to bolstering his ego in front of the crowd. “Oh well… CHECK OUT THIS POSE, LADIES! HA-HA! WATCH ME FLEX THE BIG GUNS!” And that’s exactly what he did. “BOOM! BANG! FIRE POWER, YEAH!”

With the crowd’s clamor starting up again and all attention fixing upon the earth’s hero, everyone
completely missed the sight of Videl stopping to glare back at her father on the platform. Taking in his usual antics for several seconds more, the girl groaned under her breath and continued on walking, deciding to lose herself in the madness of her surroundings.

She sighed, “He’s such an idiot.”

Whatever happened to the humble young man that her mother fell in love with all those years ago? Taking into account all of the things that’d happened recently, Videl had no doubt in her mind that the man she could hear standing out in the crowd of vultures was nothing more than a shadow of his former self. After watching the events of the Cell Games on television, all the way up to the point the reception cut out, even the daughter of the world’s supposed hero found it hard to believe she was even related to the guy.

Seeing him flaunt about his home on a daily basis with a new woman every day and witnessing what he was like off camera made Videl believe that there was no way her dad could be the savior of anything.

She was perhaps one of the only people in the world who believed this.

Having grown tired of the man’s antics on their flight over, Videl decided to dismiss any and all other thoughts of her father and focused on something else. She wanted to go find a seat in the commoner’s stands to watch the battles in peace, and that was exactly what she intended to do.

OOO

(Sometime Later)

After successfully locating the registration desk, Gohan and Trunks lined up with the rest of the competitors and spent the next several minutes chatting away and waiting patiently for the counter to free up. Once both of them had their names written down and had received the numbers of the platforms they’d been assigned to, with about an hour or so left to kill on their watches, the two young males then decided to go try and find the others and maybe grab something to eat before the fights started.

While Mirai headed in his own direction to locate the familiar ki he could sense scattered around the place, the younger Saiyan marched straight for the food court. There, he quickly found himself in the center of a buffet paradise, with fast food stalls and cafes dominating his line of sight on all sides.

Taking note of the center space, which was filled with dozens of outdoor tables and seats, all of which were occupied by hundreds of visitors, Gohan took a moment to scan the area for ki signatures.

His senses homing in on a group of familiar presences, the spiky haired youngster brightened up when his eyes landed on the little mime, anthropomorphic pig, and elderly man seated around one of the outdoor tables. Without a moment’s hesitation, the half-Saiyan quickly jogged on over to them.

“Oolong. Master Roshi. Chiaotzu. Hey!” the young warrior exclaimed, skidding to a stop at their table.

The moment their names were called, the original members of Goku’s crew turned to greet the beaming young man.

“Why, if it isn’t young Gohan,” the old turtle hermit spoke, his red sunglasses flashing at the sight
of the familiar male in orange.

“I knew I’d find you guys somewhere around here! What’s up?”

“Not much kid. Just shooting the breeze and checking out the competition,” Oolong responded, at the same time sparing a glance towards a cute young blonde in a halter top and figure hugging jean shorts walk by their table. The giggle he and Master Roshi gave when they saw her amble away had Gohan glance after her as well, but then shrug it off moments later. “We’ve got a lot of potential customers popping up here and there, so you know we’ve got a lot of information to sift through. Other than that, things have been going great.”

Ignoring the pig’s off-beat comments, Chiaotzu, sitting quietly with a can of ice tea in his hands, smiled up at the much taller half-Saiyan. “What about you, Gohan? Have you already signed up for the competition?”

“Yeah. Trunks and I put our names down just a few minutes ago, so we’re both good,” the young man responded immediately, thumbing over his shoulder. “We were both assigned to different blocks, so we’ll be splitting up before the starting bell.”

“Oh. So Trunks is here as well, is he?” Master Roshi chuckled with a smile breaking through his beard. “This competition sure has gotten interesting.”

“Yeah, and with Krillin, Yamcha, Tien and Piccolo in it, you know things are going to get rough,” Oolong chimed in, bringing up his soda and taking a swig of it. Exhaling afterwards, he then swirled his drink sagely. “Let’s face it; this tournament isn’t big enough for the six of them. At least a couple of our boys are going to get knocked off the charts in the first round.”

“Meh, probably,” Master Roshi murmured.

Positively beaming with delight, Gohan then felt something fluffy brush past his ear and looked over his shoulder to see the familiar blue form of Puar hover into view.

“Gohan!” the floating cat squeaked, at the same time throwing himself at the boy in a hug.

Giggling at his other friend’s greeting, the youthful half-Saiyan gently pushed the shapeshifter away, “Hey, Puar. Good to see ya. How’re you doing?”

“Great! Yamcha’s been doing great as well.”

“Really?”

The floating shape shifter nodded enthusiastically. “Yeah. He’s been really excited about this tournament and has been talking about it for days.”

“Heh. Of course he was… until he heard that Piccolo had entered the competition to fight against you and the others. After that, his mood just did a complete nosedive,” Oolong remarked, shaking his head at the man who was once considered a strong member of their group many, many years ago. “How the mighty have fallen.”

“Ah, don’t say that Oolong. I think Yamcha’s got a really good chance in this tournament,” Gohan chirped, beaming down at the pig thinking so poorly of their comrade. “He may not exactly be on Piccolo’s level, but he’s definitely in the same league as Tien and Krillin. If he’s willing to give it a shot, I think he could give either of them a run for their money.”

“Whatever you say kid,” the pig shot back with a smile. “It is a hundred million big ones after all.
Anyone’s bound to put up a good fight for that. But as long as you, Trunks and Piccolo are in this tournament, I just don’t see him or anybody else making it past the preliminaries.”

Gleeful at the banter he was able to share with his companions, Gohan spent a few minutes chatting with them before deciding to duck out and grab a snack. Trotting over to one of the stalls with the shortest lines, the young half-Saiyan found himself rocking back and forth on his heels and checking out the items on the menu. Licking his lips at the sight of some yakisoba being made at the stove, the boy moved a few steps closer and had his gaze drawn to the young man working at the counter.

It was then he noticed the raven haired girl with the pigtails standing directly in front of him.

“I would like some ice tea and dango please,” the girl in the red shirt and long green sleeves spoke.

The worker in the café style uniform smiled and jabbed the order into his till, “That’ll be ten zeni, thanks.”

Reaching into her pocket, the eleven-year-old spent a couple of seconds patting around her jeans before a murmur escaped her lips. “Hey. W-What the?” Moments later, Videl threw her head up and groaned, “Ah, damn it. I left my wallet back at home.” Why the hell did she do that?

Every time she went out she never forgot to bring her wallet with her. But on the very day that she and her father were flying out to one of the biggest events in the history of the world, she’d gone on and left it on her desk by her laptop. She figured since they would be dining with X.S Cash the entire day she wouldn’t need it for anything and had forgone standard morning preparations.

She had nobody to blame for this one but herself.

Cursing while the man behind the serving desk waited patiently for the girl to make a decision, Gohan, who’d been observing the commotion from behind, heard the girl’s plight loud and clear and looked between her and the cashier troublingly. Recognizing that the girl had no money with her and was now looking forlornly towards the register, Gohan made the quick and easy decision to help her out.

Being the kindhearted soul that he was, there was no way he could leave someone hanging like this, even if they were a complete stranger.

Fishing into his pocket for some bills, the boy stepped forward and held the money out to the man. “I’ll pay for it.” His words surprising Videl and the worker, Gohan smiled towards the teen and stood up to full height. “That was ten zeni for an ice tea and dango, right? That’s cool. Could I also get some yakisoba chicken noodles and a bottle of water with that please?”

Quickly shaking out of his daze, the service man smiled, “No problem, sir.” Taking the money, the young worker processed it through the machine and handed Gohan his change. “Please wait off to the right for your orders. They should be ready shortly.” Once the coins were dropped into his palm, the half-Saiyan and the raven haired girl stepped aside, allowing the next couple of people to make their picks.

Sensing a set of eyes on him, Gohan looked across to see the girl standing alongside him still staring up at his face with a bewildered gaze in play. Balking slightly at the sight of her striking blue eyes, the young hybrid smiled, “Hey.”

“You didn’t have to do that for me, you know,” Videl spoke, still reeling a bit from the boy’s gesture of kindness.
While she wouldn’t have minded if she didn’t get anything, since she could probably make her way back over the X.S Cash’s luxury skybox if she wanted something to eat or drink, it’d still come as a bit of a shock to her that somebody, a person she’d never even met before, had come out of nowhere and used his own money to purchase food for her. In her many years of going out into the big city and shopping for the very few things that she needed, Videl had never seen or had someone do that for a complete stranger, let alone her.

The fact that it was a boy around her age, someone who probably wouldn’t have had Good Samaritan approach as the first thing on their mind, that’d done it for her, came as an even bigger surprise to her.

“I could have paid for the stuff myself.”

Gohan gave her a look, “Huh? B-But I thought you said you’d forgotten your wallet and that you didn’t have any money with you. You also looked pretty upset about it, so I decided to help you out.”

“Yeah, well…” Hesitating at first, the girl then threw the boy a momentary glare, “I would have found a way to pay for the food and drink myself. Alright? You didn’t have to step in and use your money to buy the stuff that I wanted to get. Normal people don’t do that for others.” Not unless they were some kind of alien from outer space that lacked the concept of social interaction. Videl folded her arms and looked away, “I would have been just fine on my own.”

“A-Alright,” Gohan replied, deflating slightly as his gaze fixed onto the ground at his feet.

Noticing the boy’s sudden shift in mood, Videl saw the young man’s face turn from a once cheerful, farm-boyish vision of brightness to one of hurt and discomfort. It was almost as if his act of helping her had ended up hurting the person he was aiding, which in turn reflected on his actions.

Quickly realizing she may have been a bit too harsh on him in her remarks, Videl took a moment to reconsider her words and looked away shamefacedly, “I’m… really sorry. I shouldn’t have responded like that. You did just pay for my food and drink after all.” She then glanced across at the young man to see him look up at her in surprise. “Th-Thank you.”

His brain processing her words of gratitude, Gohan then broke out his widest grin and nodded back to her happily. “You’re welcome.”

Beaming at seeing the cheerfulness return to his expression, which in turn brightened up her own mood as if she were standing by the sun itself, the raven haired girl turned to face him fully. “My name’s Videl. What’s your name?”

“Gohan,” the boy chirped in response, at the same time staring gladly towards the teen. “It’s… really nice to meet you.”

“It’s nice to meet you too.”

The pair shared a smile with one another, an exchange that had them caught up for the longest of pauses.

They were so engrossed with staring at the person in front of them that they almost completely missed the sound of their orders being called out from the stand.

(TO BE CONTINUED)
"So... how's the tournament coming along, King Kai?" the familiar, chirpy voice of Goku spoke up, drawing his mentor's gaze over to him and across the large mountain sticking up out of the clouds. Seeing the Saiyan approach, the Kai of the North took note of the enormous pile of food he was also carrying in his arms, "Has it started yet? Did I miss anything?"

"Not quite. They've just closed the registration desk and are setting up the arenas for all of the fighters," the Kai replied, hands folded over his stomach as he sat there on the deck chair with his eyes once again fixing upon the television crackling away in front of him. "I gotta say this is a pretty big tournament... much bigger than any of the other ones I remember seeing on earth before."

"I know. It's exciting, isn't it?" the Saiyan bearing the halo exclaimed, stopping behind his teacher. "Every year more and more people turn up to compete. How many fighters are there at this one?"

"Hmm... I'd say around roughly... two hundred strong."

"Two hundred?" Goku whistled, his eyes reflecting his amazement, "The prize money must be pretty awesome to draw in that big of a crowd."

"Yeah. Most of the people that'd signed up for the competition are more interested in winning the cash prize than fighting the 'Champ' and his 'alien' compatriots," King Kai snorted. He'd seen what the visitors from outer space looked like through the television and, curious as ever, decided to hone in on them to determine whether or not they were the genuine article. Sadly, they weren't. They were just a bunch of Hercule's top students dressed in ridiculous costumes that no man on the face of the planet would be caught dead in. The reality of the situation had King Kai sigh in disappointment. "The days where warriors fought for honor and glory are long gone now."

"You think so?" Goku asked.

A smile spread across the North Kai's lips, "Well... that may be true for most people, but your friends and family are a different story."

Oh yes, how could he forget about the Z-Fighters? Out of all the martial artists on the planet, their group was the only one who really fought for the sheer fun of it (the strongest ones anyway). Gohan, Piccolo, Vegeta, Tien... for them fighting was a passion and a way of life. This went double for Goku and triple for the Prince of Saiyans, who took things like honor and pride to a whole other level.

Even Gohan had taken on more of his father's qualities.

Speaking of which..."Hey, how's my son doing?" Goku asked while gleefully looking into the magic box, watching the
images of the island stadium's numerous platforms flicker by. "He's in this tournament too. Is he feeling okay?"

"Oh, your son is doing just fine," King Kai responded, glancing at the man eagerly peering over his shoulder. "He's been training really hard for the last few weeks and he's been getting stronger ever since his battle against Cell. I have to say, he's made some excellent progress."

"Chi-Chi's letting Gohan train?" Goku was especially surprised at this news, which saw him gawking across at his mentor. "S-Since when?"

"Since he talked her into letting him over a month ago," King Kai snorted, watching as the camera switched over to another part of the island. "That boy of yours sure is something else. He's grown into a fine young warrior with a big heart. If you ask me, he's starting to look more and more like you each day. With that bright smile and passion for fighting, he's almost the spitting image of a younger you."

Smiling proudly, the spiky haired, orange-clad Goku beamed down at the screen as the intermission period continued, "Yeah. That's my boy alright. It's a shame I can't be down there with him."

King Kai then threw him a witty look, "Are you saying that because you want to be with your son… or because you want to participate in the tournament?"

"Both," was Goku's first response before his expression softened greatly. The twinkle in his eye was more than enough to tell the blue-skinned overseer of their quadrant what the man was really thinking, "But I'd rather be with my family more than anything else."

This brought a smile to all those who were listening, including Gregory and Bubbles who were messing around at the cards table behind them. Even though Goku had chosen to remain in the netherworlds to protect his family and friends from any and all enemies that were likely to come after him, they could still see that the Saiyan missed being with his loved ones. It had been a harsh and difficult decision for him to make, even if the earth's greatest hero had practically labeled himself as a jinx. All the same, everyone believed that it was for the best.

He said that he would come back whenever he could and until then he was going to have to be ready to face the aggravated storm that was his wife. Boy… was Chi-Chi going to be mad.

As they continued to watch the screen intently from their positions, the pair then saw the feed flip over to one of the random roaming cameras in another part of the island. Recognizing the familiar environment of an enormous food court, King Kai and Goku spent a moment admiring the festive setup with interest before both their expressions suddenly switched to looks of surprise.

Sitting right there at one of the tables, they saw Gohan eating and chatting animatedly with a girl with raven black hair and pig tails around the same age as him.

Seeing the pair giggle at what they deduced was a little joke, King Kai's sunglasses flashed mischievously, "Hello? What's this?"

"Hey! It's Gohan," the Saiyan exclaimed in delight, before his gaze fell upon the newcomer, "Huh? Who's that? I don't think I've ever seen her before."

"It looks like your son's made a new friend," the otherworld trainer remarked, a statement which brought a look of pleasant awe followed by a wide grin to Goku's face moments later.

OOO
If getting onto the island was hard enough, finding a spot in the stands overlooking the various battle platforms to watch the fights was even tougher. This was especially the case for both Chi-Chi and Bulma, who, after purchasing some snacks and beverages from one of the food stands in their area, quickly headed up to one of the higher levels to find a seat. Having to navigate their way through countless civilians flocking in the exact same direction, the pair eventually secured a spot in one of the upper balconies right at the front.

It'd been a stroke of luck. After making themselves comfortable, the two mothers only had to wait a short while before the announcer's voice blared out across the island via the enormous intercom system that'd been setup.

"Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for your patience! We will now be starting the first round of the tournament!" the loud, charismatic voice of the primary mediator spoke up, drawing a loud cheer from the thousands of people scattered across the landmass. "All fighters please make their way to their assigned platforms to begin the preliminaries!"

"Alright! It's starting," Bulma exclaimed, with the crowd behind her sharing similar phrases and remarks of enthusiasm. With her infant son held securely in her arms, the blue haired woman turned to smile across at her friend. "Let's see if we can spot the others as they're coming out."

"Yeah. That shouldn't be too hard," Chi-Chi replied, leaning forward with her companion to begin scanning the blocks one after the other. "All we have to do is look for the most unique and outstanding group in the competition," And the one that would be, in relative terms, kicking the most ass.

For the next fifteen minutes following the message, the two women watched on as hundreds upon hundreds of martial artists poured out into the open and onto the various open stages that would serve as the arenas for the first round of opening fights. Each one of these elevated platforms represented a block on the tally that the fighters were assigned to, and it was here that the competitors would decide who would be moving on to the quarter finals through a series of eight separate battle royale matches. Since there were over two-hundred fighters present, all of whom had been randomly assigned to each platform, the crowds were almost guaranteed to get one hell of a show.

As they were watching more fighters spill out into the arenas, Chi-Chi's face lit up and she pointed towards one of the tower rings, "Hey, I can see Krillin." He wasn't that hard to miss; short, bald, with the trappings of a monk and wearing the signature orange and blue uniform of the Turtle School. With Bulma also spotting her friend of years past waving towards the crowd, the two women beamed with joy, "Heh. Check it out. He looks pretty upbeat today."

"Yeah. I figured out of our entire group, he would be the first to show up for this tournament. Since he and Goku participated in so many of the World Martial Arts Championships together, it doesn't surprise me one bit to see him at this one. It must be his way of honoring the memory of his best friend," Bulma commented, a warm smile reflected on her face before her eyes suddenly rolled moments later, "That or the enormous prize money dragged him down here."

Chi-Chi giggled, "He probably thought nobody else from our team would be signing up for the event and put his name down under the impression that this was going to be a walk in the park. Too bad for him that Gohan and Trunks wanted to come along as well."

Both unanimously agreeing that it was the prize money that had called the Z-Fighters here, except...
for maybe a couple of them, both Bulma and Chi-Chi went back to scanning the mob of fighters.

"There's Yamcha!" Bulma called out, pointing across to the third stage to see her orange-wearing ex-boyfriend ambling out into the open.

"Yeah. And there's Tien," Chi-Chi chimed in, pointing towards a third platform across the way where the three-eyed man could be seen standing on the edge of the crowd with his arms crossed. "Cool as a cucumber, as usual. He's probably one of the only people here who's not interested in the prize money at all. He's just looking for a good fight."

"And if those two are here, then that means Oolong, Puar and the others must be somewhere around here as well," the blue haired woman added, while glancing across at her best friend with a smile. "I don't see Chiaotzu on any of the arenas. Maybe he's sitting out on this one."

Seeing as how the short, mime-like fighter wasn't able to keep up with the others too well anymore, it made perfect sense to the pair that he would prefer to watch the fights rather than participate in them. Nobody thought any less of him for it and nobody was going to hold his decision against him.

"Ah. Check it out. Another familiar face just rocked up," the scientist chirped when she glanced at another grand stage to her far left.

When her eyes landed on the same area, a low groan escaped Chi-Chi's lips, "Well, if it isn't Mr. Piccolo." The young woman sighed, "Figures he'd be out and about. He must have caught wind of the tournament over the airways and decided to come down here for a bit of fun." The prize money obviously didn't beckon the Namekian here. What would an alien warrior from another planet and a former Demon King who only drank water possibly need with a hundred million zeni?

Despite having come to tolerate Piccolo and view him as an old family friend, Chi-Chi still felt a little iffy about him at times. Maybe he was just a little too strange for the Son mother to really become attached too… or maybe because his aloof personality made him close to unapproachable. She was learning more towards the latter than the former.

After seeing Trunks roll out onto one of the platforms above Krillin's, Bulma's smile brightened, "Well… that should be everybody. The only one I don't see out there yet is Gohan."

"He's probably still wandering around the food court or exploring the island," Chi-Chi wondered out loud, shaking her head and looking across at the blue haired scientist. "Just like his father. He thinks more with his gut than he does with his brain." Her expression then blinked to one of confusion as she watched the young mother make funny faces to her giggling son. "Speaking of fathers, didn't you ask Vegeta if he wanted to come along?"

This question quickly had Bulma frown and look towards the platforms exasperatedly, "Hmph. No way. The guy's been moping around the house every day for the past month. He's not even going out to train anymore. I don't know what's gotten into him."

Chi-Chi, giving it a moment of consideration, looked back over the railings in front of her solemnly, "He hasn't been the same since Goku died."

After several moments of thought, the raven haired woman decided that they'd had enough negativity and decided to brighten the mood a little. Sucking it up, the Ox King's daughter reached into her purse and pulled out two fans with the words 'Son' and 'Victory' imprinted on each one. Since she was here to support her number one, she was going to give it her all and make sure he had all the positive energy he needed to win.
All she needed to complete the equation was a son to support who, as of right now, was still absent from the arena.

OOO

(Meanwhile)

Beaming across at the raven haired girl on the other side of the table, Gohan set his chopsticks down and folded his arms on the surface of it, "So you're a martial artist as well, huh?"

"Yeah. I've been learning how to fight ever since I was four years old. That was back when my dad was training for the next World Martial Arts Tournament and was still living in a small house with my mum," the raven haired girl said, fumbling about with her used kebab sticks before setting them and her plate aside. "He was a great man back then. Dad taught me all of the moves and techniques I needed to know and for the past several years I was the best student in his class. But… recently I stopped taking his group sessions and started training by myself."

"Hmm? Why's that?"

Videl shrugged and looked away with an off-handed gesture, "Let's just say that I've grown a little tired of his teaching practices and everyday shenanigans. It was all fun and games at first and I loved hanging out with my dad… but then he started acting all high-and-mighty the more famous he got, and I decided to follow my own training regimen. I wanted to expand my horizons and learn other forms of fighting that didn't involve his showboating… so that's what I did… and it's what I'm still doing."

"Oh." Puzzled by her rather off-put response, the spiky haired hybrid leaned forward, "Who is your dad, anyway?"

Glancing across at the boy to see his curious gaze staring back at her, the girl breathed a sigh and turned to face him fully, "You should know him. Hell, the entire world knows who he is and what he supposedly did." She then gave him a serious look, "My father's the 'great' Hercule Satan: the Champion of the World and the man who defeated the earth's greatest terror, Cell."

Gohan had the sense of mind to blink in surprise, "Really?"

Videl nodded and turned away irritably once more, "Yeah. The one and only." After that, her mind started to work and her displeasure started to sink in. "Great. Now this really nice boy I just met is gonna start fawning over me like everybody else I run into. Damn it…" She mentally bumped herself in the head for messing up what could have been something great.

However, after a minute of waiting for the praise and exclamations she was expecting to receive from the energetic adolescent, Videl then looked up in confusion when she got nothing. Eyes slowly panning over to the youngster, she saw he was still sitting there, in his seat, with the same innocent look he'd worn while he'd been listening to her for the past hour.

After a moment of silence, the raven haired girl recoiled, "W-What?"

"Oh. Nothing," Gohan answered quickly and smiled once again, "I just wanted to ask what other fighting styles you were interested in practicing. That's all."

"Huh?" Videl was baffled, "Y-You don't care that my dad is the world champion; the man who single-handedly defeated the greatest terror of our age?"

"Hmm?" the young demi-Saiyan pulled back a little before cheering up a second time, "Oh. Yeah. I
think it's great that your dad is super famous and all, but I'm more interested in hearing about you and what you like."

"Uh… buh…" The girl was speechless, unable to form an articulate word in her mouth. After a few attempts, she then shook herself out of her reverie and stared back at the grinning youngster in disbelief, "B-But why? Surely I can't be as interesting as my dad. Don't you want to ask me about him and all the stuff he does?"

"Well… umm… how can I put this?" Gohan then regarded the girl with a bit more consideration and a sincere gaze. "I can tell from looking at you that you don't like how your dad acts and that you don't want to talk about him right now. If I'm being honest, I don't really want to talk about your dad either." He then tilted his head and sent her a disarmingly friendly smile, "I'd rather just listen to you and chat about stuff we're both interested in, you know… and get to know each other a little better."

After looking him in the eyes to determine whether or not the boy was messing with her, Videl stared back at him in amazement. "H-He really isn't interested in my dad at all." From his sincere remarks and cheerful statements, Videl could only blink and gulp. "Really? You just want to… talk about other things?"

"Yeah," Gohan nodded promptly and gave the girl a warm smile. "I think you're a really interesting person with a lot of different hobbies and interests. I don't live too close to the city and I don't go out to town very often. You're also one of the first kids I've met outside of my area who's as passionate about fighting as I am." He then grinned and leaned across the table, causing the girl to pull away a little. "I think its super cool that you want to learn more about martial arts outside of your father's classes. You must be super talented if you're able to train all by yourself."

Taken aback by Gohan's exclamations and how close his face suddenly became to hers, Videl was quick to process the youngster's words and look the kid square in the eyes. Noticing every intricate detail of his profile from her proximity with him, from his friendly smile, to his boyish nose, to his honest gaze and to his locks of wild black hair framing his face, the girl felt her breath unexpectedly catch in her throat and looked away momentarily.

Feeling her cheeks warm, Videl shuffled uncomfortably on the spot and smiled, "Th-Thanks."

"No problem."

Before either one of them could say anything else and continue on with their banter, the speakers in the food court blared into life once again and drew their focus upwards. "Attention all fighters; please report to your assigned platforms. The preliminary rounds will be starting in five minutes."

"Oh! Right! The fights!" Gohan exclaimed, quickly leaping to his feet and moving towards the exit. Stopping for but a moment, he turned back to the table and grinned across at Videl, "I have to get going now."

Stumped by the boy's sudden haste, the raven haired girl spluttered and stood up, "W-Wait. You're participating in this tournament?"

"Yeah," the half-Saiyan responded immediately without hesitation. "My friend Trunks and I signed up together and were given separate blocks for the first half of the tournament. Maybe after we get through the first round I'll be able to meet up with him in the quarter finals and have a match with him."
Videl had to resist the urge to stumble, "B-But… you're just a kid! And there are hundreds of other fighters out there." Massive ones too. That Doskoi sumo wrestler in particular was terrifyingly huge.

"Yeah… but that doesn't mean I can't try," Gohan replied, giving the girl a salute. "I'll see you later, yeah?"

At first appearing stunned, Videl slowly managed to pull herself out of her stupor and float back down to earth. Initially hesitant when figuring out a way to respond to the demi-Saiyan, the young fighter in training then gave the beaming boy a smile and a nod, before then raising her hand in a timid wave. "O-Okay. Good luck, Gohan."

With one final gesture of his own, the gutsy Z-fighter took off and vanished into the crowd, leaving Videl standing alone by the table.

Upon seeing him disappear, the girl remained there in silence for a few moments. Videl fingered her empty bottle of tea, looking down at it while thinking about the young man and everything they'd talked about. No doubt, Gohan was the nicest boy she'd ever come across and, whenever she'd seen him smile, it'd brought one to her lips as well. The hour they'd spent eating and chatting with one another had been the most fun she'd had on an outing in a long time.

And damn it, they didn't even exchange contact details! How was she going to find him again should he suddenly up and leave?

After thinking it over some more, Videl then made the unanimous decision as to what she was going to do next and, slapping her hand on the table, turned her gaze towards the exit.

"I'm going to watch him fight." Hell, what else had she come here to do? Sit in the food court the entire time and sulk? While this day was really all about her dad, the 'aliens' and the competition that'd been lined up for them, after meeting Gohan and getting to know him a little, Videl now had somebody else in this wacked up, acid trip of a tournament to support.

It didn't hurt that she was also very curious about him and really wanted to see what a boy of his disposition could do. Not just anybody their age signed up to fight in a tournament with over two hundred strong fighters also participating. For all she knew, he had some secret weapon he was hiding.

So, leaving her plate and bottle where it was, the girl quickly abandoned the table and dashed out towards the nearest balcony, disappearing into the crowd just as Gohan had minutes before.

OOO

(A little while later)

The moment the starting gun was fired, the whole of Battle Island exploded into a frenzy of excited cries and flying fists as all across the various disk-shaped arenas, every single fighter in sight went at each other all at once. From top to bottom of the oddly designed stadium, the audience watched on excitedly as the two-hundred plus martial artists began battling one another in a fantastic display of strength, agility and skill for a spot in the quarter finals of the competition, while at the same time trying to avoid getting pushed into the surrounding ocean.

As stated by the announcer, the rules of the preliminaries were simple. On each stage, over two dozen contestants would fight one another in a series of free style, free-for-all battle royals. Fighters are disqualified if they fainted, surrendered, or fell into the sea. The last one standing on
each stage would move on to the quarter final rounds for a shot at the championships. Killing is prohibited of course, as was the use of weapons.

Right from the get-go, every single combatant threw themselves into the fray, dashing across their spaces in an effort to engage and take down as many opponents as they could. On one ring, the massive sumo wrestler Doskoi took on an entire swath of fighters attempting to force him over the edge. Managing to turn the tide with a quick reversal, he instead picked up the main balk of the group and shoulder tossed them over the side. The maneuver earned him a spirited cheer from the audience, who went on to watch the many other engagements taking place over the other platforms.

No man or woman was left out, as groups of fighters squared off against one another in heated one-on-one exchanges or all-on-one bouts with the most imposing competitors in their fields. It was a messy start at first what with the amount of bodies taking up each of the arenas, but when the warriors managed to find their speed, spaces and targets, the simultaneous battles quickly started to gain a little more traction.

For the Cash family overseeing the tournament from their roving skybox, the mother and father were completely invested in their fights, while their son was more interested in Hercule and his afro.

"You know, hair like this doesn't grow on trees. It takes a lot of tender care and special conditioners to actually get it like this," the man exclaimed to the glasses-wearing youngster, who was currently devouring a bowl of ramen like there was no tomorrow.

The Z-Fighters on the other hand, were having a ball in the madness of it all. Unlike in the tournament that'd been hosted by the maniacal Cell, this competition didn't have the entire world, population, or the fate of the universe at stake. Instead, it was an enormous free for all where each of the group's members could, for the first time in a long time, battle how they wanted and have some fun.

Krilllin was especially enjoying himself, bounding across his platform which had a continually moving surface and clearing the stage of every single fighter in sight. The competition on his end was so easy in fact that he didn't even need to put any effort into his attacks. He just jumped from one block to the next in an invisible blur, knocking out guys with a gentle poke of his finger and backhanding them over the side of the platform.

A hearty laugh escaped his lips when he flicked a guy between the eyes and sent him tumbling into the sea, before placing his fists on his hips heroically. "That's Krillin with two 'L's' and I do accept personal checks. Thank you." Was pretty much his introduction while ducking a boxer coming in from his blind spot and effortlessly kicking him into the sky.

Unfortunately, the young monk's celebrations were cut short by a loud yet familiar cheer echoing in from the sidelines.

"GO GOHAN!"

Krilllin's head snapped to his left where he saw, standing on one of the balcony's railings, his best friend's wife Chi-Chi waving a pair of fans around her in cheerleading fashion, while at the same time drawing odd gazes from the people behind her.

"BEAT EM' ALL! YOU CAN DO IT!"

The short fighter stammered in disbelief, "What? Gohan's fighting? But he's a Super Saiyan! That's
not fair!" In fact, it wasn't fair for anyone. As it stood, Goku's son was currently the strongest man on the face of the planet and probably the entire universe.

In an instant, Krillin's confidence plummeted like a rock.

The feeling of despondency only seemed to gain weight when, moments later, the Z-fighter's ears caught on to the sound of a familiar battle roar. Looking to his right, Krillin then saw dozens of stunned fighters flying into the ocean one after the other, with the echo of rapid-fire blows reverberating across the island.

The sight and the presence of a powerful ki signature had Krillin pale.

"P-Piccolo too?" The man then glanced up with tears in his eyes. "Where's Trunks? Make it a full set." As soon as he said that, a swath of bodies crashed into the ground behind him, causing Krillin to spin around and look up. When he did, he freaked out when he saw, on the platform high above, the lavender haired face of Trunks peer over the side and smirk. The sight had Krillin scowl, "Me and my big mouth. This is now officially unfair!"

xxx

Standing at the railings of the balcony just outside of the food court, Videl gazed across the island in silent awe as the battles taking place on the various platforms took off. From one arena to the next she saw swarms of fighters ramming into one another to clash in a furious display of skill and power. The diversity of forms and styles was simply extraordinary.

On some stages she saw small fighters using speed and technique to take on larger and much slower opponents. On others she saw massive fighters using their size and bulk to either knock out their foes or toss them into the sea. Then there were the unorthodox fighters, who used various techniques from in-fighting based ones to out-fighting strategies to swiftly overpower or outpace their adversaries.

All in all, it was one hell of a skirmish between professionals.

Ignoring the great majority, including the strange, turban wearing green man dominating the competition on his platform and the three-eyed fighter knocking his opponents out in rapid succession, Videl's attention swiftly turned to the one Gohan was on.

Easily recognizable from his orange and blue garb she'd seen him wear in the food court and his wild, untamed black hair waving on the wind, the young girl saw the boy battling on the lowest platform closest to the sea. Despite there being so many other people around him, she was able to make him out for one reason and one reason only.

He was clearing house of all his opponents.

Eyes widening in amazement, the girl watched on as Gohan darted between fighters at ludicrous speed and took each and every one of them out with a series of lightning fast punches and kicks. It was almost like he was gliding across the surface of the arena, like he had wires holding him up or something. What's more, not only were his attacks shockingly fast, nearly untraceable to the human eye; he was also wearing a big smile on his face, as if the act of taking out his opponents meant nothing to him.

He was knocking them out one after the other seemingly without effort.

To put it into perspective, Videl was astounded.
"Wow. He… He's amazing," the girl whispered, before a wide grin spread across her lips and she thrust a fist into the air in encouragement. "Yeah! Go Gohan! Get em'!"

Her heart was pounding as she called out his name. Whether it was from the excitement of watching the many fights taking place or his in particular she didn't know. All Videl knew was that she wanted to see Gohan kick ass, win, and push his way clear through to the finals.

xxx

"I can't believe Gohan and Trunks entered the tournament. Just my luck," the melancholic voice of Yamcha spoke up as he lay across a large, arcing surface with his hands behind his head, completely ignoring the fighting taking place far below. "Ugh. One-hundred million beautiful zeni."

Having signed up for the preliminaries hoping for an outstanding streak, despite being aware that Tien and Krillin were also participating, the moment he heard that Piccolo was also entering the competition, the Z-fighter's enthusiasm from the beginning of the day dropped. Figuring he should have done this in the first place, Yamcha then reached out with his senses to see who else was there.

Sure enough, the man had then let out a groan of defeat when he sensed Gohan and Trunks in the area too. So, wallowing in a sea of self pity, the human fighter immediately flew up to the top of the massive pole on his arena and lay there to mope.

A heavy sigh escaped Yamcha's lungs, "Oh well. It was a nice dream while it lasted."

xxx

Bulma gave a sympathetic smile when she saw her ex appear on the television screen atop his arena's spire across from them. "Poor Yamcha. I wonder what's wrong. He seems to have lost his drive." She had a good idea as to what was probably gnawing at him. Chi-Chi did as well.

The Son mother smirked and turned away, "The competition must be overwhelming."

Feeling haughty herself, Bulma spared the woman a grin, "True. How can anyone expect to beat Trunks?"

Catching onto that snide remark, Chi-Chi immediately threw her best glare at the Brief mother, "Except Gohan!"

Lying in his mother's arms, the Baby Trunks, who'd previously been enjoying the scenery, then looked up worryingly when he saw the two women stand up and begin shooting daggers at one another. The scene soon turned incredibly worrisome for him and the people in the surrounding seats when they saw menacing auras appear around the mothers and electricity start to crackle between them.

In fact, the scene became so tense that everyone completely missed the sight of the massive Doskoi backhanding one of his opponents into the pillar Yamcha was lying on, bending it, and sending the Z-fighter plummeting into the ocean. The man had the common courtesy to let out an unmanly scream as he fell several stories before crashing into the water.

xxx

With a loud rumble and a collective cry of terror, the remaining fighters on the lowest battle platform found themselves crowded together before being sent flying over the edge. The collection
of bodies hitting the surface of the water concurrently caused a splash about three stories high, a sight that drew an excited cheer from the crowd.

After plowing the rest of the competition off of his platform, Gohan held up a fist and grinned from ear to ear. "I heard the World Martial Arts Tournaments helped hone my father's skills. Perhaps this Intergalactic version will do the same for me."

As soon as the cameras scanned the ring, the referee's voice came up over the speakers. "Son Gohan is the first to pass the preliminaries!"

Upon celebrating his victory by throwing the same fist into the air, the boy then turned to the stands where his mother was and waved. When he saw her wave back at him with her victory fans, the youngster then sensed out the new friend he'd made in the food court. Looking up towards one of the nearby buildings, he quickly spotted Videl standing at the balcony and, smiling radiantly, waved to her as well.

The pig-tailed girl, at first overwhelmed by the way Gohan had handily dealt with all of his opponents, couldn't help but grin back and let out a cheer. "Yes! Way to go!"

xxx

"Trunks advances!" the announcer again announced inside of Cash's sky box, informing the family and their attendant of a second competitor. To the wealthy father and his wife, the sight drew expressions of interest and admiration.

To the mighty Champ Hercule though, it brought an expression of absolute dismay and horror. With spaghetti jammed inside of his mouth, the man gawked up at the screen when he recognized the faces of the advancers Gohan and Trunks sitting in the monitors. Able to recognize them from their attire and faces, the man could only shake his head in denial before turning toward another monitor.

There, he saw the moving platform retract and tilt, tossing all of the fighters standing on it into the ocean except for one, who managed to cling on despite all of the tumbling men and women making a grab for his head. He then gave the camera a victorious grin before his name was announced.

"Krillin moves on!"

"It... It's them... the guys from the Cell Games!" the martial arts champion with the afro thought, a cold sweat dripping down his face as he rose from his seat. Nobody, not even the kid sitting right next to him, seemed to take notice of the statue of a man turning around to clamp a hand over his mouth in an effort to cover his expression of fear. "W-Why are they here? T-This can't be happening... it's just... not possible..."

Moments later, another announcement was made.

"And Piccolo is headed for the quarter finals as well!"

The sight of the green skinned man in the turban and cape had Hercule sink to his knees, curl up into a little ball and start whimpering like a girl. Miraculously, for him, none of the family seemed to take notice of that either.

It was one of the many perks of being a charlatan of his high standing. Everybody just seemed to overlook all of his shortcomings whenever it was convenient.
"Nightmare… nightmare…"

"Tien Shinhan has also made the cut!"

xxx

With the preliminary rounds coming to a decisive close, the fighters that'd qualified then moved down to the lowest section of the island for the start of the next round. Forming up into a line on the waiting stage, they turned their attention toward the large screen above. As soon as all eyes were on it, the monitor flickered on from a picture of their group to a tally, which showcased all of their profiles in pairs, aligning each of them to their opponents for the quarter finals.

The announcer began reading off the arrangement. "Ladies and gentlemen, the matchups for the eight quarter finalists have been decided! In the first round, we have Son Gohan vs Udo! Second match is between Trunks and Tien Shinhan! After that, Piccolo and Krillin will battle it out in the third match! And last but not least, we have Doskoi and Sky Dragon competing for the fourth spot in the semi-finals!"

While the crowd clamored excitedly, placing bets on who out of the selected would be most likely to advance, Krillin deflated on the spot.

"Oh man! I'm fighting Piccolo." For some strange reason, the tiles at his feet suddenly became incredibly fascinating. "If it wasn't for bad luck, I wouldn't have any." As if dreading the worst, the short man then glanced across at the Namekian standing at the end of the row of fighters, whom he saw smirk his way. The man's confident expression had Krillin shiver and gulp.

"Yep. I'm boned."

With their names announced, Gohan and Udo casually strolled out onto the large, circular platform that would serve as their battleground for this part of the finals. The crowds, expecting a big fight, cheered wildly as soon as they saw the two contestants appear on the screen, showing everyone which out of the remaining eight fighters would be battling it out.

Almost immediately on the first glance, it looked pretty grim for one of them.

The man the young demi-Saiyan was up against was enormous; a hulking, burly wrestler who stood at least one story high. Topped with a pair of blue fighting boots and red Speedos, the martial artist also had long blonde locks and a bushy mustache, matched by a very aggressive look in his sharp blue eyes. Needless to say, he had a very Western appeal to him, something that his hybrid opponent didn't take much notice of. Gohan was just glad to be fighting.

Videl, still holding her position up on the balcony, broke out into a bit of a sweat when she saw the person Gohan was set to fight. "This doesn't look good." She hoped nothing bad happened to him.

Though she was actually referring to Gohan, in reality she should have been referring to his opponent.

"Fighters! Take your stances!"

Raising an eyebrow at the smiling child standing underneath his shadow, Udo snorted. "Feh. I'm fighting a baby? I gotta get a better agent," the man muttered to himself before giving the boy a wide grin in an attempt to intimidate him. "Hey listen, kid. I'm not into beating weaklings, but the training wheels are coming off today. Understand?"
Unshaken, Gohan brought his hands up, placed his right fist in his left palm and bowed. "I'm ready. Let's have a good fight."

The big man chuckled, "You've got a lot of guts kid… and I'm gonna show them to yah!" The second the starting bell rang, the man let out a snarl and reached down to grab the boy with his gigantic hands.

However, the second he saw his foe move, Gohan acted.

Focusing, the demi-Saiyan darted forward and, with a lazy sweeping kick, knocked the unsuspecting man off his feet and sent him flying. The poor, unsuspecting wrestler let out a startled cry when his body flew backwards at high speed, smashed through one of the stadium walls, and crashed into one of the stands a second later. The spectators in that box had barely enough time to barrel out of the way before the cannonball of a man crashed straight through their balcony, flew out the other side and soared over the ocean.

He landed in the water two kilometers away.

The entire island sat in stunned silence, save for one mother and her friend, who rose from her seat while punching the air victoriously.

"BOO-YAH! That's my son!"

Having watched the entire thing from her spot at the railings, Videl's sapphire blue eyes had widened to the size of dinner plates as she stared slack jawed at the splash Udo made in the distance.

Naturally, she was just as shocked as the rest of the island.

"W-Whoa. Did Gohan do that?"

If she had blinked she would have missed it. Even though she didn't, she swears she'd just missed something important.

xxx

After making a literal impression on the audience in the form of a massive, human-shaped hole in one of the bleachers, Gohan happily vacated the ring to make way for the next two contestants. Once everyone had been shaken out of their stunned reveries, the referee quickly went on to call the next two fighters, only to realize that they were both already out on the stage.

"M-Moving onto the second match, Trunks battles Tien Shinhan!" the arbitrator stammered, drawing a cheer from the audience as they watched the two men prepare.

Knowing his next fight was going to be his toughest one yet, the three-eyed former assassin removed the white shirt from his back and tossed it away. Showing off his scarred, muscle-layered body, the man then took a deep breath and brought his fists to his sides.

Meeting the lavender haired Saiyan's gaze, Tien smiled, "Hey, Trunks. Whaddaya say we give these people a good show?"

The time-traveling warrior smiled and nodded in return. "Okay."

With the crowds cheering and the stage set, the officials sounded the bell. The second it blared, both Trunks and Tien vanished from the arena and bounded up the island from platform to platform
in the form of two, fast moving blurs. Once they reached the apex, they both leapt into the sky and flew right at each other, engaging in a flurry of lightning fast blows hundreds of feet above sea level.

The sound of powerful attacks cutting through the air rang out as both Tien and Trunks danced across the sky, trading punches and kicks while dodging and parrying blows in turn. When the three-eyed fighter struck out, the hybrid Saiyan countered with a swift kick, only to be met with a check and a left hook, which he was forced to avoid. Both crisscrossed, avoiding simultaneous blows from the other before Trunks flew at his opponent with a spinning kick, which Tien ducked at the last moment.

Seeing his opponent fly past him, the triclops gritted his teeth and shot up after him with a swift one-two combo and a kick, all three of which Trunks calmly avoided before countering with a left roundhouse. The blow impacted against the human's chest with a sonic boom, the force of which sent Tien spiraling towards the ocean with the scream of a passing jet. However, before Tien could hit the water's surface, he pulled up at the last second and leveled out, tearing a shallow trench through the sea.

xxx

Up in X.S Cash's roving sky box, the entire family of three could be seen gawking out the window as they watched the battle between Trunks and Tien unfold. At first they'd all been sitting quietly and patiently, expecting to watch a simple ground match between the two contestants. But then, just as they were getting comfortable, their moods did a complete one eighty when the two men suddenly vanished and reappeared in the skies above the island seconds later, throwing punches at each other that simultaneously echoed with every swing and broke the sound barrier with every impact.

In a matter of seconds everyone, including the camera crew covering the family and the Champ's communal in their part of the island, were stunned.

"They're fighting in midair," the portly, wealthiest man in the world exclaimed, unable to comprehend what was happening. All he knew was that it was the most amazing thing he'd ever seen.

His son was also speechless.

The mother, looking on nervously, glanced across at her husband, "Honey, are you sure they're not using wires?"

Her question was promptly silenced when the two fighters vanished once again and the sounds of sonic booms started to ring across the island like thunderclaps. Each invisible blast was marked by a tremor, which had the audience holding onto their seats and looking on in amazement when the two blurs that were the fighters darted through the sky in a fantastic aerial dogfight.

Wanting to get a secondary opinion, the reporter Sarah and her cameraman Tom, both of which were standing in the skybox, turned their attention to the world champion. Neither of them seemed to notice the look of abject horror on the man's face, as his back was completely turned to them.

"Mr. Satan. Can you explain this extraordinary event?" the woman asked, holding the mike out to him.

Timidly glancing over his shoulder, the afro fighter gulped before launching into a tirade of preposterous theories, "It's a simple parlor trick! They just make a quick switch-a-roo with smoke
and mirrors, and what no-GAAAH!" He was cut off when the sound barrier seemingly exploded right next to their balcony and caused the entire island to shake, causing the people standing in the box to let out a startled yell before falling over.

Face-planting the cold floor, the thunderstruck Hercule Satan could do nothing except mutter gibberish to himself.

"Why… out of all the tournaments did they have to enter mine, I hate this." He could almost cry.

xxx

Their connecting blows taking the form of earthshaking thunder claps, the two fierce warriors engaged one another at invisible speed throughout the skies above the island. Eventually, after battling one another in their own plain of perception that literally shook several spectators out of their chairs, the two eventually reemerged in hot pursuit of one another.

Gaining altitude as fast as he could, Tien quickly spun around, threw both his hands up, and formed a familiar diamond shaped crosshairs. Gathering ki between his palms, he took aim with his hands and zoomed in on the approaching Trunks, who quickly spotted the attack being aimed at him.

"TRI BEAM-HAAAA!" Tien bellowed, before unleashing a square shaped blast of golden energy from his hands that shot towards the hybrid at ridiculous speed.

The attack, despite its enormous size and range, was effectively dodged when Trunks zipped out of its path. The blast ended up striking one of the island's tors where, upon impacting, caused a massive explosion that not only disintegrated that uninhabited portion of the island and caused the formation of rock to topple into the shallows, it also generated towering waves in that rippled out across the ocean. The audience practically cried out in terror at the violent tremors the explosion created.

Ignoring the smoke and the debris pelting their surroundings, Trunks and Tien continued their battle. Darting through the air at great speed, the pair eventually collided with one another with simultaneous, full-body checks. The impact resulted in another enormous shockwave, which was followed by an ear-splitting crack when Tien's fist smashed across Trunks's face. The blow sent both blasting away from one another across the water, where they then suspended themselves to catch their breaths.

Seeing his foe smiling across at him and returning it likewise, Tien's face quickly became serious. "He's still holding back a great deal of his strength. Looks like I'm going to have to go all out if I want to make him work." With that thought, Tien powered up, a white aura of energy exploding off of his body and enveloping him completely.

Responding to the threat, Trunks quickly shot up into the air to gain some distance. Once he'd secured a good altitude, he turned back to his opponent, threw his arms and legs out, and powered up as well. With a shout of effort, golden energy exploded off of the demi-Saiyan like wildfire and blasted outwards, a transformation which was marked by his hair spiking upwards, turning gold, and his eyes flashing a greenish-blue.

The crowds were completely awed by the display, watching on while the two glowing fighters prepared for a second bout.

Practically leaning over the railings at this point, a completely stunned Videl blinked in amazement when she watched the two competitors take off from their low altitude positions to engage each other above the island once again. At first overwhelmed by their sheer display of speed, ferocity
and power, as well as their ability to fly, the girl was once again sent into an inner spiral of thought when she saw the pair light up like flames and start trading blows with one another at an even greater speed. It was completely mindboggling.

While she continued to watch the pair dogfight through the clouds and between the towering platforms, the raven haired girl remained completely silent, locked in a daze that would not be so easily broken. But then, as memories of watching the Cell Games flickered through her mind and a group of familiar faces from that same day began to surface, the child was eventually able to piece two and two together and soon enough blinked herself out of her startled reverie.

"W-Wait a second… super strength, super speed, beams of bright energy… golden hair…" Videl's thoughts came to a screeching halt when she finally realized what she was looking at. "Th-These are the people who were at the Cell Games with dad!"

Holy crap. So the men who'd fought Cell after her father were here at this tournament as well. That was outstanding! Looking up at the screen showcasing all of the competitors, she was soon able to recognize four of the ones that she remembered seeing there on the news, as well as the one that'd been knocked out in the preliminaries by Doskoi. Startled by this discovery, the girl then took a moment to tally up the faces before looking out across the island a third time, watching on as more explosions rippled through the skies.

"A couple of them are missing though," Videl thought, since she couldn't see the blonde haired father and son anywhere. They were the two she remembered fighting Cell after her dad and his friends had been knocked out, and displayed the exact same powers as the fighter with the previously lavender hair now battling it out with Tien.

Of course, thinking on it a little more, after witnessing the competitor's startling alteration, Videl then realized that the father and son duo must have the same ability to change their hair color as well. Apparently this Trunks's normal hair color was purplish. If that were the case and his change in hair color was part of his transformation into that golden form, then the father and son from the Cell Games could probably do that too.

Despite this new information though, Videl still had a few more questions that had been left unanswered.

"W-Where does Gohan fit in to all of this?" He obviously didn't display the normal traits of a strong fighter. The fact that he sent his previous opponent on a two kilometer flight was proof of that. Her dad was one of the strongest people she knew and even with his ridiculous hitting power; there was no way her father could do something even close to that. But again, after meditating on it a little bit more, something in the girl's mind clicked that had her staring at the screen with the demi-Saiyan's face smiling back at her. "No way… could… could Gohan be…?

After the things she'd seen and was now watching live in front of her, everything was starting to come together.

OOO

(Meanwhile)

(Capsule Corp – West City)

Far out of the way of Battle Island and sitting across the bed in his room, the Prince of all Saiyans Vegeta, adorned in his full body spandex and armor, could be seen watching the television quietly with his arms folded and legs crossed. Having flipped to the channel of the fights earlier that
morning, the man had then proceeded to watch with mixed interest as all of the Z-Fighters, sans Yamcha, dominated the battle royal portion of the Intergalactic tournament before moving on to the quarter finals.

However, after seeing Gohan's one-sided match against his hulk of an opponent and watching Trunks battle Tien to the point both of them powered up, the flame haired Saiyan quickly grew tired of the little sideshow and took immediate action.

Picking up the remote, Vegeta switched off the television and scoffed, "Hmph. Give me a break." He then set the remote down and fell back into his pillow, hands behind his head.

Right now, the last thing he wanted to think about was fighting. So, finding a serene place of his own in the far corners of his mind, the man shut his eyes and decided to take a nap; completely ignoring the television and his son's sword gleaming in the corner behind him.

OOO

(Back on the Island)

"Well… it looks like Tien is done for," Krillin murmured to himself, rubbing his arm uneasily as he continued to observe the aerial light show between the Super Saiyan and his human opponent. "I can give him extra points for effort, but that man has gotta face the fact that he was beaten the moment he stepped into the ring."

Even though the fight was still going strong, the short, bald warrior could do nothing to hold back his river of pessimism.

"Ah, cheer up Krillin," Gohan chirped, grinning across at his friend. "Even though Trunks has an advantage in speed and power, there's still a chance for Tien to win. All he has to do is knock him into the ocean."

Krillin snorted, glancing at the youngster who looked to be the most cheerful person in the world, "Heh. That's easier said than done, Gohan." The two of them then looked up when an explosion lit up the entire sky and, after watching it fade, spotted Tien emerge from the cloud trailing smoke.

A split second later, the entire audience including Gohan and Krillin winced in unison when the transformed Trunks flickered into view directly behind the triclops and backhanded him into the ocean below. The man rocketed into the water like a bullet, creating a splash large enough that it soaked all of the people sitting in the nearby stands and boats. When the waves finally subsided, a loud cheer went up and the referee announced the victor.

"After an awesome display of gravity defying speed and strength, Trunks emerges as the winner!"

"Oh well. He gave it his best shot," Krillin murmured, before throwing Gohan a lopsided smile, "Looks like it's time I gave mine. I'll see you in the infirmary, buddy. Provided I even make it there in one piece…" He then patted the boy on the shoulder and walked past him, leaving the spiky haired hybrid puzzled.

After Trunks helped Tien out of the water, the pair quickly cleared the stage for the next two contestants who were set to battle. The audience clamored excitedly when they saw Piccolo march out onto the stage followed closely by Krillin. While the former appeared completely calm, folding his arms over his chest with his eyes shut in meditation, his shorter opponent looked absolutely terrified. Most of the people reasoned that it was because of the atmosphere of the tournament and
decided to cheer the poor guy on, hoping for another spectacular battle.

"The third match is about to begin as Piccolo and Krillin square off inside the ring!!"

Under the applause and cheers of the spectators, the smaller fighter gulped nervously. "Okay. You can do this. He's not unbeatable." Krillin's expression then became one of deadpan, "Well, unless he uses his Special Beam Cannon... then I'm dead." Yet he'd completely forgotten the fact that killing was strictly prohibited in this competition.

This was solid proof that once again the power of fear far outweighed the power of rational thought.

Taking a stance, Krillin slapped his game face on. "I may not win, but I'm going out in style." He then trained his gaze on that of his opponent's, only to realize moments later that the man had his side turned to him and his eyes closed. The sight of the Namekian standing there without the slightest care for his presence at all had the monk recoil. "I don't believe it! He's not even going to look at me?!" And with that, the poor monk snapped and his frustrations took hold of him. "THAT'S IT! I'VE HAD IT! I'M NOBODY'S FOOL!"

The sound of the starting horn blared. Once it did, Krillin dropped into a running start and, with the loudest battle cry he could muster, blasted forward at incredible speed. In a split second he was right on top of the Namekian warrior and was just about to land his first blow.

Unfortunately in his haste, Krillin lost complete track of where he was going and ended up running headlong into the man's cape like a raging bull. Popping out the other side, the monk let out a hilarious cry when he unexpectedly plummeted over the side of the ring. Quickly recovering from his descent, the short fighter started flapping his arms like a bird to regain some altitude, saving himself from a premature fall into the ocean. The moment he returned to his platform's level though, Krillin suddenly felt himself grabbed from behind by his collar and forcibly turned around.

Looking up, he saw Piccolo glaring at him. "I thought I came for a tournament, not a circus performance. This is just a waste of my time." Without another word, the man tossed Krillin back onto the ring and onto the ground. Then, the second the short man sat up, the Namekian turned heel, leapt over the side, and blasted off.

As soon as the Namekian disappeared over the horizon, the referee spoke up over the silent crowd. "Piccolo has forfeited the match! Krillin wins by default!!"

Applause and cheers raining down on him moments later, the bewildered monk blinked a couple of times before grinning. "Oh. That was surprisingly easy."

Standing on the sidelines, a disappointed Gohan breathed out a sigh. "Aww man. I was hoping he would stick around for a little bit longer. Oh well."

"And now for the final match, Doskoi against Sky Dragon!!"

OOO

(Sometime later)

With the end of the quarter finals, which saw the challenger Doskoi tossing his opponent over one of the upper platforms and literally out of the competition, the four remaining contestants were then escorted into the waiting room while the audience was told to remain as they were. Though this announcement initially confused the spectators waiting eagerly in their seats, every single
person on the island soon found out why they were told to hold fast as then, all of a sudden, the entire landmass began to move.

As it turns out, the island that the spectators and all of the other fighters were on wasn't actually fixed to the ground at all. The entire mass of earth and steel was in fact an enormous vessel that, after being unlatched from the seabed, set a course for the competition's final destination. Even though the preliminaries had been held on this island, the semi-finals and final match was actually set to be held on a second landmass dubbed *Battle Island II*; an actual atoll with two enormous mountains making up its topography, both dormant volcanoes, with the main stadium sitting in the heart of the larger of the two edifices.

Those that'd partaken in the festivities on the first island would be able to witness the final battles on the second. It wasn't a long trip to get to the place either; a quick sail out of the inlet and across the channel and the entire entourage of over eighty thousand spectators were there in just over forty minutes. The passengers were quick to disembark from the mobile landmass as soon as it docked with its significantly larger counterpart, where everyone was then driven via a fleet of buses to the dome serving as the final stadium.

The excitement hanging in the air was almost palpable.

For most anyway. As it turns out, X.S Cash's attendant had actually caught Mr. Satan trying to jump ship prematurely and ended up having to escort the man personally onto the second island, where he quickly adjourned to the nearest bathroom. The Champ had apparently come down with some sort of a chronic stomach ache, an illness that the staff reasoned the man had contracted due to a severe case of motion sickness.

Anyway, once all of the spectators had been filed into the stadium, the staff was then able to take the four winners of the quarter finals to their next room. Bringing them into the levels beneath the stadium itself, the group was sorted into a separate chamber where they were able to mingle and rest up before they were called to the elevators that would take them up to the final ring.

Each settled down to their own devices. While the imposing sumo wrestler Doskoi adopted an Indian style position in the corner of the room, Trunks had taken to leaning against a wall with his arms folded, Krillin a spot on the couch, and Gohan, energetic as always, had decided to stay on his feet and wander about the waiting room, taking in the various paintings and other embellishments hanging around the place. The smile he wore throughout his entire lap of the room told everyone that he was the most relaxed there, a sight that put a smile on Trunks's face.

"Excited?" the lavender Saiyan asked.

"You bet. I've never actually participated in a tournament like this before and I actually made it into the semi-finals on my first go," the younger hybrid chirped while looking across at his friend.

"Same here. The *World Martial Arts Tournament* in my time was shut down due to the havoc the androids were creating across the planet and since we were so busy fighting them, nobody had time for these kinds of activities," Trunks replied, his smile brightening somewhat as he looked down at the ground. "But now that their nightmare is over, we're able to go back to the way things were."

"I hope you guys are able to pull through it," Gohan spoke, beaming brightly with his hands behind his back. "You're the earth's protector now in your time… so that means everybody will be looking to you for support. I'm sure you'll do fine."

"Yeah," Mirai responded, nodding towards his mentor from the past with a heartfelt gleam in his eyes, "Thanks, Gohan."
"Ah, you shouldn't worry about it too much," Krillin said from the couch, soda in hand and a smile on his face. "Now that #17 and #18 are gone in your time, you and the rest of the planet can rest easy, knowing that the greatest threats have been wiped clean from the board. I mean, after all the stuff you and Bulma had to go through, I can imagine you guys are exhausted."

"Mm," Trunks nodded in agreement.

While the two had their heart to heart across the way, Gohan decided to pace around a little more. When he went to check out the bonsai trees growing along the table in the back, he sensed a pair of eyes watching him and glanced around to see Doskoi staring at him.

The youngster, blinking at the man's serious contours, beamed. "Hi there."

Appearing stoic at first, the big man soon broke out a smile, "Hello. You were the little one that sent Udo on a free trip across the pond, yeah?"

Gohan giggled and scratched his cheek, "Guilty."

"Impressive. You may not look it, but you're an incredibly powerful fighter," Doskoi replied while at the same time tilting his head towards the young man. "I'd fought Udo a few times before in previous tournaments. Even I found it difficult to toss a man of that size." He then gave the youngster a curious glance, "What's your secret?"

Giving it a moment of thought, the spiky haired hybrid chuckled, "The trick is to take their weight, pull them forward, and reverse their momentum. That way you'll not only throw them off balance, you'll also be able to use their strength against them."

Doskoi laughed heartily, which sounded more like a rumble that could be felt rather than heard, "You're a very technical fighter I see… just as I expected of someone of your character. To each their own, I suppose" Seeing the boy smile at his comment, the man then nodded towards him respectfully and spoke. "I hope that we get to meet each other in the final round to see who'll get to take down that Mr. Satan fellow." The wrestler frowned a bit and closed his eyes, "Between you and me, I do not believe that a man like that could have taken down somebody as terrifying as Cell. I saw what that monster did on the news. No way could someone of that caliber have fallen so easily to someone of Hercule Satan's skill set."

His remark actually had the three Z-fighters present smile, especially Krillin.

"At least there are some people out there with a little bit of common sense about them," Trunks thought, sharing an acknowledging nod with his companions. "We think so too, friend."

"Mr. Satan may know how to please a crowd, but defeating someone who can crush mountains with their bare hands… no way," Krillin added.

"Yeah. It takes a different kind of stuff to take on somebody like that," Gohan led on, earning a wide smile from the large sumo practitioner.

"Stuff that you three possess, I assume," the man responded, earning surprised blinks from Krillin and Gohan. Grinning slightly, the hulking figure winked, "I've seen how you three do battle. As someone who's been practicing martial arts for years now, I think I know when I've been outgunned. But that doesn't mean I won't give it my best shot."

Initially surprised, the three Z-fighters then smiled and gave their respects to the big wrestler. As one-dimensional as he initially came across, this man was actually one sharp customer. Of course, not wanting to rain on the man's parade, they simply returned his friendly exclamations with
gestures of acknowledgement and thanks.

"I wonder what Chi-Chi and Bulma are doing right now," Krillin wondered out loud, turning to Trunks with an inquisitive expression. "You guys did mention that those two came along the watch the tournament."

"Maybe they're still arguing over who out of the three of us is going to win this thing," Mirai suggested with a shrug.

This reply had the short monk cackle sarcastically, "Oh please. No need to beat around the bush on this one, pal. What you really meant to say was who out of the two of us is going to win this thing. If you haven't forgotten, you and Gohan are products of a pair of terrifying space monsters and I'm just a poor little sack of flesh human with no hair."

While Trunks rolled his eyes, Gohan smiled and looked up as well, "Everyone should be getting comfortable right about now. I'm just wondering how Videl's doing. Maybe she's up there in the stadium waiting for us."

This little exclamation took Krillin out of the conversation a bit and had the man look in the youngster's direction, "Videl? Who's that?"

"Oh. This girl I met up in the food court. She's really nice and really tough… and she's learning how to fight using different kinds of martial arts. I think she's pretty cool. Maybe you guys can meet her afterwards." The moment he finished his little exclamation, Gohan then saw Krillin and Trunks look across at one another. After that, he then saw the monk grin slyly at him, while the man with the lavender hair threw the demi-Saiyan a very Vegeta like look of curiosity. Gohan actually felt a shiver run down his spine when he saw the pair's eyes flicker with mischief. "Uhh… why are you guys looking at me like that?"

"Oh, this is going to be fun," Krillin sung in his head while a wide grin pulled across his lips.

Poor innocent Gohan. He had no idea what kind of teasing was going to be coming his way.

OOO

(Half an hour later)

"Thank you for your patience ladies and gentlemen! We hope you've all had plenty of time to rest, because now it's time to begin the semi-finals!" the announcer hollered out over the mike, earning a loud cheer from all those present.

Inside the massive dome, all of the spectators had been arranged into a very large, yet very basic stadium setup. The steel structure inside the mountain wrapped around an enormous coliseum that circled an arena center that, unlike conventional rings, contained an enormous pyramid in the middle. At the very apex of the construct, leading off from each of the four corners, there sat four jet car tracks with four pods stationed at the beginning of each slide. These slides led into four completely different directions through tunnels that disappeared into the walls.

With spotlights focused completely on the center stage and enormous monitors set up throughout the entirety of the dome, the audience was guaranteed full and complete coverage of the next round of matches to come. The entire building was literally quivering with excitement.

Videl, who'd found a spot somewhere closest to the top of the coliseum, was rocking back and forth excitedly on her heels while she leaned against the railings. Having made her way up here
after leaving the first battle island, the girl was obviously looking forward to the next series of events. After all, Gohan had made it into the finals, and if her instincts knew any better she was bound to see one hell of a show.

"I know you're going to do awesome, Gohan. If you were able to wipe the floor with that last guy, then I have no doubt you're going to kick butt in this one," the girl cheered inwardly, beaming brightly as she looked intently towards the center pyramid. "Show me what you can do!"

When the stage lit up, the crowds cheered as one after the other, hatches opened up beside each of the four rocket pods. As soon as they did, four figures were then elevated onto the stage under a chorus of shouts and applause. The sound the plus fifty thousand people made was almost deafening, but neither one of the four warriors were shaken up in the slightest.

That is… until a couple members in the audience decided to be more vocal than the people around them.

"GOHAN, I LOVE YOU SWEETIE!" the cry of Chi-Chi echoed throughout the chamber.

The shout out had Gohan look down and blush. "Mum… not so loud," he mumbled.

Seeing the boy's abashed face on the big screen after hearing the woman's yell drew a giggle from Videl.

"You own this, Trunks! Get em' and then we can go on vacation!" the call of Bulma followed shortly afterwards.

Mirai had the common sense to blush just as much as his fellow Saiyan did. "Tactful as always, mother."

"Krillin! Don't get yourself killed," the yell of Oolong echoed in from another part of the stadium, earning a deep scowl from the bald fighter.

"Oh, I'll survive. Then it's bacon time."

As soon as all four contestants had appeared, the spotlights overhead faded, and the mediator's voice one again rang true throughout the dome. "New island, new rules! We've got four tunnels running underground! They lead to specialized battle zones in each direction. Now that the qualifiers have been assigned a tunnel, they will each be transported to their decided battle zone via the rocket pods you see positioned beside them. There they will face our special guests; FIGHTERS FROM ACROSS THE GALAXIES!"

Overhead the television screens showed to the audience close up images of the tunnels and tracks, before then flipping over to a feed of the four 'space aliens' descending a set of escalators in the marketing stage of the main event. Once everyone had been informed of the opening proceedings, the speaker continued to read out the rules to the four fighters waiting patiently on the pyramid.

"Now pay attention, because here's where things get really spicy! Once a fight ends, the challenge isn't over. The victor must then find and take a special lift, and be the first to return to the center stage here inside this coliseum. The winner will then proceed to the final round against Mr. Satan!" The end of this statement drew an earsplitting cry and cheer from the collective audience.

Just like the other Z-fighters, Krillin sprouted a grin and clambered into his rocket pod, "Perfect! A race! That means I'll have the advantage." Snickering as he strapped himself in and pulled down
the brace bar, the man then watched as the cockpit closed and the sound of the audience became muffled by the dividing glass. "After all, I do have the least wind resistance."

As soon as all the rules had been explained, the three other fighters leapt into their pods and buckled up. With Doskoi lagging behind due to being hampered by his immense size, soon each and every one of the competitors was strapped in and ready for action. Once the staff was certain that the fighters were locked down good and tight, they gave a thumbs-up to the chief commentator, who then shouted into the microphone once more.

"Let's begin the count down!"

A massive screen switched to a clock, which started to tick. With every second that flipped by, the audience started to chant in unison.

"Ten!"

"Nine!"

"Eight!"

"Okay. Here we go!" Trunks thought, grinning as he took hold of the handle bars.

"Seven!"

"Six!"

"Five!"

"Let's do this!" Krillin shouted in his pod, licking his lips and tasting the sweetness of impending victory.

"Four!"

"Three!"

"Two!"

"One!"

"Lift off!" Gohan smirked.

With a blast of fire and a sonic boom, the four shuttles took off down their tracks at breakneck speeds. Trail ing smoke as they shot down their respective slides, the carts and their passengers vanished down the tunnels one after the other. Once they were gone, the reporters down on ground level, who were covering their part of the battle, waved away the fumes and turned to their cameramen to continue with their broadcasts.

"And they're off!"

The whole event was shooing to be an incredible hit and the audience was holding out for every second of it.

What the Z-fighters didn't know however, as they rocketed down their respective tunnels towards their assigned arenas, was that their greatest battle was just about to begin.
"Come on, baby! Move faster!" Krillin shouted as his pod carried him through one of the weirdest acid trips of all time. "Go! Go! Go!"

The instant the four rocket shuttles entered the tunnels and began snaking their way through them at high speed, the four contenders from the preliminaries were immediately thrown into a massive hallway of simulators and monitors. The projectors all around them bombarded the unsuspecting fighters with animations and CGI of all shapes and sizes. At first the competitors found themselves in a world reminiscent of the movie Tron, where a giant whale came out of an ocean of code and seemingly knocked Krillin's pod for a loop. But all of that changed seconds later when all four shuttles split up and blasted off towards different areas of the island.

Gohan's pod took a trip through a recreation of the solar system, moments before it went crashing through a series of digital barriers one after the other before ejecting him into a world of purple clouds and giant toys. The half-Saiyan laughed in delight as his car spiraled through the air, before crashing headlong into an enormous plush teddy bear with a missing eye. The impact slowed him right down, eventually spitting him back out and depositing the youngster on top of a collection of enormous balloons.

Doskoi's pod took him through a collection of nauseating twists and turns like a drill bit, his surroundings bursting all around him like fireworks. After passing through the computer simulation, his pod then leapt out of the cave and went skipping across a row of sand dunes like a stone. Moments later, his pod came to a screeching halt on a steep incline, dropping him off at the base of an enormous hill. Hearing the distinct sound of sand particles pelting against his window, the man shook his head of the insane rollercoaster ride before deciding to get himself out of his cramped seating arrangement.

Trunks's trip down the rabbit hole was a little bit tamer than the others. Flying through a kaleidoscope of brilliant patterns and colors, the lavender haired hybrid was able to enjoy the splendor of his animated universe, minutes before his pod shot out an enormous lake and over an immaculate field of forests and flowers. The young man was given an awesome ten second view of the sparkling scenery before his pod skidded across the water's surface and came to a gentle stop in the shallows.

Krillin's landing however was not so gentle. After his pod was flung out of the tunnel, it went bouncing from wall to wall like a ball in a pinball machine. When it struck a ledge, it crashed into a river of lava and started to sink. Once the craft was almost completely submerged, Krillin busted out of it with a cry of terror and his head on fire. Leaping onto the sweltering soil of the volcanic field he'd ended up in, the man hurriedly patted out his head and breathed a sigh of relief once his scalp had been extinguished.

"Woo… that was a close one…" the short fighter said.

XXX
Upon exiting his car, Trunks quickly leapt onto dry land and casually wandered over to a nearby stream. His legs pushing their way through the long grass, the man peered over the side to see a couple of fish swim through the gently flowing creek, followed closely by a dragonfly that landed on an overhanging reed.

Narrowing his eyes, the man looked up and took in his surroundings.

"Okay… battle zone, huh? Are we supposed to fight or have a picnic?" Trunks panned across the majestic landscape, taking note of the fields of flowers stretching out before him and the enormous spire he could see in the distance. It was there the adult demi-Saiyan figured he had to go next, but first had to traverse this place, locate his opponent for that stage of the competition and battle him in order to proceed. "Geez. What an odd tournament."

The flora was a nice touch, even though it was completely and utterly pointless.

XXX

Bounding through the hellish environment that was his battle zone, Krillin leapt around the many pillars and cliffs laid out in his path. Eventually finding a clearing with pools of lava bubbling away around him, the man then came to a sudden halt when he saw the silhouette of a figure appear behind a cloud of smoke. The sight and the emergence of the figure's presence had the short fighter brace himself and instinctively widen his stance.

"You must be my opponent!" Receiving no response at first, the monk smiled and, setting a casual pace, began to stroll forward. "My name is Krillin. Perhaps you've heard of me. I'm a great fighter-slash-hero from earth." Ah yes. Introductions. It'd been a while since he'd done one of these. As he ambled closer, the wall of fumes began to clear, and his would-be adversary started to emerge from the thick haze. "You'd do well to stay on your guard as I've already conquered the mighty Piccolo today. You might even say that I'm… on a… winning… strea-" The man then suddenly tapered off.

The moment he drew close enough to see his opponent, Krillin felt all the blood rush up to his face as well as to another part of his body. There, standing on top of a ledge, he saw a beautiful, blue-skinned young woman with a curvaceous figure, long, curly orange hair that fanned out around her and grew down her back, blue eyes, and pointy ears. She was also wearing a strange uniform consisting of a white vest, baggy pants with gold buckles, a gold pointy necklace, earrings, a blue, halter-style undershirt, black pull-on sleeves, a purple sash, and yellow and black boots.

While her outlandish and almost mercenary like appearance came as a big surprise to Krillin, there was another aspect about her that instantly had the Z-fighter's attention.

"You're a girl?! Space chicks are hot!" Okay, not the most eloquent thing to come out of his mouth, but certainly the most logical.

Had she been somebody else, a guy for example, the short fighter wouldn't have paid her that much mind. However, the fact that she was breathtakingly gorgeous and was throwing him a disarmingly beautiful smile, there was no way the poor man could ignore her.

Gulping when he saw her brush some hair out of her face, Krillin continued. "Now… don't tempt me with your beauty. I have a tournament to win!"

Giving a cute giggle, the girl closed her eyes, brought her hands out widely and crossed them over her face. The moment she did so, the Z-fighter suddenly sensed her ki skyrocket and her hair stand on end, like it was being propelled by a wind that just wasn't there. Then, without warning…
Krillin was seemingly struck down by an assault from all sides. A kick to the side of his head knocked the martial artist askew, followed immediately by a left cross that cocked his head around and a knee to the abdomen that lifted him several feet off the ground. Then, flicking her hair back playfully, the blue-skinned woman elbowed the fighter into the ground and kicked him across the clearing into a nearby mountain of rock.

The resulting impact nearly buried Krillin under a pile of stone and as soon as his body hit the floor, his attacker landed as well. Smiling victoriously, the woman powered down and her hair dropped to its previous position draped behind her back.

Attempting to pick himself up, the thoroughly beaten and bruised Krillin forced a smile, "I… think she likes me." Moments later, he fainted, his face planting the ash covered floor with a dull thud.

XXX

Up in the stadium, the crowd of spectators was literally shocked into silence by the swift and sudden defeat the first alien had been able to deal her opponent.

Panning around, the roaming, automated camera was able to capture the entire scuffle, and was now hovering over Krillin's battered body while his foe stopped beside him. The result had Chi-Chi and Bulma stare in shock and bewilderment, but neither one of them could match the surprise reflected on Oolong and Master Roshi's faces.

"K-Krillin," the pig murmured, he, Chiaotzu, Puar and the turtle hermit watching quietly while the words 'Eliminated' appeared on Krillin's screen, seconds before fading to black.

"What happened?" was the first question to escape Chiaotzu's lips.

The whole fight had happened so fast. He swore he'd missed something.

XXX

Now making his way towards the enormous tower he could see sitting on the horizon across the desert, Doskoi was making cracking progress. In spite of the scorching heat bathing his immense girth and wafting off of the sand underneath his feet, the man remained perfectly unfazed by the close to unbearable conditions enveloping him. Being a martial artist and a warrior in his own right, the wrestler knew he had to remain calm and collected, even in the face of great adversity.

Unfortunately, there was nothing he could do to stop the sweat from squeezing out of the pores all over his body as he ambled across the sand dunes, the heat reaching him physically even if his mind didn't register to his surroundings. The man soldiered on, regardless of the invisible obstacle.

Leaving deep footprints in his wake, the man started making his way down another steep slope. However, just as Doskoi was about to reach another incline, the big man failed to notice a sinkhole open up behind him and a hand stick up out of the ground. It was only when he felt a presence appear behind him did he actually respond and spun around.

"Who goes there?!

The second he did so, the sumo wrestler felt a hand clamp over his throat and his body get lifted off of the ground. Gasping in horror, Doskoi began kicking and thrashing about wildly to try and shake himself out of the vice now crushing down on his windpipe. Exclamations of shock muffled by a lack of air, the poor human male continued to beat at the arm holding him several feet off the floor until, after a full minute of fruitless struggling, Doskoi breathed his last.
Body going limp, the sumo wrestler was then unceremoniously dropped to the ground and the assailant responsible for his swift demise turned towards the camera hovering behind him.

XXX

The audience gasped in horror when they saw the alien contender turn to face them. As soon as he did, instead of seeing the friendly, painted face of one of the intergalactic competitors they were promised, the spectators got the shock of their lives when they saw a blue skinned monster of a man with pointy ears, an orange Mohawk, beard, a purple vest, golden earrings and a wicked grin glare towards the lens.

People left and right immediately rose out of their seats in fear and, when the camera panned down to the lifeless Doskoi at his feet, the crowd started to scream.

"Murderer!"

"He killed one of the competitors!"

"Doskoi's dead!"

"What the hell is this?!"

Questions flew in from all sides uncontested and with the appearance of the two new alien competitors to the event hanging in the air people immediately began to realize that something terrible has happened. Chi-Chi and Bulma recognized the danger, as did Baby Trunks, who started to whimper in his mother's arms while she held him close to her cest.

The woman tasked with protecting him made certain to cover her son's eyes so that he didn't see the 'thing' that was now leering at the camera.

Videl on the other hand, who was observing the monitor intently, narrowed her once startled gaze into a glare as a bead of sweat ran down the side of her face.

"W-Who the hell is that?" the girl asked herself, jaw clenching as she looked upon the face of a man who was definitely not one of her father's students in costume. "What the heck's going on here?" Her thoughts were soon drowned out by the cries and exclamations of the thousands of people in the coliseum.

The commotion became so bad in fact that the screams managed to filter out of the dome and enter the courtyards sitting outside the structure, which quickly drew the attention of Tien and Yamcha who, only moments ago, had been enjoying a couple of drinks following their decisive defeats in the opening stages of the tournament.

Heads perking up, their eyes quickly trained towards the stadium.

"What was that?" a baffled Yamcha asked.

XXX

Wandering through the checkered landscape of giant toys and oversized bedroom antiquities, Gohan gleefully admired the off-colored weirdness and oddity of his surroundings. While it certainly wasn't the most extravagant of settings he could have landed in for sure, it certainly was the most interesting.

Hopping over a large pile of plush animals and building blocks, the young Saiyan then had his
gaze drawn skywards when he spotted a couple of balloons floating down towards him.

Feeling curious, Gohan reached up and poked one. The thin sheen making up the inflated ball of air popped the moment his finger made contact, drawing a playful laugh from the young hybrid. "Cool."

His joy was short-lived however.

Spotting a shadow underneath him, the demi-Saiyan's eyes widened in alarm before his gaze shot upwards. The moment he looked, the young fighter had but a split second to leap out of the way before an enormous alphabet block came crashing into the ground where he'd been standing, splitting the floor with its impact.

"Gah! What the?"

Yelping in surprise, the raven haired boy began back flipping across his playground wilderness as more and more enormous toys came cascading down around him. Every impact was marked by an earthshaking tremor and a cloud of smoke, a process that continued on for several seconds until the young warrior landed atop a windup robot directly in front of an enormous, analogue clock with golden rims.

Taking a defensive stance, Gohan then spotted the cause for the sudden rain of toys. Eyes narrowing seriously, the demi-Saiyan spotted a strangely dressed, little blue man wearing golden jewelry, white slacks, a red jacket with golden buckles, and a purple turban, float down from the ceiling above to leer at him.

The person suspending themselves upside-down in front of the young warrior puzzled Gohan at first. But then, just as they were facing each other down, the gold pieces on the person's uniform suddenly started to glow a hot yellow and, upon throwing his hands forward, the alien began producing an orange demonic aura from his body.

Sensing something foul, the demi-Saiyan then jumped when he heard the hands of the clock behind him spin wildly before flying off of their host like rockets, prompting the boy to take evasive action. Jumping back a few hundred feet, Gohan assumed a horse riding stance atop a large drum and, with a yell of effort, fired up his ki. His blue aura exploded around him just in time to form a barrier, which blocked the two giant clock hands attempting to skewer him from both sides. His energy shield filed them down to nothing before he dropped it moments later.

Hearing his opponent give an impish giggle, the raven haired Saiyan held a hand out to him in alarm. "Hey! What are you trying to do? Kill me?" the young hybrid asked.

The blue skinned man snickered once again and held out his hands, "You catch on really quick, speck." With a quiet yell, red energy and electricity began zapping off of his body, the bolts chopping away at their surroundings in a storm.

Recoiling in surprise, Gohan then watched on as the cheerful toy wonderland surrounding him melted away, revealing a densely forested area with gigantic mushrooms growing all around him. As soon as the landscape's transformation was complete, the half-Saiyan quickly realized he must've been trapped inside of an illusion and quickly threw his game face on.

Gohan fixed his best glare upon the man still suspended upside-down in front of him.

"Alright. You've got my attention." The young half-Saiyan then assumed a fighting stance. "Who are you?"
The little alien snickered, "I am Bujin. And now... you're going to die!" A split second later, a current of lightning shot out of his forehead and flew towards his opponent, who managed to avoid it by leaping into the air.

The explosion that followed almost took out the entire mountain behind him.

XXX

As the crowds in the stadium started to flee, terrified at the sight of the aliens now popping up all over the monitors, X.S Cash and his family remained held up in their skybox. Watching the chaos unfolding down below, the billionaire magnate clenched his fists and shook his head, completely baffled by what he was witnessing.

"This is getting out of hand," his wife spoke up from behind, squatting down to comfort their frightened son.

"What a fiasco!" Mr. Cash shouted, spittle flying from his mouth as he rounded on his assistant. "I want an explanation for this immediately!"

The man with the slicked back hair and suit pointed at the television screen in front of him, "These are not the fighters that were scheduled!" He then turned to his boss anxiously. "I've never seen these creatures in my life! They're supposed to be friendly extraterrestrials. Hercule's boys dressed up in costumes! I wouldn't book something like this. These things are the real deal!"

"Gah! We have to do something to bring this back under control!" With the defeat of one of the finalists and the death of another, the wealthiest man in the world quickly realized that there was only one man capable of stopping these monsters and rounded on the guards he had stationed at the door. "Where is Mr. Satan?! We need the Champ out here, on the double!"

As the men up in the penthouse began scurrying about like headless chickens, down in the sea of horrified spectators, Yamcha and Tien nudged their way through the masses and into the crowded arena. Stopping for a moment to look up at the monitors, where they spotted the fallen Doskoi and saw Gohan engaging a third alien across his battle zone, the two men quickly leapt up onto the pyramid and into the two new pods that'd been stationed there.

Once the cockpits were closed, the two warriors shot off at high speed down the tracks and disappeared into the tunnels.

XXX

Strolling through the field of wild flowers, aware of the roving camera following close behind and watching his every action, Trunks continued his slow trek across the battle zone until a series of chipmunk-like squeaks drew him to a stop. Crouching down in the long grass to investigate the sound, the young man smiled at the small, pink creature that appeared from the vegetation to greet him. Fluffy, cute, with a pair of antenna sticking up out of its head, it was an animal the time traveling warrior had never seen before.

The critter came up to sniff him. But just as Trunks was reaching out to give it a pet, it darted out of sight. At the exact same time, the demi-Saiyan's senses picked up something dangerous and fast moving, a sensation that drew the man's attention over his shoulder.

A red light appearing behind him, the lavender haired Saiyan leapt out of the way in time to avoid a ball of fiery red energy, which punched an enormous crater in the spot he'd been kneeling. Landing out of range, Trunks dropped into a stance and fixed his gaze in the direction the attack
had come from.

Spoting a distant oak, the demi-Saiyan quickly made out a large, blue-skinned man with pointy ears, orange spiky hair, and wearing a purple headband, yellow boots, black jacket and jewelry lying contentedly across a branch with his hand pointed towards him. He was also armed with a large sword, a sight that set off several alarm bells in Trunks's head.

Upon looking the swashbuckling newcomer over, the half-Saiyan snarled and decided to give his attacker a piece of his mind.

"Watch where you point that thing, I might get the wrong idea! We may be fighting but this is still a tournament! No killing allowed!" the time-traveler snapped.

Scoffing, the blue-skinned assailant suddenly sprang out of the tree and, in a blur of motion, appeared directly above Trunks. With a roar, the attacker threw a right cross straight down at the demi-Saiyan, only to see the boy slip around it and counter with an immediate three-quarter uppercut from behind. However, the second the lavender haired fighter let his attack fly, he suddenly had his arm caught by his strangely dressed target who, after trapping the stunned Trunks, picked him up and shoulder-tossed him across the field.

Managing to course correct, Trunks landed on both his feet and slid across the ground to a stop. He then looked up in shock, "Whoa! What the hell are you?!"

Charging at his target, the blue warrior threw a flying spin kick that Trunks ducked and responded with a right back kick, which his opponent quickly checked. In a flash, the half-Saiyan then leapt at the man with a roundhouse kick, only for the swordsman to slip under it and switch places, before the hybrid came back at him with a yell and a jumping knee to the face. In a flash, the orange-haired fighter managed to block the knee with a quick draw of his sword, a blow that impacted against the shaft of metal with a resounding clang.

When both fighters glared at one another, the grinning outsider chuckled, "Someone not to be trifled with, boy!" He then threw Trunks off of him and, unsheathing his weapon completely and bringing it up with both hands, sliced across at his target with a decapitating strike.

Dodging at the last second so that only a couple strands of his hair were shaved off, the demi-Saiyan backed pedaled. He then leapt into the air to avoid another slash from his opponent, before landing and dashing off in another direction in time to dodge a third thrust. Once the brief exchange was over, both warriors then began sprinting alongside one another across the field of flowers, a trek which eventually led them into the shallows of the lake.

Cackling, the orange haired alien sprinted ahead and cut his opponent off, leading to the two of them squaring off knee deep in water.

Trunks, taking a defensive position, took a moment to analyze the sword his opponent was wielding. While its design was elegant and its size was definitely impressive; the weapon, for all its gold plating and decorations, didn't have a cutting edge. In fact, the sword functioned more like an epee than a saber, which explained why he didn't slice his leg open when he rammed his knee into it.

Upon sizing one another up, the alien pirate gave the young man a smirk and slid his weapon back into its scabbard. Once his weapon was sheathed, the man tensed, balled his fists, and began focusing his energy, which took the form of all the gold pieces of jewelry on him lighting up like torches. Gritting his teeth, the alien began what Trunks suspected was a very painful transformation as all of the muscles on his body began to inflate and the ki around him began to generate ripples
across the water. A few moments of intense concentration later, the warrior then threw his arms up and gave a howl, a blast of energy producing a funnel of water that twisted around him.

When the vortex settled back into the lake seconds later, the alien reappeared, only… he wasn't blue anymore. That much was obvious on first glance.

Not only had the guy's entire frame bulked up, but the transformation had also turned his hair blood red, shredded his black jacket, leaving a red sash across his chest, and caused his ki to jump several levels. The sight of the now hulking swashbuckler had Trunks recoil in shock.

"Who the heck is this guy?"

The now significantly larger alien grinned, "Introductions. I am Gokuha. A pleasure to make your acquaintance."

The time traveling warrior frowned back at him defiantly, "Trunks. And that's all you're getting out of me, pal!"
"Oh no!"

OOO

(The Central Battle Zone)

A series of explosions racked the buildings of the city outskirts making up the exterior section of the final battle zone. Smoke and debris flying up into the air and following a straight line, like a flameless napalm strike had just been mounted against the town, the hotel at the edge of the river suddenly collapsed in on itself when Gokuha came blasting out of its walls with Trunks's head in his grip.

Rocketing up into the air, the green-skinned alien let out a cry of war as he then took the hapless demi-Saiyan and dove towards a nearby bridge, plowing his opponent's face straight into its road. Destroying the causeway, the pair then disappeared underneath the water in a series of depth-charge like splashes, which the alien continued to drag his opponent through for several seconds. Moments later, the lavender haired warrior managed to free himself from the titan's grip and shot out of the river, leaping across the rooftops of the city and beginning to dive back down to ground level feet first.

While in the middle of his descent however, the building in front of Trunks shuddered violently, before the hulking form of Gokuha came bursting out of its wall and clothes lined the unsuspecting Saiyan in the neck, sending him through several more buildings. When the lavender haired warrior exploded out the side of the fifth one, Gokuha seemingly teleported above him and kicked the man towards the ground, sending him bouncing along the main street. Trunks's form eventually rolled to a painful stop, leaving the man splayed out on his front and groaning in pain.

Landing several feet behind the boy, the smirking alien approached him, drawing his sword and pointing its tip at the Z-fighter's back.

"You're beaten. Surrender!" The man was confident at his victory.

Waiting for a response, Gokuha watched as his opponent started to push himself up, struggling to get onto his hands and knees. His smile fading, the alien then spat and, taking his sword up into a two-handed grip, gritted his teeth and roared, "FINE!" He then thrust straight down at the hapless fighter, aiming to impale him.

Sensing the attack, Trunks's eyes widened and he powered up, his golden aura exploding around him when he jumped to Super Saiyan almost instantaneously. The second he did so, he spun around and parried the incoming blade with his arm, locking the pair in a heated grappling match. Caught completely by surprise, Gokuha then began trying to force his weapon through his foe, while his opponent bit and held his ground with all the strength he could muster.

Their energy blasting off of them in waves, Trunks snarled, "Never underestimate a Super Saiyan, punk!" And with that, the blade pressing against his forearm shattered, sending the tip of it spiraling into a wall.

Stunned, Gokuha was just about to pull away when, in the blink of an eye, the golden haired warrior in front of him plowed his fist straight through his chest like a lance.

His fist exploding out the other end, Trunks held his position while his opponent spewed up blood and hunched over the smaller warrior's shoulder in shock. Body quivering for several moments with a few choking sounds escaping the swordsman's gaping mouth, the time traveling Saiyan then ripped his arm out of the warrior's chest and allowed him to tip over. The alien's body crashed to
the ground with a dull thud, where he lay dead.

As Trunks stood there, catching his breath and looking down at his defeated opponent, wondering where in the world he'd come from, the demi-Saiyan then sensed a second presence appear. Gasping at the enormous flux of ki, the boy spun around, only to have his vision blinded by the blue tail end of a coat, before he was unceremoniously kicked in the face.

The force of the blow was so immense, it not only caused a shockwave that split the ground, it also knocked Trunks out in an instant, his body hitting the ground hard.

OOO

(Meanwhile – Capsule Corp)

Bolting upright from his bed, Vegeta gave a gasp of shock when he sensed something amiss in the air.

Having subconsciously been keeping an eye on the *Intergalactic Tournament* taking place many miles away with his senses, the man was able to monitor the progress of all the competition's major players; namely the Z-fighters. Things had been going well to this point, until he felt his son's ki skyrocket and plummet in the span of a few seconds, before being completely overshadowed by an energy level that was not only enormous, but incredibly foul.

"T-Trunks?"

That was no ordinary energy level. That was something else.

Something dangerous.

Gritting his teeth, the man turned towards his son's sword, which he could see propped up against the wall.

"Something's wrong."

OOO

While dodging the rain of car-sized boulders being thrown at him by his unusually powerful foe, Gohan attempted to put some distance between him and his adversary. However, just as he was preparing to up the ante a little and give his enemy a taste of his real power, a flash of ki suddenly rushed through his head in the direction of another battle zone, stopping the demi-Saiyan for but a moment.

It was unreal. The energy level was so massive and so potent that it was impossible for the young warrior to miss.

Gasping, Gohan's eyes snapped over his shoulder, "Who's there?" Reaching out with his senses, he noticed seconds later that Trunks' energy level had dropped considerably, telling the boy that his friend had been taken out.

Clenching his fists, the fighter quickly glanced back at Bujin, whom he saw float down from above atop an enormous rock, surrounded by a malicious orange aura. The little alien giggled when he too picked up the issue plaguing his young opponent.

After several seconds of consideration of both his foe and the foreign ki signature over the horizon, Gohan made the critical decision to dispense of this fight and to go help his friends.
Levitating off of the ground, the spiky haired warrior then turned in midair and took off towards the other battle zones at full speed. Sensing his opponent flying after him, Gohan made sure to keep one eye on him and the other eye straight ahead, as he then began tracking down whatever the hell had taken out Trunks.

"Don't worry guys! I'm coming!"

---

Earth is in grave danger!" King Kai spoke, glancing back at Goku to see that he, Bubbles and Gregory had also gotten to their feet. After the events they'd just witnessed, it was impossible for any of them to remain seated.

The spiky haired Saiyan stepped forward anxiously, "From what?"

"You mean who. Bojack," the blue-skinned overseer of the Northern Quadrant replied cryptically.

Gulping at the nervous glance the man gave him, Goku pressed on, "B-Bojack? Who's that?"

"A dark demon of the worst sort; psychotic, unstable… filled with malice and rage. Long ago, he tried to destroy every galaxy within the Dormideous Sector and attempted to conquer the core star systems between the four quadrants," King Kai informed, a bead of sweat running down the side of his head as he filled Goku in on what he didn't know about this new enemy. "He and his gang rampaged across the galaxy, wrecking everything in their path."

"Sounds like King Piccolo," Goku remarked, thinking back to his encounter with the evil Namekian all those years ago.

King Kai nodded, "Yes, but far more powerful… even stronger than Cell when you first fought him." The trainer then looked gravely over the horizon of Snake Way and watched as the sky seemingly darkened as he slowly recounted his story. "He has an insatiable appetite for genocide, even going so far as to wipe out the entire population of his home planet. Now, just like the Saiyans, he and his group are some of the only remaining Hera-seijin's left in the universe. Over ten thousand years ago, we took it upon ourselves to stop him. All four of us kais worked together and sealed Bojack within a star at the edge of the Northern Quadrant."

"He's trapped in a star?" Goku asked in amazement.

This question had King Kai pace around, before looking back at the Saiyan uneasily, "Not anymore. You set him free when you destroyed my planet in your battle against Cell. The four point seal was broken and allowed Bojack and his gang to escape. Now he's returned to finish what he started… to conquer the universe." The man's glasses flashed as he then looked up once again, this time with fear evident on his face, "And it looks like his first target is planet earth."

In spite of this grave news, Goku was unshaken. In fact, a smile broke out on his face as he regarded his trainer's information with confidence, "Then he's already defeated. My son will stop him."

---

Exiting his battle zone into another, Gohan soon found himself flying over a desolate landscape of
ancient ruins and rundown buildings almost reminiscent of Ancient Greece. Ignoring the impressive layout of the field, the oddly colored sky above and the powerful alien following close behind, the young half-Saiyan gritted his teeth as he sensed he was finally approaching the point where he could sense the other powerful ki signatures.

"Krillin. Trunks…"

It wasn't long before he arrived at a ruined mansion with a central courtyard. Suspending himself in the air, the demi-Saiyan spotted the unmistakable forms of Trunks and Krillin lying in an untidy heap in the middle of the quad. Concerned for their wellbeing, Gohan super speeded down to them and skidded to a stop directly beside their bodies, where he quickly began checking for signs of life.

Relieved when he sensed that they were still alive, the boy began to gently shake them, "Trunks. Wake up." He then patted the short fighter lying beneath the unconscious time-traveler, "Come on, Krillin."

Just as he was in the process of trying to rouse them from their slumbers, the boy sensed the presence of his opponent land behind him. Glancing over his shoulder to see the short, turban wearing Bujin grinning at him, the boy then looked up towards a nearby balcony to see two more figures standing there. On the left he saw a beautiful young woman with curly orange hair and on the right a large alien of the same species with a Mohawk and a vest. Both of them were staring down at him and both of them had smug smiles in play.

"So much energy," Gohan thought, a bead of sweat running down the side of his head. "Their power levels are in the same league as mine." To be more precise, they were about as strong as those Cell Juniors that'd attacked and tormented his friends, only less concentrated, making it difficult to get an exact reading.

This pretty much told the Saiyan that these guys were no longer afraid of hiding.

The tall alien with the goatee and punk-rocker hair style grinned, "Hey kid. This is a nice planet you've got here."

"Very picturesque… and so filled with life," the woman spoke up, sitting down on one of the railings and flicking her hair back elegantly. "Are you the guardian of this sector?"

Frowning, the half-Saiyan stood up, "That depends on who's asking."

The boy then became aware of the sound of chains jangling and footsteps approaching, which drew his glare towards the doorway standing between the two invaders. Eyeing it suspiciously, Gohan's expression slowly transformed into one of shock when, from out of the shadows of the dilapidated building, he saw another alien emerge. Dressed in a long blue trench coat with golden buckles, a black top, white pants, red sash and boots, with a bandana holding down his bushy orange hair, the newcomer was also embroidered with jewelry and had a hideous scar running across his face. While slightly shorter than the alien on his left, the man was no less the most imposing of the group.

A chuckle escaped the alien's lips, "I think that would be me, boy."

His grin wasn't just the most menacing of his entourage, but Gohan could sense nothing but bad mojo coming off of him too. Clenching his fists, the demi-Saiyan held his ground beside his two unconscious comrades.
"His energy is amazing," the boy murmured while narrowing his eyes. "Incredible. This one... his power level is even greater than Cell's when I first fought him."

Just as he was beginning to square off against the alien boss and his cohorts, two pods suddenly flew overhead and from them, Tien and Yamcha descended to the ground. Landing on either side of Gohan, the two adult males glare across at the creatures responsible for taking out their teammates.

"You murderers," Tien snarled, unable to stop the beads of sweat that appeared on his head, "You killed the intergalactic fighters."

Snickering, the turban wearing alien got down to one knee and placed a hand over his chest, at the same time his other two companions did as well.

"Those so called 'fighters' were trespassing. Earth belongs to my master now," Bujin chirped, a statement that drew an arrogant chuckle from the group's leader up high.

Gohan's frown deepened, "Oh yeah?"

"Not while we're still breathing," Yamcha shot back, prompting the two aliens flanking their boss to rise to their feet and come to his defense.

The big one raised his hand and gestured grandly to the earthlings, "Master Bojack has no equal. He has journeyed across this far-reaching universe uncontested and undefeated."

"Many powerful warriors have fallen before the might of our master," the woman continued without skipping a beat. "All those who've dared to challenge his will have ended up crushed underneath his heel and turned to ash."

"Master is not patient. You would be wise to stand down," Bujin exclaimed from behind, drawing the trio's attention towards the short alien. When they looked at him, they saw the little cretin grin, "Or better yet... kneel."

"We'll pass thanks!" Yamcha shouted as both he and Tien dropped into fighting forms.

Their stances prompting the trio of alien bodyguards to change their tune, the two Z-fighters quickly picked their targets. Once they were selected, the pair took off and went in for the attack.

It happened in an instant. Faster than any adversary had ever dealt with him before, the second Tien chased after Bujin through the ruins of the building, he ended up struck from behind and kicked into a wall by his pint-sized opponent, where he was buried under a heavy pile of rubble. Yamcha fared no better against his quarry either, attempting to strike out at the woman and instead wound up getting cut down from all sides and slide-kicked across the ground, where he found himself skidding into the pile to join Trunks and Krillin.

In less than three seconds, it was over.

Gohan, shocked at how handily the aliens had dispatched his friends, looked down at the fallen Yamcha and then across at Tien. Seeing the two of them lying in unconscious wrecks where they had fallen, the young half-Saiyan clenched his fists in anger and glared up towards the still smirking Bojack.

His charcoal eyes locking with the murderous ones of the alien conqueror, Gohan felt his anger swell.
"Bring it," Gohan said as golden beams of light began shooting up from the ground around him before his body was lit up by a golden aura, which spiked up his hair, flashed it gold and turned his eyes teal.

Sensing the demi-Saiyan's ki climb to an incredible level had Bojack raise an eyebrow. "Interesting." After taking a moment to gauge the youngster's power, the demon then turned his attention to his subordinates, "Zangya, Bujin, Bido… take him…"

Smiling as each of their names were spoken in turn, the orange haired aliens then leapt from their master's flanks and flew at the young Super Saiyan from all sides. Responding to their sudden maneuvers, Gohan blasted backwards in the form of a yellow blur and elbowed an approaching Bujin in the face, smashing him through the ruined building's wall. Upon dispersing of his first foe, Gohan then sprang into the air and flew through the upper part of the barrier while at the same time being pursued by the other two.

Chasing the half-Saiyan through the hole and into the air above the village, the large Bido let out a yell and threw a left hook at the boy. Gohan caught the punch and, after grabbing the man's forearm, used the brute's momentum to spin him around and throw him back through the wall he'd come, taking out what was left of it.

Avoiding her teammate, who smashed into the ground along with a shower of rubble, Zangya picked up speed and rocketed towards her foe with a smile.

Taking aim, Gohan threw his hands forward and with a gutsy yell, fired a large blue ball of energy towards the approaching woman.

Responding to the threat, Zangya gritted her teeth and smacked the attack away with a shout, sending the ball of energy curling through the air before it detonated half a kilometer away, wiping out an entire block of the rundown city. Upon which she then flew up at the demi-Saiyan and opened up on him with a flurry of attacks, the pair beginning a fierce exchange of machinegun blows that they parried and executed at lightning speed.

Feeling the ground tremor from the colossal explosion, Bido took that as his cue and, marking his target, crossed his arms over his chest and threw them forward. With a mighty bellow, he unleashed a torrent of thin red energy beams from his fingers, which homed in on their target.

Throwing a kick and blocking a punishing left hook from her opponent, the fiercely battling Zangya smirked when she sensed her teammate's attack approaching from behind. Disengaging in time to avoid her opponent's roundhouse kick, the woman straightened up, folded her arms across her chest and, with a playful giggle, twirled in a graceful backward maneuver, her hair bellowing like a cape as the barrage of red beams curled around her lithe form and flew towards her opponent. With a shout, Gohan cocked his fist back and smacked all of the beams away, causing them to fly past him and slam into an invisible barrier.

When they exploded, they punched an enormous hole through the wall dividing their battle zone from another, the fragments of sky breaking away to reveal a secondary city.

The trio of aliens quickly forming up behind one another, Zangya and her team then scattered and flew at Gohan from all sides. Unable to mark a target in time, the blonde crossed both his arms over his face and took the three simultaneous punches all at once, a loud shockwave ringing out that rattled the entire stadium. The aliens ended up tackling the boy and slamming him straight through another camouflaged barrier directly behind him, pushing him into the central city battle zone Trunks had defeated Gokuha earlier.
Flying into the open, Gohan managed to throw his three attackers off of him and continued flying backwards in a hasty retreat, positioning himself over the downtown area several hundred feet below. Eyes darting about, he watched his opponents fly into formation once again and, one after the other, make a B-line straight for his position. Responding in kind, the half-Saiyan charged, ducking the chop Zangya threw at him, slamming his hands down on Bido's head when he swung in with an over flourished right overhand and flipping over him, and leaping over the flying kick Bujin followed with immediately afterwards. Soon he'd passed right by all three of them and flew off, forcing the aliens that'd overshot their target to course correct and fly after him.

Gaining enough distance, Gohan turned in midair and slowed, allowing the trio to catch up for a third time. Now that he'd adjusted for their speed and combinations, he was ready for them.

Marking the boy, Bujin, Bido and Zangya closed in on him from his right, left and front respectively, and once they were in range, they attacked. Without even blinking, Gohan blocked the chop from his right, the hook from his left, and checked the kick from the front, the blows slamming into him one after the other with concussive force. Their attacks stopped, the trio looked up at the boy's unflinching gaze in shock, before the demi-Saiyan threw his arms out and blasted them away with a shockwave and a yell, scattering them throughout the city's airspace.

Managing to stop themselves, the three mercenary aliens glared back at their opponent, whom they saw was eyeing each of them carefully.

Zangya smirked in surprise, "My, my. This one knows how to fight."

Responding to the remark, Gohan threw his arms and legs out and powered up, his golden aura exploding around him and pulsing at a high frequency. After gathering enough energy, the half-Saiyan took aim and fired three simultaneous golden blasts at his opponents, the attacks flying at the trio at high speed. Zangya responded quickly and backhanded the shot away, causing it to collide with a distant hotel complex and disintegrating the building in a massive, dome shaped explosion. Bujin effectively kicked his away and sent it into the streets, leveling a block of flats, while Bido took his against a cross-arm block and dispelled it with a yell.

However, the moment he looked back at his group's target, the big alien suddenly saw the boy right in front of him and flying at him with a kick. Before he could even gasp, Gohan slammed his leg right into the alien's chest, causing spit to fly out of Bido's mouth.

It seemed like a clean hit. But as it turned out, despite the speed and force of the attack the invader had in fact, at the very last second, managed to catch the boy's extended leg with his hand and, grinning roguishly, wrapped an arm around the boy's body and began to crush the kid against his chest. He pressed the kid's leg in at the same time, squashing him in from both directions.

Yelping when the man began to apply unwarranted pressure on him, Gohan slammed both hands into the guy's shoulders to push him away. But then, sensing danger, the boy's eyes snapped over his shoulder to see Bujin flying right at his head with a kick of his own.

"Hold still!"

With a shout of surprise, Gohan threw his body back and swayed under the kick, which ended up slamming Bido in the face and knocking the brute back. The unintended blow managed to free the Super Saiyan from his opponent's hold and allowed the boy to drop altitude, while the star struck Bido fumed.

"Watch it, you moron!"
Bujin freaked out and waved at his teammate apologetically, "Sorry! Sorry! I wasn't aiming for you!"

While Gohan glared up at the two bickering aliens, he suddenly sensed another incoming attack and spun around. Reacting quickly, he threw his hands up just in time to catch the red blast thrown at him by Zangya, which slowly began to push him down to the roof of one of the apartment buildings far below. As the stream of angry red energy continued to painfully grind into his palms, causing excess sparks to fly off in all directions, the Super Saiyan hybrid gave a loud growl and, with a shout of effort, hurled the blast skywards, straight up towards Bujin and Bido.

When the two comrades finally returned their attention to their quarry, the duo had to take immediate action to avoid their teammate's deflected attack, which tore right past them like a missile. The second they dodged it, it nosedived and struck a distant clock tower, nuking the entire block in the form of a red, exploding sphere, reducing all the buildings within the kilometer blast radius to ash.

As the trembling earth and explosion faded, Gohan took a defensive stance and held his ground, watching as Zangya and Bujin dropped down from the sky to land on either side of him. The moment they did, they began attacking him in a blur of movement, fists and kicks flying at him from both sides and forcing the young Super Saiyan to dodge and block. He did well in parrying a majority of the attacks, even retaliating with a few elbows and shots of his own, forcing them to back off.

While he fought on, Gohan's eyes caught sight of Bido circling him and his opponents from a distance, obviously looking for an opening. Eventually, after a solid streak of successfully fending off his two attackers, the blonde ended up taking a knee to the stomach from his opportunistic female adversary. The blow was able to lift him into the air long enough for Bujin to drive a hammer blow into his back, which sent him into the roof of the hotel and crashing through every single floor on the way down. He ended up slamming into ground a second later, but not before blasting out every single window and causing the entire interior of the structure to implode.

Smirking, both Zangya and Bujin retreated, allowing Bido to take position above the smoking complex. Bringing his hand up, the large alien fighter then produced a pinkish red energy sphere above his palm, which crackled and pulsed when he fed ki into it. Once it'd achieved form and stability, he hurled it straight down into the building, watching it plough through every floor before detonating.

A red, dome-like explosion engulfed the entire neighborhood, practically nuking the entire city while the three aliens responsible for the destruction hovered safely out of reach. Watching the attack burn away and an enormous smoking crater two kilometers wide emerge from the blast, the group then saw a golden flash shoot out from the ground outside of the crater, dart down the streets and stop out in the open.

"Tough little runt." Clicking his tongue in annoyance at having missed, Bido dove after the half-Saiyan, followed closely by his two companions.

XXX

The audience members that'd remained behind in the stadium to watch the events unfold on the monitors, hoping above all hope that their great savior, Mr. Satan, would step in to take down the alien invaders that'd shanghaied their tournament, were astonished by what they were seeing.

Through the automated cameras roaming around the various battle zones, the people were able to get a full, unobstructed view of the competitor Son Gohan, coming to the aid of his fallen
comrades and facing down the band of aliens terrorizing the grounds. After seeing two of the other preliminary contestants get taken out when they attempted to help the young fighter, they then saw the boy go through a remarkable transformation that turned his hair gold, before engaging three of the aliens in a fierce battle across the island.

His duel against them took them from the ancient city site into the central battle zone directly beneath the main stadium, where they proceeded to fight a war comparable to what the entire world witnessed at the Cell Games.

Clamoring and staring up at the screens, unblinking, the audience had to brace themselves as explosions capable of laying waste to whole countries rocked the entire island to its core. For half of the time, the camera was able to capture Son Gohan's struggle against the invaders as he fought through the skies and from rooftop to rooftop at blinding speeds, before vanishing into a dimension of travel that the human eye just couldn't even keep up with. It was mind boggling, and the entire audience was gripping their seats, wondering whether or not this was a trick.

Videl on the other hand was no fool. Body trembling as she watched the events play out, the raven haired girl refused to tear her eyes away. Even when the screen blasted the spectators with dazzling light at the outset of each explosion, the daughter of the Great Hercule Satan didn't even flinch, as she watched the most amazing thing she'd ever seen in her life.

"Don't give up, Gohan," Videl thought, clenching her jaw tightly as she saw the boy dash across the city and out into the open, waiting for his opponents to follow. "You can beat them! I know you can!" She cheered inwardly, giving the demi-Saiyan all the support he needed.

There was no doubt in her mind now; Gohan was the boy that'd fought against that monster Cell all those weeks ago. Martial artists battling in the skies, his remarkable display of strength, their speed, their lightning fast techniques, and the blasts of energy they exuded from their bodies... it all fit.

With this realization now in her grasp and with even more questions rampaging through her head, all Videl could do now was watch and pray the boy made it through alive.

The last thing she wanted to see was her newfound friend dying on live television...

XXX

Crouching down on the outskirts of the city, a very bruised and battered Gohan breathed out a sigh of exhaustion, catching his breath while at the same time surveying the destruction that'd been wrought to the area. "These guys are as every bit as tough as Cell was. I don't think I'll be able to beat them three on one." Damn it if he wasn't going to do his best though, because no matter what it took he was going to defeat these guys.

His eyes snapped upwards when he heard the sound of approaching jets, but were in fact his opponents breaking the sound barrier. "Here goes everything!"

Leaping to his feet, Gohan watched as the plume of smoke that'd been formed from the last attack broke apart and his three alien opponents come swooping in. Strafing low across the city, the aliens bore down on the youngster with all sights locked onto the Super Saiyan and, in a matter of seconds, were right on top of him.

Parrying the opening straight from Zangya, Gohan then ducked the wide hook thrown by Bido before gripping the man's arm and slamming a kick across his face. He then bounced that same foot off of the man's head and slammed it into Zangya's in turn. The demi-Saiyan did this
repeatedly; spring backing his kicks between his two aliens until he dropped to the ground and sweep kicked both in the legs so that they lost balance. Once done, he then back-flipped to avoid Bujin dropping a heel kick from above.

The second he landed and his opponents recovered, all hell broke loose. Just like how his father had battled all of Turles's men all those years ago, Gohan began fighting all three of them at once in a running battle across the wide open, deserted prairie. Like a pinball, he shot between his three opponents flying in left and right, exchanging flurries of blows before beginning to backpedal at high speed. His three adversaries pursued him relentlessly, chopping out at him with barrage after barrage of blurred punches and kicks while the boy defended against them with a blur of hand movements. Gohan's eyes darted between all three as he expertly deflected and fended off their attacks.

Managing to catch Zangya's fist, he spun and threw her into Bujin, allowing him to escape and begin fighting them in a scattered fashion across the ruined clearing. His form blurred out into an orange bolt, skipping from hill to hill, before inevitably returning to the city rooftops.

While explosions and blurred figures continued darting across the city in various directions, the imposing figure of the group's leader Bojack appeared atop the tallest tower and watched on with a smug grin in play. Arms folded and coat waving on the wind, the man chuckled when he saw Gohan deflect one of Bido's blasts with an energy ball of his own, before hurling it into his chest and sending the alien into a building.

"Impressive. His level of skill is far more advanced than I'd hoped. This should be fun," the demon remarked in a condescending tone of voice.

Dodging several massive cement blocks being hurled at him by Bujin, Gohan sprang out of the narrow corridor of the alleyway he was in and onto the roof of another apartment building. As soon as he landed, the boy had to block attacks from both sides when Bido and Bujin appeared out of the air, and began pressuring him with another vicious assault.

Parrying dozens of punches and kicks, the wily young fighter then took several staggering hits across the face and body. Brain rattled, Gohan gave a loud snarl and, with a howl of rage, he threw both hands out and unleashed two golden spheres of energy into the pair's chests. "Masenko!" The two attacks drilled into Bujin and Bido, both of them yelling out in shock before they were sent spiraling for over two kilometers through several buildings. Massive explosions occurred seconds later over the horizons, allowing Gohan to drop back down to the building and collapse to his knees.

Panting with one eye shut, he looked up to see Zangya land on the rooftop across the way, smirking at him. Gritting his teeth, the boy threw back his hand and forward. "Bakumadan!" A sharp golden blast of energy launched from his palm and flew at the girl like a lance, prompting her to act.

"It's about time we got up to the fancy moves!" the woman exclaimed, suddenly beginning to spin on the spot like a top, causing her form to blur into an orange tornado. "Beauty Trigger!" As soon as she'd gained enough momentum, a red ball of energy was flung from her spinning form and sent arcing across the gap.

The two attacks collided in midair, the blasts transforming into two battling spheres of gold and red energy, which pressed into one another like rubber balls. As they struggled, grew and started emitting bolts of multicolored lightning which tore apart the surrounding buildings and caused three to collapse, the opposing attacks then shot off in separate directions, forcing Gohan and
Zangya to sway and avoid them. They then watched as their rebounded blasts struck the barriers between the battle zones on opposite ends of the map, and two enormous dome shaped explosions nuked the island, forming massive craters.

When the tremors died out, a thoroughly winded Gohan looked to see Zangya round back on him, grin and bring two fingers to her forehead like the tip of a pistol.

"Spark Laser!" A bolt of red lightning then shot from her forehead, which struck the boy full in the chest and sent him rocketing off the rooftop. The young Saiyan gave a cry of agony as he was plowed through the same crater formed by Bido's previous attack and rammed into a wall on the far side.

The impact cracking the brickwork, Gohan crashed to the floor. Coughing up blood and feeling his skin singing from the damage, the Super Saiyan forced himself to his feet and looked up. Through blurred vision, he spotted Bojack landing on the same rooftop he'd previously been on, and was shortly flanked by Zangya, Bido and Bujin, the latter two looking like they'd been run over by a heard of stampeding rhinos on fire, courtesy of his Masenko combo.

Standing up when he saw the demons leering at him from one kilometer away, Gohan took a stance, only to feel a sharp sting of pain strike him in the shoulder, which staggered him. Wincing, the boy glared back at the building, where he saw his three opponents with their fingers raised in his direction, all primed and ready.

Forming a cross arm block, Gohan was then bombardied by a barrage of fingers beams, which peppered him like machinegun fire. Tearing into his gi and hitting him all over from head to toe, the young demi-Saiyan withstood the assault for several long seconds before collapsing to his hands and knees. Bleeding from numerous puncture wounds and panting heavily, the Z-fighter then looked up through a half-lidded gaze as the fatigue of his long battle finally took its toll.

"Great," he groaned, his hair turning black as he faded out of his Super Saiyan form.

XXX

"He's in danger!" King Kai shouted, looking over his shoulder to see Goku standing there with his hand pressed against his back and a nervous look on his face.

"Gohan! Focus! Draw strength from your anger! Show them your true power!" With his mind connected to his teacher's, who had his focused on the battle going on down below, both figures could clearly see what was happening.

The demi-Saiyan had started off brilliantly and had been holding his own incredibly well, even coming close to beating them. But unfortunately, his current level of effort was not going to be enough…

XXX

Taking advantage of his target's weakened state, Bojack, charging an enormous ball of green energy between his hands, then held the sphere above his head and hurled it forward. The projectile increased in size and mass as it rocketed across the clearing, expanding to a ridiculous extent as it approached its target.

Gohan had just enough time to get to his feet and throw up a guard before the attack was right on top of him and set to engulf him completely.

But then, just when it seemed like it was over, out of nowhere a golden beam with a purple
corkscrew traveling at the speed of light crashed into the side of the enormous sphere, and sent both shooting off in another direction. The attacks made landfall in another distant battle zone well out of harm's reach, where they completely wiped that part of the island off of the face of the map.

The earthquake fading, an annoyed Bojack and crew glanced in the direction the blast had come. There, standing atop a clock tower, they saw the caped form of a Namekian warrior standing there with his arms folded and eyes fixed squarely on them.

Realizing he'd been saved, Gohan looked to see who it was he had to thank and brightened up when he spotted the silhouette of his teacher in the distance. "Piccolo! Man, am I glad to see you!"

Grunting, the former guardian of the earth fixed a glare upon the gangsters standing on top of the roof. "Looks like you've found a good fight. Mind if I cut in?" With that statement, the man removed his cape and turban, and lazily tossed them away. "Party's over, fellas. It's time for you to clear out."

The newcomer's threat prompting Bojack to roll his eyes, the demon then watched on as the Namekian disappeared from his post and shot across the city rooftops at an impressive speed.

Not fast enough apparently, because the moment Piccolo appeared in front of the leader with a jab as his greeting, the alien boss effortlessly ducked the blow and kneed the Namekian in the stomach. The blow caused Piccolo to double over, leaving him wide open for a punch across the face.

Growling, the green fighter then countered with a swift kick to the demon's chest, the blow eliciting an 'oof' from the tyrant as he was thrown off the roof and sent flying into another building across the street where he crashed. The attack did shake the man up a little, but in the long run it didn't affect him at all.

Following up on his assault, Piccolo charged in, bringing his hands up to drop down on top of the leader with a hammer blow. But the moment he got in close, the demon snapped his foot up and caught Gohan's teacher in the chest, sending the Namekian warrior blasting into the sky. Recovering quickly, Piccolo charged a golden sphere of energy in his hand and tossed it, the ball scattering into dozens of smaller spheres which caved in on its target and peppered Bojack with multiple explosions.

The Namekian threw several more of these shots, bringing the entire building down in a fantastic display of destruction.

Gritting his teeth, Piccolo then picked up his opponent's signature and spun around, where he saw Bojack phase into view several stories above him and launch a ball of green energy straight down at him. Taking a defensive stance in midair, the Namekian backhanded the attack away, sending it crashing into another building. But the moment he deflected the attack, the Z-fighter realized the shooter had relocated and quickly began searching for him.

It didn't take long for Bojack to reappear. Hovering upside down behind the cloud of smoke rising from the recently collapsed building, the demon fired another energy ball straight into the Namekian's back, who spun around in time to catch it.

Feeling the attack burn into his hands as it pushed him down the street Piccolo then gave a hearty growl and tossed the sphere of energy into another suburb. This, unfortunately, left him wide open to another blast that slammed into his chest and exploded, causing him to fly through a church and out the other end.

The demon responsible for the combo chuckled, "Game over."
After slamming into a wall, which effectively stopped his momentum, the Namekian then began to plummet towards the ground.

Gohan, reacting in alarm, finished recovering from his damage, dashed across the crater and took flight, picking up speed when he saw Bojack bearing down upon his falling teacher.

"PICCOLO!"

Flying low and pulling up, the young Saiyan managed to catch his master. The moment he turned his gaze towards the clouds though, he saw Bojack bring his hand back and prepare to unleash another colossal blast of energy. The demon stopped a split second early when, all of a sudden, a glowing person teleported directly in front of him.

It only took the surprised Gohan a split second to recognize the now vestless person.

"Trunks! You're alright!," the demi-Saiyan exclaimed, breathing a sigh of relief as the bruised up, time traveling warrior in the black singlet and pants faced the planet's current threat down in his Super Saiyan state.

Hair spiked up with his golden aura fluctuating around him, Trunks set the imposing demon in his crosshairs. "Bojack! You will not take this planet!" Cupping his hands in front, the boy then unleashed a hell storm of blue energy blasts that shot towards Bojack like missiles honing in on his position.

Smirking, the demon threw his hand forward and produced an energy shield, the first dozen beams colliding with it headlong before beginning to explode one after the other. It was an impressive first wave, but the assault didn't stop there.

Trunks opened up the throttle with over a hundred energy beams, which poured out of his hands in a continuous stream, and completely decimated the entire city block in front of him. Soon enough, his target had become completely blocked out behind a screen of fire and smoke, which became the result of all the energy bombardment attempting to rip the man apart.

Soon enough, Trunks ceased his attack and lowered his hands, watching the smoke lift from the area. When it did, he soon spotted his opponent standing atop a spire of another Victorian era church and, not only was he completely unfazed by the attack, but the demon was smirking in the half-Saiyan's direction.

"Shit!" Intent on continuing the battle, Trunks blasted forward. But just as he was about to engage the leader of the group once more, he unexpectedly felt all of his momentum come to a complete stop and what felt like hundreds of tiny steel ropes wrap around his body, holding him in place.

Suspended in midair, the young male looked down in panic, wondering why he'd suddenly stopped moving. Spotting the telltale signs of what appeared to be light reflecting off of invisible wires tangled around his body, Trunks turned to see Bido and Bujin standing on the roof behind him, the latter with his hands extended towards him and the former carrying a broken metal support pillar shaped into a makeshift spear.

Realizing that it was the short one that had cast the strange energy wires that were now ensnaring him, Trunks attempted to break free. He jerked and thrashed about violently, using all his strength in an effort to remove the binds. However, as the net continued to hold and reel him in, the young man quickly found that the more he struggled, the more energy was drained from his body.

Apparently, the seals binding him not only held him in place and kept him from moving, but it also fed off of the target's energy to maintain its strength, which had the half-Saiyan cursing inwardly.
Seconds later, Trunks faded out of Super Saiyan form, a cry of agony escaping his lips as he unsuccessfully tried to break free once again.

Giggling mischievously, Bujin then nodded toward his larger companion to finish off their hapless target. It was a signal Bido was more than glad to follow up on, for the moment it was given the alien took the makeshift lance up in one hand and chucked the length of metal straight up at the time-traveler. The lance shot towards Trunks like a bullet, the young man quickly bracing for impact.

But just when it seemed like he would be run through by the projectile and killed, a flash of light, a whistle, followed by a resounding clang of metal, knocked the projectile out of the air and, at the same time, sliced through the wires binding the demi-Saiyan.

Freed of the restraints, Trunks spun around in time to catch the sword which boomeranged back toward him, as well as the scabbard that flew in immediately afterwards. The second he did, he saw the building beneath Bujin and Bido go up in a fiery explosion, knocking the two stunned aliens into the air and clogging the entire neighborhood in smoke.

Sheathing his weapon and buckling it around him, the lavender haired warrior grinned when he sensed a familiar presence enter the scene. There was only one man he knew who would ever think of making an entrance as pronounced as that.

"Father!"

Looking up from the pile of rubble where they were lying, Bujin and Bido spotted the silhouette of the individual responsible for the explosion appear within the wall of smoke. The outline of a flame style haircut and the sense of foreboding that came with it was more than enough to tell the pair that this newcomer meant business.

"Leave them to me." The smoke was then violently blown away when Vegeta powered up, his transformation to Super Saiyan producing a fierce gale and filling the entire area with a bright light that had the two fallen aliens wince. Once he was certain he'd gotten their attention, the Prince of Saiyans, with his arms folded proudly across his chest, ascended to the same level Trunks and Bojack were on.

As soon as he reached their altitude, the newcomer fixed his best glare on the would-be conqueror of their world, while at the same time sparing a glance down at the men that had nearly slain his son. The sight of the invaders had Vegeta scowl.

Landing in a nearby yard, Gohan set the wounded and unconscious Piccolo carefully on the floor. After making sure he was comfortable and that his wounds weren't fatal, the boy then looked up towards the skyline where the action was taking place.

"Vegeta?" Honestly, the last person he expected to come to their rescue after all the things that'd happened was his father's main rival and former enemy.

Today was just full of surprises.

After facing down with Bojack for a good long while, getting a scope of exactly what they were up against, Vegeta then sensed an incoming attack from below and, acting quickly, moved in time to dodge a leaping punch from the pint-sized Bujin. Gritting his teeth in irritation, the last full-blooded Saiyan left alive kicked the little imp in the head and sent him spiraling into a building, before then turning his attention to Bido, who attempted to get him from behind with a hook, only to have his wrist caught and his arm twisted behind him with a sickening crack.
"GAH! W-What the…? Hey! Let go of me!"

Shouting in pain at the arm lock and caught completely off guard, the large alien attempted to pull his way free until he heard Vegeta speak to him in a low, threatening tone of voice, "I don't have time to deal with small fry… especially ones who try to attack me from behind!" Then, without a second thought, the obviously pissed off Super Saiyan held his free hand up and, with a roar, unleashed a powerful blast at pointblank range right into Bido's back. Not making the same mistake of beating around the bush, the Saiyan Prince promptly finished the prick with an attack that went straight through the man's body and out the other side with a thunderclap.

With absolutely no way to defend himself or resist the attack, Bido had a split second to holler out in agony before his eyes rolled into the back of his head and his entire form went limp when the stream of energy faded.

"That one was from me." Holding the hapless alien up by the wrist, Vegeta momentarily glared down at the corpse. "And from my son, you trash." He then turned to Bojack, who seemed completely unfazed by the killing of one of his henchmen.

In fact, the demon looked thoroughly amused.

"Is this shit yours?" the Saiyan Prince asked, shaking the cadaver of the recently deceased Bido for extra incentive. Receiving no response, the Saiyan warrior then dropped the body and allowed it to freefall to the streets forty stories below.

The second Bido's body hit the pavement with a deafening thud Vegeta cracked his neck, cocked his hands back, and threw them forward with a yell of rage, unleashing a blast of raw blue energy straight towards the gang leader. Bojack responded immediately with a laugh and a beam of his own, the green blast colliding with the Prince's in midair and generating an explosion that shook the entire area.

The instant the blast rang out the two warriors then flew at each other and began the most intense dogfight the world had ever seen, both firing continuous blasts at one another while attempting to shoot the other out of the sky. The first building to fall succumbed to an onslaught of attacks from top to bottom when the two full-blooded aliens attempted to outstrip the other. The rest to follow were just acceptable losses, as Vegeta and Bojack darted from one structure to another engaging in a fierce shootout. Blue and green streaks of energy crisscrossed the skies of the battle zone, forming craters, crumbling buildings, and creating fissures the size of the Grand Canyon that began to split the entire region apart.

The pair actually caused more damage in the first few seconds of their fight than Gohan, Piccolo and Trunks in their entire bouts.

"I don't understand you father. You lost your will to fight ever since Goku died, but as soon as Gohan and I are in danger, here you are defending us," Mirai Trunks thought, unable to comprehend the enigma that was his old man. Perhaps it was one of those Saiyan things he never truly came to immerse himself with.

"Final Flash!" Vegeta's bellow echoed across the city when the man unleashed a colossal beam of energy at his foe down the main road. The golden blast ripped the highway apart and tore a trench all the way towards the demon standing in its path.

Gritting his teeth, Bojack wisely chose to avoid the attack and watched it streak past him, detonating over the horizon like a concentrated hydrogen bomb before responding to the attack with a second blast that slammed into the surprised Saiyan's chest. The explosion knocked the
Prince tumbling down the road, where he skidded to a stop a hundred meters later with his chest armor smoldering.

Seeing his father in trouble, Trunks powered up to his Super Saiyan form and rocketed forward, only to be stopped by Zangya and Bujin appearing in his path. The two aliens smiled at him when they blocked his way.

Looking up from his position on the ground, Vegeta saw his son squaring off with the other two aliens and frowned, "Trunks! Stay back!" Unfortunately, the man didn't have time to scold the boy, because the second he did the ground in front of him exploded and a fist came flying out of the cloud to slam across his face. The laughing Bojack sent the Saiyan Prince bouncing down the road at high speed like a rock skipping across the water. After a brief flight, Vegeta's body eventually collided with a distant tower, which collapsed under the force of the impact.

Smoke rising into the air from the toppling structure, Vegeta's glowing form soon shot out of the cloud and into the sky above the city. As soon as he reappeared, he saw Bojack hurl an enormous ball of green energy at him, which curved through the air at an incredible speed. Responding quickly, the Saiyan Prince backhanded the attack, causing the ball to break apart and the rebound to fly in the demon's direction. Rushing in through the barrage of his own deflected sphere, ignoring the fragments as they leveled the buildings around him, Bojack engaged Vegeta in close combat, trading lightning fast punches and kicks with him across the skies.

Sonic booms ringing out with every exchange, the demon eventually dodged a swift one-two and a kick, snickering in amusement before slamming a fist across his adversary's face. The blow sent Vegeta into a distant suburb, where he bounced and spun off of the rooftops like a ragdoll. Flying around and intercepting the Saiyan Prince in an instant, Bojack ended up kneeing the stricken warrior into the sky. Upon setting him up like a soccer ball, the alien leader then teleported directly beside the ascending Vegeta and, with a quick spin, slammed a bone breaking kick into his side.

The blow saw Vegeta hurling through several more buildings in a whole other direction.

"That's ten points," Bojack chuckled.

Flying out of his tenth building, Vegeta's battered form continued on across the street at an alarming rate. But just before his back could hit the next building, he was stopped in his tracks by his son flying in and intercepting the Prince at the last second.

Trunks, appearing winded from his battle with his two alien opponents, looked down at his old man to see if he was alright. Apparently, the blow from Bojack had managed to crack several of his ribs, as indicated by how Vegeta was now painfully holding his side.

This was not good.

"Father, let me help. You're not strong enough," Trunks murmured. His answer soon came in the form of an elbow directly in the solar plexus.

The annoyed Vegeta scoffed while his son doubled over, "Don't make me tell you twice." He then powered up and went charging after Bojack for a third round.

XXX

"P-Piccolo," Gohan murmured, seeing his master look up at him through a half-lidded gaze as he supported him with his hand.

Even though the man was conscious now, in the condition that he was in, burnt, bruised and barely
even able to raise his head, there was no way he could continue on fighting. Piccolo was one of the strongest people the boy knew, able to walk through the most brutal of punishments. But the amount of damage Bojack was able to give him with just a few hits and blasts were simply astonishing.

"Th-That man… is powerful," the Namekian choked out, looking up at his student through an agonized expression, "Go help the others. I'm no use to you now… you have to stop them."

Hearing this, the young demi-Saiyan clenched his jaw and nodded, "Right." Setting his master back onto the floor, Gohan stood up, turned to where the battle was taking place, and quickly took flight.

XXX

Spiraling into a massive clock tower, a badly shaken Vegeta ended up embedding himself in the building's wall. Upon which, he was swiftly pursued by his relentless opponent.

Arcing through the air, Bojack held back for a moment to survey the damage before rushing in, aiming a fist at the Saiyan Prince's stomach. The stunned warrior of earth managed to cough out a startled cry of agony when a blow capable of shattering meteorites plowed into him, forcing him to drop out of Super Saiyan form. The attack was also enough to cause the sleeve of Bojack's trench coat to burst into shreds.

After landing his punch, the demon then drove an elbow into Vegeta's chest, shredding his other sleeve while he buried the man deeper into the clock tower. Then, upon pulling away and watching his wounded opponent slump forward, Bojack then underwent a startling transformation. Balling his fists and bringing his arms out, a green aura exploded off of the alien's body and completely disintegrated the remains of his uniform above the waistline.

The sudden power up not only turned Bojack's hair red and his skin green, his entire form also bulked up, causing simultaneous sonic booms to ring out that brought all of the buildings around him crumbling down.

The clock tower was no exception. The second the shockwave hit it, the entire building caved in, with Vegeta letting out a pained cry as he plummeted with the rubble.

His green aura fluctuating around him, the maniacal Bojack brought his hand forward and took aim at the falling warrior. With a grin and a laugh, the alien leader then unleashed a barrage of green energy spheres, which rained down upon the collapsing tower and firebombed the entire neighborhood.

In one fell swoop, the city was engulfed in a series of dome shaped explosions that reduced everything within two kilometers to rubble.

Trunks on the other hand was experiencing problems of his own. After being confronted once again by the deadly temptress Zangya, the young Super Saiyan was forced to duel with her above the city streets.

With graceful acrobatic maneuvers, the orange haired warrior managed to evade all of the demi-Saiyan's blows. Gritting her teeth when she dodged a right cross, she countered with a right spin kick that he blocked and then retaliated against it with a left knee. Parrying the blow with her leg, Zangya growled and, pulling back, slammed a double kick straight into his stomach that sent Trunks plummeting for a couple of stories. After throwing him off, she retreated, forcing the wounded demi-Saiyan to fly after her.
The moment Trunks started gaining altitude though, a flash of pink wires suddenly flickered by his field of vision and, for the second time that day, the time-traveling hero once again found himself ensnared in energy strings. Arms snapping to his sides like bolts, the stunned fighter looked over his shoulder to see Bujin with his hands extended outwards and a smirk on his face.

Unable to free himself, Trunks then received a killer kick to the body from Zangya rushing in to take advantage of the situation.

The moment she started beating on him, more and more explosions engulfed the city streets.

XXX

In the stadium, the people were getting restless. Through the roaming camera moving across the battle zone, the spectators could see enormous explosions rock the neighborhood and Trunks, who'd been battling the two aliens valiantly, suddenly become ensnared by some kind of invisible barrier. From there, under the cries of protest and exclamations of fear, the bystanders watched on helplessly as the blonde haired competitor was slowly beaten into a pulp by his female opponent.

"Oh no!" Chi-Chi gasped, holding her hands over her mouth.

"My Trunks," Bulma also whispered, her eyes wavering in horror.

They were so invested in watching the battle that the pair didn't even notice Mr. Satan appear atop the coliseum's pyramid and forced into one of the waiting rocket pods. As soon as the man was loaded up, X.S Cash's assistant sent him blasting down the track and into the tunnel, the crowd giving a mighty cheer as their 'savior' was sent galloping into battle.

Of course, only a certain few could care less about where he was going.

Videl was one of those people and was now gripping the railing so tightly her fingers were creating impressions in the metal.

"Gohan... where are you?" she asked, cringing when she saw the competitor Trunks take several more punishing blows to the face.

XXX

Loud thuds continued to ring out as Trunks was pummeled by Zangya, the girl continuing to beat on the Saiyan till he was bleeding from the nose and mouth.

But just before she could do anymore damage, Bujin was suddenly caught completely by surprise when Gohan, now back in Super Saiyan form, tackled the man with a glorious full body check, sending the turban wearing alien spinning across the city. After taking him out, the boy then concentrated a ball of ki into his hand and pitched it across at Zangya, who was forced to evade the ball that took out an entire suburb where it landed.

Liberated from the binds, a thoroughly beaten Trunks gasped in relief while Gohan came to float by his side.

"You alright?"

Smiling across at his rescuer, the older demi-Saiyan nodded, "I'll live."

The pair then had their attention drawn across to another building. There, floating down to land on top of the tiled roof, they saw the transformed Bojack smirk across at them arrogantly.
Realizing that Vegeta had been taken down, Trunks gave an enraged growl and, powering up, flew straight at the transformed tyrant. Drawing the sword from his back, the time traveling warrior let out a loud battle cry and swung in at the enormous alien, only to see his target's body become transparent and passed right through an after image. Stunned, the demi-Saiyan was unable to respond in time when a knee from below knocked him into the air, followed immediately by a double-fisted hammer blow that slammed into his back and sent him crashing through every floor of the building beneath him.

A second later, Trunks's body flew out the bottom floor of the apartment and into the street, where he landed on his front and his Super Saiyan form fading with his consciousness. His sword, which had been released in his attempted death blow, spun down from the rooftops and landed several yards away from his position, impaling the ground.

"No!" Gohan shouted, seeing Bojack land on the same roof with his back turned to him. His eyes fixating upon the large alien, the young warrior sweated momentarily at the amount of energy he sensed coming off of the tyrant.

Right now, he was nearly as strong as Cell was when he came back after killing his father.

Not even close to giving up yet, Gohan revved his aura and gunned it, shooting across the suburbs and towards the bulked up Bojack. With a yell of effort, the half-Saiyan threw a swinging right overhand right for the alien's head, only to pass straight through another after image just as Trunks had before. But this time, instead of falling prey to the counter attack, Gohan was able to block the kick and spring off of it, into the sky. Performing several acrobatic flips, the Z-fighter then spun around and hurled an energy ball down at the tyrant, attempting to catch him by surprise.

Despite the swiftness of the blast, Bojack effortlessly slapped the attack away before rocketing up towards the boy and swinging straight at him. Gohan responded in kind by diving towards his foe and uncorking a kick right into the demon's face. The pair collided in midair with a deafening shockwave, which not only cracked the surrounding dome but punched a five hundred foot crater into the city beneath them, pulverizing an entire area of buildings and turning them into dust.

In spite of his kick, Bojack managed to recover faster and buried a fist in the boy's stomach, causing Gohan to double over and cough up blood. Upon stunning him, the large alien then grabbed his leg and with an almighty toss, threw him into the city streets below.

The demi-Saiyan spiraled in, his world a haze as he quickly righted himself and landed atop a town hall. However, the moment Gohan touched down and looked up, he saw Bojack appear directly in front of him and drive a killer hook right into his body, sending the youngster crashing into the house. The force of the blow resulted in the entire building's roof collapsing in on itself in a great cloud of dust and debris.

Shockwaves began ringing out across the city like fireworks as the one-sided battle between Gohan and Bojack carried on. The massive alien invader effortlessly avoided all of his opponent's attempts to attack him and spent the next couple of minutes leisurely beating the crap out of his foe. Every blow he landed was marked with a thunder clap that cracked the ground and shook the buildings, and every miss was followed by a laugh of amusement as the young demi-Saiyan skillfully leapt out of reach. Eventually, Bojack's chasing of his opponent led to him retreating from the youngster when the boy tried to swing at him, which had the alien climb to a safer altitude and hurl an enormous energy ball down at his persistent adversary.

Caught by surprise, Gohan swung his arm back and with a loud shout, deflected the sphere and splintered it, sending the resulting fragments flying up at the caster. Bojack, watching his attack disperse, chuckled loudly and vanished in a crack of wind. He then reappeared directly in front of
his opponent, surprising the half-Saiyan fighter and smashing the boy with a lazy punch.

Landing atop another roof, Gohan took flight again to try and get at his opponent. But just as he was beginning to climb, the teen was then forced to dodge a net of pink wires that converged on him from three different directions. Maneuvering evasively, Gohan soon found himself caught in a second net, which not only held him suspended in the sky but had his arms bound tightly at his sides.

Stunned, the youngster struggled to try and free himself, to no avail.

"A stellar performance, but you're not going anywhere thanks to our barrier," the voice of Bujin cut in from the side, drawing the youngster's gaze over to the turban wearing alien. He then looked to his left, where he saw Zangya hover into view with her own hands extended. Both of them had him trapped and at their mercy. "I wouldn't bother trying to break free. The more you struggle, the more energy it drains from your body until you pass out or die."

Letting out a shout, Gohan continued to thrash, pulling at the strings cutting into him from both sides and wiggling his limbs to try and loosen the strain. Feeling his energy get eaten away bit by bit, the young demi-Saiyan tried again and again to free himself from the same technique that'd befallen Trunks. But try as he might, he couldn't break the steel like binds now threatening to suck the life right out of him.

Tilting her head, Zangya gave the struggling young warrior an intrigued look. When she sensed her master Bojack come to float behind her, she then nodded towards the young Saiyan with interest, "This one is strong, master."

"Hmph. Yes… but nowhere nearly as strong as me," Bojack replied, arms folded over his chest while he watched in amusement as Gohan attempted to shake off the wires. "It's such a shame. And here I was hoping to get a little more fun out of him."

"He has spirit. Perhaps we don't need to kill him right away," the tyrant's lieutenant continued, glancing across at the man with a suggestive smile. It was a remark that did not go unheard by the young Super Saiyan hanging in the center of their snares. "He might serve you well as a gofer… or maybe even a palace servant if you were to let him live. His friends did kill Gokuha and Bido after all. I think we owe them a little something for what they did to our teammates." Though it seemed like a good idea at first, when Zangya saw her master look in her direction, the orange haired fighter quickly recoiled at the menacing glare Bojack suddenly threw her way.

Eyes narrowing on his subordinate, the red haired conqueror looked the woman over before retorting. "What makes you think you have the right to give me orders?" His question causing the female fighter to back down out of fear, the towering alien then turned his attention back to their victim, where he looked just in time to see the boy's Super Saiyan form fade away. "The same technique that'd befell Trunks. But try as he might, he couldn't break the steel like binds now threatening to suck the life right out of him."

In the blink of an eye, the man appeared in front of Gohan and cocked his fist.

"Give your father a message for me!"

He then slammed his knuckles across the boy's face, backhanding him immediately afterwards. After knocking the Saiyan's head around, Bojack then grabbed the boy by the hair, pulled him over, and drove a knee deep into his stomach, watching the blood fly out of his mouth the moment he released him.
Just as the alien tyrant began the arduous task of pummeling the boy to death, the group was then suddenly distracted by the sight of a red jet pod shooting out from a nearby tunnel and sent rocketing right past them, bouncing off of the surrounding buildings and hurdling towards the ground. There, it smacked into the nearby roaming camera, obliterating it and cutting off the feed between the battle zone and the stadium.

XXX

Up in the stands, the people observing the battle taking place on the monitors were just in the process of watching the young competitor Gohan get the stuffing kicked out of him, until the rocket pod carrying Mr. Satan unexpectedly blasted into view. The people were able to catch a three second glimpse of the Champ screaming behind the wheel of the shuttle, moments before the connection was suddenly knocked out.

The sight not only had the audience shout in protest, as they could no longer see what was happening, but Bulma, Chi-Chi, Videl, Oolong, Chiaotzu and all of the Z-Fighters' friends in the audience gave mixed looks of fear and concern.

"Dad… Gohan," Videl whispered, eyes shimmering as she had no idea what was going to happen to them.

XXX

After a spectacular nosedive which saw the destruction of the automatic camera, Hercule's rocket car then blasted towards Bojack's group on the rebound. The leader, Bujin and Zangya all had to take evasive action when the pod came screaming past them, nearly taking out the turban wearing alien in the process.

The result was the wires trapping Gohan's battered form dissipating on the wind and the young demi-Saiyan feeling the crushing pressure of the wires vanishing in an instant.

Unfortunately, Hercule's little joy ride wasn't to last, because the moment he blew past the group a second time, Bojack took aim with an energy ball and hurled it at the pod. The shuttle was struck high above the ground, where it exploded with a brilliant flash and a fireball that sent the Champ plummeting to the ground. The afro fighter could only cry out in terror as he attempted to flap his arms and gain some lift, only to hilariously smack into the pavement and create a human-shaped crater right in the middle of the main highway.

What was even more amusing was that the impression he made managed to engrave his afro into the brickwork as well.

"Mr. Satan!" Gohan shouted, looking down at the spot where the man had crashed.

Bojack, hovering nearby, smirked at the clown that'd been ejected from the exploding pod. "For your sake, I hope that wasn't the cavalry."

"That's it!" the demi-Saiyan shouted, powering up to Super Saiyan in an instant and rocketing towards Bojack.

A thunderclap rang out when he tackled the demon with a sharp punch that knocked him backwards. Then, in an instant, all three of the remaining aliens charged in and began beating on the Super Saiyan from all sides. In a flurry of punches and kicks, the young warrior battles against the multitude of powerful opponents for a glorious spurt of several seconds.

Then… it ended.
Managing to slam a kick into Bujin's face and simultaneously punch Zangya in the chest, the boy was then kicked in the stomach. The blow sending him skywards, Gohan was then struck in the back by a hook that sent him diving towards the earth.

Crashing through a building and toppling it, the youngster ended up slamming into the massive crater formed by Bido's first attack, where he skidded to a painful stop right in the center of it. The moment he did, his Super Saiyan form faded away.

"King Kai! There has to be something we can do to help!" Goku shouted, gripping his trainer's shoulder tightly as he and the stunned administrator of the Northern Quadrant of the universe watched powerlessly as Gohan was beaten into the ground by his attackers.

With the rest of the Z-Fighters down and Bojack outnumbering the boy three to one, his son was now on the ropes. In spite of his best efforts, he was still losing and his father knew that if he didn't act soon, then he was going to watch his son get killed…

He had to do something. Anything!

Chuckling as he landed beside Gohan's battered body, Bojack then wordlessly reached down and picked him up. As soon as he yanked the youngster out of the ground, he then wrapped his arms around the young Saiyan's body, including his arms. Then, without hesitation, he began to crush the boy one piston at a time. The sound of muscles popping and bones creaking echoed out across the city as in a few short seconds the alien tyrant started squeezing the life out of the defenseless fighter. The sudden degree of pressure being applied upon his weakened frame caused a strangled cry to escape the demi-Saiyan's lips.

With Zangya and Bujin floating down to land beside their master, the two of them then stood in contemplative silence as they proceeded to watch as their boss crushed his opponent into a fine paste between his arms and chest.

The sound of the boy's back beginning to split became more pronounced the tighter the alien made his hold.

"How ironic that your father's death was the key to my escape," Bojack mused, continuing to squeeze the boy to the point he started choking up blood. That pretty much told him that everything inside the demi-Saiyan was starting to give in as his bones gradually lost their structural integrity. "I so wanted to thank him personally, but you'll have to do it for me." He then let out another joyous laugh and tightened his grip even more.

Gohan's cries echoed across the deserted city, with a pitch that would send cold chills through even the most hardened of warriors. Even though his screams and exclamations of agony fell upon the deaf, unconscious ears of the downed Z-Fighters scattered across the battle zone, the only ones there to really hear his howls of pain were Bojack and his henchmen.

While the boss relished in the child's suffering and Bujin found himself a seat to enjoy the show, Zangya remained standing.

At first smiling when she saw her boss increase his stranglehold, the young woman then recoiled when she saw Gohan glance in her direction. In his split second gaze, the alien warrior saw the boy's eyes shimmer with hurt and despair, with a thin sheen of tears forming at the brims. Caught
completely off guard by the boy's expression, the woman bit her lip and tried to look away.

Unfortunately, her averted gaze did nothing to stop the boy's screams from reaching her ears and after several moments of standing there and listening to his bones crack, Zangya stepped forward.

"Master... I think that's enough..."

Eyes narrowing, Bojack rounded on her aggressively, "Back off, Zangya! Or I'll kill you too!"

When he saw the woman step away, the leader grinned down at the child bending in his arms and increased pressure once again. It was only a matter of time before he broke, because a few seconds later he felt Gohan's body go limp and his head cock back. In only a few moments, his life signs started to drop. "This rat has given me more trouble than I can stomach. After I'm done killing him, I'm going to slaughter what's left of his friends, kill every single person on this island, and then, once I've sent them all into the next world, I'm going to destroy this entire planet!" He then chuckled darkly, "And just like with him, I'm going to savor every last scream!"

These words echoed through Gohan's ears, causing the boy's fingers to twitch.

"M-Mother... Piccolo... Krillin..." Images of his friends and family flashed through his head like ghosts, their smiling faces flying in one after the other as his world spiraled into darkness.

"Trunks... Bulma... T-Tien... Yamcha... Videl..." More and more faces appeared one after the other in flashes, and all at once, he saw it.

He saw the broken bodies of his loved ones lying across the battlefield as they were killed; their bodies carved up and turned into ash. Fires raged in cities across the globe as he bore witness to Bojack killing his mother, Videl and all of his friends one by one, slowly, painfully, until he saw the entire planet become engulfed in a hellfire as it was wiped from existence.

The screams of millions of innocent people echoed through his ears and with them, he heard the cries of his family and friends. It was these sounds and the culmination of images shooting through his mind like a strobe that eventually sent an electric shock running right through the demi-Saiyan's body and, unable to hold back the flood, jumpstarted his heart.

He remembered! His promise!

He'd sworn to himself, to his father and to his friends that he would be strong for them! He couldn't give up now. Not when everyone and everything he loved was on the line. If he didn't grow up and push forward, then Piccolo, Krillin, Bulma, Videl, everyone...

**HE WAS GOING TO LOSE THEM ALL!**

Gohan's eyes flew open and, in a startling display of anger, his ki skyrocketed, shocking the three alien invaders standing around him while his once charcoal irises flashed teal.

"NEVEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEERRRRRR!" Gohan roared, his hair flashing gold and his aura exploding around him like wild fire, shaking the entire island with a violent shockwave that caught Bojack completely by surprise.

"What?"

Then, with a deafening cry of rage that pierced the heavens and baffled the invaders, the boy tensed up, thrust forward with his left hand and grabbed Bojack by his side, the demi-Saiyan's fingers impaling the man's flesh as he dug into the area directly over his kidney.

The group's leader let out a yell of agony when he felt his vital point burn from the boy mercilessly
crushing his waist and doubled over in pain, before the young warrior fired a blast at pointblank range right into his soft spot. The blast sent Bojack bouncing like a ragdoll across the open clearing, releasing Gohan from his hold who then suspended himself in the air above the ground. Zangya and Bujin could only look on in disbelief when, in a blinding flash of light, the boy let out a mighty howl of rage and his aura exploded off of him like a tornado. The power he emitted shredded the ground in all directions.

His ki climbing higher and higher without any signs of slowing down, the boy's energy sent shockwaves rippling across the terrain, knocking Zangya and Bujin off their feet and causing several buildings to collapse. After the bellowing waves ended and the light faded away, the three staggered aliens looked back to see what'd happened.

When their eyes landed upon the demi-Saiyan, they saw the boy touchdown and do an about-face, turning to lock his glare upon them. This time though, he looked a little different.

Not only was Gohan's aura sharper and fluctuating at a higher frequency, his hair had spiked up even more and was practically standing on end, save for a single strand hanging over his face. His eyes also had a more turquoise coloration to them. What's more, bolts of electricity shot from his body, sparking and flashing dangerously, as if to show just how enraged he actually was.

Standing up, Bojack, with five newly formed puncture wounds in his side that were bleeding profusely over the burn mark, looked upon the boy with an expression of shock, "W-What is this?" His subordinates, who were also back on their feet and standing outside of the boy's blast radius, wore similar expressions of astonishment.

Attention fixing upon the tyrant, Gohan frowned, "I know your kind. You think you can just waltz in and take our planet." The boy, bathed in the glow of his Ascended Saiyan state, cracked his neck, took a deep breath and continued, "But this planet is not yours to take… nor is it for you to destroy… not while _I'm_ around. Earth is _our_ home!"

Bojack snarled, "We'll see about that." His eyes then cut across to his two subordinates. "Kill him."

Crouching low, a grinning Bujin then prepared to hurl his wires at the boy, only to suddenly see him vanish with a crack of wind. Blinking in shock, the turban wearing fighter then sensed someone behind him and spun around. The short fighter had just enough time to blink before he saw the boy thrust a kick straight up into his ribcage and sliced him in two. The moment Bujin was bifurcated, his two halves exploded into simultaneous clouds of bloody smoke, before the boy turned his attention to Zangya standing frozen on the other side of the crater.

Balking in horror, the orange haired woman took several steps back. After seeing the demi-Saiyan effortlessly kill Bujin with a single stroke, the young woman knew right then and there that she had absolutely no way of contesting with that kind of power. Hell, she didn't even see him move to attack Bujin in the first place.

First he was _there_ in the center and then, the next thing she knew, he was just gone.

Swallowing nervously, she took another step back.

The moment she did, without even blinking, Zangya suddenly saw the boy standing directly in front of her, covering the distance of fifty meters between them in a heartbeat. Yelping in shock, she fell over and hit the ground, where she then found herself staring up at the golden haired warrior with electricity dancing around him in fear.
Eyes shimmering and sweat pouring down her face, the young girl was immediately petrified.

"P-Please…" She whispered, edging away slowly while her body trembled with fright "I… I'm sorry…"

Continuing to glare down at her unflinchingly, the young Super Saiyan then became aware of a bright light shining in his face and glanced to his left, where he saw a massive ball of energy rocketing towards him and Zangya. Spotting the attack, the alien girl gasped in horror, but just when it seemed like it was going to engulf them both, the golden haired warrior jumped into its path and effortlessly backhanded the attack away, sending the sphere of green ki flying into the distance.

"Useless bitch!" Bojack bellowed, a wide grin stretching across his face as he cupped his hands at his side and began pouring energy into his palms. Then, springing high into the sky, the tyrant unleashed his second attack, "DIEEEEEEEE!!" With a thunderclap and an earsplitting howl, the man hurled an enormous blast of energy straight down at the pair, aiming to wipe both Gohan and Zangya off the face of the planet.

While the orange haired girl cried out in terror, Gohan remained standing in place, watching the sky in front of him turn a blinding green before the entire piece of land they were on went up in flames. The instant the attack collided with its target, it nuked the whole region, causing the entire island to shake and scaring the daylights out of every single person up in the stadium. After the fiery mushroom cloud dispersed and became replaced by an enormous plume of smoke, Bojack's grin widened, as if certain of his victory.

But then, the moment he saw the smoke lift, the demon's smugness vanished in a heartbeat when, in the center of the three kilometer wide crater, he saw Gohan standing atop an untouched slab of ground, with Zangya directly behind him. Despite taking the entire blast full in the face, not only was the boy's aura still fluctuating around him, but the demi-Saiyan was completely unfazed by the attack.

Gawking up at the back of the young warrior standing in front of her, the former subordinate of Bojack, still lying stricken on the ground, stared up at Gohan for a few seconds longer. Then, as the shock of all the events that'd happened finally caught up to her, the girl's eyes fluttered shut and she collapsed, fainting right there on the spot.

Landing back down on the ground, Bojack snarled. "I WILL KILL YOU!" With a mighty war cry, the demon charged across the field and shot towards the demi-Saiyan.

Gohan's frown deepened while sparks of electricity coursed around him angrily.

Drawing back his arm, Bojack gave a mighty howl as he prepared to bury the kid with a single punch. But then, just as he was halfway across the crater; his target suddenly vanished in a golden flash. The moment Gohan disappeared from sight, the giant alien stopped dead in his tracks when a sharp pain struck him in the stomach, followed immediately by a small fist exploding out his back, sending blood splattering across the ground.

Doubling over, the would-be conqueror of the universe let out several strangled gasps and choking sounds, as he quickly realized Gohan had impaled him with his arm. Shit. He didn't even see the kid move.

The demi-Saiyan on the other hand, remained completely calm and collected, like his sudden charge and punch didn't require a smidge of effort. With an unchanging expression and a balanced stance, Gohan removed his arm from his opponent's stomach and watched the demon stumble
away, clutching the new, gaping hole in his abdominals.

Bojack, gasping and groaning in agony, managed to put a good amount of distance between him and his foe. After which, he snarled in rage, "Y-You little rat! A mere… child cannot defeat me! I am unbeatable!" Spitting up blood, the demon then brought his hands forward and began gathering energy. A green sphere of ki forming between his palms, the alien tyrant then pulled his arms apart and split the globe, forming two balls in either hand which began to grow and pulse. "Any last words before you die?"

Sensing the man's ki begin to climb, Gohan's frown deepened, "Actually… Bojack." He then turned side on and cupped his hands behind him, "There is one word that comes to mind." His aura expanding widthwise, a blue sphere of ki then formed between the Super Saiyan's palms, filling the entire area with a second blinding light.

Then, just as Bojack hurled his two energy spheres in the form of a single beam at his opponent, Gohan executed his with a bellowing yell.

"KA-ME-HA-ME-HAAA!" Throwing his hands forward, the demi-Saiyan unleashed a blast that completely overwhelmed his opponent's, enveloping the approaching attack in an instant before ripping on and engulfing Bojack.

When the demon was knocked off his feet by the enormous tidal wave of energy, the last thing the alien conqueror saw before he completely blacked out was Gohan flying towards him through his own attack. Like a samurai, the young Super Saiyan 2 cut straight through his opponent with his fist, stopping directly behind the demon long enough to hear Bojack's scream of agony before, finally, decisively, and not a moment too soon, Bojack vanished in a blazing flash of light.

Sliding along the disintegrating ground, the demi-Saiyan stopped in a runner's pose while his attack continued forwards, the beam shooting through the Battle Island's main wall before rocketing up into space, away from earth like some ethereal ray of light. Seconds later, the ridiculously powerful beam of energy faded, vanishing from both the vicinity and the sky with a series of thunderclaps.

Daylight fell upon the land shortly thereafter.

When the smoke cleared, the plume revealed an arena stricken with the scars of a war.

There were barely any buildings of the tournament's city left standing and while craters did indeed cover a large portion of the region, the biggest impression took the form of an enormous trench leading towards a massive hole in the side of the island that covered one quarter of the entire zone. This was all the sign that was needed for people to know that a massive battle had been fought there and the victor…

Well…

After rising back into a proper standing position in the center of the two mile wide trench that practically split the island in two, Gohan held his ground and stared ahead of him. His Super Saiyan 2 form fading away and his hair turning back to normal, the boy surveyed the area one last time for any signs of his opponent.

His mind picking up the still present ki signatures of Krillin, Tien, Yamcha, Piccolo, Vegeta, Trunks, Mr. Satan, and even Zangya, all of whom were lying scattered across the field, unconscious, and nobody else, the boy knew that it was all over.
Job done, the full effects of his day-long struggle then brought a stupid grin and a half-lidded gaze to the young Saiyan's face. Moments later, the boy keeled over and hit the ground like a sack of potatoes.

"I did it," Gohan groaned, before passing out and falling into a peaceful sleep.

A long desired silence returned to the island shortly thereafter.

OOO

(Otherworld)

After seeing his son collapse through the connection with his teacher, Goku breathed a sigh of relief and allowed a wide grin to cross his lips. "That's my son. I knew he could do it." Initially having readied himself to teleport down to earth to lend his son a hand and give him an extra push, the adult Saiyan was promptly stopped when he saw Gohan take care of it himself.

Watching the boy step up and gather all of the strength and courage he needed to finish the fight, brought a sense of pride to Goku's soul that would make even Vegeta smile.

Removing his hand from King Kai's shoulder, the Saiyan chuckled, "Man. It was a close one… but my boy pulled through."

The blue-skinned overseer of their part of space smiled back at his student, while Bubbles and Gregory pottered around behind them. "It appears you didn't need to go down there after all." Obviously, through the telepathic contact he had with his student, King Kai had been able to sense the man's intentions.

Luckily for him, no emergency action needed to be taken.

Goku chuckled, rubbing the back of his head in his characteristic manner, "Yeah. I guess so."

That meant the earth and its people were in good hands.

OOO

(The very next day)

(Satan City Hospital)

"Mr. Satan saves world twice," Krillin read out loud off of the newspaper in front of him. Scrunching his face at the picture of the man posing for the camera with X.S Cash's son giving the photographer a 'V' sign, the bald man then tossed the article aside, allowing him to see the sagely form of Master Roshi grinning back at him, as well as well the IV tube plugged into his arm. Revealing that he was lying in a hospital room, the short fighter glanced across to see not only Oolong, Chiaotzu and Puar present and visiting, but Gohan and Trunks lying in beds alongside him. "This guy makes front page while we're in the hospital."

And by 'we', he was also referring to Yamcha and Tien in the two beds on the other side of the room.

Nevertheless, in spite of being wrapped up like mummies, with both Trunks and Gohan having their arms in cast, and the former with his jaw bound and his leg strapped and elevated, all of them were in rather chipper moods. Yamcha especially, since the doctors had given him a heavy dosage of morphine that put a stupid smile on his face and kept him quiet.
Chuckling at Krillin's misery, Gohan beamed at his friend, ignoring the pain in his still aching jaw. "Heh. Say what you like, but if he hadn't crashed into Bojack and his goons, we might not even be here right now."

"I'll say," Tien chuckled, remembering how swiftly he'd been handed his defeat, resulting in a cracked shoulder, five broken ribs and a broken leg, plus some serious rug burn.

Oolong, hanging off of the end of Gohan's bed, chuckled in amusement, "Yeah, when it comes to freak accidents, Mr. Satan's a pro." This drew a hearty laugh from Chiaotzu, Trunks and Tien, a spurt that left one of them coughing from the grievous beating he'd received at the hands of the alien leader.

Shaking his head, Krillin smiled across at his friend, "How you feeling there, bud? Still got all your bits intact?"

Gohan grinned, "All of the important ones. How about you? Those guys didn't exactly play nice with us."

"Meh… the only thing that's really damaged is my pride," the former monk sighed while staring up towards the ceiling. "Didn't I say at the beginning of this ordeal that I'd see you guys in the infirmary? Ah, who am I to complain. There's no way I can ever keep up with you super-powered aliens from outer space."

"Don't sell yourself short. I think you held up pretty well," Trunks encouraged from his bed, at the same time giving the man a thumbs-up. Not that he could help it due to the way his cast had been set, he was giving a constant thumbs-up.

"You didn't even see me fight," Krillin snapped back, pouting a little bit in his misery and earning snickers from the people around him.

Yamcha, having managed to tap into the conversation earlier, then remembered something important and glanced across at their half-Saiyan hero. "By the way Gohan, whatever happened to that orange haired chick? You said you let her go, didn't you?"

Responding to the sudden question from his flank, the youngster nodded, "Yeah. When I went after her in Super Saiyan 2 she completely fell apart. I actually noticed her having second thoughts about being on Bojack's crew while I was fighting him, so I decided to give her a chance. Hopefully she won't cause us anymore problems."

Catching onto this, Master Roshi grinned, "You're Goku's son alright. Kind and gentle to a fault."

Exhaling, the young demi-Saiyan fixed his gaze on the ceiling and beamed, "I've still got a long way to go though. I may have learned from my mistakes against Cell… but I've still got a few more miles to cover before I can even consider being in dad's league."

His remark bringing a round of smiles and nods of approval from those around him, the group then heard a knock on the door and looked to see a nurse enter their midst. When she stepped in, she was quickly followed by Bulma carrying her baby son, Puar, Chi-Chi, and some girl the group had never met before.

They still weren't able to meet her, because for reasons unknown, she was hiding from view behind Chi-Chi. It was only until the group stopped beside Trunks and Gohan's bedsides did the Z-fighters see the newcomer step into the light. Wearing the same clothes as yesterday with her hair in pigtails, Videl peered around at the boy wrapped in bandages and smiled when she saw it was the
right person.

Immediately spotting her, Gohan grinned, "Videl? What are you doing here?"

"Gohan!" Her exclamation drawing surprised glances from everyone, the girl quickly rushed to his side and looked him over. "A-Are you alright?"

"Y-Yeah… just a little bit sore, that's all," the spiky haired demi-Saiyan chirped.

After taking in the sight of the bandages and patches covering him, Videl beamed in awe. "Wow. You must have gotten the stuffing kicked out of you. Who the heck were those guys? Were they as strong as Cell?"

The youngster, at first a little baffled by the sudden influx of questions, which raised a couple of questions of his own as to how Videl had managed to piece this stuff together, sprouted an amused yet pained expression and shrugged in response, "It's a bit of a long story."

Grinning, the raven haired girl quickly pulled up a chair, rested her arms on the bed and proceeded to lean against it right next to the bedridden Saiyan. "Well… I don't have to go home for a while, so I've got plenty of time to kill."

Appearing noticeably cheered up, Gohan was about to start a long conversation with the newcomer when he suddenly noticed all of his friends staring at him. Looking around the room, not only did he see the cheeky grins on Oolong and Krillin's faces, he also saw Tien and Yamcha share a glance, Trunks smile rather mischievously, Bulma snickering, and his mother standing there with a wide smile and a dreamy look on her face.

Even Videl noticed the playful looks they were receiving from the others in the room.

Eyes shifting from one face to the next, Gohan gulped, "Uhh… why are you guys staring at me like that?"

Then, in chorus, Krillin, Oolong, Master Roshi and Bulma began singing, "Gohan's got a girlfriend" over and over again teasingly, while Trunks quickly added a humming bass to the repertoire.

Hair standing on end like a startled cat, Gohan flushed a bright red before trying to hide his face underneath his bed covers. At the same time, Videl tried to cover her own shade of red by turning away and shifting on the spot in embarrassment.

"This isn't going to stop anytime soon, is it?" Gohan thought in dismay.

And guess what… it didn't…

XXX

Meanwhile, outside the hospital, across the street and perched on top of the roof of a nearby building, the familiar, orange haired form of Zangya could be seen sitting there with her legs crossed and a forlorn look of curiosity etched into her face. Wearing a blue singlet top showing off her midriff, black pull-on sleeves, black figure-hugging biker pants, yellow boots and a purple scarf wrapped around her neck with a different set of jewels decorating her features, the woman had apparently done her very best to remove the old garb previously draping her lithe form.

Now that she was no longer a part of Bojack's group, as she'd been dismissed from his ranks the moment he tried to kill her, the girl had adopted a completely different look to her old one. And
now that she'd taken on a new appearance, had no more bosses to answer to and no more outstanding goals in her life, the girl was free to do whatever she wanted.

Considering her circumstances, Zangya figured she would start her new life by staying in close sight of the very boy who'd decided to spare her in the first place.

"Why?" It was the one question currently lingering on in her mind and one that she really wanted to have answered. However, she figured she would get her answers soon enough and, with her chin resting against her arm, opted to remain where she was for the time being.

While she was sitting there, watching and admiring the very person who'd defeated her former master blushing and bumbling childishly around his friends through the window, a complete turnaround from the fierce warrior she'd faced in combat, she then became aware of a new presence on the scene. Disrupted from her meditation, the Hera-seijin girl glanced to her right to see a blonde haired woman with beautiful blue eyes, wearing tight jeans, a white shirt, black vest and gloves sitting there and looking in the same direction as her.

Sensing a set of eyes on her, Android 18# turned to see Zangya looking in her direction. After a moment of staring at each other, the former quickly returned to gazing through the window, allowing Zangya to do so as well.

While the two women shared that part of the balcony in comfortable silence, a little bit further behind them on the exact same roof around a large water tower, Piccolo and Vegeta were also present. One standing and the other one sitting, both men had their arms folded and their eyes fixed on the distant horizon, not really looking at anything yet still looking all the same.

As a gentle wind brushed by them, ruffling Piccolo's cape and blowing through Zangya and Eighteen's hair, the four personalities remained in the peaceful stillness of the moment, wondering what the not too distant future had in store for them next.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: Damn, this was a long chapter. But I finally got through the Bojack Arc. And with a few changes made, it's time to move on to the next arc. I hope you're all going to enjoy the next post, hopefully soon.

Also, since it's really difficult to determine the exact power levels of characters and the ones Daiz released lost complete sense ever since the Namek Saga, I don't really care much for them.
Humming pleasantly to himself as he sat at his desk in his old room, Gohan continued to busy himself away with his studies. With a ceiling high shelf of textbooks stacked to his left and his computer sitting on his right, the young man had practically everything he needed for a few hours of successful cramming. After the harrowing events that'd taken place at the Intergalactic Martial Arts Tournament not too long ago, this had pretty much become standard procedure for him.

Ever since Bojack's attempted invasion of their planet the defenders of the earth had all decided to make some significant changes to their lifestyles.

For starters, Vegeta was now back in the game and hitting the gravity room harder than ever before… that is, whenever he wasn't looking after his son and filling in time that Bulma wanted him to take up while he was at home. Having pretty much recaptured his youth, the Saiyan Prince was now determined to reach the same level of control and ability that Gohan had achieved in his training, while at the same time not wanting the demi-Saiyan to get too far ahead in the combat department. He'd even managed to shanghai Mirai Trunks along for the ride who, after getting out of the hospital, had decided to stick around for a little while longer to hang out with his friends and family before returning to his own timeline.

Foregoing his planned rest period in the subcategories, Krillin had also decided to continue his training at Master Roshi's island. Every day the current Turtle Master would set some time aside to practice his move sets and polish up his fighting techniques, staying in peak physical shape while simultaneously becoming more emotionally and socially active. The man wanted to get out there to see as much of the new world as possible and to experience all of the things he'd missed out on in the past couple of years. Since they'd arrived at a time of secured peace and prosperity for all of mankind, he, along with Yamcha, Tien, and Chiaotzu, the sole human members of the Z-Fighter squadron, had all decided to live it up as best as they could, now that they didn't have the threat of androids and aliens looming over their heads.

Of course, one couldn't be too careful.

Speaking of which, Yamcha, a long time supporter of the group, had decided to return to his old career path in baseball and practicality in the world, while Tien and Chiaotzu had disappeared into the north to continue their regular training regimens. This further went on to illustrate the level of commitment each and every one of them held toward their responsibilities and passions as fighters, which varied between each member of the team.

The same could be said for the non-fighters of the group. Korin and Yajirobe were up in their tower doing whatever it was they did best while watching over the planet from afar.

Dende, bright and dedicated as ever, was still learning the ropes of being guardian of earth and was taking frequent lessons under Mr. Popo, who was just glad to have a friend to serve once again.

Master Roshi was being pedantic and laidback as usual, with Turtle and Oolong coming in a close
second, and the Briefs family filled in their quota of the year by pushing the Capsule Corp. industry in a whole new direction of discovery and innovation.

In a few words, everyone across the board had their own parts to play.

Getting back to the heavy hitters, Piccolo never strayed too far from the regions surrounding Mount Paozu or Kami’s Lookout. The man was always… around, in some way, shape or form. Sometimes you would often see him standing outside the Son family house under a tree or find him meditating beside the local waterfall not too far from them. This didn't bother Chi-Chi too much since she never really saw the Namekian warrior very frequently, but Gohan did, and it always made him smile whenever he noticed his friend watching over him.

And as for the young demi-Saiyan, things were going nicely for him.

Just like he planned, every morning and late afternoon Gohan spent his hours training away, juggling time between skill and technique molding and strength building. Every so often he would share a couple of sessions with Piccolo whenever his old teacher dropped by and when the green warrior wasn't coaching him in the first half of the day, the two of them would spar until they were both too tired to move. Gohan was even sure to push himself by not going Super Saiyan the entire match, making him work even harder. Though on one hand it made Piccolo happy to see the half-Saiyan trying so hard, at the same time it irked him somewhat since he thought his student was taking it easy on him. But Gohan had his reasons and the man understood them well enough to let these little foibles slide.

It was a given. The more the demi-Saiyan trained and strengthened his base level state the stronger his subsequent Super Saiyan transformations would become. But this didn't mean Gohan neglected training in his powered up states either, as the young warrior knew he needed to gain control over his Ascended Super Saiyan state, or what he liked to call Super Saiyan 2, above everything else.

In the past month, he'd actually managed to gain a certain level of directive over it. He did this by spending a whole week in that form, walking around with his hair blonde, elongated and defying gravity. It was cool at first and the youngster loved the feel of it, but his mother soon urged him to turn back to normal since not only did he appear a little scary, but he also had these sudden bursts of strength that just came out whenever he got too excited or carried away.

The most notable instance was when Gohan first opened the door when he was coming home after a morning session and inadvertently ripped it off of its hinges.

That was pretty much all he needed to know that his control skills at the second level needed a bit more fine tuning.

Outside of working his physical abilities into the ground and training to the point of complete and utter exhaustion of course, just like he promised, the demi-Saiyan also focused a lot of his time on his studies. After all his years of homeschooling under his mother's loving care and guidance, the boy had gotten so good at math, science, and all the other subtopics that he barely needed to apply a hundred percent effort into his learning process anymore. He wasn't even sure there was anything more for him to learn, period. As it stood, with only a quarter of his concentration, he could burn through textbooks like they were children's picture books. He'd memorized all of the most complicated mathematical theories to date, knew every single field and method by hard, and could solve complex equations in his head like he were adding and subtracting, as he'd been doing stuff like Calculus ever since the ripe old age of four.

Even when he'd been training under Piccolo's watch, he'd actually spent a lot of his free time recapping on his complex numbers and differential equations while resting in a cave.
General theory of relativity, nonlinear systems of equations, differential topology, geometry and manifolds, quantum mechanics, matrix algebra, quantum field theory, nuclear physics, vector calculus, advanced counting theory, chaos theory, unified field theory… you name it and there's a good chance Gohan has covered it at least five times.

Hell, while some people struggled with their times seven multiplications, Gohan could recite the entire quantum chromodynamic gauge-invariant Lagrangian in his sleep.

Really, by this point in time it was all just a practice in futility.

But if it made his mum happy, then Gohan wasn't complaining.

Anyhow, after having spent a couple of hours cramming some basic systems of algebra and quadratics into his head for the hundredth time in a row, the demi-Saiyan felt he'd spent enough time sitting down. So, marking his page, closing up his text book, and adjusting the orange top of his father's style gi, the youngster got up and headed into the kitchen to see if his mum needed anything. When he got there, he saw she was busy scaling some fish at the counter.

Beaming at how hard she was working, Gohan approached the young woman and stood alongside her expectantly. "Hi, mum. Do you need any help?"

"Oh, Gohan," Chi-Chi exclaimed in slight surprise, "I didn't hear you come in. Did you finish your studies for this morning?"

"Yep. I covered all six books like you asked and filled out all of the exam papers you gave me," the young Saiyan responded, beaming across at the hardworking mother.

"That's good. You seem to be going through those texts a lot faster than you usually do," the raven haired woman remarked while raising an eyebrow at her son, at the same time deboning the large fish on the counter. "You aren't cutting corners in your work, are you? Because if I come in there and see that you're purposefully skipping questions and slacking off..."

"No. Of course not," Gohan chuckled. "I went through all six books page by page, formula after formula. I'll be able to show you the papers afterwards if you like and you can have a look to see what I've done."

"Hmm..." Chi-Chi raised an eyebrow at the demi-Saiyan. However, after giving the boy a suspicious once over and upon staring into his disarmingly innocent smile, the Son mother shook off her distrust and gave the eleven-year-old a warm gaze. "Ah, I trust you. After seeing the amount of work you put into your education, I think it's about time I start taking it a little bit easier on you." She turned back to chopping up the fish. "Like your father said, too much work can turn your brain into mush."

"Thanks mum," the boy nodded, before checking out the pile of food standing alongside her. Giving it a considerate scan, he then pointed towards the stuff, "Would you like me to dice all of that up for you?"

A little bit surprised by his sudden question, Chi-Chi quickly glanced between her boy and the food he was pointing out. After three back-and-forths, she then brightened up and refocused her attention on the youngster, "Of course sweetie. If you like."

"Yeah." Cheerfully hopping over to the other side and washing his hands at the sink, the youngster then brought out a second clever from the drawer beneath them. After twirling it expertly in his grip and finding a suitable balance, he then grabbed a couple of Chinese cabbages, lined them up,
and, without hesitation, began chopping them up into bite-sized pieces at record breaking speed.

All he did was push the whole cabbages across the board and sliced down on them with the blade.

Watching her son start cutting through the vegetables faster than the Energizer Bunny, and watching him separate the piles for extra measure, the Son mother smiled proudly and, not wishing to be outdone, returned to her work as well.

"My son... I'm so proud of him," Chi-Chi exclaimed, putting the fish pieces into a separate bowl and sparing a fond gaze towards her stomach, where she knew the growing life inside of her belly was sitting. "You're going to have a wonderful older brother waiting for you when you come out..."

His mother's distant expression as well as her hand wrapping around her stomach area gave Gohan a moment of worried pause, "M-Mum? Are you okay?" He saw the woman glance up at him.

"You're not feeling sick are you?"

"Oh no. No dear. It's nothing. I was just spacing out," Chi-Chi replied quickly and threw the young man a pleasant smile. Obviously, she had yet to tell Gohan about the fact that she was pregnant. It'd been two months already, but there hadn't been many changes to her body that would warrant the young demi-Saiyan's notice, even with his superhuman senses.

This just showed how much like his father Gohan actually was, bless his heart.

Smiling brightly, the Son mother regarded her son considerately for a few moments. "I'm just thinking about how much of a fine young man you're turning into." Her eyes then sparkled as she met Gohan's gaze with her own, "I know that no matter what obstacles you may come across and no matter what challenges you may face, you will lead a rich, full life, filled with happiness and love, and that you'll make whoever you end up with feel like the most important person in the world to you."

Blinking at this, Gohan smiled, "Thanks mum."

Slowly returning to their work, a cheerfully humming Chi-Chi went through a couple more fish before inevitably asking the one question that'd been standing out in her mind. "By the way, Gohan... have you been keeping in touch with Videl?" Her question startling the young man from his task, the mother looked across at him curiously. "You haven't visited the city for a while and she hasn't come over to visit us yet. In fact, I don't think you've said anything about her the entire month... so I'm just curious. Are you two still friends?" Clearly, she was more concerned about whether or not the two of them were together in the fundamental sense as opposed to the common term, even if she may have been getting a little bit ahead of herself.

Shaking off the surprise, Gohan nodded his head vigorously, "Of course we are, mum. I keep in touch with her everyday over the computer. She says she's doing really well in the city, and that she would like to come over and visit us sometime." What he really wanted to say was 'visit him'. To be honest, he was hoping he would be able to stop by and visit her as well.

Videl was a really great person to talk to and he really enjoyed the many times he'd been able to spend with her. Chief among which was when he finally got out of the hospital and he was able to go explore the town with her. However, since they lived so far away from each other and because they both had responsibilities to keep with their families, such as schooling and training, it meant that the only way they'd effectively been able to stay in contact with one another was via the internet.

The two were happy nonetheless, but they still kept trying to find times where they were both free
to drop by and see one another.

This information brought a wide grin to Chi-Chi's face, before she languidly went back to cutting up the salmon, "Well, as long as things are going well between you two, then I have nothing to worry about. Be sure to try and invite her over for lunch some time. It would be nice to have somebody new around the house… especially one of my boy's girl friends."

Now, while she really meant to say 'a girl who was a friend of her son's', the way she'd said it inadvertently brought a flash of red to the boy's face and had Gohan round on his mother with distress. "M-Mum!"

"What?" Chi-Chi looked back at him in surprise. After taking note of the startled look of embarrassment on his face, the mother soon realized what she must have said and smiled deviously. "Oh, I'm sorry Gohan, dear. I didn't know you two were already boyfriend and girlfriend."

"MUM!"

Damn it. Why did she have to go there?

While the boy blushed and babbled on nonsensically under the delightful gaze of his mother, the young demi-Saiyan was completely unaware of the set of eyes watching him through the window.

Atop the nearby hill underneath a tall oak tree, the orange haired form of Zangya could be seen standing there, leaning against the trunk with her arms folded and eyes set on the building down below.

At first having been observing the boy while he'd been studying, the former alien invader then saw him abandon the confines of his desk and head into the kitchen to help his mother out with her housework. It was a routine she'd adopted for a while now, as ever since the scuffle on the island over a month ago, the alien woman had been keeping close tabs on the young warrior, taking her time to watch him, analyze him, and getting a feel for what he did in his off hours.

She had to admit, it'd been incredibly entertaining observing his interactions with his family members and awe-inspiring watching his training sessions every morning and late afternoon. The entire experience gave Zangya a big idea of what life was like for this timid little warrior and what made him such a force to be reckoned with in the first place.

Oh sure, the young Hera wasn't exactly a friend of the demi-Saiyan's or an ally of his by any stretch of the word, but she sure as hell wasn't an enemy of his either. And even though she didn't hold any deep-seated animosity towards the people who'd killed Bojack and her teammates, but was in fact relieved to have been liberated from that power-hungry demon's command, Zangya was also smart enough not to start anymore fights with these people.

She actually frowned upon the idea of fighting against them, knowing what consequences awaited her if she did, and simply resigned herself to sitting on the sidelines and looking on from afar for the time being.

After watching Gohan for several weeks now, the young alien girl couldn't help but shake her head at his everyday antics and smile.

"Hard to believe that he's one of the strongest beings in this universe," Zangya thought, continuing to look upon him with interest and tilting her head when she saw him return to cutting up the vegetables.
As interactions slowly returned to normal within the Son household and the events of before calmed down slightly, the former alien gangster couldn't help but wonder to herself whether or not she should show her face to the young warrior and ask him the question that'd been plaguing her mind ever since the Intergalactic Martial Arts Tournament. By this point, it'd really been grating on her patience and, after days of nothing but silence, she was starting to feel a little bit antsy just waiting around for an opportunity to approach.

"Hmph… maybe I can pester him the next time he goes out to do some training," the young Hera considered.

That is… if she didn't lose her nerve stepping out from behind this tree of course…

OOO

(Sometime later - Elsewhere)

Across the plains of Mount Paozu, floating peacefully beside a large waterfall, the familiar form of Piccolo had decided to fill in his free time with some much needed meditation. With his arms and legs crossed and his cape bellowing gently on a breeze, the Namekian warrior suspended himself quietly, while the sounds of nature echoed all around him.

He made sure to compress his hearing solely to this one spot, as any form of outside noise would upset the state of emotional symmetry he'd been able to achieve. Even though the cry of his student could be heard for miles around due to a possibly embarrassing comment by his mother, Piccolo paid it little mind and allowed time to pass by as normally after that moment. The little foibles and everyday shenanigans of Gohan's social and home life didn't concern him so much, since he knew the boy could cope with it.

'Shake it off' he would always say to the demi-Saiyan. It was a fine combination of words he hoped would stick with the youngster for many years to come.

So far, it'd proven fruitful, as was the hours he'd already spent out here.

"Ah… now this is relaxing," the former guardian of the earth thought, a small smile pulling across his lips. "I haven't had such a peaceful meditation in a long time." After all the things that'd happened with the androids, Cell and Bojack, the earth was due for a long period of downtime. Hopefully the days would stay like this and the world would be able to keep on turning.

But then, just when Piccolo was settling in for another bout of silent contemplation, the Namekian's eyes suddenly shot open and he spun around. Disengaging from his seated position, the green skinned warrior fixed his gaze upon the sky, where he sensed an incredibly powerful force heading their way.

"W-What is that?" Piccolo thought, unable to comprehend what the hell he was feeling.

It was an alien presence. That much was certain. However, unlike the times he was able to pick up the approaching meteorite that was Lord Slug's craft or Frieza's saucer, this one was somehow different.

It was like he could feel the sun approaching them…

XXX

High above the planet's surface in the empty vacuum of space just a few clicks off of the moon's orbital path, a vessel of unknown origin and make suddenly broke into earth's reach. Oval in shape
and looking as though it'd been assembled together from specially crafted plates, not only was it sleek in design and silver in color, it also had a series of orange lights running up and down the channels on its outer hull. Flying into view propelled by three thrusters on its back, the spacecraft shot past the moon's current position before suddenly beginning to slow on its final approach of the planet.

Upon arriving into satellite distance of the earth, the ship's velocity continued to reduce until, in just a few short seconds, it came to a perfect stop. Once suspended in view of the cities dotting the continents and islands far below, the ship remained hovering in place for several minutes, motionless and drifting through the cold expanse of nothing. The flickering lights along its shell making several beeping noises as they flashed more erratically, the craft from another world seemed to just float there, eyeing the planet like it were some kind of wounded prey before, without warning, something started to happen.

The front of the craft emitted several small bursts of hot steam before the plates broke apart and separated, like it was disassembling itself. The sections fanned out like they were still attached to the craft, even though they weren't, and held their positions around the tip. When the compartment opened, it revealed a tiny, sphere-shaped pod contained inside the nose of the craft. But that wasn't the only part to open up.

A plate from the side also detached too. However, instead of exposing another separate portion of the vessel, it revealed an open space with several other kinds of flashing lights. More steam escaped the vents and the ship started to hum loudly again. As the sound of engines revving grew in volume, a speck orbiting the planet in the distance started to drift towards the main craft. When it came into view, it revealed itself to be a highly advanced Capsule Corp. satellite that eventually got drawn into range of the much larger vessel. Once in close, it got sucked into the side compartment, becoming attached to the foreign machine.

More beeping and more steam shot off of the vessel after the satellite plugged into the alien craft like a USB. After several seconds, the open compartment at the very front of the ship emitted a bright orange light, which shot towards the very polar north of the earth. As soon as the light reached the top of the planet, it began to expand and scan the whole sphere.

The beam of light stretched over the earth and ran down all the way to the southern pole, a process which took a whole of a minute. Once it was done scanning the planet, the light switched off and the vessel gave another loud hum.

XXX

(On Earth)

In the astronomy department of the West City industrial super giant known as Capsule Corp, the original founder of the business and former head of the empire Doctor Briefs could be seen looking through the facility's primary telescope. Murmuring to himself as he gazed into the main optics fixed upon the skies above like a massive, planetary gun, the man with the bushy mustache, square rimmed glasses, lab coat, and little black cat sitting perched on his shoulder, gave a contemplative grunt as he adjusted the sights.

"Hmm… yes… this is vexing," the scientist remarked out loud. His cat meowed in response, earning a nod from the man. "I know… but where in the world did it come from?"

While the man busied himself with trying to solve their current problem, he was then interrupted from his investigation by a clearing of a person's throat. Looking towards the walkway circling the interior of the dome-shaped building, Doctor Briefs spotted his daughter, dressed in regular work
clothes and a lab coat of her own, gazing down at him from above.

She wasn't alone either, as she was also accompanied by a concerned Vegeta and Mirai Trunks, both of whom were staring out through the telescope dome's main hatch towards the sky.

"So what's the scoop, dad?" Bulma asked, her expression stone cold serious mixed with a tint of nervousness, "Can you make out what it is?"

The man with the unlit cigarette in his mouth nodded, "Your man was right on the mark when he said he sensed something troublesome heading our way."

"Well… what is it?" the daughter persisted, anxious to find out what it was her dad had spotted.

Reaching over to type into his computer, the man brought up the image his telescope was able to capture onto the projector. The specially designed hologram lit up and relayed to the audience an image of the ship in question, which immediately had Vegeta and Trunks's gazes snap towards it. Befuddled by the sight of it at first, everyone on the walkway was soon locked in a glaring match with the unusual object, a ship that was obviously not from their galaxy.

"The extra terrestrial vehicle is a class three. It's a small craft… smaller than a jumbo jet but much larger than a fighter bomber; big enough to transport a couple of people. The lights you see blinking along its hull are what I suspect to be power conduits and sensors, while the gaps between the plates act as vents that eject excess energy and heat. The outer shell and armor seem to be held together by some sort of magnetic energy, able to detach and reattach at a moment's notice. It's what I was able to gauge from my few minutes of observation," Doctor Briefs said, turning away from the projection to continue watching the vessel through the telescope. "It was on fast approach of the planet until a few minutes ago, and it's now positioned itself in geostationary orbit above the earth, just out of effective range of our big missiles."

As the old man adjusted the focus, Mirai Trunks's brow tightened into a frown, "So… what's the deal with this thing? What's it doing?" He saw that the shape it had assumed wasn't its original shape. The very tip of the vessel had opened up and revealed some sort of device that was now pointing down at the planet.

"The computers picked up a strange electromagnetic anomaly that pierced the earth's atmosphere and ran all the way down from the north to the south, which only lasted shy of about sixty seconds before it dispersed," Doctor Briefs stated, glancing up at the time traveling warrior and his family to see them all still staring at the ship. "My guess is that the vessel was scanning us."

"Scanning us?" Bulma parroted, "The entire planet?"

"Yes," Doctor Briefs said, taking a red laser pointer and flashing it at the hologram, where the dot suspended itself around the ship's edge. "Just before the energy reading occurred, a section on the starboard side of the vessel also opened up and sucked in one of our satellites. The orbiter was tractor beamed aboard the UFO and forcibly plugged into their system."

Confounded by this new information, Bulma looked down at her watch and began typing into the keys. A computer image popping up, showing the various positions of satellites orbiting the planet, the blue haired woman balked when she took stock of their equipment. "That was the Type 29 we sent up there a few weeks ago; our latest model." She then looked across at Trunks and Vegeta, the former of which was now looking at her. "It was designed to boost information and communications channels by acting as a conduit for all of the planet's internet activity; that includes all local media and military transmissions."
Trunks was immediately troubled by this news, "Does that mean the ship will be able to access all of the planet's information through that thing?"

"If it has the right hardware and a big enough power source, yes," Bulma replied, shutting off her watch and turning back to the projector. "Considering that thing's alien, I'll bet my money that it's processing all of that information right now."

"Can you shut it off somehow and prevent that ship from accessing the satellite?" Trunks asked, hoping that the world's greatest scientific mind would be able to figure a way out of this and safeguard their planet's history and data.

Bulma gave a disgruntled look, "Not unless you can type over a million lines of code in the next five minutes." Even for someone like her that was a bit of a stretch, despite how lightning fast she was at the computer. It would take somebody with superhuman speed and her brain to actually pull it off. "It takes a long time to completely kill the system. But even if I was able to shut off all of our satellites in orbit it wouldn't help. That thing finished downloading over a third of the planet's information the moment the two craft became connected… and I'm not going to put it past the guy who's probably traveled over a million light years to get here just to give up on the first shot."

Frowning, the man turned to look up at the sky, where he could still sense the strange energy source coming off of the craft. "What do you suppose they want?"

"I don't know. But whatever it is, I know it's going to be bad news…"

Vegeta, having remained silent throughout the entire duration of their discussion as he stared up at the strange ship, suddenly squinted at the image, as if trying to decipher a Rubik's cube by hard. After a few seconds of closer analysis, his eyes then widened in shock, "Wait… I recognize that vessel."

Bulma and Trunks quickly turned to the man, where they saw the look of abject disbelief on his face.

"W-What is it Vegeta?" Bulma asked, giving the man a few confused blinks when she then saw him begin to shake.

Vegeta swallowed, "It can't be…"

Clenching his jaw, the Prince of all Saiyans then spun around and looked up towards the sky. Eyes wavering and sweat starting to break out, he then wordlessly powered up and took off out of the dome through the gap. His sudden vacating of the facility prompted Trunks to follow after him and Bulma to give a concerned look.

"Hm… I wonder what's gotten under his feathers," Doctor Briefs wondered out loud, glancing down at the little cat still lying over his shoulder. "What do you think, Kitty?"

The little feline gave a cute meow.

This subsequently brought an understanding head nod from the founder of the company. "You may be right. Hemorrhoids do seem to be the most logical explanation…"

XXX

After a few minutes of hovering there in dead silence, suspended above the earth and watching all of the commotion going on down below, the ship once again started to stir.
However, instead of more panels opening up, the ship's open nose exuded a few more bursts of hot steam. Upon which, the small pod that could be seen sitting inside it retracted and disappeared into the hatch. It was shortly replaced by another pod with a similar shell and plate design as the main vessel, with gaps and channels in between each panel that glowed orange. Once it'd been moved into position and placed in the opening of the vessel, it was then ejected from the ship and sent rocketing down toward the planet's surface.

The speed at which it traveled down to the surface was ridiculous.

As to its destination…

XXX
(Central City)

In the very heart of the mega city that served as the capital of planet earth, there stood the eloquent, multi-rimmed tower representing the forefront of the main parliament building known as King Castle. Sturdy, tall, and majestic, reflecting all of the attributes of royalty and leadership, it was this very place that the leader of all the nations of the continent and most if not the entirety of the world, oversaw all the affairs of his countries and its people. By extension, it also served as his home and a symbol of peace and prosperity in their world.

Beyond the walls surrounding the castle, through the bustling courtyard filled with tourists and armed guards, and between the many other towers making up the castle, the main building stood proud above all. It was in the main office of this very construct, a few floors above ground and with an impressive balcony sticking out over the central quad, the King could be found hard at work.

Sitting at his desk in his trim suit and perusing through his paperwork, an anthropomorphic blue dog with a large mustache and glasses breathed a heavy sigh of relief as he finished reading through a long report. Closing the file up and setting it aside, the man then set the pen he'd used on the rack in front of him and leaned back in his chair.

At that exact moment, the door to his office burst open. The guards standing on station drew their weapons instinctively, only to retract them when they saw the King's adjutant come jogging into their midst and up to the presidential desk. The frazzled man, a young male with spiky red hair and wearing a brown military uniform with the rank of Private First Class on his jacket, skidded to a stop a few feet away from the leader's table.

The high-standing ruler was quick to acknowledge the boy's presence as well as his salute of greeting, "Yes?"

"Sorry for disturbing you, Koku-sama, but I was told by the head officers down stairs that they received an urgent telegram from one of our air bases to the West and ordered me to deliver it to you immediately."

"Well then, read it out," the King replied, sensing the urgency in the man's voice.

The Private swallowed uncomfortably while looking down at the paper, "Commander Nishi reports that a small craft… a UFO of some kind, has appeared out of nowhere and positioned itself in high orbit above our planet, and is currently holding over the western part of the continent."

"A UFO? In orbit?" King Koku murmured, narrowing his eyes suspiciously. Whenever he received news of an unidentified flying object or a blip on their radar that his men considered abnormal, it always spelt trouble for him and the rest of the planet. He'd been getting a lot of those in the past
several years and by this time he'd stopped being surprised. "How long has it been since it
appeared?"

"The radio telescopes picked it up about half an hour ago, sire," the messenger answered. "The
staff running the station didn't report it immediately because they initially believed it was a
satellite that had strayed off course."

"Has there been any activity surrounding the craft that we should be concerned about? Positional
changes? Attack formations? Deployment of weaponry?"

"N-No sire," the soldier responded, standing stock straight while the King gave him a deeply
inquisitive look. "The ship is just… sitting there. It hasn't done anything other than open a hatch at
the nose end."

Raising an eyebrow, the earth's leader remained sitting in place, twiddling his thumbs nervously
and murmuring to himself. After meditating on it for several moments, he then gave a nod of
acknowledgement and pointed across at the runner. "Get me General Rin. Tell him to-"
Unfortunately he wasn't able to finish relaying his instructions.

Without even the slightest bit of warning, the ceiling of the King's office where the chandelier
hung proudly from its fixture suddenly caved in with an ear-splitting 'bang', an event that not only
knocked the messenger off his feet but caused the entire building to shake. Koku and his guards,
instantly stunned by the unforeseen explosion, had their visions blocked out by a thick wall of
smoke and dust, which choked up the air and filled every corner of the chamber. Coughing and
waving the cloud of fumes out of their faces, the nation leader and his stricken attendants peered
back towards the center of the room to see what the hell had just happened.

Almost all of them, especially the king, did a hilarious double take when they noticed a large metal
sphere with glowing, symmetrical orange lines patterning its surface hovering directly in the center
of the office. Having obviously been the cause for the sudden cave in, the perfectly round pod had
stationed itself above the floor and was emitting a very eerie, radioactive like glow and a very
distinct humming noise.

In the first few seconds of staring at the intruder, King Koku was able to determine two things
about it.

One, it definitely wasn't something from this planet. Two, it certainly didn't come here for a cup of
tea.

Gulping at the sight of the celestial orb, the King then watched as the gaps along its hull emitted
sharp bursts of steam. Then, just when he thought his day couldn't get any stranger, the entire ball
opened up at the front in an origami like manner. The entire outer surface of the ball unwrapped
itself and retracted when, stepping out from the confines of the floating pod, a shapely leg
appeared followed by what Koku immediately recognized was a woman.

Not just any woman though. The person that emerged from the pod was a beautiful, radiant girl
around sixteen years old with human skin coloration, a curvaceous figure, and wearing a highly
sophisticated, very pronounced figure-hugging plug suit. Silver and white, with grey components
and outlets sticking out of it, it was a sleek costume with small gaps and channels between the
plates that glowed orange like her ship, and had shimmering blue nodes on certain parts of the
limbs and torso. Completely symmetrical, the design was absolutely beautiful, yet terrifying at the
same time.

But aside from the visitor's cute face, sharp blue eyes and serious expression, the most defining
trait of the woman was her hair. She had long, flaming orange hair with a third of it that would have been touching the floor were it not already waving in the air as a singular mass behind her. If she wanted too, the girl could easily blanket all of it around her lithe body. What's more, it was also shining a luminous radioactive-like orange and seemed to waft on the air like a flame, literally defying gravity.

The pod that had used to transport her vanished into her back as a mere component of her suit, bringing realization to those present in the room that the girl was in fact the sphere.

Completely awestruck by his unexpected visitor, King Koku looked up through the hole in his ceiling, where he saw that the ball had crashed through all thirty levels of the building before coming to a stop directly inside his office. It was a sight that had the man gulp and look ahead of him once again to see the woman taking in her surroundings. Upon which she then focused her gaze onto him and began striding forward.

Elegantly traipsing across the floor, the alien girl came to a slow halt on the other side of the King's desk, at about the same time to the doors to the office burst open and dozens of soldiers began pouring in. The heavily armed guards encircled the woman and cocked their weapons, pointing them at her as she stared their anxious leader down.

After several moments of unnerving silence and with an unflinching stare, the woman began to speak, "Excuse me, but are you the current ruler of this planet; the keeper of the peace, King of Nations, and the one who is recognized as the most powerful man on earth, King Koku?"

Snapping out of his daze, Koku frowned uncomfortably, "Y-Yes. That's me?"

"And are you the chief warden tasked with safeguarding the lives of all of the people underneath your banner, protector of the world's lands, animals and resources from the northern point of Gaia to the south?" the young woman continued in her cool and collected tone of voice. Her questions almost seemed casual in nature, like the fact that she'd just busted into the king's chambers to speak with him meant nothing to her.

Baffled, the man glanced around at his guards, whom he could see had all of their rifles trained onto her, before slowly looking back at the inquisitive alien girl. "Yes… I guess."

This answer brought a small smile to the woman, who then placed a hand over her chest and bowed, an action that baffled the soldiers. "It is a pleasure to meet you, your highness. My name is Kana; I am a part-time privateer and freelancer for the Planet Trade Organization of the Four Quadrants of Space. I have journeyed far from the core systems of the universe seeking a world that has been completely terraformed to suit a variety of flora and fauna. I must say… you have a very beautiful planet, King Koku; one that is both rich and overflowing with life."

Not really sure where this was going, King Koku nevertheless nodded, "Th-Thank you. That's very kind of you to say."

This answer brought a small smile to the woman, who then placed a hand over her chest and bowed, an action that baffled the soldiers. "It is a pleasure to meet you, your highness. My name is Kana; I am a part-time privateer and freelancer for the Planet Trade Organization of the Four Quadrants of Space. I have journeyed far from the core systems of the universe seeking a world that has been completely terraformed to suit a variety of flora and fauna. I must say… you have a very beautiful planet, King Koku; one that is both rich and overflowing with life."

Not really sure where this was going, King Koku nevertheless nodded, "Th-Thank you. That's very kind of you to say."

Straightening up, the woman now identified as Kana brought her hand back down and beamed brightly at the nation ruler, "This earth is a very rare gem, unlike any other planet I have ever encountered before. If it isn't too much trouble, I would very much like to begin negotiations as soon as possible."

"Uhh… negotiations?"

"Surely as this planet's ruler you are willing to partake in a spirited discussion," the woman said with a hopeful voice. "I know that this is a bit forward of me, but as much as I would love to have a
guided tour of your world, I'm unfortunately on a very tight schedule. I have another business transaction with the Brench of Sector 15 tomorrow morning and I do not wish to be late."

King Koku, hesitant at first and picking up a sense of foreboding hanging in the air, gave a very nervous murmur before, after much consideration, conceded to the girl's pleasant approach. With a wave of his hand, he ordered his soldiers to lower their weapons, which they slowly and cautiously did. "Very well. I see no harm in having a friendly chat. Would you like it if the negotiations took place in here?" He was completely willing to overlook the massive hole in the ceiling.

The workers could clean that up afterwards.

Blinking a few times, Kana looked around the office a second time before glancing back. She appeared slightly puzzled, "You don't think that this room is a little too small for our needs?"

The King smiled, "Do not worry. I have held many meetings in this room over the course of my tenure as leader. Various treaties between nations and individuals of high standing have been brought to this table and discussed. Considering its history and significance, I am sure that this chamber will be adequate for our needs."

"You must be an incredibly persuasive person then," Kana remarked, a smile forming on her lips. "Very well. If you believe that this is all the space that we shall require, then I will accept this as our decided battle ground."

It was this response that had Koku recoil slightly. "Uhh… battle-what?"

Unable to get an answer in time, he suddenly saw the woman raise a clenched fist like she was holding something, before she casually opened it and revealed a marble sized sphere of golden energy hovering above her palm. As soon as her fingers uncurled, Kana fired it at the man. King Koku only had time to let out a startled cry before he was smashed in the chest by the attack and sent flying out of the office window behind him, over the balcony and into the courtyard two stories below. The man then landed in the pool of the palace's central fountain with a big splash, startling the dozens of civilians on tour of the residence.

The soldiers, thunderstruck by the sudden attack of their King, loaded their weapons, raised them and opened fire on their planet's visitor. Rifles and machine guns opened up on the stationary woman with a hail of bullets, all of which threatened to tear her to pieces from all sides. However, just as they were firing at the woman, the King's guard watched on in shock as their bullets slowed in midflight and stopped just two feet from their target, who didn't even flinch at the barrage.

When the gunfire ceased, the hundreds of bullets suspended in the air around the girl then dropped to the ground, scattering like pellets. It was then the fiery haired woman glanced around at the guards, causing them all to gasp and take several steps back.

"Are you challenging me?" Kana asked in the same, cool tone of voice as before.

Unwilling to fight a woman who literally just stopped all of their best shots, the soldiers dropped their weapons and raised their hands.

The moment they did so, the fiery haired girl suddenly levitated herself into the air, floated over the desk and out over the balcony. Looking down from her elevated position, she saw the crowd of people down below gathering around the fountain, where the King emerged on the edge coughing and sputtering. He was quickly surrounded by soldiers who, upon spotting the woman hovering overhead, opened fire on her as well.
Just like in the office, the bullets either missed or stopped in mid flight just feet from their target, before falling to the ground uselessly. After suspending herself in place and watching the guards balk in horror, Kana floated down and landed just a couple meters from the fountain's edge.

The people immediately took a step back from where she landed.

When she approached the pond's edge where King Koku was busy trying to pick himself up and clear his lungs, a couple of the surrounding soldiers bravely stepped forward and held their guns at the invader. As soon as Kana came within a few feet of them though, the pair of guards were suddenly lifted off of the ground by an invisible force and gently moved out of the way, an anti-gravity event that surprised the hell out of them before they were unceremoniously dropped onto their asses.

Kana stopped before the winded and thoroughly waterlogged king, looking down at him curiously while he looked back up with an entire front portion of his clothes completely burned away. "That attack was child's play. Are you sure you're the most powerful man on the face of this planet?"

"Eh?" the King replied intelligently, gazing up at the star child who merely tilted her head in his direction. "W-What do you mean by that?"

Kana frowned, "I'm supposed to be negotiating with the sole guardian and protector of this world for the right to ownership over it, so that if I emerge victorious I may compartmentalize it and sell it to the interplanetary market for preservation. I do not believe that such a beautiful planet would be occupied by so many people without having a representative who is strong enough to negotiate for them."

Oh. So when she meant 'negotiations', she really meant a battle of physical strength between two parties, the victor of which would emerge with the planet as their prize. King Koku quickly figured this out in the next few seconds as the woman stared down at him and quickly reconsidered his options. After all, he knew how these kinds of games were played across the board. It wasn't just a way of finding a middle ground between two opposing forces; it was also a primary function of war as well as a manner of sport. This visitor from another planet viewed it as a kind of bartering system in her trade, one in which she was probably a master of. To this person, the act of battling for a right to possession and tenure was a business.

After seeing his guards get pretty much backhanded out of the way without so much as a struggle from their target, he knew that this woman Kana was an opponent that neither one of his normal warriors would be able to overcome.

However…

"I am merely the political leader of this planet; the one that stands as the voice for the people and guides them along the path to peace and prosperity without the need for military might," King Koku replied groggily, at the same time facing the woman as confidently as he could. "As such, I am not this planet's guardian nor am I its strongest warrior."

"You're not?" Kana recoiled a bit, staring down at the man for a moment before then noticing the stunned looks of the people around her. Considering her situation carefully, she then looked down at her hand and allowed the node on her palm to produce a hologram, which began cycling through several pages of information. Scrolling through it at high speed, the once cool young lady then widened her eyes, blushed and rubbed her head in embarrassment in a surprising break in character. "Oh… whoopsie. I think I may have cocked up a little. The administration hierarchy on this planet is a little bit different from the others I've visited in the past. My bad." Acknowledging her little foible with a nervous laugh, she then deactivated the hologram and focused back down on the king.
"Do you think you could point me in the direction of the earth's strongest warrior so that he may negotiate with me on your behalf?"

The King raised an eyebrow, "You wish for me to present a champion?"

Kana nodded, "If you could."

Thinking on it for a few seconds, the man quickly came up with a name. It was someone he knew all too well and someone he believed would be able to combat such an outrageous opponent, "If you're looking for this planet's strongest warrior, then look for a man named Goku."

"Goku?" Kana parroted, opening up her palm again and cycling through the orange hologram at speed. Producing a series of profile pictures, she then held them up towards the king and flicked through them, allowing him to identify which 'Goku' on the earth's registry he was referring to.

After going through a few faces, the man's eyes widened when he saw the man's face appear and he pointed, "Th-That's him."

Looking down at the image and expanding the person's profile, Kana scanned through the information for a moment before looking back down at the King. "Obituary records state that Son Goku passed away over two months ago due to a debilitating heart virus."

Appearing stunned, the nation leader looked down hesitantly, his expression showcasing a sense of mild disbelief. If it was true that Son Goku was gone, then he had no idea who else to turn to. As far as he was concerned, the young man who'd fought and defeated the mighty King Piccolo had been his one and only shot at combating and defeating this visitor from outer space.

However, the people around him had something else to say.

"You want the name of the strongest man in the world?" an adult male from the crowd shouted, drawing everyone's attention, namely Kana's, in his direction. "His name is Hercule Satan! There is not a person alive on this planet stronger than him!"

While the King looked stunned at the civilian's claim, Kana blinked as she processed this new name that'd been given to her. "Hercule Satan?"

"Yeah! He's the world's greatest champion and our savior!" the man continued.

The woman beside him nodded her head vigorously, "That's right!"

"He saved our world from the monster Cell and the aliens who invaded our planet during the Intergalactic Martial Arts Tournament! If it wasn't for him, none of us would be alive right now!" another man from the crowd shouted, rousing a loud clamor and cheer from the people around her.

"Yeah! Mr. Satan is the strongest!"

"He will gladly fight you!"

Hearing a chant of 'Mr. Satan' start up, Kana narrowed her eyes and turned back to her hologram. Swiftly processing the name in her computer, the woman's hologram flashed through several more pages before finding a series of pictures. Beaming them up for everyone in the square to see, the alien visitor raised an eyebrow when she saw a large man with a mustache and an afro posing heroically before the camera. Moving through several more photos, she found clips of people gazing admiringly up at the man standing high up on the balcony, almost like he was their messiah.
Immediately sold from the images alone, Kana smiled excitedly and shut off the hologram. "It seems that I’ve found your planet's champion. I'm sure our negotiations will be long and fruitful." With a nod of acknowledgement, the fiery haired alien bowed to the planet's leader as he lay staring up at her from the fountain. "I'm deeply sorry for disturbing you, King Koku, and I apologize unreservedly for any unwarranted stress and inconveniences I may have caused you and your people." She then took a step back and nodded politely, "It has been a real pleasure. Farewell." With that, the warrior then tucked herself up into a ball above the ground and became incased in the same metal sphere once again, which sprouted from her like a sheet.

Upon taking the form of the pod, the vessel hummed loudly for a few moments before, without any need for sophisticated preparation, shot up into the sky with a sonic boom, going from zero to holy-shit-satellite-orbit in under five seconds.

Once everyone saw the vessel vanish into the clouds above, the people, soldiers and the king spent the next minutes staring at the sky in shock. When they eventually shook themselves out of their stunned reveries a full two minutes later, the guards quickly went about helping the poor king out of the fountain, while at the same time moving to clean up the mess caused by their extraterrestrial visitor.

XXX

The pod ascended back into space, once again falling into satellite orbit of the planet. Not even bothering to return to the mother ship, the sphere that was the interplanetary traveler Kana then spent the next few moments hovering there in solitude, safely above the earth's surface.

She remained there for an upward of several seconds. Reason being was that she needed to access the planet's Global Positioning System in order to find the address of this great Hercule Satan, also known as humanity's champion. After looking up the man's exploits on her return flight into space as well as reading into this Cell business that'd taken place over two months ago, the woman knew right away she was in for a very spirited discussion with the man.

This Cell person had been able to move at blinding speeds, wipe out an entire army without effort and destroy a mountain with a single blast, and Hercule Satan was able to defeat this tyrant with a single blow, or so the reports stated. If that were the case, then Kana knew she was bound to have one amazing fight.

So, upon locating Hercule's domain, the pod immediately course corrected and shot back down towards the planet, heading in the direction of the eastern part of the continent where Satan City was located.

Wow. The man even had a city named after him. If someone was able to have an entire metropolis christened after them in honor of their accomplishments, then this man had to be an amazing warrior.

XXX

(Meanwhile – Satan Manor)

"Wow. So you guys actually fought against the same guy that destroyed your home planet all those years ago?" Videl chirped, at the same time smiling at the image of Gohan she could see beaming back at her on the laptop. "That must have been one hell of a battle."

"Oh yeah. No joke. It was absolutely terrifying," the young demi-Saiyan replied, his voice coming through loud and clear over the speakers as he tried his best to recount his experience in brief.
"This was back in the days when we were all still low level and nowhere strong enough to fight against someone of Frieza's caliber. The guy was ridiculously powerful back then and only my dad could actually fight him toe to toe. But nowadays… enemies like Frieza and his family are nothing to us."

Having opened up her laptop sometime ago, the daughter of the world champ had spent the past couple hours or so chatting with her best friend from the south. Since accessing his channel, the pair had talked about all sorts of things, but mainly about past trips to new places. Videl was really interested to hear about Gohan's first journey to planet Namek, which he'd only brought up about fifteen minutes ago. It was here he talked about how he and his friends encountered the prick that'd wiped his entire race from existence and fought some of the toughest battles of his adolescent life.

Needless to say, it sounded like an exhilarating and frightening tale.

"Man. You had the craziest adventures when you were younger." Videl murmured, propping her head up on her hands, "Frieza, huh? The biggest adventure I ever had at that age was going to the island to watch my dad dominate the last World Martial Arts Tournament and going to Central City for a month that one time."

"Well, I can say this for certain, you've been to two more places than I have," Gohan chuckled, wrapping his arms over his chest. "I've never been to any of the World Tournaments and I've never visited Central City before."

"Really?" the raven haired girl looked slightly taken aback. But that expression was then replaced by a cocky grin and a competitive gaze. "The boy who single-handedly defeated the greatest terror this world has ever seen and journeyed across an ocean of stars to a planet an entire galaxy away, has never been to two of the most well-known and most visited places on earth?"

Gohan had the right of mind to look sheepish, "I've had a very sheltered childhood?"

This prompted Videl to fold her arms and look at the boy doubtfully, "Somehow I find that hard to believe."

Yeah right. After everything she'd seen in the past couple of months.

Ever since the Intergalactic Martial Arts Tournament, the two of them had talked about so many things together. At the start of this entire venture, Gohan had told Videl all about the Cell Games and what'd happened leading up to it. This inevitably led him into a whole string of topics, most notably his encounter with Bojack and his henchmen, as well as the fact that he wasn't exactly human himself. However, Videl didn't seem to mind or dispute that realization at all. In fact, she seemed to accept it right off the bat, seeing as she knew an ordinary man wouldn't have been able to contest with a monster like that maniacal bug.

All of the important stuff was glossed over and soon enough Gohan began filling in the details himself bit by bit. When their conversations reached the same depth of emotion that he'd reached, the young Saiyan even got Videl to talk about the little mysteries in her life regarding her family, as well as a lot of the crap she'd had to put up with at school. Her father's fame brought her a lot of unwanted attention, either as popularity or negativity from people jealous of her position in the community. She had a lot of trouble coping with social structures and bullies at school, which meant she'd had to both physically and verbally defend herself on more than one occasion. By normal standards; that was a rough way to coast through primary school, an experience Gohan could relate to, only his were of the super-human variety. It was all a matter of perspective.

As it turns out, Videl hated being treated like a celebrity and just wanted to be viewed as a normal
person by her friends. Unfortunately, a lot of people didn't give her that kind of privilege and it is a reality that has grated on her life ever since she could remember. What she really longed for was to have a normal family like what she used to have with her mother and father years ago... or at least a normal life, away from the fame and her father's postulating in front of the crowd. She wanted freedom in her life.

Gohan was deeply moved by her revealing these details to him, since he figured that it must've been incredibly tough for her to do so. That being said, the two of them found an emotional equilibrium between one another that made them feel a lot more comfortable talking with one another. They didn't have to be afraid of unintentionally revealing anything anymore, which made their conversations feel more wholesome.

It was almost like they'd been best friends since childhood, even though they were still technically children.

"I do live a long way from the city and have been homeschooled for most of my life. Even though I've been given more independence now, it doesn't change the fact that for a lot of my childhood, much of my free time has been spent stuck in this room studying," the demi-Saiyan replied honestly. Scrubbing his head and giving it a moment of pause, the young man smiled pleasantly, "I really have to get out more and see the world a little. I feel like I'm missing out on so much."

The young man's remark brought an excited smile to the raven haired girl's face, "You should come by my place then. I can show you around my house and take you on another guided tour of the city... show you all the hot spots you haven't visited yet. There's a really awesome market place and supermall down town."

"Yeah. That's a great idea," Gohan exclaimed from his end, grinning into the laptop's lens before sitting back a little. "And hey, since we're talking about visiting each other and stuff, why don't you come over to my house sometime. Mount Paozu is a really great place to hang out. I think you'd like it."

"Really?" Videl asked, seeing the boy nod and bringing a triumphant expression to her face. "That would be awesome, Gohan." Giving a very excited bounce that was an exact opposite to her usual, serious nature around other people, the girl quickly settled back down when she realized she was getting ahead of herself. Her visage becoming nervous seconds later, she then began pressing her fingers together anxiously. "And uhh... c-can I ask you something, Gohan?"

"Yeah? What's up?"

"You know that I like fighting and martial arts, yeah?" When she saw the boy nod and throw her a curious stare, Videl swallowed heavily and continued, "Well umm... if it isn't too much trouble... do you think... you'd be able to teach me a few things?" Feeling her body tense up, the girl pressed onwards. "You're the strongest person I've ever met and I saw all of the amazing stuff you were able to do. If... If it's possible, do you think I'd be able to learn how to fight like you?"

Appearing surprised at first, Gohan thought about her questions for a moment while rubbing his chin. Following a few seconds of deliberation, the youngster quickly gave her a response, "You're already a really strong fighter, Videl... much stronger than a lot of other people I've met. If you like, I would love to teach you a few things. But only if you really want to..."

Videl immediately appeared excited at his answer, "And to fly as well?" Oh. She really wanted to learn how to fly. That would be the greatest thing ever.

The boy chuckled, "Yeah. Of course, but let's take this one step at a time, alright. You can't rush
into something like this." He could see how excited the girl was getting, so he quickly moved to calm her down some so she didn't give herself a heart attack. "These things take a lot of work."

"That's okay. A little bit of hard work doesn't bother me. Heck, I'll train all day and night if I have to." Literally rocking back and forth in her seat, Videl grinned across at the screen, "So… when do you think we can visit each other?"

Sensing she still had a lot of pent up vigor, Gohan chuckled and quickly checked his time slot. "I'll let you know in a little while. I've still got some chores I need to do around the house first, so as soon as I'm done with them I'll drop you a line, alright?"

"Sure," Videl nodded enthusiastically, quickly reaching forward to tap her keyboard. "Thanks so much for this, Gohan. I… you have no idea how happy this makes me. I really owe you one." When she said that, you could tell that she meant every word.

"No problem, Videl," the demi-Saiyan replied with a warm smile, "I'm just glad we'll be able to meet up and hang out some more."

"Yeah. Same here." She could definitely agree on that. Since they both loved martial arts, the two of them had a ton of reasons to look forward to visiting each other. To train and to hang out together, what was there to not get excited about? "I'll… be hearing from you soon, yeah?"

"Yeah," Gohan nodded affirmatively while reaching forward to tap his computer. "See yah, Videl."

"Later, Gohan." And with that, the transmission cut out.

Breathing out a long sigh, Videl leant back in her chair and placed a hand over her chest. Damn. Her heart was literally pounding against her ribcage from excitement. Hearing that her friend from afar was open to the idea of training her to fight just like him and his friends made the girl all shaky and jumpy inside. The last time she felt something like this was when she was watching Gohan fight those alien guys back during the Intergalactic Tournament, and that wasn't very long ago.

This was a whole new ballpark she was stepping into, one where the stakes were infinitely higher than anything she'd ever encountered before. The world that Gohan was from, where people could touch the skies and smash mountains with a single punch… was an area of freedom and exhilaration that her father couldn't even dream of touching. And now she was being given an opportunity to try her hand at it.

She wasn't sure how she would go, but even though she was scared, the raven haired youngster was looking forward to it all the same. It was something that made her blood pump and her body quiver with anticipation.

"Get back to me soon, Gohan-kun," Videl thought, a warm smile pulling across her lips as she hopped up, stretched, and decided to plop down on top of her bed. Clambering across the large mattress, she then wrapped her arms around one of her pillows and stared out the window to her left for the next few minutes, Gohan's smiling face hovering in front of her eyes. After which Videl closed her eyes and drifted off into a peaceful sleep.

For some reason, she felt incredibly drowsy.

It must have been from all the excitement she's gotten from talking with her friend.

XXX
Descending from the sky faster than a speeding bullet, the small pod containing the alien traveler came to a stop just three feet off of the ground. Lurching when its momentum ceased, causing a cloud of dust to rise off of the pavement leading from the front gates to the steps of Hercule Satan's mansion, the sphere then began to unfold.

Just like wrapping paper, the metal bits pulled away and gently deposited its passenger onto the floor while it retreated into her back, disappearing seamlessly like wings on a beetle. With her fiery orange hair waving behind her, Kana took a moment to scan her surroundings, including the building in front of her and the walls surrounding the property.

Recognizing it from the pictures as well as the name 'Satan' stretched out atop its roof, the young girl then strolled forward. Heading down the path and across the palm tree dotted garden, she ascended the steps of the enormous mansion and stopped at the front door.

Having learned from her previous entry into a property on this planet that it was impolite to come crashing through a person's roof to speak with them, Kana adjusted her approach and instead went for the front, as it was customary on earth. Taking a deep breath, she reached up and gently rapped against the door, before lowering her hand and waiting patiently for an answer. Her glowing form drank in the sun's energy hanging high above, which she spared a momentary glance towards until the sound of approaching footsteps beyond the barrier drew her gaze forward once again.

The door opened shortly afterwards to reveal an old man with grey hair, a mustache, thin glasses, and wearing a black and white tailed suit with a handkerchief slipped into the breast pocket, standing before the celestial visitor. The butler of the house spotted the visitor immediately; glancing down at her while she craned her neck to face him, since he stood a head and a half taller than her.

"Yes?" the man spoke with an upward inflection.

"Excuse me. Is this the home of the one they call Hercule Satan; the current World Martial Arts Champion and the man that is regarded as the most powerful fighter on earth?"

The butler didn't even flinch, merely taking in the sight of the strangely dressed yet stunning young girl standing on their doorstep. "Yes. It is. To who is it that I am speaking?"

A smile appearing once again, the woman bowed to the household worker, "My name is Kana; I am a part-time privateer and freelancer for the Planet Trade Organization of the Four Quadrants of Space. I have journeyed far from the core systems of the universe seeking a world that has been completely terraformed to suit a variety of flora and fauna. As such, I have come to Satan City to treat with the great Hercule Satan in order to discuss rights and ownership over this world you call Earth." Same introduction as before, only she'd tweaked it a little.

Blinking, the butler stood at the door staring down at the smiling girl with the fiery locks for a good long minute of silence. Watching her hair wave behind her like a giant flame at the end of a candle, the man then looked over his shoulder and then back at the girl, before nodding to her in acknowledgement.

"Could you wait a moment, please?"

Kana nodded, "Of course."

The butler than promptly closed the door, leaving the girl standing there in silence and staring at
the wooden barrier with an eager smile on her face.

XXX

The butler quietly and languidly made his way into the house via the great hall, hands behind his back and an unchanging expression in play. Turning right, he headed through the front lounge, decorated in all of the embellishments and commemorations awarded to the owner of the house, before then making his way into a secondary living space beyond that. Passing through several more rooms and another corridor along the way, the butler then stepped into what could only be described as a king's chamber.

Sweeping and expansive, with all the wealth and splendor you would expect from a person of high social standing, the room was warm and spacious. It had half a dozen small podiums set up along the walls with statues, all of which were dressed in the many uniforms Hercule Satan had worn over the years to his various competitions. The chamber also had paintings hung up along the walls with shelves of books stacked to one side and DVDs on the other, and a massive cinema screen TV setup above a superb surround sound system. To put it simply, it was decorated just as, if not more lavishly than all the other rooms put together.

Ignoring all of the trappings and ornaments surrounding him, the butler made a B-line straight for the owner of the establishment lying across the center couch. Coming to a stop beside it, hands behind his back and his game face on, the butler then waited patiently, listening to the large fighter's snickering as he perused through the girl magazine in his grip. It took several seconds of just standing there before the afro man in the bathrobe and slippers finally recognized the presence of his butler and addressed him.

"What is it, Alfred?"

"It's Jenkins, sir," the servant of the house replied stoically.

"Oh, yes, Jenkins. Sorry about that," Hercule cleared his throat, while not bothering to turn away from his article, "What's up?"

The butler was unfazed, "There's a girl at the front door asking for you, sir."

"Is it one of Videl's friends?" Hercule asked.

"No, sir."

"Is it somebody from the tabloids? If it is, tell them I'm busy." His expression twisting into one reflecting annoyance, the martial artist mumbled about 'stupid reporters' and how they were always coming to call on him. If he wasn't such a people person he would have sent all of them packing on the first swing. "I'm not interested in speaking with any vultures at the moment."

"No, sir," Jenkins replied while straightening up, "It's a young woman named Kana from something called the Planet Trade Organization. She says she's come to challenge you to a fight for the right to own the earth." The man said it in a way that sounded like the stupidest thing ever. Despite how impressive the girl appeared, no matter how she could have said it, no one could ever hope to take that kind of statement seriously.

Hell, even the butler thought it was some kind of joke. He figured it was just some hotshot who dropped by to challenge Mr. Satan to a one-on-one behind closed doors like they sometimes did.

Immediately catching onto what his butler had said Hercule threw him a suspicious look, "Is she hot?"
"Yes, sir. She is quite striking, if a little bit on the young side."

"Oh-ho. So it's a fan-slash-admirer, huh?" Hercule exclaimed, tossing his magazine aside before leaping to his feet. Snickering, the man gripped the belt of his robe with both hands and strode past his servant. "Well then, I'd better go over there and say hello. After all, I wouldn't want the people to think that Mr. Satan is a horrible person who wouldn't spare a moment to speak with one of the good people of his hometown."

Jenkins watched the man leave with a confident hop in his step, expression and position unchanging even when Hercule disappeared round the bend. Needless to say, it was impossible to tell what the butler was thinking. Of course, being a servant of the household, it probably made sense that the man was being tolerable of his boss's antics.

"Of course, sir."

XXX

Like a statue the girl remained, mostly staring at the door but every once in a while turning to look around the building's front yard. The mansion was massive, about as big as the palaces she'd visited on several other worlds she'd visited. It certainly bared all of the accouterments of a celebrity as well as a savior. The front garden was also quite beautiful, covered in a wide sheet of grass, bushes, and trees of all shapes and sizes, but mostly palms. The owner of the estate certainly spared no expense in making this a kingly home.

Absently, the fiery haired girl noticed the people walking past the home and taking it in, as well as the strange young woman standing at the front of the house. Ignoring them, the girl turned back to the door when she heard the sound of approaching footsteps once again. After waiting for several moments, she then looked up in time to see the entrance open and a large man twice her height appear in the doorway. His size immediately grabbing her attention, Kana's gaze panned upwards to look upon the chiseled face of the martial artist referred to by the people of the planet as the greatest warrior alive.

The sight of the girl with the fiery hair and the strange getup had Hercule stare at her for a moment, before a wide grin pulled across his face, "Why, hello there."

Cringing slightly at the man's booming voice, Kana then threw him a friendly smile, "Good day, sir. Are you the one they call Hercule Satan?"

The martial artist with the afro then grinned smugly, "Heh-heh. That's me, of course! What? Are you saying that you don't recognize the greatest martial arts champion in the world and the man who single-handedly defeated the mighty Cell?"

"I just wanted to make sure that I was speaking to the right man," the alien invader replied softly while bowing humbly to the imposing figure. "My name is Kana. I have journeyed far and gone to a great deal of effort to meet with you, Mr. Satan. I must say, the tales of your legendary exploits have certainly done well in encapsulating your magnificence. You are as impressive as the people of this planet said you were."

Hercule appeared flattered, "Why, thank you very much, young lady. The people sure do know the right things to say when they talk about me and my accomplishments. Words cannot fathom how deeply moved I am by their words of praise and gratitude." The man placed his hands on his hips and grinned down at the radiant youngster, who beamed back at him in return. "So… Kana, is it? Are you interested in having an autograph signed by yours truly? Or would you rather sit with me at my table and tell your friends at school that you ate dinner with the greatest martial artist in the
"You are most gracious," Kana bowed, but then fixed her gaze back onto the giant of a man, "But I would much rather we move on to the negotiations as soon as possible, if that is alright with you?"

It was that very word that had the man stare at the girl in momentary confusion, "Uh? Negotiations? What do you mean by that?"

Kana beamed, "I have journeyed far across the galaxy seeking to battle the strongest warrior from this planet to determine its security status. It is a form of negotiation that has been practiced by members of the Planet Trade Organization for years. Even though I am not a fulltime employee of the group, as I am a freelancer, I still follow the codes and practices of the business to ensure a fair and equal exchange between both parties. It is the law, after all." Her response eliciting an even more bewildered look from the champion, the woman continued. "The concession must be made solely between the investigator and the guardian of this planet, otherwise known as the region's strongest warrior. This is to determine whether or not the sectors in question are adequately protected by the current populace, as the Planet Trade Organization views all planets containing life to be extremely valuable and must be preserved."

"Umm… okay," Hercule murmured, looking absolutely lost as to what this girl was talking about. From his point of view, it almost seemed like she was speaking in code. However, there were a few things he was able to pick up from her extended tirade, which inevitably brought a smile to his face. "So you wish to have a little sparring match with the Champ, is that it? You wanna tell your friends back home you were able to trade punches with the strongest man in the world?"

"Yes," Kana nodded, giving the man her answer. "It would be a great honor."

"Okay then!" the big man chuckled while sticking his chest out, "Since you obviously traveled a long way to meet me, I wouldn't mind spending a couple of minutes busting out some of my less destructive moves. A cute little thing like you definitely deserves a shot at greatness." The martial artist then leant forward and showed the girl the side of his face. "Tell yah what, seeing as how I'm a sportsman, I'll let yah have the first punch, okay?"

This statement had the glowing girl recoil a little when the owner of the house showed her his cheek, "You… wish for me to make the first move?"

"Of course! Being the most powerful man alive, it would be completely unfair to my opponents if I didn't let them land the first blow," Hercule continued, obviously under the impression that this young girl wouldn't be able to hurt him. Looking her over, the redhead didn't seem like much of a threat. He was also certain that if he was to try and hit the girl, even if it was just a game, he would not only hurt her, but bring a lot of unwarranted bad press to his reputation. 'World Champ hospitalizes fan' didn't look good on the front page. So, being the kind 'sportsman' that he was, Mr. Satan considerately gave his visitor a fair chance. "Since this is going to be a short bout between you and me, let's make the most of it, yeah?"

Blinking a few times, Kana smiled brightly, "So you agree to our terms?" When she saw the man nod, the girl's expression took on several serious contours before her fists clenched tightly at her sides. "Very well then. Let the negotiations begin." She then pulled her fist back, taking aim at the human male who just stood there, puckering up with his hands held comfortably behind his back. "Information on this man says he's able to crush mountains with his bare hands and catch objects traveling faster than the speed of light. That means his reflexes are on an astonishingly high level. I'll make sure this punch is slow so that I can avoid a possible counter." Making sure she had her timing right, Kana jabbed out at him.
It was a light tap, nothing too powerful. If the stats on this Hercule Satan character were right, she made sure to throw a low velocity punch so as to avoid receiving a hit of her own should her opponent suddenly pull a fast one on her. In spite of his good word, the girl didn't trust people as far as she could throw them.

In bullet time you could see her knuckles crash across the great martial artist's face and completely distort it for all of a few milliseconds. Then, once her fist had finished extending and the gunshot of impact rang out, the stunned Hercule was then lifted clean off his feet and sent rocketing backwards through his house, crashing through every single wall and fixture before eventually exploding out the back door and across the yard.

The man's trajectory through every single barrier and door in the enormous domicile caused the entire property to shake, which startled Videl out of her sleep and had her looking around in panic.

Traveling for a second longer across his back garden, Hercule eventually collided with the trunk of a firm standing palm tree. He remained splayed up against it with a look of abject horror slapped across his face, before his stricken body fell and landed on the edge of his enormous swimming pool with a splash.

His anticlimactic flight not only had his butler staring through all the holes he'd made in bewilderment, but it had Kana blinking in surprise as well.

Lowering her fist, the fiery haired woman strolled into the mansion and began making her way to the back through the many man shaped holes her opponent had made. She passed by Jenkins, ignoring his surprised visage while also failing to notice Videl when she came running down the stairs to see what was going on. When she saw the fiery haired teenager walk past through her ruined home, she could only stare after her in shock.

"What's going on here?"

Descending the back steps to where the pool was, Kana came to a stop by its edge and watched as Mr. Satan floated there on his stomach like a waterlogged corpse. Thinking he was dead, she then saw the man throw his head up with a gasp and a cry of pain, gripping the side of his face with his back turned completely to her. After whimpering and sniveling for a few moments, wondering whether or not he'd broken something, the man then turned around when he sensed a pair of eyes on him and freaked out when he saw the orange haired girl staring back at him.

Hercule scrambled out of the water to the other side, clawing his way across the grass of his yard before turning around and gaping at the girl in the plug suit. "Wh-Wh-What in the heck are you?"

His question was promptly answered by his attacker levitating off of the ground and floating across the pool, which had his eyes bug out of its sockets. "Sh-She's just like those guys! The ones with the powers from the Cell Games!" When she landed on the other side, Kana then marched across the pavement and onto the grass where the man was still lying, only to see him backpedal away out of fear.

Kana stopped walking the moment Hercule moved, giving the man a confused stare, "I didn't expect this. I thought the strongest man in the world would be able to put up a much better fight than this." She tilted her head momentarily and raised an eyebrow. "For someone who is reputed to be earth's greatest fighter, credited with saving it from two completely different threats, you aren't as tough as the information says you are." She then smiled pleasantly and raised a finger to point down at him, the tip of which started to glow a brilliant gold, "Unless… you're hiding a major bulk of your strength in an effort to draw this conflict out?"

Seeing the girl start charging an energy attack prompted Hercule to cry out in terror and cover his
face. But then, just when Kana was about to hit him with a blast that would cause more than a few burns, the teen was caught completely by surprise when something hard and fast slammed into the side of her head, cocking it to the side and causing her eyes to widen in surprise.

Unbeknownst to her, the celestial girl had been hit in the temple by a flying side kick executed by one Videl Satan, an attack which immediately had the star-child cease gathering energy and freeze.

When Videl saw her father cower in fear underneath their intruder when she raised her hand to shoot him, the raven haired girl reacted instantaneously and sprinted from her place on the back porch to stop her. At first the girl thought she'd be able to knock the intruder out on the first shot or at best stagger her enough to throw her off target. But when her leg unexpectedly crashed into something equivalent to a steel pole and the fire haired stranger didn't move beyond a slight head nudge, Videl immediately knew what she was up against.

Leaping away and back flipping across the grass, the eleven-year-old fighter skidded to a stop and took a stance. Setting a nervous glare upon the alien invader, whom she could feel nothing but bad vibes coming off of her, she saw her father's attacker robotically turn in her direction and narrow her eyes.

When Hercule realized he was still alive, he looked to see what was happening. "V-Videl! What are you doing?"

Identifying her attacker standing several yards away, Kana frowned. "A new opponent?" Marking her new foe, the woman straightened up and, without warning, fired two golden beams of energy directly from her eyes that flew towards her target at blazing speed. However, instead of traveling in a straight line, the beams zigzagged erratically and randomly through the air, bending and cornering at sudden angles while homing in on their intended target.

Videl immediately sprung into action, back flipping away from the beams when they attempted to hit her and continuing to run when she saw them chase after her. Sprinting across the grass, the youngster barreled out of the way to avoid the tracers a second time, before leaping over one of her dad's garden statues to hide behind it. The moment she concealed herself, the beams made a B-line towards the statue. But instead of hitting the Hercule monument full on, the beams shot up and over it, curling back down before homing in on their target once more.

Though initially surprised, the raven haired girl waited until the last moment before leaping out of the way, avoiding the beams that slammed into the statue, which exploded with concussive force. The blast not only caused a fireball and a shockwave that knocked Videl tumbling across the grass, it almost punched a ten meter wide crater in the ground. The statue meanwhile, lay in pieces across the ground.

Kana blinked in surprise when she saw Videl stagger back to her feet. "Impressive. No one has ever avoided my Circuit Tracer before, even if it wasn't set to kill." She then rounded on the newcomer, whom she could see was glaring at her while covered in dirt and burns. "What is your name?"

The raven haired fighter frowned and took a step back, "My name is Videl Satan."

"Videl Satan?" Kana repeated, narrowing her eyes. When she did, she suddenly produced an orange hologram directly over her left eye resembling a scouter. As soon as the visor appeared, it focused a set of crosshairs on the girl and began crunching numbers at high speed. The beeping of the device stopped moments later. "Hmm… you have a power reading of 130 riki." She then turned her head and focused on Hercule, who was still lying on the ground and looking across at the girl fearfully. When the numbers stopped once again, the alien frowned. "And your father has a
Contemplating the scores, the extraterrestrial teenager then decided to focus her attention outside of the house. Panning over the city, her scouter began producing thousands of numbers, all of which were focusing on people that were far beyond reach of normal sight. After a few seconds of scanning, Kana stopped and frowned. "Most of the readings in this metropolis average around 5 to 10 riki. You two are by far the strongest individuals in this region... and probably the entire planet if my mathematical algorithm is correct." She then looked back down at the ground and sighed. "It's a shame. And here I was hoping for a challenge. But I suppose if Hercule Satan is the most powerful fighter on this planet, then I'm afraid I'm going to have to declare myself the winner by default."

It was her last remark that quickly caught Videl's attention, with the girl looking up to see the fiery haired woman shake her head in disappointment and deactivate the hologram over her eye. The child's gaze fixing upon the ground as well, the daughter of Mr. Satan quickly began breaking down the situation and working out what she'd missed from what she'd been able to observe.

Videl quickly came to the conclusion that this stranger, whoever the hell she was, was looking to challenge the strongest person on this planet and defeat them, instead of having to waste energy going through the entire population. Her search had somehow led her to her father, which seemed like an obvious choice from a normal person's point of view.

However, now that her eyes had been opened and she'd been able to catch a glimpse of the world beyond the one she'd grown up in, and after feeling how strong this girl actually was, Videl knew for a fact that this opponent of theirs was way out of her father's league.

There was only one person she knew who could face someone like this.

Kana's attention then turned towards the sky and she raised her hand, pointing it towards the clouds. "Bit! Activate the composer unit of the Star Shooter and prepare to digitize this entire planet for transport."

Hearing the woman begin preparations to potentially destroy or capture their world, Videl gritted her teeth and threw her hand up, "WAIT!" Her shout successfully attracting Kana's attention, the young girl then glared firmly in her direction, "You said you were looking for the most powerful fighter on the planet to challenge them, right? Well... I know exactly who you need to look for."

This had Kana lower her arm and stare in unnerving silence at the girl, "Who?"

Videl, sprouting a grin, stared confidently back at the fire haired woman, "His name is Son Gohan."

"Son?" Remembering have heard that name a little while earlier, Kana quickly brought her left arm up and activated her hologram projector. Cycling through information at light speed, she immediately came up with a profile of Son Gohan, as well as all of the information attached to it, "Son Gohan... as in the son of Son Goku?"

The raven haired girl nodded, "That's right."

"You're saying he's the most powerful fighter on this planet... not your father?" Kana asked, a little bit skeptical. Even though the first name she'd heard had been Son Goku, a person that had come straight from the King's mouth, she'd unfortunately set her expectations a little too high when she heard about the people's champion Hercule Satan and researched into all of his accomplishments. Her hopes had been raised and dashed all at once in spectacular fashion, so you could understand
the teen's immediate doubts regarding this girl's sudden declarations.

She felt like she was being sent on a wild goose chase.

"Yes," Videl answered again with continuing certainty, her eyes shimmering with pride as she soldiered on. "He's strong… stronger than you can imagine. And get this, not only is he the one who defeated Cell and those aliens at the Intergalactic Martial Arts Tournament," she added to this by shooting a glare at her father, which had the man turn slightly blue before Videl looked back at their planet's guest, "He and his friends also fought and defeated the space tyrant Frieza. Perhaps you've heard of him?" It was a shot in the dark, but she had to try.

Okay, now if the first bits of information didn't catch Kana's attention… THAT certainly did.

Looking up at the girl with an expression mirroring shock, the fire haired girl swore her heart skipped a couple of beats before her mouth started to move. "He… and his friends… were the ones that killed Frieza?"

"Yep," Videl nodded, cheering inwardly at finally rousing some sort of surprise out of the invader.

Eyes sparkling, Kana felt her excitement grow once more and grinned inwardly. "Frieza… he and his family were considered one of the most powerful family races in the Northern Quadrant at one time." They had also been the head of the Destruction Corps of the Planet Trade Organization, tasked with systematically destroying planets in order to create balance in the universe. Unfortunately, the family had gotten a little bit carried away in their duties and started wiping out planets off the record without prior consent from the core galaxies, which led to disputes between them and the heads of the organization. Nevertheless, they'd been one of the most infamous groups in the cosmos, known for their ruthlessness and efficiency. "But that was before they were all mysteriously wiped out several years ago by an unknown third party, leading to insurgency within their ranks."

While Kana silently pondered over this sudden development, Videl quickly edged around her and went to check on her father. Taking him by the shoulders, the girl stood by him protectively while their butler slowly moved around the swimming pool to see if there was anything he could do to help. However, after seeing what that woman had just done to the world martial arts champion, he wasn't sure there was anything any of them could do.

Kana's eyes closed meditatively as she stood in place, "Frieza was the second strongest in his family behind his brother Cooler. At maximum power, that pale lizard could generate 12,000,000 on the riki scale, which is more than enough to make even the strongest races think twice about crossing him." A chuckle escaped her lips as her fists clenched, causing the nodes on her body to glow a hot blue while the orange veins of her plug suit fluctuated. "Anyone who can defeat Frieza is definitely no slouch. I might get some worthwhile fun out of this planet yet."

"I made a grievous miscalculation," Kana spoke up, drawing Videl and Hercule's attention back to her when she smiled in their direction, "I'm sorry to have disturbed you and your family, and I apologize for any damages I may have caused to your property." With a low bow, she then took a few steps back and wrapped herself up in her metallic ball once again. As soon as she was completely incased, the metallic sphere hummed loudly and rocketed up into the sky at lightning speed, vanishing into the clouds with a sonic boom.

When the wind and dust finally settled, leaving the Satan mansion with a massive hole plowed through its center and the family scattered all across the backyard, Videl and Hercule spent the next few minutes recollecting their nerves. Following their close encounter with the kindest alien invader they would ever come across, who seemed like both an angel and Death incarnate sharing
the same body, the pair could rest a little easy knowing that she was gone.

Videl however, being the smartest one there, knew for a fact that it wasn't over yet. Not by a long shot.

Reason being was that even though she'd just saved her father and the world from certain annihilation, she knew full well that she'd pretty much sent a rabid dog after her best friend in Mount Paozu.

Feeling immediate concern for his safety and knowing that he might be in trouble, Videl quickly made the decision to go see her friend and turned to glare down at her father.

The Champ, appearing so diminutive and pitiable before his daughter that he seemed physically smaller than her, looked up at his little girl with an ashamed and meek expression all in one. He gulped at the hard stare his child gave him, "Y-You know?"

The teen nodded, "Yeah."

"H-How long?"

"About a month now… though… I had a feeling much earlier than that," Videl replied, obviously referring to the man's supposed victory over the mighty Cell and sparing him a knowing smile as a result.

Hercule, murmuring uneasily, took a moment to suck it in before, with whatever strength he could muster, attempted to get to his feet. Hell, he spared no thought or consideration to the fact that the right side of his face, which had taken that monstrous hit from before, was practically swollen purple. "Videl… sweet pea… I… have a lot of explaining to do…"

"We can talk later dad," Videl said, pulling the man to his feet and seeing him look back at her from a timid, hunched over position. "But for now, I need to borrow your jet-copter…"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: Hi all, once again. Another chapter out and boy, the arc sure has gotten to a hilarious start.

Basically picking up immediately after the Bojack Arc, we see everyone has returned to their normal routines and living it up in their time of peace. Of course, unlike in the anime, Gohan isn't slacking off and the story doesn't start with a highschool fic. This period pretty much explores what Gohan and the Z-fighters are currently doing in their off time, and also shows the new kind of foes that show up during the Seven Year gap period that they have to face.

You'll also see how the Son family deals with how the public now know that they were the ones at the Cell Games as well.

For starters, Gohan and Videl have been keeping in contact over long distance, and have resolved to try and see one another more frequently face to face. This is where they start to organize time to visit one another, and where Videl asks our delightful hero whether he can train her. I think she will make some interesting headway in the next seven years when she manages to convince her father to let her go visit him, maybe even hang out at his place. Especially now since she told him she knows the truth, and knows who Gohan is.

Also, Gohan doesn't know Kana has arrived yet, since he's so focused at home doing other things
he really hasn't been paying attention to his surroundings.

Zangya on the other hand is just keeping in the shadows and watching Gohan. She's not his enemy anymore, but she isn't his friend either. She's just an observer at this point, wrestling over whether or not she should interact with the group. It's a very confusing time for her, and the following arc will probably help her find some closure, as well as develop an epiphany in life.

And we also meet a new villain.

Unlike the pink bubblegum that is Buu, we see a member of the extended *Planetary Trade Organization* stepping into the light, Kana. She's a mercenary working for the company as a collector, and you'll find out more about her in the next chapter. The scene where Videl dodged her eye beams was inspired from *Justice League Unlimited* when Batman dodges Darkseid's Omega Beams, if people didn't pick up that reference. I thought that was a nice touch.

Anyway, hope to see you all in the fight scenes for the next chapter. : )
"Hey, Tom. You got that camera ready or what?" the raven haired woman in the black and white suit asked, stopping for a moment to glare back at her co-worker speedily unloading their equipment from the van.

"Hold on a second, Yumiko. I got it. Geez," the young, blonde haired adult in the fisherman's vest and red cap replied, turning away from the vehicle with the device in hand. "There's no need to rush." Upon switching it on, he then began trudging forward to walk alongside the woman, who smiled confidently as her partner adjusted the lens before turning back ahead of them.

"Good. Now come on. I want to see if we can catch an interview with the Son boy and ask him about the Cell Games," the reporter replied, beginning to move across the hill towards the house at a casual pace. Wearing an armband on her right emblazoned with the ZTV logo, the most famous news stations in the world and the one responsible for covering the harrowing events of earth's most terrifying day, it was painfully clear why the two of them were there.

After the events of the Intergalactic Martial Arts Tournament, it was expected that people like this were bound to come around sooner or later…

Even though many had come and gone already. The past month had been pretty hectic.

"So… we're just gonna go knock on their front door and hope that the boy is in?" Tom asked, propping the heavy box up his shoulder.

"Well of course. I mean… it's not like we have any security to worry about," the beautiful, long haired Yumiko replied with a smug tone of voice and her nose in the air. "Trust me. This'll be a walk in the park. The public is going to wanna hear the young fighter's side of the story of how the Champ Mr. Satan saved the world from Cell."

It was her vocalized plan that had her skittishly pursuing partner murmur uneasily. "I'm not sure about this. A couple of my friends back at the station warned me that there was a very scary and strong woman living in that house. They said she chased them all away with a rake and even tossed one of them over the hill."

"Oh, don't be ridiculous," Yumiko replied, looking back at her cameraman disbelievingly as they descended the slope toward the dome-shaped building down below. "They were probably just scared off by the mother with a gun… the cowards. They are country folk after all." The thought of a whole truckload of station workers and reporters being sent away by one woman made her laugh. She bet she could do much better than that.

Unfortunately, in her moment of staring self-assuredly back at her assistant, the well-dressed news worker failed to notice where she was going and inadvertently walked into something small and solid only a few yards away from the Son home. Stumbling backwards and caught completely by surprise, both she and Tom looked to see what it was they'd run into, and immediately became
horrified when they saw a blue-skinned woman with pointy ears and long, curly orange hair standing right in their path with her arms crossed.

Upon getting their attention, the earthling-dressed yet still very alien-looking Zangya flared her ki at the intruders ever so slightly, allowing a blood-red aura to surround her lithe form and a menacing shadow to cross her face. Seeing the two news crew members back off in an instant, trembling from head to toe and huddling up close to one another at the sight of her threatening form, the former lieutenant of Bojack’s gang frowned.

"Scram."

With a terrified scream, the two news reporters took off like the road-runner, charging back up the hill and leaping into their van. As soon as they were in, they started the engine and drove off, trying to put as much distance between them and the 'devil woman' guarding the house.

After watching the ZTV vehicle disappear over the horizon in a cloud of dust, Zangya snorted, "Good riddance." A smile then crept across her face at the mild sense of amusement the act had brought her and nodded in acknowledgement. "Consider yourselves lucky it wasn't the banshee that chased you off." From what she'd seen the last time the news reporters had come to the house wanting to interview the demi-Saiyan, the Son mother proved to be just as terrifying as she was.

Only she didn't have pointy ears.

Making sure that there was no one else left in the area, Zangya looked back at the house momentarily before flying back over to her tree.

No lousy human cockroaches were going to badger Son Gohan before she did. That was a promise.

OOO

(Meanwhile – Inside the House)

"Gohan! Could you come here for a moment please?!"

"Coming!" Quickly shutting off the vacuum cleaner in the living room, the demi-Saiyan set the machine aside and hurriedly made his way into the kitchen. When he arrived, he was promptly greeted by the smile of his mother, who was standing by the table with a few slips of zeni bills and a receipt in her hand. "What's up, mum?"

The Son woman beamed happily, "I have a little errand for you to run today." She handed him the money and paper, which the boy gingerly took from her hand. "A couple weeks ago I ordered a few new sets of clothing from the Cosmopolitan store over in Satan City. You know the big shop I took you to with all the home style dresses and kimonos on display at the front?" When she saw her son nod, she grinned, "I need you to pop into that place and pick them up for me."

"No problem, mum," Gohan replied cheerfully, at the same time clenching the money in his hand. "It shouldn't take me too long."

Chi-Chi nodded and then gestured to the bills, "That should be enough to cover the cost of the dresses. Be sure to bring them all back in one piece, okay? And if you're quick I'll make you something extra special for tea tonight."

"Awesome," Gohan chirped, being sure to fold up the notes and slip them and the receipt into his blue, gi belt. Making sure the money was secure the youngster then adjusted his top and dashed towards the door, where he slipped on the blue boots of his uniform. "I'll be back soon."
"Okay, Gohan. Be careful, sweetie," his mother replied. Seeing the boy smile, he then moved at super speed out the door and up into the sky. He was airborne before the door had even closed behind him, bringing a warm glow to the woman's face. "Just like his father: lively and eager as ever." She then sighed and, glancing down, rested a hand over her stomach once again. "Hopefully things will turn out alright for us."

Unbeknownst to the mother though, and to the energetic demi-Saiyan as his form disappeared over the horizon, the orange-haired figure of Zangya, who was standing underneath a familiar oak tree and watching the house intently, took off from her spot and followed after the boy.

Curious to know where Gohan was going, the woman kept a safe distance from him while he traveled at jet speed northwards.

Of course, she wasn't the only one that was watching him…

OOO

(Meanwhile – Above the Planet)

Back up in orbit above the planet, the spherical pod containing the fiery haired Kana had stationed itself above the easterly half of the continent once again. Able to make out the faint outlines of cities and urban areas far below, the visitor from outer space had a perfect, unobstructed view of all of the major communities and towns in sight. Despite there being over two billion people living on the planet, the investigator was confident that she would be able to track down and find the person she was looking for. Just a quick browse through the information in her system and a few seconds of number crunching, she found her target's home in an instant.

However, having already tried this method twice before, with rather awkward results on both counts, the huntress knew right then and there that she needed to use a more precise method of tracking. Through trial and error, Kana realized she couldn't rely on her old means of searching for her target on such a large and diverse planet. She also realized she couldn't rely on the scouter system either, since she knew that there were many beings out there capable of concealing their energy levels, which was why she wasn't able to pick up anything on the first scan.

She was overzealous in her approach, which led to two muck ups.

Therefore, since she couldn't depend on one system to find what she was looking for, she decided to combine both and expand down her parameters.

So, upon suspending herself in orbit above the planet, instead of just rocketing down to her desired location the moment her sensors honed in on it, she spent another couple of seconds making sure she had all the data she needed before making her next move.

After all, she didn't want to make the same mistake a third time.

"The Son household is located on the edge of the region known as Mount Paozu," Kana murmured, the hologram screen in front of her bringing up a large crosshair over a satellite image of the landmass far below. That was where her target's home was located. "There are currently two family members taking up residence in that domicile. One of them is the mother, Son Chi-Chi, and the other is her eldest child, Son Gohan." A smile crossed her lips when she saw two life signs blink onto her screen when she zoomed in on the site, both of them appearing as red dots. Just as she expected.

Crunching the numbers, Kana then got an immediate readout on the two life forms through her
scouter system, the scores of which hovered above both figures. The investigator raised an eyebrow. "The mother has a reading of 140 riki. Interesting." She then looked at the second one. "Son Gohan has a power reading of 135 riki. Hmm... that can't be right..." Her brow furrowed somewhat as she looked upon the profile figure of her target, "For someone to have fought against Frieza..."

However, just as she was watching the signatures mingle about inside the home from her orbital position above the planet, she suddenly saw one of the red dots take off at an incredible speed in a northeasterly direction. This immediately had the numbers on her screen go haywire and a new reading appear above the fast moving Son Gohan, which had Kana's eyes widen.

"15,000,000 riki?" At this, Kana realized the boy must have been suppressing his power inside of his home so that he didn't accidentally damage anything or draw any attention to himself. When she did, an excited grin formed on her face, "Now that's more like it." She then ran through a swift line of code before several new numbers appeared on screen.

Calculating the boy's speed and trajectory across the country, the visitor to the planet figured that she would be able to intercept the super human directly over Satan City. So, upon punching the numbers into the system, her pod then shot straight down towards the planet at breakneck speed, piercing the atmosphere seconds later.

OOO

(Satan City)

"Man, there are so many people out today," Krillin mumbled to himself, looking through the window of the coffee shop he was in and watching as hundreds of civilians ambled down the road in two different directions. Seeing the multitude of bodies on the move and hearing the clamor of the crowd seep in through the open door brought a chuckle from the short Z-fighter as he quietly reached for his cappuccino, "Good thing I'm not on the street right now... otherwise I'd be swamped."

He was a little guy in one of the biggest cities in the world. How could he not think about stuff like that? Having lived on a tiny island for so many years surrounded by only a couple of people in his life, the transition into a concrete environment where the population suddenly skyrocketed definitely had more than a few compasses spinning.

Smiling as he stirred his coffee, the man turned back to the quiet store laid out around him, where he could see only a couple of people occupying the tables and booths. "Ah well, as long as there aren't any wars going on or evil aliens dropping down from the skies to invade our planet, then I'm not complaining."

Determined to make the most of the free time that he had, the young Z-fighter had decided to drop out of his training for the day and dropped by Satan City to have a look around. With the earth now in a state of peace and with no diabolical villains threatening to spoil their days, Krillin was adamant in getting back out there in the world and living it up. He even thought about giving Yamcha a ring to see if he wanted to go clubbing tonight and mingle with the common folk. It'd been a while since either of them had really done something like that, and it was high time the scarf-faced former ranger and mercenary got himself a girlfriend.

Krillin on the other hand wasn't fussed about that. Reason being was that he had his eye set on somebody else and would often think about whenever he was on his own.

Speaking of which...
"I wonder how Android 18 is spending her day," the short man thought curiously, taking a sip of his coffee while staring down at the table.

It'd been a while since he last saw her. Ever since the group left the balcony of Kami's Lookout two months ago, he swore he'd only seen her twice; once when he was training on another island and he swore he saw her watching him from a distant tree, and another time when he was out in the village doing shopping and he caught a glimpse of her in the streets.

Since then, there'd been no other signs of her. Complete and utter radio silence, which sort of brought the man's mood down a couple of pegs.

A heavy sigh escaping his lips as he absently stirred the contents of his cup, Krillin spared a moment of thought to the beautiful blonde android that had, for all intents and purposes, disappeared from the limelight. "Is she going to show up out of the blue and say 'hi' or something? It'd really make my day if she did." She did say that she would. To be more precise, she'd said to all of the Z-fighters within ear shot while her back was turned to them that she would drop by to see him sometime soon. It was a pretty comforting notion, "Unless my heart's just playing tricks on me."

Damn it. Being a love struck fool was not an easy thing to live with. It made him all gushy, paranoid and edgy.

"Well… I can't blame her if she's not interested in seeing me again. I mean, there are a lot of better looking guys out there… and after all the crap we had to go through, I wouldn't be surprised if even she just wanted to have a little bit of normal for a change," Krillin sighed, bringing his cup up and taking another sip. Pondering on the idea of a long term peace and what it would be like to spend with the blonde girl, the man looked up with a murmur…

He then did the most hilarious spit take ever when he saw Android 18 standing right there in front of him and made sure to aim the hot brew to the side.

"E-Eighteen!" the monk exclaimed in shock, drawing a few glances from the surrounding bystanders. Hitting his chest and coughing out the rest of his coffee, he looked up at the woman standing there with her arms folded, "W-What are you doing here?"

The cool beauty, wearing a casual set of clothes consisting of a pair of jeans and a black halter top, stared back at the man momentarily with her ocean blue eyes. After which, she then shrugged and looked away, "I was just…" She paused for a second, "walking around the shops and having a look around, seeing if there was anything new on sale. I then spotted you from outside and came in to see how you were doing." She said that in the same tone of voice she was best known for.

"Oh. Really?" Gulping and feeling his insides turn to jelly when she glanced his way, the man then mustered up whatever courage he could and smiled warmly in her direction. "I mean… that's great! It's… it's really good to see you again, Eighteen."

A bit of warmth appearing in her cheeks at the man's smile and words, the blonde looked away again in another direction. The two of them remained quiet for several moments, one rubbing his head and thinking about what else to say, while the other stood there, trying to focus on something else that wasn't the short Z-fighter.

After a bit of uncomfortable silence, the girl turned back to the warrior and nodded down to him, "You mind if I join you?"

"Huh? Oh. Yeah. Sure! Of course," Krillin exclaimed, beaming enthusiastically as he hopped to his
feet and pulled up a chair for the woman he hadn't seen for ages. When she sat down and tucked her hair behind her ear, the man came back around and sat down as well, looking completely nervous. "Would you like me to get you something?"

Finding a comfortable position, the woman then looked back at the man and smiled a very small smile. "Sure," she nodded. "I'll have a black tea. Plain."

Grinning, Krillin looked over to see the waiter come stand with his hands gingerly laced in front of him. "The lady will have a standard black tea, please. No sugar."

"Very good, sir," the young man nodded, before quickly hurrying off to tend to the order.

Gently nudging aside his cappuccino and leaning against the table, Krillin gazed across at the woman now sitting quietly across from him with her hands in her lap, "So…" He began nervously, "What've you been up to lately?"

The blonde android shrugged, "Not much, just up and down… trying to find some things and a place to fit in."

"How's that working out for yah?"

"Not very well I'm afraid," the woman replied with a distasteful frown. "I haven't been able to find my brother, wherever the hell he is… so I've been on my own for the past couple of months."

"You're not upset about it, are you? I mean…" Krillin quickly rephrased his question by clearing his throat, "Are you doing okay?"

"I can't complain," Eighteen answered, giving it a moment of thought while suddenly finding an interest in the wall across the way. "I've been moving around quite a lot lately, not really settling down anywhere, and I've had plenty of time to myself to think. After the whole Cell ordeal, I just needed a bit of space to clear my head." She then glanced at the martial artist, giving him a genuinely straight look, "And you? I heard you got into a bit of trouble at the Intergalactic Martial Arts Tournament a month ago…"

"Oh? You heard about that, huh?" Krillin laughed uneasily while scratching his head, but then saw the woman staring at him without so much as a twitch. Swallowing a little, the monk continued, "Yeah… we got into a bit of a fight with this guy named Bojack and his gang, some hotshots who wanted to conquer the universe or something like that. I don't know… it was all pretty much of a blur to me. The person I ended up fighting knocked me out with just a few kicks and sent me into a wall."

Eighteen blinked, her expression relatively unchanged, "Are you alright?"

"Uh…" A little bit surprised by the woman's sudden question and seeing her staring at him with great intent, Krillin quickly came up with an answer, "Y-Yeah. I mean, I got a few nasty cuts and bruises here and there, but I'm feeling great now." He chuckled and brought his arm up, rotating it while gripping his shoulder. "It'll take more than a few hits to bring this guy down. Don't you worry about that."

This news brought a relieved sigh from the woman, who then gave the man another small smile, "Well… I'm just glad you're okay."

Noticing the strangely pleasant look she was giving him, Krillin remained speechless for a moment. But after a few seconds of gathering his thoughts, the man chuckled and rubbed his head, "Th-Thanks. I'm… glad to see you're doing okay as well."
Beaming, Eighteen was then about to move on to another question until something in the air suddenly startled both her and the Z-fighter out of their conversation. Eyes snapping upwards, the pair then leapt out of their seats, with the monk inadvertently knocking his over while the two of them focused all of their senses on the thing that was fast approaching them. Sweat broke out on both their faces when they got a better read on it.

"S-So much power… what is that?" Krillin asked, looking absolutely stunned.

Whatever it was, it was heading straight towards them from above the planet…

XXX

Feeling the wind whipping at his hair as he traveled along at his regular speed, Son Gohan was making excellent progress towards Satan City. Looking down to see the land whiz past him in a sweeping montage, with the fields and valleys soon being replaced by farmlands and suburbs, the youngster spent the final leg of his journey taking in his surroundings, which he had seldom done in the past. Most of the time, whenever he'd been required to fly places, he'd always been in a hurry, never really taking the time to admire the countryside.

Now, with the opportunity presented to him, he could truly appreciate the sights and sounds of the planet around him. What made it an even greater splendor was the fact that it was peace time and he had no galactic threats to worry about.

"I should take a page out of my dad's book and go for a trip around the world someday. See what's what," Gohan thought, briefly recalling some of the stories his father had told him back when they'd been training in the Hyperbolic Time Chamber. After hearing about all of the amazing things his dad had done, it made him strongly consider doing something similar. It'd sure be a worthwhile experience to have.

But just before Gohan could get completely engrossed in the pristine wilderness beneath him, he suddenly sensed something strange and looked up. Noticing he was approaching Satan City, he quickly realized this odd vibe wasn't coming from up ahead and looked towards the sky, above the towering buildings of the metropolis several kilometers away. When he did, he saw through his eagle eye vision an object passing through the atmosphere, trailing fire and smoke while plummeting towards the earth.

The demi-Saiyan balked. "A meteorite?" Sensing a strange ki signature coming from it, Gohan immediately thought the object was volatile and, his eyes cutting from it to the city, the youngster realized it was on course for impact and picked up speed.

A sonic boom rang out when Gohan's body literally broke the sound barrier. The demi-Saiyan made sure to increase his speed enough to align with the falling object and, making a quick calculation in his head, gave it a burst just as he was entering the outskirts of the mega city.

Civilians down below turned their attention to the sky when they heard a series of loud 'cracks' ring out and looked up just in time to see the fireball plummeting towards them. Those directly underneath the falling object and could see it approaching their city immediately clamored in fright and began to move out of the streets. However, as panic started to ensue, what the people saw next came as an even bigger shock to them when, from out of nowhere, a teenager dressed in an orange and blue gi flew into view and tackled the meteorite out of the air.

The boy managed to intercept it when it was only ten feet away from colliding with the nearest skyscraper.
Upon catching the large, human sized sphere and stopping it from making landfall, which would have easily wiped out several blocks and skyscrapers, Gohan flew on. The flames extinguishing themselves as the orb was carried away from the city center, the young male breathed a sigh of relief, as he knew he'd just stopped a catastrophic disaster from befalling the people.

He then took a moment to inspect the object in his arms and saw that the metal sphere was silver, perfectly smooth, with grooves all over it that were glowing a hot orange.

It wasn't a meteorite, though it certainly looked extraterrestrial from a science fiction point of view.

But then, before the youngster could fully examine the strange object he'd stopped from hitting the metropolis, Gohan blinked in surprise when he suddenly saw a burst of steam escape the orb's channels before the ball started to unwrap itself in his arms. A split second later, the boy felt his fingers interlock with a pair of hands and recoiled in shock when, emerging from the dome, he found himself face to face with a beautiful girl about a couple years older than him, wearing a figure-hugging metallic plug suit with a curvaceous figure, and long, orange hair that glowed like the sun, which grew past her legs and was bellowing in the air around her.

A stunning girl with fire-like hair and the face of an angel being the last thing Gohan expected to come out of the pod as he continued his flight over the city, the demi-Saiyan was too stunned to react when the teenage alien removed her right hand from his and slammed a hook across his cheek. The blow crashed across Gohan's face with a thunderclap, cocking the boy's head to the side and causing him to lose control of his flight, sending both him and the girl he was pushing through the air spiraling into the city streets below.

With the sound of jets echoing across downtown, the pair crashed into the middle of the main highway with an earthshaking 'bang'. The impact drawing the attention of every single person on the street and the nearby buildings, the once two airborne people slid along the floor for several painful yards, kicking up a cloud of dust along the way. Then, grabbing the head of the girl on top of him, Gohan gave a loud yell and tossed her, throwing her down the street and spinning through the air spiraling into the city streets below.

Performing an acrobatic twirl to slow her down, Kana righted herself and slammed her feet into the tarmac, skidding to a stop and digging two trenches through the ground. Once her movement ceased, the fiery haired girl looked up to see Gohan flying straight at her, his fist loaded back for a punch. Taking a stance, Kana waited until he threw it before catching his arm and, using his momentum, spun him around and threw him back down the highway.

Yelping in surprise at the sudden counter toss, Gohan flew for half a kilometer before slamming into the concrete back first. Bouncing down the road a couple of times, the boy then leapt to his feet and slid backwards along the ground until he came to a smoky stop several hundred meters from where he first hit the highway. Cars coming down the road in both directions literally skidded to a stop at the sight of the 'jaywalker', with the drivers getting out of their vehicles to see what was going on.

A wall of dust blocking his view, Gohan took a stance and glared into the mist, searching for his foe. Several seconds later, just as the Z-fighter was preparing to go on the offensive, the cloud suddenly parted and the fiery haired girl came flying straight at him; tackling him in the chest and knocking him off his feet. A loud 'oof' escaped the demi-Saiyan's lips when he was knocked back for several yards before the pair collided with an eighteen wheeler's front, slamming into its grill and knocking the truck carrying the stack of cinder blocks into the row of cars behind it.

The people in the cars had to get out of the way to avoid the massive transporter from smashing into them.
Feeling his back wedged into the front of the vehicle, his small body squashing its engine like a pillow, Gohan gave a loud yell and slammed a right hook across the girl's face. The impact snapped her head to the side, the force of which causing a loud gunshot to echo throughout the neighborhood and the girl to stumble away, freeing the Saiyan from the corner.

Expression conveying momentary surprise, Kana turned back to glare at her opponent before, clenching her right fist, retaliated with a punch of her own, cracking the boy across the mug in a similar manner with a second artillery shot ringing out. Though the half-Saiyan recoiled, he immediately came back with another punch that the girl evaded.

The pair began to box; trading lightning fast punches that the two fighters blocked and parried respectively, until Kana over flourished a right straight that her opponent deftly caught. With her wrist in his grip, Gohan spun around her and caught the girl in a standing hammerlock with his left arm hooking around her neck.

With her back against his chest, the half-Saiyan increased pressure on the invader's arm in an attempt to force her into submission. However, just when it seemed like he had her, Kana's eyes suddenly widened, the orange channels on her armor flashed blue and, with a loud growl of effort, she engulfed both herself and her opponent in lightning.

"GAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!" Gohan gave a cry of agony as he was electrocuted by the girl, the defensive countermeasure forcing him to release his opponent and freeing her from his hold.

Powering down, Kana spun around and pointed her hand at her stunned foe, unleashing a golden blast right into his chest. Gohan looked up just in time to catch the attack that sent him flying into a building.

Civilians screamed and barreled out of the way when the boy slammed into the concrete wall with an earsplitting 'crack', using the building's support to hold back the blast that continued to drill into his palms. Gritting his teeth against the burning sensation, Gohan eventually mustered the strength enough to push the beam away and deflect it into the sky. The blast detonated when it slammed into the top of the tower, taking out a chunk of the roof but managing to explode safely out of reach of any residents.

But then, the second the half-Saiyan deflected it, Gohan was unexpectedly struck in the chest by his opponent appearing and drilling into him with a blow that sent him blasting through every single wall of the office block behind him.

When the boy eventually exploded out the other side, he ended up smashing through a parked car, taking out its roof before crashing into the middle of the road.

"Ow. That hurt." Groaning as he laid there in a crumpled heap, the young Saiyan then looked up in shock when Kana suddenly appeared directly over him with her hand pointed down at his face.

Reacting instinctively from his prone position, Gohan slammed his foot into the side of her leg, tripping the girl at the last second and forcing her to release her blast into the ground, engulfing both of them in an explosion that choked the entire area with dust and smoke.

XXX

Managing to convince her dad quite easily to hand over his jet-copter, Videl wasted no time in unpacking it from its capsule and climbing on board. As soon as she shut the hatch and switched on the engine, she skillfully lifted it out of their mansion's backyard and into the air. It was no difficult task. Having learned how to operate it from an online manual, getting used to it firsthand...
only took her a few short minutes.

Upon stabilizing the craft, the girl then accessed the GPS and dialed in Gohan's home address. Finding it easily enough, she then maneuvered the copter and began flying in the direction of Mount Paozu. But just as she was in the process of leaving the center of the metropolis, a couple beams of light, smoke, and a series of explosions drew her attention downtown in the opposite direction.

Caught by surprise at the sight of the plumes of black smoke rising from the information district, the girl quickly came to the conclusion that those beams of deadly energy were no ordinary occurrence. In fact, she was pretty sure they were related to that extraterrestrial girl that'd just visited their house.

"Something big is going on over there," Videl thought, quickly changing course and heading in the direction of the explosions.

Whatever the hell was going on now, it was happening all over this damn country.

XXX

A concussive explosion sent Gohan spiraling through the twentieth floor of a telecommunications administration building, crashing through dozens of cubicles and office desks before he ended up landing in the middle of a large park. Lying sprawled out at the bottom of the crater, the half-Saiyan groaned and sprang to his feet, looking up to see the girl that'd blasted him fly over the same building, charge an energy ball above her head and fling it down at him.

Gritting his teeth, the boy clapped his hands together at his side and, stepping forward with a superb pivot, smashed the ball back at its user. "FORE!"

The approaching Kana had a split second to look surprised before her blast impacted against her chest and detonated, sending her spinning to the ground. Forming a crater in the same park, Gohan pumped his fist victoriously and watched the cloud of dust fade away. When it did, he saw his opponent step out of the hole she'd formed surrounded by dozens of terrified civilians, all of whom were now standing back to watch the fight taking place between the two super-powered beings.

Glaring across at her opponent with her hair wafting behind her like a flame, Kana smirked and patted down her chest. "A fine hit. Nice follow-through." Once ridding herself of the scorch mark, she quickly frowned and glared back at the boy, watching him take a stance and square off against her.

Narrowing his eyes, the young hybrid let out a yell and charged forward, blasting across the ground at high speed before swinging out at the alien with an overhand. However, the moment his fist came within range, he suddenly saw the girl's form light up a dazzling gold before, like a shot of lightning, she vanished in a flash. His fist passing through air, Gohan had a moment to let out a gasp of surprise before he received a kick to the side from his opponent teleporting in his path, which sent him bouncing across the reserve like a ragdoll.

Hitting the ground about three times at an insane speed, the boy was about to right himself until a second blow to the back from his opponent teleporting in his path smacked him in another direction. Gohan's body crashed through several trees and smashed into a statue of Hercule Satan, smashing it to pieces while he hit the ground behind it.

Heading spinning from the sudden directional changes and body sore from the swift beating, Gohan struggled to his hands and knees with a groan. Shaking his head, the bruised and battered
youngster frowned while he glared at the footpath beneath him. "Okay. That's new."

Super speed was one thing. But teleportation? This was the first time he'd actually had to fight somebody who could do that.

Sucking it up, the boy rose to his feet and glared across the park from where he'd come. When he did, he saw his opponent appear before him in a golden flash, floating a story above the ground several yards away, and looking down at him intensely. Once both were facing each other, the pair exchanged heated glares until one of them decided to break the ice.

"You're a lot stronger than I had anticipated," the girl spoke, tilting her head curiously at the young warrior. "Judging from the conditions of this planet, you're also far too strong to be an ordinary human. Why is that?" She then produced the same hologram scouter over her left eye, which began to scan and analyze the boy a little more closely. After the flickering lights in the screen ended a few seconds later, Kana raised an eyebrow in surprise. "You have the characteristics of a human, but many of your other physical traits classify you as a Saiyan." She then smiled vibrantly, "You're a hybrid, aren't you?"

Gohan, a little caught off guard by her incredibly accurate analysis, smiled back at her, "Yeah. I'm a half-breed. Is that a problem?"

"Not at all. I'm just a little bit surprised to see that there's a Saiyan living in this part of space. Ever since the destruction of their home world, Saiya-jins have become an incredibly rare species in the universe. I've only ever seen ten others like you in the last decade," Kana replied, her scouter flickering some more before deactivating altogether. "It certainly answers the question as to why you're so strong… and why Frieza was probably killed."

Gohan furrowed his brow in obvious dislike of that name, "You knew that monster?"

"I knew him, yes, but only by reputation. We only ever had one meeting with each other and that was many years ago," the girl informed before bringing her right hand up and opening it at her side. When she did, she began gathering energy, which had her palm start to glow. It was a sight that put Gohan on immediate guard. "But let's stop talking about Frieza. I'm more interested in seeing what else you can do."

Just as the demi-Saiyan was about to guard against another attack, an explosion struck Kana in the side that sent the alien rocketing across the park. Plowing a trench into the floor when she landed, the girl expertly used her momentum to leap out of the dirt and back onto her feet. Body smoking from the surprise attack, she glared up to see several more figures descend from the sky and blinked in surprise at what she saw.

Floating at a vantage point side by side, she saw the spiky haired form of a man in Saiyan battle-armor and a lavender haired young man in black pants and a vest. Floating alongside them she also saw a green warrior in a purple gi, with a white turban on his head and a cape with a wide shoulder frame. And then, landing on the ground beneath them, she spotted a blonde haired woman in a trendy outfit and a short, bald man in casual clothing, both of them coming to stand defensively in her line of sight.

Blinking in surprise, Kana smirked, "My, my… this planet certainly is full of surprises." She said this while watching the newcomers land around Gohan, who took up formation in the center of their group while they all focused their attention on the foreigner.

"So you're the one causing all the fuss around here," Piccolo spoke, his cape ruffling on the breeze. "Makes sense since you're obviously an out-of-towner. But you certainly put on quite a show for us
Beads of sweat running down his head as he looked the radiant stranger over, Krillin glanced across at the others, "Yeah but... what is she?" He looked back at the girl and made note of her glowing hair. "She's not like any alien I've ever seen before." Of the many races they were able to meet during their battle against Frieza and his horde, this one differed from every single one of them in many extremely noticeable ways.

Of course, being the one to have the most knowledge in this regard, the ever imposing Vegeta stepped forward. "She's a Seirei," the prince spoke, drawing glances from the Z-fighters around him and narrowing his glare, "A very rare and old race from a planet close to the centre of the universe. Their people have an incredibly strong life force, able to live for hundreds of years without growing old. They also possess incredibly advanced technology and are born with the ability to manipulate light." This information had the entire group regard this new figure with a little more caution, which then led Vegeta into another important segment. "They don't stray too far from their world either. All Seirei prefer to stay close to one another and away from the affairs of other planets."

"Then what's this one doing so far from home?" Piccolo asked, arms folded and his serious expression unchanged.

Grunting, the man with the flame-style haircut looked across at the girl with his game face in full play. Figuring he'd beaten around the bush enough, the ill-tempered Saiyan moved forward once again. "It's been a long time, Kana."

Appearing unsurprised by the appearance of the man, the orange haired invader smiled, "It certainly has been, Prince Vegeta."

Gohan glanced across at his dad's rival curiously, "You know her?"

"Yes. We met over twenty years ago, back when my people were still pushing papers for that chrome dome of a former boss of mine," the Saiyan royal responded, narrowing his eyes. "I was a kid back then, but I remember seeing her when she was visiting my father's palace to discuss business regarding our planet and its inhabitants. She was a bit of an airhead then and she still looks like an airhead now." His remark earned a playful grin from the glowing girl, which had all the Z-fighters present sweat drop, including Eighteen. "But don't be fooled by her appearance. She is incredibly strong, somebody who Frieza detested but wouldn't dare to cross. Even after all this time, she looks like she hasn't aged a day."

"Seriously?" Krillin looked a little gob smacked at that, turning to stare at the radiant being in the sophisticated plug suit. "Twenty years ago, right? She still looks like she's sixteen!"

"She ages gracefully, that's for sure," Trunks voiced in, narrowing his gaze on the long haired alien, "But that doesn't explain the reason for her being here and why she's not on her home planet."

This was yet another question that was easy to answer. "It's because she's a wanderer," Vegeta went on, stopping any and all other remarks in their tracks, "Rogue, drifter, whatever you want to call her. She's a freelancer-slash-explorer who traipses about the universe visiting other worlds and studying their cultures. She also moonlights as a member of the Planet Trade Organization, the one that Frieza and his family was formerly a part of. If I remember correctly, this girl was charged with the inquisition and acquisition of rare and valuable planets. Her main job for the group was to determine whether or not the security of a planet and its inhabitants were in good hands, and whether the guardian of the world, otherwise known as the strongest warrior on the planet, was... up there."
able to meet the organization's standards for chief overseer of that region."


"If you like to call it that. Frankly, I like to think of it as a fun weekend; hopping from planet to planet and beating the stuffing out of the strongest people on them," Vegeta said, at the same time narrowing his eyes. "Basically, if the guardian of the planet fails to meet the inquirer's standards, then she takes the planet for herself, transports it, and sells it to another galaxy to be safe guarded, until the role of protector can be passed on to somebody who is deemed worthy."

This quickly had Krillin's attention. "Sh-She takes planets and sells them? How?" Even Eighteen appeared a little bit surprised.

"Using her home world's technology, she's able to compress entire worlds into code and transport them via ship, which is floating above our heads as we speak," Vegeta informed, prompting a couple members of the group to turn their gazes skywards before focusing back on the person in front of them. The sight of her standing there with her glowing orange head brought a spit from the flame-haired man. "In my opinion I think that's a very stupid practice. It's basically the organization's way of playing God with every single person in the universe."

"I think so too," Kana spoke up, alerting the group to her presence once more while she stood there, perfectly still, with a curious smile on her face. "But I'm not interested in what the organization does, which is why I only work for them part time. I'm just in it for the money." She said this while tilting her head and giving the group a very cute look. "I left my home planet a long time ago to explore the universe and to take in everything there was to see… not to mention have as much fun along the way as possible. Since I'm a security investigator, the last thing I want to do is wreck a perfectly good planet such as this one. That's the demolition department's job… which of course happens to be the same section that your group terminated when you killed Frieza and his family. So you don't have to worry about the earth being destroyed by me. Something like that will just depreciate its value."

Okay, so while this girl loved planets and wanted to avoid destroying them, she also worked for cold hard cash as a mercenary. On one hand she was cheerful and polite, but on the other hand was a calculative gun-for-hire.

To the Z-fighters, this girl had a very odd moral compass guiding her.

So much for black and white. This one was living entirely within the grey area, despite being all bright and cheerful.

"Yet you are willing to abduct planets and put them into zoos for auction?" Trunks replied, gritting his teeth while balling his fists. "You can't decide whether or not a planet has to be protected. That kind of decision and control shouldn't be given to one person. That's for the people living on the world to decide."

"I agree," Gohan replied, also narrowing his eyes.

"Hey, don't take this the wrong way," Kana exclaimed, raising her hands defensively and giving them all a nervous look at their growing hostility towards her. "I'm a very fair person and I don't usually move planets that often. It all depends on their rarity that the organization requires a person be sent to investigate, which is only ever done once every couple hundred thousand years. That's why they hire me, since I have all the right tools and strengths to determine whether or not a planet is safe." She then looked back at them when she saw them settle a bit. "That's the way things work. I get paid either way, so there's always a bonus involved; one service charge and one delivery fee."
Piccolo gave her a deadpanned expression, "How very equitable of you."

"I only use the right amount of strength to determine whether or not a planet is in good hands. I very rarely have to exceed my limits," Kana continued, beaming back at the Z-warriors before a more mischievous smile crossed her lips. "Of course, for this case… I may have to make a special exception." When she saw the group respond nervously and seriously to her remark, the girl once again produced her scouter and began making passes on her opponents. She glanced across at Krillin, "You have a power reading of 8,000,000 riki; an amazing level for a human." Her eyes then fell upon Eighteen, whom she scrutinized carefully. "No life force. I assume you have an artificial framework, but your body appears mostly human. You even have internal organs."

The group looked surprised, with Gohan glancing across at the blonde haired woman. "She can read power levels that well?"

"So it appears," Eighteen replied sternly.

"I'm guessing it has something to do with her tech," Piccolo voiced in, a bead of sweat running down the side of his face.

Kana then turned on him, which brought a surprised look to her face when she analyzed him more closely, "A Namekian. There's one living all way out here?"

The green-skinned warrior glared back at her, "Technically I was born on this planet. This is my home just as much as it is everyone else's."

"Fair enough," Kana replied, her scouter beeping and drawing a whistle from her lips. "You're not afraid of hiding, aren't you? 60,000,000 riki. That's astonishingly high for a member of your race. Most impressive." She then looked over at the remaining three and beamed when she analyzed each of them through her visor. "All three of you have Saiyan traits, especially Vegeta. I'm guessing he's the only full-blooded Saiyan on this planet." Her attention then fell upon Trunks, "And judging from your facial contours and build, you must be Prince Vegeta's son."

The time traveler had the common sense to appear surprised, "You could get all that from just one look?"

"It's one of my skills," Kana replied, her scouter beeping and drawing a whistle from her lips. "You're not afraid of hiding, aren't you? 60,000,000 riki. That's astonishingly high for a member of your race. Most impressive." She then looked over at the remaining three and beamed when she analyzed each of them through her visor. "All three of you have Saiyan traits, especially Vegeta. I'm guessing he's the only full-blooded Saiyan on this planet." Her attention then fell upon Trunks, "And judging from your facial contours and build, you must be Prince Vegeta's son."

Piccolo frowned back at her, "Well… what can we say? We've all learned to live with each other."

Still though, there was such an odd variation in the numbers she was giving them. She was obviously using a low reading setting for higher tone figures so that she didn't overload her system. Her results also coincided with this new riki value she was using.

Piccolo frowned back at her, "Well… what can we say? We've all learned to live with each other."

Still though, there was such an odd variation in the numbers she was giving them. She was obviously using a low reading setting for higher tone figures so that she didn't overload her system. Her results also coincided with this new riki value she was using.

"All of you have power levels that could definitely have given Frieza and his family a lot of trouble. While that's certainly extraordinary, considering his level is around the 12,000,000 mark, I'm going to venture a guess that it was the Namekian who destroyed him, since he's the strongest one here." A laugh then pulled her gaze over to Vegeta.

The Saiyan Prince smirked back at her arrogantly, "Guess again, Kana, but the Namekian's power level didn't reach that level until only recently."
"Oh?"

"Let's just say his strength is a little bit slow on the uptake. And it wasn't the Namek that killed Frieza either..." He then glanced across at Trunks, whose glare remained unchanged even when the girl's gaze fell upon him, "It was this one."

This statement drew a blink from the girl, "So... it was a Saiyan after all." She then deactivated her scouter and frowned suspiciously. "But that doesn't make much sense. Your power levels must have grown substantially since the time you fought that lizard all those years ago, which means you must have been a lot weaker when your group first faced Frieza." Kana then frowned, "Unless... there's something about you lot that I just can't see..."

Gohan, guessing what her problem must be, smiled in the confused alien's direction. "You know, you really shouldn't rely on your technology to read a person's power level. It's not only incredibly inaccurate; it also has a ton of flaws and doesn't give you the full scope of the person's abilities." When he saw Kana turn to him, the boy grinned, "For one, it's a really outdated system. And secondly..." Focusing his ki, the demi-Saiyan clenched his fists and widened his stance as the atmosphere around him suddenly began to churn. Then, with a sudden yell of effort and an influx of energy, a golden aura exploded from his body and he jumped straight into Super Saiyan, his transformation cracking the ground at his feet and kicking up dust. While Trunks, Vegeta and Piccolo didn't appear surprised in the least, Krillin and 18# did, whereas Kana was caught completely off guard by the boy's unexpected alteration.

Aura fluctuating around him, the now blonde haired Gohan grinned, "It can really let you down when it counts."

Following his lead, Vegeta and Trunks also powered up, the former keeping his arms crossed when his aura shot up and his muscle mass increased, and the latter going through a momentary effort to transform. Both of them bulked up slightly and their hair spiked, indicating they jumped straight into their 2nd Grade Super Saiyan forms. Piccolo meanwhile removed his cape and turban, tossing it on the wind while a blue aura exploded from his body, joining the other three in their display of power increase. Krillin also followed suit, his white aura jumping around his body as both he and Android 18# assumed fighting stances.

The civilians scattered around the area stared in awe at the performance and began clamoring amongst each other excitedly at the sight of the now glowing super humans. It became obvious to many of them that the people they were now looking at were the same fighters that'd appeared at both the Cell Games and the Intergalactic Tournament, and knew right away that they were in for one hell of a show.

While everyone else maintained their distance Videl, who'd managed to land her jet-copter on the edge of the park and capsulated it, had finally arrived on the scene and was now looking across at the group in amazement. Having only witnessed this display on television, the daughter of the great Hercule Satan was now seeing their transformations up close and personal for the first time ever. Since all of them had their attention focused strictly on the alien invader, the raven haired fighter was given a full, unobstructed view of all of them, especially Gohan who, cool as ever, stood in the center of their formation.

"Wow... so this is what their powers look like?" Videl murmured, remaining on the edge of the park and off to the side. Even though she couldn't sense spirits like they could, she could still feel the incredible vibrations in the air. It was absolutely overwhelming.

Appearing surprised by this sudden development, Kana began analyzing the group's transformations with her scouter. "That unique hair coloration and aura, did they... just transform
into Super Saiyans?" Her numbers flying off the scale, the young girl narrowed her gaze before a grin formed on her face. "Amazing. I've heard about the Saiyan's ability to undergo this kind of transformation from the old records, but I've never seen one in real life. All of your power levels have multiplied exponentially." She quickly deactivated her scanner and clenched her fists. "But that also means I was right on the mark. All of you are able to conceal your true powers exceedingly well. I'm assuming it has something to do with fitting in with earth's society."

Vegeta smirked across at her while his aura warped around him, "We exercise a lot of control. It's a great way to stay focused."

"And it keeps us from damaging stuff," Gohan added, despite remembering the time he'd broken the door in his house while he was in a controlled Super Saiyan state. That was embarrassing.

"Amazing. Now I can see why Frieza was destroyed. He got his tail handed to him by a Super Saiyan," the girl exclaimed in a low voice, looking from one concentrated face to the next before another wide grin formed on her lips. "I don't have to fight you all to see that this world is well-protected. However… since this is such a rare terrestrial planet and it's been such a long time since I've actually had to cut loose… I think I'll cancel my next appointment and have a little bit of fun while I'm here." Bringing suspicious looks to the men in front of her, the fire haired alien wordlessly brought her hands out and rotated her wrists. Then, after balling her fingers into fists, Kana concentrated hard and spoke up. "Removing restraining bolts one through six." A series of steam bursts shooting off of her suit, a couple of the glowing circular nodes on her outfit popped out, rotated, and sunk back into their hosts like needle injections.

It was a sight that had the Z-fighters in front of the woman recoil in surprise, as they suddenly sensed an enormous surge of power.

Like the combination to a lock being undone, Kana allowed her energy to explode forth from her body. With a yell of effort and pain, a bright, golden aura of her own exploded from her lithe form and instantaneously punched a twenty meter wide crater into the ground beneath her. The shockwave she emitted sent a gale of wind blasting in all directions, causing the group of fighters in front of her to brace, while at the same time knocking several human civilians off their feet. Videl on the other hand, had to hang onto a tree as the ground shook fiercely and the winds ripped at the ground around her, sending debris pelting everywhere.

Her golden aura transforming into a funnel that shot up into the sky and cleared the atmosphere of clouds, the alien girl's hair blew upwards, bellowing violently while the orange channels in her suit shone and pulsed with energy. The power up lasting for several long seconds, the aura surrounding Kana eventually vanished, leaving the girl hovering there with a radioactive golden glow wafting off of her body.

Though her outward appearance remained unchanged, the Z-fighters in front of her were gob smacked by what had occurred inside of her.

Kana grinned. "Ah yes. That's much better. I haven't removed these bolts in years. It feels so good to stretch my legs."

"H-Holy crap," Krillin exclaimed, his eyes widening in horror as he stared across at the girl. "A-Are you guys sensing what I'm sensing?"

Gritting his jaw, Vegeta gave a low growl as he got a full blast of the girl's energy level, "Stop sniveling you coward and stay on your guard!" While this order sounded brave, the man's confidence was currently shaky.
Trunks was also beside himself, "Her energy level just… exploded. It must have multiplied at least a dozen times over."

Teeth and fists clenched, Gohan kept his stance as he glared at the woman bathed in the ethereal energy in front of them. Despite how young and unassuming she appeared, her energy spoke definitely brought sweat to the half-Saiyan's face. "She's been hiding her real power this entire time." He shook his head in disbelief. "Incredible… her energy is almost as high as Cell's was when he came back after blowing himself up." Hell, she trumped Bojack and his gang by miles.

Keeping a safe distance from the battle zone, not only were the discombobulated civilians and Videl looking on in astonishment, but on top of a nearby building, a comfortably perched Zangya could be seen staring down at the field with her arms folded. At first having only followed Gohan out here to observe him and maybe see if she could get some answers out of him, the ever scrupulous Hera then had the unique pleasure of watching him save a city before starting a fight with an alien traveler that was completely mindboggling in appearance and ability.

In spite of her confident stance while staring down at the park where the Z-fighters were assembled, the blue-skinned former gangster was in absolute disbelief at what she was seeing and sensing.

"W-Who the heck is this chick?"

Taking in the stunned faces in front of her from Vegeta to the blonde haired woman at the end, Kana remained hovering in place for a moment before folding her arms over her chest and smirking. "If that's all the power you six can muster, than I'm afraid you're at an extreme disadvantage." Then, without even the slightest bit of movement, warning or effort, six golden, basketball sized spheres of energy formed in orbit around her. Once they appeared in rotation of the glowing Seirei, they then shot towards the transformed warriors all at once, forcing the group to take evasive maneuvers.

Blurring out, the team vanished into super speed to avoid the six energy rounds that collided with the ground, causing a catastrophic explosion that engulfed half of the park and sent a huge mushroom shaped fireball hurling into the air. The shockwave rocked the entire city to its core, scaring the daylights out of people and causing screams to ring out with the earthquake.

Seeing smoke eventually replace the explosion, Kana smiled and looked up to see the Saiyans and the Namekian reappear in the sky above. Watching them scatter, she began marking each of them.

Of course, the girl casually craning her head to look up presented a big enough opening for Android 18# to reappear out of thin air and slam a fist straight into Kana's face. A crack of a gunshot echoing out on impact, instead of seeing the girl stumble under the force, the blonde was stumped to see she hadn't budged an inch.

For comparative sakes, it was like hitting a wall.

Gritting her teeth, the beautiful fighter pulled her fist back and began uncorking a flurry of lightning fast attacks upon the levitating alien. Fists and kicks impacted all over the teen's body from head to knee in a blur, slamming into her one after the other at a machinegun rate. After putting all the effort she could into each blow, Android 18# finished up with a right cross into the girl's still craned head, before eventually kicking off of her face and leaping away.

When she landed several yards from the crater, Eighteen panted exhaustedly, watching as Kana's gaze then turned towards her.
After all her effort, she didn't even make her flinch.

"She's a monster. Why the hell am I putting my life on the line to fight this bitch?"

Before she could fully comprehend the magnitude of what she'd gotten herself into, Krillin suddenly teleported behind the invader with a shout and a kick to the back of her head, followed immediately by a punch. When Kana didn't budge, the man hovered behind her in shock.

"What the?" Baffled by her unregistering to his presence, just like Eighteen before him, the man let loose a storm of punches and kicks, the sound of rapid gunfire ringing out as he orbited the girl and dropped on her an ass kicking of a lifetime. But try as he might, he couldn't get her to move a millimeter.

Gritting her own teeth and sucking it in, Android 18# flew forward and joined Krillin in his assault, bombarding the girl from all sides with an onslaught of landscape reducing blows. Several seconds rolled by and nothing, with the other Z-fighters hovering up in the air gawking at how useless the pair's attacks were. Even the civilians were baffled by what was going on.

Eventually finding their conventional punches useless, Android 18# and Krillin leapt away from her and got some distance. The moment she touched down, the blonde female threw both hands forward and unleashed a powerful, golden blast that slammed into Kana's back. A concussive explosion rang out, but when the smoke cleared moments later, she saw it'd done nothing, stunning the cyborg.

Desperate, Krillin threw his right hand up and produced a golden disk, which spun and hummed loudly like a beam sword. "Chew on this!" the man roared, taking aim at the alien invader before hurling it straight at her. "Destructo Disk!" With a crack of wind, he pitched his attack straight at their opponent in a wide arc, his signature move humming dangerously as it shot through the air before homing in on the fiery haired girl's neck.

When it struck, sparks flew, and Krillin grinned victoriously at making a direct hit. But then, much to his disbelief, he saw his disk shatter into millions of pieces and the shards dissipate on the wind, leaving Kana completely unscathed.

"Huh? B-But how?" Krillin choked out.

It was the same scene all over again. Just like against Cell.

Not willing to give up yet, Android 18# took off from her spot and flew at the girl from behind, letting out a battle cry as she threw another right straight. However, instead of hitting her target, her fist struck nothing when Kana moved at the last millisecond, uncrossed her arms, and caught the woman's arm in midflight. Then, without any effort at all, the Seirei twisted the taller woman around and snapped her arm into a hammerlock with a sickening crunch, causing a cry of agony to escape Eighteen's lips.

Eyes glazed over in shock, the blonde was unable to defend herself when an elbow to her back sent her bouncing across the park.

"No!" Krillin shouted, flying forward and intercepting the Android. Getting in front of her, he managed to catch the woman before she could reach the end of the park and fly into a parked truck, the force of her momentum causing him to slide back a few feet. When he successfully stopped her flight, the bald fighter quickly looked to see if she was okay.

He breathed a sigh of relief when he saw she was alive, the fair android giving an unconscious
groan of pain, and looked up to glare at the celestial girl still floating above her crater. Even after all their effort, they hadn't been able to put a single dent in her.

Kana smiled at the human for his courageous effort, only to then look up when a flash of light caught her attention. Setting her gaze skywards, she saw a volley of golden blasts raining towards her and teleported in a flash, allowing the attacks to slam into the ground instead. Another earthshaking explosion rocked Satan City, punching another fissure into the park and filling the square with smoke.

After firing off their blasts, Gohan, Vegeta, Piccolo and Trunks then spun around when they sensed the girl reappear in the sky behind them. When she flickered into view, she was grinning at them with her arms comfortably folded over her generous bust.

"Those two aren't the ones I want to fight," Kana replied confidently.

Snarling at the smug look she sent their way, Vegeta loaded his stance in midair and powered up, "Don't mock us, you witch!" He then rocketed forward, along with Trunks, Piccolo and Gohan, all three of them bathed in their auras and joining the assault.

From the ground, Videl and the civilians could see the fight taking place high above them in the form of indistinct streaks of lights and blurs.

The attacking Z-fighters scattered and circled the girl at a distance, marking her as she floated in place with an unchanging expression. Then, once they were certain they had her zeroed, Vegeta, Trunks and Piccolo flew straight at her from three sides. They each struck out at the alien traveler with yells from left, right and behind, either throwing a punch or a flying kick. But, just when it seemed like they would hit her, the girl's long, glowing orange hair suddenly came to life and coiled around her protectively, blocking their attacks simultaneously.

Their blows completely cushioned by the obstruction, the trio looked up in surprise. Then, as they continued to press into the soft yet robust barrier, a flash of light from up high drew Kana's gaze skywards again, where she suddenly saw Gohan teleport into view with a blue sphere of energy in his palm. Cocking the ball back and taking aim, the boy dove straight down at the Seirei and thrust the attack into her head with a roar.

"KA-ME-HA-ME-HAAAA!" The young Super Saiyan bellowed out and slammed the single-handed attack straight into the girl at pointblank range… or so he thought.

A massive shockwave rippled out in a blinding, blue flash that shook the sky and land when Gohan's sphere impacted his stationary target. It was only a few seconds later did he realize he was actually grinding it into a golden shield that had unexpectedly appeared around the girl at the last second to stop him.

His attack drilling into the barrier just a foot above her cranium for several tense seconds, Kana then gave a grunt and expanded her defensive barrier. The force of the sudden expansion of energy not only detonated the close-range blast upwards, but sent all four fighters spiraling away at incredible speed. They all let out yelps of surprise as they were sent flying backwards through Satan City's airspace, before eventually managing to stop and look back at their target.

Her hair returning to bellow behind her, Kana tilted her head. "Good teamwork. What else have you got?"

Aura blasting off of him, Piccolo charged two spheres of energy in his hands and, flying around to the front yet keeping a safe distance from his target, opened up with a barrage of continuous energy
At first Kana thought the spheres were going to hit her. But instead, the girl watched on with interest when the attacks suddenly veered away and began scattering throughout the sky. The barrage of dozens of golden spheres continued for several seconds, until the entire sky around her was filled with glowing orbs like stars in the sky. Vegeta, Trunks and a singed Gohan made sure to keep their distance when Piccolo finally finished dispersing the attacks.

Throwing his hands out, the Namekian gave a loud yell and crossed them over. "Makuhoidan!" All at once, Kana saw the scattered spheres curl through the air and converge on her position, collapsing and raining down on her from all sides. The Z-fighters thought it was a sure hit. But the second the spheres came within range, the same golden shield Kana had used before sprang up around her and caught the attacks in one go.

When the spheres dug in, Kana gave another, careless grunt and blasted her shield outwards, sending the spheres scattering through the sky. Piccolo, Vegeta and everyone else had to avoid the onslaught of blasts when they shot past them, flew outside the city, and bombarded the countryside like meteors. Dome shaped explosions lit up the lands surrounding the metropolis and shook the entire nation, causing the people on the ground to brace themselves against the tremendous earthquake.

"That's it!" Vegeta shouted, powering up and charging forward with a yell. "YOU'RE MINE, KANA!"

Gohan's eyes widened in alarm. "VEGETA! WAIT!"

Arcing through the air, the Saiyan Prince flew straight at Kana from the front, the girl smiling when the man greeted her with a swinging jab. The punch crashed into her shoulder when she turned to parry it, her arms remaining crossed over her chest while the man began assaulting her with a lightning fast flurry of attacks. Punches and kicks shot through the air and rained down like artillery rounds on the celestial warrior, the sound of multiple gunshots ringing out with every impact. However, when it seemed like Vegeta was actually landing hits, in reality his opponent was simply slipping them and blocking them with her shoulders, smiling all the while as she retreated at a casual pace and parried each blow in turn.

When Vegeta ended with a kick that crashed into her shoulder with a loud 'bang', a complete unfazed Kana decided she'd had enough of blocking and decided to attack.

The retaliation came in a blur of motion. With a shout she threw a roundhouse kick that crashed across the man's face, sending spit flying from his mouth as well as a shout of pain. The girl then floated forward, slammed another kick into the man's stomach, before hovering over him and dropping a knee into his spine. Cries of agony escaping the prince's lungs, Kana then finished up with a sweeping kick straight up into his head, a finisher that generated a thunderclap and sent Vegeta flying over the city and into a distant hillside, where he crashed in a cloud of rubble and dust.

Wincing after seeing the Saiyan Prince pretty much get his ass handed to him, Zangya turned back to glare up at the sky.

As shocking as the battle was turning out to be so far, the orange haired woman couldn't help but wonder to herself.

"Well... I have options. I could just sit here and watch the super friends get their butts toasted by this overpowered freak of nature," the Hera-seijin girl thought before her eyes focused on Gohan
flying high above. "Or I can step in, help them out... and then bugger that brat over why he spared my life." The group had pretty much let her live on this planet following the whole Bojack incident. In the month Zangya had already spent here, she'd actually grown to like this place, even if she was impartial to what these idiots did in their off time. This was the perfect opportunity for her to return the favor and get in good with the group.

She remembered all too well what'd happened when her previous team went up against these guys. Things just spiraled into chaos in the span of one afternoon.

However, as much as she wanted to jump in and give them some assistance, this person that they were up against was in a whole other league of trouble. She didn't need extra-sensory abilities to figure that out. So, for the time being, Zangya decided to stand back and see how this whole thing played out.

If she was lucky, she wouldn't have to step in.

Smirking in the direction of the fallen Saiyan Prince, Kana then turned to see Gohan appear in front of her and slam a left hook across her face with earth splitting force. Managing to smack her head to the side with a loud 'crack', the boy pressed home his advantage and, with a yell, smashed two more hooks across her face, stunning the invader.

Actually feeling the attacks yet keeping her arms crossed, Kana gritted her teeth and, blocking another of his punches with her knee, shot forward and head butted him in the face. The blow crashed into the half-Saiyan and sent him flying backwards, where he was then promptly replaced by Trunks flying in with a punch.

Effortlessly leaping over the young warrior in mid-swing, Kana slammed a kick across his face and sent the time traveler rocketing backwards, trailing blood.

While he was flying, Mirai threw his hands forward and began an erratic series of arm movements. Upon which he then crossed them over and threw them forward so that the thumbs and index fingers touched, forming a diamond shape. "Burning Attack!" Fingers splayed, the half-Saiyan launched a ball of golden energy straight at the girl, which shot through the air at an alarming speed.

Kana though, wasn't deterred. Without so much as a blink, the girl threw her hair forward and caught the energy sphere, holding it for a moment before spinning and pitching it behind her. The attack ended up slamming into Piccolo attempting to strike her from behind, detonating against his chest with concussive force. The Namekian yelled as he was sent flying out of the blast radius, heavily burnt and trailing smoke.

Yelling out, Gohan came powering towards the girl with a wide hook, attempting to hit her in the back of the head. Kana ducked the blow, allowing the demi-Saiyan to pass overhead before throwing her hair up and wrapping it around his head and eyes. Stopping him in his flight and shutting down his aura, the young Saiyan gave a yelp of surprise as he was forcefully pulled around before having a roundhouse kick unloaded in his face, sending him spinning away. After dispersing of him, Kana spun around and kicked an incoming Piccolo in the cranium.

Shockwaves rang out from every hit that connected, the power of each blow rattling the Z-fighters' and effectively destroying all attempts to bring down their opponent. Eventually, the onslaught of unsuccessful attacks soon stopped and the group of powerful Z-fighters ended up floating around the completely undamaged Kana, bruised, bleeding from their faces and looking beaten all to hell.
Even Vegeta, who'd managed to pick himself out of the ditch he'd made, was covered in dirt and bruises.

"I admire your spirit. You four certainly have the strength and skill to give some of the most powerful beings in the universe a lot of trouble. But as good as you are, it'll take a lot more than skill and effort to bring someone like me down," Kana informed, keeping her arms crossed before allowing a cheerful grin to form on her face. "Since you've been throwing such fancy attacks my way, I think I'll throw one back at you. Try this on for size..." She then vanished in a golden flash, disappearing completely from the battered group's radar before reappearing a couple kilometers away. Once there, the girl then performed a graceful twirl, ascending higher into the sky while her hair whipped around her like a streamer. Then, with her hair's glow intensifying, she performed one last spin and hurled her attack. "Flash Storm!"

From her hair, the girl unleashed a barrage of small energy spheres numbering in the millions, straight down at her targets positioned far below. The attack flew at them like a wall of machinegun fire, alarming the group of Z-fighters and forcing them to evade. Moving erratically through the air in different directions, Vegeta, Trunks and Piccolo avoided the hail of countless, tiny spheres as best as they could, unable to counter due to the spread and quantity of blasts being hurled their way.

Gohan, ducking and slipping between waves of incapacitating shots, looked in the direction the attacks were going, feeling immediate concern for the safety of the city far below. The young Saiyan saw through his peripheral vision the millions of blasts curve through the air, overshoot the city on all sides, and end up peppering the landscape outside of the metropolis. Relieved that their opponent was aiming her attacks away from the people, the boy could then completely concentrate on evading the rain of death.

Far below, the population of Satan City gazed in awe as the sky lit up with a golden hail of energy, which flew overhead like a meteor shower, only a thousand times more beautiful and at a much closer proximity to their planet.

Zangya and Videl both stared in shock at the sheer amount of attacks that'd been thrown, while Krillin, still cradling the heavily injured Android 18# on the ground, watched the terrifying sight closely with wide eyes.

The short man clenched his jaw tightly, wondering how his friends were going to combat such a powerful adversary. "Come on Gohan, Trunks, Piccolo... hang in there..." Knowing he was completely outclassed in this battle, there was nothing he could do except wait it out and hope for the best.

Managing to get above the storm as the attack faded, Gohan and Piccolo powered up and shot towards Kana's position at full speed. Rocketing towards her like missiles, the pair came alongside one another so that they were within earshot.

"Piccolo! We have to hit her with a combined attack from both sides!" Gohan shouted, eliciting a nod from the man.

"Yeah! You hit her high, I'll hit her low!"

They then broke up, flying up to spots around the girl at a distance.

Kana, passive as ever, remained in place, watching with a curious smile as the two warriors split up and began charging their next attacks. Wanting to see what they were planning to do, she decided to just float there and observe as their strategy unfolded.
"Eat this!" Piccolo bellowed, fanning his hands over his forehead and throwing it back. "MAKOSEN-HA!" He then threw his hands forward and unleashed a powerful, orange blast that rocketed towards the girl from behind, while Gohan took her from above.

Cranking back his right hand, Gohan's aura exploded around him before he unleashed his own move, "KA-ME-HA-ME-HAAAA!" A powerful blue blast exploded from his hand and flew down at his target like a small comet.

The two simultaneous blasts slammed into the girl from two sides and sandwiched her in between, the users continuing to feed energy into their attacks while she floated there, taking their best shots to the body. The attacks colliding against her lithe form generated a blinding light that filled the entire sky, letting everyone in the area know that something big was going on.

While Gohan and Piccolo kept her cornered, Vegeta and Trunks joined them, the former taking the side with his hands held out while the other took the fourth corner.

Slamming his hands together, the time-traveling warrior powered up and with a roar, unleashed a golden beam of energy that streaked towards their target. "BUSTER CANNON!"

"GALLICK GUN!" Vegeta roared seconds later, throwing his hands forward and unleashing a purple blast that rocketed to the center.

The two beams connected with the others, joining the other two and beginning to smother their target from all around. The flaring light increased tenfold and the trembling in the earth magnified as well. With the sound of thunder breaking out across the skies, the four-way blast continued to grind into the single target for a full, glorious minute until the warriors poured everything they had into one final spurt and sent it in all at once. The extra power flew down the beams to the middle, where they met with a volatile result.

A nuke went off several kilometers above Satan City in the form of a ringed explosion that traveled outwards, blinding everyone with a white light and shaking the earth under the force. People in the streets cried out in terror as another earthquake hit them, whereas Videl, Zangya and Krillin watched and waited for the blast to fade.

All of that power put together into a single, intersecting shot. They must have done something with it!

Watching the fiery explosion fade and become replaced by smoke, Gohan, Piccolo, Vegeta and Trunks waited for the air to clear. All of them looking absolutely battered from their one-sided fight with the girl, the team of fighters were hoping that their combined attacks had managed to do some kind of damage to the cocky traveler. There were very few people out there that could have stood up to something like that.

Even Cell in his ultimate form would have flinched.

But then, just when it seemed like they'd managed to take the girl out, their jaws dropped when they saw the fumes clear and Kana emerge from the mist. When the sky emptied, they saw the celestial fighter had managed to maintain the exact same position with her arms folded over her chest and, despite their combined blasts that should have reduced her body to a pile of ash, she didn't have a single scratch on her. No bruise, no burn, she was completely fine, and was still smiling at them.

"A fine attack. If I didn't have my Light Mass Barrier that assault would have caused some serious skin burn," Kana chirped brightly, before stretching her neck and grinning across at the earthlings.
"Great job."

"Ah! Damn it!" Trunks cursed, clenching his fists in frustration. "It didn't work!"

"Not even a blink!" Vegeta, also looking completely flabbergasted, balled his fists angrily, "The arrogant little bitch! She's just toying with us!" And it pissed him off because they were throwing everything they had at her and had made zero progress so far.

Grinning happily at her opponents, the glowing haired girl rolled her shoulders and spoke, "This is great! I can't remember the last time I had a fight like this. You guys are really something else." She looked around at all the exhausted Z-fighters before taking on a more competitive look. "I haven't had this much fun in ages. But… as much as I would love to continue playing around with you four, I think it's about time we wrapped this thing up. I've got a lot of other planets to visit and I don't want to keep my clients waiting."

Trunks growled, "Like hell we're going to let you win!"

Still smirking across at the Saiyans, Kana seemingly failed to notice Piccolo rapidly gaining attitude behind her and, with two fingers held to his forehead, cocked back his arm and fired an orange and purple corkscrew beam straight at her back. The light-speed blast slammed into the girl's spine and started to drill, sending sparks and excess energy flying in all directions.

Much to everyone's astonishment, the girl continued to float there as the beam ground into her uselessly like it was just burning rubber. After several seconds of nothing, the smiling Kana's face turned serious and, without having to even look at the person behind her, her eyes flashed gold and she fired two beams from her irises. As soon as they shot out they did a ninety-degree turn skywards before bending again and flying straight towards Piccolo, zigzagging at random.

Unlike against Videl, these beams were even faster.

A split second after the attack was fired the stunned Namekian warrior was hit square in the chest by the two beams and sent flying back down to earth at a ridiculous speed. The powerful beams pushed Piccolo into an office building and smashed him through every single floor before hitting the ground, vanishing in a cloud of dust and glass.

He was unconscious before he even formed a crater.

"Piccolo!" Gohan shouted, eyes widening in alarm after seeing his teacher get dispatched with a single blast.

"Don't worry. He'll be alright," Kana spoke, looking around at the three Super Saiyans floating a dozen or so yards ahead of her while all of them threw her dangerous glares. "I'm not fond of killing my opponents, unless absolutely necessary. Life is precious after all." Her grin then became a lot more pronounced when she eyed her targets with excitement. "Of course, what fun is life if you're not living it up or hanging on the edge of it?" Her response was spunky and genuine at the same time.

Growling loudly, Gohan charged forward and swung out at the girl with a flurry of attacks. However, despite his speed and technique, the girl effortlessly avoided his blows by slipping around them. When he came in with a right cross, Kana unfolded her arms and backhanded the boy across the face, her blow impacting against his cheek with the sound of an artillery cannon and sending him spinning out of the sky.

Trunks immediately put up his guard, whereas his father powered up and threw his arms out.
Wasting no time, Vegeta began gathering as much energy as he could for his next attack as fast as he could, before throwing both hands forward and cupping them in front. Golden electricity began to crackle and sizzle around his hands as he took aim at the girl, a sight that told his son from the future to get the hell out of the way.

"You're mine! FINAL-"

"Too slow," Kana interrupted, grinning before two beams shot out of her eyes once again and followed a jagged path towards Vegeta, making their mark in less than a millisecond.

Her **Circuit Tracer** slammed into the Saiyan Prince's chest with concussive force, stopping his attack, pushing him back through the sky and drawing a cry of agony from the super powered warrior. But then, just as the beams were disintegrating the front part of his Saiyan armor and was about to send the man over the horizon, his time traveling son responded to his plight and, tackling him in the side, pushed the man out of the attack's path.

"FATHER!" Mirai shouted, managing to knock his dad away, only to have the beams switch to him and slam into his chest, "AUGH!" The spiky haired demi-Saiyan ended up being blasted by the beams into the city streets below, right into the heart of Satan City.

Managing to recover and stop his fall, a badly burnt but still conscious Vegeta regained altitude and turned back to his opponent. Realizing what'd happened, the man's eyes widened in horror and he reeled forward. "TRUNKS! NO!" But it was too late.

The moment his gaze fixed on his son, he saw the zigzagging eye beams push the boy through several skyscrapers all the way to the center of the metropolis. Seconds later, Trunks's body ended up crashing into the city square, forming a deep crater. The people surrounding the area cleared out before the boy's impact and when they came back to see what'd happened, they found the half-Saiyan lying sprawled out at the bottom of the hole, unconscious, his top disintegrated, and his chest singed.

Upon downing another, Kana smirked, "Nice save." She then blinked when she sensed someone fast approaching and vanished in a golden flash, teleporting just in time to avoid Gohan flying at her from the side with an elbow.

Missing, the young half-Saiyan growled and extended his senses, trying to find out where Kana had gone this time. Tracking her to the ground, the boy saw her reappear in the very center of the park where they'd been fighting, with her arms at her sides and her gaze locked firmly onto his position. Responding immediately to her teleportation, the boy powered up and dove for her.

Identifying what her target's intentions were, Kana took aim and fired three shots from her eyes, the beams zigzagging randomly through the air as they homed in on her fast moving opponent at light speed. Spotting the approaching attacks, Gohan took evasive action, performing a series of aerial flips and spins, and effectively dodging the zigzagging blasts. When he looked back, he saw the beams bend through the air and begin chasing after him, bringing a scowl to the Super Saiyan's face and prompting him to think up a way to get rid of them.

Circling the sky, the young hybrid looked down to see Kana still watching him comfortably from below. It was only upon seeing her cheerful face that an idea struck him.

Coming about, Gohan allowed the beams to chase him through the airspace above the reserve before quickly descending to ground level behind his opponent. Flying backwards as fast as he could, the boy slammed his feet into the grass to slow his momentum. And then, the exact moment he reversed into Kana's back, he threw his hands behind him, wrapped them around her head, and
slammed his feet into the back of her legs. Catching the stationary girl by surprise, the demi-Saiyan effectively flipped them and switched places so that her body fell into the path of her beams.

When Gohan hit the deck, Kana ended up getting struck by her own attack, the first round sending her flying across the park with the clap of a shockwave ringing out. The stunned girl let out a cry of pain as she was hit not once, not twice, but three times, the last two Circuit Tracer rounds smacking into her while she was hurdling across the park. She only stopped when she ended up slamming into the side of another building, the impact creating an earthshaking tremor while the civilians standing around the area ran for it.

Videl, who was watching the fight 'safely' from behind her tree, grinned when she saw Gohan pull one over their cocky opponent and pumped a fist triumphantly, "YES!"

"Nice!" Krillin laughed.

Zangya too, who'd been watching the fight from afar, grinned in amusement. "Well played." She then tilted her head thoughtfully when her gaze fell on the boy. "No wonder we lost to this kid. He's brilliant."

Leaping to his feet after knocking Kana for a loop, Gohan glared across the ruined park to the other side where her opponent had landed. She'd practically covered about half a kilometer before eventually stopping and with the amount of power she'd put behind those beams, there was a guarantee that she must have felt the full force of it. It was a small victory to the young Saiyan, who remained on guard while waiting to see what'd happened to the Seirei.

Unfortunately, the youngster didn't get a chance to see the smoke clear because in a flash of light, Kana was suddenly floating just two feet in front of him with her leg cocked back. Gohan had just enough time to recoil in shock before a kick slammed into his chest and sent him rocketing through the city towards the outskirts, flying through several buildings along the way. The moment she sent him off, Kana held up her left hand and, with a grunt of effort, she unleashed a powerful golden blast that broke the sound barrier several times as it flew straight through the many holes the boy managed to punch through the buildings.

While Gohan was still airborne, he was struck full in the front by the lance and sent rocketing over the suburbs and into a distant mountain. When he collided with it along with the blast, the entire edifice went up like it'd been struck by a nuke, a golden, geyser like explosion shooting into the clouds and nearly touching the stratosphere, while the shockwaves that rang out rocked the entire country. The city was nearly shaken from its foundations and the people, who were either watching or not watching the battle, braced themselves and cried out in terror as the 7.0 magnitude quake hit the town.

Seeing the boy get thrown into the distance and blown up caused Videl's eyes to widen in horror, "GOHAN!"

Zangya, uncrossing her arms at the sight of the colossal explosion, looked on in disbelief, "No." Seeing the demi-Saiyan engulfed by the blast, the woman clenched her fists and glared down at the one responsible for bombing the kid. "Bitch! I had unfinished business with him!"

Explosion fading, Kana lowered her hand and smiled. "I hope you'll forgive me for that. You're going to wake up feeling really sore in the morning, so try your best to walk it off." After seeing the mushroom cloud rise into the air and the light return to normal, she then turned her gaze towards the sky again. "Now then…"
"Callous wench! You're dead!" Vegeta roared, aura pulsing around him as he dove straight down at the woman. Letting out a battle cry, he swung at her with an overhand, aiming to bury her in the ground with a single hit. But the second he let his punch fly, the Saiyan Prince was stopped dead in his tracks when Kana's hand shot out and grabbed him by the throat. His momentum being instantaneously shutdown by the hand latching to his neck caused his aura to dissipate. "GAH!"

Holding the man above the ground effortlessly when he reached up and started clawing at her arm, Kana smirked, "Just one last piece of unfinished business."

Growling when his attempts to free himself failed, Vegeta extended his arm, opened his palm towards the Seirei's face and held it at a ninety-degree angle. That was all it took before he unleashed the mother of all payloads directly between her eyes. "BIG BANG ATTACK!" A golden sphere detonated directly in the smiling girl's mug, engulfing them in a dome-shaped blast that shook the block until smoke shortly replaced the fireball.

Grinning at finally getting a better than decent shot in on her, Vegeta figured he'd managed to fry her face off. However, when the smoke eventually cleared, the prince was stunned to see Kana's unchanged expression emerge completely unscathed from the fumes, leaving the Saiyan gob smacked.

"I-Impossible!" the Z-warrior managed to choke out. Even Krillin, who was standing on the sidelines, was confounded.

Giggling, Kana then cocked her left fist back and, releasing the Super Saiyan at the same time, slammed it into his chin. The impact caused a deafening shockwave to ring out and shatter the glass on every single building surrounding them as Vegeta was sent soaring straight up into the sky. As he ascended, the alien girl took aim at him and fired her Circuit Tracer. The zigzagging beams honed in on their ascending target and slammed into the man's chest, causing him to let out an agonized scream as the attack literally sent him above the clouds before it detonated and his body came crashing down somewhere over the horizon.

Grinning after sending Vegeta on a free trip, Kana laced her fingers and stretched her arms and back. A satisfied groan escaping her lips, she then looked around and made sure her job was done. "Well. That's over and done with. To be honest, I was expecting the four of them to put up a much better fight, what with their planet being on the line and all. But… I suppose if that's everything they have to give, then I may as well prep Bit to-"

BANG!

She was promptly cut off from her next course of action by a blast detonating against the back of her head, causing her to lurch forward slightly and stare ahead in surprise.

Hair slightly singed, Kana spun around to see who the hell had attacked her from out of the blue. Eyes falling upon Krillin kneeling on the ground on the edge of the park with Android 18# in his arms, she then saw an orange haired woman with blue skin land in her line of sight. The appearance of the new alien had the space traveler blink.

"Ta-da!" Zangya sang, smirking at the glowing teenager.

Krillin, remembering the beating he'd received from the newcomer, gawked in disbelief, "Y-You? What the… What the hell are you doing here?"

"What does it look like, short-stuff? I'm fighting," Zangya replied, looking over her shoulder at the man and his unconscious love-interest before turning back to the alien in the plug suit. "Not the brightest idea, I'll admit. But seeing as how I'm already out here I might as well." Heck, she didn't even know why she'd just jumped in like that.
She could have easily stood by and watched this chick fly off and possibly take the entire planet with her, but for some reason she didn't. And it was annoying the hell out of her because she couldn't figure out why.

In spite of her answer, the man was still confused. "Whose side are you on exactly?"

Zangya, of course, had an answer for that one as well, "I'm on nobody's side but my own." She then narrowed her glare on the glowing haired chick still glaring daggers her way. "Let's just say I've got a lot of stuff going on in my life and leave it at that."

The squishing sound of Krillin's eyelids opening and closing echoed back in response. "Umm… okay. Fair enough."

Videl, who was holding her position out of range of the faceoff, also recognized the blue-skinned alien that'd dropped out of the sky and stared at her with a mixture of suspicion and unease.

Being a mortal human surrounded by super powered aliens, you could understand her immediate concern.

Focusing her best glare on the radiant entity from the inner regions of the cosmos, the orange haired Zangya's frown deepened, "That brat Gohan was my mark. You hear? No one is allowed to kick him around the countryside except me."

The invader however, was too caught up in surprise to completely register to the woman's threatening tone. "A Hera-seijin?" Kana murmured. "There's one still alive? If I remember correctly, your planet and most of its entire population was wiped out over ten thousand years ago."

Narrowing her attention on the newcomer, she then activated her scouter and scanned the alien, not just getting a physical break down of her, but also grabbing some other useful Intel on the fighter. After several seconds, she raised an eyebrow, "Hmm. Your power reading is around 150,000,000 riki. I guess that explains why you're still alive. That's a pretty high level for a member of your race." She then smiled across at her, "But, against me… I'm afraid it's not going to be enough."

Zangya scoffed, "We'll see." She then slid into a fighting stance, glaring across at the celestial warrior whose hair bellowed upwards and defied gravity.

The woman's stance had the armored girl grin, "Oh? You want to have a go at me as well?"

"Does this answer your question?" the blue-skinned alien asked, cupping her hands forward and firing a red sphere of energy straight at the girl.

The attack shot across the park like a tank shell, but just when it seemed like it was going to hit the fiery haired woman and knock her on her ass, it instead struck the golden shield that sprang up around her and began drilling into it. After a few seconds of tug-of-war between the ball and the barrier, the orb of red energy then bounced off of the defense and flew up into the sky, where it detonated harmlessly out of reach.

Zangya gritted her teeth in frustration, before leaping into the air and suspending herself in the sky above, the woman threw her hands back and cupped them in front of her a second time. "Suck on this! Spark Laser!" She then unleashed a powerful bolt of red lightning from her palms that shot towards the girl and struck her full in the chest.

The stream of electricity ground into the girl's breast plate just as her previous attack had done to her shield. But just like every other blast that was sent her way, Kana paid it little interest or mind. Instead, as the lightning continued to drill into her uselessly, the girl merely smiled before firing
her golden beams from her eyes and straight up at the Hera. Zangya had enough time to maneuver her lightning stream into the path of the beams, where they met in a momentary struggle before Kana's attack easily forced their way through and struck the stunned warrior in the chest.

A small explosion and a shockwave sent Zangya spiraling to the ground with a cry of pain, where she slammed into the grass back first and bounced. Managing to land in a crouched position and slide to a stop, the badly singed girl groaned in agony and glared up, where she saw her target levitate off of the ground and fly straight at her.

Gasping in fear, the orange haired rogue then responded by throwing her hands forward and hurling a net of energy wires straight into Kana's path. The strings, traveling in the blink of an eye, managed to catch the girl in the middle of her charge, tangling around her body and limbs, and effectively stopping her in mid-punch while she was only a few feet away from her opponent.

That was only until Kana, calm and collected as ever, continued to move forward while bringing her fist around for a blow.

Stunned, Zangya gritted her teeth and concentrated even harder, trying to stop the teenager still walking towards her. Even though she was moving in a jerky, slow-motion run, the invader was acting like the wires weren't even there and as she closed the gap between them, the wires started to snap one after the other. Sweat poured from Zangya's head as she gave it her all to try and stop the train that was her target.

Then, seconds later, Kana was right on top of her. With one mighty pull, the girl drove a fist at full speed into Zangya's face, slamming her into the ground with a shockwave that blasted a crater into the earth. The moment she put the girl in the earth, the remaining energy draining wires dispersed, allowing the glowing girl to rise up to full height and smile down at her foe.

When the dust cleared, she saw the stricken, blue-skinned warrior lying at the bottom of the hole, bleeding from the mouth and covered in bruises. Groaning, Zangya looked up at the celestial traveler, whom she could see standing unharmed and beaming at her with that radiant smile of hers.

"You have some very unique techniques," Kana commented while tilting her head. "But like I said before, it'll take more than that level of tenacity to beat someone of my caliber. The strongest member of your group was Son Gohan and he had a power reading of 190,000,000 riki in his Super Saiyan form, while the other two were sitting at 140,000,000 each. Me..." She then grinned proudly at the woman, "With all of my restraining bolts removed, I have a maximum of over 350,000,000 riki." She then nodded down towards the warrior trying to sit up in her crater. "Unless you can somehow generate a riki level higher than that, there is no way anyone can beat me. Not even you."

Zangya, wincing, then threw the girl a pained yet cocky grin, "Oh. I wasn't trying to beat you." Her response drew a confused look from the invader. "I was trying to stall you..."

"Stall me?" Kana parroted, narrowing her eyes. "For what?"

Her answer came shortly afterwards in the form of a shockwave that caused the entire country to tremble. Eyes widening in surprise, the glowing haired visitor to the planet as well as everybody else in the area then looked in the direction of the mountain that she'd previously shot one of her opponents at, which was now lying in a massive pile of rubble on the horizon. At least that's how it remained, until a loud rumbling sound started to echo across the region and, out of nowhere, the massive chunks of earth making up the fallen edifice started to lift into the sky.

Krillin, Videl and everybody else looked across the city in disbelief to see the bits and pieces of
earth and rock rise into the air. The spectators were shortly joined by Vegeta, Trunks and Piccolo, all of whom slowly regained consciousness and watched from their crash sites several kilometers apart as the rubble of the collapsed mountain rose into the clouds.

Watching the unnatural phenomenon take place in the distance as seemingly all gravity vanished from the area, Kana stared out at the floating collection of rocks suspiciously for several moments, before her serious expression slowly transformed into one of shock. Then, when she saw beams of light start shooting up out of the massive crater in the distance, her face took on a look of fear and incredulity.

"W-What?" the girl murmured as she then saw blue flashes of lightning join the golden beams of light.

Zangya, managing to peer out of her crater to see the anomaly herself, sprouted a smile of delight grin. "Well… it's about damn time."

A split second later, a thunder clap rang out. This was followed by a flash of light and, as the rocks cascaded back down to the earth, a golden streak of energy incased in blue electricity shot out of the crater, arced through the air, and landed on the edge of the park in a flash of light. The figure's landfall was marked by a sonic boom that sent a blast of wind across the square.

A stunned Videl looked across the park and through the dust at the person engulfed in golden energy. Seeing them standing in plain sight, the pig-tailed girl then took on a look of sheer delight when she eventually identified who it was.

Tears of joy filled her eyes, "Gohan! You're alright!"

Immediately, the girl noticed he looked a little bit different from before. Unlike his previous, golden form, his hair had spiked up even more and was pointing skywards, save for a single strand that dangled over his forehead. To join his new appearance, aside from his gi, which was now a tattered mess, he was also emitting a higher frequency aura, with blue electricity running up and down his body. It was a transformation Videl had never seen before, yet marveled at it all the same.

It was also something Kana took immediate notice of and, almost instantly, the girl began to tremble.

"This energy?" Looking into the boy's fierce, turquoise eyes, Kana's gaze narrowed and she produced her scouter, which began calculating her opponent's new form. When the number eventually appeared in her hologram, her expression turned to one of complete shock and she took a full step back. "N-No way? His power level… it's… registering over 360,000,000 riki."

Gohan, now standing off against the glowing girl, frowned in her direction, "Like I said before… you can't rely on your scouter to calculate a person's power level." A smile then spread across his face as a spark of electricity shot off of him and struck the ground all cool style, sending dust kicking into the air. "It can really let you down when it counts."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: Oh yeah, shit's about to go down. After trying as a team to take out Kana, Gohan then decides to go full Super Saiyan 2 to finish the fight.

I wonder how this is going to pan out next.
Hope you guys enjoyed this chapter.

P.S To those posting messages with power levels, the ones in this story are calculated differently by the character, so you don't need to post other ones to me. You can PM me if you like.
Reacting in alarm, Kana took a step back and threw her hand forward. But just before she could do anything even remotely defensive Gohan, permeating with his Super Saiyan 2 form, vanished in the blink of an eye and buried a fist into her face that sent her rocketing through the eleventh floor of an office building behind her.

Seeing the boy effortlessly smack the invader away with a single blow, the stricken Zangya lying in the crater directly beneath him blinked in shock. "Damn." Her remark earned a momentary smirk from the golden haired warrior. After which she then watched the teen vanish, leaving the area with a crack of lightning.

Krillin and Videl gawked at the speed he moved, unable to keep track of him anymore.

Smashing through cubicles, chairs, computers and windows at bullet speed, the plug-suit wearing Kana eventually spiraled out of the tower and traveled an entire kilometer across the city. Completely stunned by the hit, the alien traveler was unable to do a thing when she began her descent back to ground level; flying past several more skyscrapers and eventually colliding with one of the city's many highways. Bouncing down the multilane road, cart wheeling off the top of a van and landing on the hard concrete between a group of stunned civilians, Kana curled up on the ground, clutched her face and cried out in agony.

Revealing a bleeding nose, the girl formed an angry fist and slammed it into the floor, splitting the road down the middle at the force and bringing herself onto her hands and knees. But just as she was looking back the way she'd come, Kana suddenly saw her opponent dive straight down at her from above at a ridiculous speed and crash into her with his foot. The Seirei had only a split second to appear shocked before the boy began plowing her down the highway faster than a missile.

Tearing a trench along the multilane road and rocketing past civilians and cars, Gohan literally skateboarded the girl down the tarmac for a full kilometer. Kicking up a massive cloud of dust and debris that could be seen for miles, the Super Saiyan 2 then sprang off of the teenager and allowed her to slide along her face for several more yards, before she ended up colliding with the frontend of a police cruiser.

Landing gracefully on the ruined expressway, the still glowing Gohan fixed his glare on the partially buried Kana, while the two cops standing beside their car stared at him in shock. Having leapt out of their vehicle when they saw the wall of fast-moving dust approaching them, the pair of officers then found themselves staring at two people, one bathed in an ethereal golden aura and the other with her face in the ground, squaring off in battle.

Placing a hand on the bonnet of the car, Kana pulled herself out of the crater, sporting numerous cuts along her face and damages to her suit. Growling angrily, the Seirei stood up and turned around, at the exact moment the two cops tried to act smart and pulled their guns on her. They opened fire on her back, emptying their pistols, only to watch in disbelief when their bullets literally stopped in mid-air just inches from hitting her back.
When they saw the fire haired girl glare at them, they immediately backed off, dropping their side arms and putting their hands in the air.

Promptly ignoring them despite their lame actions, Kana turned to Gohan to see more electricity course over his body. After a few moments of looking him over, the girl smiled and brushed some dirt away from her mouth. "Not bad. You really caught me by surprise there. I can't remember the last time anyone has ever given me this much damage before." Spitting out blood from her mouth, the battered girl smirked. "Judging from your change in appearance and sudden increase in strength, I'm going to venture a guess that this is some sort of second level transformation for your Super Saiyan states."

"Yeah. Vegeta calls it the genuine Ascended Super Saiyan form." He then threw her a smile while electricity crackled off of him. "But for me... I like to call it a Super Saiyan 2."

"Well, it certainly packs a wallop. There's no denying that," Kana replied groggily. Having received a substantial amount of damage with only two running attacks from the boy, she immediately knew that she was in big trouble and, thinking carefully, opted to correct this dilemma. A frown appeared on her face. "But if you think I'm backing down just because you've increased your power, think again!" She then gritted her teeth and clenched her fists. "Remove all remaining bolts!"

Gohan blinked in surprise when he suddenly saw a couple more nodes on her plug suit pop up and rotate. Steam expelled from these bolts when they spun and the moment they sunk back into her suit, all the channels on her outfit lit up and her energy level skyrocketed once again. With a howl of agony, Kana threw her hands up as golden ki exploded from her body, shooting up into the clouds in the form of a blinding beam while the ground around her caved. People had to get the hell out of the way when sections of the highway started to collapse, leaving the glowing Kana floating in midair.

Her opponent on the other hand remained stationary, looking across at her in astonishment. When her energy output eventually reduced to a more tame level seconds later, leaving the teenager's hair bellowing upwards and a brighter glow radiating off of her body, Kana smirked. "That's it. I'm at full power. It's certainly been forever since I last felt like this. I'd almost forgotten what it was like."

The spiky haired Super Saiyan smirked, "Well, you certainly didn't keep me waiting. I can tell you really want to do this." It also provided him an interesting detail about his opponent. "Figures. If I'd gone straight to Super Saiyan 2 at the beginning she would have been able to remove all those bolts of hers and matched me right from the get go." She was able to do it in an instant without the slightest bit of effort, and didn't need to waste needless energy powering up. Since she was already at a maximum state, it was all a matter of unsealing the well that was her power and allowing it to course through her body freely. All she had to do was; unlock the restraints and unclog her conduits.

Oh well. Coulda, woulda, shoulda, didn't. And now they were here.

"Of course. The Earth is a very rare planet. You can't find many others like it in the Northern Quadrant. You could search the stars for centuries and never find another world quite like this one," Kana answered.

Gohan grunted, "I can assume you can get a lot of credit for this one."

"Enough to allow me to live comfortably for the rest of my thousand year life cycle," Kana replied,
giving the boy a brilliant grin.

It was this response that inevitably drew a frown back to the now more serious demi-Saiyan's face. "Even so, I cannot allow you to take this planet from us. This world is our home, as is the system it orbits. My father entrusted me to protect the earth and everyone on it, so if you think I'm going to let you or anyone else try to claim it as their own, then you're sadly mistaken."

Kana frowned back at him, her eyes narrowing on the youngster. "Just one question before we get started: why didn't you reveal this transformation to me earlier? You could have saved yourself a lot of trouble if you had taken this form the moment you underwent your first power up and we could've gotten to this stage much sooner. Why'd you hold back?"

The inquiry had Gohan tighten his scowl, a crackle of electricity running up his chest. "I thought that with the four of us fighting you together we would have had a chance of beating you through teamwork and I wouldn't have to rely on my Ascended Saiyan form to fight. Since my friends were fighting alongside me, I didn't want to risk them getting hurt in a potential crossfire. I've still got a lot of training to do before I can perfectly control this form." His transformation to the second state was still an incredibly potent and volatile result. Even now the young half-Saiyan had some uncertainties and concerns about his current control over this power. Figuring he would learn how to master it as they went along, Gohan then smiled back at the girl and gave a small chuckle. "I also thought that I would be able to challenge myself during the battle and beat you using only my first form, and test my abilities against someone of a high level. You could probably say that a bit of my father's own pride and desire to exercise his skills has also rubbed off on me." It was a glaring weakness and a serious flaw in his approach sure, but it was part-and-parceled with his half-Saiyan, half-human genetics.

The urge to fight and test his limits was a sensation that was almost impossible to resist.

Even so, Gohan believed he really needed to break himself of that habit of showing restraint, so that he didn't inadvertently put anyone in danger. If he had actually been fighting against an opponent who was more malicious than Kana and had actual intent of destroying or enslaving the planet instead of winning it in a fair fight, then he probably would have jumped straight to Super Saiyan 2 and be done with them with the first punch. But since their opponent had a kind nature, something that Gohan was able to pick up while interacting with her, and because he was fighting in close proximity with the others, he didn't jump to the next level right off the bat.

Additionally, because this was an opponent who wasn't intending to bring harm to the population of this planet, Gohan could progress to the higher forms of his transformation process at a more comfortable pace with little need for urgency or anger. This gave him a better grasp and sense over his higher forms, and also filled him with the confidence he needed to push forward. But now that the girl had proven to be an incredibly powerful foe and they were now fighting one-on-one, he could now fight without worrying about hurting the others, open up the taps and show her what he was really made of.

Right now, their power levels were almost exactly the same…

Almost…

"Very well," Kana replied. Smiling at the boy's reason for holding back his best card up until now, the girl then rolled a shoulder and slid forward with one foot so that she was standing side-on to the boy. Once she assumed her stance, her scouter appeared over her eye again and a recording light activated on the edge of the orange visor. "I, Kana of the Planetary Trade Organization, recognize you, Son Gohan, as the protector and guardian of Terra 4032-877 and the entire sector, and hereby challenge you to single combat over the right to claim ownership over this planet. Should you lose,
I have the right to take planet earth as my own and will transport it to a safe location until a suitable guardian can be found. If I lose, then the earth will remain in this solar system under the protection and care of you and your descendents. Do you agree with these terms?"

Taking this all in, Gohan nodded, "Yes. Do we need to shake on it?"

Kana smiled, her scouter deactivating, "Your verbal acknowledgement is more than enough." She then took on a hard glare and nodded towards him, "Now then… shall we begin?"

Electricity crackling off of his body, the spirited young male frowned as well, "On your go, Kana."

Both of them squaring off from their respective positions under the terrified stares of the people huddled up on the overpass, the pair remained in place. Standing confidently with their auras wafting off of their bodies like flames, the young duo watched one another like hawks, waiting for the other to make the first move. There was a tense silence, even with dozens of bewildered and fear struck spectators murmuring around them.

Whispers started up between families and friends, wondering what was going to happen between the pair of glowing beings.

Then, just as more sparks of electricity shot off of Gohan's form, the young Saiyan saw Kana vanish in a golden flash of light. Her teleportation caused her opponent to lose track of her for only a moment.

A split second later, a thunderclap rang out and the young demi-Saiyan doubled over with the girl's fist buried deep into his stomach, his eyes widening in shock and blood flying out of his mouth. The unexpected blow also caused his aura to dissipate.

As soon as her target had the air knocked out of his lungs, the fiery haired Seirei grabbed his head with her hands and drove a knee right into his face that sent the boy blasting up into the air with a sonic boom. Gohan continued to fly upwards, dazed from the concussive blow to the skull, allowing Kana to teleport past him and reappear directly in his flight path. The teen greeted the ascending warrior by dropping an elbow right down on top of him, the blow creating a shockwave that shook the ground and sent the boy rocketing back towards the highway twenty stories below. It was here Gohan ended up plowing down the road for a quarter of a mile thanks to his angle of descent, leaving a trail of smoke and dust while he slid between cars.

People screamed and barreled out of the way when Gohan's body shot past them, with civilians ending up hugging the walls before looking back to see Kana's golden form descend from the clouds and begin flying down the highway at breakneck speed. She rocketed past cars, ignoring the people and focusing solely on her opponent.

Managing to flip onto his feet and skid to a stop, Gohan powered up and blasted right back at the teenager, kicking up a new trail of dust and debris, while disintegrating the old clouds. He flew straight at Kana with his hand out front, an intense glare on his face while electricity shot off of him like a storm.

"COME AND GET SOME!" Gohan roared, intercepting Kana and locking the pair in what would become known as the biggest fight Satan City had ever seen.

Colliding with one another and causing a sonic boom that cracked the entire highway for a kilometer in both directions, the pair engaged in a furious exchange of punches and kicks. Gohan took the advantage, administering an enormous amount of pressure upon Kana as the pair fought in a continuous blur of movement down the lanes of traffic. Following the main road back towards
the spot they'd started and passing it, the pair left a bellowing cloud of dust in their wake while they pounded away at each other at a ridiculous speed, with the fiery haired alien retreating and her opponent pushing her along.

Eventually, after fighting a running battle along the highway for three kilometers, coming within sight of Orange Star Highschool over the horizon, Kana then landed a killer body shot on her attacking adversary, a blow that caused their momentum to slow. Continuing to slide along, Gohan took the shot to the stomach like a champ before retaliating with a kick straight into the girl's chin that sent her blasting off of her feet and off the multilane highway.

Flying between buildings, the stunned Kana was unable to respond in time when Gohan flew after her and nailed her in the back with a second kick. The blow sent her rocketing through the air at a greater speed while the demi-Saiyan slowed. Hovering above central train station, Gohan took aim with both hands and with a yell of effort, unleashed a Kiai blast that smacked into Kana's front and sent her spiraling into a skyscraper.

Crashing through the window, the girl plowed through every single office and lounge standing in her way, startling every person on that floor. When she exploded out the other end, her body blasted out another window, trailing dust, debris, and a completely ruined couch.

Her momentum gone, Kana began to plummet, only to power up after falling three floors and rocket away from the building in a steak of gold. Coming to a low altitude, the alien traveler skidded along several apartment tops before looking through the air and coming back around at her opponent at a blazing speed and with a yell of rage. Gohan, after administering his invisible ki blast, was so focused on the skyscraper he'd put the girl through that he didn't notice her fly in from his blind spot and slam into him with a kick that sent him flying in another direction.

Yelping in pain and stunned by the force of the blow, the half-Saiyan recovered in midflight and spun into an upright position. Once he did, he rocketed back towards the girl who flew at him in kind, and the pair began engaging one another in the skies above central Satan City.

Sonic booms and shockwaves rang out throughout the clouds, every single one of them powerful enough to shake the ground and the buildings situated on top of it. The blasts rippled out like fireworks, pulling people's gazes towards the heavens and scaring the shit out of civilians when they suddenly came in close. Those who were at the reserve and on the highway where all of this super human stuff had started could only listen and look on in silence as the invisible battle took place high above their heads. To those who were just tuning in, they thought that fighter bombers were dropping payloads all across the metropolis.

But there was not a single plane in the sky… or anything for that matter.

Even Krillin, the Z-fighter who was still in the best condition, had lost sight of the pair completely.

"They're so fast," the man thought, continuing to cradle Eighteen's head in his hands.

Zangya, who was back on her feet and standing by the crater gripping her shoulder, was also looking on with a stunned expression in play.

The weakest of the troop Videl, just like the rest of the population, could only watch as the shockwaves exploded across the horizon and feel the ground shake from each individual blast. All the while, her hands were clapped together in an effort to quell the nervousness now racking her form.

"Come on, Gohan," Videl whispered before an intense look came over her face and her fist shot
Reappearing in the front quad of Orange Star Highschool, Gohan landed with a gentle tap and glared straight up at the sky. He was so focused on looking for his opponent that he completely ignored the gasps of surprise from the hundreds of students and teachers that'd come out of the building to see what the hell was going on.

The scattered collegians took a step away from the spiky haired, battered boy that had seemingly teleported out of nowhere, with many of them quickly recognizing him as one of the fighters from the Cell Games.

However, just as the whispering started to play up, Gohan's eyes shot to his right and he saw Kana teleport into view in the form of a golden flash. With a lunge and a shout, she uncorked a swinging right overhand at the boy, only for her fist to fly past him when he slipped around and avoided it. Her missed blow caused an invisible blast of wind to shoot across the high school grounds and blast a huge section of the perimeter wall away, as well as send a nearby parked car tumbling across the road.

As soon as both fighters attacked and dodged respectively, the pair vanished into separate blurs, disappearing into two completely different directions, trailing golden streaks of energy.

The sound of blows landing echoed across the cityscape in another series of deafening sonic booms and was accompanied by loud 'whooshing' noises as well. This indicated that the pair of fighters was beginning to parry and dodge each other more effectively, now that they knew how their adversary moved.

Engaging one another between the towering buildings of Satan City at invisible speeds, the pair reappeared every now and again across the metropolis at random, locked in a heated exchange of flying fists and kicks. The two fighters would battle furiously for a grand total of a full second before vanishing in another blur and continue their one-on-one war throughout the sky.

After several minutes of an unending tradeoff, Gohan reappeared in the clouds and, with a roar of rage, drove a right fist through the air, seemingly at nothing. It was only after he threw it Kana reappeared directly in his path just in time to block the fist with an earsplitting crash. Another, massive sonic boom rang out that blew the clouds surrounding them out of the way and literally cleared the sky for over two kilometers. It was once Kana stopped the blow she and Gohan vanished once more into super speed.

The situation repeated a third time. More shockwaves and wind cracking sounds exploded across the airspace for another several minutes, before the battle returned to the area above the reserve. Zangya, Krillin and Videl watching from far below looked up in time to see Gohan and Kana reappear hovering twenty stories above them, both locked in a heated flurry of punches and kicks that echoed through the air like a rapidly firing artillery cannon. The exchange continued for three seconds before the pair slammed an elbow into each other, sending an invisible blast in the form of a gale in all directions.

The strong wind struck the people on the ground, nearly knocking Zangya and Videl off their feet, and causing everyone to cover up.

Thanks to that, they missed both Gohan and Kana begin another lightning fast exchange of blows, before the former powered up in the blink of an eye and rocketed off into the distance. Kana powered up immediately afterwards and, both trailing gold vapor trails, chased one another out of the city.
Flying over the countryside with the city quickly shrinking into the distance, Gohan and Kana took their fight into the open and away from the populace. Appearing as two out-of-control missiles trailing hot streaks of energy in their wake, the powerful combatants crisscrossed through the sky at an erratic rate, engaging a few times with spurts of blows that generated several, consecutive sonic explosions, before the pair then shot towards the coast and out over the ocean.

Pursuing one another, Gohan swooped in low and streaked across the water's surface, his opponent following close behind as they both pulled up and created enormous waves across the calm stretch of blue. Turning around so that he ascended backwards, the fiercely glowing demi-Saiyan emitted several bursts of electricity, which he then hurled from his palms in the form of bolts of lightning. Kana effortlessly dodged the first and smacked aside the second, before continuing her chase of the boy. The pair picked up speed and arced through the sky, ending with them descending towards a group of deserted islands.

Slamming his feet into the mountainside of the largest, Gohan slid down its slope to a grinding stop and spun around. "KA-ME-HA-ME…" Charging a blue ball of ki in his right hand in record time, the boy then threw it back and unleashed it with a mighty yell. "HAA! HAA! HAAAAA!" Every shout was marked by a burst of explosive energy, which rocketed from his hand in the form of three powerful, individual blasts, which shot up towards the approaching Kana.

The fiery haired girl swiftly dodged the first two, watching them detonate over the horizon in spectacular dome-shaped explosions with the force of nukes. When she saw the third one homing in on her, the girl cranked back both her hands and chucked them forward with a yell, producing an enormous, golden sphere of energy that expanded and collided with the final blast.

The impact caused an explosion several times greater than a hydrogen bomb, creating an orange, sphere shaped explosion that parted the clouds, the ocean, and punched a crater into the seabed five kilometers wide. The range was so extensive it completely disintegrated all ten islands in the vicinity. This included the one Gohan was on.

The flash of blinding light the detonation generated could be seen for miles and the tremors from the catastrophic blasts shook the entire Eastern seaboard.

Vegeta, who was still lying stricken in the middle of a distant field, saw the explosion blanket the horizon and gawked in disbelief at how enormous it was. Having lost complete sight of both warriors, the man could only lie there, beaten, battered and burnt from head to toe, trying to feel the fight taking place with his senses.

Though it wasn't as accurate as seeing it firsthand, the man couldn't help but be astonished at how powerful both combatants were.

Once the ocean settled back in after the landscape reducing attacks went off, Gohan reappeared a full minute later many miles away atop another island peak. Landing there, bathed in his golden aura, the Super Saiyan 2 frowned as he glared across at the other mountain top, where he saw Kana reappear in a golden flash.

The two fighters revealed to each other that they were both covered in extensive bruises, cuts and burns, a majority of which had been caused by their last attacks reaching critical mass. Both sporting ruined clothing, including Kana whose armor had broken in several places and was missing a few plates, the pair also had blood running out of their noses and mouths to join the heavy wounds on their faces.

After pounding away at each other for well over several minutes, it was a given that the two would
be in such ruined states. It was unreal.

Staring at one another for well over a minute, the glowing fighters remained as they were, catching their breaths and sizing the other's condition up. Once they were certain they'd analyzed the other enough, both took fighting stances a second time. While Gohan stood side on with his arms firmly at his sides, his opponent brought her fists up and took a wider stance, showing that both were ready.

"Round 2?" Gohan asked.

Kana smirked, "I thought you'd never ask." Her expression then became surprisingly feral, a split second before she vanished in another golden flash.

The girl teleported directly in front of the boy and flew into him head first, crashing into his cranium. A thunderclap ringing out, Gohan was sent blasting off of the island peak and flying backwards through the air. The impact shutting down his aura, the demi-Saiyan tucked, rolled, and stopped, before giving a burst of energy and rocketing forward with a yell. Kana charged in as well, and with either a fist or an arm leading their dashes, the pair crashed into each other head-on with a shockwave that rippled out in a brilliant flash of white light.

The bright blast caused the ocean to stir violently and the entire island beneath them to splinter and crack. Soon enough, the two warriors began exchanging ridiculously fast blows high above the ground once again. This time however, instead of attacking with the same grace and form that they had back in Satan City, their attacks were wilder, more furious, and as they traded shots at invisible speeds, they started to pummel each other with reckless abandon. Rapid machinegun fire echoed out across the ocean as the two teens hammered away at one another, while at the same time blocking, parrying or dodging whatever they could.

Right now, both Gohan and Kana were opening up with everything they had and, as their fight progressed above the large island, their battle became more and more aggressive.

Loud shouts echoing out with every blow he landed, Gohan pressed forward with an assault. Landing a devastating hook that stunned Kana, he began hitting her with power shot after power shot. A right fist buried into the girl's stomach, doubling her over, followed by a swift left knee into her face that cocked her head backwards. She then received a left kick straight into her stomach, allowing Gohan to grab her hair and, pulling her forward, drive a right knee across her face.

Thunderclaps marking each hit, Gohan then took advantage of his stunned opponent and, while continuing to hold onto her long orange hair, began repeatedly kneeing her in the face with his left over and over, eliciting continuous shouts of pain from the Seirei. His blows landing at the rate of a machine pistol, he continued to leisurely pummel Kana like she was a punching bag, until his rhythm was unexpectedly broken by the tip of her hair suddenly coming to life, extending, and wrapping around his neck like a chord.

"Whoa! What the-GAH!"

Caught completely off guard, Gohan was then yanked forward and, while being throttled by the length of hair, was head butted by the girl with an earsplitting crack. Paying him back for the brutal knee assault, Kana then gleefully began elbowing him in the face over and over again, the sounds of loud, metallic clangs ringing out with each impact. The demi-Saiyan cried out repeatedly from the blows that connected. Then, after three more seconds of a continuous, vicious assault, Kana cranked back her leg and threw a kick straight into the boy's chin.

The force of the foot slamming into his face sent Gohan rocketing into the sky with a shockwave.
Kana shot after him. But just when it seemed like she would catch him, the boy suddenly stopped with his hands thrown up and splayed over his forehead, forcing the girl to hit the brakes and halt in midair directly in front of him.

"MASENKO-HAA!" Gohan roared, throwing his hands forward and unleashing a blast with an enormous spread that engulfed Kana in a blinding flash of golden and purple light. The attack ripped through the skies like a hurricane, disintegrating the whole top portion of the island beneath them while sending the young Saiyan's opponent spinning into the ocean at the same time.

The attack plowed through the sea and dug an enormous, one kilometer wide trench through the water to the bottom, which filled in seconds later as the golden sphere of energy carried on and detonated over the horizon in another enormous, dome-shaped blast.

Watching the flash fade in the distance, Gohan fixed a bloodied glare on the vanishing point as the tsunamis settled back into the ocean. When the surface became still once again, he then saw a golden streak of energy shoot up into the sky from the water many kilometers away. After rocketing to an even higher altitude than the demi-Saiyan, the glowing alien suspended herself in the clouds with her fists tightly clenched.

A dozen golden, basketball sized spheres appeared around the Seirei with a crackle of electricity. They began to orbit her at high speed then, throwing her hand forward, Kana started lobbing the blasts towards her opponent one after the other in turn. "METEOR BARRAGE!" The spheres shot from her hand like rockets, shooting across the ocean at light speed and homing in on the youngster.

Powering up, Gohan maneuvered across the sky as fast as he could. He zipped left and right across the expanse of openness in a blur, allowing the shots to blow right past him, only to hook around and track his movements. With the region being filled with a dazzling display of streaking lights, Gohan avoided the tracer rounds one after the other, slipping them, leaping over them and ducking them, before they all converged on his position all at once.

"THAT'S IT!" the demi-Saiyan shouted, clenching his fists, taking a horse riding stance and, with a bellow of rage, blasted his aura outwards in the form of a golden sphere-shaped shield that expanded at an alarming rate. The attacks collapsed on top of the boy and drilled into his protective barrier with extreme force.

Then, with another mighty roar, Gohan violently increased his shield's density and sent the golden spheres rocketing off in different directions. The orbs peppered the horizon all across the board, detonating one after the other with nuke-like force.

Safe to say the ocean definitely took the brunt of the punishment.

After sending the attacks off, Gohan, still in a powered up state, took flight and charged straight towards Kana. He covered the distance of several kilometers between them in a second and as soon as the boy was upon her, he greeted Kana with a full body check that sent the girl barreling through the air with a cry of pain. Trailing spittle of blood, the teenager managed to spin her body upright and meet the demi-Super Saiyan flying after her. The pair then locked in another vicious pummeling match that saw them flying through the air at supersonic speeds, while exchanging attacks in a blur of movement.

Their forms turning into indistinct, flickering bodies, the pair blasted across the ocean, covering the entire expanse in seconds before reaching dry land a full minute later. Sailing across the coast and traveling further inland, the pair then decided to dispense with blocking and started beating the shit out of each other instead. Blows that shook the countryside resounded throughout the sky as
one after the other the two of them began landing devastating hits on the other in the head, face, stomach, sides and chest.

Eventually, getting tired of the hitting match, Gohan leapt up to avoid his opponent's roundhouse kick, drawing Kana's surprised gaze skywards. It was there she saw the boy flare up his aura before rocketing down at her, at the same time interlocking his hands overhead and driving a hammer blow straight down into Kana's neck. The loud crack of thunder echoed out when the girl was sent spiraling into the grasslands below, her eyes glazed over as the hit had nearly knocked her out. Managing to recover in time to notice her descent, the girl took control of her flight by quickly tucking up into a ball and rolling.

Her form becoming incased in her metallic sphere, Kana collided with the ground and, with elastic like quality, bounced back into the sky and rocketed towards Gohan at an alarming speed. The boy only had a split second to look shocked before the metal orb slammed headlong into him with a loud 'bang', knocking him senseless.

After sending the demi-Saiyan into the clouds, Kana's ball form suddenly changed directions and flew back down to the planet's surface, where it bounced off the ground and shot back up at Gohan once again.

Stopping himself, the boy looked back with his guard up and a serious expression in play. His façade then dropped completely when he saw the sphere approaching him again and he freaked out. "OH CRAP!" Gohan then swayed back at the last second, avoiding the sphere that blasted past him and into the clouds. It was there it promptly stopped and unfolded, allowing Kana to leap out and drop down towards the boy, tackling him and sending him spiraling across the countryside.

Righting himself, the thoroughly wounded Gohan powered up and began flying backwards at full speed, while his opponent shot after him and honed in on his linear path. Meeting each other in midflight, the two began trading blows once again, thunderclaps echoing across the continent as the pair past over forests, villages, valleys, and finally into a far reaching, mountainous wasteland that stretched for kilometers in all directions.

Crying out in agony when he received a kick to the face, Gohan was sent rocketing across the ranges while his opponent, bathed in her golden aura, flew after him. Loading up another kick, Kana prepared to deck the boy into the horizon, only for the Super Saiyan 2 to power up and come right back at her with a powerful hook across her face. The blow resounded with the echo of an artillery cannon that drew a splatter of blood and cry of pain from Kana, and sent her blasting in the opposite direction with the Saiyan in hot pursuit.

Powering up to recover, Kana came back at her foe and the pair began trading power shots one after the other, the two of them blocking and parrying each hit in turn with superb efficiency. Shockwaves started to ring out across the country at a machinegun rate once again as the pair battled through the air, kicking up dust from the ground dozens of stories below and causing pillars of rock to collapse from the earthshaking tremors being produced by their fight. Both of them formed a single ball of golden energy that fluctuated around them as they exchanged attacks capable of splitting mountains in half.

When they flew into a series of mountain ranges, the pair then threw simultaneous elbows at each other and collided, causing a flash of light and a sonic boom that reduced an entire edifice to rubble. Throwing a knee up at the girl, Gohan slammed it into her guard with another deafening thunderclap, before Kana retaliated with a right hook that sent the boy barreling up the slope of another mountain and into the sky above it. The force of the hit reverberated after him and completely disintegrated the monolith, sending rubble and debris crashing to the ground around
Smoke and dust clogging the air, a slightly winded Kana smirked up at the boy. "I can see you've still got plenty of fight left in you."

The glowing demi-Saiyan smirked, "You got that right."

Kana chuckled, "Impressive. I didn't think you'd last this long." All transformations had limits. But as it turns out this boy had a pretty strong grasp on his second state form. He was really tearing it up.

"Funny. I can say the same thing about you, Kana. You're a pretty tenacious one," Gohan remarked with a similar competitive expression. "Out of all the opponents I've come across, you're the first person I've ever fought that could go toe to toe with me in my Ascended state. This is great."

Giggling, the girl then frowned and vanished in a golden flash.

Caught by surprise, Gohan spun around to see Kana teleport behind him and throw a kick. Dodging at the last second, he countered with an elbow, which buried into the girl's back and dropped her to the earth in a spectacular fall.

The pair descending and slamming into the rocky fields, the fiery haired girl threw both hands forward. With a yell of rage, Kana unleashed a powerful golden blast that shot towards her opponent like a lance. Reacting quickly, Gohan leapt out of the way and allowed the attack to completely disintegrate the mountain behind him, wiping it off of the face of the earth in a geyser like explosion.

As smoke clogged the air, concealing the towering rubble that was collapsing to the ground, the sound of more sonic explosions echoed over the plains as Gohan and Kana flew out of the smoke engaged in another furious duel. Sailing across the wasteland in a continuous, running battle, the pair eventually slammed headlong into the side of another tall mountain, which shattered under the force of their collision and collapsed around them.

A plume of dust rose into the air from the failing edifice. After several seconds, Gohan's form suddenly rocketed out of it and into the sky. Ascending backwards as fast as he could, the boy looked down to see Kana flying after him, the girl throwing both her hands up and charging a large, golden ball of energy in front of her.

While chasing her target, Kana took aim and fired. "STAR BURST!" With a shout she fired it at the demi-Saiyan, who watched it approach with an intense gaze before promptly dodging it, allowing the golden sphere to rocket past him.

Both fighters still gaining altitude at supersonic speed, Kana fired off another round at the ascending warrior. Cranking back his hand, Gohan let out a yell and sliced the sphere in half, the two bits separating and exploding harmlessly out of range.

Continuing to climb, Kana fired off four more rounds, shouting with every attack she launched. The spiky haired Saiyan was undeterred. He evaded them one after the other before, with another decisive yell, he cut the last ball in half with a chop, sending the two halves spiraling off in different directions.

The attacks scattering, the sky was filled with the flashes of simultaneous explosions, which cleared the air of all the white clouds in sight and left Gohan hovering between several plumes of smoke.
Looking through the fumes that'd resulted from the explosions in an effort to track down his opponent, the young Super Saiyan 2 was completely unaware of his foe teleporting directly behind him. Catching a flash of light in his peripherals, Gohan turned just in time to hear his opponent yell out and with a deafening clap of thunder, drive a knee straight into his ribs.

A bloodcurdling scream escaped the half-Saiyan's lips as his eyes glazed white and he doubled over his opponent's leg, a split second before he was promptly silenced by his foe wrapping her arm around his face and clamping his mouth shut.

Muffling his scream with her arm and locking his left arm over his shoulder painfully, Kana powered up and, with the boy firmly in her grasp, performed an aerial flip and rocketed straight towards the earth. Falling in the direction of the largest mountain, the pair's forms transformed into a golden streak of light as the Seirei maneuvered her stunned adversary into position, and prepared to pile drive him into the peak.

Kana, with a feral expression in play, laughed out loud, "WHAT'S THE MATTER, SUPER SAIYAN? AM I TOO MUCH FOR YAH?!

Life flashing back into his eyes, Gohan snarled against the arm covering his mouth and, with all the power he could muster, began elbowing the girl repeatedly in the kidney with his free arm. The blows drove into the girl one after the other with colossal force, stunning her with every blow. Eventually, the demi-Saiyan managed to get Kana to loosen her grip enough for him to reverse the hold and, snapping her arm behind her in a hammerlock, grabbed her head and powered up.

"NOT AT ALL!"

With a tremendous bellow, both opponents let out a scream as they slammed headlong into the top of the mountain. Their impact caused a geyser like explosion of dust to shoot up from the top of the edifice before the entire thing collapsed in on itself.

The force of the landing also generated an earthquake that could be felt across the entire country…

XXX

(Meanwhile – Otherworld)

"Whoa, man. This is intense," Goku exclaimed in awe, his hand pressed against King Kai's shoulder as he watched through his trainer's eyes the commotion going on down on planet earth.

"Yeah. I know. Why do you think I called you over here in the first place?" the blue overseer of space asked while his antenna did their best to track the battle. "Your son is really tearing it up down there."

"No kidding. Man. Look at him go. This is fantastic!"

Having been on Grand Kai's planet for over a month now, both Goku and King Kai had been able to settle into the community quite well. After participating in the Otherworld Tournament and meeting the most powerful fighters in history, the Z-fighter was able to pick things up where he'd left off on earth and continue his rigorous training sessions under the guidance of one of his most well-known teachers.

Over the weeks, the spiky haired hero of earth had been able to experience a lot, sparring with the fighters from his quadrant and learning a couple new tricks along the way. He was even introduced to a new system of weight training, where his trainer had given him a new set of arm and leg weights, and a whole new regimen of shadow sparring sessions. This way, he was hoping for Goku
to not only become accustomed to a whole new set of conditions, but to also gradually build up his strengths and techniques.

So far it'd been going quite well.

But then, while Goku was going on a few running laps of the planet to warm up for another long day of training ahead, the chief overseer of the Northern Quadrant then sensed something taking place down on earth and cut off his observations to tune in on the signal. After looking into the problem for himself, the man was then startled to find out that it was in fact Gohan that was causing the racket and quickly called his student over to take a look.

For the next hour after that, the pair watched together as the young demi-Saiyan of earth battled against an alien foe that was not only his equal in strength and skill, but in power as well.

They weren't alone either…

Standing around them, dozens of other fighters from different quadrants had broken off from their respective trainings to see what the North Kai was making such a big fuss over. When they moved over and keyed into the reception the man was currently on, they were able to see the battle going on between the Super Saiyan 2 Gohan and the star child Kana taking place in the mortal plains below.

The spectatorship wasn't just limited to fighters either.

"Th-This… is good…" a short man very similar in appearance to the North Kai, only shorter, with purple skin, a lens over his left eye and the Kanji for 'West' emblazoned on his uniform, murmured as he observed the fight through his own telepathic abilities. A grin forming on his face, the small Kai gave an exclamation of excitement, "THIS IS GREAT! The best I've ever seen!" The man then looked across at his compatriot, who was still watching the battle with vested attention. "Who are those two?"

Apparently even the West Kai had taken an interest in the battle and was currently overseeing it with the others.

King Kai, hearing his fellow trainer's exclamation, glanced over at him with a frown, "Well, one of them is a member of that Planet Trade Organization responsible for keeping the galaxies in order. You know, the same group set up by Lord Beerus and his friends to keep things organized while they're away."

"Oh. So… is she part of the destruction corp. or…"

"Nah. The one for my sector was terminated a long time ago," King Kai replied while looking ahead of him again. "This one is a collection member… a freelancer to be exact. Kana."

"Hmm… I think I've heard that name before," the West Kai murmured before making his inquiry. "Isn't she that Seirei that's been running around the universe challenging planets and taking them to the protection zone?"

"That's right. The one and only."

"Ooh. From what I've heard that girl is supposed to be quite strong," the West Kai murmured, before then narrowing his eyes on the other fighter he could see battling her across the planet. "And… the other one?"

Goku grinned proudly and looked across at the Kai from the other quadrant, which he could see
was standing between the fighters from his region. It didn't escape his notice that Pikkon was also with him. "That's my son. His name is Gohan." This answer had several of the warriors gawk at him in surprise.

"Is that true, Goku?" Olibu, a blonde haired, Herculean fighter dressed in a white tunic asked, earning an affirmative nod from the Saiyan.

The West Kai was baffled, "WHA?! Are you serious? That's your boy? Such a strong fighter?"

"Uh-huh," the spiky haired Saiyan replied while grinning back at his teacher, who continued to monitor the fight closely. "He's got the same gi, looks and everything. Heh. He takes right after me in the martial arts department. Heck, he's got even more talent for fighting than I do. And get this… even after all my training over the past twenty or so years; my son is even stronger than I am." It was a revelation that brought surprised looks to the West Kai and Pikkon's faces, as well as to the mugs of all the other warriors present. The collective reactions drew a smile to Goku's face as he watched his boy fight.

From the looks of it, his boy had been training a lot recently, a sign that he was determined to fulfill his dad's wishes to protect the planet. His skills, strength and fighting techniques were sublime. "I'm so proud of him."

"Well, you should be," King Kai spoke up again, attracting the man's gaze when he glanced at his student, "Because this Kana girl is powerful… more powerful than Cell was back in his final battle against Gohan. If he loses, then she's going to take the earth as her own and move it into another quadrant that's outside of our jurisdiction." He looked forward again with a bead of sweat appearing on his head. "After that, there will be nothing we can do until somebody else steps up to challenge them."

Hearing this had Goku blink, before the warrior from earth took on a confident look and nodded to his anxious teacher, "Don't worry about it. I know without a shadow of a doubt that my son will be able to beat this girl. You watch."

After all, he could sense it.

Even though this Kana girl was just as fast and strong as his son, Gohan was still slightly stronger and more skilled than her. Though it didn't seem like it at first, the evidence was all too clear. Just like Goku's fight against Frieza all those years ago, with every blow the demi-Saiyan managed to land on his opponent, the more damage he caused her and the more energy he sapped from her body.

It was only a matter of time before something happened.

XXX

(Back on Earth)

The sound of a jet fighter approaching signaled the return of the two warriors to the eastern half of the continent. After an unending battle that took them on a full lap around the entire earth, the two weary warriors were now close to their original starting point. And even after all the damage they'd inflicted on one another, they were still tearing into each other like there was no tomorrow.

With a sonic boom and an earthshaking crash, Kana's form ended up plowing a trench across the grassy landscape several kilometers outside of the famous Satan City metropolis. After ripping a trench through the ground that sent rubble and debris flying in all directions, the girl sprang back
onto her feet and continued to slide backwards with her momentum across the field.

Glaring ahead of her, she saw Gohan's glowing form explode from the cloud forming in front of her and with a battle cry, slammed a fist across her face. The girl managed to block it with both arms, the impact causing her to slide back even faster as the boy pressed forward. With shouts of effort, the demi-Saiyan continued to drive into the Seirei with more punches as she slid along, drilling into her arms before eventually crashing a hook across her face. Head cocked to the side from the blow, Kana immediately retaliated with a swift backhand across Gohan's face, managing to knock him away while she slid to a stop on the grass.

"EAT THIS!" Eyes glowing an intense gold with veracious veins appearing on either side of her face, Kana took aim, reared her head back, and with a howl of rage, unleashed two, powerful beams from her irises. "CIRCUIT TRACER!" The beams exploded from her gaze and expanded to the size of blasts as they rocketed across the field, zigzagging at high speed towards her opponent.

Sliding to a stop along the same field, Gohan growled and dashed forward, charging towards the approaching attack. However, just before they could hit, he dove straight into the ground and disappeared, the beams bending downwards and striking the floor, where they both detonated with the force of a nuclear bomb that covered the entire countryside.

Seeing her foe vanish inside the explosion, Kana had no idea what'd happened to him. However, as the mushroom cloud rose into the air, the girl then felt the ground tremble and looked down in surprise. Upon feeling the vibrations increase, she suddenly felt her body jerk downwards when the entire hill she was standing on was lifted into the air.

As it turns out, Gohan had tunneled directly underneath his opponent and, with his incredible strength, managed to lift the hill and an entire section of land the size of an island out of the ground, and into the air. Then, with expert maneuverability, he spun the slab of earth, tipped a stunned Kana off of it, before moving the piece of land over her and dropping it straight down on top of the alien traveler. The island sized hill sandwiched the girl into the floor with an earthshaking crash, a shockwave rippling out that rocked the nearby Satan City to its foundations.

The dust settling, Gohan knelt panting on top of the massive hunk of ground he managed to bury his foe under. Electricity crackling off of him, he continued to hold his position until he sensed something dangerous approaching.

Looking up, the demi-Saiyan was about to stand when two beams unexpectedly shot out of the mound directly beneath him and slammed into his chest. The attack sent him rocketing into the sky for about a hundred stories before the blast detonated and sent him plummeting to the ground. The second he made landfall, the slab of earth Kana was crushed underneath exploded into a shower of rubble and debris, revealing an enormous, island sized crater and a severely battered and dirty Kana floating in the air.

Expression twisted in pain, the girl panted heavily and glared across the field to where her foe had crash landed.

Picking himself out of the hole, a wounded Gohan also gave a frustrated huff and looked up, where he then saw the levitating girl fly up into the sky and throw her hands out.

Aura bursting around her, the girl howled in rage and powered up, two golden spheres of energy appearing in her palms before they started to expand at an alarming rate. From his distance, Gohan watched on with widening eyes as the girl began pouring energy into the orbs, which grew and grew till both of them were the size of mountains. Their surfaces fluctuating and shooting off bolts
of golden lightning, the two spheres eventually achieved stability before beginning to compress to a much smaller form.

As they did, chunks of earth for over five kilometers across the land began to rip out of the ground and levitate into the air, floating towards the golden spheres that pulsed in the sky above the country.

The demi-Saiyan's eyes shimmered in horror as he gawked at the amount of ki he could feel being put into the girl's next attack. The energy spheres she was holding had the exact same density as the sun.

"NO! You can't do that! You're going to destroy the whole planet if you fire it from that angle!" As painful as it was, Kana must be losing her sense of restraint from being hit so many times. Right now, she had gathered enough energy to wipe the entire solar system from existence.

Even though she was clearly aiming only for him, the slightest change or shift in the angle of trajectory… and you could kiss the entire planet goodbye.

Responding in alarm, Gohan leapt to his feet, took a stance, and cupped his hands behind him. His own aura exploding around him, the boy clenched his teeth and gave a loud growl as he began gathering energy of his own. In a matter of seconds, a blue sphere formed between his palms and began to pulse brightly, clashing with the golden light of Kana's attack.

Roaring out in agony at the amount of energy she was producing, the girl glared down at the boy as more and more of the ground started to rip out around her. Then, after taking aim at him, the teenager yelled, "Let's see what you're really made of, GOHAN!" Rearing back her hands, the girl threw the two balls forward and slammed them together in front of her, a deafening hum echoing across the country as they melded. "STAR CRASHER!"

A thundering 'boom' rang out across the continent when Kana unleashed her blast in one blinding, golden flash of light, the thick beam rocketing towards Gohan in a wall of disintegrating death.

The boy began to chant as the wall of an attack bore down on him, "KA-ME-HA-ME…"

His own attack primed, the demi-Saiyan waited till hers was within range before, with a mighty howl that drowned out the scream of the approaching blast, the boy threw his hands forward and unleashed his counter in one, mighty shot.

"HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!" The blue stream of energy that was his father's signature attack left his hands in the form of an equally powerful blast, which struck Kana's head on with an impressive thunderclap.

The entire continent shook when their attacks drilled into one another, before expanding into a blue and golden dome that filled the entire space between the two warriors and reached into the heavens. A blinding white light flickered like a strobe across the country that blinded everyone looking directly at it and produced a shockwave so massive, it ripped across the land in the form of a continuous gale. Trees bent, nearby mountains were chipped away and clouds of dust were hurled into the air in storms.

People at the head of the nationwide cyclone had to hold their ground as the wind ripped across the country at an unbelievable rate. The force was almost strong enough to rip the world asunder and with good reason.

The dome formed from the feuding attacks grew so massive that it could be seen from space. If
someone were looking down at the entire earth, they could see the dome appear as a throbbing bright light on its side like a zit, burning so brightly that if it were to reach critical mass, it would disintegrate the whole planet.

Not willing to let that happen, both warriors continued to hold, their beam struggle laying waste to everything around them. Eventually, after feeling Kana's attack attempt to overwhelm his, the spiky haired Gohan gave one last snarl before allowing his full power to burst forth.

"YOU WON'T WIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIN!" the child cried out, his ki exploding from his body like water from a dam.

Blue energy rocketed off of him and created an imbalance in the dome. The demi-Saiyan's side eventually grew to an unbelievable size and overtook Kana's, blasting around it and preparing to engulf the girl in a sea of blue hell fire.

Eyes widening in horror at the approaching attack, the girl quickly decided to break the exchange the best way she knew how.

With a roar of effort, the girl tucked what remained of her dissipating blast under the growing one and, giving a mighty heave, launched both hers and Gohan's straight up into the sky. The demi-Saiyan followed suit, stopping his flow of energy and watching both attacks rocket into the sky in the form of a massive blue sphere of energy attached to a golden one.

The two blasts expanded to a size greater than that of earth's moon as they shot off the planet and across the solar system. At the speed of light, they passed by Mars and the asteroid belt, taking a small chunk out of Jupiter and wiping out one of its moons in the process before continuing on past Pluto seconds later. When the two enormous spheres left the solar system far behind and found themselves drifting in the empty vacuum of deep space, the feuding attacks eventually lost momentum and gave way.

In a blinding flash, the Kamehameha and the Star Crasher exploded with the force of a super nova, with enough power to wipe out the entire Solar System. However, after traveling so far, the attacks managed to detonate safely outside of the cluster of planets, only barely grazing Pluto's orbit. When the sphere like explosion died down, silence returned to the cosmos.

Both Gohan and Kana stared up at the sky, both of them wide-eyed and both stunned at the force of the blasts they'd just unleashed.

"Whoops… my bad," Kana murmured, nervous sweat pouring down her face.

"We took out a chunk of Jupiter," Gohan also said, gulping a little after sensing exactly where their deflected attacks had gone and what they'd hit along the way. "Is that a bad thing?"

Hopefully no one saw that.

Somewhere up in Otherworld though, King Kai was freaking out and Goku was laughing his ass off… along with all the other fighters.

Having avoided tragedy for now, Gohan returned his attention to Kana, who also glared back at him.

After setting themselves into their respective stances, the demi-Saiyan powered up once again and shot across the massive, smoking crater formed by their beam match.

With a yell of effort, he tackled the girl in the chest and sent the two of them flying across the
countryside towards the city where, upon reaching the outskirts, the boy cranked his fist back and drove a punch into her face. The force of the blow generated a shockwave and sent the girl spiraling past Orange Star Highschool, past the centre of Satan metropolis, and all the way to the reserve where their battle had started.

Smashing through two office building floors, Kana eventually spiraled down into the street, where she ended up bouncing several times before eventually leaping to her feet and skidding across the reserve. Krillin, Zangya and Videl saw the girl appear and watched her rise to her feet and snarl at the sky.

It was then they saw Gohan reappear several stories above her, bathed in his golden aura with blue electricity running up and down his body.

Clenching her fists, Kana gave an angry shout and powered up, her hair bellowing skywards while her aura sprang up at full blast. "Hey! Enough of this silly game of tag! Time for the final round!"

"Alright! You asked for it!" the demi-Saiyan replied, giving off another burst of electricity. "Let's do this, Kana!"

"Right back at you, Gohan!"

With a crack of wind, Kana vanished in a golden flash, reappearing in the distance flying up into the sky. Seeing her speck take the form of a golden streak of energy several kilometers away, Gohan snarled and, powering up as well, rocketed after her at full speed.

Their forms bathed in energy, the two warriors shot across the sky at full speed, breaking the sound barrier several times. Then, as they were closing in on the other, both fighters let out simultaneous war yells before colliding in mid air, generating a shockwave that tore the field beneath them apart like it were confetti and punching an enormous crater into the floor. After a single trade of hits, the two blurs shot off and flew into the sky, climbing higher and higher at an alarming rate.

The two warriors rocketed into the air in the form of golden bolts, leaving behind trails of energy as they ripped past the clouds and into the upper atmosphere. When the clear blue sky was suddenly replaced by the darkness of space, it soon became glaringly obvious to them that they were now in the utter most layer surrounding earth. Passing the stratosphere into the mesosphere, the two warriors began intersecting each other again and again, shockwaves ringing out every time the two golden blurs collided and exchanged killer blows.

Both fighters were tied for first place, but when they eventually climbed into the mid thermosphere area above the planet, it was soon revealed that Kana was taking the brunt of the punishment.

Bleeding from the mouth with even more bruises on her face, including a swollen eye, the desperate girl retreated higher and cranked her fist back. Seeing the golden bolt that was her opponent rocket up at her with the entire edge of the earth as his background, Kana took aim. Gohan, spotting her counter, gave a roar and, flying at her in a blur, drove a power left straight into her cheek, burying it into her face with a shockwave strong enough to reduce an entire island into gravel.

The blow shook the girl's brain and cracked her jaw, stunning her enough for the demi-Saiyan to crank his left leg back before driving the mother of all knees straight into her stomach. The blow landed with a deafening thudcrapl and a 'crunch', which was followed shortly by Kana spewing up blood and splattering it over Gohan's now half torn orange top. After hitting her, the boy grabbed her by the leg, spun her, and tossed her further into the depths of space across the planet's upper layers.
Spinning out of control, Kana eventually cracked her back against a satellite that suddenly drifted into her path. Rolling along it and chipping away its hull, the girl eventually dug her fingers into its surface and forced herself to a stop, right on the very back of the craft. Looking up, the wounded girl saw Gohan power up and fly straight up at her, drawing a growl from her before she stood up and kicked the satellite at the approaching blonde with both feet.

The craft crashed into the Super Saiyan 2, smacking him back down towards the planet at a ridiculous speed. When it started to fall from the thermosphere, barreling towards the stratosphere and all set to burn up on re-entry, Kana took aim with both hands and unleashed a powerful **Kiai** that smashed the satellite to smithereens, sending the bits and pieces blazing through earth's layers to the planet's surface. Most of it would be lucky to even make landfall.

Panting exhaustedly from the combo, Kana watched the satellite pieces vanish into the clouds far below. When she saw no sign of her opponent, a smile slowly formed on her face as she began to believe she'd won.

She curled her fist in triumph, "Y-Yes! I did it!" After everything she threw at the boy, she finally managed to take him out once and for all.

But then, moments into her celebrations, Kana soon realized that it would take a lot more than a hunk of metal to take a Super Saiyan out. It only clicked with her a few seconds after her cheer.

Eyes widening in alarm, the girl suddenly spun around to see Gohan's form blazing straight towards her from behind, an intense look on his face as his left hand was cranked back and filled with a golden ball of energy.

"WHAT?! H-How did…" Panicking when the demi-Saiyan was only a few feet from her, Kana threw her left hand forward and unleashed a golden blast of energy.

Gohan effortlessly let it slip past him and, with his sphere of energy loaded he got right up into the girl's stunned face and thrust the ball straight into her gut. "Clench up, Kana! **MASENDA-N-HAAAAA!**" With a shockwave, his energy attack ground into the girl's stomach and sent both of them plummeting towards the planet's surface. However, instead of the Saiyan going first, it was Kana who broke the atmosphere first, and as his blast drilled into her, her back started to burn up as they quickly built up speed.

At first appearing shocked, the girl's expression twisted into one of pain as the screeching sound of the blast pulsing against her stomach drowned out all other noise. When flames started to engulf her, with Gohan using her as a shield for entry, the pair began blasting through the upper layers of the planet one after the other, a sonic boom ringing out on ever bounce. Then, as Gohan powered up and began pressing further with a roar of effort, Kana's eyes widened in horror and she let out a cry of agony when they burst through the clouds and began spiraling back to the ground.

Coincidentally, they began falling to the area close to Satan City.

Lightning bolts shooting off of their forms that fell to earth in the form of a golden streak of light, the continued breaking barriers before, like a bullet, the pair collided with the ground at full speed. Gohan's close range **Masenko** went off the moment they made impact, the result generating a golden, geyser explosion with the force of a hydrogen bomb that sent ripples of shockwaves echoing out and causing the clouds overhead to part.

The people in Satan City had watched the 'meteor' descend from space and crash into the countryside miles away. Not knowing what it was, but knowing that it had fallen at a safe distance, the people were at a total loss as to what was going to happen now.
Krillin and Zangya however, who were both adept at sensing spiritual presences, knew that the match was over. So, picking themselves up, they quickly ascended into the sky and followed the plume of smoke.

Videl, seeing them leave, quickly pulled out the capsule containing her jet-copter and cracked it open. Taking a lot longer to get moving, the girl hurriedly leapt into the cockpit and fired up the engine. With her best foot forward, she rose up into the sky and took off after the Z-fighters at full speed, which wasn't nearly as fast as they were moving.

For all she knew, the battle was finished.

The question was though… who won…?

XXX

(Many miles away)

Lying at the bottom of an enormous smoking crater that had been made in the middle of what were once considered prized farmlands, two bodies could be seen. One was standing upright, bathed in a golden aura with a bioelectric field of electricity crackling up and down his body. The other was that of a girl with fiery orange hair, lying sprawled out at the base of the pit, with her plug suit close to tatters and a massive burn mark engraved into her stomach.

With Gohan still on his feet and looking down at the battered and defenseless girl, the victor of their little skirmish was made all too clear.

During his battle, the demi-Saiyan had received quite an extensive bit of damage. On top of the bruises and cuts covering him, his orange and blue gi was also heavily damaged. He had a hole in his right pants leg and was missing the entire bottom left section of it. His orange top was practically gone, leaving him with only the blue undershirt. He also had blood running down his face and from the corners of his mouth. Needless to say, looking battle-damaged and bathed in the glow of his Super Saiyan 2 form, he looked almost exactly like his father did in his battle against Frieza when he first transformed.

Kana on the other hand, had taken it the worst. Not only had the glow in her hair faded, but her face was just as bruised as Gohan's, including a swollen cheek and eye, had blood running out of almost every orifice, and her body was burnt all over. While the leg and arm portions of her suit had survived somewhat, an entire front part of her plug suit had been disintegrated by the short-range blast to her gut. She could only be grateful that at least the chest and pelvis areas of the suit had remained intact. But this left her entire belly and stomach exposed, and not only did she have severe, black burns around the part where she'd been hit, but her abdominals were cut up as well.

And that wasn't even the worst of the damage…

Gohan frowned, "It's over. You're done."

Choking up blood so that it splattered across her front, the girl gazed up at her opponent, who continued to glare down at her, seemingly without pity. "Y-Yeah. I know." Cringing from the bolts of pain shooting through her, Kana tried to form fists in the dirt, but failed miserably. She didn't even have the strength to move. "Man. You got me real good back there. Using the satellite to conceal your movements… I have to admit… I never saw that one coming."

The Super Saiyan 2 allowed his aura to fade, but stayed in his transformed state as he stared down at his defeated opponent, who continued to cough up more bodily fluids. He then spared her a
smile, "You were so focused on looking ahead of you that you didn't notice me flying through the debris to get you from behind. It's kind of hard to keep track of your target when you're seeing double, isn't it."

"Heh… yeah… I guess it is," Kana said in a weak voice before falling into a coughing fit once again. More blood leaking out of the corner of her mouth, the girl looked up to see the boy give her a more serious stare. Upon recognizing the fury etched in his eyes and fierceness in his gaze, she knew that she'd reached the end of the line. "I've never… ever fought against a warrior as skilled and as powerful as you… even after all my years of traveling. It's clear to me now that you are… without a doubt… the protector of this world."

Gohan nodded, "Like I said; my father entrusted me with the earth. After he died, he told me to watch over the planet and to protect everyone on it… especially the ones that I love."

"Even if it means… killing?" Kana asked, looking up at the boy firmly.

This question didn't even give Gohan pause, "If I have to."

"Then… I suppose this is where I finally… hang up my suit," the alien invader murmured weakly, another cough causing her to spit blood out. Her breathing coming out in heavy drags, the girl spent the next few moments in pain before looking up at the serious boy once more. "It was bound to happen eventually. After all these years of traveling… and challenging people to fights, I was bound to meet my match sooner or later. I never thought it would be at the hands of someone like you." Gazing painfully at the demi-Saiyan, Kana felt tears well up in her eyes as the pain and thought of dying finally got to her. The girl clenched her teeth and shut her eyes, wanting to block out these thoughts but finding it impossible, "I… It's just… there was so much more I wanted to do… so much more I wanted to see. I never… even had a chance… to really live…" She never even found someone to settle down with. All her years spent traversing the universe and she never even thought about finding someone to share her time with.

It didn't matter now though. After all the fuss she'd caused on this planet, she wouldn't be surprised if Gohan blasted her right then and there.

Looking upon the girl's face, Gohan saw the pain reflected clearly in her eyes; a sadness that gripped her entirely as her world started to fade around her. Though she was an incredibly tough girl and was an exceptionally powerful warrior, Kana didn't possess the cold, unforgiving demeanor of one. Normally, in his ascended state, when battling against a foe who had nothing but evil intent and cruelty swelling in their heart, the young fighter wouldn't have shown a hint of pity or restraint as he drove them into the ground. It was a lesson he'd learned well after his battle with Cell and a trait that came with his Saiyan-side, one that he was learning to control.

However, when he saw the defeat reflected on the face of his current opponent, who was not only a cheerful, kind and considerate individual, who cherished life above everything else and viewed it as something precious and needed to be protected, struck a chord in the boy that immediately suppressed the fierce tendencies within him. The kind heart that he held came to surface and his once serious expression softened, replaced by surprise while he stared down at the girl lying at the bottom of the crater.

Sobbing a little, Kana looked up at the young man through shimmering, tear-strung eyes and looked into his softened gaze, "If it means anything… I… really had fun today, Gohan… thank you…"

Eyes narrowing at what she planned to be her last words, the still transformed boy then looked over his shoulder to see his friends land behind him. Seeing Vegeta, Trunks, Piccolo and Zangya were
alive and well, as well as Krillin, who was still cradling an unconscious Android 18# in his arms, Gohan then looked back at Kana to see her beam at him.

After a few more seconds of thought, the demi-Saiyan then made a decision and threw a look at his mentor, the Namekian flinching at its intensity.

"Wait here." Powering up, the boy suddenly shot up into the sky and disappeared over the horizon with a sonic boom.

The Z-fighters standing in the crater looked in the direction the boy had vanished in confusion, stunned by his ridiculous burst of speed. For the next minute they waited there, either looking over the horizon or turning to stare down at the thoroughly beaten Kana. When they saw her gaze up at them, half-dead with bags under her eyes and blood leaking out of her mouth, a couple of the warriors there immediately felt pity for her.

But while Trunks and Krillin came off as the most forgiving of the group, the only ones who viewed the girl with any sort of caution or seriousness were Vegeta, Piccolo and Zangya. Hell, the former of the three even contemplated putting the teen out of her misery.

However, after a couple minutes of awkward silence, another sonic boom and the sensation of Gohan's returning presence drew their gazes back over the horizon, where they saw the Super Saiyan 2 return and promptly land in the crater. It was when he walked past them that the group noticed he was carrying a familiar brown bag in his hand and, after squatting down next to the fallen Kana, he fished out a Senzu bean and slipped it into her mouth.

"G-Gohan," Krillin exclaimed in surprise.

Recognizing the stuff the child had returned with, Vegeta immediately stepped forward, "What do you think you're doing, brat?!"

The transformed youngster, despite the supposed fierce nature brought on by his ascended Saiyan state, gave the girl a warm smile as his eyes softened to that of his normal self, "Here. Chew and swallow."

Doing as instructed, Kana bit down on the bean in her mouth and began to grind it between her teeth. Making sure that it was mashed up nice and good, the girl then tentatively swallowed and allowed whatever it was she'd eaten to take its affect.

At first believing it was a drug meant to end her suffering quickly and quietly, Kana then suddenly felt the burning sensation stretching across her body vanish like the wind and a surge of energy rush through her. Then, as if hit by an electric shock, the girl's eyes widened and she sat bolt upright. The sight of her sitting up so quickly had Zangya step back a little in surprise.

Confounded by her sudden recovery, Kana quickly began scanning her body. Testing her hands and patting herself down, checking for any bruises and busted limbs, the girl was quickly shocked when she discovered… nothing. Not a scrape, cut, bruise or burn mark remained. Even the severe scorch tattoo ground into her gut had healed over, with the dry skin peeling away to reveal new, flawless skin underneath.

Overwhelmed, Kana looked up at Gohan, who smiled back at her, "W-What did… you do? What was that thing you gave me?"

"Something you may not have where you come from," the boy replied cheerfully while standing up. "It's called a Senzu bean." He then wasted no time in heading over to Krillin, where he pulled
another of the medicinal miracles out and placing it in his open hand.

"Remarkable," Kana exclaimed, checking herself once more before looking up and seeing her
former opponent give out more beans to the others. Even though Vegeta frowned upon having to
take one, he accepted it either way and bit the metaphorical bullet. "Fruits that can heal the sick
and treat the wounded. This planet certainly is the most amazing in the entire cosmos."

Gohan chuckled and turned back to the teenager, slipping the bag into his belt and gazing at her
kindly. "Well… I'm not sure about other fruits and vegetables, but Senzu beans definitely get the
job done. Only one person on this planet knows how to grow them… and coming across these
particular beans in the wild is next to impossible."

Chuckling, Kana gave him an understanding nod, "I see. Well, I'll be sure to document this for later
study."

While Kana engaged in conversation with Gohan and the others stood back, Krillin took a moment
to crouch down and feed Eighteen the bean. Gently encouraging her to swallow it, the bald fighter
waited patiently for it to take effect and watched as her eyes slowly fluttered open.

"Hey. You alright?" Krillin asked in a quiet voice.

"Uh. Yeah. I'm okay." Groaning and massaging the bridge of her nose, the young woman looked
up to see who was leaning over her and watched her vision slowly clear. "W-What happened?"

Smiling in relief, Krillin grinned at the beautiful android as she regained her bearings, "Well… it's
a bit of a long tale. I'll tell yah about it later."

A little bit surprised to find the short fighter standing over her, the blonde android gave a
momentarily hard look and quickly stood up. Turning her back on the other Z-fighters standing
around her so as to hide her flustered expression, her actions, despite their subtlety, failed to miss
the notice of the ever watchful Zangya.

Smiling at the sight and feeling her strength return to her thanks to the bean, the blue-skinned
woman then stood by quietly, watching as Gohan made his peace with the girl that was formerly
their enemy. It was during which time the alien woman once again found herself completely
baffled by the character of the demi-Saiyan. "First he saves me, then he spares me, and now, not
only does he show mercy to an opponent, he also helps her and treats me as well."

"Geez. What is up with this brat?" No matter how hard she tried, she just couldn't
figure him out.

After several moments of standing around and adjusting their clothing, Gohan then gave the ruined
field a look over before turning back to Kana, "I think… we may have overdid it a little bit. Not
counting the damage we did to the countryside, the city is going to need some patchwork."

Kana, also seeing the problem, then threw the demi-Saiyan a smile. "Not to worry. I can have this
fixed up in no time."

A little bit confused by her response, Mirai Trunks gave her a frown, "How?" Even Piccolo and
Vegeta had their interests spiked. "You guys did wreck quite a lot of the planet."

"Simple. Like this." Cracking her fingers, the glowing haired alien beamed up towards the sky and
placed her hands on her hips. "Bit! Please run the damage control software for Terra 4032-877."

Bringing confused looks to the fighters as she seemed to be talking to somebody but couldn't see or
sense anyone at all, they then became aware of a bright light shining high above them.

Looking up into the clouds, the group suddenly saw an orange beam shoot down from the heavens and strike Satan City, before rippling outwards in an orange wall of energy in all directions. Watching the wave approach them and flash past, putting most of the fighters on guard sans for Eighteen and Gohan, the group then found themselves standing in a lush, untouched farmland, the wave of energy having seemingly wiped it clean of all damage and replacing it with its previous state. In no time at all, the planet had been mended and refurbished.

Gawking at the physics bending repairs that'd been made, Trunks and everybody else looked back at the girl to see her smirking proudly at them.

"H-How did you do that?" Krillin asked in astonishment.

Grinning cheekily at the startled looks on the warriors' faces, Kana gave them a 'V' sign. "After I scanned your planet I was able to get a detailed copy of the world's specs. Using the same system of code I use to compress worlds, I can use the same software to repair them. It's a really complicated process to explain…"

"Oh. Really?" Krillin murmured, before then looking across at the other fighters to see them still in disheveled and battle-ruined states. "So… I'm guessing this doesn't work on living people?"

"Unfortunately not," Kana replied while giving a nervous giggle. "I only scanned the planet, not the life forms. If I was to try fixing clothing with the same system, with the material being so close to live tissue, it might end up doing something unpleasant…"

That was all that was needed to have the short fighter cringe, "Ah… fair enough." It was a response that had Android 18# grunt and turn away.

Vegeta, losing patience with this light show, then fixed his glare on the cheerfully grinning girl and spoke up from his side of the repaired field. "While all this is nice and all, I take it since the brat has now beaten you into the ground and shown you what a true Saiyan warrior is capable of, isn't it about time you packed your things and left?" He was still obviously sore at being beaten by this woman and wanted to see her leave as soon as possible.

Expecting this question from the prince, the teenage girl beamed and nodded, "Yeah. I guess I should. One shouldn't overstay their welcome. But before I do, I still have a few more things I need to settle here before I can officially close the book on this case."

"What things?" Vegeta asked impatiently with a look resembling one Piccolo was also throwing the girl.

Unshaken by the displeased stares he was receiving from the group surrounding her, Kana beamed towards the still transformed Gohan and approached him. Stopping just a few feet in front of him, she raised a hand to place over her chest and bowed to him respectfully. It was a gesture that was met by surprise from the young warrior.

"It has been an honor and a privilege to do battle with you, Son Gohan," Kana spoke, straightening up. "After so many years of traveling this universe, I have long since forgotten the last time I had to do battle with a warrior of your incredible strength and skill. You're probably the first fighter who has ever pushed me as hard as you did."

The spiky haired male smiled and acknowledged her kind words, "Thanks. It's… also the first time I've ever had to fight someone like you as well." He then spared her a cheerful grin, "You were
awesome. I only wish you could stick around for a little while longer. I'd really like to show you around."

Kana grinned at his wishful response, but then her expression fell slightly as she gave him an inquisitive look. It was one that did not go unnoticed by the observant group of fighters standing around them. "I'd… also like to thank you for going out of your way to help me. Even with my planet's recovery unit onboard my ship, I do not believe I would have lived long enough to heal from the amount of damage I received during our battle." Her statement drawing a surprised blink from the boy, she then stepped closer and leaned in, causing Gohan to pull away slightly. "Any other person would have let me die without giving me a second thought, so why did you help me when you could have easily left me as I was?"

Not really needing to think on it for any longer than he had to, the young warrior smiled, "I just did what my father would've done." He then tilted his head cheerfully. "Even though you were my enemy, I knew you weren't a bad person. You actually went out of your way to avoid hurting other people and getting innocent lives involved in our battle." He noticed this both above the city and on the highway, where they fought against each other while avoiding the civilians as much as possible. A wider grin spread across his lips, "You're the nicest alien invader who's ever come to visit our planet. There's no way I could let someone kind and gentle like you die. It would be madness on me if I did."

Her expression transforming into one of awe as she listened to every word Gohan spoke, Kana spent the next few minutes gazing at the boy. After processing his honest words and looking closely at his face, the girl suddenly felt something strange rush through her chest and a heat flood into her cheeks.

Eyes shimmering while she continued to stare at the youthful fighter, the girl suddenly gasped and allowed a gentle smile to form. Taking a step back for air, Kana returned to her normal, energetic and spunky self, and grinned across at her opponent with renewed sense of purpose. "Well, you're definitely the most one-of-a-kind fighter I've ever come across. There's no denying that. Believe it or not, but it's incredibly hard to come across a warrior from another planet who's not only strong, but compassionate and gentle as well. It's a shame I have to leave so soon. I would really like to hang around with you a little while longer, Gohan." She then had another switch in expressions and threw the half-Saiyan a mischievous smile, "Unless… you want to come with me."

This statement caught everyone by surprise, with Vegeta, Trunks, Piccolo, Krillin and Zangya giving the girl their complete and undivided attention. Gohan especially was quite taken aback. "Umm… come with you? W-What do you mean by that?"

"Well… you see…" Giggling, Kana began to walk circles around Gohan, placing a finger and thumb on her chin as she inspected the boy from head to toe. "Unlike other Seirei, I have very simple tastes… and I share a deep love and enthusiasm for extremely rare and valuable objects." The Z-fighters watched her intently, wondering what in the world she was doing as she poked the boy in the shoulder and turned him around. When the youngster was facing his friends, the girl stopped in front of him again and beamed. "This also includes rare aliens."

"Uhh… okay," Gohan murmured, not really knowing where this was going.

Kana grinned at him, "It's the reason why I travel; looking for stuff that nobody else can find." Her gaze then turned into one expressing fondness as she gazed at the half-Saiyan. "Unfortunately, it gets very lonely traveling through space in such a big ship all by oneself. If you come with me, I will gladly become your mate and support you faithfully for the rest of my life."

At that statement, almost all the Z-fighters standing around the pair nearly fell over in shock,
including Vegeta and Eighteen. Managing to hold on, the group instead stared wide-eyed in disbelief at the girl's back, who watched with fascination as Gohan became thunderstruck and his expression twisted into one of bewilderment. Almost all the blood in his body ran up to his face when he saw the disarmingly beautiful smile Kana threw at him afterwards.

"W-W-What? M-M-M-M-Mate?" Oh, he knew what that word meant. He'd read enough biology texts to understand the implications of that situation. "B-But… why me?"

Kana licked her lips and stepped around to his right side, where she then gleefully wrapped her arms around his muscular one and pressed her ample bosom into his shoulder affectionately. Her action had Gohan blush to the roots of his hair and a shiver run up his spine. "Like I said, I really love rare and valuable things. You are a Saiyan; one of the rarest and most endangered races in the universe. You're also incredibly kind, intelligent, and possess a strong sense of righteousness and virtue you don't find in many warriors. Members of my race are extremely particular about the partners that they choose and can spend decades searching for someone who is not only mentally compatible with them, but also has a good heart and all the physical traits needed to help them bear a healthy offspring. We also mate for life… showing love and devotion to no other… though seeing as how you're a Saiyan, I'd be willing to 'split the reward'." Her expression lit up all the more as her cheeks seemed to glow. "You're the rarest gem I've ever come across… and I'd be more than happy to choose you as my partner."

Completely baffled by what the girl was saying to him, which had his face light up like a bulb, the innocent young Saiyan swallowed hard when he felt the girl hold him closer and looked across at his friends for help.

Unfortunately for him, every single one of them from Piccolo to Zangya was staring at them with codfish expressions, eyes wide as saucers and mouths hanging open. Quickly realizing he wasn't going to be getting any assistance from them, the young Super Saiyan 2 sucked it up and turned back to look at Kana, who was still beaming at him in a way that had his stomach doing summersaults.

"Well?" Kana asked.

Gohan grinned, "A-As tempting as that sounds… I'm… going to have to pass." His eyes reflecting his sincerity, he looked down at the girl as her expression reverted to one of inquisitiveness. "You're a great fighter and an amazing girl, Kana. If I could, I would definitely go with you. But I made a promise. I've got my duties here on earth, and friends and family to look after. I can't leave all of that behind." He then nodded to her, "I'm sorry but… I have to stay here." It was the honest truth.

He couldn't leave. Not to mention the whole thing about 'mating' and 'life partners' had stirred some rather strange feelings inside of him that scared him out of his wits. But, being the brave Saiyan warrior that he was, he pressed forward and, using kind words, let the girl down as gently as possible.

At first Kana just seemed to stare at him, obviously processing his response for the next several seconds as silence reigned over them. Eventually though, the girl gave a smile once again and with a chuckle, she detached herself from the boy and promptly stepped away. "Oh well. If that's your decision, then I'm not going to argue." She then moved back, grinning across at the Super Saiyan 2 with a devilish air reflected in her expression. "Still, it's a shame you can't come with me. You and I would have made a great team."

Gohan chuckled, his face losing the shade of red as he finally acquired breathing space once again. "Yeah." That was one hell of a reaction for him though. Maybe he was finally starting to reach that
age where girls were beginning to hold a bit more 'significance' in his life. Whatever the reason though, he was just glad he wasn't dying of high blood pressure anymore. "If you like you can come visit us again sometime… you know, if you're not too busy."

Kana giggled, "I think I'd like that." She then reached to her side and pressed a section of her waist plating, where a puff of steam then ejected some sort of metallic card. Withdrawing it, the girl held it up and allowed it to take shape into a USB device for earth's computers, which had Gohan blink at in surprise before she stepped towards him and handed it over. "Here."

Curious, Gohan reached out and grabbed it, "What is it?"

"A little present… in case you ever want to contact me again." She allowed the boy to take the device and grinned at him. "It also has a little training sheet on it, which I wrote up just then based off of earth's languages."

Gohan became even more curious and tilted his head, "Training sheet?"

Kana grinned, "You saw me using that teleportation technique in our fight, yes?" Seeing him nod, the girl then gestured to the data. "It's a technique known by many as Instantaneous Movement. Members of my race use this to travel long distances in an instant and can even jump to worlds all across the universe, even move between dimensions. Unlike the technique practiced by the Yardrats, this one is a lot more efficient and can be used at a moment's notice. Since my ship is my home and the vessel I use to transport planets, I don't use the technique very often." She then stepped back and took on a smug look. "I love to travel the old fashioned way anyway. Uses less energy."

"Oh, awesome! Thanks so much, Kana!" Gohan exclaimed, looking down at the USB stick at the same time, "Man! I can't wait to try this out!" He then blinked when his mind eventually picked up an important notice and looked across at the girl nervously. "B-But… I don't have anything to give you in return."

"Well..." Kana smiled across at the young man enthusiastically. "I am curious to learn about how your friends were able to track me down without use of a scouter." She glanced around at the Z-fighters watching them carefully and beamed back at the youngster. "You seem to be able to locate people by using only your minds. I wouldn't mind learning how this technique works."

Gohan grinned, "Oh, you mean ki reading?"

The alien nodded, "Yeah. I think that sounds like a fair trade."

Acknowledging this, the half-Saiyan then continued to speak, "Well... it's an ability that allows the user to sense the location of a person by searching for their life force or ki signature. Every single person's spiritual energy registers differently, so you're not just able to sense how strong they are, you can even identify who they are if you've already encountered them once. It's a really helpful technique to learn, especially when you can't see, smell or hear your opponent anywhere in the area." He then raised a finger and tapped it against his head. "We do this by focusing our minds and extending our senses out to feel the power levels inside of people; the same energy used to create blasts and stuff. The stronger and closer the person is, the more powerful the sensation. It's like looking for a particular colored light in a dark room. You just need to get a feel for their presence and hone in on it." A wide smile then formed on his face, "It's quite a simple technique to learn. All you have to do is focus."

When the demi-Saiyan finished explaining, he saw Kana's scouter pop up and blink a few times, as if processing his words. After a couple of seconds, she deactivated it and smiled, "Thanks so much,
Gohan." She then looked around at the people around her, giving them one last glance before nodding. "Yep. I think I've got this ki reading down pat."

Krillin balked, "That fast?"

Grinning at her success, Kana then referred to Gohan and beamed at him for what would be her last time for a long while. "Well, it's been a blast. I'm really glad I was able to come here and fight with you guys."

The young Saiyan chuckled, "Stay out of trouble."

"I'll try," the girl replied, turning side on and giving the boy another look, "Stay on your toes. There are a lot of powerful monsters out there; aliens even worse than me... so I suggest you keep an extra eye out for them and keep training." Upon seeing the demi-Saiyan nod, her stare then became mischievous, "Don't slip up. And hey... if you ever feel like procreating sometime Gohan, give me a ring... or come by my ship and visit me whenever. You have my number." She then gave him a wink, which brought another deep shade of red to the boy's face and caused him to look away in embarrassment. When he looked back a couple seconds later, he was able to give her a smile to send the girl off, who saluted in response. "See you around."

Then, without another word, the girl levitated off the ground, tucked herself up, and wrapped her body up in her metallic pod. Upon which she then shot up into the sky, breaking the sound barrier on takeoff, and vanished into the clouds. The Z-fighters all watched her leave and when they sensed her presence return to her ship, everyone looked back down at each other, but mostly towards Gohan.

"Well... that was interesting," Trunks commented, finally recovering from the shock of everything that'd happened.

"Hmph. If you say so," Vegeta replied, uncrossing his arms and starting to walk away. "I've had enough of this circus performance for one day. I'm leaving." Without even so much as a careless wave, the still sore Saiyan Prince took flight and headed off for West City, leaving the others in his dust and his son staring after him.

Shrugging after seeing his dad leave on his own accord, the lavender haired boy sighed and grinned back at his companions. "Hopefully things won't be so hectic next time." He then saluted them and gave an especial wave to Gohan, who returned it in kind, "I'll see you guys later." He then took off after his father's shadow.

After seeing the two Saiyans leave, Krillin then grinned mischievously across at the spiky haired hybrid standing in the center and spoke, "Getting propositioned by an alien chick after beating the crap out of her. You dog!"

Stumbling at the comment, Gohan glared back at the man. "Oh, come on, Krillin! Knock it off!"

His exclamation drew a hearty laugh from the human Z-fighter and a roll of the eyes from Eighteen and Zangya.

Taking momentary notice of the latter of the two girls standing there and giving her a thoughtful look, the demi-Saiyan then suddenly took notice of a person jogging across the fields towards them. Squinting to see who it was, Gohan then blinked when he recognized it was Videl and a happy expression returned to his once embarrassed face. Not even bothering to power down, he quickly left the center of the former crater and immediately began jogging towards his friend, while at the same time waving back at his battle worn teammates.
"See yah guys. I've got errands to run."

Piccolo, Krillin, Zangya and Eighteen saw him off, three of them with their arms folded and looking passive as usual, whereas the shortest of them was smiling brightly.

Running across the open field, the boy skidded to a stop at the same time Videl did, leaving the two kids staring across at one another and beaming.

"Hey," the girl greeted.

"Hey," Gohan smirked back.

Not knowing what to say to each other at first, even though they were standing several miles away from the city and in the middle of a farmer's disused field, the youngsters continued looking at one another. It was then, after shaking out of their dazes, the two started to move a little, with the pig-tailed girl taking her time in analyzing Gohan's state.

Looking at his tattered clothes and heavily beaten appearance, Videl chuckled, "You look like hell."

The half-Saiyan chuckled, "I feel like it too. It's a set."

Looking up at his gravity defying blonde locks, the young martial artist reached up and ran her fingers through them. "Wow. I've never seen this look on you before. Is this that second transformation you were telling me about?"

"Yep. The one and only," Gohan said, feeling the girl flick the bang in front of his face. "Sorry if it's a little bit scary."

Videl shrugged, "It's not that scary. You seem pretty cool to me." Seeing the boy smile back at her, the young teen placed her hands on her hips and took him in completely. "Your opponent must have been pretty tough to push you this far. After your fights with Cell and Bojack, I didn't think there would be anyone else strong enough to make you work so hard." Still, she'd seen what that girl could do. It was nuts.

"It's a big universe out there," Gohan said, glancing up towards the sky for a bit and giving it a few seconds of consideration, "I wouldn't be surprised if there were any more people like her roaming the stars." When Videl also glanced upwards, the two faced each other again when the demi-Saiyan continued to speak. "After fighting Kana today, I know now that I have to train even harder if I want to continue to protect the earth. If there are any other aliens out there who are going to be coming here looking for a fight, then I have to be as ready as I can be to face them."

The raven haired girl nodded in understanding, "Yeah. I agree."

Sensing her shared enthusiasm as well as picking up something else lingering in her voice, Gohan then thought for a second before flashing her a grin, "Still interested in learning how to fight like me?" After she'd seen everything he could do, he wouldn't be at all put off if his friend was now feeling a little bit intimidated.

Instead of seeing Videl back off, the girl's expression brightened and she clenched her fists excitedly, "Hell yeah!"

Gohan chuckled, "Well then... how about coming to visit me this weekend and we can get you started?"
Eyes sparkling with joy, Videl grinned and nodded her head vigorously, "Yes! Thank you, Gohan-kun!"

After giving the girl a few moments to settle back down, the young demi-Saiyan looked across the way towards Satan City glimmering in the distance. Once he'd reestablished his bearings, he turned back to the girl and pointed over to the metropolis, "I've got a few things I need to do before heading home. Wanna join me?"

Videl nodded to him, "Sure." She then balked a little when the boy stepped towards her and wrapped his arms around her lithe form; an act which drew a slight blush to her cheeks. A second later, she then felt the ground leave their feet as the boy took off into the sky. At first gripping onto him fearfully, the girl then became more relaxed when she felt the demi-Saiyan had her and began marveling at the landscape as it passed her by. She then turned back to the hero of the day and fixed on his hair, "You going to stay like that, blondie?"

The half-Saiyan grinned, "Yeah. Since I'm already in this form I may as well practice getting more used to it." He figured he'd try for a couple weeks this time and break his record.

"Works for me." His response drew a grin from the girl. "I think you look good with blonde hair."

Laughing as they flew off, the pair was seen off by the still present Z-fighters in the field behind them. The sight of the two kids drawing a slight smile to Piccolo's face, the green-skinned man then focused his attention on Zangya, who was staring after the boy intently with a firm expression in play.

His own serious contours returning, the Namekian decided to step over to her and see what was troubling her.

Even though she did help them in their battle, the former guardian of earth was still suspicious of her and had made it to a point to shadow the Hera as much as possible.

"Why?" Zangya asked in a quiet voice, drawing curious glances from Krillin and Eighteen standing alongside her.

"Why what?" Piccolo asked, unflinching as ever.

"Why did he do all that?" the alien girl elaborated, narrowing her gaze when they saw the pair of kids disappear into the distance. "He spared me and that girl… even though he could have killed either of us without a second thought. Even though I was his enemy, someone who hurt his friends and the people he cares about… I just can't understand why he let a person like me live?" It was the very question that'd been stabbing at her since that fateful day back at the tournament on the island. "He killed Bojack… but why didn't he kill me?"

To that, the Namekian had an easy answer, "Because Gohan must have seen something inside of you that he thought was worth preserving." The warrior's words drew Zangya's gaze up to him, while he continued to stand there with a sagely look on his face. "He isn't a ruthless person by nature. The boy is kind and gentle, someone who cherishes life and the people around him above everything else. On the inside, he's not a coldhearted warrior like me, you, or Vegeta for that matter. If I was to summarize who Gohan really is… he's a merciful person, plain and simple."

When he sensed the look of surprise and inquisitiveness reflected on the woman's face, Piccolo continued to speak, only this time a smile appeared on his face. "It's the very same person that showed me what it meant to have a friend."

Krillin sprouted a grin, "Yeah… that sounds like our Gohan."
Zangya, eyes wavering when she heard the man finish, looked down at the ground thoughtfully for the next minute. In that time, as her mind processed what was spoken to her, she felt a great weight lift from her shoulders. Like a pair of shackles had just been removed, her body became even lighter and a warm feeling burned deep inside of her chest that sent a surge of life rushing through her.

At that moment, Zangya felt content, and looking up towards the city, a small smile appeared on her face.

"Thank you," she mouthed.

Hearing her say it despite her quietness, Krillin and Eighteen smiled. So did Piccolo. And with that, the four of them returned to staring over the horizon as a gentle breeze brushed over them.

For all they knew, a big change was coming for all of them, and they were all looking forward to seeing how it turned out.

OOO

(Meanwhile – Otherworld)

King Kai breathed a sigh of relief, "Well that was intense." Thank goodness it didn't drag on for too long. Thanks to Gohan, the earth was saved from yet another harrowing experience.

Smiling after watching the battle come to an end, Goku pulled his hand away from his teacher and watched as all the other fighters around them returned to their business. Even the West Kai left with a little more vigor than he had previously, allowing the master and student some time to themselves.

"I gotta say, your boy sure knows how to show a girl a good time," the blue-skinned man chuckled while sparing a glance at the Saiyan.

Goku snickered and placed his hands on his hips, "Gohan's growing up fast." Hell, it wouldn't be too long before the youngster was as tall as him one day.

Boy. That was a scary thought.

His mind then clicking back to the memories of the fight, the spiky haired hero grinned nervously and leaned over to whisper to his teacher, "Umm… King Kai, about Jupiter…"

OOO

(Meanwhile)

Once Kana had docked with her vessel still floating suspended above the planet, the girl wasted no time in closing up the hatch, having a nice, long hot shower, and returning to the cockpit to get underway. Discarding her ruined plug suit to the recycling, leaving her in only her underwear with a towel draped over her neck, the fiery haired girl strolled up to the cockpit and sat herself down in the smooth, plush seat of the pilot's throne. It was here the girl let out a sigh, rotated in her seat, and turned to look out the front window.

Seeing the earth hanging directly in front of her through the enormous visor of her vessel, the clouds drifting over the planet's oceans and continents in swirling sheets, the girl's gaze took on a look of forlorn while her finger tapped against her arm rest. Watching the planet rotate and listening to her ship's incredibly sophisticated helm and transparent control panels hum away, the
girl then became aware of a familiar series of beeping noises. A second later, a blue hologram of a small, robotic figure appeared on the dashboard.

Hands behind his back, the armored hologram looked at the exhausted girl with noticeable concern. "Ma'am. Is there something wrong?"

"Hello, Bit," Kana greeted, expression remaining unchanged as she rocked back and forth in her seat. "No… nothing's wrong."

"I'm detecting some unusual breathing patterns in your body's respiratory system. Your brain is also giving off some very mild yet uneven electrical signals. Are you sure you're doing alright?"

"Yes. I'm fine. It's just…" the girl paused for a moment, a momentary look of sadness coming over her before she leaned back and rested her head on her hand. When she closed her eyes and opened them some moments later, you could see her irises shimmering. A sad sigh escaped her lips again, "I met someone really incredible today… a kindhearted young man and one hell of a fighter." Her expression then fell slightly, "I doubt I'll ever meet someone like him again."

"Ah yes. This Son Gohan from Mount Paozu," the A.I replied, at the same time pulling up a profile picture of the boy on the hologram projector and suspending it in front of Kana, who spent the next few seconds staring at it. "I watched the recordings of your battle with him from your suit. He was undoubtedly an impressive specimen."

Kana smiled, her expression taking on a faraway look as she gazed at the demi-Saiyan's face. "Yes. He really is." Staring at Gohan's picture for several moments, the girl then stretched her arms over her head and leaned back, kicking her feet up onto the control panel in front of her like it was a desk and resting back. "Anyway… my business here is concluded. Mark this planet as 'protected', eject the satellite from our link bay and prepare for warp jump." With her towel still flung over her neck, Kana then turned her attention to the visor in front of her and ran her finger through the air, pulling a couple of hologram nodes across and beginning to give commands to her vessel. "Set coordinates for Sector 15."

"Of course, ma'am," Bit replied, a series of beeps ringing out as the ship was prepped and readied for flight. As a low humming sound started to echo throughout the vessel's interior, the A.I then looked away from the ship's windscreen and fixated on the girl kicking back in her helm's seat once again. "Would you like to listen to some music on our way there?"

"Oh yeah. I almost forgot about that," Kana exclaimed, a wide grin forming on her face as she looked out the window of her vessel as it started to rotate away from the planet. Seeing the Capsule Corp. satellite drift away, the girl continued typing into the hologram panel next to her, "Did you manage to separate all of the information we were able to download into individual drives?"

"Yes. Of course. I categorized all of the data we were able to collect from Earth's satellite, killed the bugs and arranged them all in their order of significance," Bit replied, earning an understanding nod from the pilot.

"Excellent. So…" Kana beamed at her incredibly helpful A.I. "Whatcha got for me? I could use with some in-flight entertainment." For every planet she'd visited in her lifetime, she'd been able to collect an enormous amount of information on their cultures and history. While a lot of the facts regarding their history were mostly white noise and she panned over that stuff easily, it was the cultural stuff she was most interested in.

A lot of worlds she'd visited in the past had some very interesting tastes in cinema, which she… illegally downloaded.
Bit, appealing to his master's whims, bowed his head. "I think I've found something that may be to your liking." There was then a click, followed by two seconds of silence.

Then, before Kana knew it, her ears were filled with the chant of 'Ouga Chaka' as Blue Swede's *Hooked on a Feeling* started blaring out over the speakers inside the vessel. Gradually starting to bob her head to the beat, the fiery haired girl felt a grin spread across her lips as she laid further back in her seat, allowing it to go full incline while her ship lined up with the stars.

"Oh yeah. Now *this* is what I'm talkin' about," Kana remarked and closed her eyes, basking in the melody of earth's music, completely unaware of how old it was.

A hum and a bright orange glow from the ship later, and the oval shaped vessel fired its engines and rocketed off into the cosmos with a crack of light.

It was gone in the blink of an eye...

OOO

(Sometime Later)

Back in Mount Paozu, the sun was starting to set over the mountains. With the sky turning orange and the animals beginning to return to their homes to roost, Gohan could be seen dropping down from the sky to land in front of his home's entrance. Once on the ground, the boy stepped forward and opened the door, where he then made his way into the living room to see his mother sitting anxiously on the couch.

Chi-Chi looked up when she sensed her son's return and stood up to greet him in the typical manner, "Gohan! Where have you been? You've been gone for hours! I was so worri-GAH!" She jumped in shock when she saw the still Super Saiyan 2 form of her eldest boy step around the corner, his orange and blue gi in tatters and his form covered in all sorts of gunk. Hand gripping her chest, the mother quickly recomposed herself, "W-What in the world happened to you?"

He looked like someone had run over him with a lawnmower.

Despite his ascended Saiyan state, the boy still wore the characteristic Son grin and, walking further into the room, he revealed he was carrying his mother's order, all of which were covered in the dry cleaning bags. This was obviously to protect them from getting ruined on the flight home.

"Sorry, mum. I got a little bit… sidetracked." Was that the right word? Yeah. Sure it was.

Seeing the sheepish look appear on the Super Saiyan's face, Chi-Chi let out a sigh and marched up to tower over her spiky haired son. "You're your father's son alright; always getting into some sort of trouble. Geez." She shook her head. "What am I ever going to do with you?"

"Well, I know one thing..." Gohan replied, smile widening, "If I want to stop being dragged through mountainsides and fields by freakishly strong opponents, I've got a lot more training I have to do." Seeing his mother stare at him for a moment before giving him a small, loving smile, the boy then brightened up again and looked the woman square in the eyes. "Oh yeah, guess what. Videl's coming over this weekend."

Chi-Chi clapped her hands together, "That's wonderful, Gohan. I'll be sure to make something special for when she comes by. We'll make her feel right at home." She then clenched her fists and looked up towards the ceiling victoriously. "Oh, I can see it right now. Grandchildren galore..."

Blushing and laughing nervously at the woman's sparkling eyes, the young demi-Saiyan then
remembered why he'd been sent out in the first place and pulled Chi-Chi's new clothes around to dangle in front of him. "By the way mum, why'd you send me to pick these up for you?" He could've sworn his mother already had a couple new sets of clothing, only these ones were a little bit bigger.

Gazing back down at the boy in surprise, Chi-Chi's expression then softened as she walked forward and placed a hand on her son's shoulder. When she did, she looked him right in the eyes and said something to him that would mark the first step to what would be the biggest change in their lives. "Because… in just a few months, the two of us are going to become a family of three, Gohan." Seeing the Super Saiyan 2 give a few confused blinks, his mother's smile widened and she laid a hand across her belly, which she then rubbed tenderly. "You're going to be a big brother."

At that exact moment, once the realization of his mother's words passed through his head, Gohan's face lit up with a thousand kilowatt smile.

**TO BE CONTINUED**

---

**Author's Note:** Hope you all enjoyed this chapter. I wish they did something like this in the original series. Making Goku the hero again was the silliest decision ever.

Next up, the seven year gap will happen. This will play out in a montage, so you'll be able to see what Gohan does over the seven years in flashes, which I would think would be really effective in the anime series with the right music (note: you're going to have to imagine the music).

While we're on that note, Kana listening to music was inspired off of Guardians of the Galaxy. That music totally fits!

Well, see yah next chapter.

P.S: To everyone posting me power level suggestions… please stop.
The night before Mirai Trunks left for the future saw one of the biggest parties the Z-fighters had ever thrown for one of their own. Everyone had been invited to the evening’s festivities; Tien, Chiaotzu, Yamcha, Turtle, Yajirobe, shoot even Android 18#, Videl, Hercule and Zangya. All the members of the Z-gang turned up to the get-together with their friends and families, which saw every single one of them mingling throughout the entire event, particularly with Mirai whom everyone had a chance to spend some time with and give him all their best.

The very next day, once everyone had recovered from their respective hangovers, dressed in their best, the groups gathered together for one last photo. The lavender haired Saiyan made sure to share a final round of handshakes and ‘goodbyes’ with all the Z-fighters he’d come to know in his stay in the past, and even managed to share a respectful nod with his father. After all was said and done, the demi-Saiyan hopped into his signature yellow craft and took off into the future.

It was a sad time for all of them. Having just recently said goodbye to a loved one almost immediately following the events of the Cell Games, the group also had to say goodbye to another member of their gang who, in a span of only a couple of months, had become just as much a part of their family as Goku before him. However, knowing with certainty and pride that the lavender haired warrior was going to be alright, everyone slowly bucked it up, pulled themselves together, and returned to their lives with just as much hope and confidence for the future as before.

Master Roshi, Turtle, Oolong and Krillin went back to their island to resume their everyday routines, with Android 18# following not too far behind, and Tien and Chiaotzu flew back to the northern mountains to continue their training. The Briefs got all of their personal affairs in order; Bulma juggling her time between looking after her infant son and taking care of work at the company, and Vegeta hitting his training regime even harder than ever (if that was even possible).

From Yamcha to Dende, Everyone had places to go and things to do, and this went especially double for Gohan and his family up in Mount Paizo.

On top of his ongoing lessons with Videl, who'd managed to negotiate with her father to stay at his home for another few months, the young Saiyan also balanced time between his own training and career work. And this wasn't just limited to his studies either.

Just as he promised his mother, Gohan went out and got work at a construction company. Much like his father and Krillin in their childhood years under Master Roshi's tutelage, the young warrior was able to use his enormous strength and technical brilliance to acquire a fantastic position at the BuildingH Corp. in Satan City; one of the largest and most well-known conglomerates in the world. Taking full advantage of his efficacy and his ability to deliver outstanding results, the demi-Saiyan was able to convince the organization to pay him five to ten times the amount that regular workers would normally receive from their hours. It was the least they could do anyway, because not only could Gohan effortlessly function as a full shift of crew members all by his lonesome, he could also micromanage and organize all of the technical knowhow involved with the jobs with
both hands tied behind his back.

To put it into perspective, the young Saiyan quickly became the most valuable commodity the company could have ever hoped to enlist into their ranks. Not only was Gohan the best crew member to have on their larger than life projects, including skyscraper and office building constructions, but he was also able to take care of their smaller projects, with this mostly involving the construction of small houses, roads and community centers.

With only a handful of assignments, the young Saiyan was able to make enough money for his entire family to live on comfortably, as well as save up plenty for whatever rainy days they were likely to come across.

Able to organize his shifts that required him to work only a few times a week due to his speed and efficiency, Gohan had plenty of free time left in his schedule to hang out at home with his family, spend time with Videl and his friends, and train his ass off in his rest periods.

As far as he was concerned, peacetime was working extremely well for him.

Over the next several months the schedule in his life rarely changed. Every morning he would get up super early for some hard training and rigorous sparring, either with Piccolo or a clone of his own creation, before then settling down for some breakfast. Heck, he even managed to convince Zangya to partake in some of his sessions, much to the woman's exhaustion. But when the Hera realized exactly how far the young Saiyan was planning to push himself, not wanting to be outdone, she too soon felt the need to exercise her strengths.

The woman reasoned that if she worked hard enough, perhaps she would be able to learn a few things more about the kid she was hanging out with.

In the days Videl spent over at his place, Gohan would oversee her training in the early morning hours after his exercises and up the stakes of every lesson for her, keeping her moving and keeping her sweating. Along with the customary lunch, study and relaxation breaks, he would then continue training with her until the end of their shift, in which he would proceed with his own personal regimen.

So far he was coming along splendidly. The balance of work, play and rest in his life allowed him to build up his strength and refine his skills as a fighter much faster than through continuous, backbreaking drills from dusk till dawn. Though he did often take advantage of his Saiyan genetics to boost up his power after every recovery, he learned through his father and his own experiences that doing it too often would be more detrimental to his development and growth in the long run than beneficial. Vegeta continued working his butt into the ground day in and day out, but because of Gohan's more polished routine he was able to stay ahead of the prince easily, while at the same time not put his body under too much unwanted stress.

You shouldn't ignore the fundamentals. His father reminded him of that more than once during their time training together.

On another note, aside from now being able to completely control his Super Saiyan 2 form to the point he could actually hold a glass cup without shattering it, Videl's training was coming along marvelously as well.

In the time she'd stayed over at his place, the girl had made some wicked progress. Just like how Gohan had been able to get strong under Piccolo's watch, under his guidance the teen martial artist was growing stronger almost as fast as he had. Continuously increasing her weighted clothing, changing up her routine and sparring with her repetitively has really increased her strength and
fighting skills. Furthermore, not only has her ability to form ki blasts improved immensely that she could now use higher tonnage attacks in succession and allow her to learn more powerful moves, she'd also learned how to fly and sense energy.

After only eight full months of work, Videl was now as strong as Krillin was when Nappa and Vegeta first arrived on earth.

He was pleased with his friend's development. If only he could say the same thing about his Instantaneous Movement training. Despite being able to use it without crashing into mountains anymore (a majority of the time), he always ended up missing his mark on every pass. That just showed he still needed a whole lot more work with it.

No wonder it took his father a year to master this technique. It was hard.

Of course, not being one to give up without a fight, the young Super Saiyan kept at it every day, setting himself a new challenge every session. He needed to get the thing right some time and, damn it, he was going to get this bloody thing down even if it was the last thing he did!

On this particular day, Gohan had taken to a different kind of training exercise that pushed his endurance and adaptability to a whole other level. Finding himself floating in the cold vacuum of space with the planet earth floating like a massive blue and white globe far behind him, the hybrid warrior had his eyes tightly shut and his fists firmly clenched. Sweat floating off of him as his body endured the harshest environment imaginable, second only to the surface of the sun itself, the boy was not only holding a perfect orbital position, he was also assumed in his Super Saiyan state and what appeared to be a facade of complete and utter concentration.

If he hadn't already been up there for a couple hours already you would think he'd just started this odd routine. But since his mum had recently been admitted to the hospital and the nurses had kicked him out for causing such a ruckus in the corridors, it was expected that the boy would go out to find something else to work off the stress. Right now he was aiming to set a new record for how long he could actually stay up here without passing out and would continue to do so until he'd fully adapted to his new surroundings.

After several minutes of floating there in meditation, the blonde's eyes suddenly flew open and he threw both his hands forward. His golden aura exploding around him as he jumped straight to Super Saiyan 2, the boy let out a yell of effort and unleashed a blast that shot from his hands and rocketed towards the blanket of stars on the horizon. His attack possessed enormous speed, spread and force, easily flying beyond the Solar System and into the expanse of nothingness before him.

When he eventually hit his target, a rogue, moon-sized asteroid floating millions of kilometers out of sight, the head of his attack struck it, disintegrated it, and detonated with the force of sixty suns going off at once. The explosion took the form of a blinding flash of golden light, which filled the horizon and dwarfed the Solar System, and eventually settled moments later.

Blue electricity shooting off of his ethereal glow, Gohan focused his gaze on another target to his three-o-clock. Upon which he cranked his right hand back and chucked it forward. "FLASH MADAN!"

Unleashing his new move, a powerful blast of blue energy surrounded by golden sparks of electricity erupted from his palm like a jet and shot across the skies in the form of a massive comet. Effortlessly leaving the Solar System, the streak of energy soon reached a cluster of asteroids hanging far out of sight. The attack engulfed them, turning them into space dust and carried on, before exploding safely away from any nearby planets in a flash of brilliant light.
Lowering his hand, the Super Saiyan 2 frowned and fell out of his second level state, reverting to his first form and allowing his thoughts to carry on.

"This is almost like training in the Hyperbolic Time Chamber," Gohan thought with a small smile on his face.

Almost.

At least out here he didn't have to worry about hurting anybody and could just fire random blasts into the emptiness of space.

His aura dying off but still assumed in his transformed state, the youngster then glanced over his shoulder when he sensed a familiar presence appear behind him. He'd been so caught up in his own little world of meditation and thought that he didn't even notice he had company.

"Glad to see you're taking your training seriously, brat. I'm impressed," the rough, gravelly voice of Vegeta spoke as he floated a few yards behind the boy. Adorned in a black vest, grey sports pants and training shoes, the last, full-blooded Saiyan left alive stared his fellow compatriot down with an air of confidence and satisfaction. "That's good. A true Saiyan warrior should take every opportunity they have to improve their skills, no matter how small or grueling the task may be."

Gohan smiled back at his father's number one rival, "Heh. Thanks, Vegeta. That means a lot coming from you."

The man grunted, "Consider it a 'best wishes' gift in honor of the occasion. I suggest you savor this moment, runt, since I'm not very charitable when it comes to complimenting people who are beneath me in stature."

This had the youngster chuckle, "I'll be sure to remember that."

As he drifted over to float alongside the kid, Vegeta allowed a sense of amusement to tug across his lips, "So you decided to come up here and shoot a few rocks out of the sky to work off some stress?"

"That and more. I'm... actually learning how to fight in this kind of field; a place without gravity or air," the demi-Saiyan replied while looking ahead of him again. "You know... there have been many times in the past I've wondered how far we could actually push our bodies, not just against really strong opponents, but in places we wouldn't normally end up fighting. When Piccolo, Krillin and I fought Dr. Wheelo in the planet's thermosphere many years ago, I came up with this theory that people with strong, durable bodies and effective control over their ki could actually fight in an environment that would otherwise be impossible for ordinary people to breathe in. It was only after my fight with Kana that my suspicions were confirmed."

Vegeta nodded, knowing exactly where Gohan was going with this, "Saiyans have naturally adaptable bodies and can survive in even the harshest of conditions; this includes the vacuum of space. While there are some who can only travel about as far as the stratosphere of a planet, there are others like you and me that can push that boundary. As long as we're shrouded by our energy, we can travel through a vacuum for as long as is needed. Your father and the others have just been grounded on this planet for so long that they've never taken the time to get used to this kind of setting."

Like his father. Years ago, had he not been able to find a ship off of Namek, prolonged exposure to the vacuum of space on top of the planet's explosion would've surely killed him.
However, through training and heavy doses of entry to this sort of setting had allowed them to circumvent the need for breathable air and an atmosphere, and build up resilience to the stifling void of the cosmos. The natural bio-field that shrouded their bodies allowed them to create their own personal form of circular breathing, in which their ki replenished and continuously enriched the oxygen necessary for them to survive.

"Exactly," Gohan said with a determined smile and a clenched fist. "When I took on Kana in the thermosphere and came back down to earth, I felt really lightheaded and dizzy… a drawback from fighting at such a distance from the earth's atmosphere. That means I need to continue practicing in places like this till I can fight in them without needing to concentrate." He then allowed his Super Saiyan form to fade and turned to face the Saiyan prince, man to man.

Getting a good look at the kid in the zero-gravity milieu, Vegeta could see just how much he was growing and feel how strong he was becoming. Giving a frustrated click of the tongue, the prince could still pick up the noticeable gap between him and the youngster's power. Despite having pushed himself to the brink of snapping in two in Capsule Corp's gravity room, this kid was still miles ahead of him and the fact that he was progressing as equally fast as he was ticked him off to an insane degree.

However, despite his own inner turmoil, Vegeta also felt a sign of pride, knowing that a person with Saiyan lineage had been able to become so strong. Of course, it still annoyed the full-blooded hothead to no end that it'd been someone else, a half-breed no less, and not him.

The influx of feelings were complicated, but at the same time perfectly within reason.

"You have the eyes of a dead fish," Vegeta remarked, pointing out the bags under Gohan's eyes.

Taking notice of his appearance too, since he could practically feel the fatigue, the demi-Saiyan chuckled and shrugged, "Oh? Do I look that rich in omega-3s?"

"I'm being serious, runt," the prince replied, at the same time frowning at the adolescent fighter. "You haven't been sleeping well, have you?"

"Mm. I guess. But only for the past several days," Gohan replied, breathing out a heavy sigh and placing his hands on his hips. "Mum hasn't been able to move around a lot and has been asking me to do some extra stuff for her around the house. I guess… having a little passenger on board has really taken it out of her."

It had been a really trying and turbulent period for Chi-Chi. The Son mother had placed a lot of the responsibilities she normally would have done herself on her son, and on top of his work and training, that was just mentally exhausting for him.

Going out, training, or just meditating in general has really helped the demi-Saiyan in keeping it all together. It was what he'd been doing moments before deciding to have some target practice with some rocks drifting through the void.

Speaking of which.

"Hey. Wanna see who can shoot down the most asteroids? First one to reach thirty wins?" Gohan asked, grinning across at the prince in a way that would be impossible for the man to resist the challenge.

Considering the boy's teasing smile and suggestion for competition, Vegeta then, with great hesitation, shook his head and looked back at him seriously, "Maybe next time, kid. Right now, the
blue haired woman has sent me up here to fetch you for something that's supposedly more important than that."

At first appearing confused, a light then returned to the demi-Saiyan's eyes that reflected a patent sense of surprise, "Y-You mean?"

Vegeta nodded and turned side on, gesturing him towards the planet.

Without needing to be told twice, the young Super Saiyan powered up and shot towards the globe suspended in the distance, his form disappearing in a streak of golden light. The prince lingered back for several minutes longer, watching the boy vanish before slowly deciding to follow after him at his own pace.

Descending through the atmosphere and easily cooling off upon reentry, Gohan set a course straight for Satan City hospital. In a matter of moments he was on the institute's roof, powered down, and sprinting through the corridors, ducking and dodging patients and nurses along the way. Honing in on his mother's ki signature, he soon found himself outside her room with Bulma waiting expectantly for him at the entrance.

Gohan gulped when he saw the blue haired scientist beaming at him, "I-Is she…?"

The woman nodded affirmatively, "She's okay, Gohan. Just tired. The doctor said you can go in and see her now if you like." She was lucky she made room for the boy when she did because the second she stepped aside, the demi-Saiyan barreled right past her.

Arriving at his mother's bed, Gohan stood by the railings looking across at the exhausted, raven haired woman lying underneath the sheet. Not only taking note of the tired rings under her eyes and her drained expression, the boy also noticed the bundle she was now cradling in her arms. Biting his teeth together nervously, the young Saiyan perked up when he saw her quietly glance his way.

"Mum?"

Chi-Chi, giving her boy a warm smile, moved over slightly and adjusted her position on the bed. When Gohan finally got a good look at the towel she was cradling, he saw that she was holding a newborn baby, a sight that had his eyes widen in amazement.

"Say hello to your little brother," the mother said weakly.

Awed at the sight of the infant in her arms, Gohan leaned over to have a better look. When he reached out to brush some of the material out of the way, he suddenly felt his finger grabbed by a tiny hand and saw the newborn child beaming brightly at him. The sight of her surprised older son had Chi-Chi shake with pained giggles.

"I think someone else wants to say hello too."

Seeing the baby coo and wiggle about in the bundle in his mother's arms, the half-Saiyan smiled and waved at him. "H-Hey there." Hearing the baby giggle at his greeting, the half-Saiyan then reached over and moved some of the towel out of the way, where he then saw the irrefutable proof of the boy's Saiyan lineage curled up beside him. Paying the furry tail little mind, the eldest son smiled even wider. "I'm Gohan, your big brother." He then looked over at his mother, whom he could see was still looked absolutely drained. "Have you thought of a name for him?"

Chi-Chi shook her head, "No… not yet. I was hoping maybe … you would have an idea."

Pondering on it for several moments, the spiky haired Saiyan gave his baby brother a considerate
look and tugged at the bundle of cloth, earning another playful laugh from him, "I was thinking maybe... Goten."

"Goten?"

"Yeah, since it's just like my name and dad's name," Gohan continued, chuckling when he saw the youngster squirm about once again. "Heh... and I think it suits him too. With those eyes and that nose, he looks so much like him." He then nervously glanced up at his mother once more. "W-What do you think?"

Chi-Chi, taking her eldest son's words into consideration, gave him an approving stare and nodded, before then holding her baby son closer to her. "It's a lovely name. Goten..." A happy gleam appeared across her face as she gently cuddled her newborn, "My little Goten."

Looking between his mother and baby brother, and seeing the latter yawn as he prepared to drift off into sleep, Gohan's eyes started to shimmer as he regarded the newest member of the family for the longest time. Then, while watching his mother tenderly caress her new son, and feeling the eyes of the medical staff, Bulma, and a newly arrived Vegeta resting on him, the Saiyan's mind began to form words he knew he had every intention of living up to.

"I'll look after you, Goten. I promise."

Somewhere up above them, a certain spiky haired father could be seen lying flat out on the grass of the Grand Kai's planet, resting from a long day of rigorous training, and smiling down at his family.

XXX

(A Week Later)

For the first time in eleven years, the Son household has been blessed with the presence of new life. Lying in a bamboo cradle in the middle of the living room, a tiny blanket covering him and his head resting on a pillow, the newest member of the family, Goten, could be seen sleeping peacefully under the watchful gazes of his guardians.

Crowding the cradle on all sides, Gohan, Chi-Chi, the Ox King and Videl were looking down at the little tyke quietly breathing away with smiles of adulation and affection.

Obviously there visiting the Son family again, the raven haired girl from Satan City gave a quiet exclamation of delight and tilted her head at the infant, "He's so cute."

The Ox King chuckled, "Yeah. He looks just about as small as Gohan was when he was born... and just as healthy."

Videl nodded her head in agreement, "That's good. It means he's going to grow up to be as big and strong as his older brother."

"I hope so," Gohan chirped, sitting at the end of the cradle alongside his friend, who was also kneeling beside him. "He's half Saiyan as well, just like me." Looking the quietly sleeping youngster over, the boy in the long-sleeved, oriental white top grinned and looked over at his grandfather. "Hey. His hair looks just like dads."

The towering man blinked as he fixed his attention on the baby's head and, after adjusting his glasses, gave a boisterous laugh. "Well now, isn't that something."
"He's the spitting image of Goku when he was young," Chi-Chi murmured, a loving smile forming on her face at the same time. A sigh escaping her lips, the woman reached down and gently ran her fingers over the boy's head. "I only wish his father could be here to see him. I'm sure he would be happy to meet the newest addition to our family."

"Yeah," Gohan murmured.

After a moment of gazing at her newborn, the recently acquitted patient from the hospital glanced across at her son and his student. Heart churning at the sight of the pair of teens and seeing how well they fitted together, Chi-Chi allowed a warm smile to form as she fixed her gaze onto their home's guest. "By the way Videl, thank you so much for all the presents you and your father bought for us. I'm sure that Goten will love them."

The raven haired girl grinned bashfully and rubbed her head in response, "That's alright, Chi-Chi. It's the least we could do." She then absently noted the massive stack of wrapped up boxes sitting against the wall of the lounge, all of which were topped with flowers and a basket of fruit. They certainly seemed like the typical gifts one would buy for a friend or family member who was having a child, and there were a lot of them too. "My dad went all out buying all of those toys, food and clothing for you guys. Perhaps it's his way of apologizing for all of the trouble he's caused your family over the year."

"Trouble? What trouble?" Chi-Chi asked the girl in surprise.

"You know… stealing Gohan's thunder from the Cell and Bojack incidents and everything," Videl explained, earning a chuckle from the Ox King and a grin from the demi-Saiyan as well. "Does he still think we're angry about that?" the young Z-fighter asked in amusement.

"We already told him he didn't have to worry about taking the credit," Chi-Chi replied, also staring across at the girl in an amused yet friendly manner. "Honestly. If that man keeps stressing about every little thing in life, he's going to give himself a really bad aneurism one of these days." Her expression brightened as she passed on to the anxious looking Videl her honest response. "We're very grateful for the presents your father sent us, but you can tell him to take it easy from now on. We don't plan on threatening him or anything of the sort. Our family is not like that."

Videl nodded in understanding, "I'll be sure to remind him. Thanks, Chi-Chi."

While the group continued to fawn over the baby sleeping in the crib, there was one amongst their troop that had decided to keep her distance and give the newborn a wide berth. Throughout the entire procession, Zangya had taken to standing over by the wall with her arms folded and a firm look set upon the entourage.

Having been invited into the home earlier that day when Videl arrived to see the newest member of the family, the blue-skinned warrior had had plenty of time to herself to observe the habits of the group as well as take in all of the things being shared between them.

"Another one, huh? That's nice."

Needless to say, she didn't really want to approach not knowing whether she would be welcomed or not. For the sake of the child and the family's wellbeing, Zangya wisely decided to stay where she was until she felt the need to be excused from the room.

The commotion in the home eventually roused little Goten from his sleep and when his eyes fluttered open, he found himself staring up at four people beaming down at him. After looking
around at the cheerful strangers in what was easily recognized as an adorable expression of surprise, the mother of the curious child then giggled, reached down and picked him up.

"I'm sorry, Goten, sweetie. Did we wake you?" Chi-Chi asked, standing up with her son in her arms. When everyone rose up as well, she began rocking the child back and forth, "Don't worry. Mummy's got you."

Smiling and giggling at the woman holding him, the boy then looked around at the other strangers surrounding him. It was only when his eyes fell upon Gohan that the youngster stopped and stared, an action that had the elder demi-Saiyan balk. Upon which the older brother beamed and waved back at his infant sibling.

Staring at the teen with the spiky black hair, Goten then suddenly squirmed in his mother's arms and started reach out towards the boy. Making incomprehensible noises but obviously directing his efforts and flailing towards Gohan, a surprised Chi-Chi silently obliged with her newborn son's needs and walked over to the man of the house.

"I think he wants you to hold him, Gohan." The mother willingly held the baby out and ceremoniously dipped him into the older hybrid's arms. It was an offering the demi warrior couldn't possibly refuse, and did so while stammering nervously. "Careful. Mind his head."

Just as his parent asked, Gohan was careful in holding the infant. Looking down at him, he saw the child gaze up at him admiringly, a smile on his face and eyes shimmering with joy. Staring back at him, a cheerful look then came upon Gohan's own visage and he began to cradle the child tenderly. "Hey, little guy. It's your big brother; the strongest kid in the universe. Pretty cool, huh?" Hearing Goten giggle drew a laugh from the demi-Saiyan as well, while all the others around the pair watched on with pride and joy.

However, as the family observed Gohan shower affection over his baby brother, a thought soon came to the demi-Saiyan's head that had him pause for a brief moment. His smile faltering slightly, the boy then looked around his living room and at all his family members, before then fixing his gaze upon the fireplace. There, on the shelf above, he saw the photo containing the picture of his father holding him when he was a child alongside his mother.

Contemplating the frame and image for a few moments in silence, the boy then smiled and nodded affirmatively, before glancing back down at his brother.

XXX

(A Few Days Later)

Standing on the balcony of what was known by all the Z-fighters as Kami's Lookout, Gohan put on a wide smile of amusement as he watched Videl touch down on the tiled surface in front of him and keel over in shock. Panting heavily with sweat dripping down her face, the girl in the orange and blue gi looked up at the youngster to see him beaming down at her, which quickly prompted her to straighten up to save face before her trainer.

"Good job, Videl. You've become a much faster flyer over the last couple of weeks," the demi-Saiyan chirped.

Swallowing heavily, the girl grinned and brushed her damp locks out of her face, "Well… I have been practicing a lot lately. You should know, since you've been the one overseeing my training the entire month."
The young man chuckled, "Yeah. I guess I have. But hey, there's always a little room to be surprised." He then looked her over and turned to the side. "At the rate you're going, in about another year's time… I bet you'll become just as strong as any one of the members of the Ginyu Force… maybe even more."

"Really?" Videl asked in delight. She'd heard about those guys through Gohan's stories about Namek. From what she'd managed to gauge, those guys had been seriously tough back in the day; enough to be called Frieza's elite.

"Uh-huh. If we stay on top of it and keep doing what we've been doing, I'm sure you'll be able to get to that level in no time," Gohan reaffirmed, putting his full and utmost confidence in the girl's abilities. It was a compliment that drew a smile from her lips and red from her cheeks.

It'd been close to a year now and in that time Gohan had been able to transform his best friend from a determined martial artist of King Chappa's level to a world class fighter comparable to that of the Z-Fighters around the Saiyan invasion period. If Gohan was able to train her to become this strong in the same amount of time it took Krillin, with her talent and determination, he was confident he would be able to transform her into something amazing.

Who knows? In just a few more years, she could become as strong as Tien, Yamcha and Krillin were around the time the Androids showed up.

However, in order to do that, she needed an edge and Gohan knew exactly where to find one.

"So. Why'd you get me to fly all the way up here?" Videl asked, looking around the large, floating platform she suddenly found herself standing on. "What is this place anyway?" Blinking a few times, she then looked back at the young Saiyan in surprise. "Wait… hang on a second… is this…?"

"Yep. Kami's Lookout," Gohan chirped, at the same time beginning to lead her down the causeway towards the palace on the other end of the artificial island. "This is the same place Krillin and the others trained when the Saiyans were coming… and it's the same place me and my dad trained before the Cell Games."

"W-Whoa," the girl exclaimed, falling in step with her friend while surveying the very spot most of the people on the planet far below believed to be nothing more than myth and legend. But now, after hearing all of the tales Gohan had told her about his epic adventures over the years, she was finally starting to see that all those myths and legends were actually true. "This is amazing." She then looked over at the boy. "B-But why did you bring me here now? Is this another part of my training?"

"Yep. I was thinking that for the next couple of months, whenever you're visiting or staying over at my place, we can come up here and have a few sessions together. The change of atmosphere and setting should be really good for your development as a hardnosed fighter," the demi-Saiyan informed with a smile, glancing across at her at the same time. "I… also had something else in mind."

"Oh? What kind of thing?"

"You see, during our adventures on Namek, Krillin and I met the leader of the Namekian people and the creator of their planet's dragon balls, Guru. He was an incredibly wise ruler and very strong in his race's techniques. When we visited him, he gave me and Krillin a gift by unlocking the hidden potential inside of both of us. This gave us enough strength to fight toe to toe with the Ginyu Force," Gohan informed, stopping them between the rows of palms so as to focus fully on
his companion. "While we weren't strong enough to beat them, by unhinging our fighting potential he was able to give us a massive edge in our final battles and allowed us to grow stronger at a faster rate."

The damages they'd received and recovered from their fights with both the Ginyu Force and Frieza later onwards had allowed Gohan and Krillin significant boosts in strength and skill. While this was most certainly the case for Gohan due to his Saiyan genetics, the boy had noticed that his teammate had also gotten a lot stronger between the battles as well. This showed the capabilities unlocking ones potential had in the long term, which was what gave Gohan this idea to do the same for Videl.

The girl's eyes shone with anticipation at what the half-Saiyan was suggesting, "So you brought me up here to see if you can unlock my potential as well?"

"That's right. I can sense how strong you're becoming and how quickly you're progressing in your training. I can also sense you've got a lot of bottled up energy inside of you," Gohan replied, before then directing her attention towards the palace. "At your absolute maximum, you're almost about as strong as Krillin and I were when we were traveling to Namek. I think it's only fitting that we gave you the same edge I got back then."

It was then the pair approached three familiar figures waiting for them up ahead. Videl recognized one of them immediately and smiled at his presence.

"Good morning, Piccolo."

The Namekian warrior smiled back, "Hey, runt."

Grinning, the raven haired girl then turned her attention to the other two people standing beside the caped fighter. One of them was a black skinned man in a vest, turban, baggy pants and pointy shoes, while the other was another, much younger Namekian, about the same age as her, adorned in white robes, a blue scarf, and carrying a wooden staff.

Noticing her looking at the new pair, Gohan gestured towards them, "Videl, this is Dende; the friend I told you about from Namek, the new guardian of earth and the inheritor of our planet's dragon balls."

Jerking upright at realizing exactly who she was addressing, the girl then bowed respectfully to the two people in front of her, "H-Hello. It's a pleasure to finally meet you."

"And hello to you too," Dende exclaimed with a friendly smile. "Gohan has told me a lot about you, Videl."

"And he's told me about you as well," the raven haired martial artist replied, grinning across at the young overseer of the planet. "Is it true that he saved you from Frieza and his men back on your home planet?"

"Yes. It's true," the boy replied with a slight laugh, "He and his friends were really brave, and they fought so hard too. Even though that monster got me in the end, we were all able to turn it around and get him back for everything he did to us."

"So I heard," Videl giggled, before then turning to Mr. Popo to see him smiling at her as well. His appearance earned a bow from the child as well, "Good day, sir."

The guardian's advisor nodded in return. "Good day."
Gulping, the girl glanced back at her trainer. "So Gohan… what happens now? Am I going to have to go through some sort of trial or… exam or something?"

Smiling brightly, the demi-Saiyan then turned to his alien friend. "You heard what we were talking about before, right?"

Dende immediately nodded at his question, "Yes, I did. You wish to try and unlock your friend's potential in the same way that Guru was able to unlock yours?"

"Yeah. That's kind of what this whole trip is about," Gohan replied nervously and with a hopeful look in his eyes. "Do you… think you'll be able to do it? I know it's asking a lot from you and everything, but…"

The young Namek nodded his head confidently, "Lord Guru passed onto me the ability to heal as well as a few of our other race's techniques. Though I'm not as proficient at them as he was, I'm certain I'll be able to bring something to the table. Mr. Popo has been getting me to work really hard and I've had plenty of time to practice my skills as the new guardian of earth."

Gohan's face lit up at the news, "That's great. Awesome." He then turned his attention to Videl and nodded her towards his friend. "He says he'll give it his best shot."

"O-Okay," the girl gulped, stepping forward and watching Dende move forward as well. Appearing anxious, Videl knelt down in front of the Namekian boy and closed her eyes, allowing the watcher of earth to lift his hands up and hold them above her head. Her position allowed the young guardian to feel out her ki a lot easier than from his previous position and, in a matter of moments, he started to work his magic.

Moving to stand beside Piccolo, Gohan and the others watched on as Dende tightened his face in concentration, at the same time Videl firmly held her position. With a few words of encouragement, the gutsy fighter relaxed, making the worker's job that much easier.

For the next few minutes everyone remained as they were and silence prevailed over the area. The butterflies danced over the flowers and the wind blew over them like a veil. It was only after a certain amount of time had passed that Dende finally found what he was looking for and, opening his eyes in surprise, a smile quickly pulled across his face. He then looked down upon the girl kneeling in front of him.

"Wow. You have a lot of power sleeping inside of you. It's incredible." He saw Videl peek up at him with one eye. "You must have been training really hard to have this much potential energy stored up."

"A-Are you sure?" the girl asked, not really knowing what to make of this information. "I've already pushed myself to my absolute limits. I'm actually amazed I was able to make it this far."

"And you can push yourself even further still," Dende said softly, beaming at the girl in a comforting manner. "With this much potential energy, you have the ability to go as far as any one of the Z-fighters." His expression then became serious and, once again, he began to focus. "Now… hold still for a moment."

At first batting her eyes in confusion, Videl and everyone else then became aware of a strange humming sound filling the air. Accompanying it, the girl saw the Namekian's hands begin to pulse with a bright, yellow light, moments before the glow vanished back into his palms. Then, without warning, the girl suddenly felt a surge of energy swell up inside of her and explode from her body in a flash of light, engulfing her in a burning white aura. The energy blazed around her like a flame
and, as if feeling a massive weight lift clear from her shoulders, she felt her body lighten and her power soar.

Piccolo, Gohan and Mr. Popo actually blinked in surprise at the amount of energy they suddenly felt appear from the girl. The sight of her now radiant form brought an eager smile to the demi-Saiyan's face and a nod seconds later. Then, upon seeing Dende step away, they watched the young martial artist rise to her feet and look down at her glowing hands in astonishment.

"Whoa," Videl gasped, clenching and unclenching her fingers. "I-Is this my power?"

"Yes," Dende replied with an affirmative gesture, "The power that's been lying dormant inside of you. How do you feel?"

"I… I feel…" Stammering at first, the pigtailed fighter then grinned joyously and threw her hands into the air in triumph, "I feel fantastic! WOW!" Laughing happily, Videl bounced on her toes and sprang into the air, allowing her aura to blast around her freely while performing an aerial flip. Coming back down to ground level after her expression of delight, she landed with a light tap and threw a series of swift punches, all of which she unleashed at blurring speeds. "Oh man! This is great! Thank you so much!" Powering down, Videl quickly rushed up to Dende and took his hands in hers, shaking them gratefully. "H-How can I repay you for this?"

The young Namekian blushed under the girl’s brilliant smile and shook his head. "It's alright. Just keep working hard like you were before and don't stop training…” He then glanced across at Gohan, who too was smiling. "Am I right?"

"Yeah. She wants to become as strong as all of us one day. I'm sure that after this, she's one step closer to achieving that goal," the youngster replied, strolling forward and moving up to his two friends, both of whom turned to face him. Thanking Dende just as Videl had, the demi-Saiyan then focused his attention on his student. "Well… what do you think?"

A giggle soon followed as Videl raised a determined fist, "This is better than I ever imagined. Thank you, Gohan." She then stepped up to him and gave him a hug, one that the boy accepted gladly before seeing her spring off of him and turn away with a blush. "I… I mean… I really appreciate it."

"I'm glad to hear that," the boy chuckled, looking her over once more before then giving her an expression of intent. "Because I think it's time I gave you your first real test to see how far you've come." When he saw her look at him in surprise, Gohan then nodded towards her and continued, "You're entering the World Martial Arts Tournament coming up in the next couple days, right?"

"I-You're entering the World Martial Arts Tournament coming up in the next couple days, right?"

"Yeah. The officials have recently shortened the time and dates between each of the events, so now they're hosting the 25th Tenkaichi Budokai for this year." Videl's eyes then widened in sudden realization and she looked across at the boy in awe, "Y-You're going to enter it as well?"

"Of course. But since I'm under age I'm going to have to enter the Junior Division lineup they've included in the schedule, so I can't quite go for the World Championship belt just yet," the demi-Saiyan chuckled while rubbing his head in his characteristic manner. "I think this will be a great way to see what fighting in the arena is really like. Even though I've already got a part time job, now that I have a little brother to look after, I want to make sure that my mum has enough money to feed and take care of him for the next few years. The prize money from the Junior Division will be a really big help."

"Oh. I see," Videl gave the boy an understanding look and smiled. "I'm sure that will make Chi-Chi
very happy."

"I want it to be a surprise too, so I'm only going by myself. I'll invite the others next time," Gohan replied, a smile pulling across his lips before he then glanced up at his mentor, whom he could see was looking at him seriously. "You can come and watch me too if you like, Piccolo."

The Namekian warrior smiled and nodded, "Sure thing, kid. Sounds like it'll be a lot of fun."

Gohan then turned his attention to the others, "Dende? Mr. Popo?"

His eager inquiry drew a light chuckle from the guardian of the planet, "Maybe next time, Gohan. I've still got a lot of work to catch up on. But I'll be sure to support you from afar."

Acknowledging the young Namekian's response, the spirited fighter once again focused his attention on his student, whom he could see was staring at him with great intensity and excitement. "A fight between us in the final round would be an awesome way to test your new fighting skills." He then raised an eyebrow and gave her a competitive grin. "Not to mention it'll be a real pleasure to fight with last year's Junior Division Champion." This remark earned a smirk from the raven haired girl, who balled her fists in response. "So… what do you say, Videl?"

Not one to back down from a challenge as she too has been known to give them out, Videl raised a fist and held it up towards her friend and full-time trainer, "You're on, Gohan-kun."

And with that, the two of them bumped knuckles, sealing the agreement.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: Not much action in this chapter, but definitely a lot of development. A nice little moment with Gohan and Videl, as well as Videl stepping into the next phase of her training. So we have the next two chapters devoted to the tournament. After that, we have a few years gap and then the next part of the series.

Hope you all enjoyed this chapter. :)
The loud beeping sound of a generic, bedside alarm clock resounded throughout the small, single-person bedroom of one Son Gohan, causing its sole resident to stir under his covers. When the incessant noise failed to rouse the youngster after the first few seconds, the volume of its screeching suddenly grew even louder; so much so that it looked as though the glass of his window was about to shatter.

This sudden increase in noise finally pulled the demi-Saiyan out of his dream world who, after giving a low groan of discomfort, reached over and slapped a hand down on the piece of plastic to shut off the damn thing. Unfortunately, due to the force of his actions he ended up not only flattening the entire clock, he also wound up putting his hand through the surface of his desk.

Hearing the noise of the device die completely as it shattered into a thousand pieces, Gohan's head surfaced from underneath his blanket, revealing him in his Super Saiyan 2 state.

A scowl framed his face while he slowly pulled his fist out of his now ruined bedside drawer, "Damn it. Again? Ugh…" He really needed to ask Bulma if he could buy some of that Vegeta-proof-stuff she was designing for the guy to use around the house. Kami knew that he could really use with some of it…

Maybe even beg her for a Gravity Room he could set up in the backyard somewhere while he was at it.

Anyway, after destroying yet another ten zeni timepiece and ruining his table in the process, the Super Saiyan 2 sat up and stretched, feeling his muscles pop one after the other.

According to his count, it'd been close to a week since the Kana incident; making that three, potentially earth-moving conflicts the Z-fighters had had to combat in just one year. But of course, the crisis had been successfully averted thanks to good old-fashioned fisticuffs and once law and order had been properly restored to the communities of the continent, the earth was once again allowed to continue turning as if nothing had ever happened.

This went to show that even in peacetime the Z-fighters were all hard at work.

It was probably the most ongoing trend for Gohan and his friends. All of them had saved the planet so many times and yet have received no acknowledgements for their actions. Though it didn't bother him or his family so much, since they preferred to peace and quiet, a couple of the others were feeling a little bit cheated out of their honors, namely Yamcha and Krilllin. But, not being ones to hold grudges for the sake of wellbeing and serenity, they let the credit-taking slide, and returned as productive, hard-working members of society.

Gohan in the meantime tackled his training regimens even harder than ever.

With the knowledge that there were even more powerful fighters out there in the universe outside

Training Arc - A New Dawn

Dragonball Z

Legacies

A New Dawn

(Mount Paozu)
of Bojack and Frieza, the boy resolved to make some much needed amendments to his previous routine, starting with his extended study periods. After telling his mother about his little scrap with Kana across the planet that nearly saw all of them put up for public auction, the Son mother, satisfied with the progress her son had made in his education and studies, reluctantly allowed him to train more times during the week with the promise that he would be able to use his skills to provide a steady income for his family.

Feeling as if a great weight was being lifted from his shoulders, Gohan assured Chi-Chi that he would be able to get some part-time work at a construction company over in Satan City, similarly to what his father and Krillin had done while they had been training under Master Roshi. With his level of skill, strength and knowledge of building, the boy was confident he would be able to fill up an entire roster of staff for the business, thereby saving them a lot on big projects.

Gohan also had the incredibly attractive idea of entering the World Martial Arts Tournaments to get some extra spending money for his family, since they could surely use it.

Approving of his plan, Chi-Chi pretty much allowed Gohan free reign over the next couple of weeks so that he could get all of his priorities sorted before moving into anything big. So with an idea in mind and a new plan for the future coming to light, the demi-Saiyan spent a majority of his time training out in the fields.

Not only did it allow him plenty of opportunities to think, clear his head and make some independent arrangements for the coming years, it also gave him more time to become accustomed to his Super Saiyan 2 form. Having already stayed like this for several days since his battle against Kana, Gohan was really starting to come into his own.

Though he did experience sudden mood swings every now and then, his naturally kind side battling with the aggressive side of his level two state, he learned to get a hold of himself through quiet meditation and concentration. After long periods of settling his spirit and finding his true self swirling in the depths of all his monstrous power, the demi-Saiyan would then go out and do some physical exercises that focused on control above everything else, which really helped him in acquiring a firmer grasp of his Ascended Saiyan state. It also strengthened his body in general, as continuing to hold this form required a great deal of effort and focus.

Understandably, every once in a while he did have these surprising and unexpected bursts of strength, which led him to damaging one thing or another around the property.

This morning it had been his whole bedside station.

 Granted it wasn't something as big as the dining room chair, the T.V remote or the front door, it was still another thing broken. Hopefully he would be able to fix that sometime soon.

After waking up early that Saturday morning and noticing that it was still dark out, the transformed boy flexed his arms and, upon rolling out of bed, quickly slapped on his orange and blue gi. Being sure to quietly tiptoe out of the house, the young half-Saiyan then retreated out onto his property's front lawn and, just like every other early morning, began a series of warm ups and stretching routines.

Going through the familiar motions of his father, starting with his legs, his arms, and then throwing a few light jabs and kicks for practice, kicking up a small gust of wind at the same time, Gohan then took off and headed into the hills. Being sure to put a big distance between himself and his home, the half-Saiyan quickly threw himself into several long rounds of shadow sparring. Holding his power at just the right level so that he didn't cause any unnecessary damage to the region, the spiky haired blonde's form blurred out and sprang into the sky, where he began his
eloquent martial dance over the rolling fields of his homeland.

The next few hours practically flew by at a reasonable speed, with Gohan jumping from close combat skills to ki control. He even spent an hour of fighting against himself through use of the Cloning technique, which he was able to pick up from Piccolo during the month to help him with his sparring practices.

To the orange haired form of Zangya watching the young warrior from underneath a nearby tree, there was no stranger sight than seeing the person she considered the strongest person in the universe fighting against three other copies of him. As she leaned against the trunk with her arms folded and a firm expression on her face, the female Hera kept her distance while she watched with interest as Gohan battled himself in an effort to discover and eliminate the weaknesses in his fighting style.

He was making cracking progress too.

Eventually, when the sun started to rise over the mountains, the boy ended his bout of fighting with his copies and promptly returned them to his body. After they jumped back into him from different sides and melded into a singularity once again, the demi-Saiyan continued on with a harder round of sparring, this time with a little more power in his blows.

Generating gusts of wind that cut across Mount Paozu's valleys and fields in all directions, the young Saiyan male blurred over the valleys and through the sky at terrific speeds. Eventually, after shadow sparring for several more minutes, the boy dropped to ground level and began back flipping rapidly across the terrain. Landing on his feet and sliding to a stop, the boy cupped his hands beside him and charged a blue ball of ki between his hands in an instant.

"KA-ME-HA-ME-" Its light blasting out across the grass, Gohan gritted his teeth before flinging his attack forward with a mighty bellow. "HAAAAAAANDHhaa!" The blast rocketed from his hands and shot across the valleys, at first traveling in a straight line. But then, all of a sudden, the powerful attack started to curve and bend as the young Super Saiyan warrior took control of the beam's path and guided it safely over the hills and into the sky.

Bringing it around in a wide arc, he eventually brought the blast back down to the ground and directed it towards him. The blue energy wave honed in on his position, prompting the young warrior to spin around and catch the attack with his bare hands. The enormous attack slammed into his palms and burned into them with the ferocity of the sun itself. Eventually, after a full minute of struggling, the powered down Super Saiyan 2 then dug his fingers into the front of the blast and literally ripped it in half. The two parts detonated safely off to the sides with great force, shaking the countryside all around.

Zangya whistled at the size of the explosions. "Wow…" Despite the blast being low key, it still produced a fantastic result.

When the smoke cleared and the embers of energy faded onto the wind, it revealed Gohan standing perfectly unscathed in the center. Patting his hands down and dusting off his gi, the young warrior breathed a sigh of relief and went about loosening his arms and shoulders. "Good work out. But if I want to get stronger, I'm gonna have to do a lot more than that over the next few months." Yep. He had a whole list of sessions to work into his days, including technique control and intense weight training.

Before that though, he had a couple other things to have sorted first.

While standing at the top of that hill, the youngster then became aware of a set of eyes on him and
turned to see Zangya now standing behind him. Not at all surprised to see her, Gohan gave her a charming smile, "Don't you get a little bit tired just hanging around outside my house all day and night?"

The orange haired girl shrugged, "Well… I'm still new to this planet and I don't have anywhere else to go… plus this place is pretty quiet." A small smile of her own pulled across her lips while she gazed into the distance. "Out here I don't have to worry about traffic, currency, food shortage issues, huge crowds, and people stopping to stare at me whenever I walk past them. Sure I can deal with the attention, but I'd rather just hang out in an area like this where there are only animals and small villages to worry about."

"Hm? Why do you say that?" Gohan asked, not quite seeing the problem.

Zangya looked back at him with an amused smirk, "You may not have noticed this, but it's kind of hard to fit into earth's society when you're a striking alien girl like me… having blue skin, pointy ears and all that nonsense. You and your kind don't have to worry about these kinds of problems, since you Saiya-jins already look a lot like humans and can walk around without having to worry about scaring the daylights out of people every time they glance in your general direction." Vegeta was kind of a massive exception to that fact.

That man was scary by default.

Despite her concerns regarding her appearance though, Gohan merely smiled back at her kindly and shrugged, "I don't see what the big problem is, Zangya. I'm sure you can walk around wherever you want just fine. You look pretty normal to me."

Zangya's expression softened upon hearing the youngster say that, "You're sweet."

Giggling, Gohan massaged his scalp and turned to look towards the horizon as well. Seeing the sun starting to peak over the mountains, the young half-Saiyan chuckled and glanced back at the woman standing in front of him. "I've got a couple hours before Videl comes around. Would you like to hang out with me and have a little sparring match?" The young fighter raised a hand and clenched his fist excitedly. "I think it would be awesome to have another training partner besides Piccolo and myself."

The former gangster chuckled and stepped away, arms still comfortably folded over her chest. "No thanks. I'm not really in the mood."

Gohan responded with a disappointed groan, "Aww. Are you sure?"

"Yes. I'm pretty sure," Zangya replied, rolling her eyes at the crestfallen, puppy-eyed look the strongest warrior in the universe was now sending her way. "You already proved several weeks ago that you can beat me without breaking a sweat in your current form, so I think I'll play it safe and stick to watching you for the time being." She then glanced at him when she saw his expression fall just a little bit more and then smirked at him confidently. "But… if you ever turn back to normal and you're still up for it, I'll strongly reconsider having a few bouts with you across the countryside."

This inevitably had the young teenager brighten and tighten his fists with enthusiasm. "Alright. Sure. That sounds awesome."

"Is it just me… or did that sound like you were wussing out there for a second?" the familiar, gravelly voice of Piccolo resounded over the area as the warrior descended from the sky to land between the pair. "I never expected to hear that coming from you."
Glancing at the caped Namekian guardian, Zangya snorted, "Oh. Look who it is. It's the green man." The girl shot him a mischievous smile, "Still dropping in everyday to check up on me, huh?"

"You and Gohan both," Piccolo replied, arms crossed and a glare set on the orange haired warrior standing in close proximity of his student. "I'm just making sure that you don't try anything funny while you're hiding out here in the valleys. You know… being Bojack's former henchwoman and all." You can't be too careful with these kinds of characters. They could be very unpredictable.

All evidence to the contrary though…

"That guy can suck a meteor spike for all I care," the Hera shot back immediately with a frown on her face. Seeing the pair staring at her, the former invader of their planet flicked her hair away and turned her back on the green-skinned martial artist. "You don't have to worry about me blowing a cork while I'm down here. I'm not interested in fighting you guys anymore. I'm done with that kind of life."

"Hmph," Piccolo grunted, before focusing his gaze to his transformed student standing nearby and staring up at him with a smile on his face.

"Hey, Piccolo."

The child's cheerful exterior quickly drew a smile from the Namekian as well. "What's shakin' kid? Did you finish your training for this morning?"

Gohan shrugged, "Not quite. I was hoping to have a little spar with Zangya while she's here, but she said she doesn't want to right now. I'm a little bit disappointed." His attention momentarily pulled across to the woman who merely glanced back at him. After seeing her stick her tongue out, he then turned to his mentor and saw the man remove his cape and turban.

"Don't bleed your heart over it, kid. I wouldn't mind going a few rounds with you for the next hour or so." Unlike their newfound alien friend, if you wanted to call her that, Piccolo wasn't afraid of getting a few bumps and bruises in a fight against the young Saiyan. After seeing his stellar performance against Kana a few days earlier and seeing the progress he's made since the Intergalactic Tournament, the Namekian was confident he had nothing to worry about. He could trust his student enough to be able to control his power around him. "Let's work a bit before that girlfriend of yours shows up."

Not even shirking at the jab about Videl, seeing as his teacher was game for a bit of fun, Gohan cracked his neck and slid into a fighting stance just as his friend of years past did as well. "We've got time. Let's make the most of it, okay Piccolo?"

"Heh. No problem."

Zangya, sensing conflict, wisely chose to put some distance between her and the pair, and floated over to sit atop a nearby log. Crossing her legs over, the orange haired space pirate got comfortable as she watched the pair size themselves up before, in a blur of superhuman movement, threw themselves into a friendly match.

Just like he intended, Gohan kept his power down at the lowest possible decibel as he began trading blows with his teacher across the skies. It wasn't just a workout for the Namekian trying to keep up with his Ascended Saiyan opponent, it was also proving to be a lot of work for Gohan as well, since the adolescent warrior had to keep an extra eye on the amount of power he was using at all times. The next hour or so was spent by the teen primarily working on his control and even when his teacher started throwing some big moves his way, the youngster did marvelously at
keeping his strength at a low enough level.

Time eventually ticked over to the end of the session and when the pair dropped out of the sky and landed back on solid ground, both of them were looking a little bit beat, yet were still standing in relatively good condition.

Wiping a small bruise away from a punch he'd received across the face, Piccolo smiled. "Not bad, kid. I'd say with a couple more months of this training, you'll be able to gain complete control over your Ascended Saiyan form and fight with it without exerting any effort whatsoever."

Breathing out as well, the unscathed Gohan stood up and stretched his arms out, "Yeah. I think so too. It's really hard trying to keep so much power suppressed and to fight using only the bare minimum. But if I keep at it and continue using it on a regular basis, I'll be able to transform into a Super Saiyan 2 and fight with it anytime, no problem."

"Heh. I like how you're finally starting to come out of that shell of yours," Piccolo remarked, straightening up and giving his student a sagely look. "You're not the same Gohan I knew two months ago; the kid who was hesitant about stepping up and giving it his all. You're a lot more confident and sure of yourself now. Even though you still act a lot like your father, you're slowly turning into a warrior all your own." A wider smile formed on his face. "All of your hard work is really starting to pay off."

Feeling his spirit lift a little at that remark, the youngster then looked across at their audience member, who was still watching them closely from her log. "What do you think, Zangya?"

The orange haired woman gave an off-handed wave and spoke up, "I wasn't here for all of that Cell and android stuff but… yeah. I agree with what the green man said." She then threw the boy a smile and a thumbs-up. "Good job, blondie."

Accepting that as her answer with a gleeful grin, Gohan hummed away the splashes of encouragement and watched as his teacher retrieved his turban and cloak. Limbering up while the Namekian dusted himself down, the half-Saiyan then reached out with his senses to see what was going on across the ether.

Outside of his training spot, he could feel his mother up and making breakfast, the villagers of the neighboring towns beyond their property waking to greet the day ahead and, a little bit further away but on fast approach of their home turf, he sensed the familiar ki signature of Videl on the move. And she wasn't alone either.

Smiling towards the horizon, Gohan turned back to his teacher, who he was now standing upright and back in his weighted training gear. "Thanks for agreeing to come by today, Piccolo. I really appreciate the help."

"No problem, kid," the Namekian replied calmly. "When I heard you were planning on taking a student of your own, I immediately became curious. So I decided to keep a closer eye on you to see how you handled it in case you didn't ask for my help. I'm really interested to see how you plan on starting her off. She wants to learn how to become a fighter like us, right?" Seeing the young Saiyan nod elicited a grunt from the towering warrior. "Then she should know that she's got a lot of hard work and long days ahead of her."

Gohan nodded, wrapping his fingers around his belt and holding it in a manner that his father often did, "I was thinking of starting Videl on some running laps of the countryside. Get her used to the routine before introducing her to the energy based material. I need to see how well she's doing in
the physical department first and whether she has a good enough grasp of the basics." He then grinned a little bit, "If she does well on her first day, maybe I'll throw in some of your stuff to see how she'll cope swimming in the deep end."

"Sounds good to me," Piccolo replied, finding some mild amusement at the idea of his student using a few of 'his' teaching methods. As cruel as that sounded, he was positive the demi-Saiyan would be a little tamer in his approach to teaching than he was while he was teaching the ankle-biter all those years ago. "Don't forget to teach her how to dodge."

"That's lesson one," Gohan chirped, running a hand through his gravity defying hair. "Wait here for a moment. I'll be back in a bit." After straightening his gi up, he then took off and began leaping across the fields towards his home, leaving Piccolo and Zangya standing out on the grass.

Gohan made it to his front door just in time to see a tiny speck appear over the horizon in the direction of Satan City. When he stopped and waited, he saw the dot get closer and closer before eventually taking the shape and form of a familiar yellow jet-copter.

The craft soon came to hover above the Son family home. Its engine hummed loudly as it slowly came to settle on the grass a few yards in front of the Super Saiyan. When its skids settled and its ignition cut, the boy watched the side door open up and his friend pop out of the passenger seat.

The sight of her brought a smile to Gohan's face. "Morning, Videl."

"Morning, Gohan-kun," the raven haired youngster replied, hurriedly making her way over while the other door to the copter opened up as well. "How are you doing?"

"Great. You?"

"Packed, rested and ready to go," Videl answered, clenching a fist before having a look around his property. Finding not one front yard but an entire expanse of rolling hillsides with forests and mountains in the distance, the girl's eyes shimmered with awe and wonder. "Wow… so this is where you live?"

"Yep. This is our home," Gohan stared, placing his hands on his hips and turning in the same direction his visitor was gazing. "My family owns this entire region. It's also the same place my dad grew up in when he was a kid." He then pointed towards a small, oriental style house sitting not too far from the dome-shaped building that was the central element of their residence. "That's his old home, the one great grandpa used to own… or should I say adoptive great grandfather."

Videl nodded in acknowledgement. "It's very nice. All of it is." She looked back at the youngster standing in front of her, "So… wanna give me the grand tour?"

"Of course. Whenever you're ready," Gohan said.

Before he could set off though, another voice interrupted them.

"Hold it right there, sweet pea," the booming voice of Hercule Satan spoke up, drawing the pair's attention towards the copter to see the man with the afro cut step out from behind it. Adorned in casual clothes consisting of a jumper, jeans and shoes, the big man appeared before the two kids looking proud and confident. "Now, before I let you go off with this boy, I just want to remind him not t-GAHAWHOA!" Until he spotted Gohan, of course.

The still transformed Saiyan smiled and waved pleasantly at the gob smacked champion, "Hey, Mr. Satan."
Jaw hanging open and appearing absolutely shocked, the man with the afro hairstyle laughed nervously and waved, "H-Hello. Uhh…" Staggering forward slowly, the man stood before the much shorter boy in a hunched over position. "So… you were the one my daughter was talking about training with, huh?" There was no way he could forget a face like that. His spiky blonde hair and gi was a dead giveaway.

Videl sighed and glared across at her father, "Of course he is, daddy. Who else did you think I was talking about? Were you even listening to me?"

"S-Sorry, dear. I… I knew who you were talking about. It's just… it's taking a lot of time for me to wrap my head around all this," the world champion replied, looking between his daughter and the boy in front of him nervously. "I mean, the last time I saw him like this was at the Cell Games… fighting against that green freckled monster. He saved my life… ALL of our lives. Hell, he saved the entire planet."

A smile spreading across her lips, Videl stepped over to her friend and tugged on his sleeve, drawing Gohan's gaze over to her. "Yeah. It's kind of his job," the raven haired girl informed, smiling fondly up at him.

Hercule, rubbing his hands together anxiously, then nodded to the demi-Saiyan in a very timid manner. "I'm really sorry about taking the credit for Cell's defeat… as well as for that incident at the Intergalactic Martial Arts Tournament you were in. I was… it's just… after your group disappeared and no one stepped forward to claim victory over that monster, I took the chance and came up with that bogus story. At the time I just didn't want to lose face with the public… and I wanted to make sure that the people of earth knew that they were safe. But when it happened again at Cash's tournament, everyone thought that I was the one that beat those freaky alien monsters when the connection cut out. It was a selfish thing to do, I know, and I apologize." He bowed his head humbly to the young man, who leaned back in surprise at the man's actions. "There are no excuses for what I did… and I can understand if you hate me for it…"

Listening to the sincerity in the martial artist's voice, Gohan slowly processed what he said before beaming brightly, "It's alright, Mr. Satan. You don't have to go that far." When he saw the man look up, the half-Saiyan shrugged. "Seriously, my friends and I don't mind. We're not mad that you took the credit for killing Cell or anything like that. As long as the world and the people are safe, than that's good enough for us."

An owlish expression came over Hercule's face, "R-Really?"

Gohan nodded, while both Hercule and Videl listened to him intently, "My family and friends have fought to save the world many times before, and we've never asked for anything in return. It's what we do." The boy tilted his head and grinned. "Honestly, we're glad you took the credit for it. Because as long as people believe you were the one who saved the world from Cell and Bojack, we won't get harassed by the public for it." He chuckled and thumbed over his shoulder, "We already got pestered by the reporters that came by here wanting to ask me some questions about the tournament, but a friendly 'acquaintance' of mine was able to chase them away."

"S-So…" the Champ gulped nervously, "You're really not angry or anything?"

"No. Not at all," Gohan replied, smiling back at the fighter with the mustache and afro cut, "All I want to do is be friends with Videl and have your permission to come visit her whenever I can, if that's okay with you."

"Oh. Well… if that's all, then…" A swell of delight quickly returned to Hercule's face, "you and my daughter can hang out all you want!" the Champ exclaimed, walking right up to the boy and
taking his hand, shaking it vigorously to show how grateful he was to him. "For the boy who saved the world from Cell; you have my full permission!" His answer bringing smiles to the two children's faces, the martial arts master then suddenly gave a stern look and glared across at the teen with the blonde hair. Despite knowing he was the one who defeated Cell, the father still mustered up enough courage to say one last thing. "But you listen here… um…"

"Gohan," the demi-Saiyan chirped, "Son Gohan."

"Gohan," Hercule cleared his throat and pointed a finger at him. "Videl is my daughter and the greatest treasure in the world to me. There is not a person or thing alive that can compare to her. She is my little princess-"

"DAD!" the girl shouted, blushing brightly as she glared at her father.

Undeterred, the Champ continued on with his declaration, "Just because you're the boy who saved the world from that bug and those alien scoundrels on that island, that doesn't mean I'm going to take it easy on you regarding my little sugar bee. I expect you to take good care of my daughter and to treat her well, because if I hear that you've hurt even a single hair on her head, then there is not a force on this planet that's going to stop me from coming after you and popping your head clean off of your shoulders! You got that?!"

Almost being shaken by the shoulder, Gohan smiled back at the father and nodded in understanding, "Don't worry, Mr. Satan. I promise I won't let anything happen to her."

"You mean it?" Hercule asked for confirmation. When he saw the boy nod, the man sniffed and pulled away, fists being placed firmly on his hips. "Good. Good. Er… thank you." He then moved back over to the jet-copter and around to the side. Opening the compartment there, he then unloaded a couple sets of luggage, including a pillow and sleeping bag, and set them on the ground beside the pair. "I hope you two have a lot of fun together. And remember; no drinking, no joy riding, no drugs and no s…"

"DADDY!" Videl barked again, looking even more thoroughly embarrassed than before, "We're only eleven."

"Oh. Right… yeah… umm…” Hercule took a moment to think it over, before calmly falling back into continuation. "The rules still stand!"

Sighing in exasperation Videl then heard the door to the house behind her open up, and the trio standing outside turned to see a woman wearing purple, oriental robes with her black hair tied into a ponytail step out into the open.

Quickly spotting their guests, the Son mother smiled and approached, "Hello there. It's good to see you again, Videl." She went straight for their young visitor standing by her son and held her hand out to her, "I'm Chi-Chi, Gohan's mother."

"Oh. Yes. Hello again," the pig-tailed girl straightened up and took the woman's hand in hers, "Thank you for having me here, Mrs. Son."

The woman giggled. "Please, just call me Chi-Chi. Mrs. Son makes me feel too much like an old lady." Placing her hands at her sides, the raven haired mother took a step away and sized her up. "And of course, Gohan's friends are always welcome here. Anything for my sweet little angel…"

"MUM!" the Super Saiyan 2 blushed and scowled across at the woman beaming at his friend.

Giving her oldest boy a momentary look, Chi-Chi turned back to their guest with a cheerful smile,
"I hope you're looking forward to your stay here, Videl. I'm sure you're going to enjoy it."

"Thanks so much, Chi-Chi," the youngster bowed.

Gathering up his friend's bags like a gentleman, Gohan held them under his arms and over his shoulder, walked up to Videl, and nudged her lightly. "Come on. I'll show you where you'll be sleeping." Receiving an enthusiastic smile in return, the raven haired girl quickly followed him into the house where they disappeared.

Staring after them for several seconds, Chi-Chi then turned to Hercule to see the big man looking back at her nervously. Upon which the martial arts champion cleared his throat and nodded, "Ma'am."

"Mr. Satan," the Son mother replied with a parental nod of respect.

"I appreciate you for having my daughter over. This... really means a lot to her," the Champ murmured, rubbing the back of his hand in a meek manner as he gazed back at the woman. "I can tell she really likes that boy and that she wants to be around him as much as possible. Just... make sure she eats her food and brushes her teeth every morning and afternoon."

Chi-Chi sucked in her gut confidently, "Don't worry, Mr. Satan. I'll make sure that your daughter is well looked after. I promise."

Feeling relieved, Hercule swallowed nervously and bowed to the woman, "I'll drop by every now and again to check up on her. Even though I am the World Martial Arts Champion and the face that defeated the mighty Cell, that doesn't mean I can't set aside some time for my most important little girl in the world..."

"I understand that completely, sir," Chi-Chi responded earnestly, giving the man a kind gaze. "My Gohan means the world to me too. So don't worry. I swear I won't let anything bad happen to either of them." It was the best comfort she could give, which was all Hercule needed to settle the swarm of butterflies in his stomach.

Eventually, after pleasantries and assurances had been made between the two, the world champ waited for his daughter to come back out and after giving her a hug, he hopped into his copter, waved, and took off.

Over the past few days, both Gohan and Videl had assembled one hell of a timetable together.

While the half-Saiyan was still getting a few of his things in order, the champion's daughter had arranged to stay over at his place for the next several weeks. It wasn't just an ordinary sleep over either. The raven haired martial artist was going to be taking fighting lessons under him starting from that very weekend, and Videl was determined to give it her all. She even took some time off from school for 'Hercule Satan' business, which was one of the few privileges granted to her by the institute. Of course, this was under the condition that she completed the course work during her away period over the internet.

After hashing it out with her dad, clearing the air and what not, the raven haired girl then packed her things and readied herself for the long months ahead. Gohan had no problems organizing this with his mother either, who was just as happy to have her son's friend over as he was.

Surely there was some ulterior motive behind her cooperation in the matter, but Gohan wasn't splitting hairs. He was sure that whatever it was, he did not want to be a part of it... Because he was pretty sure that he'd already passed that point.
With Hercule gone and Videl's stuff put away in his bedroom, the demi-Saiyan then walked the
girl across the field and in the direction of the spot Piccolo and Zangya was waiting. On their way
there, the visitor began taking in as much of the countryside as she could. Marveling at the hills
and the cool breeze that moved gently across the plains, the pig-tailed martial artist in training
smiled and stepped closer to her friend.

"This place is really beautiful. You like it out here?"

Gohan grinned, "Yeah. It's quiet, it's open, and I can go wherever I want and not have to worry
about stepping onto another person's property. I can also get a lot of training done out here without
having to worry about destroying anything important or hurting any people nearby."

"For a superhuman that's capable of wiping out an entire city block with a sneeze, I think that's a
fair deal," Videl replied, grinning brightly at the blonde. "I bet your workout sessions are intense."

"Well, not as intense as Vegeta's for sure, but definitely more practical," Gohan informed,
shrugging as they continued moving through the grass at a casual speed. While the girl brushed
some bangs out of her hair, the young Saiyan continued. "My dad and friends believe that training
out in the open is the best way to get stronger. While I'm thinking of mixing it up a little more, the
fields and natural environment I think is the best place to begin."

"And that's where you'll want me to start as well?" the girl asked, giving the spiky haired fighter a
hopeful look.

"It was where all of us started out, including me. Considering how far I've come along, I believe
that's where we should kick things off," Gohan said, earning a grin from his friend and seeing her
pump her fist excitedly.

The pair soon arrived at the flat where Piccolo was waiting for them. When they approached him,
Videl shirked a little at the sight of the seven foot green man. But of course, being the daughter of
the world champ and a tough girl in her own right, she gladly stood beside her friend as he
introduced her to the giant of a warrior.

"Hey Piccolo, this is Videl," Gohan greeted, turning to the teen to see her cup her hands in front
and bow to the Namekian. "Videl, this is Piccolo, my best friend and my very first martial arts
teacher. He's the one that taught me everything I know about fighting, and helped me and my dad
train for the androids and Cell." The youngster grinned across at his guardian. "He's an awesome
fighter and one of the best I know."

The Namek smirked at the girl standing beside the Saiyan, "'Sup?"

"It's good to meet you, sir," Videl said, her voice a little bit shaky but eventually leveling out when
she mustered up the confidence. "Gohan has told me a lot about you."

"Has he now?" Piccolo glanced at his student, who smiled back at him innocently and prompted
the warrior to raise an eyebrow. "How much exactly?"

"Enough to know that you're a great man and a wickedly good instructor," the raven haired girl
immediately replied.

This tickled a funny heartstring in the Namekian, who grunted back at the youngster's praises, "I'm
flattered. Thanks."

While trading pleasantries with the tall green alien, Videl then noticed somebody else present and
looked around the caped crusader. Squinting to get a better look, the young fighter then jumped
when she recognized the blue-skinned alien girl from the *Intergalactic Tournament* and the Kana incident sitting on a nearby log.

Gulping, the pig-tailed martial artist raised a hand and waved, "H-Hey?"

Zangya gave an upward nod, "Yeah, hey." And then went back to looking off onto the horizon.

Chuckling at his compatriot's indifference, Gohan placed a hand on Videl's shoulder, "That's Zangya… and yeah. She was one of those aliens from the island incident. Don't worry, she won't bite. She just hangs around our place now standing guard over our laundry."

"O-kay," Videl murmured, tilting her head in the direction of the woman. After several moments of sizing her up and getting a feel for her presence, she eventually shook herself out of her daze and quickly focused back on the reason they were here. Clenching her fists, the pig-tailed fighter smiled across at her friend, "So. When can we get started?"

"Oh-ho? Eager, are we?"

The girl nodded, "You damn right I am."

"Alrighty then. The first thing we're going to do is get you acquainted to our routine. Square one," Gohan said, at the same time tugging on his gi. "That means you're going to need a new uniform."

Videl then pulled at the collar of her shirt. She was wearing a pair of black spandex pants and an oversized top; something she often wore while training at home, "What's wrong with my current uniform?"

"Nothing at all. It's just that you need one for our kind of training," Gohan replied and glanced across at his teacher. "Piccolo?"

Knowing it was his time to shine, the Namekian stepped forward and towered over the girl. While his size and appearance would have intimidated any other person, Videl didn't back down in the slightest. All she did was look up at the man silhouetted against the morning sky and watched him curiously as he raised a hand and held it a foot above her head.

"Hmm, I think… a solid eighty should do it." Before the young girl could question what he meant by that, Piccolo then gave a loud yell and, in a flash of blinding light, the Champ's daughter found herself adorned in a completely new uniform.

It was an orange and blue gi very similar to the one Gohan had worn when he was four, complete with the kanji 'Ma' on the left breast and 'Son' on the back.

When she emerged from the smoke, Videl wanted to check out her new look, but was unable to when her body suddenly lurched downwards and she had to put momentary effort into straightening back up.

"Whoa. What the heck?" It was heavy. That was a surprise. Not just the wrist bands but her shirt and shoes felt like they were being held down by bricks as well.

The material didn't feel dense, but she sure as hell felt the weight of it. Probably because she wasn't expecting it.

"Cool." Gohan, smiling as the girl pulled herself up, then turned to look at his mentor, "You're going to have to teach me how to do that sometime, Piccolo."
The Namekian nodded, "Sure. You and I can have a sit-down about it later. But let's focus on getting your student up to speed." When they looked back at Videl, they saw her quickly adjust for the sudden weight increase in her new uniform with a quick skip of her toes.

"Wow… how did you do that?" the young fighter asked, glancing up at the Namekian curiously.

Piccolo chuckled, "Magic, runt… and not the kind you can find in any retail and convenience store. That stuff was the genuine article."

"He's really good with it too. Trust me," Gohan remarked with a proud look in his eye.

This then raised another important question that the pig-tailed girl had to address.

"What happened to my old clothes?"

Staring blankly at her for a moment, both master and student turned to look at each other. After several moments of silence and contemplation, which put a bit of sweat on the two of them, the Namekian slowly looked back at the newcomer. "Don't know… don't care." His response and the half-Saiyan's deadpanned look had Zangya snort before breaking out into fits of suppressed laughter.

The Hera could be seen holding her sides in the background.

"Okay, skimming over that," Gohan cleared his throat and moved to center stage. "Welcome to your first day of training at Son Gohan's martial arts academy." Seeing his teacher roll his eyes next to him, the demi-Saiyan snickered and continued on with his introduction, "As you've probably already guessed, Piccolo has given you a new set of weighted clothing. That entire ensemble, the wrist bands, boots and blue under shirt, weigh a total of eighty kilograms. Since you're probably only used to using weights sparingly during gym sessions, probably a lot more than that, we're going to get you accustomed to wearing this weight on a daily basis."

"Alright. Sounds fair," Videl murmured, lifting her arms and testing what she felt was twenty kilos on both arms.

"If you do well on your first day, we'll up the ante a bit tomorrow and increase your weight," Gohan said with an excited grin. "This is the training that my father and his best friend Krillin started out on, and it's the stuff that we still use even today." He gestured towards Piccolo and then himself, showing off his wristbands. "We wear these on a regular basis. My outfit has a low weight so I can still fight in it, but Piccolo ups his every time he's training or just moving around."

Immediately curious, Videl stared at her friend, "How much does yours weigh?"

"Oh, my clothes weigh around five hundred kilos altogether."

The girl appeared dumbstruck, "F-Five hundred kilos?" And he looked like he was barely even feeling it. Forget the fact he was in a transformed state, either way it still sounded crazy to her.

"Yep," Gohan nodded.

"H-How can you even fight with something like that?" Silly question. He was a superhuman/alien after all. Of course, like all normal people, Videl tended to forget a few important details when wallowing in shock. It was a trait she happened to pick up from her father's side, sadly enough.

"Pretty easily, actually," the half-Saiyan answered, but then paused for a moment. "Oh. Yeah. That reminds me. Hey Piccolo. Could you bump my weight up to two tons on my wrist bands and shoes,"
and three for my shirt? If we're going to be doing this, I might as well do this the right way." Since he was in Super Saiyan 2 it felt like he was wearing tissue paper and he couldn't even feel the weight. He needed to put on a new grade and get used to it when he eventually reverted back to his base state.

Complying with his student's request, Piccolo pointed at him and fired a golden beam that lit up his wrists, feet and shirt. When the glow inevitably faded, it left Gohan in the exact same style of dress with a weight increase that he barely felt. Testing it in his neutral, ascended Saiyan state, the Z-fighter nodded and turned to face his friend. Seeing that she was still staring at him in shock and disbelief, the youngster grinned and, slipping off an armband, gently set it on the ground and stepped away.

"Give it a try if you like," the transformed boy chirped.

Managing to shake herself out of her daze, Videl cautiously walked up to the band and reached down to pick it up. As soon as her fingers wrapped around the fabric, she was baffled by what she felt, "W-What in the?" Gritting her teeth, the girl attempted to lift at least one part of the material, only to find her fingers unable to pull it up on their own. She even tried with both hands. But after several seconds of futile struggling, the girl stood up, backed away, and panted heavily, "Okay… uhh… well that's… something."

Chuckling, the boy stepped over and casually picked it up. "Still don't believe me?" Tossing it up and down a few times, the young fighter then rolled his hand at chest height and dropped the band to the grass, which it hit with an earsplitting crack and punched a hole a foot deep into the ground. It was a sight that had Videl gawk until Gohan reached in and picked it up again. "See. Two tons." He then casually slipped it on like a watch and placed his hands on his hips. "So… still think you're up to it?"

Remaining silent for but a moment, Videl faced her friend with a serious look, "Will I eventually be able to lift that much?"

Gohan grinned, "If you work hard and keep at this every single day, yes." He then patted himself in the chest, "My dad started this at around the same age as you. So I'm sure that with enough practice and training, we'll be able to make some headway over the next few months… and maybe even the year if you want to-"

"YES!" was the immediate response from Videl's mouth, who didn't even need to wait for the boy to finish. Eyes shining with determination, the girl stepped towards the Saiyan with her fists clenched tightly, "I want to do this, Gohan-kun. I want to become strong… just like you and your friends." She then smiled sincerely in his direction when she spoke her next words, "And, if I do this… I'll be able to hang out with you every day." It was a series of words that had the girl momentarily avert her gaze and become a little red in the face.

Her statement nevertheless brought a flutter to Gohan's heart and a smile to his ever cheerful exterior. Ignoring the snicker from Zangya all the way from her log and the intrigued look from Piccolo, the half-Saiyan rolled his shoulder, cracked his knuckles and gestured over his back, "So… want to get this show on the road?"

"You bet," was Videl's enthusiastic reply.

"Alright then. For starters, we're going to go for a nice, brisk jog through the mountains and across the valley. While we're at it I'll fill you in on what else you're going to be doing for your training and what will be happening over the next couple of weeks," Gohan informed, beginning to skip on the spot before waving the girl into formation. When she fell in step, both of them turned and
began running in the direction of the hills, the pair carrying their respective weights and establishing a fair yet fast pace.

Both Piccolo and Zangya watched the youngsters vanish into the distance, bearing the same looks of seriousness as they usually did. Eventually, after a couple minutes of sitting around, the most playful of the pair decided to stand and float up into the air. "You know what… this might actually be fun to watch." The Hera then flew after them.

Grunting, the Namekian followed, not just to keep an eye on her but also curious to see how his student handled the role of instructor for a change.

And so, as the group left on their early morning run through the mists, Videl's apprenticeship and tutelage under Son Gohan began…

XXX

(Some time later)

The run through Mount Paozu Gohan had selected led the pair through various different areas of the region across every kind of terrain you could possibly imagine. This included; mountains, bridges, grasslands, streams, banks, rocky wastelands and forests, with one of the legs through the fields even involving Videl being chased by a hungry T-Rex, much to an observing Zangya's amusement.

When the poor girl had a go at Gohan after losing the damn thing after three miles of screaming and sprinting later, the boy laughed it off as something she was just going to have to get used to. He went on to explain that this routine was essential in improving her endurance, agility, footedness and balance, all of which they were able to cover in this first part of the morning. It was a trek that pushed Videl to her absolute limits.

Following their rigorous twenty mile jog which nearly saw the poor youngster faint from exhaustion, the demi-Saiyan then took her to a nearby village to show her what would eventually become her mid-morning exercises. It was at this very sanctuary in the countryside where a couple of familiar faces were already standing by and waiting for their arrival.

Having stopped on an expanse of rolling hillsides, Videl stood hunched over, pouring sweat and breathing heavily.

"That… was insane…" she groaned. If she wasn't wearing eighty kilos of weight that lap of the region would have been so much easier.

Gohan chuckled as he looked down at the thoroughly exhausted girl, "You did pretty well on your first run. But we're not stopping yet. We've got a lot more to cover before our day is through and since we're starting out late, we're really going to have to fly through this." When he saw the raven haired fighter look at him in disbelief, the spiky haired youngster then turned his attention to the hills, where two people could be seen standing nearby. One of them was an elderly man in a martial arts outfit and with white hair, and the other was a young girl with brown hair tied into two pigtails, and was wearing a yellow shirt and red suspenders. "Now it's time to try your hand at agriculture."

"Uhh… agri-what?" Videl shook her head, wondering if she heard him right.

When the pair lumbered over to the two people waiting nearby, the Super Saiyan 2 gave them a fond greeting. "Hey, Mr. Lao."
"Good morning, Gohan," the white haired elder exclaimed with a smile. "How are you doing today?"

"Great. Just going for a little bit of a run across the countryside with my friend," the demi-Saiyan chirped, before then turning his attention to the little girl standing beside the martial artist. He beamed as soon as his eyes fell upon her, "Hey, Lime. Long time no see."

The adolescent immediately brightened at the sight of the boy and, stepping up to him, immediately took his hand in hers, "Welcome back, Gohan. It's great to see you again." Giggling when she saw the Saiyan grin at her as well, she then looked up at the locks standing atop his head. "You look a little… different today. Did you grow taller?"

"Heh. Sort of," the teen replied, at the same time flicking his bang out of his face. "I'm not sure if this counts though."

"Well, I think your hair looks awesome," Lime replied, ecstatic at seeing her friend again after all these weeks. "You should keep it like that."

"Really? You don't think it makes me look scary?"

"No. Not at all," the youngster shook her head. "You could make it a little bit shorter though, so that it doesn't get in the way."

"Yeah. I'm thinking of getting it cut as well."

Videl, noting how friendly the two youngsters were acting with each other, then turned her attention to the Super Saiyan standing alongside her, "Hey Gohan, who's this?"

"Oh, yeah. Sorry Videl" Quickly turning back to his friend and student, the demi-Saiyan gestured her towards the folks in front of them. "This is Mr. Lao and his granddaughter Lime. I met them a couple of months ago while I was doing some grocery shopping for mum before the Cell Games. They're really good people."

Blinking in realization, the raven haired girl smiled at the two neighbors and bowed, "It's very nice to meet you, sir."

Lao beamed at the girl's polite greeting and bowed to her as well, "And it's a pleasure to meet you too, Ms. Satan. Welcome to our village."

While Videl was made friendly small talk with the elderly martial artist, she failed to notice the girl standing next to him give her a funny look, as well as quick glance between her and Gohan. Taking note of the similar uniforms they were wearing and how this newcomer was a friend of the demi-Saiyan's and not a relative, Lime couldn't help but feel a little bit suspicious as to what was going on between them.

Turning back to her teacher, Videl threw him an inquisitive look, "So Gohan, what am I going to be doing while I'm out here?"

Grinning, the young Saiyan then directed her attention toward the fields behind the two villagers, "So far you've only covered the early morning portion of your training. Now it's time to get started on your mid-morning exercise. This will consist of you plowing these fields with your bare hands."

The young martial artist looked at him as if he'd grown a second head, "My… bare hands…?"

Nodding, Gohan lifted his right and showed her his palm, "This will help build the strength and
dexterity of your fingers. By using them to toil away at the ground, you'll be able to strengthen them enough to move on to much harder tasks." He then lowered his arm to his side and smiled. "I built up my strength by surviving in the wild using only my hands and feet. This is pretty much the same concept, only confined to a specific routine."

"O-kay," Videl murmured, still feeling a little bit overwhelmed by the enormity of the task that was being asked of her. Swallowing nervously, she turned away from him to gaze across at the valley. "How long... do you want me to do this task for?"

"Oh... maybe an hour or so. We'll see how well you do and if you do well I'll get you to stop early," Gohan chirped before then nodding her towards the hills. "Better get crackin'."

Sucking it up, Videl quickly sprinted out onto the square patch on the hillside and, starting from one end, began to dig. Within moments the spunky young fighter started plowing furrows into the ground up and down section of earth, moving at a labored pace yet still making sure she kept right on task. She knew that the faster she did this, the sooner she would be able to move on to the boy's next assignment.

Hopefully it would be something more along the lines of what she originally came here for.

While Gohan stood by watching her with a pleased look on his face, he sensed Mr. Lao step across to stand alongside him.

"I see you're getting her to go through Master Roshi's classical Turtle School routine."

"Oh. You've heard about Master Roshi's training regimen?" the demi-Saiyan asked curiously.

"I've been around for quite a while, lad... and as an old hand in martial arts you can bet I've heard a lot about some of the big wigs over the years, your father included," Mr. Lao replied, a mischievous smile ever present as he kept his gaze fixed firmly upon the raven haired girl toiling away at the earth.

Upon taking this in, Gohan sprouted a grin, "Well... I guess you can say I'm taking a lot after a person who'd actually been a student of the old Turtle Hermit."

"That's good. There's no better place to start then from the ground up," the elder villager remarked in a pleased tone of voice. "I'm assuming your friend's already developed some strong foundations to build upon, seeing as how she already appears to be using weighted clothing."

"That's right," Gohan said, but then turned away when he felt a tug on his shirt. Glancing to his right, he saw Lime looking up at him with narrowed eyes and a serious scowl on her face.

"Gohan... who is this girl?"

Caught a little off guard by the sudden question from the rather irate looking girl, the Super Saiyan smiled back at her in his usual, pleasant manner, in hopes of trying to lighten her mood, "She's Videl; a friend I met at the Intergalactic Martial Arts Tournament several weeks ago."

The brown haired girl frowned, "So... she's... just a friend to you?"

"Uh-huh. Yeah. This is... actually the third time we've met up with each other to hang out. She'll be staying over at my place while I train her, so you'll probably be seeing her around a lot." Confusion then suddenly came across his face as he continued to gaze down at his country friend, "Why do you ask?"
Looking away quickly, Lime smiled and slipped her hands behind her back, "No reason. I was just curious." When she sensed relief wash over his expression and his gaze turn to keep watching his friend's progress, the granddaughter of Mr. Lao looked up to gaze at him once again, but this time with a hint of concern. Her eyes cutting between him and the raven haired girl he was observing, for the next hour or so Lime stood back quietly and watched closely as Videl dug away at the field.

Meanwhile, positioned on a fence made of rock and stone nearby, an equally quiet Zangya and Piccolo could be seen sitting and standing there respectively, both with their arms crossed and both with firm, unchanging expressions in play. Needless to say, judging from Videl's progress, they knew she was in for one hell of a first week…

OOO

Just as Gohan had planned, the next several days following Videl's arrival to his home followed the exact same routine the young man walked her through on their very first session together.

After their lap around Mount Paozu, which led them to the outskirts of Chazke Village, where Videl took part in the second part of what would become her morning practice, the two of them then settled down for brunch at Mr. Lao's house. Upon eating their fill with the family, allowing Gohan and Lime some time to catch up, the demi-Saiyan then jogged Videl back over to his place to start her on her *ki* manipulation lessons.

He explained to her all of the mechanics behind the concept of energy, such as how *ki* was the 'latent energy' and 'fighting power' inside of a person, that it existed inside of every living being and how it could be manipulated outside of the body to perform different techniques, and how it predominantly existed in the center of each person. Because there were limits to what the body could actually do, Gohan said that it was necessary for her to learn how to control and train using her *ki*, and that in order to overcome her barriers she needed to strengthen it continuously.

All the energy Videl had previously lost came back to her the instant Gohan showed her she would be learning how to control her energy and immediately sunk her teeth into his lesson. He decided to start her off by getting her to grab hold of her *ki* to form a blast. By prompting her to draw it out and control it, even in a small form, he would be able to get her started on exercising it to strengthen it at an early stage.

Remarkably enough, Videl was able to bring out her *ki* in only two days of practice. This showed Gohan just how much potential she actually had in their art of fighting, as well as how committed she was to getting this skill down.

He informed his apprentice that the time between breakfast and lunch would be spent meditating, learning how to manipulate their energy, or studying. In the words of a great man; a strong warrior would be incapable of fighting at their full potential if they didn't have the proper mindset or knowledge to do so. It was a balance he was hoping to achieve over the next coming months so as to hit Videl from all sides, and being a well practiced academic himself, the demi-Saiyan was confident he could also have his friend's education covered in that period as well.

After lunch at the Son household, Gohan and Videl then had an hour break. For all great martial artists, rest was just as important an activity as their work, something that both young fighters gladly agreed with and for good reason. One, because Videl was exhausted, and two, it'd been words of advice Gohan's father had shared with him during their own hard miles of training in the Hyperbolic Time Chamber.

The pair used this portion of the day to chat and hang out, with the first few sessions of the month being spent sleeping underneath one of the property's oaks alongside a meditating Piccolo and
physically present Zangya, who also decided to have a little catnap alongside the group.

It actually impressed Piccolo to see his student managing to sleep while assumed in his Ascended Saiyan state. His current state showed just how deeply immersed the young warrior was getting into his own training, even when he was focusing a lot of his attention on coaching another. He was really nailing the base from all possible angles.

Once break time was over, Gohan got Videl to work on her fighting skills against him.

The first session that they had together had been, in a few words, a real doozy of a scuffle…

XXX

"Y-You… want me to what?" the raven haired girl asked the spiky haired boy in disbelief.

Waving the bang out of his face, the young Super Saiyan 2 grinned, "I want you to come at me with everything you've got. If you can hit me, I'll congratulate you with a body shot. If you can avoid my blast, I'll reward you with another. Got it?"

The young martial artist stammered nervously. "B-But… what… HOLD ON JUST A SECOND," Videl exclaimed while waving her arms frantically and pointing at him, "I can't fight you, Gohan! You'll destroy me with just a tap of your finger… especially when you're like that!" She added to this by referring to his temporary blonde hairstyling and transformed appearance.

Gohan chuckled at her flustered expression and adjusted his wristbands, "Don't worry, Videl. I'm suppressing my ki as low as it can possibly go without breaking this state. That means not only will I be able to work hard without hurting you, I'll be getting you to fight at your absolute best as well." He then narrowed his gaze as the girl stared firmly back at him, "Listen; if you want to become as strong as us, then you're going to have to spar with me every single day. By continuing to push yourself beyond what you're capable of and using everything you've learned in all of our spars, you'll become stronger and stronger the further we go." He then gave her a serious look. "Can you do that for me?"

At first sweating up a storm and appearing anxious as hell, the human fighter quickly weighed up her chances of fighting against the boy in such an overpowered form. However, knowing she came out here to work harder than ever before, Videl quickly made up her mind on the matter and dropped into a fighting stance. Though she was trembling like a leaf, she was still raring to go.

"Alright. Let's do it, Gohan," Videl said, a smirk forming on her lips. "I'm putting all of my trust in you."

"Yeah," the half-Saiyan replied, a proud smile appearing as he watched his friend settle into full fighting form just several feet away from him. Looking at her right now, adorned in his colors and facing him down the way she was, she reminded him of what he used to be back when he first sparred with Piccolo all those years ago.

It was a wash of nostalgia that hit the Namekian as well, who was still watching the pair closely from a nearby tree. Even Zangya was paying close attention to them.

'Now,' Gohan thought, taking a deep breath and letting it out. Spreading his feet till they were shoulder width apart and letting his hands rest firmly at his sides, the boy took a moment to suppress his energy level. Upon pushing it down as low as it could possibly go, he then opened his eyes and fixed his sights upon his student. A bead of sweat formed on his brow, "Remember Videl… don't forget to dodge."
With a nod and a growl, Videl let out a hearty battle cry and charged right at her opponent. As soon as she was upon him, she opened up with a flurry of attacks; punches and kicks flying at her target in an effort to bring him down. The second her attacks were loose, Gohan began effortlessly slipping around them, presenting the girl with a moving adversary that she now had to try and catch.

Yelling out with every swing she threw, the girl attempted to outflank the blonde as she chased him across the grass, the pair circling the clearing at least three times before Gohan decided to counter attack.

Dodging a roundhouse kick, Gohan then got right up into the girl's face and, lifting his hand, threw a light palm strike into her surprised mug. The blow smacked her square in the forehead and sent the energetic youngster blasting back across the field, where she ended up tumbling along the ground for over a dozen yards. When she ended up falling behind a boulder, with a cloud of dust hanging in her wake, the demi-Saiyan thought he'd knocked her out. A split second later though, Videl came charging right back with a yell, and nothing but dirt on her clothes and a bruise on her forehead.

'Perfect. This is exactly where I want to be,' Gohan thought, smiling as he began excessively weaving around the girl's attacks once again.

Unleashing another flurry of combinations, Videl tried to at least clip the blonde in the shoulder. However, when she tried for a right overhand, she suddenly saw the boy vanish into thin air, causing her to stop for but a moment.

This was her mistake, because the instant she looked over her shoulder, she saw the boy, who'd appeared directly behind her, raise his foot and kick her in the rear, sending her flying and crashing into another boulder. When she hit the grass, the girl groaned and glared back at him.

"Keep your eye on the enemy," Gohan coached.

Groaning as she rubbed her side, Videl frowned at the Saiyan, "But you disappeared. I couldn't see you at all."

"You're going to have to learn to keep up with this kind of speed. You have to use all of your senses to keep track of your opponent... all of them," the young Super Saiyan 2 informed, a smirk appearing on his face. "If you can't see the enemy, then feel them out. And remember; don't make yourself an easy target. You have to keep moving." He then raised his hand and took aim.

"Ugh. Easier said than-WHOA!" Videl barreled out of the way, dodging a fast moving energy ball, that slammed into the boulder she'd been leaning against and slapped a perfectly shaped burn mark in its side. Jumping to her feet after her skillful evasion, the girl shot him a look, "HEY! What the hell-?"

"No time to talk," Gohan chirped, throwing another blast her way and prompting the girl to move once again. He continued lobbing energy spheres in Videl's direction, bombarding the ground when she leapt and ducked around them. "Don't just dodge, Videl. Get inside and attack!" His instruction getting through to her, the half-Saiyan fired another barrage of weak blasts, prompting the young fighter to move in as fast as she could and leap at the boy with another onslaught of attacks. However, the moment she swung in, the boy disappeared again and reappeared at her side.

Throwing a slow combo of attacks, he prompted Videl to duck a kick and slip a left jab, only to then tap her with a kick to the stomach that sent her spiraling across the field. When she hit the ground,
she took up a crouched position and stared across at her instructor, panting heavily.

"Good. Keep it up," Gohan encouraged, watching the girl rub at the bruise on her face. After which she went after him once again, unleashing a combination of attacks that had the young Saiyan dodging around her in a blur. All the while the two of them were watched on by a fully invested Zangya and Piccolo, both of whom continued to observe quietly from the sidelines.

XXX

Taking full advantage of her weighted clothing, the demi-Saiyan had Videl fight him using all of the skills she had at her disposal. While pushing himself in his own exercises, he encouraged her to do her very best as well, beating her into the ground with attacks that were strong by normal human standards yet at the same time making extra certain not to seriously injure her.

He made sure to up the ante the further along they progressed.

The two of them continued this session until late afternoon, where Gohan then left a period of time at the end for Videl to work on any one of the skills she saw fit to improve; whether it was building her strength, meditating to improve her senses and state of mind, or sparring to continue polishing her fighting techniques. This period also allowed the demi-Saiyan an opportunity to work on his own training as well, where he spent time honing his techniques and building his strength. It didn't just allow him time to talk with Piccolo and learn how to use his magic materialization ability, he also had a perfect chance to practice his control over holding his Super Saiyan 2 form and using the technique Kana had given him before she left.

He began learning how to use the Instantaneous Movement technique, something he was eager to get down as soon as possible and add to his move set. It was after the first week and a half of training Videl he started practicing it.

XXX

"Are you sure about this?" Piccolo asked with a bead of sweat running down his face, the Namekian watching his student limbering up a few yards away.

Taking a few deep breaths to steady his nerves, Gohan turned back to his old sensei to see Videl also standing by and watching on nervously. After looking between the two worried faces, the demi-Saiyan shared with them a small grin, "No. But I have to start somewhere."

Nodding, the green skinned warrior then glanced over the horizon and pointed across the hills. "Remember... pick a target that's close by. Don't try to aim too far or too wide with it, otherwise you might end up somewhere you don't want to be." It was advice he learned from the memories he was able to retrieve of Kami, who knew a technique very similar in this one's design that allowed him to travel to and from the Otherworld.

Though he'd lost the ability with his other half's inception into his subconscious, the Namekian still experienced phantom flashes of his previous forms that really contributed to his wealth of knowledge.

"The dimension you will be entering will be passing you at an insane rate, so use your reflexes to slow it down. It'll be like diving into a rushing river traveling hundreds of times faster than light."

"Yeah. No problem," the demi-Saiyan replied with a chuckle, which was noticeably nervous.

Zangya, who was standing behind the boy and also watching on with interest, grinned from ear to ear.
ear when she sensed the youngster's uncertainty. "Oh-ho... this is gonna be good."

"Okay," Gohan breathed out, skipping on the spot while clapping his hands and rubbing them together. Once he was certain he'd got his blood and energy flowing, he then looked across at the two in front of him and nodded anxiously. "Wish me luck." When he saw his raven haired friend and alien trainer acknowledge his words, he then stopped jumping around enough to flex his fingers uneasily and take a stance. "Oh yeah... and Videl..." The girl perked up, "in case I forget to say this later...ow."

He then vanished in a flash of golden light...

A split second after Gohan's form disappeared completely from sight, an explosion of dust occurred about two kilometers in the direction of the mountains, a sight which immediately caught the group's attention. Acting instantly, Piccolo and Zangya took flight in the direction of the blast, with Videl being carried by the former.

When they eventually landed at the site of the disturbance, they found themselves staring at a five-foot-wide trench that'd been dug through an entire field of grass for over five hundred meters, which ended at a suspiciously human-shaped crater at the base of one of the forest covered mountains. Peering into it, Piccolo, Zangya and Videl stared blankly at the upside-down form of Gohan wedged in its center, his clothing shredded, his body covered in dirt and bruises, and a dizzy look on his bewildered face.

Groaning, the half-Saiyan that'd clearly plowed the ground with his face, spoke in a weak voice, "Missed it by that much."

Exactly five seconds later, both Zangya and Videl burst out laughing, with the latter falling onto the floor holding her sides. The Namekian meanwhile, smirked at his beaten up student.

"You're going to have to work on that, kid."

XXX

After about a hundred face-plants into mountain sides and random valleys later, including several instances where he'd ended up teleporting himself inside of several walls and to the bottom of random masses of water, Gohan started getting it down... kind of.

Sure, his teleportation skills weren't perfect, but at least he was making progress.

It was just one of those 'no pain, no gain' instances and he knew that if he preserved enough, he would eventually get it right. He sure as hell was going to abuse the hell out of this move when he eventually mastered it, so until then he was just going to keep at it until he finally got to where he needed to go in one piece.

Over the entire month, Videl's routine remained mostly the same, with Gohan changing it up every now and again to cover all of the fundamental aspects of his group's martial arts. For example, while running her lap of the region at four in the morning, he had her hit the mountain slopes with boulders, in which she would spend a segment of that session dragging them up the side over and over again to build up her leg muscles. To push her even further, he even had her swim long distances in the lake with her weighted clothing on, and to coincide with her ki control lessons, he had her sparring with him blindfolded so that she could master *ki reading* along with her other fighting abilities.

As the days rolled on and Gohan kept pushing his friend, he periodically increased the weight on
her clothing, an act that not only allowed him practice with Piccolo's technique, but also increased the difficulty of Videl's training.

It was an incredibly taxing time for the raven haired girl, who at first believed she wasn't making any progress at all. Sure, every once in a while she felt like it was getting easier, but every time she felt like she was making some kind of headway, Gohan would just up the regimen and it would become harder once again.

However, while she sweated away and worked her skills into the ground, the three powerful fighters watching her from the sidelines began to notice and sense remarkable improvements in her abilities.

One thing certainly became clear to all of them; she was an amazing prodigy.

XXX

(A few weeks later - Evening)

Controlling her breathing patterns, Videl extended both hands out and caught the golden sphere of energy that flew at her like an arrow. Managing to hold it above her palms while it pulsed away, the raven haired fighter then took a few seconds to focus before, with a grunt of effort, she launched it back in the direction it'd come, where it was promptly caught by Gohan in the same manner.

For the past couple of hours the two youngsters had been at this; passing a ball of energy between them, catching it using their own energy, and reversing its direction, at the same time keeping it in a state of constant flight and form. Even though it seemed like just some sort of fun game they were playing, it was actually a really effective form of training that not only focused on physical exercise through control, but was also a great way for the two to harmonize their energies and find equilibrium between mind and matter.

While the demi-Saiyan in charge of the session felt that this was an excellent way to work on his own control in the area of ki, as he was currently assumed in a suppressed Super Saiyan 2 state, this activity was mostly for the benefit of his student. Through continuous repetition, Videl had been able to gain a firm grasp of the concept of energy manipulation, and was doing incredibly well in catching, deflecting, blocking and absorbing ki blasts of varying degrees and forms.

This exercise of 'playing tennis' with an energy sphere was one of the many ways she was strengthening said control.

Picking up speed in their passing, the two martial artists continued hurling the attack between them. As this was going on, in the background Piccolo and Zangya were busy doing their own little thing, sitting across from one another with their arms and legs folded and their eyes tightly shut. The two were apparently wrapped up in a session of their own design, a really intense one from the looks on their faces, and were also being watched over by a currently present Mirai Trunks, who was adorned in his vest, trousers and blue jacket.

Looking between the two adults on the grass in front of him and then up towards Gohan and his partner, the lavender haired time-traveler sprouted a smile and nodded his head in approval.

"With Gohan and everyone here… and with Cell gone, I know things are going to be alright from now on." After witnessing the events that'd occurred following the whole Kana incident, he knew for certain that this world was in good hands.
The proof was right in front of him, hard at work with his best friend.

Catching the ball of energy firmly in one hand, Videl concentrated on holding it while it spun above her palm. Gritting her teeth as it hovered in place, the girl then focused her ki around it and began compressing the basketball sized sphere. Within a matter of seconds, the attack popped out of existence and the raven haired girl collapsed onto her backside. Panting heavily from the effort, she wiped the sweat from her brow and looked up, where she saw Gohan stop in front of her with a smile on his face and his hands on his hips.

Grinning at the Super Saiyan 2, Videl raised a hand, "I think... I'm gonna call it a day."

"No problem," Gohan nodded back, before reverting back to his base form with a quick exhale and beaming at his companion, "You worked yourself pretty hard this morning. You've definitely earned a good night's rest." He then offered a hand to her.

Immediately reaching up and taking it, Videl was pulled to her feet. "Thanks, Gohan." After dusting her gi down and adjusting her wristband, the spent youngster then turned her attention to Piccolo and Zangya, both of whom were still sitting across from one another, sweating and trembling from head to toe. Though the sight of the two of them bleeding bullets like that would have initially puzzled the young fighter, because she'd been at this for a month and a bit already, she knew exactly what was going on. "Those two are image training again?"

"Uh-huh. They've been at it since the end of lunch," Gohan replied, placing his hands on his hips. "That's good. It means they're really working hard."

"I wouldn't be surprised. Those two definitely seem like the stubborn types of fighters."

"You can say that again," the demi-Saiyan chuckled. "I've definitely seen Piccolo image training many times before, since he was the one who taught me how to, but I've never seen Zangya train like this." He then paused for a couple of seconds, "Come to think of it, I don't think I've ever seen her train, period." To be honest, it was a refreshing change of pace. For the first time ever, he was able to see how a character like the Hera actually worked on her skills in her free time and, judging from the expression on her face, she was really having a ball against Piccolo through their telekinetic link.

"So... they exercise their bodies using only their minds by fighting against a mental image of their opponent inside their heads?" Videl asked while glancing across at her instructor, seeing the boy nod in response. "That's kind of like shadow sparring, isn't it?"

"In a way. The image they fight against is a mental projection created and controlled by their opponent's ki. The resulting mental battle stirs up the circulation in the users' bodies, getting them to exercise their abilities physically as well as mentally, and requires the combatant to continuously project their energy at a controlled rate. That's why at the end of every session we're always exhausted and out of breath, since the fights we get into in the mental world can be just as grueling as a fight in the physical plain," Gohan informed, looking across at the girl to see her nod in understanding.

"And you say you can train like this by yourself or with another person?"

"Yep. It's a really good way to keep your mind sharp and your techniques polished. Though it is effective as an exercise, you still need to actually move around and do stuff to keep your body in full fighting form. You can't focus on one thing without working on the other," Gohan informed, a grin forming on his face.
Videl beamed right back and nudged him in the side, "Hey. When I get good enough and I've mastered control over my ki, I want to have a go at image training against you. No holds barred. Alright?"

"Whatever you say, Videl," the demi-Saiyan chuckled, "But I warn you, it can get pretty intense in there… especially against an opponent who's far more experienced than you."

"I think I can handle it," the adolescent replied with equal enthusiasm, meeting the smile from the spiky haired young warrior.

For the next couple of minutes the two of them stood there, watching the silence permeate between both Piccolo and Zangya. In no time at all, the audience began to question who was actually winning in the one on one fight taking place inside the link the pair had established.

It was obvious the woman was the more powerful of the two and probably an equal in skill. However, she'd been trapped in a star for over ten thousand years, whereas Piccolo had lived a total of two lifetimes with two other Namekians sharing his body, both of which brought an insurmountable level of experience and pain to him. The man knew how to play mind games just as well as anyone in their group and was as stubborn an opponent as they came.

Between the two of them, in a battle confined to a mental plain where there only limits were their strengths of will and life force, it was impossible to tell which of them would come out on top.

The trio got their answer seconds later when Zangya's eyes suddenly snapped open and the young girl gave a gasp of shock, collapsing onto her hands and heaving ragged breaths of air, as if she'd almost been drowned. Her awakening was shortly followed by Piccolo, the Namekian also reacting in a similar manner, only he was able to keep his arms crossed.

Sweating up a storm, the Hera glared up at her sparring partner in frustration, "That was a cheap shot. I didn't know you could use eye beams."

"I haven't had to use them for a while, but it definitely got the job done, don't you agree?" Piccolo asked with a smirk forming on his face. "You have to be patient with these kinds of fights. Unlike you, I don't jump in every time my opponent lets his guard down. If you rush in blindly without a plan of attack, you're likely to fall victim for whatever trap your opponent has laid out for you."

"Your back was turned!"

"And you went for it just like I knew you would," Piccolo replied with a smirk. "That's what happens when you get frustrated."

Snarling, the orange haired girl put her fist into the ground before standing up. There was a slight wobble in her legs the moment she straightened her posture, but she was able to correct it, "You, green man… are an asshole."

Piccolo snorted, finding a retort for the girl's response despite being thoroughly drained as well, "I'll take that as a compliment."

Folding her arms, the orange haired young woman turned her back on him and stormed off, deciding to go sulk over by the house.

Trunks chuckled when he saw her leave, "Man. Never thought I'd see her get worked up."

Getting to his feet as well, the Namekian turned to Gohan to see him beaming up at him, "Training done?"
"For now," the half-Saiyan replied cheerily, which was matched by a bright smile from Videl. "You zapped her when she tried to drop down from above, didn't you?"

"It was inspired," Piccolo replied, giving the boy a sly look. "Something I learned while fighting against you."

Remembering all the times he'd been hit by Piccolo's eye lasers during their training for the Saiyans, Gohan then led the march back towards the house. Around the other side of it, the group found Chi-Chi already laying out a gourmet feast for her family and their guests, Trunks included. Beckoning them over when she saw the group stroll into view, she then began pouring them all a serving of rice, at the same time Gohan, Videl and Piccolo sat around the outdoor dining area.

When the two demi-Saiyans and the human martial artist had their food served to them, on his end of the table Piccolo received a rather pleasant surprise when a glass of ice water was set down in front of him along with a full jug. When he looked up, he saw Chi-Chi give him a smile and a nod, before quickly moving back to deal out the rest of her sides.

The Namekian raised a brow, before glancing down at the glass of refreshing aqua in front of him. "She's in a surprisingly good mood." Not wanting to question the kindness of her gesture, the man accepted the serving gladly.

When Trunks made himself comfortable, he too found a dish of rice and sides sitting in front of him, and beamed across at the woman that'd gone out of her way to cook for all of them. "Thanks so much, Chi-Chi."

"You're welcome, Trunks," the mother replied with a beaming expression as she took up another bowl for herself. "It's always a pleasure to have you and the rest of the family over... well... most of them anyway."

Getting what the woman was saying, the lavender haired Saiyan chuckled, "Yeah. I admit my dad can be a bit overbearing and impatient sometimes, but I know he's still a great guy deep down." It was a remark that had Piccolo pause and stare for a few seconds. "I wouldn't trade him for anyone else in the world."

“Well... that's good," Chi-Chi replied with a nod. "I'm glad to see that you care about him a lot. If I'm being completely honest, I think Vegeta really cares about you as well. He's just too proud and stuck up to admit it."

Smiling at the woman for her kind words, Trunks collected up his chopsticks and prepared to dig in. When all of the boys and girls around the table clapped their hands together and said their thanks to the spirits, they then dug in all at once. The Son mother, Videl and their lavender haired companion ate at a languid pace, pulling up their bowls and putting whatever they wanted onto the dishes in front of them. Their pace was matched by the one set by Piccolo, who quietly drank his water through his straw, which he slowly consumed and savored every drop.

Of course, in stark contrast to the speed the majority of the troop had set, there was one exception to the above who'd decided to make this meal his next conquest.

Just like his father, Gohan speedily fished for several more sides from the center of the table and popped them into his bowl. Upon which he then began inhaling the food at his usual rate of speed shoveling, a sight that had Videl stare and giggle when the boy pulled away with his lips covered in rice.

"You Saiyans really love your food, huh?" the raven haired martial artist asked, drawing the boy's
"Yeah. We sure do. But I think it's because of mum's cooking that me and dad eat so much more than we're supposed to," Gohan replied, at the same time sparing his mum a thousand megawatt smile. "We've gone out to tons of restaurants over the years, but out of every single one of them there hasn't been a single chef that's been able to match mum's cooking skills. She's the best in the world."

Chi-Chi's expression warmed at her son's compliments, "Why thank you, Gohan."

Videl leaned over to smile at the home owner as well, "Yeah. Your food is really amazing, Chi-Chi. Thank you so much."

The woman's eyes twinkled, "You're welcome too, Videl." She then gave an inward squeal at the prospect of grandchildren, a twitch in her expression that didn't go amiss by the ever observant Piccolo.

As the group continued to feast and Gohan had gone through two more servings, the half-Saiyan then had his attention pulled over to the house. It was there he saw Zangya standing against the wall with her arms folded and a neutral gaze set upon the group.

After looking at her and back towards the table a couple of times, the demi-Saiyan smiled in her direction and shuffled over, "Hey, Zangya. Why don't you come join us?"

His call catching her by surprise, the previously aggrivated blue-skinned fighter blinked, "Huh? You want me to sit with you guys?" They had a pretty full table already. However, looking across at Gohan, she saw the youngster make a space beside him and gesture to it gleefully.

"Yeah. Mum made us plenty of food. Why don't you come and have some with us," the young warrior continued, his exclamations drawing gazes from Piccolo and Trunks, before they too turned to the woman standing across the way.

Appearing hesitant at first, Zangya looked away, "I… don't know if I should." She was aware of their history. After everything she'd done, she wasn't so sure if she would be welcomed or not.

Gohan beamed warmly at her, "I can't eat knowing that you're standing over there all by yourself while the rest of us are here. Even Piccolo is sitting with us and having a drink." He gestured to the Namekian, who merely gave a grunt and turned back to his water. "If he can sit with us without being bothered, then I'm sure you can eat with us too."

Giving the boy a long stare of surprise, the Hera regarded his proposition with a few more moments of thought. Once a full minute ticked by and the woman passed the happily smiling child a couple more tentative glances, Zangya eventually conceded and slowly made her way over.

She then had a bowl of rice held out in front of her and looked across at the young Saiyan to see him still smiling.

"Here. You must be pretty hungry," the boy spoke.

Nodding gratefully, Zangya took the bowl and chopsticks. Picking at a slice of pork, she then brought it to her lips and nibbled on it. Giving a few testing bites of the rest, a small smile quickly formed on her face, "Mm… it's delicious." She glanced across at the group, whom she saw was eyeing her intently. Looking from one face to the next, the blue-skinned woman then became
slightly nerve rattled and looked away, frowning stubbornly. "Th-Thanks." She then started to eat at a livelier pace and remained quiet for the rest of the evening.

Smiling when he saw the woman get more comfortable, Gohan switched to his own meal and continued to devour it, at the same time sharing small talk with both Videl and Trunks.

As tea time rolled on, things seemed to file out nicely for the group outside the Son household. Against the backdrop of Mount Paozu and the sun setting gently over the horizon, the serene scene around the table was nothing short of perfect. Eventually, once most of the food had been put away and Gohan and Zangya were in the process of finishing off their last servings, the lavender haired Saiyan accompanying them looked down at his empty plate anxiously. After which he then addressed the company with the announcement he'd shared with the other members of their party.

"I'll be leaving in two days," Mirai said, drawing everyone's attention over to him in an instant. "Now that I know everything is going to be okay, I believe that my work here is done."

"You're going back to your own time?" Gohan asked.

"Yep." A sad smile pulled across the half-Saiyan's lips, "Since this'll probably be the last time we'll ever get to see each other again, I'm visiting everyone from here to Kame House and letting them know that I'll be going this Saturday. My mum's probably worried sick about me back home, so I don't want to keep her waiting anymore than I already have."

Processing his words quickly, Chi-Chi nodded in understanding, "Since you two are the only ones left, I'm not surprised." The raven haired woman straightened up in her seat and, reaching over, patted the young man on the shoulder. "Be sure to take good care of her, okay?"

"I will. And I'll be sure to visit the rest of you when I get back as well," the young man replied, giving the Son mother a warm smile, "Thank you, Chi-Chi."

"We'll be there to see you off on the day, kid," Piccolo also spoke up from his end of the table, earning a grateful nod from the time traveling hero. "Count on it."

"I appreciate that. Thanks."

While the group beamed at the lavender haired warrior, who they feel had become just as much a part of their family as all the other friends they'd made, Gohan then realized a very important fact. Grinning at the demi-Saiyan who was his student and friend in the future, the energetic, orange-wearing fighter then stood out of his seat and threw the man a competitive glare.

"Hey Trunks." When everyone turned to the young warrior, they saw him back away from the table and instantly transform into a Super Saiyan. The explosion of golden energy around him kicked up a wind that ruffled everyone's hair and clothing, and brought a round of surprised looks to the people sitting at the table. "You and I never had a chance to fight during the Intergalactic Martial Arts Tournament. How about you and I have one for the road… just to wish you luck and give you something to remember us by?"

The glimmer in Gohan's eyes gave Trunks all the confidence he needed to make a quick decision.

Smirking, the lavender haired Saiyan nodded back at his counterpart, "Sure. Why not?" It would be awesome to spar with his old master one last time, even though the ages had been reversed. While the kid was unquestionably stronger than him, even as a first level Super Saiyan, Trunks was positive he would be able to get a lot out of this.

Pleased at the man's answer, Gohan looked down at Videl and smiled. "Want to see how a pair of
Super Saiyans fight?"

The raven haired girl nodded eagerly, "Yeah."

Though she didn't want to admit it, even Zangya was interested to see how the two half-Saiyan males fought. Sitting at the table with her bowl of rice in hand, the orange haired woman focused all her attention on them and watched as they prepped themselves for battle.

Chi-Chi gave her eldest boy a proud look, "Be careful out there, son." She then winked in is direction. "Don't hurt your friend too badly."

Grinning, the transformed youngster then saw Trunks leap out of his chair and rush out into the fields surrounding their home, where he immediately jumped to his Super Saiyan 2nd Grade level and sprang into the air. With Gohan joining him in the sky, the two fighters then secured a position several stories above the ground safely out of reach of the spectators. Once there, the warriors faced each other down in their glowing forms and began to circle, the sound of their auras echoing across the wide open prairies.

"Let's make this one count," Gohan said, his teal eyes shimmering with excitement.

Trunks grinned back at the boy with equal enthusiasm, "Don't worry. I won't disappoint you."

Then, with Piccolo, Videl, Zangya and Chi-Chi watching from the table below, the pair rocketed towards one another and began clashing in an explosive display of speed, skill, and strength.

The sound of thunderclaps ringing out across the plains, the audience looked on with warm expressions in play as the two companions from different eras traded blows for what would be their first and last time.

From one point of view, the spar was just a rival match between two incredibly powerful warriors. From another… it was a fond farewell between two friends.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: Woot. I hope you guys liked this chapter.

Here, we see Videl begin her training under Gohan, starting off with the oh-so-famous Turtle School routine. It'll take her a while to get up to the same level the other human Z-fighters are at, but she has plenty of time to get this right.

About seven years to be exact.

Okay, so I won't be having the montage just yet. I've managed to fit one more arc into the series that I'm sure you're all going to enjoy. Right now we've started the training period.

During the seven year gap (which is now), we have the Junior Division Arc coming up next. I don't have to tell you what's involved with this arc. After this we have the Zeru Arc, which is close to the end of the seven year gap, then just before the 'Gohan Goes to Highschool' period we have the God of Storms Arc, where the Z-fighters encounter their first God opponent who's from the same realm as Beerus (you're going to like how they fight this one). After this we have Gohan's high school period, followed by the Saiyan Invasion Arc, Varax Arc, Dabura Arc, Kidnapper Arc, and then finally the Doomsday Arc.
**Author's Note:** Moving on to the next chapter and the very first World Martial Arts arc in this story. This one features Gohan and Videl participating in the Junior Division, with a little surprise waiting for them.

Seeing as how I've moved into this arc, I think I should put some numbers to the questions for comparisons sake. I'll use Kana's numbers to help arrange this:

**(Saiyan Saga):**

Saibaman – 1,220 riki

Radditz – 1,220 riki

Nappa – 5,000 riki

Vegeta – 19,000 riki

Krillin – 300 riki

Krillin (Post-One-Year-Training) – 1,700 riki

Krillin (Unlocked Potential on Namek) – 23,000 riki

Gohan – 5 riki

Gohan (Enraged) – 1,350 riki

Gohan (Post-One-Year-Training) – 1,600 riki

Gohan (Unlocked Potential on Namek) – 24,000 riki

**(Present):**

Videl (Pre-Training) – 130 riki

Videl (Post-One-Year-Training) – 1,300 riki

Videl (Unlocked Potential) – 15,000 riki

Gohan – 16,000,000 riki

Gohan (Super Saiyan) – 200,000,000 riki

Gohan (Super Saiyan 2) – 375,000,000 riki

Krillin – 8,000,000 riki

Piccolo – 85,000,000 riki

Zangya – 150,000,000 riki

Considering how far everyone has come, a power level like Radditz's isn't that big of a milestone anymore, especially when the Z-fighters know how to train their ki to get stronger so much better
now. It's kind of funny how far everyone has come since the good old days.

I just wanted to write this up to see how everyone compares now. In the words of TFS Vegeta, power levels are BS.

---

**Dragonball Z**

**Legacies**

**Big Day Out**

(Two Days Later)

Making sure to leave a note on the fridge telling his mother that he was 'going to Videl's place for a visit', Gohan quickly gathered up the money he would need for the day and headed off. Adorned in his father's signature orange and blue gi and a big smile on his face, the youngster took flight into the still dark morning sky and immediately headed straight in the direction of the island where the *World Martial Arts Tournament* was being held. He left his home full of glee and vigor, but just as he was soaring over the forests of his homeland towards the coastline, he suddenly felt a shadow latch onto him.

"So… where's the bad little boy sneaking out to this time?"

Looking over his shoulder in surprise, Gohan saw Zangya flying close behind him, her arms folded over her chest and an amused grin on her face. The look she threw him was one of mischief; one that reflected the underhanded nature of this little escapade of his.

"Oh. Good morning, Zangya."

The instant she was addressed the orange haired woman casually pulled up alongside the teen and set a comfortable pace next to him, the wind rushing past them and waving their hair about. "Normally you would be out on the grasslands, bench pressing mountains and kicking the shit out of yourself already, but… if I didn't know any better… I'd say you were bailing on today's session." A sly smile formed on her face. "Giving up already?"

Gohan chuckled, "What? Of course not. What in the world gave you that idea?"

"Well, the fact that you're a hundred miles away from home and still moving at jet speed kind of tells me that you're either abandoning your morning training routine or you've got something else fun planned," Zangya replied with a shrug. "Either way I'm interested."

"Let's just say I've got some family business to take care of."

"Is it of the boring variety or the fun variety?"

"B. Fun variety."

"Goodie."

The demi-Saiyan setting the speed gave her a roguish grin of his own, "Are you sure you don't want to be hanging around at my place looking after my baby brother?"

"Your mother is fine taking care of the brat on her own. Believe me, I know. I've seen how she operates," Zangya said, flashbacks of watching the woman dice up an entire tuna the size of a
living room with only a carving knife, while at the same time blindly hanging washing on the line with the basket strapped to her back appearing in her head. "She's a super mum. I highly doubt she needs somebody like me, a former space pirate, shadowing her and throwing her off her game."

"If you say so. Still, if you ever feel like turning around…"

"Not a chance. So… where are we going today, dad?" Zangya asked in a playful-slash-mocking tone of voice.

"We're going to an event that my father competed in many times while he was still a kid; the World Martial Arts Tournament on the South-East islands."

"Is this anything like that Intergalactic Martial Arts Tournament that you and your companions entered a year ago?"

"Yeah. Only this one is tamer and focuses more on the fighting than the 'fun-house' the event is set in. Think of it as a giant kickboxing tournament where there are no ropes," Gohan replied, trying to describe the scenario for her as best as he could.

"Sounds fun. Is there any particular reason why you're entering this thing now and why you haven't invited your mum to it?" Zangya asked, rolling over so that she was flying on her back and looking across at the boy at the same time. "Is it because you're looking to blow off some steam? Or is it something else?" She then took on a momentary look of surprise and then grinned cheekily. "Or are you using this as an excuse to go on a date with Videl?" The name rolled off of her tongue in a very serpent like way.

The question caused Gohan to balk so badly in shock that he actually lost control of his flight and literally spun out of the sky. When he eventually course corrected and flew back to the altitude the laughing Zangya was gliding at, the blushing demi-Saiyan looked across at her in dismay. "WHAT? A d-date?"

"Hey, there's no shame in admitting it. You're a young, tough guy with an alien heritage who's growing up fast and… let's be honest here, she's a pretty strong runt herself with a spunky character and a mean kick. You two are perfect for each other."

Scowling slightly, the boy huffed and looked ahead of him again with a glare, "I'm telling you, it's not like that. We're just… friends." Zangya picked up the moment of hesitation and spotted the blush on his face. Shaking his head, Gohan quickly regained his bearings, "Besides… I'm participating in the event for other reasons. My mum needs the money to raise Goten and, even though I'm working, looking after two Saiyan children will be really hard for her. So I'm going to participate in the Junior Division and win first place to get the prize money."

"Junior Division?" Zangya murmured, finding it strange that the strongest boy in the universe would be signing up to play in such a minor league.

That was seriously cutting his skills down the sides.

Gohan rolled his eyes, "New rules of the tournament. They put that in the same time Hercule Satan stepped into the ring for the first time. Apparently it was a decision made by the board in response to the public growing sour at the idea of kids participating in the same league as adults. While that's all well and good, frankly I think that's a little bit unfair. My dad and Krillin were fighting in that tournament ever since they were my age and nobody had any problems with it back then."

"Hey. Times change," Zangya said, looking up towards the sky with a frown while continued to fly
on her back. "In my experience, I've always had the ability to force change whenever something I
didn't like happened. Bojack really had his heart set on that kind of movement; a universe where
his dreams could become reality and he could claim whatever he wanted. But after years of
pursuing that ideal and being stuck inside of a star with nobody but those four idiots to talk too, I
started having second thoughts about my life."

The half-Saiyan scoffed, "Destroying worlds and conquering civilizations fell out of taste for you?"

"Yeah," Zangya murmured, glaring down her body as the pair flew along. She didn't even falter
when she sensed the boy's eyes on her. "I'd take it all back if I could… all of it… but I can't.
Bojack was an asshole and a monster. If we didn't do what he said or if we didn't live up to his
insane expectations, then he would have killed all of us right there on the spot."

Hearing this reminded Gohan of another particular tyrant who killed people as a kindness and
viewed everyone beneath him as trash. The thought of the pale-skinned alien sent a chill through
his spine and immediately had the boy try to rid his mind of those memories, "You did everything
you could in order to survive."

"Mmm," Zangya nodded, before then looking across at the half-Saiyan and taking notice of the sun
starting to rise over the distant mountains behind him, which were now slowly transforming into
lowlands. "I'm grateful he's gone. The others too. They were willing to follow that bastard to the
ends of the universe and burn every single planet in their way to get there, but me… even though I
believed that I'd gotten swept up in their power-hungry madness to the point of blindly following
his orders, all I was really searching for was a way out. A chance to escape." The woman then
spared the boy next to her a smile and nodded. "You gave me that chance… and I… I'm really
grateful to you for sparing my life, Gohan. Thank you."

Gohan, feeling his heart thump at the woman's sincere sounding words, smiled across at her.
"You're welcome, Zangya." Seeing her right herself so that she was flying normally with her arms
at her sides, the half-Saiyan looked ahead of him and focused on their destination. "My father
always believed in giving people a second chance and that having compassion could be a big
strength in our line of work."

"Your father sounds like a good man," Zangya chuckled, also looking ahead of her thoughtfully.

Grinning, the youngster glanced at his companion once again, "I plan on becoming as strong a
fighter and as great a man as he was. I will do everything I can to live up to his legacy." Seeing her
eyes focus on him, Gohan continued to speak. "You know… you remind me a lot of some of the
other members of our group who used to be our enemies. They were pretty hardcore bad guys too.
But after so many years of knowing them and fighting alongside them, they became some of our
closest friends."

"Really?"

The demi-Saiyan nodded. "It would be really awesome if… you became our friend as well." His
eyes shone with a clear sign of hope. "I really enjoy spending time with you, Zangya."

The blue-skinned woman beamed at his statement, "You know what… I think I will… if you'll
permit me of course."

Gohan nodded, "Sure. No problem."

Feeling a lot lighter than before, the Hera-seijin sped up enthusiastically and once more turned to
gaze at the approaching horizon. "I'll do my best to fit in and make up for all the trouble I've
caused you. Kami knows I've made my share of mistakes in my life. But don't expect much from me too soon. I'm… still trying to get used to all the goody-two-shoe-ness of this planet."

"Don't worry too much about it," Gohan chuckled, shaking his head at the same time, "Vegeta's been with us even longer than you and he's still trying to adjust. By contrast, you've made much more progress in eight months than he has in five years. He finds fitting in a lot more bothersome than anything else."

By this point in time, the two had passed the coast and were now traveling over wide expanses of sea and islands. As the wind whipped at their hair and the pair continued covering the distance between them and their final destination, both Gohan and Zangya was allowed a comfortable moment of silence until the Hera decided to speak up again.

"I think your friends might take a little while longer to warm up to me."

"Give them some time. I'm sure they'll come around sooner or later."

OOO

Several minutes later, the island that the Tenkaichi Budokai was being hosted on pulled into view. Adjusting their trajectory and dodging traffic so as to avoid a humorous midair collision, the pair quickly descended to ground level and honed in on the nearest highway. The moment they touched down at a busy intersection, startling the heck out of a bunch of people crossing that area, the two of them then began a leisurely wander of the roads.

As the hours ticked by and more and more people started to arrive on the landmass, both Gohan and Zangya quickly saw exactly what was involved with this whole tournament thing. Though he'd never attended any of his father's matches or saw any previous fights on the television for that matter, the demi-Saiyan noticed that the atmosphere was almost exactly identical to the one from the Intergalactic Martial Arts competition.

The crowds were vast and the entertainment was plentiful. Stalls, restaurants, and fair rides lined the roads in all directions, and no matter which way they turned the pair found their sights flocked by dozens upon dozens of civilians. After only a few minutes of exploring the thoroughfares and footpaths the pair had half a mind to ditch traditional etiquette and fly the rest of the way to the stadium.

However, not wanting to draw any attention to themselves, they stuck to the ground and just made their way through the old-fashioned way.

Amidst all the chaos and growing excitement, the two of them were able to stop for a quick bite to eat, where Gohan gorged himself on restaurant food while Zangya ate at her usual pace, yet maintained the decency to look surprised at the amount the boy was able to put away in one sitting.

It wasn't long before they happened across the outer wall surrounding the main venue of the competition and with their destination fixed they started trudging their way towards the entrance.

While making their way towards the archway, the pair's attention perked up when they spotted a familiar figure already standing by the wall and waiting for them. The sight of his white cape and towering form caused a smile to tug at Gohan's lips. "Yo, Piccolo. What's up?"

Eyes cracking open, the Namekian smiled down at his student, "Not much, kid. Just waiting for you to show up." He then took notice of the orange haired woman standing alongside the teen and frowned, "Oh. You're here too?"
"Hey, green man," Zangya greeted with a smirk, "Didn't expect to see you out in public."

"Funny. I can say the same thing about you," the demi-Saiyan's mentor shot back, his eyes narrowing somewhat. "Did you come to compete or are you just here to observe?" He was also going to ask whether she was here to do neither of those things, but he wisely chose to reserve judgment until after the tournament was half-way finished.

The woman coyly flipped her hair over her shoulder, "Unless there's a challenge, I'm not interested. Perhaps next time when the rest of your friends are here. I'd rather see how this competition is done before deciding to participate myself."

"Hmph," Piccolo grunted, before then glancing down at his student to see him grinning up at him cheekily. Seeing that the Son wasn't at all put off by the presence of his alien tagalong, the Namekian could relax a little knowing that the boy was okay with her. "It can get pretty intense in there. Are you ready?"

"Hey, if I can take on somebody as scary as Cell, then a big setup like this is nothing for me," Gohan replied confidently.

"Good. Then let's get you signed up." With a wave of his cape, the trio turned in the direction of the ongoing road and continued following the wall to the entrance.

When they arrived there, the group found themselves standing by a massive gateway with all the embellishments expected of such a prestigious event. The design of the points bearing a very temple like appearance that seemed all too familiar to one of them, the trio gave the arch a momentary once over before moving to the nearby desk, where two tournament officials could be seen sitting and taking down names for the competition.

When the line cleared, Gohan saw his chance and approached. "Hello there. I'd like to sign up for the Junior Division, please."

The monk with the mustache looked across at the eleven-year-old and smiled, "Of course, young man. And your name is…?"

"Gohan. Son Gohan."

"Son Gohan. Very good," the man scribbled down on the sheet. Upon which he then blinked and glanced up at the boy in the orange and blue gi. Taking a moment to inspect his uniform, his attention then fixed on the youngster's kindly face. "You… wouldn't happen to be related to Son Goku, would you? The former World Martial Arts Champion?"

The spiky haired youngster chuckled and scrubbed his head nervously, "Y-Yeah… actually. I'm… his son."

This declaration had the two officials beam and the taller of the two with the thick eyebrows nod in acknowledgement, "Well, it is truly a pleasure to see you're competing here today. I hope you put on a good show for us out there."

"Thank you, sir. That's very kind of you."

It was then the mustached official took notice of the other pair of oddly dressed fighters behind him, "Are… your two friends competing as well?"

"Oh no. They're just here to watch today," Gohan replied, but then leaned over with an inquisitive look. "Umm… would it… be possible for them to get a couple of seats in the stadium. I'm not sure
"If they're with you then that shouldn't be a problem," the thin official stated quickly. "The two of them can stand and watch from the stadium's walkway."

"Oh. That's great. Thanks," Gohan chirped, making sure they got all his details down before then being given instructions of where to go. Upon receiving them he then turned towards Zangya and Piccolo. "Got it."

"Next time you're going to be fighting in the big leagues," the Namekian informed with a smirk. "This'll be a good practice bout for you."

"And for Videl as well," the half-Saiyan replied as he slowly lead them in through the towering gateway. "I'm here to fight her just as much as I'm here to win the prize money. Think of it as killing two Saibamen with one blast."

If Piccolo had the good graces to laugh he would have. Unfortunately he didn't. Nor did Zangya. However, the former did give the kid an amused smirk at his old time reference while the woman merely strolled along at her own pace. When they passed through the gates and began making their way towards the courtyard, where all of the main fighters were set to gather for the preliminary selection process, the highway emptied out. It became smooth sailing the rest of the way across the grounds and after passing through another gateway, the trio soon happened upon the main building area.

Just before they could go through the corridor up ahead though, another familiar face stepped into view from the changing room and Gohan grinned when he recognized her, "Videl! Hey!" The girl was quick to spot him and when she did, a brilliant smile appeared on her face.

"Gohan! It's about time!" She quickly rushed over to him and stopped before her three trainers. Well... two trainers and one audience member. Either way all of them were important figures in her life and the raven haired girl had no hesitation in acknowledging all of them with a smile. "I knew you were going to show up sooner or later."

"Yeah. Did you come here with your dad?"

"Split a jet. Could have flown here myself, but..." She sighed and rolled her eyes, "He wanted to spend some quality time with his little girl before the big day. Personally, I thought it was a great flight. This time he wasn't messing around and showing off in front of the stewardesses, and kept his volume level to a minimum. He can be a really awesome parent when he's not on camera and being his usual self. Of course..."

"All of that changed when you finally got off the plane?" He saw his friend slump over with a proverbial raincloud forming overhead, earning a sympathetic smile from the demi-Saiyan. "And you decided to bail on him?"

"Thank Kami I can move super-quick now," Videl groaned, before then looking back up at the kind boy with misfortune written all over her face.

Seeing the tears at the corners of her eyes, Gohan reached over and gently laid a hand on her shoulder, which he rubbed comfortingly. "Parents. Am I right?" His question earned a nod from the tough girl, whom the half-Saiyan stepped away from and surveyed from head to toe. "You're wearing your orange and blue gi? Far out."

"Yeah. It's still weighted, but I can't really feel it anymore," the martial artist replied while flexing
her arms. Springing on her toes and taking a stance, she threw a swift combo of punches and grinned at her best friend. "This is good."

"You sure you don't want to wear something else?"

At this, Videl shook her head firmly and looked at the boy with certainty and confidence burning in her sparkling blue eyes. "I want the world to know the person who trained me; the real strongest man in the universe, the one who helped me out when I was in a trouble, and the very same boy who I-" She then swallowed her tongue when she realized what she was about to say and stammered, "Uh… I mean… the person I've come to respect and admire… and become my best friend."

Gohan grinned happily at her words and nodded, "That really means a lot, Videl. Thanks."

"No problem," the slightly blushing girl exclaimed, bringing a fist up and jabbing it against his chest. She then gestured over her shoulder, "Come on. Registration is closing soon so they'll probably be calling all of the Junior Division fighters in a few minutes."

The boy gave an understanding look. "We should get going then." He then turned to look at Piccolo and Zangya, both of whom were listening to the pair with interest. "I'll see you guys at the end, alright?"

"Break a leg," Piccolo wished in his usual, cordial manner.

The orange haired woman chuckled, "He means the other kids. Show no mercy."

Laughing at the woman's joke, Gohan and Videl waved and parted ways with the two older fighters, scampering down the hall and disappearing from sight. This pretty much left the two alien warriors standing at the entrance for several minutes in silence before they eventually decided to head up to the stadium and find their spots.

Unbeknownst to the group of four, who'd been so invested in wishing each other luck, they failed to notice the small, shadowy figure that'd been watching them from behind a nearby tree. Draped in a brown, hooded cloak, with only their chin and mouth appearing from over the thick collar of the traveling article, the person had been sure to keep their presence hidden completely from sight. Even as other fighters started to file past them, the person remained, before then deciding to follow in after the two young warriors.

OOO

(Over the next hour)

The World Martial Arts Tournament was really starting to live up to its name. Fighters from all across the globe had turned up and were continuing to arrive by the boatful to compete, all of them proficient in different forms of combat and all of them adorned in a variety of different costumes. Much like the Intergalactic Tournament months before, the promise of prize money had drawn in a bucket load of competitors. While most of them were definitely in it for the rewards being promised should they make it to first, second or third places on the chart, only a small number of them were really here for a shot at the title.

It was a pretty big show they were putting on and everyone was eager to get started. The sound of the crowds filing into the stadium just over the rooftops could be heard filtering over the rambunctious groups of martial artists. This was all the sign that was needed to let everyone know that the main events were just about to start.
"It's a shame the two of us are underage. I'd really like to fight it out on the ring with the adults," Gohan murmured in disappointed.

"Yeah. Same here," Videl replied with a bit of a frown as well as she watched the adults warming up across the courtyard, "Maybe it will be different next time. But for now we're just going to have to be content with blowing through the kids in the Junior Division. It was a piece of cake last time I was here and it looks like it's going to be a piece of cake this year as well."

"Well… until you reach the finals of course," Gohan remarked, at the same time grinning across at his raven haired student. "Don't forget; you've now got me to contend with."

"And you can bet that I'm going to give it my all when we finally meet each other in the ring," Videl answered, throwing the spiky haired fighter a grin while flicking a pigtail over her shoulder, "Even though I know you're going to win, there's no way I'm going to make it easy on you. You can count on it."

Sharing a laugh, the two youngsters went back to watching the competitors for the adult event file in, while at the same time trying to make out any of the other Junior Division entrees. Unable to find many even with their ability to sense energy, the demi-Saiyan then became curious about something and looked back at his friend inquisitively. "There are an awful lot of fighters here. How do you think they're going to decide who gets to compete in the tournament? Are they going to let all of them into the ring?"

Videl frowned, "Well, in the last several tournaments the officials decided the finalists through a series of preliminary matchups, which helped them to weed out the weaker fighters from the best ones, and allowed them to fill up the roster. But now they've switched to a stupid counter system where they decide through a test of strength whether you're able to qualify."

"Strength test?"

"A punch machine to be more precise," the raven haired youngster informed with a shrug. "If you ask me, I think that's a really cop-out way to decide who gets to battle it out with the champion in the lineup. The art of fighting isn't all about strength. It's also about speed and technique, and how you conduct yourself in the arena. Power is just a contributing factor."

"Yeah. You can say that again," Gohan murmured. Even though power was now a predominant factor in the case of the Z-fighters, they fought their battles on an entirely different level. When they were coming up against someone who was equal to them in power and speed, that's where strategy, intelligence, and skill came into the picture.

Taking interest in a couple of the more hilariously dressed fighters, including a man who'd gone full punk-rocker and another in colorful, super-hero spandex, the pair soon had their attention drawn to the front when a group of tournament staff members stepped up and began making their announcements.

"Could everyone who is participating in the Adult Division of the World Martial Arts Tournament please gather over here so that we may begin the preliminaries!" the short, portly man in the checkered shirt and suspenders said through the microphone, before then gesturing over to his right by the board. "And to all those participating in the Junior Division please make your way over to the staff member standing beside me!"

"That's our cue," Videl chirped, taking Gohan's hand and quickly running him over to the front. The boy matched her speed with his own, ducking and dodging martial artists all the way across the quad, before eventually stopping before the tournament official in question. About a minute or
so later, them and dozens of other youngsters all dressed in fighting gear were led across the rest of the court and into the central building.

Following the main corridor for several minutes, the platoon of adolescent fighters was eventually deposited in the main hall right where the entrance to the arena stood. Arranging themselves within the well lit area, they made extra certain to pay attention to the elderly monk who'd led them here so as to take in his next set of instructions.

"All of you who are participating in the Junior Division will wait here in this room until your names are called out. When they are, the two competitors who will be facing each other may pass through the barricade and follow the footpath up onto the ring to begin your match," the official explained, gesturing the children's attention towards the canvas divider with the tournament Kanji emblazoned upon it.

Looking at it, both Gohan and Videl could see through the beams of sunlight the stadium beyond the doorway. It was a sight that had them clench their fists excitedly.

"Remember, there is to be no quarreling between participants during the fights," the elder continued with a firm wag of his finger. "If you are not fighting out on the ring, you are either waiting here for your name to be called or warming up for your matches. Staff members will be posted here to keep an eye on you lot and if they see any roughhousing between competitors, the participants responsible will be automatically disqualified." Putting the fear of divine retribution in the groups of youngsters, the monk then gave them a smile and a nod. "Also, as part of the rules of this tournament, there is to be no hitting below the belt or poking in the eyes. Actions like that are considered dishonorable and are not allowed out in the ring. Am I clear?"

"Yes," came the unified reply from every child and youngster present.

Acknowledging their simultaneous responses, the official continued. "Good luck… and may the heavens smile upon you. As an added bonus to your experience here, not only will the winner of the Junior Division leave for home with one million zeni in their pockets, with the runner up receiving five hundred thousand, the victor will also have a chance to fight with Mr. Satan himself." He then pointed towards the wall, where the kids saw a large board being set up by two other officials. "You can find out when you'll be fighting and who your opponents are going to be on the roster over there. Bear in mind that your names have been randomly assigned to the lineup and that no changes can be made now that they've already been listed. So if you're fighting against somebody you don't want to, you can either stick it through or throw in the towel. It's your choice."

As soon as that announcement was made, almost every single child in the crowd made their way over to check out the brackets. Crowding before the board, with many of the stronger kids shoving their way to the front, they saw exactly how many were participating in the Junior Division and who they were set to battle in the first round of matches.

Thirty five fighters in total by Videl's count and judging from the variance in ages between those competing, it didn't look like their part of the tournament was going to be very exciting. With the adult division, the crowds had the pleasure of watching some real martial artists with real skills fight it out. This on the other hand was just a sideshow, an opening act that the spectators would have to sit through before the real fun started.

Of course, Gohan and Videl had every intention of putting on an awesome final round match for their run. That is… if they were actually fighting in the last round.

Sure enough…
"Hey. Check it out. We're on opposite ends of the board," Gohan exclaimed, pointing up at the brackets.

"Awesome. That means we get to face each other in the last round," Videl said, throwing the boy a grin and jabbing a fist into her open palm. "All we have to do is get through these guys and we'll be fine."

Apparently her words were loud enough for some of the more competitive kids to hear and when they turned to see what girl was bold enough to mouth off like that, they got the surprise of their lives when they saw the daughter of Mr. Satan standing behind them. One boy around thirteen years old and standing in front of her, dressed in a taekwondo uniform, turned to glare down at her, only to back off when he recognized her face.

"Gah! It's Videl Satan?"

"The champ's daughter is competing?" another kid spoke up when he turned to spot the teen. "Aw, man. Now we're never going to win this thing."

"Hey. She's wearing the same outfit as that boy next to her."

"Are they both disciples of the same gym?"

"Then that means he must be really strong as well!"

Seeing the commotion start up and the crowd of kids give them their full and undivided attention, the demi-Saiyan looked around oddly before turning to his friend. When he did, he saw that the raven haired fighter was rubbing her cheek in embarrassment and trying not to make eye contact.

"Wow. You're pretty popular around here."

"Yeah. You can thank my dad for that," the raven haired girl mumbled while smiling across at the Saiyan warrior. "It's a shame they don't recognize you from your outfit. You are the son of a former world champion as well."

"Heh. I guess the tournament wasn't as commercialized back in the days my dad was competing as it is now."

"True. But I bet when the announcer calls out your name, he might make mention of your dad and the audience will remember who he is."

"That would be cool," Gohan remarked, radiating with positive waves at the thought of his father being acknowledged for his accomplishments in the previous competitions.

After making sure they had their placements for the tournament assured, the children then scattered around the room to wait out the next several minutes before they were all called out. While most of the kids decided to mingle, Gohan and Videl, adorned in the orange and blue colors signature of their respective mentors, decided to find their own space by the wall. Around them they could hear the kids challenging and trying to intimidate each other, while friends were boasting about how they were going to shake hands with the Champ at the end of this.

While the two best friends chatted in the corner, talking about a couple of new moves they were currently developing for their arsenal, the pair was unknowingly being watched by the same hooded figure from before.

Brown cloak with a ruffled collar covering their face, the figure had their arms crossed and eyes
fixed firmly upon Gohan. When they saw the boy laugh at a funny retelling from his companion, the youngster in the hood sneered angrily and their fingers tightened against their arm.

Soon enough, after about twenty minutes had ticked by, the ring announcer's voice blared into life over the speakers. "Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for your patience! Welcome to the 25th World Martial Arts Tournament! I'm sure you're all looking forward to some action, so why don't we kick things off with the Junior Competition!" The man's exclamations drew a loud cheer and applause from the massive crowds outside, alerting the youngsters to the start of the main events.

Looking up from their spots, Gohan and Videl saw an official waving them towards the arena doorway and begin ushering the young fighters scattered across the room through the barricade. Doing as instructed, all of the children marched in a single file out of the room and onto the ring to be introduced to the audience they would be performing for.

As the announcer, a blonde man in a suit and sunglasses, continued to read out his lines to the excited spectators, the children formed into a row behind him, all of whom stood upright before their supporters. "Unlike the Adult Division, there is no qualifying round! All thirty five of these young fighters are going to test their might in the ring. The rules of course are the same as the big leagues. Whoever gives up, lands out of bounds, stays down for ten counts, or loses consciousness, will lose it all!" The speaker then gestured to the group of eager looking kids behind him."Let's give it up for all our contestants and wish them the best of luck!"

Another rain of cheers cascaded down upon the pitch, drowning out all other sounds and swelled the kids' hearts with pride. Gohan and Videl were looking especially excited, the two of them taking it all in before they were then lead back into the waiting room. On their way down the steps, they sensed around to see whether or not Piccolo and Zangya were out there.

It didn't take them long to spot the two aliens standing up on the walkway at the very top of the square-shaped stadium, whom they waved towards in greeting. They received a wave from Zangya, but the Namekian maintained his composure and merely smiled their way.

A few short minutes after that, the Junior Division began.

OOO

The first couple rounds of the competition went by incredibly fast. As it turns out, Videl was right on the mark about this whole stage being a sort of sideshow. The audience didn't take the Junior Division seriously at all as one after the other, they watched kids step into the ring and start something akin to a routine circus performance.

Despite the variety of practitioners amongst the children, none of them had the experience, strength or maturity to truly call themselves fighters. Sure, it was fun watching a few of the kids try to pound the stuffing out of each other, with many older kids taking pity on the younger ones and quickly kicking them off of the platform, it was all just a pathetic sham really. While all the adults in the audience laughed their asses off, Gohan and Videl paid no attention to them whatsoever, whereas Piccolo and Zangya were just baffled by the sheer idiocy of it all.

"This is as entertaining as watching paint dry," the Hera remarked with a bored tone of voice after the fourth match had come and gone.

"Just wait a couple of minutes. I'm sure things will pick up by the time Gohan and Videl start their matches," Piccolo said, arms folded and eye twitching. Obviously he was the more composed of
the two, but right now even he was having trouble keeping his cool through this joke of an opening.

As this was all going on, Gohan and Videl stood comfortably beside the back entrance, one with his hands on his hips and the other with her arms folded. They peered through the window as the next pair of youngsters, karate students, fought across the flat of concrete tiles with very unimpressed expressions in play.

"You're up next, right?" Gohan asked.

"Yep," the raven haired fighter replied with a yawn, "Against some older kid who practices kung fu. I'm sure his style is good, but his power will be sort of… lacking."

"Try not to hit him too hard then," the demi-Saiyan spoke in a firm tone, wisely reminding his student of her newly acquired strength. "Even though you were stronger than him before, you're now in a completely different league of martial arts. Just a tap to his forehead should be enough to get the job done. Just make sure not to crack his head open."

"Zero effort. Got it," Videl nodded in understanding. As she continued to stand there with her eyes forward, the pair then became aware of a 'hissing' sound and looked over their shoulders. When they did, the pair saw Hercule Satan peeking around the doorway and smiling at them. The sight of the big man had the girl smile, "Oh. Hi daddy. What are you doing here?"

"What am I doing here? Well, I just wanted to see how my daughter was doing and came down here to wish her luck," the afro man replied quietly, being sure not to draw attention while approaching his little girl. Kneeling down beside her, the current world champion beamed at his great treasure, taking in her orange and blue gi while reaching up to pat her on the head. "You're fighting in the next round, right?"

"Uh-huh."

"Good. I know you're going to do well, sweet pea," the Champ exclaimed, grinning brightly before lowering his hand back to his side. One last look over drew a nod from the wrestling legend, "I'm so proud of you."

Videl's eyes sparkled at her father's words, "Thanks, dad."

Chuckling, Hercule then set his gaze upon Gohan. Not at all surprised to see him here, the man beamed at the young warrior and nodded to him respectfully. "Good luck in your matches too, Gohan. I hope to see you in the finals."

"Count on it, Mr. Satan," the half-Saiyan said with a smile of his own.

Acknowledging his words of confidence, the man in the white cape and brown gi then cleared his throat and rose up to full height. Upon which he quietly backed through the entrance and spared the duo one last wave. "I'll be watching your fights from the upper floor window. Good luck to both of you." And with that he disappeared, successfully managing to stealthily pass on his best wishes to his favorite little girl and her friend.

"And now for the next match: Videl Satan versus Lee Shen!"

"Finally. My turn," the raven haired girl chirped, slapping her cheeks lightly and making her way forward. She grinned over her shoulder at her partner, "Cheer for me, alright."

"Will do," Gohan gave her a thumbs-up.
Following her to the exit, the demi-Saiyan watched as Videl and her opponent, a tall boy wearing only a pair of gi pants and a belt, marched their way down the catwalk to the stage. Under the wild cheers and applause from the crowd, the pair ascended the stairway and took to the center, with the announcer being sure to blurt out their introductions.

"I'm sure we're in for a treat, folks! After months of rigorous training, last year's Junior Division champion Videl Satan is back in the ring and ready to make her climb to the top. And it looks like she's sporting some new colors too!" Sunglasses flashing when the man recognized the garb she was wearing, he then gestured to her opponent as the pair split up and faced each other in the middle. "Her opponent Lee Shen is also a returning contestant. This young go-getter put on quite a show for us at the last tournament, but lost it out to Mudo in the quarter final match. Let's see how far he's come since then!"

With one last cheer from the crowd, the two youngsters squared off, with the raven haired boy looking raring to go whereas Videl simply stood there appearing passive as usual. Her unchanging expression had the fierce looking practitioner glare.

"I don't care if you are the Champ's daughter. You're still going down!"

Videl threw a bored look back at him. "Whatever."

Spinning his microphone, the excited announcer raised his hand and brought it down in a clean chopping motion, "NOW... LET THE MATCH BEGIN!" He then backed off, giving the pair enough space to have at it.

"I'm going to kick your ass!" No sooner had the bell been sounded, the young Lee rushed forward and lunged down at the girl with a swinging right.

The second his punch was loose, Videl watched it approach her in bullet time, her expression remaining completely calm as she casually lifted her left and stopped it with her finger. Stunning the boy at her block, the girl then wasted no time in bringing her free hand up and, loading her index finger, flicked him in the forehead. With the sound of a 'slap', Lee was knocked tumbling across his entire half of the ring before eventually rolling over the side and hitting the ground with a dull thud.

When the dust cleared, it revealed the boy lying there with a red welt on his forehead and swirly eyes. "Ooh... mummy...?"

"R-Ring out!" the announcer exclaimed in surprise, a grin slowly forming on his face as he then watched Videl stroll off of the ring. "There you have it folks! The match is over! Let's give it up for Videl!" When the crowd eventually got over the shock of the startling win, they quickly rolled with it and honored the victor with a round of applause.

As the washes of praise passed over him, the blonde haired announcer grinned at the retreating girl's back. "Yes! I knew those colors looked familiar! She's wearing a uniform similar to the one Son Goka wore at his last tournament! This is amazing!" He then clenched his fists and pumped one discreetly. "Finally, the fighters I've been waiting for! They're coming back!"

His enthusiasm burning, the man knew right then and there he was bound to get something out of this tournament yet!

Zangya, who'd watched the whole thing from her position by the railings, was giving Videl a standing ovation. "Bravo! Bravo! Did you see how fast that kid rolled? Now that is entertainment!"
the woman laughed.

The Namekian standing beside her smirked, "Told you."

Up in the balcony above the waiting room, Hercule, who'd secured himself a comfortable place by the window, was at first stunned by the flawless victory of his daughter. Eventually though, after he was done gawking like a fish across the building's roof, he then put on the biggest grin you'd ever see on him and he let out a manly roar of triumph.

"YEAAAAAHH! THAT'S MY LITTLE GIRL!"

The whole of the stadium actually stopped for a moment when they thought they heard the great Hercule's yell.

Passing groups of stunned youngsters, Videl walked right up to Gohan and high-fived him. "Yes! Did you see that?!" Grinning from ear to ear, the girl clenched her fists excitedly and showed the boy her response to her amazing success. "That was awesome! I've never been able to do that before!"

"See what I mean. Your strength is on a whole other level now," the demi-Saiyan informed with an expression of unwavering confidence. "It's great that you have so much control over it as well. Great job."

"Thanks Gohan-kun," Videl said, at the same time giving the boy a fond look. She continued to stare at him warmly and with a shade of red in her cheeks, even when Gohan fixed his gaze back out the viewing window and went on to watch the next two junior fighters walk out onto the ring.

The next several rounds passed by at a humdrum pace. Once again, both Gohan and Videl had to endure another couple matches where adolescent youngsters were pummeling each other into submission. A couple of them cut and ran, one of them even cried, and another kid was even forcibly chased out of the ring after running circles around the announcer. Sure, the audience was entertained and the contestants were adorable, but all this really brought was a great deal of boredom to the Z-fighters that were actually in attendance of the event.

However, after passing the halfway mark of the first rounds of the Junior Division and moving onto Gohan's half, there was one fighter in particular that caught the demi-Saiyan's attention. It was only after they were both in the ring that he finally noticed them.

"And now for the tenth match: we have Takashi vs Paprika!" the announcer bellowed, directing the audience's attention to a boy in a karate uniform and the child in the dusty brown, hooded cloak, who was only half a head shorter than Gohan. Because the person kept themselves hidden, the people assumed they were very shy. "Let's wish these two the best of luck! BEGIN!"

The audience cheered as they watched the determined lad assume a fighting stance and prepare to advance on his quiet and still adversary. But just as he was beginning to shuffle forward, he suddenly saw a hand emerge from underneath the figure's cloak and point towards him. At first baffled by the unexpected gesture, the crowd soon became aware of why the young fighter had extended their palm because a split second later there was a loud crack of wind.

This was immediately followed by an invisible force that crashed into boy and sent him flying across the arena, which he bounced along several times before rolling to a stop at the edge. Clothing ruffled and covered in bruises, Takashi's body lay motionless on the tiles, bringing startled gasps from the people watching from afar.
While the sudden shockwave stunned the crowd, the people who were the most surprised by the unexpected hit were Piccolo, Zangya, Gohan and Videl, all of whom had picked up the sudden energy spike from the unseen attack.

The announcer quickly rushed over to the fallen Takashi to see if he was okay and breathed a sigh of relief. "Takashi is out cold." He then turned and gestured to the cloaked figure, "The winner is Paprika!"

Lowering their hand, the short fighter turned to glare towards the waiting room, their red eyes fixing upon the raven haired boy in the window. When Gohan felt the person's gaze land on him, he narrowed his eyes and glared right back at them.

As the fighter now identified as Paprika left the stage, Piccolo and Zangya watched them closely from afar.

The Hera sweated nervously, "Hey… did you feel that just now?"

"I think so," the Namekian replied.

"What the hell was that?" That blast had obviously been a Kiai attack. While there were a handful of fighters in the world who knew how to perform that move, to see that attack come from a kid they'd never seen before… it was unheard of.

Whatever it was they felt, the two warriors immediately knew they didn't like it and continued to watch closely as the person left the arena.

When Paprika strolled into the room, Gohan and Videl's eyes were still stuck on them. Hard expressions framing their faces, they saw the cloaked youngster walk over to the wall to stand beside it, where they then remained. As the unconscious Takashi was carted off stage, the next match soon began, but the two youngsters paid it little mind.

The daughter of the Champ broke a nervous bead of sweat as her eyes took in the newcomer, "This one…" She swallowed nervously. "She's strong." It was brief but she'd felt it. An immense power level way above her own. Right now, the unknown fighter was masking their ki signature, keeping it hidden from them.

Though both she and Gohan knew the person's name, they couldn't see their face. That was discomforting on a number of different levels.

Many more matches came and went after that, and one by one a new victor for the next round was decided. Throughout that entire time, neither Gohan nor Videl's eyes left the cloaked figure positioned in the corner. That was until the demi-Saiyan's name was called.

"The next match: Gohan versus Aoki!"

Disengaging from his spot, the teen Saiyan shared a smile with his companion and headed out. Passing the barricade, both martial artists were greeted by a cheer from the crowd and a shower of applause, a background noise that carried them all the way to the stage. The moment they started ascending the steps, the announcer, thrilled at the sight of the familiar orange and blue uniform once again, began reading the details to the spectators.

"As you folks probably know already, young Son Gohan is a former contestant of the Intergalactic Martial Arts Tournament and one of the only four fighters to make it to the quarter finals. Having come so close to victory after a brush encounter with some unsavory characters,
he's now decided to try his hand at the World Stage!" the blonde announcer shouted to an excited crowd, most of whom quickly recognized the youngster from the various broadcasts. "And here's some exciting news, Son Gohan is also the son of former World Martial Arts Champion Son Goku, who disappeared from the limelight several years ago. That means we have two descendents of world champions fighting for us in the Junior Division today!"

A loud cheer rang up that drowned the ring and brought a blush to the cheerful demi-Saiyan's face as he strolled to the center of the platform. When he turned to face his opponent, he saw his foe glaring back at him with a bead of sweat running down his temple.

"It looks like his opponent Aoki is in for one hell of a match. Thirteen years old and a prodigy kick boxer, this kid is looking to claim the grand prize and a match with the Great Hercule Satan himself. Let's see how our two young fighters will fair!" Raising his hand and sunglasses flashing brightly, the man then brought it down in a sweeping chop. "BEGIN!"

Placing a fist in his palm, Gohan bowed respectfully to his opponent who quickly set himself into a fighting stance and began to bounce on his toes. The gutsy Aoki growled as his fists hovered in a guard on both sides of his face, protecting his flanks while he nervously advanced on the Son fighter.

"Ha!" the taller youngster shouted, "You don't scare me, twerp. Father or no father, I'm going to wipe that smug grin off of your face." Despite the fact Gohan had no such expression in play, as he was just staring cheerfully back at him, the teen boxer was intent on following through with his threat.

The demi-Saiyan blinked, "Why are you calling me names? I haven't said anything to you yet."

"Because you're annoying! That's why!" Aoki shouted, before swiftly throwing a roundhouse kick at the boy's head.

Gohan effortlessly blocked it, watching the boy lower his leg and then throw a jab. With speed very few could track, the spiky haired Saiyan caught the fist and began to twist it in the wrong direction, immediately putting the boy in a painful wrist lock. Inch by inch, he lowered Aoki to the ground, who let out a pained cry as he fell to his knees and tried to pull his arm the other way, to no avail.

The still relatively cheerful Gohan grinned at him while he held the boy in position, "Say uncle."

"H-Huh?" Aoki stammered, only to then feel the pressure increase and he was pushed further down, earning another cry from the poor teen. "AAaaahh-UNCLE! Uncle! Uncle!"

"Okay." Gohan then released him, allowing the boy to roll onto his back, gripping his arm tightly. At that, he then turned and left, with the announcer grinning into his microphone.

"And that's it folks! The winner by forfeit is Son Gohan!" The announcement drew another loud cheer from the crowd, who offered their congratulations to the young man for such a clean victory. The spectators watched the spiky haired hero bow to all of them and descend the stairs at a leisurely pace.

Videl, who was too busy cheering Gohan at the entrance for his performance, didn't notice the hooded figure they'd been watching earlier standing by the window.

Seeing the spiky haired boy approach the waiting room, the cloaked youngster gritted their teeth,
showing off a pair of prominent fangs. "This is confusing. How can a monster like him be so kind and merciful to someone that is clearly much weaker than him?"

While it wasn't the win Piccolo and Zangya were expecting, it certainly was in the youngster's character. The orange haired woman was sure to roll her eyes when she saw the boy offer his gratitude to the audience for their praise and move on. This left the stage wide open for the next few rounds to follow and, once Aoki limped out of the ring, the next match could begin.

XXX

The rounds of the Junior Division plowed along at a faster rate following Gohan's effortless victory over his opponent. The young batch of fighters went into the ring with more vigor and determination than ever, the audience cheering them on every step of the way and applauding each of their successes. It was only a matter of time before the seeded fighters of the lineup were decided, with Gohan and Videl taking the top spot, while being closely followed by Paprika. Though the spectators had a fun time watching all of the kids battle each other, they soon began rooting for these three fighters in particular, all of whom had shown the most composure and the most promise in every round.

While the highlight for the Videl fans was watching their favorite girl toss her opponent out of the ring, for the Gohan club it was seeing the young man spin his opponent like a windmill before setting him down, by which point in time he'd been knocked unconscious at the sheer velocity he'd been turned. They were the two who showed the most physical use of their skills.

Paprika on the other hand was a wild card. The mysterious cloaked fighter, throughout all of her matches, didn't let a single one of their opponents lay a finger on them. While this definitely provided some physics bending entertainment for the crowd, all it did was raise a bunch of alarm bells for the Z-fighters in attendance. No matter how hard they tried, they just couldn't piece together who this newcomer was or why the name sounded so familiar.

It was certainly familiar to Piccolo and Gohan, as was the ki signature. But without a face or any other information to go by, they were just about as much in the dark about the hooded fighter as Zangya and Videl were.

After being kept in a constant state of question for an entire hour, it soon came to the semi-final round of the Junior Division. When the Champ's daughter wowed the audience with a stellar victory by effortlessly blowing her opponent out of the ring with a quick burst of wind from her fist, it was then the turn of her more experienced counterpart.

"And now we will decide who will be facing Videl Satan in the finals!" the announcer exclaimed, earning a mighty roar from the crowds in the stadium. Tossing his microphone in the air, the man then caught it all stylish like and brought it to his lips, "It's time for our two other favorites to step out onto the ring! The seeded Son Gohan and the mysterious Paprika! Come on out you two!"

The moment the call was made, the two youngsters exited the waiting room together and began making their way down the footpath at an even pace. While the other contestants of the Junior Division that were also in the room spilled out of the entrance and crowded by the wall to watch the match between the two ridiculously strong fighters, Videl found herself a comfortable spot further along the grass and stood there with her arms folded.

Just like Piccolo and Zangya, both of whom were also watching closely from above, she too wanted to see why this mysterious fighter was making her skin crawl.

"I'm sure you've all been waiting for this match. Throughout this entire tournament, both
fighters have displayed incredible levels of skill and collectedness. And now, finally, after breaking through a great wave of competition, the two are finally meeting for the first time in center stage!” the announcer cried out, being sure to exit the ring the instant he saw the two of them walk onto it. Sensing the vibe of an all-out-war brimming on the horizon, the excited voice of the World Martial Arts Tournament grinned as he then gestured to the youngsters now taking their spots. “Let's see who will move on to the finals! Fighters, let the match begin!”

While on one hand the announcer was hoping for an awesome fight, on the other hand he was hoping the arena would remain intact from it. If memory served him correctly, the last battle between martial artists who displayed super-human levels of ability reduced the entire area to rubble.

Hopefully this match would deliver the results he was hoping for with minimal losses.

Videl, watching carefully from the sidelines, frowned nervously. "Gohan... be careful."

The cheers of the crowd reducing to a clamor, the two young warriors faced each other with serious looks in play and eyes set firmly on the other.

From his new distance, the demi-Saiyan could make out a few more details about his opponent. Not only was the child shorter than him, he also noticed the skin coloration of their lower jaw and mouth. Instead of seeing a human pink or dark brown, he instead saw a sickly shade of green with white locks of hair poking out from the hood. The shawl did well in concealing most of the person's features, something that he was now determined to unmask.

Taking a steady breath, the boy turned side on with his adversary who then lowered themselves into what he guessed was a fighting stance.

The half-Saiyan frowned, "Alright. Let's do this."

Paprika frowned, "Shut up... murderer."

Giving a surprised blink at the mystery competitor's sudden retort, Gohan was unable to react in time when he suddenly saw his foe vanish in a blur before, with a deafening clap, a fist crashed across his face. The impact of the blow echoed throughout the entire stadium and saw spittle fly out of the Saiyan's mouth, the boy stumbling backwards for several yards, only to then receive an elbow to the cheek that knocked him flying across the arena.

Zangya, Piccolo, Videl, hell... even Hercule, all gawked in shock at what just happened.

His flight across the ring being marked by the sound of a jet soaring at low altitude, Gohan gritted his teeth and recovered with a quick back flip, slamming his feet into the floor and stopping him in his tracks. The instant he did, he suddenly felt a presence appear behind him and, eyes cutting to the side, ducked to avoid a chopping right from his six-o-clock. He retaliated with a back kick, missing when his opponent swayed and countered with a left hook.

Spinning around and slipping it at the same time, the half-Saiyan and the mysterious cloaked fighter began viciously attacking each other with a series of lightning fast punches and hooks. When Gohan attempted to nail them with a rapid fire chain of jabs, his opponent head slipped them effortlessly before unleashing a vicious barrage of punches on him, all of which he dodged and attempted to counter. But Paprika moved just as quickly and every lightning fast blow they threw at close range was effectively avoided.

After a fierce exchange of punches, Gohan broke the engagement with a swift roundhouse kick.
However, the second his leg snapped towards the figure's head, the shorter fighter deftly caught it and with a shout, tossed him across the ring.

Yelling out in shock as he spiraled through the air, the demi-Saiyan quickly fell into a spin. Flipping several times, the boy landed on the very edge of the arena before, with a mighty bellow, launched himself across the ring and towards his opponent with a flying side kick.

However, the moment he came within two feet of them, Paprika vanished in a blur of movement, leaving the boy to slam his foot into the tiled surface. Skidding to a dusty stop, Gohan gritted his teeth and, with a gasp, began looking around the ring in wild paranoia.

"Damn it! This one is definitely something else!" They were quick. Even with his speed, the demi-Saiyan could barely keep track of them. Hell, even their ki signature had completely vanished."Shit. Where the heck did he go?"

Eyes darting around, Gohan then felt a tremor and looked down. At that exact moment, the tiles directly in front of him exploded and his opponent sprang up at him from underground, slamming a jumping uppercut into his chin. The blow, strong enough to cause a thunderclap, lifted the half-Saiyan off of the ground and into the air, where his opponent quickly jumped after him and smacked him back down to the arena with a double-hammer blow from above.

Gohan barreled across the ground, ending up on his back several meters later and gritting his teeth painfully. Before he could completely recover, a gasp suddenly escaped his lips and he rolled out of the way, avoiding his opponent slamming their foot into the tiles where his head was. The blow split the ground with a loud crack, a smirk forming on Paprika's face before Gohan unbolted a double kick into their stomach and sent them sliding across the ring, tearing a trench through the concrete.

Sprinting after the cloaked foe, Gohan leapt at them and attempted to flatten them into the floor. But as soon as he dropped down on them, Paprika flipped out of the way and avoided the boy's feet that smashed a small crater into the ground. The demi-Saiyan leapt after them a second time, but his still sliding opponent barreled out of the way once again and he ended up smashing yet another empty crater into the ring's surface.

His miss allowed the masked figure to leap to their feet and sprint away. Taking flight and gliding across the tiled surface of the ring with the other not too far behind, Paprika managed to make it to the edge of the ring and hit the brakes. Slamming their feet into the edge, the fighter swiftly changed directions and charged back at the approaching Gohan. A split second later, the pair collided elbows first, an impact that was marked by a booming shockwave that rocked the entire stadium and cracked the floor beneath them, before locking them in stalemate.

Pushing back against the other for several seconds, their bodies trembling from the opposing forces, the duo soon ended the grappling match and began swiftly exchanging blows. The sound of machinegun fire echoed out when the two young fighters began fighting expertly across the ring, their attacks flying at each other in a blur of movement and with superb martial arts skill. After a minute of darting across the ring, locked in epic combat, the pair stopped with their forearms slammed against their opponent's.

Attempting to gain the upper hand, Gohan chopped over with his free hand, only to have it caught by Paprika's blocking hand, leaving him wide open to a uppercut that flipped him into the air. When he landed on his knee, his opponent super-speeded behind him and attempted to bury a hand into his back, but was cut short when the boy threw a kick into their chin and sent them flipping into the air.
Spinning around, Gohan took a defensive stance and watched his opponent land and assume one as well. Blood leaking out of the corners of their mouths, both fighters glared heatedly at one another before, with shouts of rage, the two of them vanished into thin air.

The audience in the stadium was stunned into silence as they watched the two young fighters of the Junior Division battle it out in center ring. Or at least, they tried too anyway, because from out of nowhere, both Gohan and Paprika began fighting at a speed so great that the entire population of the vicinity was unable to keep track of them. The two child warriors were darting all across the arena in a blur, and not only were their blows loud enough that they could be heard outside of the coliseum, but the impact of some of their attacks had split the ground and punched holes into the concrete.

Needless to say, this battle was nothing that they were expecting… and the crowd loved every second of it!

"YAHOO! This is awesome!"

"I've never seen a fight like this before! This is unreal!"

"MORE!"

"Keep it up you two! Don't stop!"

"Go for the finals!"

Getting over the shock, the audience gave a wild, collective cheer as the two warriors continued to punch it out in their realm of speed, their forms darting this way and that, practically chasing each other all over the place. But of course, while the majority of the spectators were enthralled by the match, the only ones who were taking this even remotely seriously were Piccolo, Zangya and Videl.

The former two especially, because not only were they watching a battle only people of their level of ability could fight, but they were watching the strongest person on the face of the planet actually struggling against an opponent they had never encountered before.

Just who the hell was this Paprika?

Managing to recover from his astonishment, the announcer gave a joyous exclamation and threw his fist into the air, "WOW FOLKS! Look at these two fierce young warriors go! Speed like this hasn't been seen in this arena since the days of Tien Shinhan and Son Goku! Ladies and gentlemen, you are witnessing the rebirth of an era!"

For several minutes the two short fighters continued to fight it out in their own dimension of travel. Their forms were invisible to the naked eye, but every once in a while the crowd was able to catch a glimpse of their blurred forms darting across the mat or the pair reappearing locked in another grappling match, before vanishing once again. It was only after a certain amount of time ticked by that Paprika reappeared once again, this time in the sky above the arena, jabbing out at an opponent that wasn't there.

The moment the cloaked fighter's form phased into view, Gohan dropped down on them from above with an elbow that collided with the back of their head. A crack of thunder echoed out and a shout of pain escaped Paprika's lips as the two of them dropped from the sky and slammed into the center of the ring.
Landing on all fours and punching a small crater on impact, the hooded figure growled and looked up. When they saw the sky was empty, the masked figure's breathing became erratic as they desperately searched the area for them.

"W-Where the hell is he?"

"Right here!"

Gasping in surprise, Paprika spun around, only to have their vision clouded when the back of their cloak was pulled over and wrapped around their head. Their shout of surprise muffled, the hooded fighter was suddenly picked up by the demi-Saiyan using their cloak as leverage and, with a yell of effort, tossed the fighter over his shoulder and slammed them into the ground. Continuing to hold onto their cloak like a lasso, Gohan picked the fighter up again and slammed them on the other side, doing so repeatedly and cracking the tiles on every impact before, with a mighty roar, spun and tossed them across the ring. Paprika ended up tumbling over the concrete for several yards before eventually leaping back to their feet and coming to a defensive stance across the way.

Both fighters then held their ground, the audience finally spotting the pair and fixing all of their attention onto the youths. Clamoring and cheering starting up once more, both Gohan and Paprika found their ears filled with the sounds of chanting as the spectators egged them on to continue their epic battle.

After a full minute of standing and glaring silently across at one another, the demi-Saiyan soon grew frustrated at the atmosphere and straightened up. To put it into layman's terms; he'd had enough. "Hey! What gives?" His question immediately had the crowd's and his opponent's immediate attention. "How the heck are you so strong? I haven't fought somebody as tough as you since Kana and she wasn't even from this planet."

If memories served him well, the only fighters from this planet who were strong enough to give him any sort of trouble were his dad's friends. And even then they would find the task of doing so incredibly difficult as well.

This one packed a wallop.

Catching on to the boy's inquiry, the cloaked, bruised figure spat in disgust and straightened up as well. "Figures a monster like you wouldn't know who I am. I mean, what else can I expect? You did destroy my entire planet without so much as batting an eye."

"Wait. I did what?" Gohan balked, blinking a few times in astonishment as what his opponent just said. "I… destroyed your planet?"

"B-But…" Completely overwhelmed by this person's unexpected claims, the demi-Saiyan shook his head and gave them an intent stare. "Hold on a second. There has to be some kind of mistake. I… I didn't destroy anyone's planet. You must have me confused with someone else."

"Don't play dumb with me, Son Gohan! You may act like you don't remember, but I know full well what you did!" Clenching their fist tightly, the hooded figure snarled and stepped towards him angrily, "I know because I was there! I saw you do it! Five years ago, I watched from afar as you blasted my entire world into oblivion and sent my father plummeting into a black abyss! The inhabitants of earth wouldn't remember witnessing an event like that. After all… my people were nothing more than a mere myth to this world… relics of a time long forgotten."
Feeling something akin to dread coming over him, Gohan narrowed his eyes dangerously and took a step forward as well, "Who are you?"

Grunting at the glare the boy sent their way, Paprika then breathed an irritated sigh and reached up with their hand. "Still can't remember? Fine. Maybe this will help jog your memory!" With a swift tug, the figure removed the cloak and threw it onto the wind, revealing to the stadium the fighter it was concealing underneath.

The audience and Gohan received one hell of a shock at what they saw. The child wasn't human. That was what they immediately got on first glance. If the moss green skin that they had wasn't a dead giveaway, then the pointy ears and the horns growing out of their hair were.

Continuing to take in their appearance, not only did Gohan see that the person had long white, messy hair that grew down their shoulders, but the youngster also wore fighting shoes, red leg warmers, a red belt, black figure hugging pants, a short-sleeved top with red trim and the midriff exposed, and black, pull-on sleeves with a red trim as well. On top of that, the foreigner was also wearing a long red scarf wrapped around their neck, which waved on the wind like a cape as much as their hair.

Aside from looking to be the exact same age as Gohan, the boy was also surprised to see that the fighter was in fact a girl.

Her prominent lashes narrowed as she showed off her fanged teeth and fixed her blood red eyes in a hateful glare upon the demi-Saiyan. "Does this face ring any bells?"

Eyes widening, flashbacks of beings similar to this girl's appearance flew through his head as he thought back to a day prior to Radditz's arrival, one filled with demons and a vortex in the sky. He also recalled memories of a great battle he'd fought many years ago, where the world had fallen under the spell of the Black Water Mist and a group of power-hungry figures threatened to destroy everything he cared about. There was one figure in particular out of that entire group that stuck out in his mind.

His laugh was one of the many that continued to haunt his nightmares.

Gohan swallowed and stammered nervously, a cold chill running up his spine, "Y-You're..."

At that moment, Piccolo also realized who the girl was and his eyes widened in disbelief.

"Finally figured it out?" Paprika asked with a smirk, before her expression darkened once more into a look that had the crowds watching shiver with fright. "Garlic Junior was my father. He conceived me four years prior to the day you knocked him into the void known as the Dead Zone." She then clenched her fists even tighter. "Years later, he managed to break free from that wretched hellhole and returned to us. But after only a month of freedom, he was once again tossed into the same prison he'd broken out of by the very person who put him there in the first place. Now, thanks to you, he's trapped forever in a world of shadow and despair."

It was this revelation that finally clicked in Gohan's head.

He remembered all of it; the final battle between his friends and the immortal demon Garlic Junior. Flashes of that day filtered into his mind, showing him an enemy he'd fought long ago when he was only four years old and then came back a second time for revenge years later.

On that day, he threw the power mad conqueror into the void of the Dead Zone and destroyed the
rogue planet that was the source of his race's power, the Makyo Star. He figured after dispersing of that demonic realm that he would finally be rid of that nightmare once and for all.

However, it seemed as though fate had other plans for him and he was now staring down the face of his former enemy's daughter.

Gohan frowned, "Your father was a monster who tortured my friends and threatened to destroy the earth. I had no other choice. He had to be stopped."

"And what gave you that right, huh?!" Paprika shot back, her teeth bared in rage. "Thanks to you, my entire planet, my home and the only family I had is now gone! And it's all because of you!"

Snapping angrily, the girl shook the tears from her eyes and sneered at the boy staring back at her. "I spent five years training, becoming strong enough to defeat the one who robbed me of my father. And now that I've found you, I'll be able to take my revenge and make you suffer for what you've done!"

Eyes narrowing at every word she spoke, the shaken teen quickly regained his composure and took his stance, "I'm sorry. I never meant to hurt anyone. All I did was fight to protect my friends from a madman who wanted nothing more than to take them away from me. It was the only thing I could do." He slid his feet apart and took a stance. "But if it's a fight with me that you want… then it's a fight you'll get. Come and get me."

Paprika growled, "With pleasure."

(THO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: And so another enemy shows up, but this one is solely after Gohan.

The Dead Zone was one of my favourite DBZ movies back in the day, I just really liked the tone of it, and I came up with this villain after watching Gohan blow up the Makyan Race's home planet the Makyo Star. You would think after doing something like that, someone from that race would be coming after him, so I created Paprika to fill that need.

Let's see how he deals with this opponent.
"So it's true… that girl's related to Garlic Junior," Piccolo murmured to himself, drawing Zangya's gaze up to him.

When the Hera glanced across at the Namekian, she saw the stress lines on his face and the beads of sweat dripping down his skin. This was all the sign she needed to know that whoever this young fighter was had the caped warrior on edge. "My hearing's not as good as yours. What's the scoop?"

The former guardian of earth nodded towards the ring, where they saw the two warriors slide into fighting stances and prepare for a second bout. "That girl down there is a Makyan; a member of a race of demons that originated from a planet called the Makyo Star." Turning to the woman standing at the railings, the Namekian's frown deepened. "Years ago, a powerful member of their race named Garlic Junior came to the earth seeking revenge for his father being denied the seat of the guardian's throne and being sealed inside a dimension known as the Dead Zone. However, after gaining immortality and trying to destroy the planet, he was stopped by Gohan when he threw him into the same space his father ended up in. He managed to break free years later, but met the same fate after another attempt to gain control of the planet."

Zangya scoffed, "Heh. He must have been one determined bastard."

"He was one of the most dangerous enemies we ever faced and was one of the closest to ever come to achieving his goals. But working together we were able to stop him and destroyed his home planet and the source of his race's power, the Makyo Star, in the process," Piccolo informed, his glare tightening as he looked upon the white haired girl down below. "When we threw him into that black hole, we thought we'd been rid of him and his kind. However… it seems like there's one out there who still has a part to play in this… an offspring of Garlic Junior we didn't know he had…"

"And it looks like she has a little score to settle with wonder boy," Zangya commented, a frown appearing on her face while she fixed her own glare upon the surprisingly strong girl below. Watching the pair size each other up, the Hera clenched her jaw tightly, "Do you think he'll be able to beat her?"

"I'm not sure," Piccolo murmured, tapping his finger uneasily. "Both times we fought members of the Makyan race they displayed tremendous levels of skill and power. It's been years since we last fought against Garlic Junior and his cronies, and we've all gotten much stronger since then. But this one… she's able to trade blows evenly with Gohan in his base form and is still able to stand."

Zangya chuckled at this, "Well… that's nice and all, but if I'm being completely honest with you green man, that's hardly enough to count as a real threat. All wonder boy has to do is go blonde, kick the shit out of her, and end this match once and for all." Crossing her arms and leaning against the railing, the Hera woman smirked assuredly, "I mean, killing is not allowed, yeah, but I'm sure if he beats her up enough she'll eventually get the picture and throw in the towel. Hell, I doubt he'll even need to go Super Saiyan to knock her ass out of the ring and win."
Despite the girl's confident remarks, Piccolo couldn't help but grit his teeth anxiously. "I wouldn't be so sure about that…"

This comment had Zangya raise an eyebrow at the Namekian curiously.

As the crowd started to clamor once again, waiting patiently for the pair to restart the match, the two young warriors figured they'd been standing around long enough.

Exploding from their spots with a yell of effort and a blast of wind, the pair flew at each other, covering the space of fifteen meters and colliding elbow first with a deafening thunderclap. The shockwave they produced was so great it rocked the entire coliseum to its foundations, scaring the daylights out of the spectators as bolts of lightning shot off of the two fighters. Locked in another heated grappling match, Gohan and Paprika snarled angrily and tried to force the other away. A white aura and electricity crackling off of both of them, the pair summoned all the strength they could muster to try and overcome their equally stubborn foe.

The entire area beginning to tremble under the growing pressure of their exchange, the duo soon grew annoyed at the stalemate and they threw a punch at each other with their free hand. Their fists connecting in the middle, the force of impact was enough to send both blasting backwards. Slamming his feet into the ground first, Gohan dashed after the girl and engaged her in a furious exchange of blows. Flurries of punches flew between them as they fought a running battle across the ring, until another sonic boom rang out that separated them and sent them spinning back through the air.

Flipping repeatedly as they descended, both landed at the exact same time on opposite sides of the ring. The instant they touched base, the two warriors shot into the air and, climbing to about twenty stories, met in the sky above the stadium and once again engaged each other in a vicious exchange of blows. More shockwaves rang out as the pair fought in complete sight of the audience, all of whom gawked in shock at the two youngsters battling it out in midair.

The former competitors of the Junior Division were especially astonished, all of them staring up from the ground at the feuding fighters with their jaws hanging open and eyes bugging out of their sockets.

It soon became apparent to all of them why they'd lost.

The force of all their connecting attacks was enough to cause the ring beneath them to shake and crack.

The announcer, completely overwhelmed by the battle, grinned into his microphone and turned to the silent crowd. "WHOA! FEEL THE POWER OF THOSE BLOWS! THEY CAN STOP A FREIGHT TRAIN IN ITS TRACKS! ARE YOU WATCHING THIS?!" It was a question that didn't need to be asked.

He wouldn't be surprised if the entire world was watching at this point.

A fist slamming across her face cocked Paprika's head back and sent blood flying from her mouth. Recovering quickly, the Makyan growled and spun around, instantly retaliating with a hook across Gohan's face that elicited the same result; a splatter of blood and a thunder clap.

Growling, the demi-Saiyan retaliated with a back kick to the girl's face, sending her spinning through the sky. When she started to descend and Gohan was about to give pursuit, she vanished in a blur of movement and reappeared directly behind him, swinging an elbow straight down at him. Gohan vanished as well, causing her to miss and, super-speeding behind her, threw a roundhouse
kick. Paprika vanished again, avoiding it easily. The two continued this chain of hit-and-miss attacks throughout the sky above the stadium, both attempting to outflank the other yet failing miserably.

It soon came to a point where Paprika missed with an especially wide hook and ended up with her opponent rushing her from the side. Spinning about to face him, the two powerful warriors once again locked in heated combat, the sound of machinegun fire echoing throughout the arena for a second time while the pair danced across the skies, trading hit after hit, all of which they either dodged or parried.

Displaying sublime fighting skills in a blur of movement none of the audience members could keep up with, the pair eventually vanished and began their exchange in the realm of the speedsters. This engagement only lasted for several seconds before another shockwave hit the stadium, knocking a couple people out of their seats and drawing everyone's gazes to the ring once again. It was there they saw Gohan and Paprika land on opposite sides of the board and rocket towards one another in a blur.

Flying towards one another at full speed, the demi-Saiyan growled and threw a swinging right overhand, only for his fist to pass through an afterimage that prompted him to hit the brakes. Skidding across the ring's surface, Gohan gasped and looked up, where he saw a grinning Paprika swing at him with a hook.

Leaping back at the last second, the boy avoided the blow and back-flipped across the stage. When he stopped he was unable to respond in time when his opponent seemingly teleported behind him and slammed a kick into his back, a blow that sent him flying back the way he came.

Videl, seeing Gohan blow past the edge and towards the dividing wall protecting the audience, the girl stepped forward in alarm, "GOHAN! STOP!"

Clenching his teeth, the boy course-corrected and flipped around, halting his momentum with a quick burst of ki that sent a gust of wind rushing over the stands. Blood leaking out of the corner of his mouth, the demi-Saiyan speedily floated back down to the very edge of the ring and, the instant his foot touched the surface, he launched himself forward, disappearing in a blur of speed.

Paprika, who was in the process of flying after her adversary, gasped in surprise when she saw her opponent vanish. She then received one hell of a wake up call when, out of nowhere, the half-Saiyan crashed into her chest head-first, the blow generating a deafening clap of an artillery cannon that sent her flying across the ring.

Eyes glazed over in shock, Paprika quickly shook herself back into consciousness and flipped back onto her feet. Landing close to the edge, the girl loaded her right hand and, taking aim, threw it forward. With a yell and a howl, she unleashed a pink energy blast that shot across the ring and towards the boy like a missile.

Gohan recoiled at the approaching attack and, reacting instinctively, slammed a foot into the ring and caused an enormous slab of the arena the size of a room-sized boulder to jut out in front of him. The wall sprang up just in time to block the blast that slammed into the barrier. The force behind it was so great that the explosion not only caused the entire area to shake, but it was able to burn and chip away enormous chunks of the concrete in an instant. The audience cried out in shock when the impact of the attack shook the stadium, drawing even more bewildered looks from the bystanders.

Smoke blocking out view of the center of the arena and surrounding Gohan on all sides, the half-Saiyan remained kneeling protectively behind the remains of the earthen barrier he'd erected.
"This girl…" Frowning seriously at the techniques she was displaying, the youngster then looked up with a start and his eyes shot to his right when he sensed her appearance. Preparing to counter, Gohan was about to fire a blast of his own until he saw the cloud break and the girl's weighted scarf burst into view.

Realizing it was a decoy Gohan spun around and threw up a guard, only to receive a killer roundhouse kick in the side of the head that generated a shockwave and slammed him into the wall he'd used to block the last attack. Exploding through the mass of concrete and causing it to shatter into hundreds of pieces, the Saiyan spiraled out of the black cloud and bounced repeatedly across the tiled surface like a ragdoll.

Rolling painfully, the boy then sprang to his feet and slammed them into the floor, sliding to a stop with his hands cocked beside him. Gritting his teeth, Gohan charged a blue globe of energy between his palms before, with a mighty yell, threw his hands forward and unleashed his attack. His *Kamehameha* wave exploded from his hands and shot into the cloud like a missile, parting it instantly.

Spotting the flash of his approaching counter, an alarmed Paprika gasped and sprang into the air, flying straight up as fast as she could and avoiding the blue rocket that curved upwards and shot safely over the spectator's heads. The crowds cried out in terror when the attack came close to wiping them out, but then watched it shoot into the clouds and out of reach.

Seeing his now scarfless opponent continuing to gain altitude, Gohan cocked his right fist back and threw a sharp palm strike. Expelling his ki at the same time, the boy fired a *Kiai* blast that slammed into Paprika head on, drawing a cry of pain from the girl when the attack tore into her body and clothes. The fabric of her gi ripping, the stunned demon was smacked further into the sky, allowing Gohan to leap off of the ground and rocket up at her at full speed.

Still seeing stars, Paprika quickly managed to recover from the attack and look down, where she saw her opponent on fast approach. Growling angrily, she threw both hands forward and attempted to shoot him down with a Kiai of her own. But the boy avoided it by powering up and arcing around her, his form shooting into the clouds above her in the form of a white streak of light.

Charging a pink ball in her left hand, Paprika followed him with her eyes and lobbed a ki blast after him. "ARGH! TAKE THAT!" Her energy attack honed in on the boy's form ascending into the upper atmosphere several kilometers away. But when it seemed like she had him, the demi-Saiyan suddenly appeared in front of her with a flying side kick, which slammed into her chest and sent her spiraling back down towards the arena.

Paprika cried out as she plummeted out of control. But just when it seemed Gohan had her, the girl's form vanished with a crack of wind. Losing sight of his foe, the demi-Saiyan only had a split second to react when the girl suddenly reappeared directly beneath him and, grabbing his leg on a pass, spun him into an unexpected aerial flip, using the moment of it to throw Gohan towards the ground. Upon chucking him out of the sky, Paprika threw her hand forward and fired a pink blast after him. The attack collided with the boy and knocked him down faster, followed by another. Then, as soon as his body slammed into the center of the ring, a barrage of hundreds of pink energy blasts began raining down on top of the hapless Saiyan and bombarded him mercilessly.

Shouting with every throw, Paprika hurled a continuous stream of energy attacks at the ring, filling its center with explosions that sent a fiery cloud of smoke into the air and blasts of wind across the stands. The audience cried out in terror as the arena was practically firebombed and the half-Saiyan
seemingly incinerated in the attack. Piccolo, Zangya and Videl looked on in shock and worry as Gohan was struck down by the rain of death, which lasted for several long seconds before ending with a spectacular finale.

Hercule, who was literally hanging onto the seal of the window, gawked out onto the stage with wide eyes. "Oh no. G-Gohan. How is such a strong kid being beaten down by such a little runt?"

A black mushroom cloud hung above the ring at the end of the assault. With the announcer having to duck and cover at the very edge of the battleground, when he felt the tremors subside, the man immediately took that as his cue to stand and, upon adjusting his glasses, looked into the epicenter of the disaster zone.

"Wow. What an attack. A rain of energy from above has knocked tournament favorite Gohan out of the air and turned the entire center of the ring into a smoking crater! Is our gutsy young fighter down for the count?!" When he saw the smoke eventually lift from the hole, the man peered across to see if there was a body. However, after analyzing the ruined patch of space, the announcer gasped in shock when he saw nothing. "He's gone folks! Gohan is nowhere to be seen!"

"What?!" Paprika shouted, gritting her teeth and looking around at the four corners of the field from above. "Damn it! Him and his stupid disappearing acts! Where the hell did that scumbag go this time?!"

Then, like an echo on the wind, the girl's eyes widened in surprise when she heard the sound of a fast approaching, familiar yell.

"GeronimooooOOOOOOOOO!"

The Makyan turned, "Wha-" BAM!

With a deafening thunderclap, Paprika was unexpectedly hit from behind by her opponent diving down at her feet first and slamming a double kick into the side of her face. The impact of the blow not only rocked the entire stadium with an earthshaking tremor, but the attack managed to knock the girl clear out of the sky and slammed her straight into the corner of the arena.

The entire quarter of the tiled ring exploded in a shower of dust and debris, which pelted the audience and drew a cry of terror from everyone in that general direction. When the cloud eventually faded seconds later, it revealed an enormous, disheveled crater where a major portion of the concrete used to be.

Smiling at his success, a badly bruised and slightly singed Gohan dropped down from the sky and landed on what he called 'his' side of the ring. Assuming a proper standing position, he watched and waited for the air to clear, the audience and the announcer also turning to see what'd happened.

"YES!" Videl cheered, completely thrilled by his brilliant maneuver. "Well done!"

"That's it. Use your training, Gohan," Piccolo murmured with a smile on his face as he and Zangya continued to watch closely from above.

After a few seconds of waiting with no sign of his opponent, Gohan and the audience began to believe that Paprika had been knocked out. However, when everyone felt a tremor work its way up from the crater, the announcer and the young Saiyan quickly realized that she was still alive and well. A few seconds of waiting later, the crowd then saw the crater explode and from the debris, the Makyan's shadow reemerged.
The announcer grinned with delight. "**Incredible! After a wicked hit that buried her inside the ring's corner, Paprika is back on her feet and ready for more!**"

Floating out of the hole, the demon girl landed directly across from her opponent on her side of the board. Her clothes torn up with more bruises covering her body, the Makyan spat the blood out of her mouth and glared across at her equally damaged foe.

"I hate you."

Gohan smiled, "Ah, don't be like that. I'm sure you'll grow to like me sooner or later."

"This may come as a shock to you, but I didn't come here to make friends," Paprika responded sharply, her frown deepening as she reached up to clean the blood trickling down from her mouth. It was a gesture that was copied by her opponent. "I came here to wipe the floor with you and make you pay for what you did to me. A killer like you doesn't deserve the mercy of appropriate social etiquette."

The demi-Saiyan frowned at her response, "Look, I'm sorry about what happened to your father and your planet. But he left me no other choice. It was either beat him or watch him suck the entire earth into the Dead Zone. If you were in my shoes, struggling to hold onto the ground and protect your friends, you would have done the exact same thing that I did."

Snarling at the boy's reasoning, the girl clenched her fists tightly and snapped, "Don't lecture me on perspectives, you retch! I wasn't the one that condemned a father and wiped an entire race of people from existence. You were!" Her angry retort had Gohan flinch at the pain he could sense in Paprika's words. "It's useless to get me to see your point of view. My father and my home are gone… and there isn't a damn thing I can do to get them back. The only thing that's left for me in their place is misery… and the only way I'll be able to get rid of it is to make the one who ruined my life suffer for all the pain that he's caused me."

As Gohan listened to the girl's angry tirade, the stadium remained silent as the announcer and the audience also lent an ear to the pair's conversation. While all those closest to their level could definitely hear the girl's shouts and statements, all of Paprika's hurt and frustrations were being directed to one person and one person only; and that was her opponent.

Remaining as he was, the demi-Saiyan allowed the girl to get all the words she had off her chest.

"**You** were the one that destroyed my home planet!" the Makyan girl snapped fiercely. "YOU were the one that murdered my father and left me all alone in the wilderness! You have no idea what it's like to be stranded out in the cold with nothing and nobody to return to! You have no idea what it's like to lose your family!"

This part had the half-Saiyan flinch. His hand clenching and unclenching momentarily, the spiky haired warrior then looked across at the girl with sadness reflected in his eyes. "You're half right. I don't know what it's like to lose my home."

When he saw the girl narrow her glare, Gohan looked up at her and continued. "But I do know what it's like to lose someone you care about and to be left out in the cold… and I know what it's like to lose a family member… especially a father." These words brought a tinge of pain to the boy's own heart and had him wince on the inside.

Hearing the boy's response to her outburst, Paprika remained as she was, quiet and motionless. Eventually, after processing her opponent's own heartfelt statements and seeing the sadness reflected on his face, the girl tightened her fist again and shook her head, "Then you should know why I have to do this."
Swallowing, Gohan nodded, "Yes." He then gave her a serious look. "Do you want to dispense of the rules and try to kill each other?"

"No. I'm not going to kill you," Paprika replied, her anger still burning strongly as a current of red electricity shot up her arm. "If I did, then that would make me even worse than you; a person lower than the scum in the gutter. Besides..." The corner of her mouth twitched into a smile, "It would be a lot more satisfying to beat you within the rules. Don't get me wrong, I'm still going to hurt you... and what better place to do that than on a stage like this?" She gestured grandly to their already half destroyed arena. "I'm going to beat you in front of all these people and burn you for all the crimes you've committed."

Gohan frowned at her declaration, "Sorry to disappoint you, Paprika, but at the rate this fight is going the only way you're ever going to beat me is to knock me out... and I'm not even fighting at half my real power yet. If this is all that you have to show me, then this match is as good as over."

It was these words that brought an even wider smirk to the girl's face. "I agree. This match is as good as over... for you anyway." Her response prompting the boy to raise his eyebrow, Paprika then flicked her hair back and raised her hand. "Did you honestly think that I would face you in battle without some sort of plan? You see, I have a little trick up my sleeve that you may be quite familiar with. After you destroyed my home planet and scattered its debris on the wind, I was able to collect several of the fragments that managed to survive and fused them with my body." This reveal immediately had Gohan look up with a start and watch as a feral grin slowly pulled across Paprika's face.

The expression she took on was one that was both menacing and intimidating, and sent a chill down everyone's spines.

"The radiation from the Makyo Star's soil stimulates the cells inside of its natives and increases our energy output several times over. That means, with the planet's rock imbedded in my system and combined with my energy, I'm able to do something like this!" Her body tensing up, Paprika tightened fists and gritted her teeth, a loud snarl escaping her lips as she began to focus her energy. A red glow starting to radiate off of her body like fire, Gohan narrowed his eyes and watched closely as Paprika went through the most unusual power up. Her energy levels fluctuating and veins starting to pulse around her forehead, the ground began to tremble and the air started to grow heavy with a growing physical presence.

Then, only three seconds after Paprika began focusing her ki, the Makyan child then experienced a sudden and startling transformation. In the blink of an eye, the girl's mass and size increased drastically, her height shooting up to that of Piccolo's, her muscles bulking, and her entire body taking on a more shapely, womanly form. To top it off, Paprika's sickly green skin darkened to a forest shade, her white hair elongated and, with her sudden increase in size, her clothes exploded off of her body, shredding into pieces and leaving the girl in nothing but her shoes, a black sports bra, and white underwear.

To put it into perspective, the Makyan girl went from petite, Videl stature to fucking She-Hulk in appearance in less than half a second.

While the announcer freaked out at the girl's sudden transformation and the audience gawked in shock, Piccolo, Zangya, Videl and Gohan's eyes widened in horror when they sensed the girl's ki skyrocket to an unprecedented level.

"What the shit?!!" the Hera shouted.
Gasping, Gohan had absolutely no time to react when he saw the enormous Paprika appear directly in front of him and nail him across the face with a hook. The blow connecting with a clap of a shockwave, the half-Saiyan could only yell in shock as he was sent spinning across the ring and towards the edge, almost blacking out from the force of the hit.

Just before he could try and correct himself, his opponent once again vanished in a crack of wind and reappeared in his path. It was here Paprika swayed backwards so she was floating horizontal to the ground and threw a kick straight up into the approaching Gohan's stomach. The blow struck with a deafening 'crack' and sent the hapless half-Saiyan spiraling skywards, a yell escaping his lips as he climbed altitude at breakneck speeds.

Several seconds into his flight, before he could regain any form of bearing, the boy was then suddenly stopped dead when his opponent shot up after him in a blur of movement and slammed a knee into his stomach. The sudden, violent blow generated a shockwave that dispersed the clouds around them and had Gohan spit up blood. A grinning Paprika then allowed the boy to remain doubled over her leg before, lacing her hands above her head, the Makyan dropped a hammer blow into his back and sent him plummeting back towards the ring.

As Gohan spiraled in his descent, Paprika effortlessly held her right hand out and, with a smirk, launched her follow-up attack. "Pepper Shot!" A flash of pink light followed by a continuous barrage of energy blasts rocketed from her hand and towards the falling warrior.

The stream of attacks collided with the demi-Saiyan in midair, bombarding him and sending him rocketing towards the ring at a much faster rate. A split second later, Gohan and the barrage of energy beams collided with the ring, causing a series of concussive explosions that shook the arena and scared the hell out of the audience.

The announcer and the Junior Division competitors standing on the lawn literally dove for cover as the ring was ravaged by the rain of energy attacks.

The cloud of dust that filled the air pelted the audience with debris and prompted a closely watching Videl to rush forward in shock. "No! Gohan!"

Watching her blasts nearly rip the ring to pieces with little to no effort, Paprika, still holding her position high up in the sky, smirked triumphantly as the smoke slowly started to lift.

"You poor fool. With the power I possess, you don't stand a chance against me. By absorbing the remains of the Makyo Star into my body, I've not only increased the regenerative capabilities of my muscles, I've probably become the most powerful force in this entire quadrant," Paprika stated in a now deeper tone of voice, her eyes narrowing when she saw a crater in the center of the ring emerge from the smoke. "I have the sum total of my entire race's strength coursing through my veins. There's not a single being alive that can stop me… not even you."

The moment she said this, the center of the hole exploded in a shower of debris and, from the rubble, Gohan reemerged. With his gi in tatters, and bruises and burns covering his entire body, the spiky haired Saiyan panted heavily and glared up at the girl hovering in the sky overhead. Seeing her form like a big, green beacon against the clear blue canvas, the young warrior growled through bloody teeth while the audience up in the stands watched on in dead silence to see what the young fighter was going to do next.

Whatever had happened just then, it was clear he'd taken a massive amount of damage in that attack.

Paprika chuckled in amusement, "Stay down you weakling. It's useless to try and fight me."
Spitting to the side and straightening up, Gohan clenched his fists, "We'll see!" Then, with a yell of rage and effort, the boy powered up to his maximum, his blue aura exploding around him and his hair blasting upwards on the wind. It was a sight that stunned the crowd, awed the announcer and brought a grin to Videl's face, who watched closely as her friend started to get serious.

Aura burning brilliantly, the young demi-Saiyan exploded from the ring and rocketed up into the sky towards his opponent in a streak of blazing blue light. Reaching her in under a second he swung out, only for Paprika to vanish in a blur. Passing her, Gohan came to a stop and, his aura flaring up a second time, he changed directions and shot back down towards ground level.

Managing to avoid his first attack, Paprika tucked and began to roll as she fell, a split second before vanishing a second time when the powered up Saiyan came down from above with another swing. Missing her, Gohan growled and shot after her across the sky. The Makyan reappeared out of her high speed movement traveling backwards, teeth gritted as she watched her opponent's ethereal form rocket towards her and swing at her with a roundhouse kick. In another blur she flew up into the clouds and avoided his attack, causing Gohan to miss and chase after her once again.

A trail of blue energy marked the path of the Saiyan as the raven haired warrior pursued Paprika through the atmosphere. Crisscrossing back and forth, he attempted to catch the demon when she passed him again, only to end up chasing after her once more. Flying back over the stadium where the audience could see them, Gohan attempted to run her down, only to see her vanish and blindside him with a swift shoulder tackle that sent him spiraling to the side.

While he was spinning out of control, Paprika intercepted the young half-Saiyan and dropped a kick on him from above, slamming him in the back and sending him plummeting towards the arena far below. Seconds later, before the winded boy could impact the ring's surface, the Makyan girl instantly teleported beneath him and caught him with a knee to the stomach. As soon as the boy's momentum stopped and he was doubled over her leg, the girl brought both her hands up and smashed them into his back. Gohan slammed into the ring's floor, his head bounding off of its hard surface, stunning him, before a foot smashed it back into the concrete.

After only a few seconds of fighting, the boy once again found himself at the mercy of his opponent.

Paprika smirked as she felt the boy squirm uselessly under her heel. "What's the matter, scum? Can't get up?" Hearing him growl in response, the Makyan girl chuckled. "Come on. I know this isn't the best you can do. Get angry. Show me your real power! I want to fight you and beat you down at your strongest!" When the still base form Gohan attempted to push up again, the girl ground her foot into his head and shoved him back down with a loud crunching sound. Receiving no words in response, she frowned deeply. "FINE! Have it your way!"

Before the announcer even had a chance to start a count, Paprika stepped off of Gohan, charged up an attack and, holding her left hand up, began firing blasts directly into his back. "Meatball Shooter!" A stream of rapid fire energy shots left her hand and began slamming into the boy's back over and over again. The amount of blasts she unleashed tore up the ground around the demi-Saiyan and ripped into his back, cries and screams of agony leaving Gohan's lips when he was hit at pointblank range by the assault. His entire upper body was hammered into submission.

A feral grin of excitement pulled over Paprika's face as she gleefully roasted the youngster beneath her.

The audience could only watch in shock as the girl laid out the young fighter with ease, a smile ever-present while she hit him again and again until the floor directly in front of her had turned into
a blazing pink inferno. Piccolo and Zangya glared down at the ring nervously, the former uncrossing his arms and preparing to jump in, and Videl had her hands clapped over her mouth in horror.

After several more seconds of continuous shooting, Paprika stopped, allowing the flames from her attack to fade and reveal to everyone there what had happened to their favorite young fighter. When the smoke lifted, they saw the still intact Gohan lying beneath her feet, his shirts incinerated and his entire upper body battered and burnt. The sound of his heavy breathing and the sight of his agonized face had the Makyan leer in satisfaction.

"How does it feel, Gohan? How does it feel to be the victim, to be the helpless one… to have your face buried in the ground and to have no one here to help you? Does it hurt?" The girl spat and, kicking him in the side, rolled him onto his back and elicited a yelp of pain from him. "I bet it does. So how about we continue this little game? I've got a lot more frustration to take out on you… and I'm not going to stop until I hear you beg for my forgiveness." She then held her hand up and began charging yet another energy attack. "Now… BURN YOU MURDERER!"

At that exact moment, Gohan's eyes flew open and, with a yell of rage and a flash of teal, he sprang up from the ground and nailed Paprika directly in the nose. The force and speed of the punch practically caved the girl's face in before sending her flying through the air and bouncing across the ring. When she eventually rolled to a stop a second later, the girl grabbed her face with both hands and yelled out in agony.

"GAAAAAHHH! FUCK!" Gasping in shock, Paprika slowly stood back up and looked across the arena floor. When she did, she saw her now standing opponent become engulfed in a golden aura before a brilliant flash of light engulfed the entire stadium.

Blinded by the flare and deafened by the immense howl that came with it, Paprika only had to wait a couple of seconds before the anomaly died down. When she looked back, her visage twisted into one of shock when she saw her opponent standing there, bathed in a golden glow, his eyes teal and his once night black hair turned a shining blonde.

While Hercule and the rest of the stadium gawked at the boy's transformation to his first level of Super Saiyan, Videl was overcome with joy, her eyes sparkling just as brightly at the young male's ethereal form.

"Yes!"

"Have you calmed down?" Allowing the shock to settle in and seeing the girl take a step back, the shirtless Gohan cracked his neck and smirked, "Good. Now we can do this properly. You want a fight that badly, Paprika? Well… you've got one."

Shivering at the amount of power she could now feel coming off of the boy, Paprika grinned and clenched her fists. "Finally. This is exactly what I was waiting for… Mr. Super Saiyan." With a growl of effort, a red aura exploded off of her body and engulfed her in the same manner the boy had emitted his cloak of energy. The earth trembling at the amount of power both fighters were generating together, the Makyan, now at full power, then took a fighting stance and shouted, "Let's do this! Bring it on!"

His fists tightening even more as he gauged his adversary's power increase, the hybrid Saiyan's eyes narrowed and his jaw clenched. "You asked for it." Gritting his teeth, the transformed Gohan then exploded from his spot and charged at the girl in the form of a golden flash, crashing into her head on and elbow first.
Paprika threw her arms up in time to block the blow the youngster tackled her with. However, just as she was leaning back from the force of the impact, she suddenly saw his afterimage pass directly through her, causing her to blink in shock. A split second later, Gohan's faded form solidified directly behind her and, reversing directions, elbowed her in the back. The unexpected attack knocked the girl off her feet and sent her flying forward.

Managing to gain control of her flight, the stunned girl spun into a flip, rotated around and landed deftly. Throwing her hand back, Paprika gave a loud growl before, throwing it forward, unleashed a blinding white blast from her hand that rocketed towards the Super Saiyan standing directly in her line of sight. "WONTON BLASTER!" With a mighty howl the attack rocketed towards the boy at light speed, only for the golden warrior to vanish before the beam struck that side of the ring and completely disintegrated the edge in a catastrophic explosion.

When the audience was pelted by dust and debris, Paprika's eyes snapped behind her, where she saw her opponent reappear.

Clenching his jaw tightly as he watched the demon curl her fists and take a stance as well, Gohan then brought his guard up to his sides and dashed forward. Rushing at her in a blur of movement, as soon as he was in range he cranked his right fist back, gave a mighty yell and, taking aim, drove his fist into her chest. Paprika's forearm flew up to block the hit and, as soon as the earsplitting shockwave rang out and rocked the entire stadium to its foundations, the pair began to fight.

Gohan's fists flew at Paprika in blurs, slamming into her arms again and again as they shot up to intercept his attacks. Continuous shockwaves exploded off of them as they boxed it out in the middle of the arena. With every hit generating a violent tremor, the demi-Saiyan continued attacking her with reckless abandon until Paprika pulled her fist back and slammed a punch into his face. The boy took the blow, his head cocking to the side. But even as her knuckles buried into his cheek, the young Super Saiyan only growled against it and violently shoved it away with a quick shake of his head.

Eyes widening in alarm, the girl threw a hand up to block a swinging left punch, only to then see the Super Saiyan leap up and drive a knee into the side of her head. The blow impacted with a thunderclap, knocking the girl to the side with her eyes glazed over. Before she could fall, Paprika recovered quickly and threw up another guard, only to then receive a palm strike to the cheek.

The hits landing with deafening thuds, Gohan then brought both his fists up and, with a yell, drove a hammer blow into his opponent's back. The girl crumpled from the attack, but as soon as his fists lifted free, Paprika retaliated with a vicious flurry of attacks. In the blink of an eye, both Super Saiyan and Super Makyan began pummeling each other with lightning fast blows, thunderclaps ringing out at a machinegun rate while they fought across the decimated arena.

With every blow that connected the stadium shook and as the spectators held on for dear life, the announcer stood beside the ruined court in awe. "This fight just got real, ladies and gentlemen! Right now, both Gohan and Paprika are giving each other everything they've got! Their punches are so strong; every single blow they land is causing the heavens themselves to shake! WHAT A MATCH!"

Crying out furiously with every attack they threw, both opponents continued to lay it on the other as they moved across the concrete floor. Avoiding as many of his adversary's blows as he could, Gohan cranked his left fist back and threw a straight, only to have the girl parry it and retaliate with another furious onslaught. The dance continued, and as the damage to the ring started to mount, so did the damage on both fighters as they began landing more and more devastating blows on each other.
Zangya, gripping the walkway's railing so tightly that the metal was starting to bend, gawked at the sight below. "Are you seeing what I'm seeing? Unreal..."

The Namekian's expression reflected equal surprise. "Yes. I see." Upon uttering these words, his expression then became one of seriousness as he scrutinized the boy's opponent more carefully. "Her power level is almost exactly the same as Cell's maximum when he fought against Gohan after he became an Ascended Saiyan for the first time. No wonder she's putting up such a good fight."

"How the heck can someone trade blows with wonder boy like that?" There were very few out there that could actually trade blows with the young Super Saiyan, but this girl was managing to give even the youngster a hard time. However, the sight of it brought an amused smirk to Zangya's face. "Heh. He must be loving every second of it."

Slamming their elbows into each other and generating an electric shockwave that sparked off of them, both Gohan and Paprika sprang away from each other and landed on opposite sides of the stage. Upon touching down, the pair took defensive stances, with the Makyan blasting forward and rocketing towards her foe without hesitation. In a blur, she slammed a hook across his face with a thunderclap, only to receive an uppercut in return.

Back flipping away, Gohan landed on the very edge of the crumbling arena and flew forward, meeting his staggered foe in the center and once again locking in another heated exchange. Punches and kicks flying, flashes of light bounced off of the two fighters as their blows impacted one after the other. Then, after a full minute of merciless pummeling, the pair ended it with a right punch that crashed into the other's face and sent them flying back.

Trailing blood, the pair slammed their feet into the ground and skidded to a stop. As soon as the brakes were applied, the pair sprang into the air and, charging at each other, vanished in the blink of an eye.

All of a sudden, the sky was filled with a series of invisible explosions, shockwaves bursting all around like fireworks. The force of each blast causing the entire island to shake, the two super powered warriors began fighting each other at a speed neither member of the audience could keep up with. Even Piccolo and Zangya had lost complete track of the pair as they looked up towards the sky and saw their blurred forms darting through the clouds in all directions.

The sounds of more thunderclaps ringing out and drawing cries from the already terrified audience, the exchange lasted for well over a few minutes. But then, as actual explosions began ripping throughout the space above the stadium and the sight of ki blasts began streaking across the blue canvas, a final shockwave, much larger than any of the ones before, rippled across the island and nearly split the land in two. The force of it was so violent that the coliseum and the surrounding buildings cracked and crumbled.

Upon bracing themselves against the blast, Piccolo, Zangya and Videl looked up to see Gohan plummeting from the sky and being chased by the red blur of his opponent. However, just when it seemed like the boy was going to hit the ground, he suddenly vanished into thin air and blindsided his pursuing foe with a kick that sent her spinning through the air. After several hundred meters of flight, the Super Saiyan intercepted her and, with a well-timed follow up, kicked her out of the sky and sent her rocketing towards the ring.

The girl struck another corner and blasted it into rubble, sending dust and debris flying into the air. When the tremors from the impact died, the audience looked up once more, wondering whether or not one of them had finally been knocked out for good. Even Videl swallowed heavily as she nervously eyed the crater the teen had landed.
However, after a couple seconds of waiting, the rubble suddenly exploded outwards and Paprika emerged with a scream of rage. Bringing her fists down to her sides, the badly bruised and bleeding girl snarled angrily and glared up at the sky.

"Dargh... no!" Her opponent was gaining the upper hand. She couldn't let that happen!

Spotting her adversary landing on the other side of the arena, she then saw him rocket towards her in a golden flash. Cranking her fist back, Paprika attempted to hook him, "WRETCHED LITTLE-" Her punch missed though when Gohan, quick as ever, sprang over her and, landing behind her, slammed a kick into her back and sent her blasting across the arena with a shout of pain.

Quickly flipping forward and recovering with a swift landing, the Makyan spun around and shot back at her foe, a bellow of rage escaping her lips as she cocked her left fist over her shoulder. Her arm shone a hot pink as she prepared to deliver a power blow to knock the bastard out. But the second she came within range and threw it, Gohan managed to duck under her swing and deliver a powerful uppercut into her stomach, burying his knuckles into her rock hard abs.

The pair remained like that, glaring fiercely at one another with strangled groans escaping Paprika's teeth and a growl leaving Gohan's, his expression tightened into one of blind fury. Upon holding their positions for several full seconds, the motionless audience then saw the Makyan girl stumble away, her body hunching over and both hands moving to grip her gut.

Mouth agape, the girl choked up blood that dribbled onto the floor from her lips, at the same time her opponent pulled his fist back and panted exhaustedly. The fight so far had dealt both of them a great deal of damage, as the two of them were covered in intense burns and bruises. They were also bleeding profusely from over a dozen open wounds.

Clenching her jaw, Paprika glared hatefully at her battered foe. "How the hell is this happening?!" Sucking it in, the girl shot up and took a shaky fighting stance. As soon as she did, she blasted forward and threw a punch, only to have it caught in the firm grip of her opponent.

Fist trapped, she threw another one, only to have that fist caught as well.

Locking them in stalemate, Gohan yelled out in rage and tightened his grip on the Makyan's fists. The sounds of bones creaking and muscles popping ringing out like they were being amplified, the audience gave a collective wince when they heard a cry of agony escape Paprika's lips and watched as she tried to pull her fists free. However, no matter how far she leaned away, the boy refused to let her go and increased the pressure.

A growl escaped Gohan's lips when he tightened his vice-like grip even more and Paprika gave another cry of agony, her fists starting to break.

Not wanting to lose out, the Makyan acted instinctively and threw a kick up into the boy's chin, smacking his head upwards. The moment the demi-Saiyan's head was cocked back, the girl looped her legs around his arms and yanked her fists free, before bringing herself up and preparing to drive a blow down onto his head.

As soon as she threw it, Gohan leapt up at her and rammed his forehead into her face, knocking the girl off of him and sending her crashing to the floor. What soon followed could only be described as the most vicious beat down the stadium had ever seen, as the Super Saiyan mercilessly picked the girl up and pile-drove her into the floor with a deafening crack. The girl retaliated by slamming a kick into his stomach, only to receive an elbow to the face in a counter that had her stumbling across the ring. Gohan sprinted after her and nailed her with a hook, only to then get knee'd in the face and sent staggering backwards.
Rushing him, Paprika then prepared for an elbow, only to get kicked in the side and knocked off her feet. As soon as she was in the air, Gohan charged after her falling body and kneed it in the ribs, slamming a hook into her face and then a kick that sent her flying upwards. But then, just as the Makyan was gaining altitude, the boy blasted off of the ground and intercepted her in the sky.

Without thought or hesitation, the boy tackled her in the back and sent both of them plummeting to the ring once more. A cry of terror left Paprika's lips before she was smashed stomach first into the edge of the ring and had Gohan's knee drive into her back. The force of impact shattered the stone and had the girl choke up blood.

After crash landing on top of the Makyan, the half-Saiyan stumbled away and prepared to fire a blast. But just before he could hit her, Paprika leapt off of the ground and hooked him across the face. The blow landed with terrific force and sent the boy packing, but before he could fly out of reach Gohan managed to land a hook of his own, which connected with a thunderclap.

Trailing spit, both fighters skidded across the ruined surface of the arena to a grinding halt. As soon as their momentums ceased, they then glared across at one another.

The stadium then fell into a deathly silence when the two fighters fixed their hardest glares on the other. With ragged breaths leaving their bodies and sweat dripping from their pores, Gohan and Paprika held their stances, waiting to see who would break first.

It was then the Super Saiyan saw Paprika stumble forward with a gasp and collapse to her knee, an action that was marked by a thump when she hit the hard floor.

The announcer, seeing the girl crumble under the pressure, yelled into his microphone. "It looks like the damage has finally gotten to Paprika! Could this be the end?!"

"No," the Makyan hissed, looking to see the equally beaten Gohan stagger backwards as well, but manage to hold his footing. "No! I can't let this end. Not yet. Not here!" Despite the number of hits they'd landed on each other, she was the one that was losing out in their battle. This was something she wasn't going to let stand.

"NO WAY! I will not be beaten by this low class retch! I won't lose..." Snarling through her fangs, the girl shakily forced herself back to her feet and, clenching her fists tightly, she threw her head back and cried out to the heavens. "I WON'T LOSE!" A howl then followed as her red aura blasted off of her in an inferno, pelting the young Super Saiyan with debris and sending a gust of wind across the stands. When the spectators were knocked out of their seats and the announcer ducked behind the ring, the entire island shook when Paprika summoned whatever amount of power she had left.

With Gohan holding his ground as best as he could, the beaten and bruised Saiyan looked across in surprise as he sensed the girl's energy levels climbing higher and higher. "W-What...?"

"I'M ENDING THIS FIGHT RIGHT NOW! NO MORE TRICKS! NO MORE RESTRAINTS!"

With veins pulsing all over her body, including her eyes, the green skinned fighter crouched low to the ground and took aim with her hand. Holding it out so that all the fingers were extended, white and pink energy began gathering around her palm, forming a shining ball of death that began to pulse and shimmer.

Gohan's eyes widened at the sight, "Oh, crap." His gaze shot behind him, where he saw the stands of people sitting and watching the events unfolding on the ring. Upon which he spun back around and glared across at Paprika, whose entire form was starting to flicker like a red strobe as she
continued charging her next attack. "She's blinded with rage. Shit! If she fires it from that position..."

There was a good chance that in her anger… if she missed, she was going to wipe out a great portion of the stadium as well as an entire chunk of the island.

Her form glowing brilliantly like a star in the center of their field, Paprika took aim at her target. Completely unaware of the people sitting in the stands around her, a feral grin formed across her face as her anger and frustration took over, "TAKE THIS, YOU BASTARD! PAN BLASTER!"

The girl then launched her attack…

The moment she did however, Gohan shot towards his opponent faster than she could react and, with a yell of his own, knocked Paprika's arm skywards, stunning her. With a crack of thunder and a flash of blinding light, a stream of pink energy exploded from her palm like a missile. The sheer force of the blast generated a sonic boom strong enough to crack the floor beneath them and shake the foundations of the entire arena. In that same instant, a beam of energy the size of a comet rocketed into the skies, parting the clouds and leaving the earth's atmosphere altogether, the sight of which caused all of the spectators to cry out in terror.

While the audience took cover, Piccolo, Zangya and Videl all gawked, as the amount of energy that had been put into that attack would've been enough to wipe out the entire planet.

When the stream of ki eventually faded and normal light returned to the stadium floor, Gohan immediately followed up on his quick maneuver by cranking back his right hand and forming a fist. The sight of his action had alarm bells go off in Paprika's head, the Makyan swaying back at the last second to avoid a powerful uppercut aimed for her head. Throwing herself away from her opponent, the demon performed a back flip and landed close to the edge of the ring. She then only had a split second to spring off of the ground and fly into the air to avoid a follow-up blow from the charging Saiyan, who then spun around and pursued her with his gaze.

Shooting into the clouds in a streak of red light, Paprika gritted her teeth and, upon reaching several kilometers up, glaring back down at the arena. "Damn you!" Determined to finish the fight, she slowed her flight and prepared to launch one last attack.

However, the second she hit the brakes, Gohan's hand was already cranked back and thrown forward, which then unleashed a blast of brilliant blue energy. "FLASH MADAN!" In a mighty gust of wind, the enormous attack shot into the sky in pursuit of the Makyan, who recoiled in shock at the size of the attack now hurtling towards her.

Gritting her teeth, she brought both hands above her head and took aim. "Fine! I'm going to-" Unfortunately Paprika didn't have time to finish her retort, because the second she began to prepare her counter, she sensed a ki signature appear directly behind her and looked over her shoulder. Her eyes widened in shock when she saw Gohan, who was supposed to be on the ground firing the attack, super speed into view and begin diving towards her. "WHAT?! How in the-"

With a deafening 'crack' and a mighty battle cry, Gohan tackled the girl in the spine and knocked her out of the sky at blinding speed. Powering up, with his hands gripping the hapless Makyan's sides, the demi-Saiyan then held the transformed girl upside-down above his head and dove towards his approaching energy blast with the intent to pile drive her into it.

Noticing they were on a collision course with his Flash Madan blast, Paprika's eyes turned white and her mouth flew open in a terrified, bloodcurdling scream.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!"
A split second later, the stadium was filled with the tremendous sound of a colossal explosion and a flash of blinding light when the pair crashed headlong into the attack, blue fire rippling out in all directions and causing the entire island to shake. While the audience braced themselves against the gales of wind, Piccolo, Zangya and Videl were able to watch as a body flew out the bottom end of the fireball in the opposite direction the blast had traveled, and collided with the grass outside the crumbling ring. The fighter's impact with the ground was marked by an explosion of dust and debris, which sent a thick cloud over the stands and had the people in the front rows coughing and sputtering.

When the frazzled and shaken spectators finally recovered from the madness of the fight and the sky finally cleared of smoke, they all looked towards the crater where the body had impacted. There, lying sprawled out in the center, they saw Paprika, reverted back to her base form, battered, burnt, bruised, and bleeding from a new series of cuts, lying sprawled out in the center of it.

Rushing over to her, the announcer checked for a pulse. Taking her by the shoulder and giving the green girl a light shake afterwards, the man in the shades sighed in relief and stood up. Clearing his throat and using a cloth to wipe off his dust covered sunglasses, the announcer turned to the audience and made the call, "That's it folks! The winner by ring out and knock out of the second to last match of the tournament is Son Gohan!" The man exclaimed, throwing a hand towards the ring as the Super Saiyan, unscathed from the explosion, dropped down from the sky and landed in the center.

Reverting back to his base form with a sigh, there was a long moment of silence in which the audience spent trying to get over the unbelievable battle that they'd just witnessed. After a full minute ticked by, the crowds of shaken civilians soon recovered from their stunned reveries and rewarded Gohan with a loud cheer and a round of applause. The shirtless demi-Saiyan made certain to bow in gratitude to his legions of fans, before then jogging over to check on the defeated Makyan.

"Congratulations Son Gohan. You've made it to the finals. We will now have a short break to clear up the ring and provide first aid for our contestants," the announcer said, watching as the clearly battered half-Saiyan hopped down from the stage and approached the crater where the unconscious Paprika was lying. The blonde adult made room for Gohan as he stepped up to check on the girl himself, earning a concerned look from the experienced referee. "How are you doing, big guy? Do you need to see a doctor? You took quite a beating out there."

"Nah. Compared to her these are just scrapes. I'll live," Gohan replied, glancing to the side when he sensed Videl rushing over from her spot on the other side of the lawn.

The moment she skidded to a stop alongside him and the tournament official, Piccolo and Zangya also dropped down from the sky, a sight that immediately drew the crowd's attention.

First the two kids were fighting and flying, and now they were being joined by two others who could as well. Just what the heck was going on today?

"Gohan! Are you alright?" Videl asked, hand on her chest as she gazed across at her friend in worry. "Are you hurt?"

The spiky haired half-Saiyan grinned and shook his head, "No. Just some bad bruises and cuts. Nothing a quick visit to Dende's can't fix."

"I'll say," Piccolo spoke, the towering Namekian looking down at his student seriously.

"You look even worse than you did after your fight with that Kana chick," Zangya remarked,
placing her hands on her hips and looking at the boy in amusement. "Damn, wonder boy. Do you get your jollies from having your ass kicked around the countryside or what? There's no shame in admitting it."

Gohan chuckled and massaged the back of his head, at the same time stepping away when two orderlies came around with a stretcher, "What can I say? She was a really tough opponent. I had no idea I was going to end up fighting somebody like her in the tournament, much less the Junior Division." He then turned to look down at the girl as she was attended to by the newly arrived officials. "To be honest, she took me completely by surprise when she transformed."

If he had to make an educated guess, he estimated that Paprika was just as strong if not even stronger than Cell had been before he came back. All things considered, if he hadn't taken advantage of her lapse in attention, then the fight would have dragged on even longer than it had and more damage would have been done to the surrounding island. Heaven knows what would have happened if he'd held back with that last hit. The girl probably would have ended up in a far worse a state than she was now.

Piccolo, giving an understanding nod, stepped up to his student and patted him on the shoulder. "You did really well today kid. Good fight."

"Thanks, Piccolo," Gohan replied, at the same time looking down and receiving a warm smile from Videl. After returning it and feeling the girl fondly clasp at his hand, the group then turned when they sensed the orderlies preparing to move the unconscious Paprika.

As they were shuffling to her sides to hoist her onto the stretcher, everyone there got quite a start when the girl's eyes suddenly shot open and the Makyan bolted upright. The officials freaked out and backpedaled, whereas the Z-fighters remained in place, staring down at her in surprise. Watching the demon girl glance between them in wild paranoia, they then saw her eyes fix upon Gohan, drawing a surprised blink from the youngster.

Upon realizing where she was and exactly who was surrounding her, Paprika's expression became deathly serious and the Makyan girl stood where she'd fallen, gripping her shoulder at the same time. Despite being beaten to the point that she was in no condition to fight back, the group of people surrounding her still regarded her with caution, including Gohan who fixed his foe with a serious gaze.

Paprika's eyes filled with anger and frustration as she stared at the equally beaten half-Saiyan who'd knocked her out of the ring. When it looked as though she was about to lash out, she then cringed and looked away with a huff. "Why don't you just finish me off?"

Feeling Videl's grip tighten around his hand nervously, the young Gohan gave her a small smile, "Simple. I don't want to."

"Why?" the demon girl growled, turning on him with a fierce look on her face. "You didn't have any problems with doing that against my father. With that last attack, I could have destroyed this entire area just to try and take you out. So why not kill me?"

A serious look coming to his face, the demi-Saiyan frowned deeply, "Because… if I killed you… I wouldn't be able to live with myself knowing that I took the life of someone who didn't deserve it." Gohan placed his hands on his hips and regarded the girl with nothing but his full and undivided attention. "I can see the grief on your face. You fight and suffer because you lost your family… and I know what it's like to experience that kind of loss." He then spared her a kind smile, "Taking the life of someone who is in so much pain and has fought so hard to get this far wouldn't be right. You're not a bad person. Not really. If you were… then you would have done worse to me than just
barbeque my back."

His sincere response had Paprika blink in surprise. "You… were testing me?" When she saw him nod his head, the Makyan then frowned back at him. "Even so… this doesn't change anything between us… and it certainly doesn't change how I feel about you. I still think you're a deceitful, cold-hearted, ruthless scumbag."

Gohan chuckled and shrugged, "Maybe. But hey, like I said, just give it a couple of years. I'm sure I'll grow on you eventually." He then extended a hand to her and graced his adversary with a kind smile. "I want to try and make things right. If you'll let me, I'd… really like to help you out, Paprika." It was a gesture that had Piccolo, Zangya and Videl glance at him inquisitively, before then looking to see how the girl would respond.

As expected, the white haired alien threw off his offer by knocking his hand away. "Save it. I don't need your pity or your charity." She then raised a finger and pointed at him, her action causing everyone standing around the boy to recoil fearfully. "This thing isn't over between us. Not by a long shot. I suggest you watch your back from now on, Gohan, because sooner or later I'll be coming after you again." Her eyes flashed dangerously with the promise of pain. "I trained nonstop for five years to face you in battle. I don't mind training for another."

"Heh. If it makes you happy, then that sounds good to me," the demi-Saiyan replied with a grin. "To be honest, I could use with a rival. It'll give me something to look forward to in the future… and you seem to fit that role nicely." His response to the girl's statements had Piccolo and everyone else stare at the Saiyan as if he'd grown a second head.

Paprika glared right back at him before leering for the briefest of seconds, "I'll see you at the next tournament, trash." The moment she straightened up, her red aura burst up around her like a flame. A fierce wind bellowing outwards and ruffling the clothes of all those standing around her, the demon girl then gave one last snarl and, in a burst of dust and debris, took off into the sky, shooting over the horizon.

When they saw her aura vanish, Piccolo felt a wash of nostalgia flood through him.

"Déjà vu."

"Hm?" The demi-Saiyan looked across at the Namekian in surprise, "What do you mean by that, Piccolo?" Upon asking that question, he saw the man turn to face him and smile in his direction.

"Your father said something very similar to me after he gave me a Senzu Bean at the end of the 23rd Martial Arts Tournament," the green skinned warrior explained, earning the attention of all the others standing around him. "Even though I was set on destroying him, the man still found it in his heart to let me go. As strong as he was, your father always had enough room for a little bit of compassion and mercy… a trait you've definitely inherited from him."

Blinking a couple of times, the boy grinned and nodded, "Heh. I guess it's kind of a habit that runs in the family."

Zangya, turning to stare after the vapor trail the Makyan had left in her wake, gave a grunt of indifference, "You sure it was okay to let her go?" Considering how strong she was, the Hera wasn't all too sure about letting somebody like her go so easily.

"Ah, it'll be fine," Gohan replied with a megawatt smile. "She's only interested in beating me to a bloody pulp, so we don't have to worry about her destroying the planet or anything." His answer had everyone give him a deadpanned stare.
"If you say so," the orange haired fighter shrugged, before stepping away with her arms folded.

Videl, still hanging off of her trainer's arms, smiled across at the others before turning her attention to the half-Saiyan hero. "You fought an amazing battle, Gohan-kun. Both of you did."

The youngster grinned, "Thanks, Videl."

After hanging back for the past few minutes and listening to the interactions between the warriors, the announcer then felt it was time to intervene. Clearing his throat and stepping forward while adjusting his tie, the man regarded the group with a smile as he then moved on to his next order of business. "I think it's nearly time to get this show on the road. You two kids can head back to the waiting room and we'll... clean up for the final match."


With that said, both youngsters quickly marched back to the main building, where all the other Junior Division contenders were waiting and watching them fearfully. The audience applauded Gohan as he left the ring and as soon as he disappeared through the practically ruined barricade, Piccolo and Zangya flew back to the walkway, leaving the tournament's staff and officials to clear things up.

The ring was barely holding up at this point. With an entire corner gone and a massive crater sitting in its center, the best the officials could do was sweep it of all the debris and give the surface a patch job. And that was it...

XXX

Up in the stands somewhere in the front row, an elderly couple had just finished picking themselves up with the help of a fellow spectator sitting alongside them. Upon dusting themselves down and picking up his wife's purse, the portly old man with the white mustache, checker shirt and suspenders smiled towards the kind gentlemen that had shielded all of them from the explosions that'd taken place at ring side.

"Th-Thank you so much, sir."

"You're most welcome," the man with the orange and blue gi and spiky black hair replied cheerfully. He then helped another young man up from behind his seat and, after making sure he was sitting down comfortably, stood up to full height and watched as the officials cleared up the area.

"My gosh. What an amazing performance," the elderly man's wife exclaimed in an amazed tone of voice, at the same time adjusting her glasses. "They never used special effects in the last world tournament we saw. Incredible."

"Actually dear... I don't think those were special effects. They looked pretty real to me," the old man cut in, earning an inquisitive look from the woman. "I do not think they would rig explosives in the middle of a fighting match. That would be much too dangerous."

"Really? But... there's no way any of that could have been real," the woman murmured, pulling out a handkerchief to dab across her face. "All those loud thunder claps and beams of light... it was almost like those two youngins' were superhuman."

The man standing alongside them chuckled with his hands on his belt. "Actually, you're right. Those two were superhuman. All of that stuff you saw out there, the flashes of light, the explosions and the flying... those were all real."
Blinking a couple of times, the wife glanced back towards the ring and, considering it for a few moments, smiled, "Oh. Well isn't that something."

Her husband turned to look towards the tall, well-built Samaritan beside them, "You must know an awful lot about this stuff to know that it was all real."

The cheerful young man gave them a sun kissed smile, "I've been doing martial arts all my life. I guess you can say I'm an old hand at this sort of stuff." He then scratched his cheek sheepishly. "Flying too."

Tilting his head at the strangely chipper adult, the elderly man surveyed him for a few moments before a gentle smile formed on his face. "Well… one thing's for sure, you certainly know what you're talking about… and I can tell that what you're saying is the truth. You have that air about you." He then pointed up at the tall stranger. "It's quite funny actually, but you look like you're wearing the exact same uniform as that Son Gohan boy."

Perking up at this, the helpful adult then tugged at his undershirt's collar and spared it a glance. "Yeah. It's… sort of our family's color at this point." Beaming at the couple now assumed in their stadium's seats, the raven haired fighter then pulled up a space next to them as well and, getting comfortable, turned to reset his attention on the ring. "I have to say, my son's growing stronger and stronger every day."

"Oh. So that's your boy out there?" the old man asked with a happy smile. "It's so nice that you've come to watch him compete."

The Son father, not only adorned in the same uniform he'd passed away in but also sporting a noticeable halo above his head, gave the words a kind smile and a sagely nod. "Yeah. I'm really glad I came. There's no way I wanted to miss this…” His eyes shimmered after he said those words. "I'll be sure to congratulate him at the end of the tournament."

XXX

Several minutes following the match with Paprika, a battle that would've turned an entire planet into a wasteland were it not confined entirely to the ring, the announcer then tapped his mike and turned to the crowd. Since everyone had managed to pick themselves up and dust themselves off amidst the ruins of the stadium, he now felt it was time to speed things along. "Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for your patience! Now that the ring has been cleared up, it's time we moved on to the final match! But before we do, let's give a hand to the brilliant performances of all our Junior Division contestants!"

It was a request the audience was more than willing to comply with. A rain of cheers and applause rained down from the stands, lifting the spirits of the children that'd fought and shaking them out of the stunned dazes brought on by the last semi-final battle.

After giving their praise, the announcer continued on with the proceedings. "It's time for the final match of the Junior Competition! Folks, let's welcome back to the arena Videl and Gohan! Come on out!" Under the collective cries of excitement from every person in the stadium, the two youngsters emerged from the waiting room.

Spurred on by the other junior division competitors, most of whom were cheering them as well, the pair strolled down the slightly ruined pathway up to the decimated ring. Seeing as that they didn't have a flat base to compete on anymore, the two of them made certain to avoid the potholes and craters that lay in their wake, and headed for a spot the announcer had arranged for them.
Now adorned in a newly repaired uniform, the still banged up looking Gohan with band aids slapped across his cheeks and forehead, grinned at his eager opponent, "This is it. Are you ready?"

Videl, not at all put off in the slightest, smiled back at him competitively, "As ready as I'll ever be."

Once both of them were out and standing on one of the only space that'd remained intact throughout the entire superhuman ordeal, the duo stood across from one another with the announcer in the middle.

Hercule, meanwhile, was currently sticking his head out the top window, "DO YOUR BEST, SWEET PEA! DADDY'S CHEERING FOR YOU!" His bellowing voice across the arena had the raven haired girl blush with embarrassment.

Upon checking to make sure both combatants were ready and waiting, the man tossed his microphone to his other hand and made the final introductions.

"We've seen these two climb the ladder of this competition from opposite ends of the board and I gotta say, what a journey it has been. Both have displayed remarkable levels of skill and strength for their age, with the last semi-final match giving us a full scope as to what these youngsters are truly capable of," the announcer read, gesturing between the pair of similarly dressed kids in front of him. "On our right we have the world champion's daughter and former Junior Division Champion Videl Satan, facing off against rising star and newcomer Son Gohan, who is also the son of former world champion Son Goku. Both descended from legends, the two have spent the past several months training together in the mountains; one coaching the other, but both learning a great deal from their partnership. Outside the ring they are the best of friends, but in here... I think it's time to see what these two youngsters have to offer! So let's get ready to Rumble!"

Drawing an awed cheer from the crowd and smiles from the two facing each other down, the announcer then used that opportunity to scamper off the ring, down the stairs and onto the lawn. Once he was certain he'd secured a safe distance, he turned back to the pair and spoke into the mike one last time.

"Alright, kids. Whenever you're ready; LET THE MATCH BEGIN!"

Blocking out the sounds of the crowd, Gohan and Videl slid into fighting stances and faced each other down.

Digging her feet into the hard mat, the raven haired human smiled, "Do you want me to take it easy on you? You still look pretty winded from your last fight." To be honest, he could probably use some disinfectant.

The spiky haired teen chuckled, "Thanks. But you don't need to hold back against me, Videl. Come at me with everything you have."

"You sure?"

"Uh-huh," the demi-Saiyan nodded affirmatively, all the while adjusting his fighting stance. "Even though I lost a bit of energy fighting that last battle, I have more than enough to go a few rounds with you." Despite being sore all over, he was positive he could give Videl the fight she was looking for.
"Well, if you ever feel like you're about to keel over just let me know, alright," the raven haired fighter said with a teasing grin.

"Duly noted," Gohan exclaimed, raising his guard ever so slightly. "Remember. Focus. Use the power that's inside of you."

Acknowledging his advice, Videl then clenched her fists tightly and took on a wider stance. Upon which she clenched her jaw and began focusing her energy. In mere seconds a white, fiery aura kicked up around her and started to burn brilliantly, causing the ring around her to tremble. "Time to turn up the heat!" Feeling her ki begin to climb from its neutral state of rest at an incredibly fast rate, the girl let out a mighty bellow as she drew on all of the power she could muster, causing debris to start levitating off of the ground several yards in all directions and her hair to stand on end.

The audience gasped when they felt the earth begin to tremble around them again, with Piccolo and Zangya giving a couple blinks at the amount of ki the girl was now starting to generate.

"Whoa. Someone went and got a lot stronger suddenly," the orange haired alien remarked in surprise, drawing a grunt from the Namekian next to her.

While Hercule gawked from his spot above the waiting room floor, Gohan meanwhile beamed with pride as he watched his friend take hold of her full potential. "Videl is really something special. I've never seen someone adapt to our way of fighting so quickly before." She learned how to fly with only a few days of practice, she learned how to produce ki in two. Her passion and determination had allowed her to push through Roshi's and Piccolo's training regimens time and time again, and no matter how many times she fell she always got back up.

Even though she wasn't Saiyan or Namekian, she was definitely one hell of a human.

After powering up to her absolute maximum, Videl gave a grin at the amount of energy she could feel blasting off of her and held up a fist. "There!" Swinging it out, the girl then sprang off of the ground and as soon as she was in the air, vanished in a blur of movement.

Even though the audience lost sight of her completely, Gohan and the Z-fighters didn't. Glancing up, the spiky haired half-Saiyan saw his friend reappear in the air several stories above him and dive straight down towards the ring. The second she blew within range, the girl cocked her foot back and, with a loud battle cry, spun a kick straight into his head.

Gohan's arm shot up to guard and the second the teen's leg collided, a shockwave rang out that produced a small, earthly tremor.

The impact being heard all around, the demi-Saiyan and his opponent held their positions for a whole five seconds. When the glowing girl eventually disengaged, the boy in orange looked at his raised arm in surprise, upon which he started feeling pins and needles that had his hair standing on end.

"Gaaah! I actually felt that." He probably shouldn't have relaxed so much. She put all of her power into that blow.

Unfortunately he didn't have time to gawk at his arm because the second Videl landed in front of him, the girl threw a right straight into his face. The boy dodged it and countered with his good arm, his fist crashing into the girl's block with the sound of a gunshot. Growling against the fist digging into her guard, the human fighter then slammed a kick into his forward leg and back flipped away, using the young Saiyan as a step ladder.
Upon spring boarding away, the instant Videl hit the ground the girl turned to the side and vanished in another crack of wind. Gohan's eyes darted left, following the clouds of dust that burst up in the direction the girl was traveling, before suddenly seeing her reappear on his right and throw a hook at his face. Blocking it blindly, he then turned to face her, where he was then met with the full fury of the girl's assault.

Punches and kicks flying, the raven haired girl began viciously attacking the half-Saiyan, forcing him to backpedal across the ring at a comfortable pace, blocking and parrying all of her attacks. Slipping left and right in a blur of movement, Gohan deflected and parried all of her blows, leading them into a running battle across the ruined arena.

The audience watched the pair vanish in the form of two indiscernible blurs that darted across the stage left and right. They couldn't tell who was who. All they could do was look around in confusion, and listen to the sounds of kiloton blows connecting over and over again. The most obvious shouts filling the air belonged to Videl, while the occasional grunt and exclamation of surprise came from Gohan.

Clearly sticking to defensive to see what else his student could do, the cheerful half-Saiyan began mixing it up and throwing in counters to try and throw his opponent off. In the midst of their scuffle, Gohan parried one of Videl's punches and threw a counter, only for her to block it and retaliate with an even more vicious assault. Glad to see how determined she was, he then threw a hard elbow, only to have it connect with one of her own that produced a concussive shockwave that cracked the ground beneath them.

Feeling the tremor, the astonished announcer gazed in awe at the sight before deciding to address his equally stunned audience. "Wow! What an amazing development! It seems our previous champion Videl has learned a few new moves since the last tournament! Feel that power! She's definitely not making it easy for our newcomer Gohan! Look at them go!"

Growling, Videl then threw a random flurry of punches, all of which Gohan intercepted with his own, their knuckles colliding in rapid succession before he interrupted the exchange with a swift, sweeping kick. Swaying back to avoid and leaping through the air, the pigtailed fighter drew her hand back and with a shout, fired a yellow blast of energy straight down at her opponent, only to see him slap it aside with a chop and counter with a blast of his own.

Videl dropped fast and avoided it, the attack shooting out of the stadium and into the sky. Once she was crouched, a blue aura suddenly exploded around her and, cocking her right fist back, produced a stream of electricity around it. She then shot forward, her energy taking on a strange, arrowhead shape that surprised the young Saiyan at her sudden increase in speed.

With a mighty bellow, the raven haired girl drove her lightning charged fist towards her foe in a blur. "Hawk Arrow!" She then connected with the cross-arm block Gohan held up, an impact producing an earthshaking thunderclap. The force of the attack traveled through the boy and punched a trench into the ring behind him, flinging debris into the air and a blast of wind across the stands.

Aura still raging around her, Videl kept her fist embedded in the teen's arm when she saw him smile at her.

"Nice power."

Grinning, the young fighter then sprang away. The moment Gohan fell into a defensive stance, his friend touched down on the very edge of the arena and powered up. Taking aim, Videl threw her
hands forward and unleashed a concentrated golden blast of energy, much larger than her last, and lobbed it at the boy. The half-Saiyan slapped it out of the coliseum and fired one in kind, forcing the girl to leap to the side and avoid it. The second it took out a small chunk of the ring, she fired a second, resulting in an epic shoot out between the two.

Streaks of light flashed across the concrete mat, blasting out chunks of tile and concrete. The audience watched the display in awe, every so often screaming and ducking to avoid being pelted by debris. Eventually, after a trade off that lasted for several long seconds, Videl then had a stroke of luck when she landed off to the side and launched a single-handed blast at her opponent. This one came in low and fast, forcing Gohan to speedily leap into the air and avoid it as it took out the section he was standing on.

Suspending himself several stories above the ring, the boy breathed a sigh of relief, "Woot. That was a close one. Huh?" Noticing his opponent had disappeared, Gohan began looking around to see where she'd gone, only to then spin around when he sensed her reappear behind him in a charge. Impressed by her agility, he then engaged her in a midair battle, punches and kicks flying between them as they traded hit after hit. The sounds of rapid-fire gunshots once again filled the arena, drowning out all other noises.

Zangya, blinking as she watched the pair battle it out while the audience gawked, tilted her head when she heard Videl's shouts of effort. "Is it just me… or is wonder boy actually coaching the little spitfire?"

The Namekian warrior merely smiled.

After a full minute of exchanging blows, Videl then stopped the engagement by kicking off of the boy's arm, dropping altitude in the process. Flipping away and taking aim, the young fighter then gave a shout and fired a *Kiai* up at the boy, hitting him front on and causing him to lurch back slightly with a wince. It was a hit to the boy that had the crowds awe and Hercule cheer.

Dropping down to the ring, the girl crouched low and took flight, charging up at the seemingly staggered boy with a yell. As soon as she was in range, she chucked a kick at him, only to see him vanish when she was only three feet from him. Caught off guard, Videl stopped and began trying to feel him out. She spotted him at the last second and looked up, only to see him appear and drop an elbow right down on top of her. A 'crack' of impact rang out followed by a shout of pain as the girl was sent plummeting back towards the grand stage.

When she hit it with her feet, she managed to cushion her fall with a crouch. Videl then glared up, her expression cringing as she focused all of her energy and attention into her next move. "Alright. I can't screw this one up, because if I do…" Narrowing her eyes, the girl reached out with her senses and waited. Then at the count of three…

She moved!

Leaping straight into the air, she avoided the punch from her opponent when Gohan reappeared out of thin air directly in front of her. When he missed, the demi-Saiyan's gaze shot skywards, where he proceeded to watch the pigtailed girl rocket towards the clouds in a streak of white light. The sight of her ascension into the atmosphere drew a whistle from the enthusiastic warrior.

"Wow. Nice speed."

He only had to wait a couple of seconds before the girl stopped at the altitude she was aiming for, with the ring sitting far below and her opponent standing clearly in her line of sight. Gritting her teeth as she concentrated, Videl then gave a nod and, placing her hands over her forehead, one on
top of the other, began to focus her energy.

When Piccolo and Zangya wondered what the heck she was doing, their eyes widened moments later when they saw the move she planned on executing next.

Golden energy crackling above her forward-facing palm, the raven haired fighter growled. "This one's for you, Gohan!" Once she was done charging, she fired. "MA-SEN-KO-HAAAAAAANAAA!"

A clap of a sonic boom rang out when she then launched the signature orange and pink beam straight down towards the arena. The beam curled in like a missile, startling the heck out of the audience and the Z-fighters watching from the stands.

Blinking in surprise, Gohan then grinned and took a stance. Watching the attack barrel down on him for a couple more seconds, the demi-Saiyan then took evasive action and leapt out of the way. He moved just in time to watch the blast take another chunk out of the ring with a concussive explosion, which hurled a cloud of black smoke high into the air. The flash of light from the blast temporarily blinded the audience and caused the nearby announcer to cry out in terror, while the demi-Saiyan managed to land safely out of the attack's lethal range.

However, the instant he landed, his eyes then snapped up to see Videl right on top of him, hooking towards his position in a dive.

"Just like with Guldo on Namek." Recognizing the maneuver as being exactly the same as the one he and Krillin attempted to use on the weakest member of the Ginyu Force, only to miss when the man used his unusual time freezing ability on them, Gohan's expression then became serious.

With impressive speed and maneuverability, the girl swung at her opponent with a punch, only to suddenly see him vanish in a blur and dart off to the side faster than she could track. Gasping in surprise, Videl looked behind her, where she saw him reappear in the air and thrust his hand forward.

Yelling out with his jab, Gohan fired a Kiai burst straight at the girl, the blast connecting while she was still in motion. A cry of pain escaping her lips as her gi was shredded by the invisible attack, Videl was unable to stop when she was promptly blasted out of the ring, where she then bounced off the grass and hit the dividing wall.

When her body fell to the ground, it was over.

After the smoke from the blast cleared, the audience looked down to see what'd happened in the split-second, final scuffle between the two fighters. When they and the announcer spotted Videl lying outside the ring on the grass, light bulbs quickly flickered on in each and every one of their heads.

Spotting the outcome for himself, the announcer brought his microphone about and addressed the fans with a shout of delight, "Well... there you have it folks! It seems the winner for the Junior Division has been decided!" Turning to the ring and throwing his hand out, the blonde haired man in shades grinned, "The junior champion for this 25th World Martial Arts Tournament is newcomer to the ring Son Gohan!" Rousing the startled audience from their shocked states, all around applause started to rain down on the arena, followed shortly by a chorus of cheers.

Whistles and shouts of praise reaching him, the young half-Saiyan acknowledged their calls with a bow before wandering over to the ruined side of the mat. Crouching down at the edge, he saw Videl struggle to sit up. Once she was upright, the girl groaned and rubbed her head.

"Ah... man. That hurt like hell."
"Sorry about that," Gohan said apologetically, squatting overhead with a beaming smile on his face. "I was supposed to hit you hard enough to knock you out of the ring, not knock you out cold. Just give it a minute."

Massaging her brain, the raven haired youngster slowly pushed herself back to her feet and staggered over. "I lost, huh. I shouldn't be surprised." Placing her hand on the ring, she smiled up at her former opponent while the audience continued to cheer and applaud. "You were incredible, Gohan. No matter how fast I moved, you were always one step ahead of me." She then slowly got back onto the ring, the demi-Saiyan offering her a hand that she gladly accepted. "Even though I knew I didn't stand a chance of winning, I still gave it my best shot. It's a shame it wasn't enough."

"Don't feel bad about it. My friends and I have been fighting like this for years, and you only just started fighting on our level," the demi-Saiyan reasoned with a warm look fixed upon the winded girl. "Still, I'm really impressed with how far you've come, Videl. After only a year of our training, you were able to become as strong as Radditz. And with your potential unlocked, your power's now roughly the equivalent of ten or fifteen of him."

Videl grinned, "Not a bad start, huh?"

The boy chuckled, "Not a bad start at all." When he saw the girl raise her fist towards him, the spiky haired warrior considered it for all of a second before responding to it with his own. Bumping knuckles, the pair shared a grin with one another as the announcer clambered onto the ring to interview the victor. "Good fight, Videl."

"Good fight, Gohan."

XXX

(Sometime later)

After the two fighters had shaken hands with one another, the announcer took a moment to congratulate Gohan and Videl for their stellar performances in the tournament and the winner on his success. Telling the demi-Saiyan that he looks forward to seeing him compete at the next Junior Division in a couple years time and the adult division later, he then invited the current World Martial Arts Champion onto the stage for a complimentary match with the youngster.

Understandably enough, Hercule was more than a little bit hesitant about making an appearance before the super powered youngster and his fans. But with some gentle encouragement from his beloved daughter, the world champ bucked up the confidence necessary to step up and face the boy.

It was a brief fight. Gohan let the guy lay on the punches and blocked all of them before lightly tossing the man out of the ring, all the while putting on an entertaining show for the audience. All things considered, everything worked out well in the end. The champ said his loss was all in good sport for the kid, much to the chagrin of his daughter and Gohan's amusement, and then he left. This then allowed the announcer to move on to the adult division of the tournament.

After being told how he would be receiving his cash prize through the mail, Gohan then took Videl through the waiting room and out of the stadium.

Hearing the clamor of the coliseum just down the road, the demi-Saiyan breathed a sigh of relief and stretched out, earning a curious glance from his best friend.

"Tired?"
"Yeah. Sore too. Man," Gohan chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck at the same time. "I really got my butt kicked around in that semi-final fight didn't I?"

"After she transformed, yeah. But you managed to pull through just fine." Videl gave him an amused look as the pair wandered down the road at a comfortable pace, passing by civilians who pleasantly waved and greeted the two finalists of the Junior Division. While they returned their gestures kindly with waves of their own, the two of them mostly focused on their conversation. "Still, that didn't stop her from going to town on you."

"I figured I could handle her as she was, but she turned out to be a lot tougher than I thought. She transformed so quickly. Not to mention I couldn't tell what her real power level was since her energy was jumping all over the place. It really caught me off guard there," the half-Saiyan replied with a nervous grin. "But now that I know what she can do, I'll be ready for her the next time we meet."

Beaming, the girl with pigtails then stepped over and playfully nudged him in the side, "I'm really glad you were able to come out here today to compete, Gohan-kun. It was a lot of fun."

"Yeah. We should really do stuff like this more often." The half-Saiyan grinned excitedly. "If the next tournament is going to be anything like this one, I want in."

A giggle escaped his friend's lips. "Just make sure to leave the ring out of it next time. Honestly, it was starting to look like a crumbling sand castle out there by the time you and Paprika were done with it."

"Heh. Don't worry. I'll try to keep the damage to a minimum in the 26th Junior Division."

Videl's expression then warmed even more as she sided up closer to the boy, drawing his attention back down to her, "Thanks for not holding back, by the way. I'd be pretty disappointed if you didn't try to win… being the strongest guy in the world and all."

A little bit puzzled by her admission, Gohan then decided to roll with it and smiled fondly back at her, "No problem." While he was exchanging smiles with her, the youngster then jumped when he got a hard pinch to the arm. "Ow!" When he looked back at the smirking girl, he saw her hold the offending fingers up and mimic a crab's pincer.

"That's for knocking me into the wall," she said, before slipping her hands behind her and grinning proudly.

Staring at her cheery expression, Gohan couldn't help but shake his head and smile. "Girls are complicated." He then looked ahead of him again and stretched his arms above him. "Come on. Let's go grab something to eat."

"What about Piccolo and Zangya?"

"Oh, I'm sure they'll be able to find us once they realize we're not in the stadium area anymore."

Videl shrugged, "Sounds good to me."

As the two fighters ambled down the road side by side, completely engrossed in their conversation and the atmosphere of it all, the pair then stopped when they suddenly saw a figure step out into the middle of the intersection up ahead. At first surprised at the man dressed in the same style of orange and blue gi that they were wearing, it only took a couple of seconds before Gohan realized exactly who it was standing in his path. When it clicked, his eyes widened and his mouth fell open in shock.
There was no way he could forget that man's face. No way in hell.

"Hey, son."

"D-Dad?" Gohan swallowed, eyes starting to shimmer as he looked upon the face of his father.

"Huh? That's..." Videl, noticing the boy's reaction, looked between the two men quickly before turning back to her friend in surprise. "What's going on? I thought you said your dad was dead."

"H-He is," the boy murmured, still unable to take his eyes off of the Saiyan standing just a couple yards away.

Goku, chuckling at his son's slack jawed expression, placed his hands on his hips and tilted his head at him curiously. "What's up, Gohan? Are you just gonna stand there and stare at me for the rest of the day?"

"Dad!" No sooner had the man asked that question, the spiky haired youngster practically teleported forward and caught the man around the neck in a big hug. His father actually had to take a few steps back since the speed his son hit him with nearly knocked him off his feet. Despite this, Goku returned the hug enthusiastically and laughed as his son smothered his face into his shoulder. "Dad! I-I thought... you... I..." Sniffing and wiping away his tears on the man's shirt, the teen floated back down to the ground, stepped away, and looked up at his father's visage in confusion. "This isn't... why are you here?"

"Well, when you were up on Kami's Lookout talking with your friend, I heard through King Kai that you were planning to enter the World Martial Arts Tournament, so I asked Baba if I could pop down here for a couple of hours to see you compete." His smile widened even more so. "You did really well, son. I'm so proud of you."

The compliment from his father had Gohan's eyes shine with tears of joy. Clearing them away with a decisive swipe of his forearm, the boy sniffled, "Thanks dad." He then wasted no time in hugging him again, this time wrapping his arms around his back, "I... I missed you so much."

Feeling the powerful boy tremble against him, the man also felt his eyes start to water. Grinning in delight, Goku rested a hand on top of the teen's head and ruffled his hair affectionately. "I missed you too, son." Upon feeling the boy relinquish his hold on him a minute later, the warrior then looked up to see Videl standing a few feet away looking at them with a mixture of confusion and curiosity. Goku promptly acknowledged her presence with a nod and a smile, "Hey there. You must be Gohan's friend."

"Oh." Realizing she was being spoken to, Videl bowed, "Y-Yes."

When his son stepped away, the smiling father turned to him and nudged him in the shoulder. "Hey. Are you going to introduce her?"

Gohan quickly jolted back into reality and, after sucking it up, grinned across at his friend, fighting partner and student, "Videl, this here's my dad." He then did the same to the other, "Dad, this is my best friend, Videl. I met her while I was competing in the Intergalactic Martial Arts Tournament about a year ago."

The spiky haired Saiyan nodded his head politely to her, "It's very nice to meet you, Videl."

"Th-Thank you, sir. It's nice to meet you too," the girl replied in a timid and polite fashion, "I've heard a lot about you and your adventures through Gohan. Your son speaks very highly of you."
"He does, does he?"

"Uh-huh. He said that you're the strongest man in the universe, who saved the earth many times. He even said that you were the first of their group to become a Super Saiyan."

Goku chuckled at that retelling and massaged the back of his head, "Yeah. That was a bit of a rough time for all of us. The worst fight though was against Cell."

Nodding in agreement, Videl then took on a curious look and regarded the man inquisitively for a moment. "Gohan… said that you also died during the Cell Games and that you were staying in Otherworld training with the Kais."

"Uh-huh."

"I-If that's true… how is it that you're here now?"

"Well, I had to call in a couple of favors… a couple of REALLY big favors, but I was able to convince King Yemma to let me down for a few hours to have a walk around and see the family." He grinned and pointed at the halo hanging over his head, which had the raven haired girl look at in surprise. "I'm still dead, but I've earned enough credit through my deeds to make one or two round trips to the land of the living."

"Oh. I see," Videl replied, before an understanding smile formed on her face.

"I'm just glad to see that my son is going out into the world and making so many friends," the father said, regarding the girl with respect before then turning to share a grin with his son. It was in that instant the pigtailed fighter was able to see the physical and emotional similarities between the pair, which had her gaze at the adult and child duo in wonder.

As the group stood in the middle of the intersection catching up, they were soon joined by Piccolo and Zangya floating down from above. After tracking Gohan's signature out of the stadium area and further into the district, the pair had quietly taken off from the coliseum walkway and followed the children outside of the sacred battle grounds. It was only until they started their approach of the two fighters did they suddenly notice they weren't alone, and that they were accompanied by yet another familiar face.

The Namekian recognized him almost instantly, whereas it took the Hera-seijin some time to identify the man in the orange and blue gi; someone who looked remarkably similar to a picture she saw back in the Son house.

Spotting the two aliens landing nearby, the Saiyan grinned, "Hey, Piccolo. Great to see you."

"Goku," the green warrior murmured, appearing surprised at first before smiling shortly afterwards, "Well, isn't this the weirdest day ever. First a complete rehashing of our youths happens in the semi-final rounds and then you show up. Did you come here to haunt us or something?"

The man laughed at his rival-turned-friend's comment and rubbed the back of his head uneasily, at about the same time Gohan snickered as well. "Maybe. It's kind of hard to tell. What? Am I looking a little bit transparent to you guys or something?" He then checked his halo and patted himself down.

His actions earned a roll of the eyes from Piccolo, "No. You're not transparent."

"Oh, thank kai. That would have been scary," Goku chuckled, placing his hands on his hips and breathing out in relief. "The last thing I want to come back as is a ghost. Seriously. If I did then I
wouldn't be able to eat any of Chi-Chi's delicious cooking."

"Yep. That's Goku alright," the Namekian thought before narrowing his eyes, "So... you popped down here just to say hi?"

"You could say that. I've got some time left before Baba comes around to pick me up, so I'll be sure to make the most of it." It was around this point Goku finally noticed the orange haired woman standing beside the seven-foot-tall fighter and fixed his attention upon her curiously. About several seconds later the Saiyan's hair stood on end and his eyes bugged out of their sockets when he finally recognized who she was. "GAH! Y-YOU?! A-Aren't you one of Bojack's henchmen?!"

Zangya smirked, "Former-henchmen, if you please. I may have been his lieutenant at one stage in my life, but I was officially kicked out of his little gang of Galaxy Soldiers the second he tried to kill me."

Her response had Goku blink a few times before swallowing nervously, "Oh. Uhh... okay."

"The name's Zangya, by the way," the Hera finished, putting her weight onto one side of her body and staring back at the befuddled visitor confidently.

Slowly recovering from the shock, Goku then turned his attention back to his son and smiled his way, "You really are meeting a lot of interesting people, Gohan." When he saw the youngster grin, the man returned it with gusto before then beckoning everybody over, Videl included. "We can catch up soon enough. But I think it's about time I took all of you guys home. It's already getting close to lunch and I bet Chi-Chi is wondering where everyone is."

Slowly, the entire group lined up alongside the Saiyan and made sure they were all comfortably arranged. With Goku placing a hand on his son's shoulder, the youngster in turn then took Videl's hand in his, making her blush at his bold action. Zangya then wandered over to Gohan and lightly gripped his shoulder and Piccolo went over to the Saiyan and rested a hand on his shoulder. Once he felt everyone was onboard, the spiky haired warrior placed two fingers to his forehead and, after a couple of seconds of pause, the entire group vanished in an instantaneous blur.

OOO

(Meanwhile)

Many, many miles away from the island, far to the north in the Tsumisumbri Mountains, the green skinned demon Paprika could be seen standing on the edge of a high cliff glaring out over the ice covered edifices stretching for miles around her. Ignoring the stabbing cold winds brushing over her and adorned in her full battle garb consisting of leg warmers, gi pants, midriff top and thick red scarf, the youngster had spent the past hour or so just staring out over her white expanse of landscape.

After the vicious scrub she'd gotten into with Gohan, which had seen both of them receive enormous amounts of damage, the girl had retreated to this spot in the Arctic Circle to clear her head. Managing to reproduce her usual outfit through magic materialization and fix up most of her wounds as best as she could, the girl now stood there with a few patches on her face and eyes narrowed.

Reason for her current irate expression was plain and simple.

"He beat me," the Makyan thought, a snarl escaping her lips as another gust of wind blew past. Arms folded and fangs bared, the white haired fighter then drew a hand and, after pulling it back,
fired a blast into one of the nearby landmarks. The explosion that followed took a massive chunk out of the ice and left a noticeable scorch mark in the rest of the enormous wall.

Panting and lowering her arm, Paprika frowned, "I swear, one of these days I'm going to smack that arrogant smile off of his face and bury his nose in the concrete."

Considering how pissed she looked, it was extremely difficult to deny that she meant what she said.

OOO

(Sometime later)

When Gohan and the others returned to the Son residence, Chi-Chi got the biggest surprise at the front door when she saw who was accompanying them. At first the woman thought she was just seeing things, but after she slowly walked up to the man and prodded him with her fingers a few times, all remaining doubt left her in a heartbeat. She threw herself at Goku much like her son had previously and embraced him for several long minutes. While there was definitely a slap or two to the guy for being gone for so long, Chi-Chi's random mood swings eventually calmed down enough to give her husband a proper warm welcome. She even gave him a kiss… several kisses by the spectators' count.

Heck, she was so caught up in greeting her husband that she completely overlooked the fact that Gohan was looking like he'd been run over by a heard of stampeding wildebeest.

Once she was done lavishing attention on him, she then introduced Goku to their newborn son. Not at all surprised yet still looking overwhelmed the Saiyan knelt by his cradle just as his eldest son had done and marveled at the little tyke up close. He even had a chance to say hello and cradle the little rascal, being extra careful not to handle him too roughly.

After spending a terrific lunch with the family, along with Piccolo, Videl and Zangya, the group then sat around the living room and had some tea together. It was in that time Goku was able to catch up with his wife and son, and allowed Videl to see how the father of the little clan acted around his family. Watching him from her place on the couch brought a warm smile to her face, as she could see how happy the people closest to him were to have him there and how they all relished the time spent together.

Another hour or so eventually ticked by and, after sharing an affection-filled farewell with his wife, ventured out onto the front lawn with his eldest child.

Both dressed in the same orange and blue gi, making them look almost identical to one another, the Saiyan pair wandered a little ways from the house till they were standing quietly out on the plains. Looking back at the building where his family lived, the Son father smiled and looked down towards his son. "I'm happy to see you're all looking after each other so well. You, your mum, dad… you three really have a handle on things here."

"Yeah. Aside from a couple of mishaps over the last several months, things have been going great," Gohan said, smiling as he glanced up at his old man. "So far, no aliens or old enemies asking for you have shown up. While I can overlook the whole Bojack thing being a direct result of Cell, Kana just happened upon this place by accident and would have ended up fighting me anyway, and Paprika showing up was mostly my fault, since I was the one who chucked Garlic Junior into the Dead Zone. Other than that, life has been great."

Following along with the youngster's recapping of the situations, Goku then turned away with a rather nervous look coming across his face. Feeling his son's eyes fixed upon him, an anxious sigh
escaped his lips as he then focused his attention on his older son once again, "I'm sorry, Gohan."

The demi-Saiyan blinked in surprise. "I'm so sorry I put all of this on you… entrusting the fate of
the entire world to you when you're still so young."

"Huh? W-What are you saying, dad?"

"I'm saying that this life… the one that you've lived… I never wanted it for you. I never wanted
any of it to happen to you," the Saiyan whispered, looking at the boy with a solemn look in his
gaze. "When you were first born, I was so amazed at how small and fragile you looked that I was
afraid to pick you up. But you were so strong… and you were filled with boundless energy. Every
time you grabbed my fingers or my hair, you just refused to let me go. I knew right then, from the
moment I laid eyes on you, that the life we had together was the life that I wanted. I wanted to hold
you, to keep you safe and to watch you grow up to become a great man."

Gohan balked when he saw hurt and sadness cross the man's face as he then looked away to gaze
across the fields of their homeland.

"But instead, I was taken away from you when Radditz came to earth looking for me. I sacrificed
myself to save you from him so that you could continue living, but instead I was forced to watch as
you went away with Piccolo and came back a whole other person. Even though I was happy and
proud to see you again, a part of me hated myself for what had happened to you. That year you
spent training for Vegeta and Nappa's arrival… was a year I wanted to spend with you and your
mother as a normal father… and it was all wasted. You were only four, and yet you were exposed
to the worst that this world had to offer, growing up surrounded by violence and death. That's
something no child should ever have to live through."

Eyes shimmering with unshed tears, Goku glanced back around at his son and looked at him with
pain evident in his visage.

"Despite all that, you always did your best. No matter how big the obstacles were or how terrifying
the challenges, I saw you fight and smile through it all. You put so much faith in me and everyone
around you, and in turn I put my faith in you. When I saw your incredible strength, I'd convinced
myself that you could handle anything thrown your way and blindly pushed you into situations I
never should have from the beginning. You were just a child… and I sent you to fight not only
Cell, but Vegeta, Ginyu, Frieza, and Cooler too…"

Goku then clenched his teeth and wiped his eyes on the back of his fist, a gesture that shook Gohan
up something awful, as he'd never seen his dad cry before.

"I'm a terrible father. I had no idea what it was like to be a normal parent. Ever since I was your
age, I'd been living all alone in the wilderness, constantly fighting and never taking the time to
think about other important things in my life. Even when I had the perfect opportunity to stop and
become something more than what I was, I was thrown into yet another battle… and to make
things worse… I took you along with me," Goku said, shaking his head as tears trickled down his
cheeks. "Fighting is all that I ever knew in life… and I did the best that I could to spend time with
you and to share my knowledge just as a father should have." He then stepped towards him with a
beaming smile on his face. "My only hope is that you can forgive me for putting you through all of
that and placing so much weight on your shoulders."

Touched by his father's words, Gohan smiled back at the Saiyan and shook his head, "There's
nothing for me to forgive, dad. You did the best you could with what you had and I couldn't ask for
any more than that… you and mum both. Heck, if I hadn't started down this road, I never would
have met Piccolo, Videl, Trunks, or Zangya… or any of the other people I know today. I'm glad
that I was born to be your son… and I'll never forget the time we were able to spend together."
The youngster's words had the man gulp uneasily, "R-Really?"

Gohan nodded his head affirmatively. "For years I've wondered what I really wanted to do with my life and where I wanted to go. While you just wanted me to grow up happy and healthy, and to act like how I was supposed to act my age, mum wanted me to study and grow up to become a scholar. The two of you were always fighting over what I should become, leading me this way and that, trying to find my destiny. But after all the adventures we've been on and after everything that's happened in the past few years, I've finally realized what I want to become," the demi-Saiyan said, before looking up at his father with confidence burning in his eyes. "I want to become a strong fighter, just like my dad."

Taking in his son's answer had the man clench his fists and tremble. Allowing his mind to process what'd just been said to him, the emotionally moved Goku sniffed and, stepping towards his son, placed his hands upon his shoulders. "Even though this wasn't the life I wanted to give you, I am still damn proud of the man you're becoming, Gohan; one worthy of all the graces of the world." He then opened up his arms, a sight the demi-Saiyan walked into without hesitation and allowed his father encase him in a hug. As soon as their arms wrapped around one another, the eldest son buried his face into his dad's gi and felt him rub his head affectionately. "I love you, son."

"I love you too, dad," Gohan murmured.

After what seemed like several hours drifted by, the father and son separated. While they grinned and shared a laugh with one another, they failed to notice Chi-Chi, the Ox King, and the rest of the home's guests watching them from the front door until a couple minutes later. When they waved back at the family and received a wave in return, a shadow appearing beside them drew their gazes to the side. Upon which, they noticed a very short, very old lady in a witch's garb hovering beside them on top of a crystal ball.

Fingers laced together, the old group's acquaintance nodded to the two Saiyans in greeting before then focusing her attention on the one she was here for, "It's time to go, Goku."

Smiling sadly, the warrior nodded. "Okay," he replied, breathing a heavy sigh and slowly following the fortune teller out into the open.

Once he came to stand beside the mystical timekeeper, the spiky haired fighter turned back to his family. Looking from his son, to his wife, to the baby Goten she was holding protectively in her arms, to Videl, the Ox King, Piccolo, and then to Zangya standing around them, the man gave the group a wide grin and his characteristic salute.

However, before he could take off, he suddenly saw Gohan grin his way and throw his fist towards him in a challenging fashion, "Dad! I'm learning how to use the Instantaneous Movement technique! As soon as I've mastered it, the first place I'm visiting is Otherworld! So watch out!"

Goku, expression brightening even more so, held up his own fist in a similar gesture, "I'll be waiting, son."

Tears reflected in their eyes, the pair spared one last smile with one another before both Goku and Baba faded away on the wind. Their departure was marked by a gentle breeze across the fields, which whipped through the area and ruffled Gohan's hair and clothes.

Slowly, but surely, the cheerful boy's gaze moved from the spot his father once stood to the horizon beyond the mountains.
Though he had no idea what was waiting for him up ahead, Gohan had a feeling that things were going to be alright… and he was going to face the future with his head held high.

OOO

(That night)

On the other side of the planet, high above a collection of expansive snow-covered valleys and mountain ranges, a storm was starting to gather and slowly make its way across the land. The blanket of clouds being so thick that they completely blocked out the starry canvas of night, the eerie, almost hellish conditions presented the perfect backdrop for the arrival of yet another unexpected visitor to the earth.

But unlike with Goku, this one was not a guest that the Z-fighters would be welcoming gladly.

As the region howled with an ungodly wind across the heavens, a small, sphere shaped craft with a single porthole, dropped in through the planet's atmosphere and, upon arcing over one of the larger edifices of the area, crash-landed at the base of a hill. Its impact with the earth being marked by a great explosion, which itself was drowned out by another series of thunderclaps, the craft managed to form a massive crater in the ice cold ground, with the ship suffering no damages whatsoever.

It was then, moments after landing, the pod ejected its one and only passenger. Glowing in a haunting, radioactive like aura, the figure crawled out of the vessel and collapsed at the very bottom of the crater. There, the man rolled over and began to speak, his words coming out in ragged breaths and pained cries of anger.

"K-K-Ka-ka-rot…" Teeth clenching as his scarred body was hit by yet another agonized spasm, the green haired titan then sucked in a deep breath of air before letting out the most spine chilling cry anyone had ever heard. "KAKAROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOT!"

After which the green aura surrounding the figure's body faded, and not only did the man's size and muscle mass decrease, but his green-tinted hair turned blonde, indicating a sudden loss of steam.

Following his terrifying roar, the large man, with his stomach and chest ripped open and blood pooling all around him, began to pant and breathe heavily once again. However, after clawing desperately at the ground to try and find some purchase, and after several attempts to sit up, the golden haired man with the teal colored eyes gritted his teeth one last time before, with a gasp, he went out like a light. In that same instance, his blonde hair faded to black and his body fell limp.

Despite seemingly succumbing to a most welcomed death thanks to his grievous wounds, the fact that the man's chest was still heaving indicated he was alive and well. But due to the wounds he'd sustained in his battle over a year ago, he was unable to maintain consciousness and so slipped into a quiet coma.

The world could only hope it was a long one, because as the days flew by, the crater the Saiyan visitor was lying in filled with water and iced over. The freezing temperature brought on by a freak storm meant the man was flash-frozen inside a massive pool of ice, perfectly preserving him and inadvertently placing him in suspended animation.

Those who would venture nearby would think it was merely a lake turned into a block from the extreme cold of the mountains.

But in reality… it was a cold bed for the most dangerous being to ever be born into this universe.

OOO
Far away from the planet, currently on its seventy-five year orbital flight of the Solar System, *Halley's Comet* could be seen tearing through the expanse of space at breakneck speeds, leaving a blue trail of dust and gas in its wake. Recognized as one of the only short-period comets in that part of the galaxy, this majestic mass of rock and ice was right now blowing past Mars's orbit on its way to Earth's rotational path, where it was set to make its grand reappearance to the people of the world.

On the surface it seemed like nothing more than a harmless homecoming of an old astronomical milestone; one that'd been observed since the days of the old philosophers.

However, what the people of the earth failed to recognize was the dark secret the comet held and what was currently being contained within its mineral encrusted form.

Buried deep inside of its eleven kilometer dimensions, sitting in the very nucleus of the comet itself, there sat a single, lone chamber. Surrounded by substances that were over tens of millions of years old and seals that were beyond the knowledge of even the most educated of scholars, the room was filled to the brim with a sturdy, solid material strongly resembling crystal. Though this seemed like a typical core for a comet of this age and origin, it was what was resting inside of its center that was the reason for such an elaborate system.

A gargantuan being, five times larger than any man with grey, rhino like skin, a body layered with enormous muscles and bone plates protruding from its shoulders, arms and face, could be seen with its hands and legs bound to the sides of the room. Its shackles, combined with the diamond crystal surrounding it, kept this creature locked in a constant state of living death, out of sight of the universe and away from any curious passers who would seek to awaken it.

It seemed like a sure system to keep whatever it was contained inside for all eternity.

But just when this entity seemed like nothing more than a corpse banished to drift forever in a cold and unforgiving void, in the dark of its crystal prison, a pair of blood red eyes suddenly opened up and a low, guttural growl reverberated throughout the chamber.

A sleeping evil has been awakened…

**(TO BE CONTINUED)**

**Author's Note:** Well, what do yah know. Goku is only back for a few hours and bad shit starts to happen.

Perhaps his premonition was right all along. Whenever he's around, evil shit starts coming to call.

Good thing one of them is in a coma and the other is still millions of miles away.

If anyone wants to take a guess as to who the two new faces are, be my guest. The last one though will take a bit of research for you to find out who he is. Look for something fitting the comet prisoner's description and you'll have a good idea of what's coming around the corner. I was inspired to create the comet prisoner based off of one of the most dangerous comic book villains ever created, and I figure the DBZ universe could use with an enemy like this.

Anyhow, Gohan's fight with Paprika is over and he was able to spend some time with his dad. I took inspiration of the fight from Goku and Piccolo Junior's battle and Goku and Turles's, since I
thought they blended well.

Oh, and just some extra bits of info, I've included a couple new numbers below:

**Cell Games:**

Gohan – 12,000,000 riki

Gohan (Super Saiyan) – 160,000,000 riki

Gohan (Super Saiyan 2) – 335,000,000 riki

Gohan (Super Saiyan 2 Injured) – 275,000,000 riki

Perfect Cell – 180,000,000 riki

Buff Perfect Cell – 200,000,000 riki

Super Perfect Cell – 300,000,000 riki

**Present:**

Gohan – 16,000,000 riki

Gohan (Super Saiyan) – 200,000,000 riki

Gohan (Super Saiyan 2) – 375,000,000 riki

Paprika – 15,000,000 riki

Paprika (Super Makyan) – 190,000,000 riki

In this story, Paprika represents a milestone that Gohan couldn't previously reach before. But after his training he's now able to fight against someone of Perfect Cell's caliber in only his first Super Saiyan form.
The weeks following the World Martial Arts Tournament in which Gohan emerged the new Junior Division Champion saw some of the greatest days in the Z-fighters' lives. Thanks to his chance encounter with Paprika in the ring and with his father later that day, the young demi-Saiyan found an even greater sense of motivation to continue training to become even stronger than before. Though the Makyan wasn't an enemy that'd been able to push him to the absolute limits of his abilities, she nevertheless provided him a small glimpse of one of the many other unique creatures living out there in the universe.

This drove home the reality that Gohan needed to stay in shape and to keep pushing the boundaries of his capabilities to become an even greater fighter than he was now. That meant harder training, healthier living, and even more studying.

Funnily enough, his sudden boost in enthusiasm was so great that it'd seemed to filter out to all the other people in his life and spurred them on to do even more with their time. Krillin had started working double shifts at his construction job and was now dating Android 18#. Vegeta, albeit hesitantly and very discreetly, had taken to looking after his son Trunks more frequently and a bigger role in Bulma's life, even if it was only physically. Yamcha was hitting the clubs like there was no tomorrow and despite failing miserably at securing a long-term relationship you had to give the man props for perseverance. Not to mention Tien had begun visiting Kame House on a regular basis, dropping in every now and again with Chiaotzu to say hi to the old team and to check up on everybody.

Surprisingly enough, he'd even brought Launch around on one of his visits, someone whom the gang hadn't seen for years but had suddenly decided to step back into the limelight.

Things were really picking up for the entire group and this wasn't even counting the more personal aspects of Gohan's days.

Between his training, his work and his part-time studies, the demi-Saiyan now had another loved one around the domicile to look after. Goten, born several months after his father passed away, had become a new beacon of light for all those in the Son household and a defining element in Gohan's life; someone he would hold close and protect over the many years to come.

He was also someone that the demi-Saiyan wanted to share with the world. Once Goten became old enough to be taken out of the house, Gohan immediately took the youngster on a round trip of the world to introduce him to all of his friends and relatives.

With Mount Paozu being the starting point of their journey, the first person the demi-Saiyan approached was Icarus the dragon. A really old friend and companion who lived in a cave Goku had found for Gohan not too far from their house, the little horned flyer often stopped by to visit the teen whenever he was at home studying or outside training.

"Hey, Icarus. How's it going?" the spiky haired fighter greeted the little dragon, who stood in front of the two boys wagging his tail like a dog. Reaching up, Gohan petted the reptile on the snout,
earning a cute purr and nuzzle to his palm in return. "Aww, I missed you too, buddy." He then held his baby brother up to the creature, making sure the tyke sat comfortably in the groove of his arm. "This here is Icarus, Goten. I met him many years ago on a camping trip with Krillin, Bulma and Oolong. He's a really good friend of mine. Say hi."

Understandably the younger brother was hesitant at first, shying away from the dragon when the mythical pink animal leaned in to smell him. The newborn murmured uneasily and gripped his brother's gi top in a clear sign of nervousness and apprehension, earning a chuckle from the eleven-year-old warrior.

"It's okay. He won't bite." Wanting to show his brother that Icarus meant him no harm, Gohan reached up and petted him once again, coaxing a pleasant shriek from the winged beast. "See. He's a good dragon." Showing his baby brother how he petted the reptile on the nose without being bitten, he slowly but surely encouraged Goten to do the same.

After a few tentative pets and pokes of the dragon's snout, Goten then gave a playful giggle when Icarus returned the child's gesture with an affectionate chirp and purr, ending with the flyer nuzzling the baby half-Saiyan in the cheek.

While Chi-Chi cheerfully watched on from her place by the door of her house, the two young Saiyans were also watched closely by Zangya, who was currently learning against the standalone pole of the family's washing line with her arms folded and a warm smile on her face.

In addition to introducing his baby brother to his neighbors, Lime and Mr. Lao included, Gohan also flew him to Capsule Corp and Kame House to meet the rest of their kin. The Briefs clan and the residents of Master Roshi's place were delighted to receive the newborn into their homes, with Vegeta stating in his usual tone that the eldest son had better raise Goten to be a great warrior. While Gohan had every intention of teaching his sibling many things, he was also going to be mindful of his choices and what the little one wanted to do with his life, rather than force anything upon him. This of course led to the Saiyan Prince scolding him for the hundredth time for being a weak willed Saiyan, which punctually ended in Vegeta getting yelled at by Bulma.

Goten had a really great time at Master Roshi's place after that. Not only did he get a chance to meet Krillin and Oolong, he also got to have a play with Turtle and Puar. The child had a blast crawling and mess ing around in the sand surrounding the island, while his older brother watched over him from afar and caught up with his teammate of many years. During that hour, Gohan told Krillin about the tournament, Goku's visit and everything else that'd happened in between. He also got a chance to say hi to 18#, who'd dropped by to visit for the day and to hang out with the folks on the tiny isle.

Following that cheerful visit, Gohan then took his younger brother up to meet Dende, Piccolo and Mr. Popo on the Lookout, where the guardian of earth was able to give his blessings and congratulate the youngster and the newest addition to his family in person. The demi-Saiyan's mentor also expressed fond wishes and tactfully smiled as he watched his student hold his baby brother proudly in front of his friend from Namek.

The pair stayed there for quite some time, with Goten finding an immediate interest in the butterflies fluttering about the flower gardens and one of the palm trees growing along the walkway. Eventually though, the raven haired Z-fighter had to leave, and with his sibling in his arms, carried him all the way back home.

From that day onwards, little by little, everybody's lives started to change.
Sitting side by side at the desk in Gohan's bedroom, the practically inseparable teenage duo of the Z-fighters were currently perusing over the various texts and articles that was their schoolwork for the day. Having taken lessons under the demi-Saiyan multiple times before, the ever studious and spirited Videl didn't find the institute-like environment of the boy's study peculiar at all.

In fact, over the past year, she'd taken quite a shine to it.

Dressed in a large white shirt and a pair of jeans, with her hair done up into a ponytail, the famed daughter of the world champion Hercule Satan was presently chewing on the end of her 2B pencil while trying to solve a particularly vexing math problem. Glancing across at her tutor who was, at that very moment, doing some serious cramming of his own, she could see he was flying through the passages without any difficulty whatsoever.

When the boy in the long-sleeved, oriental white top and black pants sensed the girl's eyes boring into him, Gohan looked across at her and cracked a smile. "What's up, Videl? Are you stuck?"

The young fighter sighed and tapped the surface of her page, "I just can't get Part D of question eighteen… the one with the complex geometry sequence. Part A was easy, since it asked me to find the number of shapes and matches, but now the book's asking me to think ahead of the table and to try and find values that just aren't there."

Gohan smiled and leaned across to give her his two-cents on the matter. Without even having to read the question to realize the problem, he began running his pencil over her sheet, "It's essentially asking you to look for a basic number pattern while including the unknowns in the final answer. Just use the equation you were able to come up with in Part C, add the value of X to the formula, and you're home free."

Finally figuring out the answer after a quick look over, Videl shook her head and grinned. "Oh. I see! Thanks." She then began going through it as quick as she could, while at the same time being watched over by her ever cheerful friend and mentor. "Hey, this math stuff isn't so hard after all."

"Wait till you get to the Year 12 material. Then you're in for a real shock."

"Well… as long as I have you for a teacher, then I don't think I'll have anything to worry about," the teen replied, beaming across at the boy after only filling in a third of her answers. A smile framed her face as she fixed a warm gaze upon the Saiyan warrior. "You're the best, Gohan… at fighting and at schoolwork."

The young male chuckled and rubbed his head sheepishly, "You can thank my parents for pulling me in both directions."

Videl giggled as well and rested her chin on her hand, "You know what… I think I will."

While the pair shared a laugh with each other, they were unexpectedly interrupted by the sound of a familiar groan and looked over their shoulders to see Zangya standing by the bookshelf. Having apparently snuck into the room without their knowing, the pair saw the alien woman looking over the stacks of texts and flicking through a book on advanced chemistry.

Skimming over page after page, the Hera then breathed an exasperated sigh and shook her head, "I don't see how the hell you can understand any of this stuff. It all looks like incomprehensible gibberish to me."

Gohan rolled his eyes, "That's because you haven't learned anything about earth sciences… or any
"Yeah, well… it's not like I need any of this math and theory stuff to butt heads with an intergalactic monster or anything like that," Zangya replied, smirking as she shut the text and slid it back into its place with the others. Placing a hand on her hip, she then turned to smile at the teenagers working at the desk, "I'm into more simple things, like entertainment, clothing, fashion, and television… stuff like that. At least with those things I don't have to think so hard and can understand what's going on."

The raven haired girl shook her head, "Maybe you should think about getting a job in one of those areas." She then raised an eyebrow, "You… alien guys do work, don't you?" Her inquisitive gaze then switched over to Gohan, whom she saw scratch his head thoughtfully. "Well… I know that Piccolo doesn't work. He just flies around from place to place and meditates most of the time. But that's normal for him. Dende's the guardian of the earth so there's no helping that. Mr. Popo is his advisor, Krillin's part-time in construction like me, Tien's working as a farmer with Chiaotzu, and Yamcha has gotten back into Major League Baseball. As far as I'm concerned, the only one who's currently living somewhere but not working is Vegeta."

Videl scoffed at that, "Bulma should think about kicking that guy out of the house to go find a job… or at least something constructive to do with his life."

"Yeah. But think about the resume he would have to type up," the hybrid warrior replied before beginning to scroll through the air with his hand in marketing fashion. "Name: Vegeta. Education: None. Employment History: Prince of all Saiyans and foot soldier under the Planet Trade Organization run by Lord Frieza, who is currently deceased. Hobbies: Training and beating people to a bloody pulp." The more he said the more Videl had to stifle her laughter, as did Zangya. "Trust me. The last thing you want to see is that guy in a MgRonald's uniform doing customer service."

"Actually… that would be the first thing I would want to see," Zangya snickered behind the demi-Saiyan, who was also grinning from ear to ear.

"Yeah. Me too," Videl also said.

"Okay, okay, cards on the table; that would be pretty funny. But in all seriousness, I don't think he would be able to hold down a decent job without leveling the place he'd end up working at." To be frank, he was more concerned about the customers and the people Vegeta would be 'helping', rather than the Saiyan Prince himself.

That guy could walk through just about anything with barely even a flinch. The only thing he couldn't really take was social activity, due to his prideful nature and violent upbringing. It was a character trait everyone had come to tolerate over the many years of knowing him.

"Vegeta is the highly competitive type. Who knows? Maybe he'll surprise us," Gohan continued, shrugging while fixing his attention back onto his work, but not before glancing at the still grinning Hera behind him. "I'll show you how to write up a resume after our training session this afternoon, okay Zangya?"

The orange haired woman nodded, "Sure."

With a plan made and set, the half-Saiyan and his best friend returned to their studying. But just as they were starting to get into their routine again, the hybrid warrior was once again interrupted from his reading when he felt a tug on his shirt. Looking down to his right, he saw the familiar face
of his kid brother, adorned in a similar oriental outfit he'd worn when he was younger, beaming up at him.

"Oh, hey there, little man," Gohan exclaimed, reaching over and gently picking the happy Goten up. "When did you get here?" The sight of the child inevitably drew Videl and Zangya's attentions over to him as well.

Videl giggled, "Hey, Goten."

"Wow. For a toddler he sure gets around a lot," the Hera-seijin chuckled, watching as the older brother sat his sibling in his lap. As soon as he did, the Goku miniature reached up and started playing with his older brother's face, making boisterous noises at the same time. "What an energetic little runt."

"Yeah. Ever since he learned how to walk he's been running up and down this house like there's no tomorrow," Gohan chuckled, feeling Goten pull at his cheek before reaching over to play with Videl's finger when she reached over to poke him. After playing around with his older brother and sister figure, the child then turned in the half-Saiyan's lap and focused his attention on the sheets of paper in front of him.

Looking them over, he then pointed at a document and looked up at his brother, "Oh, oh…"

"Hm?" Gohan's eyes fell on the paper Goten was pointing at. "You want to learn how to do math as well?" The vigorous nod the child gave next was all the answer the demi-Saiyan needed and he quickly shuffled them forward. "Alright then, squirt. If that's what you want. Most of this stuff is a little bit too complicated for you, so let's start off with something simple." He then one-handedly pulled up a blank sheet of graph paper and began writing big numbers on it. Once he was done, he then pointed to the first, "Okay, Goten. Welcome to your first day of school..." He then bounced the boy on his knee, earning a playful laugh from the toddler, and directed the child's gaze to the worksheets in front of him. "See this? This is the number one. Can you say that, Goten? One?"

Pointing down at the number, the half-Saiyan child made a few happy sounds and poked the symbol made in pen. "One..."

"Yes. That's good. Well done." Gohan then playfully poked his baby brother in the side, drawing another giggle from him.

Crawling his hands forward on the desk, Goten then pointed at the number next to the one Gohan had drawn. "One. One."

"No. No. That's the number two," Gohan chuckled, a light laugh also leaving an observing Videl's lips as she watched the young warrior lead his kid brother through the texts. "Two comes after one. One... two." He showed Goten on his fingers before then pointing down at the number. "This is the number two."

"Two," Goten repeated, pointing at the scribble.

"Yes. That's the number two," Gohan continued, before then pointing at the others. "All of these are numbers. Numbers are what we use for counting, adding and taking away stuff, which is really important for us. These are only the first ten." He then smiled at his baby brother, who gazed at him with that curiously cute expression of his. "Do you understand, Goten?"

Blinking a couple of times as he processed his older brother's words, the toddler looked back at the paper, glanced over the numbers, before smiling and then pointing at the one at the end. "TEN!"
Gohan smiled brightly in response, "Yes, Goten. That's right."

For the next hour after that the older brother spent playing with his brother at his desk, going through all the small numbers with him and even making a little game out of it. During this time, Videl also played around with the little tyke, getting him to read a few words to help with his vocabulary before then moving back into her work, while Zangya pottered around close by.

As the orange haired female was busy engrossing herself in one of the novels Gohan kept close to his main collection, she suddenly felt a tug on her pant leg and looked down to see Goten standing right next to her. Obviously having had his fill of playtime with his older counterpart, the toddler immediately went over to the woman he'd often seen wandering around their property, and decided to hang out with her for a little while. So, smiling cutely at her, the hybrid began playfully clapping his hands onto her leg as she set the book down beside her.

The Hera smirked, "What? See something funny, little man?" When the boy stared up at her curiously, inspecting the girl's face and hair, the child then giggled and clambered up onto her leg. Not wanting him to hurt himself, Zangya helped the young explorer up till he was sitting on her lap and facing her. "Goten, huh? It's nice to finally meet you," she spoke in a mature tone of voice, one that had the baby laugh and wave his hands around. Upon which the warrior woman then gave the child a nod of greeting. "I'm Zangya. I used to be your big brother's enemy, but now we're good friends and sparring partners… and that means I'm a pretty tough cookie. So you better behave yourself, mister."

Staring at her quietly after her little warning, the young Goten then tilted his head a couple of times before, from out of nowhere, he smiled brightly and reached out to the woman. "Zangya-oneechan."

His exclamation had the Hera recoil, "What? N-No. Wait a second. I'm not your…"

"Zangya-oneechan."


"Zangya-oneechan!"

"No, God damn it! I'm not your big sister. Geez, did your annoying brother tell you to call me that?" the orange haired woman growled, earning a giggle of amusement from the child who then pulled on her hair when he managed to grab some. "Ow, ow, ow. Don't do that." Quickly freeing herself from the boy's surprisingly powerful grip, the Hera then tried to stop the kid's flailing hands with her own. It was then she noticed Gohan and Videl looking at her from across the room, the former grinning while the latter was trying to stop herself from laughing.

The sight of the pair staring at her had Zangya blush and turn away to try and hide her embarrassment. "Not a word to anyone-OW!" Her lapse in attention allowed Goten to grab hold of her hair a second time.

XXX

(Several Days Later)

"Your brother is really adorable, Gohan," the chirpy voice of Lime spoke up as she and Gohan watched the little Goten play out in one of her village's meadows. Smiling brightly when she saw the child scamper after a grasshopper, the girl in the yellow dress beamed up at the raven haired hybrid standing alongside her. "He reminds me so much of you."
The young male adorned in the white oriental shirt chuckled, "You think so?"

"Of course. I mean, haven't you noticed the similarities?" the brown haired girl asked, shuffling closer to her friend while they leaned against the stone fence surrounding the pristine field. "His expression, his eyes, his smile, his laughter… they're all the same as yours. The only thing that's a little bit different is your hair." She then reached up and tugged on one of her pigtails, a gesture which drew the boy's attention over to her. "Yours is really not that far off from his."

"I guess you're right," Gohan replied, smile widening as he then reached up and pulled at his locks. "I'm still trying to think of a new style to put it in. This one's kind of lost its pizzazz"

"Hmm…” Lime massaged her chin as she looked at her friend from an angle. When she saw him turn to her so that they were face to face, an idea quickly popped into her head and she grinned. "You should go with the style you had in your blonde haired form; the one where it was all spiked up and standing on end."

"You think so?"

"Yeah. But make it a little bit shorter. That way it won't get caught on anything while you're fighting or running around," the girl replied, at the same time reaching up to brush some strands out of the way. "I'm actually thinking of getting mine cut too."

Gohan gave her a more considerate look immediately after she said that, "You don't need to get it done right away. I think your hair looks great the way it is."

The child blushed a little from his compliment and glanced up at the teen, who remained blissfully unaware of the significance behind his little remark. "Really, Gohan?"

"Uh-huh," the teen nodded, at the same time smiling at her cheerfully.

Running her fingers over the braided locks hanging next to her, the girl in the yellow and white polka dot dress nodded her head in acknowledgement of the boy's statements, "Thanks. I'll... I'll think about it." It was then Lime turned to him with a brilliant smile on her face, "Hey. My good friend Miyagi-san is really good at cutting and styling hair. You could come down and see him if you want to get a trim sometime later. I'd probably be able to get you a good discount for it."

The half-Saiyan considered her words for a moment, upon which he then responded with a shrug, "Sure. Why not? I think I'd like that." He then grinned at her, "Thanks, Lime."

"Anytime," the girl chirped.

Returning his gaze to the field while his friend beside him laced her fingers in front of her and rocked from side to side in a bashful manner, Gohan saw his little brother fall onto the grass and giggle when the grasshopper he was chasing landed on his nose. For the next few minutes after that he and Lime watched the child roll around and try to catch the little critter, this time going after him on all fours like a cat.

After standing there and seeing the child scramble about all by his lonesome, Lime decided to get up and have a bit of fun as well. Giggling when she hopped out onto the grassy field, the teen then hunched her back, brought her hands up into claws and gave a mock growl, at the same time advancing on the spiky haired youngster. "Rargh. I'm coming to get you, Goten."

Seeing the girl approaching him in a very Godzilla like manner, Goten gave a startled cry and ran for it. Laughing boisterously, he started running round in circles with the brown haired girl in hot pursuit.
Watching the pair jogging laps around each other caused Gohan to laugh and shake his head. "Just like Videl," he thought, remembering the time his best friend did something very similar with his brother a few weeks ago.

Even though she and Lime looked completely different, they were still alike in many other ways, right down to their hotheaded and feisty personalities.

Deciding to join in as well, the spiky haired Saiyan ran out and spoke up in a heroic sounding voice, "Don't worry, Goten! I'll save you!" Skidding to a stop when his little brother ran up to hide behind his leg, the boy leaned over to scoop up the child before being tackled to the ground by Lime. Making sure to loosen up so he didn't hurt the girl by accident, the group of three laughed outright as they began play fighting across the ground.

Even though the weeks out in the Mount Paozu region were often slow and mundane, it was days like this that the half-Saiyan and his friends enjoyed the most …

XXX

(A few weeks later)

Standing underneath the shade of an apple tree not too far from the Son family home, which could be seen sitting peacefully at the bottom of the hill, a certain white-haired figure had unexpectedly dropped by for a visit. With her arms folded, red scarf hanging around her neck and adorned in the same figure hugging uniform she'd worn to the World Martial Arts Tournament, Paprika currently had her sights set on the small, dome-like structure and the family she could see playing around in front of it.

Over the past several months, the Makyan had been making frequent trips from her training spots scattered across the continent to this place. Every time she did, the young demon always made sure to keep her distance, while at the same time suppressing her energy level as low as possible. This was to make sure that the people in the area who were capable of reading ki signatures didn't pick up on hers while she was watching them, a technique she affectionately referred to as 'stealth mode'.

After all, she was neither a friend of theirs nor was she an acquaintance of their group, especially to the spiky haired teenager living in the little shack he called home.

"Look at that brute; acting all happy, innocent and cheerful," Paprika thought, eyes narrowing as she watched Gohan, currently dressed in Piccolo's gi, crawl around on the grass with his baby brother sitting on his back. When she saw the teen giggle as his brother happily tugged on his top like a reign, the Makyan frowned, "Well you don't fool me, you orange-wearing trash. I know exactly what kind of person you are." Also watching them from a few yards away was their mother, Chi-Chi, and the Hera female standing alongside her, the former of whom was smiling warmly at the sight of her two children playing together.

The reason Paprika dropped by today was simple. She was keeping tabs on her arch enemy's training regimen to see how much stronger he was getting. By dropping in every now and then to get an update on his progress, the Makyan was able to gain a firm grasp as to how much more powerful the boy was getting in comparison to her. Considering how often he exercised every morning, noon and night, she suspected he had to be getting somewhere with his workouts.

As a result of her incredibly discreet observations, over the past several months the girl had noticed a subtle increase in the boy's power and skill, which irritated her somewhat because it appeared that his strength was growing at the exact same rate that hers was. The fact that he kept his power
level suppressed most of the time and rarely transformed into a Super Saiyan during his training sessions made the process of getting an exact bead on his power increases all the more frustrating for her, as she couldn't get an accurate reading from him.

However, determined to learn more about her nemesis in order to prepare herself for the next time they met, Paprika persisted. Coming to the same spot in the middle of every week, the girl would take up position under the same tree, stand there for the entire day, and watch him.

Sure, every now and again she would break away to get some meditation and Image Training in to keep up her strength, but for most of those twenty-four hours she would stand there and observe his actions. And each and every time she did so she found herself baffled by the fact that such a powerful warrior, who's fighting spirit was capable of matching any seasoned martial artist, could regress to such a childish ball of innocence.

"He's like this every single day. When he's not focusing on his training, he's always bouncing around and grinning like an idiot. It's absurd," Paprika grumbled in her head, looking on as another hour ticked by and she saw the teen walk back into the house with his family.

From her spot she watched Gohan return to his desk at his bedroom window to study. Though she couldn't see exactly what he was working on, she knew that it had to be one of his more advanced literary titles. She could also sense the mother was inside the house pottering around the dining area, along with that orange haired woman who seemed to be occupying herself in the living room.

Things quieted down from that point onwards, leaving Paprika standing on the hill in silence. Continuing to watch the house like a hawk, the white haired Makyan became so engrossed in her studying of her enemy's mannerisms and activities that she failed to notice a presence sneaking up behind her. It wasn't until a few seconds later did she eventually pick up the sound of a giggle, which had her turn around slowly and look down.

It was there she saw the one year old Goten standing there in green and yellow oriental clothing smiling up at her.

"Hello," the hybrid child exclaimed, eyes shimmering in wonder as he stared up at the Makyan.

Paprika, not at all surprised by his appearance, acknowledged his presence with a notable air of caution.

Straightening up and puffing her chest out, she fixed the boy with an impassive gaze. "Go away." Receiving nothing but a giggle in response, the Makyan frowned even deeper and waved at him. "Go." Unfortunately this didn't have any effect either as little by little, Goten ambled towards her. Paprika shook her head at him. "No. Go away," she said in the nicest and calmest voice possible.

However, despite her best efforts, she was unable to do anything when the demi-Saiyan suddenly latched onto her legs and hugged her, causing Paprika to recoil a little.

The demon scowled down at the boy wrapped around her shins. "I don't like children."

Her words were promptly ignored… or simply misunderstood. Because as soon as he was done hugging her leg, Goten held his arms up towards her and made a grabbing gesture with his hands. "Up. Up."

With an exasperated sigh, Paprika hesitantly reached down and picked the needy child up, yet held him at arm's length just to be safe. Using the opportunity to her advantage, she spent the next couple of minutes analyzing the boy, looking him over while he stared back at her innocently.
After a long pause, the Makyan grunted. "It's so… ugly you can almost feel sorry for it." Despite her rather harsh comment, Goten simply smiled back at the girl and laughed joyously, earning a raised eyebrow from the white haired fighter.

Bringing him in to get a closer look, Paprika was caught a little bit off guard when the half-Saiyan reached forward and grabbed the horns on her head, giving them a light squeeze. The Makyan blinked a few times when she felt Goten hold them and eventually let go, allowing her to lean away and look down at the child, who continued to use his hands to explore her shoulders. Tugging on her scarf, the child eventually allowed his hands to fall back to his sides and beamed at the stranger.

Once she was sure the hybrid was satisfied, Paprika gently set him to the ground and watched him turn away. "Go along. Go. Go." She then allowed the child to scamper off, the youngster jogging back down the hill and towards the house. Goten soon became interested in a couple of butterflies fluttering about and decided to chase them instead.

Paprika looked on as the child went about playing in the pasture, narrowing her eyes and watching the tyke chase after a wide variety of insects. During that time she found her gaze pulled across to another part of her hill, where she spotted Gohan's Namekian friend Piccolo standing nearby with his arms crossed and his glare fixated upon her.

Merely frowning at the former guardian of the planet and not too keen on starting something out here with him, the Makyan returned to watching the house quietly.

As it turns out, her sleuthing during the past half a year hadn't gone completely unnoticed.

XXX

(Meanwhile)

In a spiral galaxy millions of light years away from earth, far out of reach of what was previously recognized as Frieza space, there floated an enormous planetoid. Larger than earth and completely artificial in its composition, the terrestrial world had the appearance of several planets molded together to form a multi-sphere like planet, which had several moons and asteroid belts orbiting it. Looking at it from a distance, not only were there signs of massive expansion and construction, but the billions of lights dotting it from the Northern-most hemisphere to the south indicated a thriving populace and a bountiful empire living on its surface.

The five-planet structure was in fact one huge city, and the capital of the empire that existed in this part of the universe.

Past the traffic moving around it and through its artificial magnetic field and atmosphere, were countless miles of city and metallic landscape. It was literally a scene taken right out of a sci-fi film and multiplied a thousand times over, with no two buildings bearing the same design.

While the billions of people moving through the streets and vehicles crisscrossing the skies was indeed an impressive sight, what was even more extraordinary was what lay in the heart of the community.

The empire's parliament. Jutting into the sky like the Tower of Babble itself, with an open reactor built into its side that had a tiny sun glowing between its stabilizers, a dome-like structure at its base, and countless other buildings lying underneath its shadow, the place pretty much screamed 'command center'. It was here, in a chamber somewhere on the ground floor, the rulers of the planet and the heads of government were holding a very important meeting.
It was this particular gathering that a very familiar, glowing haired young traveler was hoping to crash.

Strolling down the well-lit corridor in her figure-hugging plug suit, passing by a multitude of aliens left and right, most notably guards adorned in Saiyan Battle Armor and helmets, the cheerfully humming Kana was slowly making her way towards the room. Whistling to herself a jaunty tune, one she'd come to favor from the variety of music she'd downloaded from earth, the young woman was all set to intrude on the assembly.

That was until a voice from behind caught her attention.

"You seem to be in a good mood."

Glancing over her shoulder, Kana's gaze fell upon a person she almost immediately mistook for Frieza. However, after a moment of inspecting the short alien figure with the horns and tail, she saw that, despite bearing a striking resemblance to Frieza's first form, the mercenary differed from the tyrant in a variety of different ways. Chief among which included his red skin with white carapace pieces covering his cranium, chest, torso, hips, forearms and shins, a couple of which protruded from his shoulder and hip areas, and horns growing from the sides of his head. The pieces were also decorated in purple plates, much like the feared alien conqueror before him.

Despite the newcomer's intimidating appearance, the taller Kana recognized the person as a close companion of hers and smiled in greeting. "Hey, Froze. Long time no see."

"Yeah. Long time." With his tail swishing behind him and arms folded, the alien fell in step with the glowing haired girl and smirked in her direction, "It's certainly been a few months since the last time you were here. If you actually dropped in more than once every yellow moon, we wouldn't have to greet each other in the same manner over and over again."

"What? In a hallway heading up to the main office to hand in our annual reports?"

"You know what I mean."

"Yeah well… there's a lot to see and do out there in the universe and I've only explored a hundred-thousandth of it… so you know I've got a lot more to do on my list," the Seirei replied, beaming brightly while brushing a few strands of radiant locks out of her face. "Besides… you wouldn't believe the kind of people I've met over my last year of travel. It was great."

"I'll bet. You always did have a friendly and approachable air about you," the Frieza lookalike replied while closing his eyes, continuing to walk alongside his colleague as they passed by several more guards and began advancing upon a large set of doors at the end of the hallway. "Of course, considering our line of work, I can only imagine the kind of characters you could've possibly run into while hopping from planet to planet." The carapace alien then raised a brow, "Speaking of which, what kind of worlds did you end up bagging this time around?"

"Only a handful," Kana replied, turning to the tailed alien while holding up what looked like a USB device for him to see. The sight of the chip quickly had Froze's attention. "Most of them didn't have any guardians, so I grabbed them before anyone else had a chance too. One of them was a small rocky planetoid with an actual magnetic field and had a small race of marsupials living on it. The other one is a world made up entirely out of ore."

"Sounds like you got yourself a good catch."

The Seirei nodded her head enthusiastically, "And what about you?"
"Only a couple. One of them was a forest world that was orbiting a gaseous giant with a race of blue cats living on it and a moon with pure silver dust covering its surface. Out of the ten, those were the only two that I was able to flag that had any sort of safeguarding value."

"Aww, lucky. You actually managed to get a Terra type?"

"Uh-huh. Disappointed?"

"Of course I am. How could a newbie like you get his hands on a forest planet?"

"Simple. You just need to know the right people. It's your fault for not going to the outer reaches of the Northern Quadrant in the first place, so stop whining and let me savor the moment," Froze replied with a cocky smile, at the same time stopping before the giant doors and showing the guards his credentials. "You'd be surprised at what you can find out in that part of space."

After flashing her holographic I.D to the heavily armored men at the gates, the glowing haired girl glanced across at the tailed scavenger brightly, "If you ventured to the regions of space I visited, I'm sure that you'd be in for one hell of a shock." Kana's remark had the tailed alien look at the glowing haired traveler in confusion, moments before the two guards opened the doors for them.

Entering a large, circular chamber with a spotlight illuminating the middle of the hall, the two freelancers quickly noticed a collection of figures sitting behind a length of desks at the back. Adorned in decorated armor and robes, and positioned high up on the bench like they were on a pedestal, the group of aliens was currently going through a series of hologram-like documents and engaged in an intense discussion with one another.

Quietly approaching the center and stepping into the spotlight, Kana and Froze waited until the group of leaders acknowledged their presence. As it turns out, it was the one sitting on the highest bench, a tall man with effeminate features, teal skin and white hair tied back into a ponytail, who spotted them first.

"Ah. Kana. Froze. I was expecting you two to show up eventually," the alien spoke up in a cool sounding voice, a small smile crossing his face as he set his holo-pad down to address his visitors. "It's great to see you again."

The moment they fell under the leaders' gazes, the carapace alien and the glowing Seirei bowed to them in greeting.

"Chancellor Ging," Kana said, smiling up at the planet's head as soon as she returned to a proper standing position. "You're looking well. Did you get a haircut?"

The man on the bench chuckled, "I could ask the same thing about you, Kana. It's been two years, but you still look like the same, radiant freelancer I remember seeing the last time you visited. You're wearing the exact same uniform too." He folded his arms and leaned forward on the table to peer down at the travelers. "You Seirei truly are one of a kind."

The compliment had the radiant being roll her eyes, "That's probably the twentieth time you've said that to me. You should get out more often and hit the bars instead of keeping yourself cooped up inside this dingy tower. Honestly, the lack of sunlight is starting to show." She then waved a finger at the leader playfully, earning an odd glance from the composed Froze standing beside her.

"I'll make a note of that," Ging replied, adjusting his seat and looking between the pair curiously. "So... I assume your missions to your parts of space were successful."

Kana smiled and held up her USB stick, at the same time the tailed alien next to her reached
behind him and pulled out a circular box. "Bit compiled a full, detailed record of my journey through Sectors 10 through 30 of the Northern Quadrant. I even managed to gather some new data on my way through. It took me a while, but I managed to get it all in order."

When the girl approached the desk and floated up to the chancellor's level, the teal-skinned leader raised an eyebrow in interest, "I trust you didn't run into any trouble while you were flying through those regions over the past year. Perhaps you landed on a couple of 'hot spots' that prompted you to delay your return to Valkorra."

The man's inquiry had Kana shrug brazenly, "You know me. I just couldn't resist stopping by that resort planet for a little R&R. It was great." She added to this by giving the man a wink.

"I'll bet it was," Ging murmured blankly, reaching over and collecting the piece the girl handed to him before setting it down on the tablet in front of him. "Word on the band said that you also encountered something very interesting while investigating Terra 4032-877… something about… battling a golden-haired warrior of a believed to be a now extinct race." He then tilted his head at the young wanderer with a smile. "Care to explain that little discrepancy to us?" You could tell from his expression that he was more than interested in the subject, as were the rest of the men and women who were present.

Smiling mischievously, the glowing warrior flicked her hair out of the way and gradually descended back down to the floor, "Sorry, boss. I'm afraid that that's a little story for another time."

A chuckle shortly followed her response, "Fair enough. Either way, I trust that you were able to handle the situation accordingly." He then took the USB stick and shoved it into his board, at about the same time Froze approached the bench.

The tailed alien held his circular pad up to the leader, at the same time levitating off the ground to reach him. "When can we expect payment on these units?"

Ging, taking the device from the carapace traveler, smiled in his direction, "Impatient as always, eh Froze?" Meeting the unflinching gaze of the young warrior, the teal-skinned ruler of the Planet Trade Organization waved at him. "Don't worry. We'll be sure to transmit the necessary funds over to your account as soon as these worlds have been processed, which should take about seven to ten days. I'll have the military send out an expedition party to the planets you've added to the registry and see to it that they're set up for preservation." Seeing the short alien bow in response and float back to the ground to rejoin Kana, the leader quickly went about processing the data on his pad.

However, just as he was about to sign the pair's submissions and file them away for safe keeping, there was a loud beep from his desk which quickly had him look down and engage the communicator. "Yes?"

An anxious voice stammered back over the radio, "Chancellor Ging. We've got a Code Red. I repeat; Code Red. He's here…"

The teal-skinned man balked, "What? Here?!"

"Yes sir. H-He's right outside the-" The transmission was suddenly cut off.

Just as the heads of the Planet Trade Organization turned to look at each other in alarm, the entrance to the chamber was suddenly kicked in, causing a deafening bang to echo throughout the hall. The force of the doors being thrown open was so great that upon slamming into the wall, one of them was literally blasted off its hinges, an anomaly that quickly drew the complete attention of every person in that room.
As soon as all eyes landed on the destroyed gateway, the party of two dozen individuals spotted the silhouette of a large man with a hulking frame walk into view. His footsteps causing the ground to tremble, the now silent committee watched silently as the newcomer drew closer and closer, before eventually stepping into the light.

The moment his form bled into view, the once confused Kana, who'd initially paid the violent opening of the doors little mind, soon had her eyes widen in terror.

Her gaze slowly wandering up the giant figure, the Seirei found herself looking upon an enormous alien with grey skin resembling the texture of granite and a body decked out in heavy battle armor. His legs, each sporting two large toes on each foot, were covered in dark red plated boots that made a mechanical whirring sound with every step and rode up his thighs. His pelvis, torso and chest were also covered in a similar black and red spandex armor, with a glowing green glass piece in the center of the chest. Looking further across, the alien also wore red shoulder pauldrons with a similar optical dial on both sides and massive steel gauntlets wrapped around both his forearms.

Despite having a thin, athletic waist and sturdy legs, the man's arms were massive and bulging with layers upon layers of muscles with strange black, vent-like rods drilled into several key points, including his gauntlets, shoulders and back. On top of having claws instead of fingers, a bald head with a noticeable scar over his right eye and blood red eyes with no pupils or irises, his mouth and nose were covered by a breathing mask, with tubes fitted into his suit that helped circulate air.

Though he did have this glaring handicap on his person, the hulk of a creature had no problems in moving whatsoever, as indicated by how he marched straight up to the bench, stopped in the center of the chamber, and dumped a pile of ten freshly killed bodies onto the floor right in front of the leaders.

Revealing the cadavers to be a platoon of soldiers belonging to the Planet Trade Organization, as indicated by their Saiyan battle armor, the Chancellor and his fellow rulers gawked at the pile before nervously looking up at the newcomer.

By this point in time both Kana and Froze had backed away to the side, while the soldiers guarding the chamber had come to surround the creature with their weapons cocked and loaded. Though from the looks on their terrified faces, every single one of the men and women there immediately began regretting their decisions to step forward, as they had serious doubts about their abilities to stop this man if he tried anything.

His presence was obviously overwhelming.

Chancellor Ging swallowed hard and narrowed his eyes on their intruder, "What do you think you're doing here?"

"What does it look like I'm doing here?" the alien snapped angrily in a menacing, gargling-tone of voice, his words bouncing off of the chamber walls and causing all those sitting on the bench to flinch. He stepped closer to the ruler, his height being so great that he literally towered over the judge's seat, which was positioned about four meters above the ground. "I'm submitting a complaint directly to your organization. That's what I'm doing."

The teal skinned alien sweated nervously when the towering fiend got right up into his face, "I see."

His own glare tightening, the giant pointed down at the corpses at his feet, "Now… would you care to explain to me why I found these pirates wandering around my territory?"
As the hulking figure had it out with the chancellor, Froze saw through his peripheral vision that Kana was still staring anxiously at the newcomer. Taking note of the beads of sweat running down her face and the way her fists were nervously clenched, the tailed alien knew right then and there that something was wrong with her and turned to her in concern.

"Hey. Who's the brute with the acute skin condition?"

The orange haired girl's frown deepened, "Varax."

Her response had the tailed alien look at her in surprise. "Varax?" Repeating the name a couple of times, the red-skinned carapace traveler then looked at the Seirei in surprise, "Wait. I think I've heard that name before…"

"I'd be surprised if you didn't," Kana immediately replied, her brow narrowing as she watched the confrontation unfold before her. "He's a vicious warlord from a race of aliens known as the Korgoth, who went extinct over eighty million years ago." She then nodded towards the man in question. "According to the records on my home planet, he's now the last surviving member of that race."

Froze looked across at the colossal alien in disbelief. "How in the name of Kai is someone like him still alive?"

"His home planet Gon originated from the very center of the cosmos. The life-force of his people were said to be the greatest of all the ancient races, making him damn near ageless. The fact that over half of his body is now made up of cybernetic implants puts him just a step below immortal," Kana replied, not taking her eyes off of the warlord for a second as she continued informing Froze of their guest's history. "Don't let his appearance and respiratory mask fool you. Varax is regarded as the most dangerous being in the universe for a reason. Even the Kais stay clear of him. He's conquered hundreds of galaxies and destroyed countless planets, and is responsible for creating several black holes. He is so feared in fact, there's not a single biological life form willing to work for him, so he uses autonomous workers to do most of his labor."

Regarding this news with extreme caution, Froze then turned his attention to the dead bodies lying on the floor. "What exactly did he mean by 'my territory'?"

"Over eighty million years ago, Varax conquered and took control of a portion of space known as the Helix Realm, a dangerous and wild part of the universe that exists in the far reaches of the quadrant," Kana informed, clenching her jaw uneasily when she saw the alien continue to exchange harsh words with the Chancellor. "No one from any of the four sectors is allowed to cross into his territory… but apparently these idiots did and got themselves caught by his scouts."

There was reason for her fear and frustration. Even though she couldn't sense the warlord's ki or life-force due to the fact that half of the man's body was artificial, Kana knew without a shadow of a doubt that he was ridiculously powerful.

Even at her absolute maximum, she wouldn't be able to even scratch him without having her skull crushed between his fingers.

When the pair fell silent, they were able to listen in as the conversation between Ging and Varax carried on, slowly but surely reaching a crescendo.

"Why were your soldiers scouting my planets?"

"I was unaware that any of our troops were positioned in your area," Ging replied with a nervous
glare. "They were probably just acting on their own accord. Believe me, this is all just a simple misunderstanding."

Narrowing his eyes upon the man in the high seat, the hulking conqueror brought a hand up and slammed it down upon his part of the bench. He cracked the metal under the force. "Do you think I'm blind? Just because you're under the protection of Lord Beerus and the Gods of the Seventh Universe, doesn't mean you and your precious Planet Trade Organization can go about doing whatever you please. No amount of loyalty to your deities will protect you from the amount of hell I can bring down upon you."

"You know the rules as well as I do, Varax," the Chancellor retorted quickly, "If you're looking for compensation for the intrusion, then I will gladly give it to you."

This was apparently the wrong thing to say because the moment the words left his mouth the giant alien suddenly reached forward, grabbed the man by the front of his armor, and lifted him out of his seat. Despite not reacting beyond a wince, the rest of the audience in attendance recoiled in shock as they then saw Varax shake the man like a ragdoll.

"I can't be bribed like some mongrel pup, you worm," the grey-skinned conqueror growled, his blood red eyes boring into the man's soul. "Compensation is not what I'm looking for."

Ging cringed painfully as sweat continued to trickle down his head, "Then what is it that you want?"

It was this that had Varax leer, "Everything." A low snarl escaped his lips when he tilted his head at the man. "This isn't some mere trinket that you can simply hand over to me on a silver platter. No… this is something that can only be taken by force and I don't care how long it takes me. One way or another… I will have it. Perhaps by then you will finally be seeing me in a new light." Allowing the words to roll off of his tongue, the intimidating warlord then glanced over his shoulder to see both Kana and Froze holding their hands up towards him, ready to attack. The guards in the room were also doing the exact same thing with their weapons and, despite shaking in their boots, were glaring at the titan hatefully.

After glancing around at the soldiers surrounding him, the towering alien then clenched his fist tightly, causing the muscles in his arm to bulk up in warning. "You'd better be very sure." The sounds of his bones creaking echoed throughout the chamber.

Several seconds of consideration later, all of the soldiers in the room wisely decided to back down, including Kana, who smacked herself upside the head for acting so stupidly.

Once he saw all of the soldiers stand down, Varax turned back to his host and grunted. "It seems to me that your subordinates are forgetting their places, Ging. You need to teach them how to show proper respect to their guests. Their conduct is absolutely disgraceful." He then unceremoniously dumped Ging into his chair, before stepping away and beginning to walk towards the exit. Carelessly stepping over the bodies he'd dropped, the Korgoth stopped and glanced over his shoulder. "Consider this visit a warning to all of you. The next time I catch someone from your organization encroaching upon my domain… mark my words; I will burn this entire place to the ground."

With that declaration made, the man marched through the entrance of the room and disappeared into a portal that opened up in front of him. The slip space rupture promptly closed behind him as soon as he was through, leaving behind a ruined chamber gateway and a sullied conference space.

The entire room sat and stood in dead silence, with sweat and shock reflected upon every person's
While Ging took a moment to adjust his top and Froze spent the next minute regaining his composure, Kana fixed a continuous glare on the space Varax had disappeared.

In spite of facing down what she could only describe as death incarnate, the Seirei was still conscious enough to acknowledge a single fact.

"One day... someone will bring that prick down... I just know it..."

Even though she wanted to, more than any other person in the galaxy, she sure as hell wouldn't be able to do it alone...

XXX

Over the next several months, life for the Z-fighters carried on as normal. The Sons and the Briefs started visiting each other more often, Gohan started training with Piccolo, Vegeta and Zangya more intensely, with the latter finally venturing out of the Mount Paozu area to get a job, and Videl's growth as a student and fighter was really starting to show itself. Needless to say, that year saw the realization of some of the most memorable times the defenders of earth had ever experienced, giving them the balance of rest and work they all deserved.

Whenever he wasn't outside training by himself or with his friends, Gohan spent his free time looking after his baby brother.

Thanks to his Saiyan genetics, Goten was an incredibly strong boy and a fast learner, something that his older brother and Videl found out over the following year when the little tyke began soaking in everything around him like a sponge. He learned how to add using multi-digit numbers, his literacy and speaking skills developed faster than any normal child would, and his basic motor functions jumped to that of a five year old, and he was still only two.

On top of that, the demi-Saiyan loved to run around. Constantly filled with boundless energy and a thirst for adventure that exhausted even the super mum Chi-Chi at how rambunctious he could be, the youngster was always going out to explore the fields and forests surrounding their property. His mother would often times watch him closely to see how far he would go, with Gohan, Zangya and Videl also keeping an eye on the child whenever they weren't busy. But Goten was always alert and active, even sneaking out whenever he noticed that everybody else was preoccupied.

He sure was a mischievous little ankle-biter, there was no arguing that.

Sometimes the hybrid would leave immediately after breakfast and go for a walkabout of the property, and would always come back at lunchtime dragging with him all sorts of miscellaneous items from his backyard adventure. This included dirty clothes, bugs, frogs, tree branches, lizards, possums, mud, and at one stage a young tyrannosaurus that Zangya had to chase off to stop from entering the house.

Needless to say, while the child could be a real handful at times, even for the super powered people living in the house, he was still a radiant star that the Son family adored and loved.

After the day Goten brought his second dinosaur home, Gohan assigned his trusted friend Icarus to keep an eye on his brother whenever he went out without them. Following his assignment of the task, the little pink dragon always, without fail, brought his sibling home safe and sound, knocking on the front door to let the family know they were back. Since he could sense his brother's ki signature within the general area, the older brother always had an eye on him and would always
know whenever he was in trouble.

Thankfully, no problems ever came the young child's way.

Unbeknownst to the family of course, there were a couple other people keeping an eye on Goten as well. Not only was Piccolo always around and watching over the house, the little upstart always went out to find Paprika whenever she was in the area.

For some strange reason the Makyan just could not fathom, the spiky haired toddler always knew whenever she was near the house or meditating in the area. Whenever she dropped in to spy on Gohan, his baby brother always ran out of the house to greet her.

Maybe he had developed a subconscious form of ki reading that pinged whenever she was within range or maybe he always found her due to a series of improbable circumstances. Either way, Paprika just could not shake the little runt.

Whenever Goten did come out to say 'hello' or to play with her, the Makyan didn't do anything unpleasant to him or tried to hurt him. She simply tolerated his presence and, over the next few months, she eventually accepted the boy's company and allowed him and Icarus to hang out with her.

It was generally smooth sailing for all of the Z-fighters across the globe. There were plenty of days for them to stretch their legs and perfect the skills that they practiced. Without any enemies to fight, it was surprisingly easy to slack off for all those whose passions didn't reside in fighting and had other things to do with their lives. However, time was what they had plenty of and everyone was determined to fill it with as many things to do as they could.

On one particular day, Gohan, Zangya, Videl and Chi-Chi went for a trip to Kame House. With Goten in tow, the family met with their friends on the beach surrounding the home of the turtle hermit and went about enjoying their get-together in the usual manner.

While Goten played around with Trunks, Turtle and Puar outside under the watchful eye of Chi-Chi and Bulma, and Yamcha tended to a barbeque alongside Oolong, Master Roshi and Chiaotzu, Zangya and Android 18 sat indoors at the living room window and stared out over the ocean.

Since everybody was using the time there to catch up, the two women were also making the most of the day and using their moment together to bond. With the orange haired woman wearing boots, jean shorts and a black singlet top, a comfortable ensemble that coincided with Android 18's light blue leather vest, white pants and sandals, the two girls were all dressed for the beach.

Positioned there on the sill side by side, one standing with her arms folded and the other sitting comfortably with the sea breeze flowing by them, they both looked absolutely stunning.

Glancing across at her alien compatriot, the android gave her the usual cool stare, "So how's working life treating you?"

"It's going great, actually," Zangya replied, turning to the blonde with a small smile. "Daeko is currently going through a new line of tops and bottoms that they're hoping to introduce to their summer catalogue for next week, so you can bet I'll be hitting the runway in a smoking hot new kit soon. After the last event I attended, I know this next shoot is going to be amazing."

The cyborg fighter smiled at the young woman's enthusiasm. "Sounds to me like you're having a lot of fun in that place."

"Oh yeah. No kidding," Zangya chuckled while looking out the window again. "I really have to
thank Videl's dad for hooking me up with the agency and Gohan for helping me to write my resume. Those three really went out of their way for me on this one."

The Hera's response had Android 18 tilt her head and raise an eyebrow, "Exactly what kind of qualifications did you mention in your curriculum vitae to get you through the door, if I may ask?"

"Not many. Just all the stuff that I did know and everything in between; hobbies, interests, contact details… the usual," the blue-skinned woman replied while leaning against the window frame with a chuckle, "I guess prerequisites don't matter as much when you have the 'World Champ' recommending you to the place in person." She made sure to give the title a tasteful highlight in her recounting of the situation that led her into landing her current job. "The boss hired me right on the spot and set me to work the very next day. Can you believe that?"

Grunting lightly, the blonde haired android turned back towards the sea with a clearly amused expression. "With your looks and appeal, I'm not surprised everything's going well for you over there. There's just something about your face that screams 'exotic'."

"Oh, ha-ha," Zangya replied, taking into stride the jab at her extraterrestrial appearance while glancing over at the cyborg, "And what about you, Ms Number? How are things going over at your job?"

The android shrugged. "I can't complain. We've got some new stock coming in for the store, so I've got a lot of upcoming articles to look forward to for the summer. Want me to pick you up a set?"

"No, I'm good. Since I'm allowed to choose whatever I want from the company's wardrobe every week, I'm more than set in the clothing department. Too bad the only place I have to put them is in my work locker," the Hera quickly replied, earning an understanding nod from her companion. After that the pair sat in silence, watching the calm waters shimmer underneath the sun and the smell of the barbeque Yamcha was cooking drifting in from around the corner. Upon seeing Turtle crawl past with Goten and Trunks riding on his shell, and Puar hovering around them, Zangya then set her focus on another topic. "So… where're the other boys at? I haven't seen them since Tien showed up with Launch and Chiaotzu."

The blonde android shrugged, "Gohan told me he was taking Krillin out to the other islands for a quick sparring session with Videl. My guess is that they all left together and are now having it out with each other."

"Ah," the Hera replied, only to then turn when she sensed a presence approaching them.

When she and 18 looked behind them, they saw a woman with long curly blue hair, wearing a green sundress and an apron standing behind them and smiling pleasantly. She was also carrying with her a tray of ice-cold refreshments. "Hello there, you two. Would you like something to drink? It's really hot out here today and you two haven't had anything yet."

At first surprised by her appearance, Zangya smiled shortly afterwards and slowly helped herself to one of the beverages, "Sure. Thanks a lot." After grabbing an orange juice, along with 18 who gave a grateful nod to Launch's good side, the two women quickly returned to their conversation and began stirring their drinks. "Speaking of the boys, how are things going with Krillin?"

"Pretty well," 18 replied with a shrug.

The response drew a mischievous smirk from the alien fighter, "That's it? Pretty well?" She then shook her head, "Anything else you want to add on to that?"
"What do you expect me to say? Krillin is a very sweet, funny and handsome man with a good heart. Whenever I'm feeling down he's always there to cheer me up. Whenever we talk to each other he always wants to listen to what I have to say. And whenever we're out, he's always so thoughtful and considerate... and makes me feel like I belong. He accepts me completely for who I am," the blonde replied, eyes still fixed on the ocean as she thought about what else to say about the Z-fighter she was currently dating. "I really like how serious and straightforward he is, as well as how passionate he can be whenever he's really into something. After wandering around aimlessly for so long, not really knowing what to do, I guess you can say I've grown attached to that."

"Really?" Zangya asked, seeing the half-human nod before turning away to gaze thoughtfully down at the sand. "Wow. So... would you say that you've... fallen for the guy?"

Android 18's gaze snapped towards her momentarily. At first it looked like she wanted to protest. But after thinking on it for a moment, the blonde quickly regained her usual composure and turned away with a small smile.

"Mm." She nodded, giving the Hera all the answer she needed before the pair returned to staring at the horizon.

For the next couple minutes the two women remained there, quietly thinking and contemplating the big changes in their lives. Android 18 thought about how much her life had changed since the Cell Games, how much she enjoyed hanging out with Krillin and what her next steps were going to be. At the same time Zangya considered her time spent with Gohan and his family, and how he and all of his friends were shaping her into a whole other person; somebody who she could actually look in the mirror and smile at.

She also thought about how much more she could become a part of the group and how she could get strong enough to fight alongside Gohan as an equal.

Every day the boy was growing in both strength and maturity, and she wanted to be there to support him should a new danger suddenly come knocking on their front door, touch wood. This life that she currently had was one that was given to her... and she didn't want to spend the next few years wasting it.

If there was any time for decisive action, it was now.

As Zangya and 18 became engrossed in their conversation inside, Chi-Chi and Bulma were also enjoying one of their own out on the porch.

While watching her son dig through the sand alongside his friend, the raven haired woman in the oriental yellow robes sighed, "I remember when Gohan used to be around that age; sleeping in his bed, studying at his desk and wandering around the fields outside, exploring the wilderness. All those days seem so long ago now."

"Yeah. You can say that again," the scientist replied with an equally warm smile as memories of the time Goku introduced his first born to the group began to resurface. "Even though your son's still the same sweet, innocent little boy I remember he was when I first met him, he's grown so much over the last few years. Every time I see him whenever he drops by my place to say hi, I can't help but notice how much more grown up he seems." She looked across at her friend's wife standing beside her with her hands on her hips. "Are you worried?"

Chi-Chi beamed and shook her head, "As long as my son is happy and healthy, and making the most of his life, then I know he's going to be alright." She then glanced over at Capsule Corp's
president, a sparkle evident in her eye. "If he's anything like his father was when he was young, then he'll always have a spring in his step and a warm glow in his cheeks, no matter how hard things get."

"Well… let's just hope things in the world stay exactly the way they are," Bulma chuckled, at the same time turning back to watch the two children frolic beside the water. "If you ask me, I think the earth is due for a few long years of peace, with no aliens, androids, demons, or any other monsters to worry about. While fighting for the boys may be fun and all, I prefer having days like this just relaxing on the beach and spending time with my family, thank you very much."

Giggling at how the scientist huffed and stuck her chest out, the Son mother then folded her arms and tilted her head. "How are things going back home? Is Vegeta still giving you grief?"

"Fortunately not. Thanks to his ridiculous training schedules, I'm actually able to get my work done around the office without having to worry about him breathing down my neck every few minutes. Don't get me wrong, I enjoy having him around whenever I'm free. It's just that I've got a lot of projects to get done and I'd prefer working on them in peace," the blue haired woman informed with an exhausted sigh. "Even though I'm the boss of the company, the workload is still pretty stacked."

"Does this include the paperwork?"

"Oh, don't even get me started. The assignments and designing phases alone are a pain in the ass," Bulma continued, reaching up and giving her head a scratch. "Seriously, I'm working my fingers to the bone with the amount of computer work I've had to do. The company's biggest project at the moment is this thing we're currently making for the Royal Military. Apparently our friends over in central are in need of a special, surface-to-orbit cannon that'll be able to knock asteroids and other unfriendly objects out of the air before they have a chance to break through the planet's atmosphere."

Chi-Chi snorted at this, "Why would they need something like that when you have someone like Vegeta or my son on speed-dial?"

"Hey, Capsule Corp needs to make money somehow," Bulma said with a small smile in play. "They're paying millions of zeni through the nose for this thing, so I'm gonna make sure I get this done, no matter how long it takes me."

"Fair enough. Just try not to overwork yourself, alright? You don't want to give yourself grey hairs by the time you're in your late forties."

"Will do," the scientist responded with a grateful smile. Upon which she set her eyes on her son again, whom she could now see was trying to build a sand-mound that was bigger than Goten's. The sight of the two children competing had her chuckle, "I'll try to ease off of my little pet project for a little while as well. Maybe that will help relieve some stress."

"Hm? And what kind of project is that?"

"Oh, well… you remember that big, red-haired man in the green armor that appeared at the Cell Games alongside Goku and the others?" Bulma asked her friend, to which she saw her nod. "Well, if Gohan hasn't already told you, he was an Android named Sixteen, one of the three that Doctor Gero created to hunt down and kill your husband." A small smile tugged at her lips when she said this and turned to face the sand at her feet. "After he was killed, the dragon balls didn't wish him back to life… maybe because he wasn't an actual living creature. Since I was able to get a detailed copy of his memory files and schematics while I was repairing him, I figured I could try and
rebuild him… and make him even better than before. Considering the amount of stuff I have to get done, I could really use someone like him around the office to help me out."

The raven haired Son mother smiled brightly. "Sounds interesting. Hope you're able to get somewhere with it."

"Yeah. Me too," the blue haired woman whispered, at the same time turning her gaze back to her children and the stretch of ocean she could see before them.

OOO

(Meanwhile)

On an island not too far from Kame House, a series of explosions rocked the rolling hillsides that sent blasts of dust and rubble hurling into the sky. When the debris eventually rained back down to the ground, scattering across the pristine wilderness, two shadows darted out of the cloud. Skidding to a stop along the grass opposite one another and out of reach of the latest crater they'd formed with their attacks, the pair revealed themselves to be Tien and Gohan.

Both glaring at each other, the two Z-warriors turned to face their opponent, showing off a couple of bruises they'd received in their scrap thus far. While the tri-clops was sporting his usual attire consisting of green gi pants with red belt and a white shirt, Gohan was adorned in Piccolo's purple style of gi. Just like his friends, the young martial artist had decided to go on a cycle of uniforms to alter his looks and to emulate the two great teachers in his life.

While it was definitely in his nature to pull off a gesture like this, there really wasn't any logic to why he chose to wear either gi. He just found both outfits to be insanely comfortable.

In the words of his Namekian mentor, he looked extremely sharp.

Upon watching the smoke fade from their attacks, Tien smirked at the demi-Saiyan when the two turned to face the other. "Excellent form, Gohan. I can tell you've been working really hard over the last few months."

"Thanks. You've gotten a lot stronger too, Tien," Gohan chirped back, bringing his hands around and sliding into a wide fighting stance similar to that of his dad's. "I can't remember ever sparring with you before. It's a really refreshing change of pace for me."

"Me too. Your style is a mixture of both your father's and Piccolo's. I think that's a really good fit for someone like you," the former martial arts champion replied before setting himself into a more defensive form. "Alright… I think it's about time I turned up the heat a little. Hope you're ready for it."

After shaking off the dizziness from the last exchange, the pair squared off with their fists raised and eyes set firmly on the other. Digging their feet into the ground, both warriors made sure that their opponent was set squarely in their sights. While Tien was being incredibly cautious due to how strong Gohan actually was, the young hybrid had taken on a certain level of concern as well. Even though he was fighting at his base level so as to give his opponent a chance and to work on his techniques, Tien was still an incredibly strong fighter. It made sense considering he'd been one of his father's main rivals back in the day.

Upon sizing up their adversary and catching their breaths, the fighters then crouched forward and flew at each other. Darting across the field of grass at super speed, Tien and Gohan met in the center, colliding elbow first and causing a loud shockwave to ring out. After literally shaking the
area with their impact, they then began exchanging lightning fast blows, their fists and kicks cutting through the air like bullets, only to be deflected and parried each and every time.

As the pair clashed, causing loud gunshots to ring out and shake the sky, sitting not too far from them, Krillin and Videl could be seen sitting on a fallen tree log and watching the duo from a safe distance. Both looking like they'd had a bit of workout themselves, particularly the raven haired girl in the orange and blue gi who was currently sporting several noticeable bruises, the two humans sat quietly on the trunk as they observed their fellow martial artists battling it out in the center of the island.

Though their exchange of blasts beforehand had been something to marvel at and left more than a few marks across the land, there was nothing that could compare to a good, old-fashioned fist fight. What with the level of speed and skill both of them possessed, they were definitely putting on one hell of a show for their two-person audience.

Despite moving faster than the human eye could track, the still in-training Videl was able to keep up with both of them, giving her a full scope of what Gohan and his friend Tien were capable of. "Wow…"

The monk, adorned in the symbolic orange and blue gi of the turtle hermit, smiled across at the awe-struck girl. "Pretty impressive, huh?"

"Yeah," Videl nodded, looking on as Gohan landed a wicked hook across his opponent's face before receiving a kick in the side in retaliation. "It's been a long time since I last saw Tien Shinhan fight. The guy is really good."

"Oh yeah. No kidding. He's one of the best," Krillin chuckled, knowing full well what that man was capable of. "Even I would have second thoughts tangling with that guy on a good day."

The girl shook her head in amazement, "The recordings I saw of him in the previous world tournaments were pretty intense. But I can tell he's gotten a lot stronger." Her ki reading abilities really helped her in that department.

As it stood, this guy was easily on par with Krillin and Gohan in his base form. Though the half-Saiyan did have an edge over him, it was only by a paper-thin margin.

She whistled when she saw the pair shoot off at super speed to try and outflank each other. "Wow, they're fast."

Krillin chuckled at her remark. "With the kind of agility that we have, it makes it impossible for normal people to follow us around. Even when standing at a distance," Krillin continued, seeing the demi-Saiyan kick Tien in the stomach and send him flying across the grass at supersonic flight. "It's gotten to the point that not even the cameras can keep track of us. You'll only be able to catch a small glimpse in one or two frames of an entire strip, and that's it."

It was a revelation that had the daughter of the champ giggle. "Even technology can't keep up with you anymore."

"Damn straight," the short fighter replied, wincing when he saw Tien get jabbed in the face before receiving a shot to the body, only to then retaliate with a hook that sent Gohan barreling across the ground. The boy recovered quickly though and leapt back to his feet just in time to block a jumping knee from his opponent. The shockwave caused by the impact was monstrous. "After all the fights we've gotten into, I'm amazed that any of us were able to make it this far without completely losing it."
"Your group is made up of some of the most amazing people I've ever met. Honestly, I'm not at all surprised at how strong you guys have gotten. All of you have worked so hard and fought against the worst opponents imaginable for your strengths," Videl said, watching Gohan get hit over the head by a chopping right and retaliate with an uppercut to his opponent's chin. "I can't think of anyone more deserving of your powers then you guys."

Seeing the amazement reflected in her eyes and hearing the sincerity in her voice, Krillin smiled at the champ's daughter while she continued to watch the boy she admired fight against the older male. After giving it a few moments, the bald fighter spoke up, "So... Gohan's training you to be just like one of us, huh?" When he saw Videl nod, the martial artist chuckled. "Well, if there's any member of our group that's cut out for the job, it's him. He's a smart kid and a brilliant fighter. After seeing the stuff you could do in our spar, give or take a few more years... I'm sure that with his help... you'll be able to fight toe to toe with us in no time."

Eyes shining at the man's compliments, the raven haired girl beamed and nodded, "I really appreciate that. Thanks."

Upon giving one last nod, both Krillin and Videl turned back to continue observing Gohan and Tien's spar. Seeing the half-Saiyan perform a brilliant throw, tossing his opponent across the hills, they then saw the youngster turn, smile, and wave towards them.

Sensing his focus was set squarely on her, the raven haired girl giggled and waved in return; a gesture that did not go unnoticed by Krillin.

Looking between the two and seeing Tien return to continue his match, the short fighter beamed and fixed his sights back onto his best friend's son. "You've got a good thing going here, Gohan. I'm really happy for yah."

XXX

(One Year Later)

Months past and the Z-fighters continued to enjoy a long period of peace and prosperity on the earth. Not only was work plentiful for all those who were asking for it, but the many days to follow saw some of the most noticeable shifts in the Son family's life.

Goten was growing fast under the loving care of his mother, older brother and his friends. His vocabulary was increasing exponentially and his basic motor skills were also starting to reach their peak. Thanks to his Saiyan genetics, his instincts not only developed at a much faster rate compared to normal humans, but so did his physical strengths, which Gohan, Zangya and Videl couldn't help but notice every day they spent with him.

The rest of the family also underwent many changes. Thanks to a little bit of convincing from Gohan, the demi-Saiyan was able to encourage his Hera neighbor to move into the house with him so that she didn't have to spend her nights out in the cold anymore. Though Chi-Chi was initially hesitant about letting Zangya into her domain, after seeing how well the woman looked after her sons and did chores around the front yard, she eventually found a room for her just down the hall from her older boy's chambers.

It was a small space and a tight fit, but the orange haired alien was more than happy with the accommodations. At least now she had a place to store her clothing from work.

What's more, Zangya had also taken a much more active role in Gohan and Videl's training. Not only assisting the raven haired girl in her exercises and sessions every time she came over to visit
the Son household, she also spent her mornings and afternoons driving her own fighting skills into
the ground. Well aware that the demi-Saiyan and his companions were getting more powerful with
every day that passed, the Hera female was determined to keep in step with them and, driven by
pride and desire to better herself, Zangya started aiming for heights she never thought of reaching
before.

About half way through the second year following the Cell Games, the blue-skinned fighter
became Gohan's most frequent sparring partner. Her strength enabling her to go toe to toe with the
youngster in his first Super Saiyan form, the woman started pushing herself even further to
improve her techniques and increase her strength. Much like Piccolo, she even started to wear
weighted clothing during her sessions and, wanting to augment her power and fighting mentality,
began to meditate and Image Train with the two Z-fighters even more.

Though her initial regimens had all been in an effort to keep her skills polished and her senses
sharp, after seeing Gohan set himself a new goal after every month, she quickly became
determined to do the same.

Heck, if she kept at it, she might even be able to reach a transformation phase herself.

Soon enough, after a year of vigorous sparring and training with Gohan and Piccolo out on the
meadows and in their home's new Gravity Dome, she became strong enough to literally go head to
head with him in Super Saiyan.

Concurrently, Gohan's strength also continued to climb. Thanks to the GR he managed to get from
Bulma, not only was he able to diversify his training schedule, he also gave his friends a secondary
place to train in the many months to follow.

Opening the chamber at a low enough setting enabled him to host some of Videl's sessions inside
and get his friend accustomed to various changes in environment. He also spent many hours with
Zangya sparring with her in a condition of over two hundred times earth's normal gravity, which
gave them both an extreme workout.

After one particular session, the Saiyan and Hera had worked themselves so hard that when the
artificial gravity eventually shut down after a couple long hours of training, both of them passed
out right there on the tiles. It was perhaps one of the most peculiar sights Chi-Chi had ever walked
in on when she came around to give the pair refreshments and found them lying opposite one
another on their back and front respectively.

Aside from the usual stuff, everything was going swimmingly for the Son family.

And they weren't the only ones reveling in the peace.

Up in Otherworld, out on the vast plains making up most of the Grand Kai's planet, a certain spiky
haired Saiyan was in the midst of an intense meditation session. Sitting cross-armed and cross-
legged on a flat patch of field, with the familiar form of King Kai shadowing him from behind, the
old hero of earth, Son Goku, could be seen locked in a severe Image Training session.

With his halo hovering overhead, the adult Saiyan allowed a bead of sweat to run down the side of
his head as he focused all of his efforts on defeating the opponent he'd conjured up in his mind. He
was really getting into the routine too…

That was until his hour was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of several familiar ki
signatures on his radar, which had his eyes fly open and glance over his shoulder. As soon as he
did, he saw a group of five figures teleport into view in the form of a golden flash of light, which
faded moments later to reveal Gohan, Chi-Chi, Zangya, Videl, and a three year old Goten standing in front of them.

The sight of his family appearing on the Grand Kai’s soil had Goku's expression brighten.

Immediately spotting his father, Gohan grinned, "Hey dad! Guess who."

"Gohan. Chi-Chi. Hey!" the father exclaimed, springing to his feet and spinning around, "I'm glad you all made it." It was at that very moment he saw the youngest member of their family spot him as well, which immediately put a smile on Goten's face. It was an expression Goku quickly acknowledged, crouching down quickly and holding his arms out. "Hey there, little guy. It's great to see you again."

"Daddy!" the youngster in the green and yellow outfit called out as he dashed up to the man that he recognized as his father. With a giggle and a shout, the child threw himself into the man's hug, who laughed when he felt the boy clamp his arms around his neck. "I missed you daddy."

The full-blooded Saiyan chuckled as he stood up, carrying the boy with him, "I missed you too, Goten. Wow, you've gotten strong. What's Chi-Chi been feedin' yah?" His grip was monstrous, especially for a three year old.

After getting his fill of hugging the man, the child leaned away in his father's grip and looked at the martial artist curiously, "Are you still dead?"

Goku shrugged, throwing the boy a sheepish smile, "Yes. I'm still dead, Goten." He then reached up and tapped the halo hovering over his head. "See."

Blinking a couple of times, the young hybrid smiled, "Okay."

Finding the boy's innocence intoxicating, the spiky haired fighter then had the wind knocked out of him when Gohan jogged over and gave him a hug as well, which quickly earned one in kind. Upon greeting his sons as he always did, Goku then leaned away and looked down at his eldest child, who he could see was adorned in his colors of orange and blue.

"You're getting taller, son," Goku chuckled, measuring the boy's height against his chest and realizing that he was just a head shorter than him. "Man. It's only been a couple of weeks and you're already up to my neck." He then grinned when he saw the half-Saiyan step away, "If I'm not careful you're going to shoot right past me in the next few days."

Gohan chuckled, "I'll do my best. But I'll try not to grow too much for you, okay dad?"

"That's the spirit." Looking the youngster over, the dead Saiyan then noticed something new about his boy's appearance and acknowledged it with an exclamation of surprise, "Hey. You got a new haircut." Reaching up, he ran a hand through the teen's hair, pulling his palm away seconds later to see his son's spikes stand back on end, "Nice. It really suits you."

"Yeah," Gohan chuckled, reaching up and pushing the two strands that dangled in front of his forehead out of the way at the same time, "It's was all Lime's idea. I have to thank her properly next time I pop around to visit her."

Both father and son sharing a grin, with the young Goten reaching up to yank on his father's locks as well, the group was then interrupted by Chi-Chi walking right up to them. When her eldest stepped aside to make room for her, everyone then watched the woman step up to her husband, stand on her toes, and give him a tender kiss on the lips, which earned a gagging look from their youngest and an exclamation of protest.
Too bad the two parents ignored the child's plight and continued on with their show of affection.

Stepping away, the mother smiled, "Hello, sweetheart."

"Chi-Chi," Goku whispered, smiling lovingly at his wife as he held her by the waist, "Are you alright?" When he saw the woman nod her head affirmatively, the man felt a heart-like flutter in his chest. "Is everything okay down below? How's everyone?"

The woman nodded, "Everyone's doing great, Goku."

This brought a look of relief to the Saiyan's face. "That's good," Goku said, before then looking up to see the other two they'd brought with them wandering about the field. While Zangya was checking out the fighters training nearby with her arms folded, Videl was gazing across at the family with an expression of wonder, which put a grin on the former hero's face. "Let's go grab a bite to eat together. I'm sure all of you have plenty of stories to tell me. I want to hear about everything." He then turned to look over at his trainer, who was standing nearby with his hands behind his back, "King Kai?"

The blue man in the shades and training garb smiled and nodded, "No problems here, Goku. You go have fun with your family." After all, there weren't any rules in the script saying that his student couldn't receive visits from his relatives, especially if they were more than capable of traveling to the Otherworld. As far as he was concerned, Gohan and his family were more than welcomed to this planet, especially after all the good deeds they'd performed for their part of the universe.

All of the Z-fighters had earned their keep as heroes long ago, even if Vegeta and Zangya were a bit of a stretch.

Elated, Goku then led Chi-Chi, Gohan and Goten across the training fields towards the palace during which time the man's oldest son stopped and waited for Videl to catch up. When she did, he went on to walk the rest of the way to the Grand Kai's building with her and Zangya alongside him.

It was there, amidst the glimmering cosmos and the sacred space that was the world beyond their own, the family would spend the entire day together, having lunch, exploring the meadows, and catching up on days past.

For one shining moment, everything was perfect…

XXX

(That Night)

Back on earth, the day rolled by as usual. The sun rose and set as it always did, and every single person on earth eventually turned themselves in from many long hours of hard work and play. However, while the rest of West City went quiet and the halls of Capsule Corp. emptied of most of its staff heading home at the closing hours of their shifts, there was only one person left wide awake.

Sitting in a dark laboratory, with the massive monitors of her computers and work station giving her the only sources of light in the room, the blue haired form of Bulma could be seen typing away at her keyboard like there was no tomorrow. Murmuring impatiently as lines of code flew past her at ludicrous speed and her fingers danced over the tabs, the head of the company then spared a quick glance back at the operating table behind her.

Lying across the platform with a multitude of cables plugged into it, the skeletal frame of a humanoid-like robot at least two times the woman's height, with all of its wiring and gyros exposed
to the air, lay in plain sight of the corporation's president. Due to the artificial muscles fitted into it to give the creation movement, as well as all the other parts designed to make it work, the half-finished android was obviously meant for full humanoid conversion sometime in the future, a process which Bulma intended to start as soon as she had its programming finished.

However, due to a few mishaps and problems she'd encountered along the way, the chief female scientist of the company found that that particular task was going to be next to impossible to complete.

Frowning, Bulma turned back to the strings of code in front of her and closed it down, leaving her with over a hundred files spread out before her on the drive. "Okay. This is getting me nowhere."

Wanting to try something different, the woman quickly separated half of the files into another folder on her computer, leaving the more vital components behind. While she was able to get its basic programming and movement patterns to successfully respond, the obstacle that Bulma now had to contend with was restoring the consciousness that was once Android 16's.

On paper it seemed like a straight forward task. However...

"Still having problems bringing your friend back to life?" the voice of Bulma's father spoke up, drawing the woman's gaze over her shoulder.

Seeing the man in the square glasses and white lab coat step into the light, the woman sighed and stood up out of her seat. Locking her computer and putting her work on hold for the time being, Bulma shook her head sadly and massaged her eyes, "I just don't get it, dad. When we were repairing Android 16 for the final battle against Cell, I was sure I was able to get a detailed copy of all of his CPU's memories and folders. Everything that made him who he was and made him work was all transferred to my computer so that I could study him and understand his programming. I've tried over and over again to get him on his feet again, but…” Looking across at the android skeleton she had on the table, the blue haired woman frowned in dismay. "I just can't seem to bring back the consciousness that made him… well… alive."

Doctor Briefs, understanding his daughter's woe, stepped over to her and laid a hand upon her shoulder, at the same time glancing down at the cyborg that was under construction. "The soul of a machine isn't some program you can activate with a simple push of the button, sweetheart. You know that better than anyone." The man then glanced up at his treasure, where he saw disappointment reflected in her eyes. "Whatever Doctor Gero did to bring Android 16 to life… it was probably something he did purely by accident; a bug that wasn't meant to exist. Maybe that was why he didn't plan on using him, because he hadn't finished programming the last of his software."

Considering her father's words strongly for several moments, Bulma then breathed an exhausted sigh and nodded her head in understanding, "I guess you're right, dad. Maybe it was all just an accident." She'd had it all in her head that she was in the right and felt confident in her abilities to resuscitate their group's most unexpected ally. But in spite of all her tinkering and experience, the blue haired scientist slowly came to the realization that maybe this was something that she could not do and was perhaps beyond her reach and understanding.

"But that doesn't mean I can't keep trying, right?" Bulma asked, smiling across at her old man, who smiled and nodded back to her in acknowledgement. Upon receiving his confidence and feeling slightly reinvigorated, the woman stepped up to the android and patted it on the forehead. Upon which she then stepped away and left the table. "I'm done for the night. Time to hit the sack."

Accompanying her on the way out, Doctor Briefs gave the skeleton of the android one last,
thoughtful glance before shutting the door behind them. With the lights switching off and the computer quickly going into sleep mode, the lab was well and truly shutdown until further notice.

Many hours later, in the dead of night, with nothing but the low hum of machines filling the labs empty space, the automatic doors were once again opened by the most unexpected of guests.

Strolling in on all fours, the little black kitten recognized as Doctor Brief’s most valued companion, Tama, ambled into the room on his own accord. Amidst the darkness and coldness of the chamber that served as one of Bulma's provisional laboratories, the little feline walked over to the table holding up the body of the lifeless frame that was to be the future Android 16. Sitting down beside it with his tail wagging behind him, the cat gazed up at the desk quietly, with nothing but curiosity in its eyes.

Several moments after he did so, the large monitor Bulma had been working on sometime before suddenly switched on behind him, drawing the kitten's attention over his shoulder.

When his eyes fell upon it, Tama saw the files the blue haired scientist had separated suddenly start to open up one after the other. The curser accessing them as if being directed by a phantom, the screen suddenly became filled with a window detailing millions of lines of code, which began to scroll past the monitor at high speed.

Initially, Tama sat there in confusion, listening to the beeping of the computer and the churning of the numbers. A few minutes of watching later, the line of code reached its end, where the word ‘ACTIVATE’ could be seen highlighted in bold. After several seconds of flashing, the word ‘ENTER’ was then typed in, followed shortly by a sudden surge of power.

Electricity began shooting down the lines of capable connected to the android's body, the streams zapping and crackling in a glorious display of deadly fireworks, filling the skeleton with an enormous amount of energy. In a matter of moments, the blue bolts streaming into the lifeless husk inevitably faded and the room once again fell silent. But then, a few ticks of processing later, the eyes on the hulking robotic frame lit up a brilliant red and, after a couple twitches of its fingers, the robot sat up.

Rising from the table, the still plugged android skeleton looked around the dark room, its optical sensors scanning the space and taking in every little detail surrounding it. Upon inspecting its environment, it then glanced down at the floor beside it, where it saw Tama gazing up at him.

Giving a meow, the little kitten greeted the robot cheerfully.

Staring back at it in silence, the android then swung its legs off of the table and, upon rising up, stepped over to the cat and crouched down next to it. It was then the robot took the moment to stroke the kitten on the head with one of its large fingers, earning a purr from the pure black feline.

"Kitty…” the deep, raspy voice of the robot murmured, in a tone recognized as the late Android 16's.

After getting its fill of affections, Tama walked away, allowing the half-complete robot to rise to his feet and move on. Not finding anything of further interest in the area, the android decided to go for a wander of the facility and, upon leaving through the same double doors of Bulma's auxiliary
lab the cat had entered through, ambled down the corridor at a casual pace.

His gears whirring and gyrating throughout the dark hallways of the science wing of Capsule Corp's main building, the android eventually stopped at another door with the plaque Tech Division emblazoned on the wall. Here, after staring at the door for several seconds, the android reached out and dialed into the key pad, utilizing information it was able to gain from the main computer. A couple beeps later and the double doors slid open, allowing the android access to the chamber.

Strolling in, the robot found itself in a room very similar to the one it was in before, only this one was bigger and had an entire space filled with electronics, devices and all sorts of other technology that the scientists of the facility were currently working on. Judging from the impressive layout, the computers packed over to one side and the tables in the center, this looked like one of Bulma Brief's main workshops. Considering the amount of labs actually making up this particular wing of the building, this could have been one of many.

In any case, it certainly had the most gizmos in it, there was no denying that.

Craning his head around, the robot strolled across the room. Making its way to the back of the room, it then spottted something of interest lying by the large monitor and quickly turned its attention to it, stopping in its tracks.

Reaching over, he picked up the watch-like device lying on the counter and, after inspecting it for a moment, switched it on. The electronic beep the device gave when a green grid sprang onto the screen along with a yellow, radar-like pulse immediately identified the gadget as the Dragon Radar. Staring down at the blinking lights, the robot saw that there was a yellow dot registering on it and, realizing it was nearby, began looking for it.

It didn't take him long to spot the orange ball with the two red stars sitting in a display case at the end of the table. Setting the radar down and walking over to it, the curious android opened up the glass box at the latch and pulled out the dragon ball, which it began to analyze closely.

Staring at the orange orb for a full minute in silence, blinking a couple of times as its brain processed what the object was, it then heard the hiss of the double doors to the lab open. Glancing to his left, the android's eyes landed upon the form of Doctor Briefs feeling against the wall for the light switch. When he eventually flipped it, the glasses wearing man then began scanning the areas of the lab that flickered into view. "Here, Tama. Where are you, kitty? Here kitty-kitty…oh?" He then stopped when he spotted the large android standing by the desk. At first appearing surprised, a few seconds later the man's mind eventually clicked at what he was looking at and his expression did a complete one-eighty. "Why, hello there. You're the android my daughter's been working on these last few months. What are you doing in here?"

The automaton watched as the old man in the pajamas and bathrobe ambled towards him, only to stop a couple meters away for an inspection.

Looking the unfinished robot from head to toe, the founder of the company nodded his head in approval at what he saw and beamed up at the creation's face. "It seems Bulma's done a terrific job on your frame. The adamantine bodywork really came out great… and it looks like your motor-skill software is running well." He didn't even want to question how the robot was up and moving about. The fact that the android his daughter was reconstructing was actually functioning completely outshone all other thought and logic. Heck, it even seemed to have gained a sense of individuality and curiosity about his surroundings, which immediately captured the scientist's attention. "How are you feeling? Can you talk?"
Eye shutters blinking, the robot then made a gurgling sound as the mechanics in its throat opened up, "T-Talk…?"

"Hm?" the man who'd obviously woken up from a good night of sleep to try and find his cat tilted his head at the android. "You're probably still running a few language sub-routines. That's understandable considering the design of the CPU inside your head is a little bit different from the previous model." It was then he noticed the android was holding the sphere from the case and quickly pointed at it. "Ah. I see you've found the dragon ball my daughter's been looking after as well."

The android turned to the orange globe in its hand, "Dragon… ball…?"

"Yes. She brought it in so that she could study it and the entity living inside of them. Initially she thought the balls were the dormant form of the dragon itself, but now my daughter thinks that they open a gateway to another dimension that allows Shenron to enter our world. Either way she's really looking forward to the results," Doctor Briefs informed, watching the android look down at the orb in intrigue. The old scientist waited to see what the android would do next, but when nothing happened for the next few minutes he then slipped his hands into his pockets and beamed. "Bulma will be thrilled to see you're up and running. Though I admit Doctor Gero's programming is rather complex, I believe that his work on advanced robotics will be the next step forward to designing the strings for all future automaton and android designs. You'll be the company's template to realizing that dream."

"S-Strings?" the robot murmured, looking up from the ball and staring ahead of him blankly.

Puzzled by the robot's taking away from his little piece of dialogue, Doctor Briefs tilted his head at the android curiously. Wondering what was currently going through its mind, the father was just about to ask it a question when, all of a sudden, with speed no human could follow, the large robot turned to the doctor and rushed him. Grabbing him by the neck, the android skeleton slammed the man into the back wall in a blur, causing a loud 'thud' to ring out before it lifted the scientist off the ground.

Gasping in shock, Doctor Briefs clawed at the hand gripping his neck, which began to crush him like a vice. Caught completely by surprise, the man gawked down at the metal man currently dragging his hapless form up the wall, only to stop when he was literally hanging two meters off of the tiles.

"W-Wh…What are you doing?" the Brief founder gasped as he felt the robot's grip tighten around his wind pipe.

Eyes flashing a deathly red, the android then glanced down at the ball it was still holding. Upon which he gave a very guttural chuckle, one that was laced with the low hum of a machine. His sudden tone shift from Android 16's previous voice to a deeper and raspier one, had the Brief father's eyes widen.

"Yes." The robot then tossed the dragon ball up and down in his hand. "**Lots and lots of strings.**" He then tossed it over his shoulder, allowing it to bounce across the lab.

Doctor Briefs narrowed his eyes, his mind quickly processing the voice that was leaving the robot's mouth. "You're not Android 16. W-Who are you?" he rasped when the robot's hand tightened even further, "**What are you?**"

The robot chuckled in amusement and glanced up at the good scientist. "**You should tell your**
daughter not to stick her nose into things she does not understand."

Upon hearing the machine's answer and theorizing that it must have been Bulma's exploration into Android 16's memory banks that resulted in this artificial intelligence surfacing, Doctor Briefs only had a few seconds to realize the fault before, giving another strangled gasp, the android's grip tightened one last time.

The hand wrapped around the man's throat continued to apply pressure on the scientist's neck before, without warning, an audible 'crack' echoed throughout the room. The second the noise rang out, the scientist's body went limp and his arms fell to his sides, his eyes turning blank and a trickle of blood running out of the corner of his mouth.

"But… since you won't be around when she wakes up… I think I'll tell her for you."

Deed done and sensing the man's life disappear on the wind the android dropped the father's body to the ground before turning his attention to the lab. Marching over to the monitor station, the robot collected up the Dragon Radar, analyzed it one last time, and crushed it in its grip, shattering the device and scattering its remains over the floor.

Lips curling up into a sinister smile, the robot then eyed the back of the room eagerly, where he could see all of the company's latest projects, devices, vehicles, equipment and prototypes on display.

The sight of the rows of assorted technology had the android's excitement skyrocket, "I think it's time for an upgrade." Bringing its arm up, a collection of cables suddenly detached from him and began to whip around the air like tendrils, before he extended his hand and shot the cables towards the shelves.

The wires snagged several pieces of equipment, wrapping around them before, after securing the devices, brought them back to their host…

XXX

(That morning)

After several hours of sleep, the once weary and mentally drained Bulma Briefs was once again up bright and early, eager to start the day ahead.

Following a quick shower and touch up, the woman slipped into her usual outfit consisting of white pants, red top, yellow vest, and a pair of slippers, gathered up her four year old son from his bed, and headed down to the kitchen for a spot of breakfast. Arriving there shortly afterwards, she wasn't at all surprised to see her mother already up and making food for the family, and didn't even blink when she saw Vegeta sitting at the table waiting on the food with folded arms.

Shaking her head at the man, who was already dressed in a set of blue spandex complete with sleeveless top, white gloves and yellow tipped boots, the blue haired woman led her son over to the table and pulled up a seat alongside the Saiyan Prince.

While Trunks got himself comfortable, Bulma turned to the spiky haired man and smiled pleasantly, "Got anything interesting planned for the day, Vegeta?"

Glancing across at the woman, the fighter quickly turned back to stare at the table, "Once I'm done eating here I'm going down to the gravity room to do some more training. After that I'll take Trunks to the park for some fresh air."
Bulma appeared genuinely surprised at that, "Really? You… want to take him out? By yourself?"
Hearing his father was going to take him somewhere immediately had the lavender haired child sitting nearby perk up with interest.

"Of course, woman. Keeping him cooped up inside all day isn't good for a future Saiyan elite. He needs to go out and exercise to keep up his strength," the flame-haired man replied, momentarily fixing his gaze on the scientist before then glancing toward his son, who was now looking at him with a beaming smile in play, "You can argue with me all you want, but I refuse to allow my boy to grow up to become a slacker."

Trunks beamed excitedly, "Are you going to take me to the big one in the middle of the city?"
When he saw the man nod, the child in the oversized green t-shirt and purple shorts punched the air triumphantly, "Yeah! Awesome!" He then turned to look at the one cooking breakfast for all of them, "I'm going to go down the big slide today, grandma!"

The blonde woman giggled cheerfully, "I'm glad to hear that. Make sure you have fun, sweetie, and go easy on everyone."

"Okay."

Grunting, Vegeta then had his attention pulled to his left, where he saw a cup of coffee set down next to him by the cheerful and eternally youthful grandparent. Acknowledging her smile with his usual glance, he then picked it up and took a sip, completely unaware of the adorning gaze the blue haired scientist was now giving him.

Eyes shimmering when the man in her life willingly volunteered to take Trunks out for the day, she then turned her attention to the newspaper sitting next to her. Flipping it open and skimming over the first page, she then looked up when she realized something was off and focused her gaze on her mother, whom she saw set a plate of food down in front of Vegeta and then in front of her.

"Hey mum, where's dad? Is he still asleep?" Bulma asked, noticing that the company's founder and her idol wasn't here reading the paper alongside them.

Moving about to set a big plate of egg, vegetables and bacon in front of Trunks, who wasted no time in digging into it, the cheery blonde with the curly hair shook her head sadly, "I'm not sure dear. I heard him wake up sometime in the middle of the night and leave the room to go to the bathroom, but he never came back. My guess is that he probably went down to the labs to check on something."

Vegeta, half-listening to the woman's response, grunted before he continued to shovel egg into his mouth.

"Huh? That's weird," Bulma murmured, folding the paper and setting it aside to tend to her own breakfast, which consisted of porridge and fruit. "Dad doesn't usually get up to work on something unless it's super important." Her dad didn't say anything about taking on any new projects.

The mother placed a finger against her cheek thoughtfully, "Maybe Tama went on another walk and he got up to go find him. You know how much your father loves that kitten."

This drew an understanding nod from her daughter, "Well that too."

As the family dug into their breakfast and Mrs. Briefs returned to her station, a sense of normalcy quickly fell back over them. It was around the time Vegeta and his son were hitting their third serving of breakfast for the morning was their moment of tranquility interrupted by a figure
stepping into the corridor entrance of the dining room.

Looking up, the young Trunks immediately recognized the man in the bathrobe halfway through the archway, "Hey, grandpa."

Bulma smiled when she saw the man standing lopsided in front of them, "Morning dad. Did you have a rough night? You look awful."

The fact that his head was tilted, his gaze was blank, and his glasses were wonky was all the signs the Briefs around the table needed to know that the father had had a late night.

However, when the father didn't say anything for the first few seconds and continued to stand in place, Bulma's expression fell, "Dad? Is there something wrong?"

It was only when Vegeta looked up from his table in response to the woman's question did he notice something was off. At first analyzing the man's posture and spotting the red stain on his bathrobe, the Prince then reached out with his senses to see what was up. When he didn't pick up any life signs, the Saiyan immediately set his fork down.

Her concern rising, Bulma quickly set her utensils down as well, "Dad?"

The moment she did, she suddenly saw the man's body keel forward and slam into the floor with a heavy 'thud'. Seeing her father crumple to the ground lifelessly had Bulma jump out of her seat and gasp, with Trunks giving a few surprised blinks and Mrs. Briefs a startled squeak. After seeing her husband face plant the tiles, she placed whatever dishes she was holding onto the kitchen counter and began hurrying around the table toward him.

"Sweetie?"

"Dad!"

Just as everyone was starting to move from their spots, the sound of a low, ghostly hum suddenly filled the room, followed immediately by a voice.

The raspy voice and the lyrics it started to sing was what had everyone inside the room freeze where they were sitting or standing.

"**Hi-ho the meri-o. That's the only way to be.**"

"**I want the world to know… nothing ever worries me.**"

The haunting melody was accompanied by a metallic whirring sound and heavy footsteps that echoed throughout the room. Seconds after the sounds became audible, a towering silhouette of an unknown figure stepped into the archway where the father was once standing.

"**I've got no strings…to hold me down…**"

"**To make me fret, or make me frown…**"

He took a step forward… and another step…

"**I had strings… but now I'm free…**"

"**There are… no… strings… on… ME.**"
The moment the figure stepped into the light, Bulma, Vegeta, Trunks and Mrs. Briefs' eyes widened in horror when they found themselves staring at a towering automaton covered completely in silver plated armor, with glowing red nodes and lines, and a human-like face with no nose, two glowing red eyes without pupils, and two antenna in place of ears.

To the calm mind, it was merely a creepy looking robot.

But to the people currently in that room… it was like looking into the face of the devil himself.

The android grinned.

"Hello…"

...

...

"Mum."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: Okay...
"What the hell is *that* thing?" Vegeta asked while standing up, knocking his chair over at the same time.

Terrified at the sight of the large robot standing in the doorway, Trunks leapt out of his chair and rushed over to his mother to hug her leg, "M-Mum?" However, he received no immediate comfort from the woman, as Bulma was still staring at the automaton in horror.

Chortling as he stepped further into the room, the seven-foot-plus robot stood over Doctor Briefs's lifeless form and smirked across at his stunned audience. "*I apologize for my lateness. You see, I've just spent the last several hours familiarizing myself with the incredible abundance of technology down in the research and development labs.*" His eyes flared dangerously as he continued scanning the room and the faces of Briefs family. "*The conversion process was a long and tedious one, but I was finally able to install all of the hardware and software necessary for my upgrade. In other words... it has been a really long night. So, Bulma Briefs...*" The robot leered, "*What do you think of my new look?*"

Gritting his teeth while everyone else around the table shivered with fright, Vegeta rounded on the blue haired scientist once again and barked, "Woman! Talk! What the hell am I looking at here?"

Eyes shimmering with disbelief, all Bulma could do was shake her head in disbelief. "A-Android... Sixteen?"

"What?" Vegeta glared back at the robot and gave it a once over. After a couple seconds of analyzing the abomination blocking the archway, the Saiyan Prince snarled, "Is this some kind of a joke? How in the hell is this thing anything like that animal-loving hunk of metal?"

"*My sensors are detecting a high level of hostility and discomfort,*" the robot said before grinning snidely at the baffled crowd. "*My... how exciting. Mum and dad are having an argument. But as much as I would love to stand here and watch you two bicker for the next several minutes, I'm afraid I'm on a very tight schedule.*" Tilting its head, the android cracked its neck before rolling its shoulders one after the other. "*Oh, and for your information, your highness, if you think my current design is anything like that defective, washed-up model of a cyborg from before, you're sadly mistaken.*"

Getting frustrated at being kept completely in the dark, the flame-haired Saiyan raised a fist and stepped forward. "Who are you?!"

The robot straightened up as soon as his whole body had moved into the dining room, leaving Doctor Brief's form lying motionless behind him. "*Oh? Are you feeling angry, Vegeta? Are you feeling... impatient and a little bit stressed?*" His questions earning a snarl from the warrior, the red-eyed machine merely stood in place and leered at his quarry. "*Hypothesis: correct. It seems that the information I have regarding your personality traits is a hundred percent accurate.*"
sly smile then slowly appeared on his face, "To answer your question though, I am unfortunately unable to tell you my name, as Doctor Gero never gave me one." This announcement had the Saiyan Prince balk in shock, drawing another cocky smirk from the robot. "You could say I was just an idea that he had; a Mark I prototype that never got off the ground… or in this case the hard drive on his computer. I was the program that he was originally supposed to install into Android 16, yet he never got around to completing."

"Oh this is just perfect. Another android?!" Vegeta growled in his head, his fists shaking with rage as he focused all of his attention on the condescending metal man. "Damn it! I thought we were already past this shit!"

The towering creation then raised an artificial eyebrow at the Saiyan Prince, "But… seeing as how you're just dying to know who I am… all things considered… I think I'll go with…" His right eye beeped and flickered, typing in a name for him to speak from a list of choices. Eventually he settled on one, which he immediately took a liking to. "Sentinel."

By this point in time, Vegeta had had enough.

"You're going to be called 'pile of scrap metal' by the time I'm through with you!" With a roar the man sprang over the table and charged straight at the android.

This proved to be his blunder because the second he sprang into action the robot opened his jaw and fired a colossal red blast right out of his mouth. Vegeta only had a split second to look stunned before the attack crashed into him like a missile, sending him rocketing backwards in the opposite direction and through the kitchen wall. The entire building was rocked by the massive explosion that followed.

In a flash of blinding light, the entire side of the dome-shaped structure blasted outwards in an immense cloud of debris and smoke, which spat the Saiyan's body out the other side and into his back garden.

Having dropped to the ground the instant the explosion filled the entire dining area, Bulma, Trunks and Mrs. Briefs looked through the enormous hole that stood in place of the kitchen area in shock. After gawking at it for several seconds, they then watched as the hulking android Sentinel strolled past them, before leaping through the hole and following after the fallen Saiyan.

Landing on the front lawn with a loud thud, the silver automaton gave a low chuckle as he then began a casual approach of the small, human-sized crater lying several yards away.

His legs making a metallic crunching sound with every step, Sentinel soon stopped at the edge of the indentation beside the slightly wounded Vegeta, who was covered in burns and was missing half of his shirt. "Did the Saiyan Prince experience a sudden malfunction? Number crunching must be extremely difficult for someone of your limited means. Here. Let me help you up, sire."

The android then reached down, grabbed the man by the leg, and casually lifting him off of the floor.

Vegeta, looking up at the robot, sneered angrily, "Go fuck yourself…"

Sentinel grinned, "File not found." Cocking his arm back, he then effortlessly pitched the hapless Saiyan across the property, through a garage and straight into a café right across the street. The man collided with the building with an earthshaking crash, causing rubble and smoke to explode into the air and the people in the store to cry out in terror.
Pleased with the throw, Sentinel moved back into a normal standing position and fixed his attention on the landing site. Eyes flickering with lights as he analyzed the life forms in the area, the android then brought up its left arm and clenched it into a fist. A couple clicking sounds later and the plates and parts in his arm and hand separated and reformed into a cannon, which he then pointed. "Photon Shot!" With only a few seconds of loading time, the android then fired a golden blast straight towards the smoking building a full block away.

The attack hit the hole in the café dead on, only to be smacked into the clouds where it detonated harmlessly above the city. This was instantly followed by Vegeta flying out of the ruined building and into the airspace high above.

Spotting him, the android took aim once again. Dropping his arm, which quickly morphed back into a regular hand, his left and right shoulder plates separated and popped out a pair of compact UB-32 rocket pods. As soon as they appeared, the android unleashed a hellfire of rockets that shot up after the Saiyan Prince.

Seeing the missiles fast approaching him, Vegeta growled and threw his hand forward, launching multiple ki blasts at once which collided with several of the missiles and destroyed them. The rest of the five dozen rockets blew past the explosions and honed in on him, forcing the man to dodge. Avoiding the first few, the man then kicked one of the rockets away and watched it explode elsewhere above the city, a sight that had him frown deeply. "That explosion was quite powerful. I should avoid getting hit by these things." He then blasted off when the rest of the tracers continued to follow him.

Arcing through the sky above West City, the Saiyan Prince dodged and avoided the rockets chasing after him, watching as several went off one after the other while the rest began to gain ground. Getting frustrated at his inability to lose them, Vegeta quickly decided to counter the assault. Flying backwards, the flame-haired warrior then unleashed a barrage of multiple ki blasts at the approaching missiles.

In an impressive display of accuracy and firepower, he managed to shoot all of them out of the air and after spinning around, focused his sights on his target once more.

Narrowing his eyes, the Saiyan Prince brought his hand up and produced a blue ball of ki, which sprang out of his palm and hovered in place. He then cocked it back and took aim. "You're finished! I'll take you out in one-" Vegeta then stopped, his gaze suddenly shifting over to the Capsule Corp building, where he saw the Briefs family and his son watching them through the massive hole in the wall.

After several quick seconds of switching his glare between them and the android on the lawn, the warrior cursed inwardly and dispelled the attack he was charging, which would've been more than capable of incinerating the entire block. "Shit!" He then clenched his fists angrily.

The Saiyan knew that if he went all out here against this walking pile of junk then he ran the risk of killing Bulma and his son. As much as his pride demanded he settled this as quickly as possible, he still had the right state of mind to show restraint around his family.

As it currently stood, this robot had several impressive tricks up its sleeve, including one hell of a throwing arm. But judging from what it was able to pull so far, Vegeta knew that he would be able to destroy this thing without having to go all out. It would just take a bit of time.

Hell, he could probably take it down without even having to go Super Saiyan.
“Fine then!” Deciding on a new course of action, the warrior quickly dove straight down to Capsule Corp and the android standing squarely in his sights. "I'll just beat you down the old-fashioned way!"

Sentinel grunted and retracted his rocket launchers. Immediately upon doing so his eyes flashed a bright red before firing two lasers up at the approaching Saiyan.

Spotting the fast-moving beams, Vegeta dropped altitude immediately, avoiding them. Stopping himself just feet above the ground, the man then powered up and, with a loud battle cry and a sonic boom, shot towards the android and uncorked the mother of all punches into its face. His fist connected with a deafening thunderclap and, not only did it cock the automaton's head to the side, it also had him skid along the ground for a couple of feet.

However, upon burying his knuckles into the robot's metal cheek, Vegeta then looked up in shock when he saw the robot was unaffected and grinning smugly at him.

"Attack failed. Damage incurred: zero. I'm afraid that amount of force will not be sufficient enough to pierce through this armor," Sentinel spoke, effortlessly craning his head around to stare at the stunned Saiyan, "The reinforced adamantine frame making up my body was an extra precaution designed by Bulma Briefs to ensure the same fate did not befall this model of Android 16 as it did the last one. Useless sentimentality from a useless woman."

Growling, Vegeta cocked his fist back and prepared for another punch, only to get hit across the face by a hook from the android that sent him spinning across the lawn. Before he could come to a complete stop, Sentinel darted forward and elbowed the prince in the face, sending him bouncing across the property.

Slamming his feet into the ground to stop, the prince's blue aura exploded around him and he shot up into the sky, where he stopped and glared down at the deceptively quick robot.

"Is that all you've got?!” Vegeta barked, ignoring the blood running out of the corner of his mouth.

Sentinel smirked, "As a matter of fact…” Almost instantly, every single plate on his body opened up and produced a rocket launcher, all of which loaded and aimed straight at the Saiyan floating high above. "Ice Blitzkrieg!” He then fired everything he had; sending over ten dozens rockets of all shapes and sizes hurtling towards the persistent warrior hanging above the property.

Giving a yell of effort, the raven haired fighter blasted backwards as fast as he could, curling left and right before being assaulted by the storm of projectiles. The rockets impacted him one after the other and exploded, revealing their ammunition to be sheaths of liquid nitrogen-like rounds that caused icy blasts capable of freezing anything.

When it seemed like Vegeta was going to be frozen into submission by the onslaught of missiles, the Saiyan Prince was actually deflecting each individual rocket so that they exploded away from him, before cocking his fist back and hooking the last wave with a power punch that destroyed them all in a brilliant flash of golden light.

The smoke from the explosion clouded the air and blocked Sentinel's view of his target, leaving him in suspense for several seconds. Moments later, Vegeta suddenly shot out of the side of the cloud and, hand held forward, unleashed a golden blast down at the abomination. "Big Bang Attack!” The ball of energy shot out of his hand towards the android and slammed straight into his face, detonating with an almighty bang that rocked the entire block.
At first the Saiyan thought he got him, but just seconds after the flash of light faded, revealing a cloud of black smoke hovering above the property, the smog parted sharply and Sentinel came shooting up at him propelled by a collection of rocket pads on his back and feet.

While flying towards the Saiyan Prince, the android suddenly tucked and retracted all of his limbs into his body, his plates shifting and incasing him in a protective, cocoon-like shell. Reacting in alarm at the robot-turned-projectile, Vegeta threw his hands forward and unleashed three powerful ki blasts at his adversary, only to watch his attacks bounce off of his slopped armor uselessly.

Counter failed, the man threw himself out of the way and watched his foe blow past him, only to change course sharply and land on the roof of a distant office building. Unfolding and landing with a heavy thud, Sentinel then sprang through the air in another direction and spun around, opening his mouth and producing a second cannon, which he immediately aimed at the Saiyan Prince.

"Pellet Shooter!" With a series of loud bangs, the android unleashed a volley of high-velocity blasts towards his opponent.

Vegeta avoided the first few shots, which rocketed past him like artillery rounds, only to then be hit headlong by the last two, which exploded with ridiculous force and sent him spiraling to the ground. With a yell of shock, the Saiyan collided with one of Capsule Corp's smaller buildings, causing the entire roof to cave in on itself.

Target hit, Sentinel flew back down to ground level and landed with a metallic thud on the grass. Smiling at his success, the android then began to march towards the crash site, intent on finishing his opponent.

"You think you can destroy me?" Sentinel asked with a smile. "I've analyzed all of your training sessions recorded in the gravity room and added your attack patterns to my combat routines. Nothing you can do will surprise me."

Feeling invigorated, the android clenched and unclenched his fists repeatedly, gathering energy for one last attack.

However, when he was about half way across the property, a shockwave suddenly rang out followed immediately by a blast of wind that pelted Sentinel in the face with a cloud of debris. Stopping in his tracks and looking up in momentary confusion, the mechanized fighter saw the entire roof of the collapsed building blow away and a golden aura burst out of it like an inferno. This was shortly followed by a slightly banged-up Vegeta emerging from the rubble assumed in his Super Saiyan form, his hair blonde and an intense, teal glare fixed upon the silver-plated android.

His sensors quickly analyzing the man's new appearance and power level, the robot chuckled, "I see you've made some... modifications. Altering your original combat chassis will not help you." Sentinel then threw both his hands forward, clenching them into fists before the plates shifted back and transformed into two identical cannons. The morphing of his arms was instantly followed by the android's expression intensifying tenfold. "Do not prolong the inevitable."

"Shut your mouth!" Vegeta frowned, his energy warping around him furiously, "It's time to put your metal ass down once and for all." Throwing his arms out to his sides, the Saiyan then gave a mighty bellow and, in an explosive show of force, his aura blasted off of him in all directions and began to fluctuate like crazy. This was instantly followed by two blue spheres of energy wrapping around his hands, which sparkled and crackled as he poured all the ki he needed into his palms.

Eyes flickering with numbers and warning lights, Sentinel's gaze reflected a momentary sense of astonishment. This then prompted the android to also begin powering up and in a matter of seconds, the insides of the two barrels he'd produced from his arms began to glow a hot orange. His
internal nuclear furnace burning brightly and emitting a loud humming noise, the android took aim at his target and, with a sonic boom and the howl of a powerful engine, the android unleashed his attack.

"Hell Flash!" Two orange blasts rocketed out of his arms and fused into one, forming into a single beam that charged towards the Super Saiyan in a wall of death.

In response, Vegeta roared at the top of his lungs and, upon bringing his hands together with his fingers spread, the Prince of all Saiyans unleashed an attack that hadn't been seen since his fight on Namek.

"Final Crash!" His yell was soon drowned out by his attack, which gushed out of his hands and shot towards the approaching orange beam in a tidal wave of energy.

The attacks collided in midair like comets running each other down, a shockwave ringing out as a result that punched a massive crater into the ground beneath them. But then, just seconds into the tug-of-war match, Vegeta's blast effortlessly dominated Sentinel's and, overwhelming the opposing blast, charged towards the android. Moments later, the robot was struck headlong by the attack, knocked off its feet, and sent barreling across the city, flying over hundreds of skyscrapers before eventually colliding with a mountain safely on the other side, way out of reach of the community's populace.

The impact was marked by a brilliant flash of purple light followed by a colossal explosion several hundred times more powerful than a nuke. Fire filled the sky and shot right up into the atmosphere, parting the clouds with a shockwave that rattled the city to its foundations. A full minute later, the explosion ended, leaving a plume of black smoke gushing into the air from the crater that'd formed where the edifice once stood.

Panting from the attack and still assumed in his transformed state, Vegeta took flight and headed to where his attack had planted his annoying adversary into the earth. Arriving there in no time at all, the man slowly lowered himself from the sky to hover above the center of the cataclysm, where he spent the next few minutes looking around for the remains of his quarry.

Sure enough, he found them. Bits and pieces of highly durable tech lay scattered around the gorge, along with a thoroughly ruined arm, one of the rocket pods the android had used before, and half a skull. The optical lens, which once served as Sentinel's eye, flickered a few times in warning before dying out.

Grunting, Vegeta raised a hand towards it and fired a couple of blasts, disintegrating both the arm and the remains of the head. "Not taking any chances," the prince thought, remembering what the last android they'd encountered had been capable of.

The warrior then powered down when the smoke cleared, giving him a few moments to catch his breath before flying back to Capsule Corp. Once he returned to the facility, he quickly flew in through the hole in the side of the main building, where he quickly saw Mrs. Briefs, his son and Bulma gathered around Doctor Briefs's body.

At first remaining calm when he approached the group, Vegeta then stopped when he saw the blue haired woman cradling her father's head in her lap with tears streaming down her cheeks. Trunks was currently being held by his grandmother, who was doing her best to keep the boy from seeing his grandfather in such a way. But despite her best efforts, she couldn't stop the youngster from hearing his mother's cries.

Sobbing, Bulma turned away from her loved one to look up at Vegeta, whom she saw standing
nearby clothed in a tattered gi with burns covering his entire body. Giving the Saiyan Prince a look, she then saw the warrior nod stiffly, answering a question she didn't have the strength to ask. Upon which the blue haired scientist set her father's head down, rose to her feet, walked over to the man, and threw herself at him.

Gripping his top, Bulma cried into Vegeta's shoulder, earning a slightly surprised look from the Saiyan who, after a moment of hesitation, wrapped an arm around her in comfort.

As the woman cried and the rest of the family remained as they were the familiar form of Doctor Brief's black kitten, Tama, walked in from the corridor and towards the fallen scientist. When he stopped by his head, the cat nuzzled him momentarily, only to pull away when he realized he was no longer there.

The cat then sat down and, giving a sad meow, continued to stare at the doctor as the people in the room grieved…

XXX

(Some hours later)

When word eventually got out of the events that'd befallen Capsule Corp, the members of the Z-fighters wasted no time in dropping whatever they were doing at the time and making their way over to West City. Arriving one after the other, the ruined dining room of the Briefs was soon filled with the familiar faces of Yamcha, Krillin, Android 18, Piccolo, Gohan, Zangya and Chi-Chi, all of whom were either flown here or transported to their friends place in some other shape or form.

Once everyone had gathered at the scene of the tragedy, Vegeta wasted no time in filling them in on what had happened, telling them about the android his wife had been constructing and how it suddenly went haywire. While the news initially shocked all of them, after hearing that the Saiyan Prince had managed to destroy the retched abomination responsible for all the devastation, they quickly retired to the living room and began providing comfort for those who needed it.

With Doctor Briefs's body moved over to the couch and covered by a blanket, the assortment of guests remained in a cold and unforgiving silence while they tried to figure out what to do next. On one side of the room, Mrs. Briefs sat with her grandson, holding his hand and receiving company from Yamcha and Puar. Krillin, Vegeta, Gohan, Chi-Chi and Goten on the other hand were sitting around the coffee table beside Bulma, who was currently trying to salvage what she could from her laboratories.

Managing to recover from most of her shock when Piccolo informed her that she could simply use the dragon balls to wish her father back to life, the blue haired woman wasted no time in heading down to the science wing of the building to collect the Dragon Radar. However, upon arriving at the place she remembered stashing it, not only did she find a completely wrecked laboratory waiting for her, she also found the radar lying scattered all over the floor in pieces.

While the dragon ball she had in her possession was lying against the wall not too far away, the rest of her gear had been left utterly destroyed. It hadn't just been that room either.

This inevitably led to the scientist sitting at her coffee table in defeat, holding the pieces of her radar in her hand and staring down at it with a melancholic look. Allowing the components of the device to sprinkle over the table when she tilted her hand, Bulma then crossed her arms over her stomach and tried to stop herself from losing it.
Once again, for the second time that day, Vegeta was there for her. As she sat there on the couch, the woman reached for the man's hand and gripped it tightly. Though he looked away from her when she did, the Saiyan Prince allowed the woman to clench his fingers and let out her distress.

"Sentinel destroyed everything," Bulma whispered, shaking her head in grief, "My lab, my gear, my capsules, my computers... everything."

Krillin blinked, glancing down at the remains of the device that had served their group well over the past several years. Knowing that they were pretty much flying blind without it, the bald male could only swallow nervously as he looked back up at his friend, "Can you fix it?" It was a question that as acknowledged by a glance from Android 18, who was standing nearby.

The woman sniffled, "I can. But with all my equipment either broken or missing, it'll take me at least a month to rebuild and reprogram it."

"A month?" Krillin balked. "That long?" A nod was all he received in return, before Bulma leaned over and pressed her forehead into Vegeta's shoulder.

The Saiyan Prince remained silent, keeping his gaze averted but nevertheless sparing the woman a few furtive glances. Silence returned to the room shortly thereafter, with Chi-Chi extending a hand across the table to take Bulma's free one, and Gohan fixing his gaze on the destroyed radar.

Though everyone knew the woman would be able to fix the device without question, after everything she'd been through the entire morning, they knew that it would take her a while to get her mind back on track. She was obviously still shaken-up from the entire ordeal and thanks to the mess left behind by that bastard android, they knew that it would probably take a lot longer than a month before they could even start looking for the dragon balls.

For Bulma, after suffering such a loss to her family and feeling as though all of the responsibility for it rested on her shoulders, as she'd been the one to build the monstrosity's body in the first place, everyone knew that this was going to be incredibly hard for her to move on from. Considering everything that'd happened, perhaps this was a dead end for her.

However, there was one amongst them who was not willing to throw in the towel just yet.

Being one of the only people there with a clear head on his shoulders, Gohan, narrowing his eyes, rose to his feet and turned to the ceiling. His actions drawing everyone's gazes over to him, including Piccolo and Zangya's over by the window, everyone saw the spiky haired teen step into the middle of the room and focus all of his attention towards the sky.

It was a sudden shift in tone that did not go unnoticed.

"Gohan?" Bulma murmured.

"What's wrong, sweet heart?" Chi-Chi also asked, while at the same time his kid brother looked at him in confusion.

Remaining silent for several moments, the hybrid teen glanced back down at everyone around him and, after looking at all their faces, fixed his attention on the Briefs family members and smiled. "I'll be back in a bit."

Then, looking away once more, Gohan vanished in a golden flash of light, leaving his friends and family standing around the chamber in confusion.
For Goku, it was just another ordinary day living out his current incarnation on the Grand Kai’s planet.

Following the visit from his family and his son’s friends the previous morning, the Son father was feeling much livelier than usual and was hitting King Kai’s training regimen even harder than ever. To start off his physical routine, the man was currently using wrist and ankle weights to work on his speed and power, punching and kicking the air in a blur of movement and causing sweat to fly off of him with every blow.

His attacks cutting through the sky above the meadows of the planet in all directions, the spiky haired Saiyan was watched on by the ever-present form of his mentor. Accompanied by Bubbles and Gregory, both of whom were also observing the shadow sparring fighter with interest, King Kai looked on silently as his best student buffed up his fighting skills and plowed through his routine at full throttle.

It was only after an hour of training at this stage that the group was suddenly interrupted from their session by a flash of golden light appearing directly in the center of the field. Their attention being pulled around, King Kai and Goku saw the familiar form of Gohan shimmer into view, an intense look on his face that quickly switched to its normal expression the moment he exited the dimension he’d been traveling through to get here.

"Oh, Gohan. Good morning," the overseer of the Northern Quadrant exclaimed, with Bubbles and Gregory also waving to the boy in greeting.

"Hey guys," the teen greeted pleasantly, before then turning around and looking up into the sky where his father was floating. "Yo, dad."

"Gohan? You’re here?" Goku asked, quickly dropping back down to ground level and walking up to his son, who strolled over to him in kind. The man with sweat dripping down his face placed his hands on his hips, "I didn’t know you would be popping in today? Is everything alright?"

"Sorry to drop in so suddenly dad, but… something important has just come up," the teen explained with a troubled expression quickly coming over him. It was an expression that his father immediately took notice of, "I need your help…"

XXX

(Some hours later)

Standing around the living room of Bulma’s home, the Z-fighters continued to chat amongst themselves and help pick up the pieces left behind in the wake of their most recent fiasco. While those like Mrs. Briefs went about trying to get the place tidied up, especially the mess made by Sentinel that’d left a massive twenty meter wide hole in their dining room wall, others such as Krillin and Yamcha continued to provide comfort for Bulma.

Even though she continued to go to Vegeta for support, everyone wanted to be there to help their friend however they could.

Being conscious enough to make only a handful of decisions at the moment, the blue haired scientist set their company robots to clean up the labs and the dining room. Since they were all programmed to follow specific instructions and commands, the little automaton helpers were ideal in separating the nonessential items of the rooms from those that were important, including being
able to tell the difference between tech that was unsalvageable and the stuff that was. And of course, because they didn't need food or breaks, they were tireless and dutiful in their actions, whizzing around the hallways at inhuman speeds.

For the longest time, the entire group remained in silence. It was perhaps one of the only times any of them remembered ever being quiet for so long, not knowing who to talk to or what to do. The only ones that didn't have any problems with this scenario were Piccolo, Vegeta, Zangya and Goten. While the Namekian managed to maintain his cool, knowing that the situation could be resolved one way or another, Vegeta and Zangya remained seemingly unaffected. This was mostly because both of them were stone-cold warriors and had seen their fair share of death in their lives, and while either one of them was more than capable of expressing emotions, they chose to remain collected instead.

If there was any members of their group that had to, it was them.

Goten on the other hand spent the few hours following Gohan's departure hanging around with Trunks, cheering his friend up while also taking to sitting near the latter's grandfather over by the couch. They remained there until Mrs. Briefs came by to take the two of them away and feed the youngsters some lunch, not only to cheer them up but to occupy her time as well.

Everyone had their way of coping with loss. Well… keeping herself busy was hers.

Most of the Z-fighters didn't partake in eating lunch together. Everyone just remained as they were, not really eating anything at all. After lunch time had come and gone and most of the property was being repaired, Bulma went over to sit by her grandfather and watch over him.

Tama the kitten also sat close by, positioned on the floor and staring up at his colleague and best friend in silence.

Making sure he was sleeping soundly, the woman sat by the man until she was joined by her mother. During this time, she began thinking of places to put her grandfather to rest while she went about fixing the Dragon Radar. She also used that time to think about her blunder and how she was going to apologize to him for creating an android that took his life.

Fortunately though, she wasn't able to think about it for very long.

When Mrs. Briefs gripped her shoulder in comfort and Bulma placed her hand on top of her mother's in response, they were suddenly startled out of their reverie by a cough and a groan. It was a collection of sounds that quickly had their eyes snap towards the deceased Doctor Briefs lying in front of them.

As soon as their attention fell upon him, they saw the man roll over and, through a half-lidded gaze, stared up at the two surprised ladies in exhaustion. Seconds later, the father's vision cleared, allowing him to see the two people standing over him.

Giving another moan of discomfort, Doctor Briefs slowly sat up, "Ugh. Why is my neck so stiff?"

His voice breaking the silence of the room immediately drew the collective attention of every single person in the area, including Piccolo, Android 18 and Vegeta. When everyone turned to the couch against the wall, they saw the recently deceased Briefs father sitting up and massaging his collar bone in confusion, which immediately set off alarm bells.

After rubbing away the soreness, the man sat up and cleared his throat, "Does anyone here have a glass of water."
"DADDY!" Bulma suddenly shouted, throwing herself at the doctor and trapping him in a hug.

Her actions surprising the old scientist, the founder of Capsule Corp also found himself locked in a hug from his beloved wife, who threw herself at him and wrapped her arms around his neck tightly. "Sweet heart! You're alive!" She even gave him a big kiss on the cheek to express her delight at seeing her husband was back.

Blinking a few times in a mixture of surprise and confusion, Doctor Briefs then gave a chuckle and returned his loved ones affections. "I'm so sorry I worried you two so much." Being sure to hug them both tightly, the man then pulled away and rubbed his wife's cheek tenderly, before then beaming at his daughter, who had tears brimming at the corners of her eyes.

It was then a familiar shout from the side drew the man's attention to yet another member of his family he would never forget, "Grandpa!" Right on cue, Trunks rushed across the living room floor and leapt at the man as well, with Bulma and Mrs. Briefs giving the child enough space to jump into the elder's arms and embrace him.

The impact of his four-year-old grandson drew a chuckle from the old scientist, "Hey there, little guy."

As the family embraced in a flurry of laughter and tears, the Z-fighters standing nearby looked on with expressions of surprise and joy. While Chi-Chi brushed a tear out of her eye and took Goten's hand in hers when the boy ran up to her, Piccolo, Android 18 and Zangya smiled, Vegeta merely stood off to the side with his arms crossed and a neutral expression in play, and Yamcha and Krillin looked on in confusion.

Everyone was so focused on the Briefs family reuniting that nobody noticed the Dragon Radar magically repair itself on the table nearby.

The former of the pair scratched his head, "What the heck's going on?"

"I don't know, man. Your best guess is as good as mine," Krillin also replied with a similar expression of bewilderment in play.

Goten, tilting his head at the Briefs family and seeing the good old Doctor reunite with his kitten Tama, turned his attention to the woman standing next to him. "I thought Doctor Briefs was dead, mummy. How did he come back to life?"

Chi-Chi shook her head, at the same time beaming down at her son happily, "I don't know, Goten. But he's awake now."

Appearing innocently confused for a few moments longer, the child smiled once again before turning his attention back to the scene in wonder, "It's just like magic."

It was these words that suddenly had the Son mother perk up and look in the direction of Yamcha and Krillin. When their gazes met, the three human members of the old Z-gang slowly began piecing things together in their heads. Several seconds of contemplation later, they all clicked onto the exact same thought and stared back at the couch incredulously.

"Could it be?" Krillin murmured.

Yamcha swallowed nervously, "No way. Did Gohan…?"

At that exact moment, a flash of golden light suddenly occurred directly in front of the group, the photons quickly forming into the shape of a person. They then dispelled to reveal Gohan standing
there, hands on his hips and a whopping big smile on his face. While the Briefs didn't take notice
him at first, all of the other Z-fighters did and fixed their attention on the demi-Saiyan in surprise,
around the same time the youngster turned to face them.

Zangya smirked at him, "You're back."

"Yep," the teen chirped, smiling around at his friends before then turning to his mentor, whom he
could see was smiling across at him as well.

The green-skinned warrior nodded knowingly in his direction, "You went to New Namek, didn't
you?"

"Uh-huh," Gohan replied, turning his attention to his mother and then towards Krillin. "I had to
make a couple of detours and ask a few people for directions, but after one or two jumps across the
universe I eventually managed to get there in one piece."

The realization had Krillin and Yamcha staring at the boy in amazement, with the former speaking
up on behalf of the pair, "H-How did you get them to let you borrow their dragon balls?"

"It wasn't that hard actually. I just explained to the elder and his people what'd happened over here
and the villagers let me use Porunga to make my wishes. Since Doctor Briefs and his family did so
much for them while they were staying over here, they were more than happy to help me out," the
teen said, before giving his friends a sheepish smile. "Honestly, I thought it was going to be a lot
harder than that. Thank Dende we don't need to go on a several month long journey to actually get
there anymore." His grin only seemed to widen. "Man, I love Instantaneous Movement."

Yamcha chuckled at the boy's remark, "You're one hell of a kid, Gohan."

"Yeah," Krillin also spoke up, seeing the teen smile at them and receive a hug from his mother.
"Way to go, man."

Gohan turned to look at Vegeta to see how the Saiyan Prince had responded to his little back-and-
forth across the cosmos. When his eyes met the warrior's, the hybrid received a nod of approval
from him as well as a grunt. Upon returning it with a smile and a bow of his own, the proud fighter
turned away from him and went back to staring at the couch.

Following his return and hoisting Goten onto his shoulder when the little tyke rushed over to him,
everyone turned back to the Briefs family to see Bulma and everybody else beaming in Gohan's
direction. When the woman expressed her gratefulness to the boy with a silent 'thank you', which
brought an even warmer smile to the teen's face, she turned to her father and immediately took on a
solemn look.

"Dad… I'm… I'm sorry for what happened last night," the blue haired woman whispered while
shaking her head. "I never expected things to get so out of hand. That Android… I… I thought that
with his programming that he was going to be just like before… and that when he came to life he
would be the same Sixteen like the one we remembered. But… But it turns out there was a monster
hiding inside of him and I… I let him kill you." Sniffling, Bulma rubbed her eye on the back of her
hand and choked out her last words. "Damn it. I'm so sorry, daddy… I'm sorry…" She then tensed
up and waited for the admonishment that was sure to come.

However, after several moments of waiting, the woman received none. Instead, the blue haired
scientist felt a pat on her head and looked up to see her father fondly smiling at her. When their
gazes met, Doctor Briefs gave her head a comforting rub and grinned, "It's alright, sweet heart. It's
alright." The man whispered comfort to her before pulling her forward and giving her a hug. "It
"wasn't your fault."

Bulma protested, shaking her head in dismay, "Yes. It was…"

"No. It wasn't. None of us could have ever expected things to spiral out of control like they did. Not even you… and you're one of the best of us. That's the reality of being a scientist, Bulma," Doctor Briefs stated, pulling back and seeing his teary-eyed daughter staring back at him with sadness reflected in her gaze. "We can plan and prepare all we want when walking down the path to discovery. But no matter how hard you work, no matter how much effort you use, or how many safeguards you put in to prevent the unexpected from happening, things can still happen that are beyond our control or understanding. But as long as we endure and don't lose sight of ourselves, we'll be able to pick ourselves up and keep moving forward. That's all there is to it." The man chuckled and wiped a tear from his girl's cheek, "Don't let this mishap stop you from being the amazing scientist you are, Bulma."

Staring at the man for several moments in silence following his speech, Bulma then choked on unshed tears and beamed at her father. "You always did know what to say when I was upset." Sniffling, she took the man's hand and pressed it against her face, keeping it there before moving forward and hugging him, "I love you, dad."

The old founder smiled and returned her hug, "I know, dear. I know."

While the father and daughter embraced, and the Z-fighters standing in the background continued to watch on quietly, Krillin then had a thought and turned towards the demi-Saiyan standing by his mother's side curiously.

"By the way, Gohan, isn't the Namekian dragon supposed to grant you three wishes?" When he saw the boy look at him, the monk raised an eyebrow, "What did you use the other two wishes for?"

Grinning, the hybrid looked away, "Well, the first one I used to wish Doctor Briefs back to life. The second one I used to repair all the damages the Sentinel fight had caused to Capsule Corp and West City."

Krillin blinked, "And… the third one?"

"Oh…" Gohan shrugged and smiled brightly, "That one's a surprise."

This cryptic response left Krillin and Yamcha looking at one another in confusion. However, considering that this was their best friend's son they were talking about, they knew that the kid would have wished for something for either selfless or practical reasons, and thus had nothing to be concerned about. So, upon reaching this conclusion, everyone within earshot of the spiky haired teen turned back to watch as Doctor Briefs was brought up to speed on what'd happened following his brush with death.

As expected, he was relieved to hear that Sentinel had been destroyed by Vegeta and that the robot had been stopped. It was as though a great weight had been lifted free from their shoulders, leaving them with a sense of achievement and a feeling that things were going to be okay again. As the group stood around the living room and the robots going about cleaning up Capsule Corp's main building were baffled to find that everything had been miraculously repaired and replaced during their work, it seemed like their world was once again saved from another android crisis.

OOO
Many, many miles away from West City, far to the North where another great metropolis stood, there sat the familiar home belonging to a long forgotten enemy. With the only remnants being a massive pile of rubble and chunks of metallic debris and machinery lying about, making up both the top and basement levels of Doctor Gero's lab, there seemed to be very little that remained of the old nemesis of Son Goku's. After the last few years that'd come and gone, the place had been left pretty much undisturbed, with nothing but the forces of nature to twist and mould the debris to their liking.

Ever since Trunks and Krillin's visit here, which had left the entire lower levels of the complex buried and the rest of the lab in pieces; it was nothing but an empty graveyard now. To the Z-fighters and their friends, this place had been pretty much left forgotten.

To all but one of course.

At the base of the cliff where the lab was once situated, the ground grass-covered ground slowly started to churn before a large silver drill suddenly shot out of it. This was immediately followed by the metallic body of a thoroughly beaten up and damaged Sentinel. Dazed, burnt, and a little bit confused, the armor plated android's gears ground and churned loudly as he pulled himself to the surface and, after regaining his footing, walked out into the open.

Here, you could see that not only was an entire half of his body missing, including his right arm, side and shoulder, but the android had half a head missing too. He was like two-face, except without the other side to shout back at him. This pretty much left most of the mechanics making up the inner workings of his frame exposed to the air, classing the android as nothing more than a wrecked piece of hardware.

At least… that's what a normal person would believe.

"S-S-System reboot complete. Primary threat successfully evaded," Sentinel spoke, sparks flying from the side of his cranium as he recovered from the thorough beating he'd received."Compiling files. Assessing damages. Scanning." A few beeps of his optical sensor later and the android smiled. Or rather… half smiled. "Damage to primary combat chassis: thirty-eight percent. Damage to nuclear furnace: five percent. Damage to central processing unit: zero percent."

Cracking its neck, the android marched towards the mound of rubble that had previously been his creator's home, all the while taking stock of his body's condition. "Energy levels at sixty percent. Good. I can work with that."

Even so, being hit by that last attack at the closing stages of his fight back in West City had still come as quite a shock to the robot. Despite his overwhelming confidence and mathematical certainty at being able to defeat Vegeta in the state he was in, the android failed to anticipate the power boosts of the man's transformation stages, which had been a significant blunder on his part. However, as soon as he'd realized he didn't stand a chance against the Prince in his Super Saiyan form, the robot quickly devised a plan to escape his foe, while at the same time making it look as though he'd been destroyed.

The android took the brunt of the blast in the side, ensuring the main components of his form didn't suffer any serious damage in the cataclysm to follow. Then, while Vegeta flew over to check on the crater he supposedly ended up in, the android detached his damaged parts and fled underground, ensuring he covered his tracks at the same time.

It'd been a useful trick and a necessary sacrifice on his part in order to make a clean escape.
Sentinel had also made certain to set aside the information he'd gained from today's battle for future reference.

Marching up the field of boulders and scrap metal of the ruined plateau, the android slowly began searching the area for something—anything that he could use as a temporary joining agent. It wasn't until he happened upon a discarded android storage pod lying wedged in the rubble with the number '16' written on it did he know he was in the right place.

Approaching the unit, the robot took a moment to analyze the damage and rust and, realizing it still had salvageable material he could use, extended his only working arm towards it and opened the plates on his guard. Cables then shot out and plugged into the pod, slipping into all the open areas and places with wiring sticking out. After several seconds of sparks and electricity bursts, Sentinel then disassembled the key components of the capsule and pulled them back towards his frame.

Using the parts he'd managed to grab, he was able to not only cover up the damages done to his side and head, he was also able to create a makeshift arm, leaving one side of his form fully armored while his damaged right side had a skeleton limb. Flexing it and its makeshift fingers, checking to make sure it was responding properly. Sentinel then turned his attention back to the area.

"A crude design, but it will do until I can build a proper replacement for it." Scanning the hill of rubble and debris for several minutes, using his specially modified sensors to search underneath the various obstructions, the android quickly saw that some of Doctor Gero's lab had remained intact. Though much of the basement had been buried and most of the tech inside had been blown to pieces, there were still many things left lying around for him to use.

Even some of the small storage spaces for machinery and computers with specially installed shock buffers had also managed to survive the hell they'd been put through. It was all the comfort the android needed to know he could pick up where he'd left off.

"First order of business is to repair this body," Sentinel stated, raising a hand and extending his cables into the rubble. One by one he began plucking random bits of metal debris out of the earth, salvaging what he could of his original creator's place of business. He was lucky that the good Doctor had designed his old lab using the finest material and hardware he could steal, because even after all the exposure to the harsh environment, most of it hadn't rusted in the least.

While he continued to scavenge the area, Sentinel smiled once again, "Second order of business is to create a base of operations. Then I can begin work on my next major project."

As far as he was concerned, sacrificing a third of his body to make it look as though he'd been blown to bits by Vegeta's blast had been a great way to throw the Saiyan Prince off his tail. Now that he and the Briefs family believed he was destroyed, Sentinel now had plenty of space to recover from the damages he'd received, upgrade his frame, and construct a home to conduct his next set of tasks.

After all, he had plenty of objectives and schemes in his head to follow up on, all of which involved improving upon his current form and taking over the world.

If he was going to do that, then he needed power and resources. That first one was a must.

There was an entire city nearby where he could 'borrow' technology and hardware from, and with the Z-fighters off his tail and a destroyed lab in an isolated area to work with; Sentinel had all the time in the world…
7 Year Gap - Where We Left Off

Author's Note: Well folks. Here it is. The final montage chapter you've all been waiting for before the end of the Seven Year Gap.

Be warned, this chapter was, like, fifty pages long when I wrote it, so it's safe to say you'll have a lot of fun reading it over the next day or two. I know I did.

Anyhow, hope you all enjoy it.

---

**Dragonball Z**

**Legacies**

**Where We Left Off**

(Two days later)

Hearing nothing but the wind brushing past her hair and cowl, the white haired form of Paprika stood atop a spire of rock with her eyes firmly shut and the most intense look pulled across her face. It wasn't that she was terrified of standing on top of that pillar hundreds of feet above the ground. Far from it. She was simply focusing on the energy swirling around inside her and concentrating it around a certain point, which was revealed moments later when her eyes snapped open and, taking a step forward, she threw her right hand forward and unleashed it all in one go.

"HA!" With a bellowing shout, a pink flash of light left her hand and rocketed towards the deserted mountain standing several kilometers in front of her. The blast quickly impacted against its side and detonated with the force of a nuke, incinerating the entire front portion of the edifice and bringing down half of it in the form of rubble and dust.

After the cloud of smoke lifted from the area, it revealed a blast-shaped crater in the side of the remaining half of the mountain and a decent part of the landscape covered in massive chunks of debris.

Clicking her tongue irritably, the green-skinned Makyan with the black uniform and red scarf stepped out of her stance and clenched her fists again. "Not as tough as the mountains in the north, but these ones are still quite sturdy..." Taking a deep breath, the young girl huffed, "I've been training like hell for weeks and I still haven't made any jumps. Damn it..."

Every time it seemed like she was getting somewhere with her power and skills, that bastard of a half-Saiyan simply moved one step ahead of her even faster, just to stay in the lead. It was mind numbingly annoying and frustrating.

"Hey, Paprika. What's up?"

And speak of the devil...

Eye twitching, the white haired girl glanced over her shoulder to see who it was that suddenly called her name.

Sure enough, appearing right there in her peripheral vision, she saw Son Gohan himself, dressed in the same gi he'd worn to the world tournament, land directly behind her with that irritating smile...
on his face. She didn't even question how the hell he'd managed to find her all the way out here, considering she wasn't even trying to hide her energy signature. However, his arrival at this place did raise a few other inquiries…

"Blowing up mountains again? That's cool. I usually do it while I'm training as well, but I try to keep the damages to a minimum. The earth has enough problems to deal with supporting over four billion people and animals on it. Having a couple of super powered aliens blasting the heck out of its landscapes is something it can do without," the demi-Saiyan teen spoke, obviously as a joke.

Despite his words seemingly falling on deaf ears, Gohan continued to grin across at the girl's back as the wind whipped past them and the awkwardness of the moment started to settle in.

Eventually feeling the sensation tickling at the crook in his neck, the young Saiyan cleared his throat and placed his hands on his hips, "So what's happening on your side of the ball? Been training hard for the next Tenkaichi Budokai?" He then saw Paprika turn around and, after throwing him a hard glare, took a couple of steps towards him. Not sensing anything off about her actions, Gohan continued to speak in his same, good-natured manner. "Considering how strong you are now, you must have been working your butt off these past couple years. I bet your Super Makyan form is much more powerful then it was before if your current energy level is anything to go by-" CRACK!

Gohan's comments were effectively cut off when he received a hard punch to the face from the girl, who managed to cock his head to the side and draw blood. Shaking her fist out, the Makyan stared at him firmly for a moment before turning heel and facing the destroyed mountain once again, leaving the slightly surprised half-Saiyan rubbing his now bruised cheek.

"Shut up, Son. You're ruining a perfectly good training session," the Makyan spoke in a harsh tone of voice. She grunted immediately afterwards, "Honestly, I can't stand your incessant blabbering…"

Her remark to his appearance and her punch had Gohan chuckle weakly, "Heh… still sore at me for knocking you around back then, huh?" Massaging his jaw and rolling it, the youngster grinned across at her. "I guess I deserved that one."

Though he was a bit skeptical on that one, considering he did blow up her home planet all those years ago, the girl still packed a wicked right hook. That much was clear.

"What the hell do you want?" Paprika asked, not even bothering to give the boy the courtesy of eye contact.

Upon nursing his throbbing cheek, the demi-Saiyan beamed brightly at her, "I was just wondering if I could talk to you for a minute…” He then gestured over his shoulder with his thumb, "Just for a minute. Not here though. I need to speak with you somewhere else."

His words prompting the girl to look over her shoulder again, Paprika glared momentarily at the incredibly cheerful Gohan. Upon taking in his warm smile and kind eyes, she once again turned away from him and focused her attention back on the countryside.

"Pass."

The young warrior immediately appeared disappointed, "Aw. But… why?"

"Are you seriously asking me that question?" the Makyan asked in amazement, looking around to see the Saiyan drop his arm to his side in confusion. Upon seeing his reaction, the girl sighed and
raised a hand in defeat, "Kai, you're as dense as the fucking moon." She then jabbed her fingers in
the air, "Three reasons. One: I hate you. Two: you blew up my home planet. Three: after all the
shit I had to go through in the past five years because of what you did, do you honestly think that I
would waste my time and energy speaking with you outside of the ring? Even though I'm not out to
murder you in your sleep, I'm still your damn enemy." Not receiving an immediate answer except
a few confused blinks and a blank stare, Paprika quickly gave up on him fixed her attention
elsewhere. "Ugh. It's useless trying to explain anything to you. Just leave me alone."

Sensing hostilities growing, Gohan sighed and raised his hands, "Alright. Alright. I will." Stepping
to the side, he then resolutely gestured to the landscape behind him, "But only after you come with
me for a couple of minutes. I just want to show you something. After that I'll leave you alone and
we won't have to speak to each other ever again… okay?"

Despite his voice and persistence grating on her like nails on a chalkboard, the Makyan considered
his words carefully for several moments. As much as she wanted to blow him off entirely and take
a shot at him for continuing to bug her, the girl relented for a couple of reasons, the first being that
he was still much stronger than her.

The second was that even if she tried to get physical, the boy was stubborn and would probably
stick around until she did something other than say 'no'. He did seem to be that kind of person on
the surface and if her history on him was correct then that was most likely the case.

After a full minute of silence and continuing to feel the boy's pleading eyes bore into the back of
her skull, Paprika eventually came to the conclusion that the monkey wasn't going to leave her
alone no matter what she did to try and stave him off. So, after giving an irritable sigh and a slump
of her shoulders, the white-haired fighter spun around and cursed, "For the love of… FINE! Fine!
I'll come with you…" She then grumbled under her breath when she saw Gohan's smile reappear,
"Lousy, stupid, airheaded, orange-wearing clown."

Completely missing the spite towards him, the half-Saiyan took flight and Paprika followed close
behind. Figuring she wouldn't like him being anywhere within contact distance, Gohan decided not
to try and teleport her to the location and simply led her there instead. Setting a comfortable pace,
the pair left the deserts of the West and headed South-East, during which time neither of them said
a word to each other. All they did was glide along at a reasonable speed in silence and kept a safe,
breathing distance from each other, with the half-Saiyan glancing over his shoulder every now and
then to make sure the girl was still behind him.

Every time his eyes landed on her, he saw the Makyan glaring at him with her arms crossed and a
suspicous expression in play.

That was all Gohan needed to know that she was at least going to stick with him until the end of
this journey.

For the next few minutes they glided along, watching as the landscape around them quickly
transformed into forest covered mountains, canyons and plateaus. Recognizing the scenery as
being the backdrop making up Mount Paozu, Paprika was about to ask the boy why the heck they
were going to his home until she suddenly saw him drop altitude. Sticking to him, she descended as
well until they landed softly in a grass-covered clearing beside a very familiar waterfall and river.

Looking around at what she realized was one of her meditation spots, the Makyan then shot the
boy a frown as he walked forward, "Alright. What the hell did you bring me all the way out here
for?"

Still smiling from ear to ear, the teen glanced over his shoulder to meet Paprika's gaze, "I just
wanted to apologize for everything that's happened between us. After all the stuff that's gone on in the last several years, the androids showing up, Cell, Bojack and everything, living on this planet must've been really tough on you." Seeing her narrow her eyes on him, the half-Saiyan continued in earnest. "I… also wanted to thank you for looking out for my little brother whenever he went out on his little adventures."

Caught a little bit off guard by that last part, the white haired girl looked at her chief rival in bewilderment, "You… knew I was…"

"Even though I'm sometimes not around when Goten goes outside to play, I still know exactly where he is and wherever he ends up," Gohan informed, tapping the side of his head with a warm grin. "You can hide your ki signature really well whenever you're on another part of the planet. But you can't hide whenever a second energy signature manages to find you. Squirt pretty much blew the whistle on your position the first time he ran into you outside my house."

The Makyan blinked a couple of times before looking off with a grunt, arms still folded and ire still burning brightly. "I have no intention of harming any of your friends or family… especially your little brother. Unlike some of the other enemies you encountered in the past, I'm not a monster."

She then glanced back at him momentarily, "I welcome any opportunity to show kindness and care to the uncorrupted… even if they are the blood of the person I detest most in this world."

Gohan lightened up at her sincere response, "Sure. I wanted to come out and thank you personally, but I knew that words wouldn't be enough. So I… well…" Rubbing the back of his neck nervously, he then stepped aside and gestured across the river. "I wanted to do something special to show my appreciation."

When Paprika looked in the direction he was pointing, her eyes widened in surprise when she found herself staring at something she thought she'd long forgotten.

Standing plain in her sights, sitting alongside the forest and river, was a large, purple house made of stone with numerous windows, dome-shaped tiled roofs giving the building the appearance of mushrooms clustered together, a chimney, a beautiful garden out front, and a contemporary archway. Bearing the appearance of a cottage in a fantasy setting, it not only had greenery growing all over it, there was also a watermill not too far from the house giving the place a turbine to work grains and other miscellaneous material.

However, this was apparently no ordinary setup or building, as the sight of the house had Paprika walk forward and reach out with a hand. "I-Is that…?"

"I know it's not like the one back on your home planet, but I did the best I could with the wish that I had," Gohan explained, smiling at the girl as she stared across at the house in disbelief. "Since you're probably not used to living out in the wilderness like some other people I know, I wanted to do something to help you out. So I asked the dragon of New Namek to build you a house." He then lowered his hand and regarded the girl with a soft look. "I stocked up the pantry, moved the furniture and bought you some other stuff to get you started. It's not much, but…"

"No, no, it's fine," Paprika murmured, not taking her eyes off the building for a second. "It… almost looks like the house I grew up in with my…" She then stopped when she realized what she was about to say and glanced across at Gohan. Considering his expression for but a moment, she then returned to a normal standing position and frowned at the structure. "It's very nice."

Smiling at her remark, Gohan nodded across the river, "Do you want me to give you a tour?"

Paprika quickly shook her head, "No, I'm good." She then shot him a glare, one that had the boy
lean away a little, "I did say I would only speak with you for a couple of minutes… so…"

Nodding in understanding, the half-Saiyan quickly turned to leave. Reaching into his belt, he pulled out a key and tossed it to the Makyan, who caught it and held it firmly between her fingers. Upon which the youngster then gave her a pleasant wave, "If you need anything, don't hesitate to drop by and ask. Okay?"

"Whatever," Paprika replied quickly, at the same time showing him her back. "Now get lost."

Satisfied with her response, the half-Saiyan then placed his fingers to his forehead and vanished in a golden flash. After seeing the boy leave via teleport, Paprika then took a moment to look over the house and check out the key she'd been given.

Inspecting it for several seconds, a warm smile then crossed the demon girl's lips and, clenching the key in the palm of her hand, decided to go check out the home.

Though it wasn't like the one she had back on her former planet, it was close enough.

"I'll be sure to punch him extra hard the next time we meet," Paprika thought with a small smirk in play.

XXX

(One Year Later)

Things on earth really quieted down following the incident at Capsule Corp. Thanks to Vegeta, the abomination the Z-fighters later dubbed Sentinel 16 had been wiped clean off of the face of the planet and with Gohan's quick jump across space, they were able to repair all of the damages the android had caused to the surrounding landscape. While the situation had indeed appeared dire at first, the fully automated enemy fighter didn't actually cause that much destruction to be classified as a Cell-level threat. After the Saiyan Prince had finished dealing with him, the man claimed that the android Bulma had created was only about as strong as the original Sixteen, perhaps even stronger.

Whatever the case, with the robot destroyed, Doctor Briefs brought back to life, and the West City region restored to its previously serene state, the defenders of earth could once again return to their usual routines.

In the next several months to follow, Krillin finally stopped beating around the bush and proposed to Android 18, who gladly accepted with a smile on her face and a sparkle in her eye. The pair had the ceremony two weeks later in a temple not too far from Gohan's house. As expected, every one of the Z-fighters attended the event, including the Satan family and Zangya, the latter of whom ended up being the maid of honor. It was a simple affair with very few embellishments, but a terrific day all the same. Even Piccolo managed to have a good time at the dinner, standing in the corner chatting away with Gohan and all the others who decided to swing by his spot. And as expected of the occasion, everyone was sure to congratulate the newly married couple on finally tying the knot, who headed off on their honeymoon shortly thereafter.

The wedding turned out to be the biggest highlight of the year for everyone involved. It also served as a major turning point for Krillin who, after years of being on the receiving end of vicious beatings at the hands of villains far more powerful than him and going through more hell then any normal person would have to go through in their entire lifetime, the Z-fighters included, managed to get what he considered the girl of his dreams. Yamcha made extra certain to praise the guy for bagging the hottest babe their group had ever come across, which promptly ended in him receiving
a frying pan to the head from Bulma.

After that weekend, the days slowly pedaled back to a regular pace. Bulma, albeit reluctantly, returned to her work in the laboratories getting her projects done and restarting the Android 16 remodeling from scratch. This time though, she made certain to scrub the files that created Sentinel in the first place and began taking the construction of the automaton one step at the time.

As an extra precaution to the overall scheme, the woman decided not to give the robot the same frame right from the get-go. Wanting to avoid yet another accident at the facility, Bulma went right back to square one with plastic, a safety she was planning to install into all future robots. She also had an idea on how to make the new android more 'people friendly', a result she was really looking forward to testing.

Before anyone knew it, an entire year had once again come and gone.

In the Son household, Goten was another term older and, true to his Saiyan genetics, he was growing fast. Now at four, the boy had become just as articulate and strong as Gohan was at the same age. And just like his older brother, the sibling had developed the same loving, carefree nature as the hybrid fighter, with the exact same strengths and capabilities that would put most other kids to shame.

This also included a penchant for literacy and numeracy, a skill that he was currently practicing as part of his schooling at home.

Sitting at his desk in his bedroom surrounded by books, in a setting very familiar to all those who lived in that house, the child dressed in the orange and blue prince-style uniform with black spiky hair could be seen scribbling away on a graph paper. Going through his Year 6 geometry with a smile on his face and tongue sticking out of the corner of his mouth, Goten was really letting his textbook have it.

"There… now… if I was to arrange the coordinates this way," the youngster murmured to himself, only to suddenly be interrupted from his train of thought by the door to his bedroom opening.

Looking across, Goten saw his mother, dressed in her familiar yellow household robes and shoes, walk in with a tray of sandwiches, apples and juice. The sight of her delivery had the child beam excitedly, "Hi mum."

"Hello son. Studying hard?"

"I think so," the boy replied, quickly glancing back at his work and flipping through his pages in reverse. "I've just finished the entire chapter on shapes and moved into the final chapter on Cartesian coordinate systems. After this I'll be switching back to my algebra."

"That's excellent," Chi-Chi exclaimed brightly, setting the tray of goodies down next to him and leaning over to check on her boy's work. After running through the pages he'd already completed, the woman gave an approving nod and patted her son on the shoulder, "Well done Goten. After you're done with this portion, I think we can move on to your biology homework in the afternoon. How does that sound?"

"Yeah," the child chirped with an enthusiastic nod. "I want to learn more about cicadas and dragonflies. They look so cool when they're all grown up."

The mother giggled, "Oh, I'm sure there will be plenty of time to study your insects, Goten. But I think we'll need to start setting you up on learning about the process of photosynthesis and plants for the next unit as soon as possible. We can't have you hanging around the basics the entire year,
"Okay," Goten agreed while taking one of the apple slices she'd brought for him and popping it into his mouth.

While Chi-Chi beamed at her youngest child and Goten moved onto the next page of his book, the sound of loud shouts and heavy fists cutting through the air suddenly drew their attention out the window. When the pair looked across the grassland that was their backyard and past the oak tree standing several meters away from their house, the mother and son saw a familiar orange figure dart across the sky in a series of barely visible blurs. They watched the anomaly continue to streak through the air at light speed before eventually reappearing out of his dimension engaged in a heated shadow sparring match.

Adorned in a pair of orange gi pants and a blue belt, with massive weight bands that had the appearance of padding slipped around his wrists and ankles, the spiky haired form of a sixteen year old Gohan could be seen going through the motions of yet another fierce training session. Sweat flying off of him with every punch and kick he threw at speeds humans would not be able to track, the boy shouted and grunted with every combination he unleashed, attacking from the one spot before beginning to move about the air at random.

At first glance it seemed like the teen was the only one out there. But on closer inspection, the family indoors saw not only Icarus sitting out there on the grass and watching him, but the boy's friend Lime was also out there, sitting by the dragon and watching her friend work.

She was obviously amazed at the sheer skill and speed the half-Saiyan was displaying, and who wouldn't be. Gohan was clearly fighting in a manner that no other human on earth fought, including her grandfather.

Chi-Chi sighed as she straightened up and placed a hand on her hip, "There he goes again; tearing it up like there's no tomorrow."

As he watched his older brother punch and kick away at the air with amazement reflected in his eyes, the young Goten couldn't help the excited smile that slowly formed on his lips.

Yelling out as he repeatedly cut the air with planet crushing attacks, Gohan then performed a stylish aerial spin kick before descending to the ground. Stopping just an inch above the grass, the teen flew forward with an onslaught of punches and a high kick, which he then followed up with a backwards summersault that sent him into the sky. Upon securing a good altitude once again, he continued throwing combinations of lightning fast blows, utilizing attacks and moves from both his father's and Piccolo's fighting styles. Though the speed he moved at made it impossible to tell the difference between any of his strikes, it was still an impressive display nonetheless.

The sixteen year old Lime, wearing a yellow, loose fitted blouse with a tasteful red skirt befitting her age, whistled when she saw the raven haired teen throw another wide hook, which was then instantly followed by a barrage of side-kicks and a rapid fire series of jabs. "That's amazing, Gohan. It sounds like you're lobbing cannon balls with every attack."

With one last shout, the boy thrust a right corkscrew across the grasslands towards the mountains. As soon as his strike was thrown, a sonic boom rang out followed by a gust of wind that rippled over the grass and eventually struck the side of the distant edifice. The attack's impact over five kilometers away took the form of a blast of dust and rubble that shot up into the air in all directions, showing just how much force he actually put behind the blow.

Icarus squawked at the sight of the cataclysm, whereas Lime stared in awe.
Satisfied with the results, Gohan turned back to his audience member and grinned, "I'm in really good form today. If I keep at it, I'm sure I'll be able to use these things in the gravity room no problem." He flexed the massive weight bands he was wearing, which looked more like a set of red tires than anything else.

"How much do you think they'll actually weigh when you get in there?"

"Since they're imbued with demon magic, several hundred thousand times more if I really push it. But I don't want to kill myself. They're already set at four tons a piece. The highest I can actually go is forty tons altogether, but that's only if I'm in peak condition," Gohan replied, holding one up and effortlessly jabbing out with it. After a few shots he pulled it back. "Sure, it's a bit old fashioned, but a little bit of old every now and then has always been good in my books."

"That's what my grandpa says to me sometimes." Lime grinned from her spot on the grass, "How long do you think it would take me to become strong enough to lift one of those on my own?"

"Honestly?" Looking up thoughtfully for a moment and gauging the girl's power level, the teen Saiyan grinned, "If you'd started doing this sort of stuff about three years ago, I probably would've been able to get you to hold at least one of these by now. Maybe even two."

"Ah, shoot," the country girl jabbed the air, clicking her tongue in annoyance. "Figures. I should have started grandpa's martial arts training earlier. I was lazy."

Gohan grinned in amusement, "Is he giving you the full Master Roshi treatment or is he doing his own thing?"

"Ugh." The brown haired girl with the ponytail groaned and placed her cheek in her hand, "You don't know the half of it. Good thing I've got the day off today. If he'd sent me out there this morning to work on the fields, swim up the rivers and push those damn boulders across the valleys for the hundredth time, I'd probably be dead right now."

Ever since the Sentinel incident back in Capsule Corp, Lime had managed to convince her grandfather to start training her in his martial arts. While the old man had been hesitant at first, he eventually conceded to his beloved granddaughter's pleading and started her on the fighter's path.

Taking inspiration from Gohan's methods, the retired warrior not only had the girl working on her technical skills, but her strength and speed as well. To put it simply, if he was going to be teaching her his family's martial arts, he was damn well going to teach her properly, and what better place was there to start out then the fundamentals.

Obviously his granddaughter had been motivated by Gohan's attitude to knuckle down into something constructive and practical in her life. Considering how much she enjoyed spending time with him, it made sense she would want to start doing the same stuff he did in order to have something else to talk with him about.

"Keep at it. From what I can sense you're making excellent progress," Gohan said with an encouraging smile from up high.

Taking his words to heart, Lime smiled back at him sweetly, "Don't worry, Gohan. I will." Her exclamation earned a delightful chirp from the pink dragon lying on the grass directly beside her. Just before Gohan could sink back into another hard routine of punches and kicks, the pattering of footsteps and a voice quickly drew his attention towards the house.

"Big brother!" When Lime and the hybrid turned, they saw Goten rushing across the grass towards
them with a thousand megawatt smile on his face and eyes sparkling with joy. Skidding to a stop not too far from them, the boy planted his feet into the ground and beamed at his airborne sibling.

Gohan greeted the youngster in kind. "Hey, squirt. What's up?"

"Can you teach me how to fight like you, big brother?" Goten asked, his face all a glow as he stood there with his hands at his sides and eyes set on the powerful demi-Saiyan. "Please. I've finished my homework and mum said I could spend the rest of the day with you if I wanted to."

At first caught off guard by his brother's request, the teen then allowed a smile to form on his face before he started to float back down to the grass. "You want to learn how to do martial arts?"

Seeing the child nod his head vigorously, Gohan let out a chuckle. Touching down gently, he then marched up to the four-year-old and placed his hands on his hips. "I don't know. Learning how to fight like me takes a lot of practice and discipline. Are you sure you're up to it, little guy?"

Goten nodded a second time, "Uh-huh." He then brought his hands up and formed them into fists of self-assurance and determination. "You're so fast and strong, big brother… much stronger than Vegeta and daddy… and I want to be able to do the same stuff that you can do." The boy then pulled away a little and focused his gaze on the ground anxiously. "I know you're busy training with Mr. Piccolo, Big Sister Zangya and Videl every week, but if Trunks is starting to train with his dad, I want to start training to become strong as well."

Feeling a sense of pride swell in his chest at his little brother's words, Gohan gave the youngster one last nod before reaching forward and placing a hand on top of his head. "Alright then. If this is what you really want to do, then let's do it. I'll teach you everything I know." Upon seeing Goten's expression brim with excitement, the teen glanced towards Lime and Icarus, and gestured the girl towards them. "Hey. Wanna join in?"

Perking up in surprise, the farmer girl quickly responded, "Yeah. Sure." Springing to her feet, the cheerful audience member jogged over to the pair, leaving Icarus lying on his patch with his tail wagging behind him.

"Okay, Lime. Stand over here next to Goten and both of you turn to face me." Watching her do as instructed, the teen then stepped away and focused his attention on the pair. Upon sizing them up, the half-Saiyan made an approving gesture. "Alright then. Let's get started. You guys know how to take a basic horse-riding stance, right?"

Lime nodded, "Uh-huh."

"L-Like this?" Goten asked, standing with his feet shoulder-width apart and his fists held at his sides, primed and ready. The girl standing next to him did the exact same thing, smiling happily when she saw Gohan nod towards her before then approaching his younger brother.

"That's good, Goten. Just remember to relax your shoulders and bend your knees a little," the teen said, pushing the boy's arms down a little and nudging his back up. Once he was certain the child was upright, Gohan then stood between them and took a stance as well. Not caring that he was still carrying twelve tons of weight on his person, the boy then began going through the movements with them, at the same time watching his brother closely. "Now, the basic Chokuzuki can be thrown from this position. Remember to distribute your weight evenly as you punch using a twisting motion with your fist, arm and shoulder." He then threw his fist forward, an action which was perfectly mimicked by his little brother and Lime next to him. "Got it?"

"Yes," Goten nodded.
Gohan grinned, "Good. Now for the second motion. When you bring your fist back, make sure you return it to the same position as before. The second you pull it back, you let loose the right one." He then threw a punch with his right, which Goten and Lime copied. "This will give you your standard one-two combo for this style."

And so Goten's training in the art of fighting began. As the older brother walked the youngster and his best friend through the basic attacks, moving them through a few different styles over the next hour or so, the group was unknowingly watched on from the house by the ever-cheerful Chi-Chi. Eyes shimmering with delight as she witnessed her older son begin teaching his little brother the art of fighting, the Son mother felt her heart soar as she saw the spirit of her husband burning brightly in both of them.

Meanwhile, just like the mother was watching from the doorway of her home, the group was also looked on from afar by the caped form of Piccolo, who could be seen standing under his usual tree with his arms folded and his characteristic passive stare fixed upon the family at the bottom of the hill.

XXX

(Some Months Later)

(Satan City)

A knock on the door echoed throughout the enormous mansion that was Hercule Satan's house, informing all who was currently inside that there was a visitor. About several seconds after the noise was made, the door was opened, followed shortly by Jenkins stepping into view. As soon as the old butler's head popped into view, his serious gaze turned downwards to see a blonde haired girl in a green singlet top and jeans standing in front of him.

"Hello, Jenkins," the teen greeted cheerfully, putting a smile on the man's face.

"Ah. Erasa. Good morning," the family's runner replied as he pulled the door open further. "You're looking well."

"Same to you," the blonde exclaimed, before leaning to the side and peering into the enormous hallway of the lavish home. "Would Videl happen to be around, by any chance?"

The old servant chuckled and stepped aside, simultaneously ushering the visitor through, "She's currently in the backyard doing her nine o'clock exercises. Don't worry. You won't find Mr. Satan anywhere around the house. He's going to be out running errands for the rest of the day."

"Sweet. Thanks so much," Erasa said, quickly stepping in so that the man could shut the door behind them. Once again the blonde teenager found herself gawking at the sheer size and extravagance of her best friend's home, admiring all of the furniture, artwork and decorum making up the interior of the Champ's domain.

Nodding in approval at how polished and tidy the place was, courtesy of the home's various maids and servants, the visitor to the mansion wasted no time in making her way to the back of the building. Escorted by Jenkins the entire way through, Erasa then had the door to the back porch opened up for her and was given directions by the man as to where she could find her schoolmate. The blonde made certain to thank the family's butler before heading down the steps and into Hercule Satan's billionaire garden.

Passing by the large pool and the many bushes and palms lining the beds, the teen soon made her
way to the area where Videl was; a backyard driveway where the family's other vehicles were currently parked outside the garage.

As expected, Erasa found her friend there going through her morning warm up routines only… it wasn't what she was expecting.

The teen blinked in astonishment when she saw Videl bench-pressing one of the family's Hummer's, sitting directly underneath it dressed in an orange and blue gi, and suspending the vehicle a couple feet above the ground. From the expression on her face, the girl looked as though she wasn't even trying, but had apparently gone through a much harder routine sometime earlier. However, Videl's previous workouts were the least of Erasa's concerns as the blonde continued to watch as her best friend lifted an excess of over a ton of weight over her head like it was just a one kilogram dumbbell.

After a couple minutes of standing there gaping like a fish, Erasa eventually shook herself out of her daze and strolled forward, bending over to smile at her hardworking schoolmate lying across the metal bench. "Damn, girl. A little over excessive, don't you think?"

It was at this point the raven haired fighter finally acknowledged her friend's presence, "Oh. Hey Erasa. I didn't see you there. Glad you could make it." She then turned back to her makeshift gym equipment. "Hang on a second, just finishing up here."

Performing a couple more reps, Videl then moved the vehicle one-handedly over her and set it aside, allowing it to touch down and engage its massive wheels. Once she'd moved it off of her, the teen then leapt to her feet and rolled her arms, loosening herself up after a good session.

"Woo. That was great."

Considering the Hummer for a moment, Erasa then looked at her friend in amazement, "You never told me you could lift cars, Videl. Since when the heck could you do that?"

"Oh… since I started training like this a couple years ago," Videl replied, gripping her shoulder and rotating her arm, before moving to adjust her weighted wrist bands. "It was tough at first, but after several months of hard pushup, sit-up and squat routines wearing ridiculously heavy loads… pushing cars and tossing trucks is like child's play to me."

Blinking a few times in surprise, Erasa then cracked a smile, "So… is that the reason why you've been taking so many months off of school to study at home? Have you been taking super secret fighting lessons under your dad?"

"Well… yes and no. I've been taking a lot of martial arts seminars and classes over the holidays and semesters," Videl answered, returning to a proper standing position and smiling across at her schoolyard companion. "But my dad wasn't the one that's been teaching me. It was… somebody else… a very close friend of mine."

Finding some juicy gossip in the girl's words, the blonde clapped her hands together excitedly and grinned at her raven haired counterpart, "Ooh. Would this 'close friend' happen to be this mysterious Son Gohan I've been hearing so much about?"

Smiling, the teen in the orange gi shrugged and looked away, "May-be."

"I saw him fight in the final match of the 25th World Martial Arts Tournament a couple years ago. I thought he looked pretty cool," Erasa remarked, at the same time taking a step closer out of intrigue. "Just how strong is he exactly? If he was able to beat you in a fight, then he must be a
"Oh, you have no idea," Videl chuckled with a grin, walking up to her friend and clapping her on the shoulder lightly. "Gohan's so strong, he makes dad and I look like a couple of insects compared to him."

Processing the Champ's daughter's words and following her back toward the front porch, the blonde teen then gave a light chuckle when she analyzed the confident smile on Videl's face, "Now I know that's not true. Your dad's the strongest in the entire world, Videl. I mean... he beat Cell for crying out loud... and that guy was monstrously powerful."

Looking her friend's way for a couple of seconds, the teen with the pigtails then shrugged while stopping beside her porch's steps. "It seems I have a little bit of explaining to do about that. But... I think I'll hold off on the long talk until Gohan gets here, which should be in the next couple of minutes." Videl smiled, reaching out with her senses and picking up the distinct signature of her best friend and sparring partner approaching on the wind.

Erasa's face lit up with excitement as she stood beside her classmate, "Really. Y-You mean... he's coming here? Today?"

"Of course. What? Did you think I invited you over to my place just so we could hang out?" Videl asked, smiling across at the blonde now expressing excitement and finally being able to meet the mysterious country boy. "Gohan's still new to the city and doesn't know that many people around here, so I figured I could introduce him to some of my friends from school. Getting you two acquainted with each other seems like a great way to start him out."

"Cool," Erasa chirped with her visage bright and full of enthusiasm. "Man... you've told me so much about him already. I can't wait to see what he's actually like."

"Well, it's a good thing you won't have wait very long." Videl's grin suddenly widened before she started waving up towards the sky, as if greeting somebody who'd just arrived.

Confused by her friend's actions, Erasa decided to see who she was hailing. It then came as a massive shock to the girl when she suddenly saw a teenage boy around their age, with short spiky black hair that defied gravity and wearing an orange and blue gi with a pack slung over his shoulder, float down from the sky and land in front of them like it was an everyday thing. She continued to gawk at the stranger when he adjusted his bag and approached the pair with a pleasant smile on his face.

"Hey, Gohan."

"Hey, Videl," the hybrid greeted, a response that earned a warm grin from his pen pal.

"Decided to fly today?"

"Yeah. Even though I could've teleported here I miss taking the long routes over the mountains and countryside," the teenager replied as he stopped in front of the two girls and acknowledged them in his characteristic manner. "The morning breeze is really refreshing after a hard night of training."

The human fighter tilted her head at him slyly, "Be honest with me; do you actually sleep eight hours anymore?"

"Hmm..." The teen looked up and scratched his cheek thoughtfully, "A little bit iffy around seven. But I guess since I've got Saiyan blood flowing through my veins, sleep isn't that big of an issue for me. Vegeta says it has something to do with how our bodies naturally produce enzymes that give..."
us more energy to stay awake and fight long periods."

Videl grinned in amusement, "Kind of sucks how he's the only one that knows anything about your
race's biology."

This drew a nervous chuckle from the young male, "Yeah. It kind of does." It was then he noticed
the blonde haired girl standing alongside the martial artist with the surprised look on her face.
Staring at her for a moment, Gohan then turned back to his training companion, "Is she a friend of
yours, Videl?"

"Uh-huh," the human fighter nodded affirmatively. "I called her over today so that you two could
meet up and we could hang out together."

"Oh. Cool." The demi-Saiyan then turned to Erasa and bowed to her in greeting, causing the city
girl to balk, "It's nice to meet you. My name's Gohan. What's your name?"

"Oh. Uhh..." At first not knowing how to respond, the blonde shook her head quickly and
straightened up, "M-My name's Erasa."

"It's nice to meet you, Erasa," Gohan responded in his typical, courteous manner. After sparing her
a kind smile and seeing her blink a few times in surprise, he then turned back to his training partner
with an eager look in his eye. "I'm really glad I'm going to be able to spend a couple nights over at
your place again, Videl. I can't remember the last time I came by to visit. What was it one... two
months?"

"One month, I think," the girl answered with a shrug.

"Yeah. That's probably it. Man..." The boy rubbed his head nervously, "The days sure go by fast."

"Well, I can't keep going over to your place every couple of weeks without having you spending
some time over at mine. You and your family are always so good to me. I want to try and return the
favor," the raven haired teen replied before thumbing over her shoulder towards the mansion. "And
I know dad really enjoys having you over with us. He's really starting to like you guys."

"That tends to happen with a lot of people we meet. Must be our magnetic personalities," the teen
suggested, before then shouldering his duffle bag into view. "Mind if I take this up to your room?"

"Yeah. No problem. We'll wait for you down here," Videl replied, seeing her friend nod in
understanding and gleefully step around and up the stairs. "If you get lost, give a holler. Jenkins
will show you the rest of the way." After receiving a wave of gratitude, the boy disappeared into
the house, allowing the raven haired girl to return her attention to Erasa. When she did, she was a
little caught off guard by the fact that the Saiyan was staring after Gohan with wide eyes and her
mouth hanging open. "Uh... Erasa? You okay?" She then snapped her fingers, getting her
attention. "Oh good. You're still alive."

"W-Was that who I think it was?" Erasa asked while pointing lamely towards the back doors.

The raven haired teen sighed. Figures that would've gone completely over her head. The shock of
the Saiyan's arrival must have rattled her brain to its core, especially since he literally just dropped
out of the clouds. "Yep. That was Gohan," Videl answered with a cheerful smile.

At this, the blonde suddenly took her schoolmate by the shoulders and shook her with a mixture of
incredulity and disbelief, "Damn it, Videl! What the hell?! Why didn't you tell me he was so good-
looking? Huh?"
Feeling her brain being bounced around, the teen fighter quickly responded to her friend's question. "Okay, okay, I'm sorry," Videl apologized while being woman-handled by her classmate. Geez. Did she completely overlook the fact the guy had flown here and landed in her back yard? Where in the heck were all those questions? "P-Please s-stop sh-shaking me…"

Now it was Erasa's turn to apologize. "Oh. Sorry. Sorry," Letting the girl go allowed Videl to sway back and forth on the spot until her natural equilibrium returned to her. After placing her hands behind her and bowing her head repentantly, the blonde then looked up at her schoolmate with a slightly flushed look, "I'm just a little bit surprised, is all. I mean… can you blame me? After all the years I've known you, you've never shown even the slightest interest in a boy before. But now here you are, smiling like a kid and hanging out with an awesomely cute guy from the country. What? Are you two, like, an item or something?"

"What?" Recoiling at her friend's sudden question, Videl quickly swallowed and turned away. Hiding her face from view, the girl then expressed an immediate sense of irritation and disbelief, "N-No way. Gohan and I… we're just… good friends. Th-There's nothing going on between us."

"Oh? Really?"

"Yes. Really."

"Hmm." Giving her classmate a suspicious once over, the blonde stood silently for a moment before, after several moments of consideration, pulled away with a smile and an apprehensive glint in her pupil. "Okay. If you say so."

Due to the fact that Videl had pretty much turned her back on her friend, Erasa completely missed the visage of embarrassment and the flush of red that appeared on the tomboy's face. The pair remained that way for the next couple of minutes, keeping absolutely silent before the raven haired fighter was startled out of her daydream by Gohan's voice cutting into the scene.

"Wow. No matter how many times I visit this place, it always amazes me at how massive it is," the hybrid spoke while strolling down the steps, only to immediately come face-to-face with the ever energetic girl that was Videl's school friend. "Oh. Hey, Erasa."

"Hey, Gohan. So… Videl's told me quite a lot about you. How you met during the *Intergalactic Martial Arts Tournament* and how you've been training her for the last few years. I can tell she's really grown attached to you," the girl said with a cheerful expression, her face hanging directly in front of his as she engaged him in pleasantries. The sixteen-year-old teenager beamed. "Has she told you anything about me, by any chance?"

The half-Saiyan smiled, "I remember she mentioned you several times while we were hanging out. She said you're an awesome friend who always has a lot of interesting things to talk about, and that you're also really funny and sweet." The young man smiled as Erasa stepped away to take in his appearance. "Looking back on all that, I can tell that everything she's told me about you so far has been right on the mark."

"Really?" When Gohan nodded, Erasa giggled, placing her hands behind her and rocking from side to side bashfully, "Well… I sure hope she hasn't said anything about my bad qualities. That would be pretty awkward."

"Actually, no. She hasn't," the teen said a-matter-of-factly, which then prompted the Saiyan to chuckle, "Why? Is there something I should be worried about?"

Erasa stuck her tongue out at him, "Nope. Nothing evil or malicious hiding underneath this smile."
She then winked in Videl's direction, causing her friend to roll her eyes.  

"Well that's good," Gohan said, all the while watching as the blonde maneuvered around him. "You're the first friend Videl's introduced me to from the city. I hope you and I will be able to get along."

"Oh, I'm sure we'll get along just fine, Gohan," Erasa replied, before throwing her schoolmate a discreet, evil smile that had the raven haired martial artist recoil at the sudden chill that ran down her spine.

Blinking a few times, Videl frowned, "Why is she looking at me like that?" It was the one thought that proceeded to run laps inside her head as she watched Gohan descend the rest of the steps and engage in further conversation with Erasa. As the pair became properly introduced, Videl decided to dispense of any suspicious thoughts she had and simply watched on as the country boy began settling into his new position.

So far, his innocent character brought up in the mountains was serving him well in this social setting. Hopefully he'd be able to make it work in the long term…

XXX

(Meanwhile)

Back in Mount Paozu, with Gohan out for the day and Chi-Chi hanging out in the living room watching television and doing some cleaning, Goten was occupying his time with something a little more his speed. Since he didn't have his brother to play with today and his other friends were nowhere to be found, he decided to spend some time with the 'Big Sister' figure in his life.

This took the form of the several-times-removed Zangya sparing with the spiky haired youngster across the rolling hills right outside their small home.

Wearing a big smile on her face, the orange haired Hera, adorned in her regular training uniform consisting of white gi pants with a purple belt, yellow boots and a black singlet top that exposed her midriff and showed off a lot of her cleavage, backed away at an even pace with her arms crossed. At the same time, her little munchkin of an opponent pressed home his offensive. Leaping long distances with a single hop, the alien woman dodged and blocked with her right leg the onslaught of attacks Goten unleashed upon her. The hits he did land on her person impacted with the earsplitting cracks of gunshots, whereas the others sailed past her uselessly.

Despite being several times stronger than the little half-Saiyan, the young alien woman still expressed amazement at how fierce and powerful the kid actually was. He was only four years old, but the kid was capable of hitting with the force of a locomotive.

"Keep it up, runt. That's it," Zangya encouraged, leaping across a flat stretch of grass and watching the boy jump after her. Ducking under a flying spin kick, the woman turned around to see the child touch down behind her and jump at her again, lashing out at her face with a blur of punches and kicks. The woman frowned when she saw his straights coming in one after the other and quickly commented on her observations, "Stop using the standard attacks, Goten. They're too predictable. Mix it up a little more." She then began dodging more frequently when the boy started getting creative.

"Yah!" the demi-Saiyan shouted, leaping at her with a right overhand and forcing her to sway under it. He then cocked his left foot back and opened up with a wicked roundhouse kick, which he threw at the woman's side. He missed big time though when Zangya effortlessly back flipped and
avoided it, his own attack sending him into a downward spin.

However, instead of hitting the ground, the boy managed to land on his hand and spun at her with a kick from a handstand position, using his momentum to his advantage. His attack slammed into her shin, which she raised to block. Once his blow connected, he began uncorking more and more attacks, trying to be as imaginative as he could while not losing balance.

He pushed on, forcing Zangya to retreat at a more hurried pace. In spite of his increased intensity though, the woman continued to speak in a completely calm voice.

"Don't get caught up in a pattern. Control my central line," Zangya coached, landing on her toes and watching her opponent jump at her. She head-slipped barrages of jabs, watching his attacks carefully before suddenly being forced to block a right roundhouse kick with her arm.

A split second later, Goten came at her with a downward hook, only to see the woman duck under it, and chased her with a left flip kick. Landing on the ground, the boy spun to face her, gritting his teeth when he saw his opponent standing a safe distance away with a smile on her face.

"Good. Very good," Zangya complimented, arms folded once again.

The youngster panted exhaustedly with sweat dripping down his face, "You're way too fast, oneechan. There's no way I can beat you."

"Hey, I've been doing this a lot longer than you have, little man," the Hera replied with a jovial smile. "Remember, you're only four years old. Give yourself some time."

Nodding, the youngster turned heel and charged right after her in a blur of movement.

Watching his orange form dart towards her at a ridiculous speed, Zangya quickly responded in a typical manner. With a sudden burst of ki and a widening of her eyes, the woman fired a weak Kiai at the child that slammed into him headlong and sent him tumbling across the field. Managing to stop amidst a cloud of dust, a slightly discombobulated Goten took several deep breaths and launched himself at the woman once again.

Swaying to the side with her arms still crossed, Zangya allowed the child to fire away at her. Rapidly moving punches followed her, along with a variety of kicks and hooks. Managing to avoid a spin kick, the Hera then retaliated with a kick of her own, only for the boy to parry her leg and spring off of it to kick at her head. She slipped it effortlessly.

"Faster. Destroy my focus," Zangya ordered, getting the youngster to attack her more viciously. The sudden flare in his pattern impressed the woman, but she nonetheless spotted several flaws in his advances. Despite being super talented Goten still had a lot to learn about fighting. "You're over-flourishing your hooks. Tighten them up." She then swayed and avoided one before head butting the surprised boy in the face and sending him to the ground. The Hera grinned when she heard the youngster groan where he lay. "Now they're too tight. Extend them."

Rubbing his forehead from the unexpected bonk, Goten sat up slowly and groaned. "Hey. That wasn't fair, big sis."

"No one said anything about fighting being fair, not even your big brother and he's one of the nicest guys in the world. Not to mention one of the strongest," Zangya responded, smirking at the spiky haired hybrid as she walked over to him. "Plus I'm older than you and way more experienced… and you're still just a novice. Just give yourself a few more months. I'm sure you'll grow into this."

Goten scrunched his face up childishly, "I can't wait to get better." He then punched the ground
and looked up at the Hera sternly. "I'm going to keep getting stronger until I'm as strong as both you and big brother."

"I'm sure that with enough practice you'll get there eventually," Zangya said, stopping next to her friend's sibling and tilting her head at him. "Still, those were some nice moves you pulled. A couple more years of fine tuning and polishing up, I'm sure you'll become something amazing."

"Y-You really think so?" Goten asked, giving the orange haired woman an inquisitive stare.

"For sure," Zangya nodded, passing on her most honest answer to the child as he sat there nursing his injuries. "I know talent when I see it. Even though you're still really young, you've already become a great fighter. I guess that's all thanks to your Saiyan genetics."

Processing her words quickly, the child beamed, "You're wickedly strong too, sis. I bet even Trunks' dad wouldn't be able to beat you."

"Well…" Zangya shrugged and looked off to the side thoughtfully, "Maybe, maybe not. I haven't had the chance to fight him one on one yet, so it's really hard to tell if I could beat him or not. But believe me; out of all the people I've wound up fighting in my time as a mercenary, your big brother was by far the best opponent I've ever fought."

Rubbing the throbbing red bruise on his forehead, the slightly dirty and battered youngster in the orange and blue, long-sleeved gi gazed up at the Hera curiously. "You said you used to be a bad guy, right sis? And that Gohan fought you many years ago."

The woman nodded, "That's right."

"Well… what made you want to switch sides and become a good guy?" Goten asked, lowering his hands and continuing to stare at the female alien he now regarded as one of the closest members of his family. "Did you get bored with being a bad guy or something?"

At first surprised and not really knowing how to respond to his question, Zangya eventually put on a brave face, threw up a smile and, with grace and poise, sat herself on the grass beside the little tyke. Getting comfortable, the woman began to elaborate for him, "That's a really tough question for me to answer, Goten. Honestly, it was a really funky time for me back then. But I guess… if you really want to know, you could say it was a little bit of everything that made me change sides." She glanced at the inquisitive child and gave him her most genuine smile. "After so many years of conquering planets and fighting alongside my old crew, I realized that what I was doing, as a mercenary and a soldier, was hurting a lot of people… people who didn't deserve to get hurt. When I was stuck inside of that star for over ten thousand years, I had plenty of time to think about everything that I'd done with Bojack's group, and that everything we were planning to do and were going to do… was wrong. Then, when I eventually came up against your brother… well…" The woman chuckled and looked ahead of her once again. "He set me straight. He gave me a way out and showed me a new path that I could take… something better that didn't involve destroying everything and hurting others."

Blinking a couple of times, Goten then scrunched his face up curiously, "Did he spank you and say you were being naughty?"

The idea of the present Gohan spanking her had Zangya swallow her tongue. Eyes widening a bit as her face inadvertently heated up at the notion of the dashing young male 'punishing' her, the woman quickly dispersed all thoughts of the concept and smirked back at the cheeky little rascal. "In a way." She then brought a hand up and ruffled his head. "Your big brother beat me up and gave me a second chance. That's how I ended up here and believe me little man… I have no
intention of ever going back.”

"Oh," Goten murmured, a smile reappearing on his face. "Okay." Shuffling over to the woman, the child then laid his head on her lap and, securing a good spot, closed his eyes and sighed gently. "I'm really glad you're here with me, oneechan. You're… a very good person." Then, without another word, the boy drifted off to sleep right there in the middle of the field.

At first caught a little bit by surprise by the boy's innocent remarks, his words inevitably brought a warm, loving smile to Zangya's lips and caused her eyes to shimmer with elation. Feeling herself tear up, the woman wiped the build waterworks away and sighed, resting a hand on the child's head and stroking his hair soothingly.

"Good spar, runt."

XXX

(Three weeks later)

Somewhere in Satan City's residential district, far out of the way of any large office buildings, factories or complexes, a familiar young demi-Saiyan could be seen hard at work.

Dashing about from level to level at super speed, dressed in a white shirt, workman pants and boots, the spiky haired form of Son Gohan was currently making cracking progress on his latest assignment. Having already assembled the frame of the two story building and already beginning construction on the walls of the small complex, you could see how in tune the young adult was with his project. With agility and determination mirroring that of the Energizer bunny, the demi-Saiyan darted about the property carrying out his numerous tasks in rapid succession.

One second he was flying up to the top level bringing tools with him to continue work on the floor plan and the next second he was running about carrying enormous pallets of bricks and mortar. Not only that, but he also had a couple of copies of himself helping him out in other areas of the job that needed filling, including assemblage and management.

Standing off to the side and watching his other three clones move around with Barry Allen-like swiftness, another copy of Gohan was presently looking through a total station, surveying the construction process from a distance and making sure all of the elements were falling into place. What with how fast he was actually building the house, he needed someone of equal speed, knowledge and skill to watch over everything.

Humming to himself as he checked the building against the blueprints on the table next to him, the Gohan clone smiled and gave his copies an okay sign. "Nice work guys. Keep it up. We're making great progress." Receiving a wave from the copy transporting stuff around the site, the demi-Saiyan then allowed them to return to their tasks while he returned to his checklists and documents.

He was currently running his own clock. Though the bosses at the company had given him plenty of leeway to finish building the house in the next month, he was confident he would be able to do it in a week… maybe even less. His competitive, Saiyan-side practically demanded it.

That of course all depended on whether he wanted to stay for a couple extra shifts.

Over the next hour, Gohan and his copies moved about the site like clockwork. Keeping track of the building as it assembled piece by piece like watching a lego house being constructed in fast forward further illustrated just how quickly the half-Saiyan and his crew of three were working. Since the super powered teenager had everything he needed for that day right there in his front
yard, putting it all together was as easy as baking a cake.

The house that the spiky haired architect was going for was a two-story, modern day contemporary style house with a wrapping façade, complete with steel panel siding, trespa woodwork on the exterior with ebony black beldon masonry, and square glass paneling. Gohan was also certain to make the garage door flush with the exterior of the house, with easy access to the front entrance from the driveway. It was a very trendy design that the higher ups really took a liking too and asked if he could personally get this done for them. This being a hobby for the demi-Saiyan as well as his job, there was no way he could turn them down on a request like that.

As the youngster was continuing work on the exterior at high speed, the clone on the ground running about and checking the framework suddenly became aware of another presence in the area and turned his attention towards the road. When he did, he saw a short, portly man in a suit and a hardhat standing there with a clipboard under his arm.

Quickly recognizing him as one of his managers and coworkers, Gohan smiled and quickly jogged over to him. "Hey, Sanada-san. What's going on?"

"Hello, Gohan. Just dropping down from the office to check on your progress. Nothing big," the man replied pleasantly, tipping his hat up so that he could inspect the structure properly. A murmuring sound of approval escaped his lips shortly afterwards once he inspected the building from top to bottom, "Not bad. Not bad at all."

"Yeah? You think so?" Gohan asked, stopping alongside the manager and gesturing towards the half-finished home. "I wanted to go for a more rustic feel on the outside, but a lot of buyers nowadays are looking for a more modern day home with a crisp, rich feel to it. So I stuck with a Taylor & Smyth approach and went for the full package; flat roof, square paneling and cool woodwork that doesn't compromise the overall design." Placing his hands on his hips, the youngster turned to grin at his compatriot in the industry, "What do you think?"

Sanada chuckled at the teen's enthusiasm as he began walking across the yet-to-be-tended-to front yard to continue his inspection from another angle. Along the way he swung out his clipboard and began jotting down some additional notes, "You definitely know what you're doing, I will say that." He then used a pen to point up at the other copies Gohan had scattered across the property. "I see you've got your trusty crew of you running around again doing all the heavy lifting."

The man had obviously become used to seeing the super-powered martial artist utilizing the cloning technique to help him out with the construction, which was why he wasn't gawking at how there were four Gohans in the area as opposed to one.

His remark had the teen laugh a little, "As long as they get the job done. Even though I don't use this ability often, it's still one of the most useful skills in my repertoire."

Nodding his head as he moved around the structure, analyzing the framework and checking out the outer walls, Sanada then stopped a couple minutes later and turned back to the enthusiastic worker. "Everything's looking good on the outside. I can see you're keeping to the timetable we'd set for you, but it seems like you've got your own timetable running, yeah?" Slipping his clipboard under his arm, he then pointed towards the building. "I wouldn't mind checking out the interior to see how you're going on the pipes and wiring, if you don't mind. Since you're already about halfway done on the outside…"

"Sure. I'll show you around," Gohan said, beaming vibrantly as he then led the man towards the building and up the stairs. "Just watch your step. I haven't finished work on the top level yet and some of the floor panels are missing."
"Fair enough. Proceed."

And so the inspection continued, with Gohan giving his most regular visitor from the company the full tour of his structure to show him just how much he'd already gotten done. It was a pretty standard walk all the way through. The demi-Saiyan briefed him of what each of the rooms was going to be and how he was going to fit in some of the other hardware and furniture once the interior construction was complete. He also gave him a rundown on all the electrics and plumbing that was already in place.

After about half an hour of surveying the building, followed by a short coffee and lunch break, once he was done showing Sanada the entire bottom floor and all of the second floor of the one-man-marvel, the inspector expressed his thanks and appreciation for the boy's hard work and headed on his way.

This was the only speed bump Gohan had to navigate over the course of the entire day and once his colleague had left the property, he could once again pick up the pace knowing the area was all clear.

OOO

(Meanwhile)

(Mount Paozu)

While Gohan was hard at work in the city, Chi-Chi was at home living it up in her own way. This particular occasion took the form of a little get-together she'd organized with the other women of their group. Not only was Zangya hanging out at home with her, but Bulma and Android 18 had also popped in for a visit, all of whom were sitting around the outdoor table and enjoying a nice cup of tea. Since it was such a great day outside with not a single cloud in the sky, all of them were dressed for the occasion and engaged in enjoyable conversation. At the same time, all of the mothers around the eating area were sparing glances towards the hillsides surrounding the home, where they could see Goten and Trunks play fighting across the grass.

They were also paying special attention to another new member of their group, who was at that moment sleeping peacefully in the blonde woman's arms.

"She's adorable, Eighteen," Bulma exclaimed, smiling down at the baby girl currently resting in the android's hold.

The woman smiled warmly at the scientist's compliment and nodded in agreement, "She is, isn't she?" Adjusting the child's position, Eighteen brought a finger up and gently brushed some of the towel the baby was wrapped in out of the way so that she would see her beautiful face. "She has her father's eyes."

"And her mother's breathtaking looks, am I right?" Zangya asked in an almost teasing fashion as she sat beside her friend with a large mug in hand.

Expressing a giggle that would be considered subtle by most, the blonde haired fighter gave the Hera a small smile. "I certainly hope so."

Chi-Chi tilted her head as she watched the new mother cradle her daughter, while at the same time picking up a biscuit and taking a bite out of it. "Are you and Krillin doing alright raising her over at Kame House? You're not having any… problems or issues taking care of her out there?"

"She's only asking you this since you're living with a couple people whose only prevailing thoughts
in life are to use the dragon balls for panty wishes," Bulma added, knowing full well the kind of individuals that were currently held up in that tiny pink house.

Even though she respected both Master Roshi and Oolong as lifelong comrades of their group, she still had concerns over the young couple's ability to survive accompanied by those two. When inside tight situations that involved the likes of Doctor Wheelo and the maniacal Broly, they could trust Master Roshi and his crew with their lives. However, outside of the ring during peacetime, there was still much to be desired about their personalities…

"Don't worry about the old man and the pig," Android 18 replied with a continuous smile drawn across her lips. "I can manage those two with both hands tied behind my back. As long as I burn all their dirty magazines, cover up the holes in the walls, and administer some cold hard discipline whenever it is necessary, I'm sure I'll be able to whip those two idiots into shape by the time Marron is old enough to walk around."

"Wow. That's a good plan," Bulma remarked in slight amazement, before smiling as she watched the cyborg fighter tend to her daughter. "I have to warn you though; those two can be quite persistent."

"I'm sure it'll be fine," Chi-Chi said, nudging her blue-haired friend in the arm and gesturing towards the blonde. "She's one of the strongest people on this planet. Out of all of us, she's more than equipped to lay down the law in that house, especially with the more powerful members of our group." Her son and Vegeta included, but only in social situations.

Though the android was no slouch when it came to combat, the Saiyans of their team had made so many leaps and bounds in the last couple of years it's almost close to impossible to completely handle them.

The others though…

Yeah, Android 18 could deal with them no sweat.

"You're going to make an awesome mum when she's all grown up," Zangya remarked, grinning at the blonde angel when she looked her way. "Not that you're not a great mum already. I'm just saying you're going to become an even more awesome parent as time goes on, if I've phrased that correctly."

The blonde nodded towards the orange haired alien, "Thanks, Zangya."

"No problem," the Hera replied, taking up her mug and gingerly sipping from it.

While collecting a biscuit from the center plate and weighing it between her fingers, Bulma glanced over at their android neighbor from across the pond and mounted a secondary inquiry. "How's Krillin doing as a father? Is he coping… or is he freaking out and bouncing off of walls every morning, noon and night?"

"He's doing quite well, actually," Android 18 answered, feeling uplifted as she picked up the glass of water next to her and held it up. "Though he doesn't look it on the surface, that man really knows what he's doing. We take shifts in looking after her whenever she wakes up at night, he taught me how to change her diaper, he's a great cook and knows what kind of nutrition Marron needs…" The blonde then looked up at the other women to see them listening to her intently. "Honestly, I had no idea how to look after our daughter when she was born, but Krillin taught me everything I needed to know."
Bulma, feeling a little teary-eyed at that admission, smiled at her fellow parent, "That's so sweet."

"Well… Krillin was always a really amazing person," Chi-Chi added, expressing her opinion with a slight laugh as she picked up her cup and stirred the contents with a spoon, "Even though he's not as strong as the other boys, he more than makes up for that with his personality and charm."

Zangya, grinning devilishly, threw her friend a cheeky glance, "I'm sure Eighteen has become more than familiar with that particular side of him. Am I right?" The Hera's curious inquisition had the android look away with red in her cheeks, indicating the orange haired fighter was right on the mark regarding that point. "Where is the hubby right now, anyway?"

"He's at work," the android informed, taking a sip from her water and setting it aside, "Krillin's overseeing the construction of a community piece in a city on the south-eastern peninsula. After all these years of working for the company, the higher ups are finally getting him off of the grunt work and into a managerial position."

Bulma smiled, "That's great. It means he'll be able to make more money for you guys."

"That's what he told me a few days ago," Android 18 said, cradling her daughter gently when the baby began to stir from her nap.

Turning to the other women around the table, Chi-Chi decided to offer another two cents on the matter. "Things have been going well for Krillin these past couple years. I'm really happy for him."

"And what about you, Chi-Chi?" Bulma asked, glancing across at the raven haired mother to see her take a swig from her teacup and set it back down on the plate in front of her. "Gohan's told me he's been taking you and Goten up to Otherworld to visit Goku every couple of days to catch up with him."

The Son mother nodded to the scientist in response, "It's been going great so far. The man hasn't changed one bit since the day he passed away and even though he's dead his appetite is as healthy and active as ever. He's pretty much the same kind, selfless, thick-headed numbskull I fell in love with all those years ago."

This put a grin on the blue haired woman's face while she rested her head on her hand, "You're not disappointed at all that he's still hanging out with a bunch of dead people from the past?"

"I'll admit it was hard to wrap my head around at first. I even gave him a smack over the head the first time we were alone together for deciding to stay up there in Otherworld," Chi-Chi informed, rolling her teacup between her fingers for a moment with a troubled expression in play. That however faded moments later when she replaced it with a smile. "But after we sat down and talked it over, I soon came to understand why he made that choice and why he decided to step out for a little while."

"To protect you guys, right?" Bulma asked, receiving a nod in response. Tilting her head, the scientist turned back to stare ahead of her once again, "You have to admit, a lot of the enemies we've encountered over the last decade have been a direct result of Goku's meddling or his being here on this planet. It's like he'd transformed himself into a massive, glowing beacon that attracts bad guys."

Zangya chuckled at that little joke, "So I've heard." Gohan had spent a great deal of time chatting to her about his father. As far as she was concerned, the man was pretty much a walking jinx for their group.
"I mean, think about it," Bulma then began counting on her fingers. "Piccolo showed up at the world tournament and nearly ended up destroying everything as payback for his father's death. Radditz came to the planet to pick up Goku and to finish the job he was originally sent here to do as a child. This then led Vegeta and his old partner coming to the planet a year later." She raised another finger. "Cooler visited the earth to take revenge on Goku for killing his brother. Frieza also came back after the thorough butt-kicking your husband gave to him on Namek. After that, the androids showed up because of what Goku did to the Red Ribbon army when he was a kid."

This then led to Zangya taking on a sheepish look and raising a hand, "And my old boss came here wanting to pay Goku back for setting us free by destroying everything." Her words had Android 18 look across at her sympathetically, which then earned a pat to the shoulder from the abashed Hera.

"And don't even get me started on that Broly guy everyone ended up fighting on that planet," Bulma said, waving a hand in front of her dismissively. "Let's face it. In the long run, I think Goku made the right choice."

Chi-Chi sighed and nodded her head, unable to argue with the woman's logic considering a lot of it was all linked to her beloved Saiyan husband. Staring into her now half-empty cup of tea, the woman was startled out of her contemplation by a nudge from behind and turned around to see Icarus standing behind her. At first surprised at the sight of her son's animal friend, the raven haired woman smiled and stroked the pink dragon on the snout, before then shooing him away to go join Goten and Trunks out on the field. Upon seeing the reptile off, she turned back to the other women next to her.

"But things are going great between me and Goku," Chi-Chi concluded, smiling fondly and placing a hand against her cheek as she put on a dream-like expression. "Even though he's dead, he still knows how to show his wife a good time…"

It didn't take long for Bulma, Android 18 and Zangya to figure out what the Son mother was implying, which led to the latter blushing uncomfortably, the blonde instinctively covering her sleeping daughter's ears, and the scientist grinning mischievously.

XXX

(A week later)

(Capsule Corp.)

Typing away at her computer, a highly energized Bulma allowed a big smile to cross her face as she watched the specs on her design line up and the solution to her formula on the monitor finally come through. Pumping her fist triumphantly, she then quickly began applying the new information she was able to come up with to the rest of the three-dimensional model on her screen and completed its final phase.

There was no possible way she would've been able to complete such an immensely complicated process without the right equations. All of this stuff fed right into the rail gun's firing software.

"Okay. Now we're making some progress," Bulma exclaimed, quickly closing the file and moving it over to one of her other monitors, all the while making sure the rest of the folders followed it. Once she was positive she'd gotten everything down, the woman then had the download process begin and allowed the computer to do its thing. With the hum of its engines and processors booming throughout the laboratory, the blue haired scientist then turned about in her chair and watched the data filter into the massive tower on the other end of the room.
This large pillar of steel and wiring was the brain behind what would become the new line of anti-meteorite weaponry that the military would be able to use to stop extra terrestrial and unidentified flying objects from entering the earth's atmosphere. It was an impressive concept for sure and a lot of trouble had gone into setting it up. Bulma had practically worked her fingers to the bone completing this little monstrosity. But it wasn't like she was doing this alone.

"Alright then. It's time to insert the final piece," the scientist began as she reached for her gear and collected up a large chip to plug into the main base. However, as soon as her fingers curled around it and lifted it from its spot, she pulled away sharply with a yelp and gripped her finger, "Ah, shit! Damn it…"

Figures. She got hasty and ended up cutting her finger on one of the nodes.

Her sudden curse and nursing of her little injury did not go unheard as a few seconds following her outburst, the echo of robotic gears suddenly echoed throughout the room. Several footsteps later, Bulma quickly found herself staring up at the tall, plastic covered form of a robot strongly resembling the late Android 16. Covered in rubber skin with visible joints and a silver version of his original armor adorned on his person, the orange haired, muscular robot smiled as he beamed down at his surprised creator.

"Hello, Bulma," the android spoke in his distinctive robotic voice.

The blue haired scientist smiled weakly while she massaged her finger, "Oh. Hey there Sixteen. What're you doing here?"

The automaton, obviously programmed with the most basic motor functions and responses, tilted his head at her inquisitively, the shutters of his blinking eyes making camera-like snaps every time they opened and closed. "I heard a sound of distress. What seems to be the trouble?"

"Oh. I just cut my finger on a memory unit I was planning to slip into the rail gun tower," Bulma replied, showing off her finger before returning to rubbing it. "Don't worry. It's okay now."

Blinking a couple more times, the large android straightened up, "On a scale of one to ten, how would you rate your pain?"

"Uhh… one?" Bulma replied, not really knowing where this was going. She quickly waved at him, "You don't have to do anything, Sixteen. Really. I'm fine."

Upon receiving her answer, the android suddenly turned to her desk and, after scanning it for a moment, opened up the top drawer and rummaged around inside of it. A few seconds later his hand reemerged with a band-aid and, turning back to his creator, opened up the strip of plaster. "Please hold out your finger so that I may treat your injury."

Hesitantly doing as instructed, Bulma shrugged and held out her cut appendage, allowing the robot to wrap the band-aid around it. Upon which he stepped away and smiled proudly at his work.

"Medical attention administered. I will now conduct a standard post-operational scan to check for further injuries."

Bulma perked up at that statement and threw her hands forward in alarm, "Oh, no, no. There's no need to-"

"Scan complete," Android 16 replied a split second later.

The scientist's shoulders slumped, "Come on." Even though she built the damn android, she was
always astonished at how fast some of his functions were.

Compiling the information for a couple seconds, the android once again began to speak, "You have sustained no additional injuries. However, my sensors indicate that your reaction and processing levels are operating below par, and that your hormone and neural readings are fluctuating at an abnormal rate. This is resulting in irregular patterns of mood swings and outbursts." The new Android 16 smiled, "Diagnosis: you are exhausted from lack of sleep and wish to mate with your life partner."

"Uh… what?"

The robot tilted his head innocently, "Would you like me to call Vegeta for you?"

"NO! No-no! No! No! No!" Bulma said quickly while leaping to her feet and waving her hands about in panic, "That won't be necessary, Sixteen. Just… check your software for updates and run your ESET program."

Almost immediately, the android straightened up like a guard at his station, "Parameters recognized. Scanning." A few beeps later and the orange haired robot fell into sync mode, "Updating software one of five hundred and sixty four. Processing. One percent… five percent… ten percent… twelve percent…"

The blue haired scientist breathed a sigh of relief and nodded, "Okay. Good." Wow. She barely dodged a bullet on that one.

There was a time and place for everything, and right now wasn't the time for either sleep or procreation.

…

…

…

She reminded herself to go find Vegeta later tonight…

Android Sixteen's eyes blinked as he stood in place like a tin soldier, "Would you like to try out our CC Version 8 for a thirty day trial?"

"No God damn it!"

Apparently she still had a few more bugs to work out of him. At least this people-friendly version of Android 16 was far better than the last model she created.

XXX

(Some weeks later)

(Satan City)

"So you're saying that I can breathe in space for a certain amount of time?" Videl asked as she watched the demi-Saiyan beside her hand the money in his hand over to the cashier for the popcorn and drink he was purchasing for her. Once the change was given back to him, the girl in the white over-sized t-shirt with purple sleeves and figure-hugging jeans smiled when he turned back to face her. "That's so cool."
"As long as you maintain a constant field of energy around you, then your ki will be able to
circulate the air inside of the bubble and constantly supply you with oxygen for you to breathe,"
Gohan elaborated, handing her drink and popcorn over and trading them for the slushy she was
holding for him. As soon as both had their beverages in hand, the pair proceeded on out of the
candy bar area and towards the cinemas. "Krillin and I tried it out not too long ago, and it works
like a charm."

Videl chuckled, "Since you're part alien, I bet your genetics naturally allows you to breathe in
space and you don't have to go through the trouble of using your energy to produce an atmospheric
shield."

"True. But I think it's a good idea to have as many alternatives as possible. If one system fails, then
you can always fall back on your second one… am I right?"

"You got a point there," Videl murmured, plucking some popcorn from the box she was holding
and tossing them into her mouth. She made a thoughtful noise as she casually chewed, "Hmm… I
should give it a try on my next training session. Maybe sometime this weekend."

"I'll take you up to the stratosphere to try it out," Gohan offered, beaming across at his friend as he
escorted her towards the woman standing by the entrance to the corridor of theater entrances.
"Though I'm sure you can stand extremely high altitudes if your trips up to Kami's Lookout are
anything to go by, it'd be best if we took this in small steps. Adrenaline rushes aside; you're still a
little new to this sort of stuff."

"Hey. I'm a tough girl," Videl replied, elbowing the teen in the side and giving him a roguish grin.
"Believe me. I can handle anything you can handle, big boy."

"Oh? Is that challenge I hear in your voice?" Gohan asked, going along with his friend's tone as she
turned away slyly.

"What do you think?"

"You don't want to bump a half-Saiyan warrior, Videl, because he'll definitely bump back even
ever harder. We're cold, calculating, ruthless alien warriors born and bred for combat of the highest
degree. It's in our nature to respond accordingly to competition," the teen informed while leering at
her, an expression which earned a playful scoff from the tomboy strolling alongside him.

"You're too much of a softie for something like that," the pig-tailed fighter replied, reaching up and
poking the boy in the cheek.

The hybrid grinned against her finger, "Try me." They then stopped in front of the usher. The
blonde employee in the red and white striped dress gave the couple a pleasant smile at their
interactions, before accepting the tickets Gohan handed to her. As soon as she checked them, she
promptly directed them down the hallway and towards their cinema number, which the pair gladly
continued towards. "In all seriousness though, I can tell you've gotten a lot stronger compared to
what you were back at the World Martial Arts Tournament."

"I've been training with you for about four years now," Videl said while smiling up at the boy.
"How strong do you think I am now compared to the people you've fought with in the past?"

Gohan had to think on it for a moment as they moved towards the doorway, "It's hard to say, really.
I'll need to test you the next time you come over to my place." Turning his attention to the
enormous movie screen that eased into view, the teen then checked their tickets and grinned over
his training partner. "But right now, I'd rather focus on finding our seats to watch the movie."
Processing his words quickly, the daughter of Hercule Satan nodded back to him in agreement, "Yeah. Alright." She too checked the tickets he was holding, "So… I'm… J-12?"

"And I'm J-13. That puts us up… there." The young male then pointed towards the middle row of the sprawling I-Max setup.

Videl grinned when she spotted it, "Race yah! One-two-three-GO!" She then sprang into the air and vanished in a white blur, super speeding up to their seats ten meters away in under a second.

Sure it seemed like an abuse of her powers, but if you had super speed amongst an arsenal of several other miscellaneous abilities, who wouldn't use their gifts in a situation like this?

Appearing in her chair in the blink of an eye, Videl grinned victoriously. But just as she was moving to sit, the girl looked across with a start when she spotted Gohan already sitting in his seat, with his legs kicked up in front of him and drinking casually from his slushy. The spiky haired boy in the Capsule Corp. jacket grinned at the stunned girl when she finally registered to his presence.

"Close, but no dice," the demi-Saiyan exclaimed in a cheerful voice.

Responding to his teasing grin, Videl smirked and, leaning over, gave the boy several hard, playful punches to his shoulder, her actions causing the teen to laugh and fend her off in kind. "You. Big. Jerk," she said between the thumps of her fist against his arm, "How the hell can you… ah, forget it. I know it's impossible to beat you in a race, no matter how fast I move." She then plopped down in her seat and set her popcorn aside on the same armrest as her drink to her right.

"Keep trying. I'm sure you'll get there eventually."

"Yeah right, liar," Videl said, leaning back in her chair and throwing the boy a look. "On top of being half-alien and a quarter-demon; you're practically the strongest guy in the universe. How can I possibly expect to compete with that?"

"With another year or two of training, I'm positive you'll be able to go toe to toe with me in my base form, no problem," Gohan informed, smiling at his friend to see her perk up at his statement. "Krillin and Tien can fight evenly with me while I'm in my normal form. As long as you keep doing what you're doing, in about fifteen to eighteen months time, you'll be fighting in the exact same league as them. Heck, you're already much stronger than Chiaotzu. A little more weight and ki training, and you'll be just as strong as the others."

This information had the raven haired girl's eyes light up with excitement and her grin widen. "Then I'll keep doing what I'm doing and catch up to you… no matter what it takes." In her eagerness, Videl quickly pushed the arm rest between them up so that she could quickly scoot over and latch onto his shoulder. Her actions causing Gohan to turn to her in surprise, the tomboy smiled fondly at him. With red in her cheeks and a glow in her face, the girl shyly tucked some strands of hair behind her ear while she gazed at her mentor and best friend. "Thanks for everything, Gohan-kun. You're the best."

Blinking a couple of times, Gohan smiled right back at her, "You're welcome, Videl."

Practically shining by this point, the tomboy fighter then adjusted her position and, while still leaning against her friend, turned towards the massive screen at the front of the theatre. Since there were still a few minutes to go before the movie started, the pair had plenty of time to engage in some good-natured pleasantries.

"You know… I'm thinking of joining the police force here in the city."
"Really?" Gohan glanced across at the girl with a blink. "You want to get a job in law enforcement?"

"Yeah. But not as a full-timer. I want to be able to do this part-time while I finish my studies at school and university," the teen stated with an eager grin in play. "I'm a good friend with the police chief's daughter, so I'm sure I'll be able to arrange a meeting with him and talk to him about getting a position on their special crime fighting unit. After I show them what I can do, I'm positive I'll be able to land a position easily. I just need to go through a couple of checks and seminars first to learn about proper police engagement and procedures." Videl then looked up at the half-Saiyan excitedly. "You should join me, Gohan."

The demi-Saiyan blinked a couple of times, "A-Are you sure?"

"Yeah. With your skills and your strength, I'm sure you'll make an awesome crime fighter," Videl said, before then nudging him in the arm a few times, "Or maybe even a super hero. Yeah. The two of us fighting crime side-by-side as the defenders of Satan City!" She then spoke in an exaggerated, heroic sounding voice, "The Z-fighters: protecting the weak and battling villains for the greater good!"

Gohan laughed at his friend's zeal, "Heh. That sounds awesome!"

"Right?" the tomboy exclaimed, gripping the boy's arm tightly and giving him her most honest look. "This isn't about getting fame or glory or anything like that, Gohan. I want to do this so that I can protect the people of my hometown. By joining the police force, I'll be able to go out and help them whenever they need me. Not to mention I'll be allowed to do it and not have to worry about the law coming after me in case I do anything outside of my jurisdiction. Even though we can protect the planet from aliens and robots threatening to destroy it, when it comes to fighting bad guys in the community... it's a little more complicated than that. You can get into a lot of trouble tackling crime as a vigilante without the proper clearance or consent."

"I suppose you're right about that," Gohan murmured, sensing the honesty and seriousness in the girl's voice as he considered her words. After taking some time to dawn on his companion's statements, he then nodded his head affirmatively and, finally making up his mind, turned back to her with a brilliant smile. "Okay then... let's do it." His answer had his best friend's face light up.

Heart hammering away at her chest, Videl leaned in and rested her head against the Saiyan's shoulder, clearly relaxing after her sudden burst of exhilaration. Though Gohan couldn't see it, the pigtailed fighter was ecstatic that her best friend from the country wanted to be with her on this, as they shared the same sense of justice and a need to defend those who were closest to them.

Videl reminded herself to ring up her friend tonight so that they could get started on the process.

Once she was done expressing her gratitude to the young Z-fighter, Videl focused her attention back on the big screen and smirked. "So I heard this movie is supposed to be pretty awesome... much better than the last one they made a couple years ago. At least... that's what Erasa told me." She changed subjects almost instantly, a move that put a grin on Gohan's face.

"Oh yeah? Isn't this supposed to be that Superman remake... the 'Man of Steel movie' or something?"

"Yep. These types of films have been getting pretty popular nowadays... probably due to the footage the news crews have been able to capture of you and your friends over the years. They're making a killing at the box office from all the ideas they're coming up with," Videl explained, bringing the popcorn around and setting it between them. She then gestured for the half-Saiyan to
have some, which he did and began tossing individual pops into his mouth one at a time. "Though this franchise is taking a while to get off the ground compared to their rivals, I still think it's a really awesome series."

"I wonder how strong they'll make this version of the superhero in tights," Gohan wondered aloud as he stared at the blank screen with the girl alongside him.

"Not sure. But hopefully he's not going to be one of those overpowered versions where his strength defies all logic and realism," Videl went on, rolling her eyes at the same time. "Stuff like that can really take you out of a movie."

"Well… if he's going to be anything like me, I'll let you know," the demi-Saiyan said with a smile.

"Go ahead. Don't let me stop you."

Several minutes of chat later and the movie began. Kicking back in their seats and using the other's shoulder as support, the two of them got comfortable and watched as the industry's latest masterpiece came to life right before their very eyes. At first the whole thing chugged along at a labored pace, giving the pair the origin story of this alien warrior who would become the greatest hero earth had ever seen and showed them all his struggles growing up alongside humans. They also introduced the villains of the story; members of the hero's race coming down to the planet searching for him and the secret that he unknowingly had in his possession. It was an intriguing concept of course…

But about an hour and a half into it, when it finally got to the actual fighting between the main characters and the movie's primary antagonists, Gohan couldn't help but stop as he watched one of the bad guys, with great effort, pick up a train and pitch it at the hero like it were a basketball.

The demi-Saiyan chuckled, "I can do that."

"Of course you can," Videl whispered in response, tossing some more popcorn into her mouth.

XXX

(A month later)

The days became incredibly quiet in the weeks following Gohan's little outing with Videl. After seeing how much things have toned down over the year and with no signs of any enemies over the horizon, the Z-fighters soon decided to mix things up a little with yet another get-together. This venture was inevitably spearheaded by Yamcha, who invited all of his friends and allies over to his baseball team's home stadium for some lunch and relaxation. Though there were some difficulties experienced in organizing an actual day for the event, the man was soon successful in finding a date that was convenient for all of them. And so, once everyone had given him the green light, the entire group, Piccolo and Vegeta included, came to West City to see what the human fighter had in store for all of them.

As it turns out, Yamcha had organized a little game for his group to play. While all of the non-fighters were given seats up in the stands, complete with barbeque and beverages, all of the fighting members of the group assembled down on the pitch for what Yamcha called 'Super Human Baseball'.

Initially there were some complaints and concerns shared amongst them. Vegeta grudgingly stated his unwillingness to participate in such a 'low-brow human activity', whereas Piccolo was just not interested, period. However, with some careful convincing from both Yamcha and Gohan, the
latter of whom announced his eagerness to participate, they were able to persuade the others into going along with them, including the most serious members of their troop. So, with bats and gloves in hand, the warriors hit the field for what would become a really interesting couple rounds of baseball.

While it was undeniably funny to see Gohan and Goten dressed in Yamcha's team colors, the Taitans, and wearing the club's hats and gloves, it was even more hilarious to see Zangya adorned in the exact same uniform.

"Surely you're just wearing that ironically?" Piccolo asked the orange haired girl standing in the right field with glove in hand, and adorned in the team's shirt, pants, hat, and chewing gum.

Blowing out a bubble from the strip in her mouth and letting it pop, the Hera grinned teasingly back at the Namekian. "Hey, if I'm going to be playing baseball in an actual stadium with you shmucks, I may as well play it right." Hell, she even got the mannerisms down pat.

The green warrior, still carrying his weighted clothing, cape and everything, grunted as he glared across at the center plate. "Whatever."

Looking at the field, this was how it currently stood.

Due to the lack of significantly strong players amongst the current group of Z-fighters, the faction had to be divided into two. While Yamcha, Piccolo, Zangya, Yajirobi, Tien, Krillin and Goten made up one team, Gohan, Vegeta, Chiaotzu, Videl, Trunks, and Bulma's 'new and improved' Android 16C made up the members of the other team.

While all of these guys were currently scattered across the field, limbering up and holding the positions they'd been assigned, this left Chi-Chi, Bulma, Launch, Android 18# and her daughter Marron, Puar, Oolong, Master Roshi and the Ox King up in the front row of the bleachers looking out over the green. Accompanying them, dressed in casual clothing and an apron that said 'World's Greatest Champ' right on the front, was Hercule Satan, who was currently tending to the barbeque they had setup alongside the first class seats.

Putting some more meat onto the serving tray once he noticed that they were cooked, the man in the afro grinned proudly and turned his attention towards the group, "Okay! Who wants some steak sausages and beef cutlets fresh off the grate? Anyone?"

"I'll take one of everything," Oolong said while raising his paper plate to the martial artist, "And some coleslaw!"

"Me too," Bulma also spoke up with a smile. Almost instantly the big man with the mustache and stubble moved over the seats and dealt out bread, meat and salads to all those who wanted it. He even had on him some tomato sauce, which he kept secured in his apron pocket, and drew upon at the hungry audience's request. "Mm. Smells good. Thanks."

"My pleasure," the man replied with an honest, good-natured smile, before turning towards the field to watch the progress of the game. Upon scanning the grass for a good couple of moments, inspecting the players and seeing who was up against whom, Hercule's eyes then fell upon his daughter sitting in the dugout and alongside her best friend Gohan. Raising his tongs, the man gave an almighty roar, "GIVE THEM HELL, SWEET PEA!"

Yajirobi, who was currently held up on third base, groaned when he smelt the delicious scent of cutlets, steak, sausages and chicken drifting down onto the pitch. Despite being assigned such an important position, the only thing he could think of was one thing, "Man, am I hungry. I can't wait
to get off this field and have some of that delicious meat." His growling stomach could surely attest to that.

"Okay! Okay! Let's do this!" a grinning Yamcha standing on the pitcher's mound called out while nodding towards the opposing team. "Batter up, people!"

Dressed in a pair of red shorts, a green jersey and a wooden bat propped against his shoulder, little Trunks stepped out onto the field under the cheers and applause of the women and his best friend Goten. Appearing with his usual look on confidence for a child his age, the five-year-old turned to face the pitcher from the right-handed batter's box and watched as his adult adversary grinned.

Krillin, who was in the catcher's position and wearing the trademark face mask and padding, smiled across at the youngster. "Good luck, Trunks."

"Thanks, Krillin," the lavender haired demi-Saiyan whispered back.

The scar-faced pitcher smiled, "Are you ready, little man?"

Feigning a spit like he saw on television, the child then brought his bat out and took a stance. "Whenever you are, super star."

Grinning, Yamcha then dug his feet into the mound and rolled the ball between his fingers. "Alright. Here it comes." Warning given, the former mercenary straightened up, primed himself, and then, after checking the field to the left of him, cocked his hand back and let it rip.

The ball shot from his grip like a bullet and curled through the air, stunning a few people at how fast it moved. Trunks however, seeing it coming at him in bullet time, swung at it in a blur of movement. With a loud clap, he sent the ball flying across center field, drawing an exclamation of surprise from the audience before he sprinted over to first at super speed.

It was a good thing he did because the second his ball was airborne Tien leapt into the air and caught it. As soon as the ball thumped into his glove, he took it up in his free hand and tossed it towards first base. "Goten! Heads up!"

The tri-clops's warning was well received as the little half-Saiyan quickly caught the ball and stepped forward to intercept his friend. However, the second he reached to tap, Trunks dove for the ground and skidded to a clean landing.

"Safe," the robotic voice of an observing Android 16 spoke up, who also had on a uniform and a baseball hat worn atop his head.

The announcement had Vegeta smirk and Bulma cheer at her son's success. Even though the entire exchange went by in less than a second, those with sharp enough senses and a keen eye had been able to observe the entire thing. The only one who lost track of the whole exchange was Hercule, who was currently gawking at how fast that little segment went.

Seriously. If you blinked you would've missed it, and the man did blink.

"Dang it," Goten mumbled, tossing the ball across to Yamcha while his lavender haired friend grinned at him from the plate.

"Better luck next time, Goten."

"Nice one, Trunks. Well done," the scar-faced man congratulated, before then turning to see who the second batter would be.
As everyone moved into position, Tien landed back onto his side of the field after his spectacular thirty feet jump and quickly turned towards second base. "Hey, Piccolo. That one should have been yours, man. It was right on top of you."

The Namekian, staring across at the bald fighter, grunted indignantly, "Yeah. I'll get it next time." He then turned to stare at home base.

When everyone looked to see who was next, they saw Chiaotzu slink into view. As if holding a comically large bat, the little mime-fighter nervously worked his way over to the right-handed position and took up a comfortable stance beside the plate.

Upon seeing the nervousness etched across his innocent face, the members of the Z-gang quickly began passing the little fighter their encouragement.

"Don't be scared, Chiaotzu!" Tien called to his friend from his spot. "Whatever it takes, just hit the ball!"

"You can do it!" the kind voice of Launch echoed in from the stadium seats.

Swallowing nervously under their words and praise, the little martial artist nodded, "O-Okay."

Giving his comrade of many years an intense smile, Yamcha quickly readied himself for a throw. Everyone held their breaths as they watched the man load up and, just as Trunks was slowly inching away from first base, the mercenary cocked back his arm and threw. The ball left his hand at an even greater speed than when he threw it at Trunks, obviously indicating how much trust he was putting behind each pitch.

Just like before, his execution and aim was superb. However, just as the ball was shooting towards Chiaotzu with the intent of blowing right past him and landing in Krillin's glove, the mime then did something completely unexpected.

His eyes suddenly glowing blue, the short human fighter gave a quick, psychic burst and stopped the ball dead in its tracks. When it froze in the air just a couple feet from him Chiaotzu quickly took aim, swung his bat, and smacked it straight into the sky. The white sphere went soaring, giving Trunks the cue to run and for the hitter to do the same. Chiaotzu levitated off the floor and shot towards first base as fast as he could.

The superhuman maneuver caught Yamcha completely by surprise as he turned and watched the ball shoot over left field like a missile. "Damn!"

All at once, Tien leapt into the air and intercepted the projectile before it could leave the field. As soon as he caught it, the man took aim and chucked it straight down to second towards Piccolo.

The Namekian was ready.

Running into the middle of the line the tall fighter caught it and spun around to catch Trunks, only for the quick little hybrid to shoot past him and dive for second base. The green warrior cursed and spun on the spot, chucking the ball towards Goten.

With his foot on the plate, the spiky haired boy caught the fast-moving object and turned, quickly tagging Chiaotzu before he could reach his goal. "Got yah," the boy chirped.

"Out," Android 16's voice called from beside the dugout.

Blinking a few times at the lightning fast game, Chi-Chi turned towards Android 18 and the others,
"Hey. Chiaotzu stopped the ball in midflight. Is he allowed to do that?"

Bulma grinned, "Well… it's called 'Super Human Baseball' for a reason."

When Chiaotzu slowly made his way back to the dugout under a congratulatory applause from the audience, he met with Gohan making his way out, who quickly gave the shorter fighter an encouraging pat on the shoulder. "That was a really good move, Chiaotzu. I'm sure you'll nail it next time."

The mime smiled in appreciation at the young Saiyan's comment, "Thanks, Gohan."

Words exchanged, the teenager readjusted his cap and jogged his way over to home plate.

As soon as everyone saw the half-Saiyan stroll towards the batter's position under the cheer and whistles of the audience, most notably Chi-Chi, Hercule and Videl, smiles of enthusiasm quickly pulled across the faces of the most competitive members of the group. While Goten beamed excitedly when he saw his brother take a few practice swings with his metal bat, the orange haired Hera over in right field gave an evil chuckle and spoke up so that her target could hear her.

"O-ho. I am so going to tackle you," Zangya exclaimed loudly, before quickly turning towards an equally grinning Yamcha. "Oi! Scar-face! Make him hit one my way!"

"You got it," the mercenary replied, watching carefully as the teen dusted his hands off at the plate and got into position. Bending low, the man held the ball in his glove and fixed his most focused glare on the spiky haired half-Saiyan standing in his sights. "Okay, Gohan. This one's coming at you hard and fast. So get ready."

"Whatever you say, Yamcha," the demi-warrior replied while kicking his bat into the air and taking it into a firm, two-handed grip. Upon securing a good spot, he focused his gaze on the wolfish warrior and put on his most serious air. "Alright. Bring it."

Krillin grinned behind his mask. "They really have it out for you today, buddy. Watch yourself."

It was this gutsy exchange of words that prompted everyone in the area to quiet down and prepare for a good show. As Yamcha stretched and loaded his arm, Piccolo removed his cape and turban, Zangya spat out her gum, Tien began to gather energy, and Videl and the rest of the crew leaned forward in their seats, gripping their legs with excitement. It was obvious that no matter what was going to happen out there, all of the Z-fighters knew it was going to be one doozy of a play.

Discreetly pouring ki into the baseball so that it glowed a bright blue, Yamcha straightened up, took aim and, with a growl and a yell, he pitched the ball at light speed straight towards his target, causing a sonic boom to ring out.

In a split second, all hell broke loose.

Powering up so that his aura exploded around him like an inferno, surprising Krillin at its intensity, Gohan uncorked his bat and slugged the approaching ball as hard as he could, sending it rocketing into the sky and breaking the sound barrier several times. While most of the fighters out there were unprepared for the sheer magnitude of the hit, Goten and Tien included, two of them were.

Piccolo instantly leapt for the ball to try and catch it, but it shot right past him and up into the clouds, which it parted on contact a split second after being hit.

"Damn!" the Namekian shouted, spinning around and watching the sphere soar into the upper atmosphere, only to then see Zangya shoot past at full speed in hot pursuit of the ball.
On the ground, it looked like a home run. The second Gohan let the ball fly, he super-sped towards first base, blowing past an awe-struck Goten at the same time Trunks left second and sprinted for third. Once the lavender haired boy rushed past an equally astonished Yajirobi, the child began sprinting for home, knowing that if he slowed down for even a second something disastrous would probably happen to him.

He wasn't that far off either.

As soon as Gohan's feet landed on second he made a beeline straight towards third. Skidding past a confused Yajirobi, he then made a dash towards home. Under the cheers from the crowd, Videl especially, the boy looked like he was in the clear.

But just as Vegeta was rising to his feet to watch the glorious victory of the half-Saiyan, a green blur from the clouds above suddenly shot down towards the earth like a lightning bolt and, in the blink of an eye, tackled Gohan in the side and plowed him into the floor just a few feet away from home base. The sudden maneuver had everyone gawking in shock.

Digging a twenty foot long trench through the dirt after blindsiding her quarry, the half-Saiyan soon came to a grinding stop. When the dust eventually cleared, it revealed the poor youngster lying flat on his back with a panting Zangya straddling his waist, her foot on his chest and a victorious smile in play. As soon as she saw the boy pinned beneath her, she held up the slightly burnt baseball and tapped him on the forehead.

"Got yah, bitch."

The teen, giving the woman a playful grin in return, then let out a groan in disappointment, "Ah, man. I was so close."

"Better luck next time, slugger," Zangya replied, getting off of him and helping the kid to his feet. After pulling him out of the crater they'd formed, the Hera patted him on the shoulder and allowed him to return to the dugout.

Even though the audience was both astonished and disappointed at the result, they still applauded Gohan for a job well done. Vegeta on the other hand, who was still seated comfortably with the rest of the players of his team, grunted and looked up at the teen in displeasure when he finally returned to their station. "That was a terrible performance brat. And you call yourself a Saiyan elite."

"Hey, I was just being fair. If I actually went all out on that throw, I would have disintegrated the ball before it even left the stadium," Gohan said with his characteristic Son smile. "I mean… can you blame me for taking it easy?"

The prince huffed at his words, "A true warrior never takes it easy, not even on their comrades."

"Well… I guess that's where you and I differ from each other," the half-Saiyan replied, dusting his uniform off while trudging down the steps. "Besides; our only rule is to keep the ball intact. If it gets completely destroyed in mid-play, we'll have to start the exchange all over again. So make sure you hold back with your swings." On his way in, Gohan passed by Videl and gave her a spirited high-five in greeting. "Good luck."

"Thanks. I'll make sure to give them something to work for," the raven haired girl chirped while dashing over to the deck, bat in hand.

With two of them out and one of them home, there were now only three people left to step up to the
plate. While Videl was a shooing to give the thrower her best shot, there was one among them that was a complete wild card in the lineup.

Having left his post by the dugout to make his way over to the batter's box, the watered-down Android 16 could be seen standing there with a bat in hand and emotionless gaze set on the pitcher. Yamcha, having become familiar with the robot over the past several days, looked a little bit nervous about throwing a hard ball towards the guy since he was supposedly a lot more fragile than the last model. Hell, he was even standing there with a bird on his shoulder.

However, this being a competitive game and the android being more than willing to participate, the scar-faced fighter figured he could throw some fast ones his way.

Hopefully Bulma wouldn't get pissed at him because he accidentally broke the robot's arms.

Making a few audible beeping noises, the orange haired Android then spoke up in a monotone sounding voice, "Synchronizing movements with the projectile's predicted flight path. Syncing…" His eyes then flickered with a few lights, drawing odd stares from all the warriors on the field, "Calibrating elemental boost information and adjusting bat setting to homing mode."

Krillin, crouching behind the towering robot that was standing as still as a statue, blinked a couple of times in confusion, "Umm… dude? Is everything okay?"

Swallowing nervously just like all the other members of the audience, Yamcha straightened up and took aim. "Well… here goes nothing." Sucking it in, the man cocked his arm back and, with as little energy as possible, chucked it at the robot.

Like a piston, Android 16's arms moved back before swinging out at a surprising speed. With perfect aim and precision, the android smacked the ball and sent it soaring over center field. The clean hit and the sight of the ball flying towards the clouds had the entire audience stare.


"His timing was spot on," the Ox King also commented while chewing on a hotdog.

However, all praise and commentary on the display was cut short when Piccolo effortlessly intercepted the ball and chucked it down to Goten. When the half-Saiyan caught it and turned to catch the android to tag him out, he saw the robot still standing at the home plate in the same position he'd ended up in following his swing.

The entire arena went silent for several long seconds, upon which the robot finally dropped the bat and turned towards first base… and started walking towards it at an arduous pace.

"Beginning run to first base. Running."

At that moment, every single person in the stadium face planted the floor, with the exception of Android 18, who was still holding Marron in her arms. However, the woman still had the decency to look on with a deadpanned expression.

Despite being a terrific android utilizing the most cutting edge software and technology from Capsule Corp, the current Android 16 apparently still had a seriously long loading time. Not to mention he had tunnel vision. Sure, he could process and execute one task perfectly, but he couldn't compartmentalize information fast enough or perform multiple activities at once.

This just showed how much work still needed to go into him.
The sight of the robot continuing to march towards first base had Bulma pick herself off the floor and yell at him, "God damn it, Sixteen! Either run or sprint! Don't walk!"

"I am not fast," the robot answered, only to stop dead in its tracks moments later when it saw Goten holding the ball. A few beeps of its optical sensors later and the automaton spoke up once again, "Objective: failed. Ball has been effectively intercepted. Player: out." The android then turned on the spot and marched back towards the dugout.

Standing up as well, the four-year-old Goten grinned and threw his hands in the air victoriously, "Yay! I got someone out!"

The players once again turned over. Following Android 16's uninspiring defeat, Vegeta took to the deck while the raven haired girl who'd previously been standing there stepped up to home. With a metallic bat in hand, the girl kicked her feet into the ground and rolled her shoulders, facing down Yamcha with a twinkle in her eye and a grin on her face.

Slapping a baseball helmet onto her head, the girl stylishly spun her bat around and pointed it straight at her foe, "BATCHKOI! Let's do this!" She then took the steel slugger into a two-handed grip and slid into a wide stance.

Whistling at the girl's gutsy attitude, Yamcha chuckled, "Okay. You asked for it." Tossing his ball up and down a couple of times, the man then set it in his glove and took his position. Straightening upright after a couple seconds of analysis, the star player then wasted no time in pulling his hand back and pitching the ball at the girl using an unconventional, underhanded throw that curved the projectile at blinding speed.

Watching the ball contort as it spun towards her, the raven haired girl gave a wicked grin and, taking a big step forward, swung out with her bat and sent the ball straight into the ground. The white sphere struck the earth in front of her with a sharp thump and buried itself ten feet deep, allowing her to drop her bat and jog to first base without any difficulty.

Yamcha, seeing the ball bury itself halfway between him and the home plate, blinked in shock, "Oh. Didn't expect that." He then rushed over to the hole and looked in, where he was shortly accompanied by Yajirobi.

"Smooth move bro," the rotund fighter with the katana spoke.

"Hey! Don't pin this one on me! I never expected her to hit it into the ground."

"Well… it happened. So what are you gonna do about it?"

"Ah, shit." Yamcha then got to his knees and started digging, a sight that had the Z-fighters standing around the field take a time out for the momentary intermission.

By the time the two men finally managed to dig the ball out, which had been shredded after being sent into the ground, Videl had already run a full lap of the field and jogged comfortably back to the dugout. The women in the audience gave a mighty cheer for her effort, at the same time Zangya pulled away from her part of the field to high-five the girl for a well-executed move. Eventually, when the guys managed to get a replacement ball for the ruined one, the game could once again move on to the final hitter of the team.

Yamcha and everybody else frowned seriously when they saw Vegeta stroll over to the batter's box. With an air of confidence and smugness only the prince himself could possess, the flame-haired man dressed in the blue singlet, sweat pants and shoes took a couple practice swings before
digging his feet into position. Assured he was comfortable, the full-blooded Saiyan then focused his attention on the neophyte glaring at him from across the way and the chumps standing in the background.

"Ready to get struck out, your majesty?" Yamcha asked with a grin of his own.

"Bring it on, meat shield," the Saiyan Prince shot back. "I'll send whatever you throw at me back at you tenfold."

"We'll see," the scar-faced pitcher thought, glancing behind him at Piccolo and then across at Tien. Giving his fellow human fighter a respectful nod, the former mercenary then held the ball behind his back and began pouring energy into it. The ball radiating a hot yellow from the amount of ki being poured into it, as soon as it'd achieved critical mass, Yamcha knew he was ready. "Okay, Vegeta. Eat this!"

Warning given, the Saiyan's expression became dead serious and his grip tightened around the bat's handle like a vice. As soon as his arms tensed, his opponent took action.

With a mighty yell that could be heard all across the city, Yamcha cocked his arm back and threw the ball in a wide arc.

Vegeta expected the attack to come straight at him. Reading its path like a ki blast, the man moved to the side and turned in with a low swing.

At first it seemed like it was going to travel right into his bat's path, with Krillin bracing himself for a catch that was sure to be painful.

However, unlike all of Yamcha's previous throws, the baseball unexpectedly curved along its expected path like it was possessed and, with speed no one could have anticipated, smacked Vegeta square in the thigh like a miniature *Spirit Ball*.

Every single Z-fighter cringed when they saw the charged ball drill into the man's leg and heard its solid 'crack' on impact, eliciting a shocked cry of agony from the Saiyan warrior. A split second later, Vegeta fell to his knees and gripped his thigh, a sight that not only had Piccolo grin, but it had Zangya burst out with laughter.

"AAAAAH! YOU DICK!"

"Oh. Whoops. Sorry about that, dude," Yamcha spoke with an amused grin in play. He whistled while nonchalantly adjusting his cap. "I was aiming for Krillin."

"NO! YOU WEREN'T!" the prince screamed back, a response that caused everybody else in the stadium to start laughing. The sound of their uproarious cheers and exclamations had Vegeta's eye twitch and a tick mark form across his left and right temple. "SHUT THE HELL UP! IT'S NOT FUNNY!" This only made the group laugh even harder.


While Vegeta slowly recovered from his injury, and Piccolo, Tien and their Hera teammate dashed forward to stop the infuriated prince from killing Yamcha outright, over by the dugout Gohan and Videl were leaning against each other for support while their laughter carried on. When both eventually recovered and wiped the tears out of their eyes, the raven haired girl turned towards her partner and grinned at him.

"This is great," she said, partially breathless. "We should get together to do this more often."
"Yeah. Definitely," Gohan chuckled back, straightening up so that they could watch as the others held the irate Saiyan Prince back.

Despite a couple of hiccups here and there, this day proved to be the most fun the Z-fighters remembered ever having together.

XXX

(A few weeks later)

Shadow sparring was always a great way to focus on your techniques and fighting skills. It even served as a terrific form of meditation and breathing exercise, depending on what kind of style you practiced. For Gohan it was a little bit of everything, and though it was an enjoyable experience when training on his own, it was even more stimulating when he was training alongside his family and friends.

In almost perfect synchronization, Gohan, Videl and Goten stood side by side throwing combinations of punches and kicks, sliding through stances and positions reminiscent of those practiced by the Shaolin Monks. Shifting from stance to stance one after the other, the trio exercised proper technique and form as they moved through a repetitive combination of gestures meant to instill within them a sense of control and confidence. They could then apply these same moves to fighting, so that if they were forced to dodge they could retaliate instantly, and if they responded with a parry they could counter respectively.

Over and over again the three of them moved, their movements flowing like water down a stream. Though they were sweating a bit, it was only because they were all wearing weighted clothing set at a manageable level but could still give them a hard enough workout.

It was also worth noting that all three of them were wearing the exact same gi as one another, orange and blue, with the only difference being Goten's long-sleeved undershirt and tie-on belt as opposed to the band versions that his compatriots were wearing. Whatever the case, all three of them were moving harmoniously, and against the background of Mount Paozu with a cool breeze drifting past them, it was the most ideal setting they could've possibly asked for.

After a full morning of practice going through these same moves repeatedly, it was safe to say that the three of them were pretty much set for the next session following. So, ending their practice with a quick combination of blows, the trio of fighters then began limbering up.

Just like his older brother had shown him, Goten loosened his shoulders and shook out his arms and legs, skipping on the spot from left to right. Videl pretty much did the same thing, with Gohan moving to stretch out his legs in a manner his father was best recognized for doing before every fight. Their warm down soon ended however when the teen hybrid moved further out onto the grass and turned to the pair with a big smile on his face.

"Alright guys. To finish up our morning session, the two of you are going to come at me with everything you've got," Gohan instructed, folding his arms over his chest and watching the pair lock glares onto him. Not sensing an ounce of fear or hesitation on them when they assumed their respective fighting stances, the demi-Saiyan grinned, "We're going to work until you give up or drop, so don't hold anything back. Once we're done, we can go back inside and settle down for a nice spot of brunch. Deal?"

Goten allowed a smirk to cross his face in response, "Deal."

"I'm going to give it my all, Gohan," Videl announced with an equally enthusiastic smile.
Arms still crossed, the teen nodded to them in acknowledgment, "Come."

Without another word, Goten rushed straight at his brother and, in a blur of movement, opened up with an onslaught of attacks. Punches flew up at the older boy who, upon leaning back, began blocking his brother's attacks with his right leg. He effortlessly parried and deflected the kid's blows as they flew his way, and continued to do so until he decided to counter with a swift side kick. This attack prompted Goten to leap off of the ground and attack him from up high, throwing punches and kicks at Gohan's head. Despite his best efforts though, the older brother effortlessly slipped and ducked around all of them.

Uncrossing his arms, the spiky haired teenager retaliated with a swift combination of his own, forcing his little brother to block and avoid before dropping back down to the ground. As soon as Goten landed, he spun and threw a low roundhouse kick, which Gohan checked.

The second he did so, the demi-Saiyan perked up in surprise when he sensed a shadow appear behind him and ducked to avoid a wide hook from Videl. The Saiyan then began head slipping punches thrown by the tomboy on the spot, his form blurring between them before he blocked her fist and countered with a kick, forcing the human fighter to spring away. The young duo then rushed back at Gohan and attacked him from both sides, forcing their opponent to avoid from his left and right. He danced between the pair and parried a couple of hits with his leg, until Goten swung in with a wide hook, allowing Gohan to slip under him and cause the youngster to spin over to Videl's side.

"Don't overcompensate. Keep it tight, Goten," Gohan instructed, smiling as he then watched the pair focus all of their attention on him once again. "Try not to be too direct, Videl. Your line of attack is getting predictable. Move around some more."

The teen then faced the duo and allowed them to charge in and attack once again. They came at him head on, but the teen kept his arms at his sides and slipped around their combined assault with ease, slowly backing away as they unleashed everything upon him. Gohan avoided all of their blows like they were moving in slow motion, his smile remaining for a short while until his expression became a little more intense and he quickly matched a counter to their onslaught of blows. When Goten and Videl dove in for a simultaneous attack, he parried both of their hits and, with a swift series of kicks, struck them several times before knocking them away.

Both skidding along the grass to a stop, the young hybrid and human fighter gave a huff and charged right at their opponent once again, who stood before them with his arms crossed. The second they dashed at the teen, the entire process started all over again. For the next hour, both Videl and Goten attacked Gohan with reckless abandon while their trainer dodged, blocked and parried all of their attacks.

After another hour, all three of them were called back into the house when Chi-Chi came out to get them and found two of her hard workers lying flat on their backs, beaten, bruised and utterly spent.

XXX

(A couple weeks later)

There was nothing like a good long meditation in the morning by the waterfall to soothe one's soul. Well, this was the very thing Paprika had been in the process of getting into, until she was once again interrupted by the timely arrival of her regular visitor, Son Goten.

Astride the yellow cloud that his family referred to as Nimbus, the little half-Saiyan giggled brightly as he floated around the girl sitting in midair with her legs crossed, arms folded and her
eyes tightly shut. In spite of the fact that she looked like she was currently occupied fighting an internal battle with her spirit, the spiky haired half-pint was doing everything in his power to keep her from doing that. This involved drifting around her like he was in orbit on top of his family's cloud and repeatedly asking her questions he really wanted to have answered.

Needless to say, as grating as it was, it was simply impossible to ignore the little guy.

"So your people like eating fruits for breakfast and lunch, huh? I really like fruits too," Goten exclaimed happily in response to the older girl's latest reply to his storm of questions. Completely caught up in the moment, the child began counting on his fingers, "All kinds. I like apples, bananas, oranges, strawberries, raspberries, pineapples, grapes, pears, raisins..." He then sat back on his cloud and looked towards the sky thoughtfully. "I really like eating prunes too... but those ones make you want to go to the bathroom." An excited look then came upon his face and he grinned at the Makyan's back. "Did your people have fruits that made you do that too?"

Breathing out a sigh, the napping demon girl shrugged her shoulders, "We had a lot of fruits possessing all sorts of magical and dietary properties. This included alcoholic dates and berries that could cure any illness you were afflicted with." She then cracked open an eye and looked across at the boy floating alongside her. "My village was known for growing and selling some of the most delicious fruits on the entire planet. But... Makyo was destroyed many years ago in a great cataclysm... and most of my entire race's culture is now lost to the ages, including their fields and trees."

"Oh. I'm... I'm sorry," Goten murmured, now looking ashamed at having asked her that question. "I didn't know."

"Don't worry. I've gotten used to it," Paprika replied, closing her eyes again and exhaling deeply.

"Being on your own?" Goten asked, his face scrunching up cutely as he considered the question carefully for himself. After a couple minutes of sitting on it, the youngster then responded with the only thing he could come up with, "I think being on your own would be very sad and very scary. If my brother, Zangya, Videl or my mum weren't around and I wanted someone to play with, I wouldn't know what to do. I'd be walking around lonely and... and upset." He squirmed a little on the spot, "I don't think I'd ever get used to being alone."

His words had Paprika visibly sit up a little, but it was a response that went completely amiss by the little half-Saiyan.

"Everyone needs somebody to make them feel better... mums... dads... brothers... family... friends," Goten then smiled as he gazed across at the Makyan's back. "Having people around you who love you and spend time with you can make you very happy. Like whenever I'm upset or hurt, I always go to my brother and he cheers me up and spends time with me. And whenever I want someone to play with, I sometimes go over to Bulma's house and play games with Trunks. Sometimes he'd come over to my place too and we play tag across the hills." The youngster grinned as memories of those times flooded back to him. "When I'm spending time with someone I know and love, I feel like I'm going to be okay. I feel safe and happy." The boy then leaned forward curiously as he moved Nimbus around to look at the girl, "Do... you have someone that makes you feel like that?"

It was then Goten got a little bit of a surprise when he floated around and saw Paprika's face. Getting a good look at her, the boy noticed the girl was staring ahead of her with tears streaming down her cheeks and her mouth slightly open, a sight that had the child recoil before floating forward in worry.
"Ms Angel… are… are you okay?"

Realizing that the youngster had come right up alongside her, Paprika shook herself out of her daze and wiped out her eyes. "Oh… y-yeah. I just… got splashed by the waterfall." She then cleared her throat and closed her eyes once again. "It's nothing."

Blinking a few times after seeing the girl wipe away the 'water' on her face, the spiky haired child pursed his lips stubbornly and tilted his head, "Are you sure?"

"Yes. I'm sure," Paprika replied quickly, wanting to avoid getting too into her personal issues with this child.

He was young and innocent. The last thing she wanted to do was fill him in on the torrent of emotions she was experiencing every day.

However, what she had yet to figure out was that Goten wasn't a quitter. When he saw something he thought was out of place, he would stop at nothing until that thing was corrected. It was an attribute of tenacity that was best associated with all the members of his family. So, staying true to that virtue, the young half-Saiyan floated forward on Nimbus and hovered in front of the girl with a happy smile on his face.

"If you don't have any friends or family, Ms Angel… I can be your friend if you like."

The Makyan looked up at him in surprise, "Huh?"

"Yeah. That's a great idea," the boy said, floating around on the cloud so that he was behind her and surprised the demon by wrapping his arms around her. As soon as he was latched on, he giggled and pressed his face against the girl's fluffy hair. "Since you're living here in Mount Paozu, I can come visit you every day and we can hang out whenever you want. If you're feeling upset you can come tell me about it… and if you want someone to talk to, you can come talk to me. Wouldn't that be awesome?"

At first baffled by what the boy was saying, Paprika tried to unlock the boy's grip from around her neck. However, her efforts proving futile, she simply settled for staring at him. "Uh… well…” She was about to protest. But as soon as her eyes landed on the boy's face and she saw the child smiling at her from up close, the white haired girl felt her words get swallowed up and her breathing grow still. Upon which she relented to the overwhelming cuteness of his visage and the wall preventing her from saying anything slowly crumbled. "I… I guess so."

"Yay!" Goten exclaimed, pulling away from the girl to float next to her, grinning from ear to ear, "I know we're going to have so much fun. We can look for bugs together, chase dinosaurs, catch fish… we can even play chasey when my brother teaches me how to fly tomorrow." Another idea then came to the child's head and he hovered in closer to the Makyan once again. "Hey! You can even come around and play with me and Gohan sometime! It'll be great!"

Recoiling a little, Paprika looked away with a slight smirk on her face, "We'll see. Your brother and I aren't exactly what you would call… the best of pals…"

"Oh? You've… already met my brother?" Goten asked, tilting his head at the demon girl for a moment.

The Makyan chuckled, "In a way."

Shrugging it off seconds later when the green-skinned girl failed to elaborate any further, Goten then went on about wanting to organize a play date with her and Trunks. He talked about how he
wanted to show her his place and all of the awesome hot spots there were for animals around the mountain. Considering how long he'd known this girl, he was determined to hang out with her as much as possible when he wasn't at home, so that she didn't feel alone anymore. His heart spoke for him in this matter and, unbeknownst to him, it struck a little chord inside of Paprika that resonated with her deeply.

Not allowing it to show on her face, the Makyan simply floated there and allowed Goten to ramble on and fill her world with noises of comfort and joy…

Both of which she thought she'd long cut out of her life.

XXX

(Two months later)

In the enormous, dome-shaped structure that was Capsule Corp's main building, in a private wing reserved entirely for the Brief family's use, Goten and Trunks could be seen sitting in a quiet observation area behind a pane of specially made, reinforced glass.

The reason for their being in that vicinity was simple.

The viewing window in front of them was the only thing standing between them and the circular white chamber that was the company's primary Gravity Room, which was currently reading four hundred and fifty times on the control panel. Because of the ridiculously high setting the training center had been switched to, the kids had been forced to sit out for the time being so that they could watch as their two primary role models battled it out beyond the thick panel of shock-proof material.

Moving about in the form of two indiscernible blurs, the flame-haired form of Vegeta and the now taller Son Gohan could be seen darting about the tight bubble at ludicrous speeds. While not being able to move as fast as they normally did due to the harsh conditions they were being put under, the pair were still putting on one hell of a show for their audience as they danced through the airspace and engaged one another in one of their most intense sparring routines yet.

Having agreed to keep their fighting states at base form, both Prince and hybrid crisscrossed through the air like bullets, attacking one another with reckless abandon before deciding to gain some much needed space.

Reappearing out of super speed in a blur of motion, the shirtless Vegeta, sporting only a pair of tight blue spandex shorts, training shoes and a series of old battle scars, shimmered into view several meters above the ground in a kicking motion.

"Damn it!" Missing the flash of his foe darting past him, the Saiyan Prince felt his body begin to drop under the gravity before he shot off at an untraceable speed once again.

The ground shook when another figure phased into view on the other side of the chamber. Performing a series of acrobatic back flips, Gohan, also dressed in a pair of tight blue spandex shorts, training shoes and a series of old battle scars, shimmered into view several meters above the ground in a kicking motion.

Air filling with the sounds of shouting and wind breaking, the two warriors eventually remerged from their light speed travel spinning down from the ceiling. When they plummeted to midlevel in front of one another, Gohan used that opportunity to throw a wicked right straight. A battle cry
echoed out when his attack shot towards the prince, only to miss his target when the flame-haired Saiyan dodged it by an inch. The instant their sweat clouded the air from their respective actions, they disappeared once again.

As their sparring match raged on, a five year old Trunks, adorned in a green gi with orange belt and wrist bands, gave an exclamation of surprise when he saw his father receive an elbow to the face before retaliating with a kick to his opponent's side. The impacts were marked by two deafening shockwaves, "Whoa. Look at them go."

"Yeah. Man, that's so awesome," Goten remarked in amazement, watching with wide eyes as his brother vanished in a blur and came at his opponent from behind with a knee, slamming it into Vegeta's face and sending him spinning to the floor. After bouncing off of it, the man sprang up and leapt back into super speed travel. "I wish I could do that."

Frowning miserably, Trunks curled up a little in his seat and glared enviously through the window, "All of the adults in our group are so strong. How long will it take before you or I can fight like that?"

"I don't know," Goten replied with a puzzled expression, only to quickly switch back to a cheerful visage moments later. "But I bet with enough training I'll become just as strong as any one of them. That's what Gohan told me when he sparred with me the other day."

"My dad said the exact same thing to me when I was sparring with him," Trunks responded with a smile, earning a grin from his best friend. "What are the odds?"

As the kids talked, Gohan and Vegeta continued their battle.

Teleporting out of thin air, the Saiyan Prince arced around the circular chamber and dove in with a flying spin kick, only to miss the blur that shot past him. Growling in frustration, the scarred warrior dropped down to the durable tiled surface and slammed his feet into the floor. With a heavy thud, Vegeta then spun around and jabbed out, feeling his attack get parried and watching as his opponent shimmered into view directly in front of him.

With a shout Gohan threw a hook at the older fighter, who blocked it and attempted to retaliate with a punch of his own. Reacting quickly, the spiky haired Saiyan deflected the man's shot, at the same time jabbing out with a counter that struck his opponent across the face. Knocking spit out of Vegeta's mouth, the half-Saiyan parried a flick kick in the side, upon which the Saiyan Prince hiked off of his opponent's forward leg and back flipped into the air. He then came down at Gohan with an elbow, only for the teen to summersault out of the way and leap into the air.

Blasting back in a blur, the boy slammed his feet against the wall and shot forward, slamming into the man's side with a glorified body check and knocking him off his feet. Vegeta gave a shout as he was sent flying, before he swiftly spun into a recovery and kicked off of the wall as well. Both opponents flew off again, darting from left to right until they finally remerged above the ground.

Trading blows, the pair then collided with simultaneous kicks, which they both parried before eventually springing off of their opponents. Upon which the pair curled up into balls, spun through the air, and dropped altitude. Both touched down with a solid thud, covered in sweat, bruises, and showing signs of serious fatigue against the crushing forces of increased mass.

Panting heavily and noticing the teen glaring back at him fiercely, Vegeta huffed and marched over to the control panel. With a quick press of a button, he shut off the artificial field weighing them down. "Training Session: Complete. Gravity Simulation: Deactivated. Normal Environmental Settings Restored," the computer's voice spoke up as the hum of the engines faded away, and the
two Saiyans felt the extra mass lift free from their bodies. "**Time: one hour, twelve minutes and thirty-two seconds.**"

"Good spar, brat," the Saiyan Prince said, marching towards the exit with the half-Saiyan falling in step alongside him.

Gohan smiled when they exited the room and entered the lockers, "I see you've learned a few new moves, Vegeta. Been working hard?"

Gathering up a couple of towels hanging from the rack, the shorter fighter then tossed one over to the teen and began drying himself down. "If I plan on ascending to the next level like you have, I'm going to need every single second I can clock to get me there." He then hung the cloth from his shoulder and frowned, "I don't care how long it takes me. Sooner or later, I'm going to catch up to you."

"I'm sure you will," the demi-Saiyan chuckled, wiping his face and smirking at the man who'd become one of his most frequent sparring partners over the last few years. "Until then, you can expect to see my face around here a lot more often."

Grunting, Vegeta turned his back on his former opponent and went over to his locker, where he opened it up and began fishing around for his regular clothes. During which time he heard Gohan shuffle over to his and, after fishing out a water bottle, uncorked it and took a big swig from its contents.

"You've been jumping over to Otherworld to visit Kakarot, haven't you?" Vegeta asked, glancing over his shoulder to see the teen glance back at him in response.

"Yeah. Every chance I can," Gohan answered, before a smile formed across his face once again. "I took mum up there today so that she could spend some time with him while I looked after Goten down here."

"Hmph. Whatever," the flame-haired warrior replied, shutting his locker and moving to the showers, leaving the teen in the locker room to his own devices. "You can kick that clown in the shin for all I care."

Smiling after the Saiyan, the young warrior sat himself down on the bench and took another sip from his bottle. When he lowered it, he was almost immediately blind-sided when two similarly sized blurs crashed into him from the entrance. Looking down in surprise, he saw Trunks and Goten grinning up at him.

"Oh. Hey there you two. Where've you been hiding this whole time?" Even though he knew they'd been watching his spar with Vegeta, he still wanted to take the chance to humor the little rascals.

"That was awesome, big brother," Goten exclaimed happily. "You really gave Trunks' dad a hard time in there."

"Yeah! The way the two of you were zooming around and beating the heck out of each other, it was so cool!" the lavender haired hybrid also spoke up loudly, looking just as thrilled as his friend. "You and dad are, like, the two strongest guys in the universe."

"You think so," Gohan asked before grinning brightly. "You may be right on that one, Trunks."

Rocking back and forth while grabbing his brother's towel, Goten beamed at his sibling eagerly,
"Can we have a go as well, Gohan? Me and Trunks want to fight with you too."

"Heh. Sure. Why not?" the teen replied, upon which he then set his drink aside and nodded across the room. "If you like, I can take both of you in for a quick session at an easy ten. What do you say?" Since they were both still young and in training, he had to be considerate of their strengths.

His little brother especially. Even though the kid was super talented and packed quite a punch for his age, Goten still had quite a ways to go before he could tackle anything of a significantly high level.

Regardless, that didn't stop the twin terrors from expressing their enthusiasm.

"Yeah!" the pair answered at the same time, throwing their fists into the air excitedly. A split second later, both of them then laughed when Gohan stood up, tossed his brother over his shoulder and picked Trunks up and slipped the squirming child underneath his arm.

Once he'd hoisted them onto his person, the demi-Saiyan began his march, "Alright then. If that's what you fellas want, then let's get this show on the road!" He then dragged the laughing pair back into the Gravity Room, all the while not knowing that Vegeta had been standing behind the corner listening in the entire time.

After hearing the youngsters enter the training area, the Prince of all Saiyans returned to his own business and continued on for the showers. After the amount of heat he'd burned up in that damn simulation against Kakarot's ridiculously strong brat, he definitely needed a good soak to wash away his fatigue.

XXX

(Several weeks later)

(Mount Paozu)

Standing on the grass side by side with their eyes glued on the skies above them, Zangya, Piccolo, Lime and Icarus looked on intently as Gohan's latest training session unfolded at a rapidly escalating pace. It wasn't just due to the fact he was starting to use some more impressive maneuvers, but the other two he was currently having it out with were now trying even harder to shoot him out of the sky.

Zipping around as nothing more than three indiscernible blurs, the demi-Saiyan, along with a slightly scolded Videl and an equally bruised up Goten, could be seen exchanging blows at an incredibly high speed. With the sounds of wind cracking and gun shots ringing out across the countryside, there was nothing about this scenario that said they weren't working themselves into the dirt.

Elegantly dancing across the heavens, Videl reappeared out of super speed diving foot first towards an empty space in the sky, where Gohan's form suddenly blurred into view. Grinning all the while, the half-Saiyan parried her flying side kick and countered with a right hook, driving the girl away and forcing her into a retreat. Almost instantly after the failed attack, Goten came in from the side attempting to hit the older boy while his guard was down. However, just like with Videl, the teen managed to avoid the child's hit and retaliated with a swift body shot, knocking the wind out of his airborne brother before kicking him away.

Spinning through the air, the child quickly slowed and stopped in his tracks, teeth bared and fists clenched. "Ah. That didn't work."
"You've finally gotten the hang of flying, Goten. Well done," Gohan exclaimed, soaring backwards as he set his eyes on his winded sibling. "Don't stop now. You're doing well."

Grinning at the boy's encouragement, the spiky haired child in the long sleeved orange and blue gi threw his hands forward, "Okay! HA!" With a mighty yell of effort, the demi-Saiyan unleashed a powerful golden beam straight towards the teenager.

Smirk forming, Gohan slipped to the side and avoided it, allowing the attack to streak past him. The second he did, he then flew off to the right as fast as he could and dodged an orange blast from his five o'clock, which came from Videl attacking from below. In a matter of moments, the entire sky became filled with golden and orange beams of light as Gohan's two opponents began firing ki attacks at him one after the other.

Like a gratuitous fireworks display, the entire countryside became filled with chains of explosions and blinding flashes of light. One would quickly mistake this to be some sort of concert out in the middle of nowhere. However, at the very heart of this strange anomaly, it was simply two powerful martial artists trying to catch their even more powerful opponent and knock him out of the clouds.

The display of sheer speed and skill impressed both Piccolo and Zangya, and filled Lime's eyes with a sense of awe as she watched the group battle it out in midair.

"That's incredible," the brown haired girl in jean shorts and yellow T-shirt whispered, eyes darting left and right and taking in the performance for all it was worth. "No matter how fast they move, they just can't seem to catch him."

Zangya smiled in response, at the same time Icarus purred happily, "Give it a minute."

After several moments of nothing but watching beams of light and explosions streak across the heavens, Videl and Goten eventually reappeared out of their light speed states of travel, followed closely by Gohan. As soon as their forms faded into view, the dynamic duo took immediate action and focused all of their efforts upon their target.

Grabbing her wrist and throwing her hand forward, Videl unleashed a powerful purple blast towards the boy, at the exact same time Goten cupped his hands beside him and unleashed the Kamehameha wave in the exact same direction. The simultaneous attacks bathed the teenager in a bright light as the lances of energy approached, intent on taking him out in one go. However, just when they were about to hit the perfectly still boy hovering casually in their flight path, he suddenly vanished in a flicker of movement, stunning his opponents.

Videl and Goten's attacks collided with earsplitting force and an earthshaking explosion, filling the sky with fire and smoke. The colliding attacks obstructed the pair's view momentarily, prompting them to shield their faces until the flaring lights started to dissipate. When they looked back, they gritted their teeth in frustration when they saw the results for themselves.

"He's gone," Goten exclaimed, looking around in shock. "Where did he go?"

As it turns out, his teammate was almost as lost as he was, "I don't..." However, upon stretching out her senses and combing the area a little more thoroughly, the girl with the pigtails suddenly gasped in surprise and slipped to the side. "THERE!" Avoiding a series of blurs that shot past and cut her cheek, Videl threw a right straight, her knuckles grazing something in the air ahead of her and drawing a spurt of blood.

The moment her punch became fully extended, Gohan emerged out of his super speed movement directly in front of her with a surprised expression in play, which shortly transformed into a smug
When Goten looked over to see what'd happened to Videl, the youngster saw both her and his big brother floating with their fists extended over the other's shoulder and gazes locked firmly on their respective targets. Having obviously exchanged a cross counter with the half-Saiyan, the female fighter fixed the teen with a sly grin while Gohan threw one right back at her.

Their unexpected face-off had Piccolo blink in surprise, "She's gotten better… much better."

"Yeah," Zangya murmured, also putting on a smile. "Last time she couldn't keep up with that kind of speed. But it looks like Gohan's been taking her in for some extra training sessions in the gravity room."

In other words, after five years of training, Videl was finally starting to close the gap.

At first perplexed by the pair's exchange, Goten then balked in shock when he saw the pair vanish into thin air and the sounds of rapid gunfire suddenly fill the skies. Along with a chorus of grunts and shouts, the youngster saw the pair reemerge ten stories above him locked in a fierce exchange of blows. Their attacks flying at each other in a blur of countless motions, the pair then vanished and reappeared several hundred yards away, continuing to trade blows and pour on the pressure. In a matter of moments, their super human battle became a continuous, ongoing process, as the two fighters darted about the sky locked in intense combat and traded hit after hit at blinding speeds.

Eyes looking around in disbelief, Goten tried to follow them, but found that task to be extremely difficult. "Wow. They're moving so fast I can't even see them." Focusing his senses, the child spent the next minute attempting to get a bead on the pair's positions. After several more seconds of hearing nothing but grunting and powerful attacks impacting over and over, the child finally spotted them and grinned. "Busted!" With a loud battle cry, the hybrid shot up into the sky and, upon gaining enough speed, threw a flying side kick.

The second his momentum stopped he saw Gohan and Videl reappear, both of them looking down at him in surprise while the former had to lean back to avoid being hit by his brother's sole.

As soon as the two older fighters emerged out of thin air, Goten lunged at his older brother and began unleashing an onslaught of lightning fast attacks on him. Yelling out with every blow, the youngster began forcing Gohan into a slow retreat of ducking, weaving and slipping around his fists and kicks.

Upon realizing what was happened, a big smile appeared on Videl's face. "Heh. Look at him go." If nothing else, Goten sure was a determined little sprite.

Attempting to put on the pressure, the young demi-Saiyan increased the speed of his assault. But just when it seemed like he was getting somewhere, Gohan's hand suddenly shot up, caught his fist, and locked him up, stopping him dead.

A chuckle escaped the teen's lips as the demi-Saiyan grinned at his younger brother. "Hey, squirt. You're way too slow." The older fighter then lightly kneed the kid in the stomach before smacking the child out of the sky, sending him plummeting to the hills below.

However, just several stories later, Goten managed to stop his descent and flipped back into a proper, upright position. As soon as his momentum ceased, the youngster flew back up after his opponent, bringing proud looks to Piccolo, Zangya, and Lime's faces.

"Yeah! Go Goten!" the brown haired girl cheered ecstatically, a chant which was immediately
matched by an encouraging shriek from Icarus.

This sparring match between the three young fighters lasted for quite a while after that. But just like all great sessions, the hour soon came to an end and both Videl and Goten were swapped out for another pair of challengers. The two aliens watching from the sidelines took to the stage shortly after the young duo stepped down, allowing both them and their half-Saiyan friend to get a workout into their day. In a matter of seconds, the sky once again became filled with explosions and sonic blasts as shockwaves rippled all across the countryside.

When the audience stepped back and took up positions on the grass, the youngsters were soon given a full scope of the capabilities of earth's mightiest defenders. Videl, Lime and Goten were unable to peel their eyes away as the adults of their group battled it out across the heavens and rained hell down upon one another.

Appearing out of super speed, Gohan swung down with a hammer blow and struck Piccolo in the back, sending the Namekian plummeting out of the sky and towards the ground. But when he was only several feet away from hitting the earth, the green-skinned warrior righted himself and, landing against the grass in a crouched position, rocketed up into the sky and flew right back at his opponent, who was forced to block a spin kick from behind thrown by his other opponent.

Zangya growled when her attack was thwarted and swung in with a hook, only for Gohan to parry it and retaliate with a kick straight into her chin, which knocked her spinning in the opposite direction. As soon as he'd dealt with her, he turned to face the fast-approaching Piccolo, who managed to catch him with his guard down and smacked him across the face with a hook. The blow sending blood flying from the youngster's mouth, the demi-Saiyan used the momentum gained from the hit to spin around and slam a kick into the Namekian's head, only to see him block it. As soon as the force was absorbed, his mentor dive in with an onslaught of attacks.

Managing to weave around and deflect most of the blows, Gohan landed two straight punches into his instructor's face before receiving a kick in return, which he quickly countered. His occupation with the Namekian left him wide open, as Zangya suddenly came up from below with a jumping knee into his stomach. As soon as she smacked the boy into the air, she performed a quick forward flip and dropped an axe kick right into his back, sending him plummeting to the ground with a deafening shockwave.

The teen slammed into the grassy hillside in an explosion of smoke and dust. The moment he crash-landed, Zangya and Piccolo threw their hands back and pitched them forward unleashing two powerful beams that separated the cloud and collided with the crater Gohan had formed. The attacks detonated with colossal force, shaking the entire region and stunning the audience. Lime actually had to hang on to Icarus to stop from being shaken off her feet.

"Whoa! Intense," the farm girl remarked.

"You got that right," Videl agreed, looking on with a startled look of her own in play.

When it seemed like Piccolo and Zangya had managed to finally down their stubborn adversary for good, a second explosion from below cleared the cloud of smoke and revealed Gohan standing there covered in bruises.

As soon as the teen emerged from the rubble, Zangya grinned and disappeared in a blur along with her partner. Reappearing close to the ground, the orange haired woman turned in mid flight and flew at the boy feet first. But just when it seemed like she was about to hit, the teen leapt over her and flew into the air, retreating as Piccolo remerged not too far away and lobbed an orange ball of ki his way.
Avoiding it using super speed, Gohan quickly gained altitude. Upon suspending himself in the sky above the valley, he threw his arms and legs out and powered up, his golden aura exploding off of him as he jumped straight to Super Saiyan.

"Come on!" the half-Saiyan shouted.

His opponents were undeterred.

Powering up as well to match the boy's level, Piccolo rocketed up at his student and greeted him with a wide hook, an attack that was quickly matched by a punch from the golden warrior. In an instant, the pair's fists and legs collided with one another again and again as they traded mountain-leveling shots at high speed. But after several seconds of exchanging hits, the demi-Saiyan proved to be far too much for his mentor and managed to slip one of the Namekian's kicks and elbowed him in the head. The blow connected with tremendous force and sent the green fighter plummeting out of the sky.

Zangya, teleporting behind Gohan in a full-powered state, attempted to blindside him with a blow. But the teen, quick as ever, managed to avoid it and catch her arm. Both snarling under the strain of the lock, the Hera then leapt at him with a kick, only for the hybrid fighter to block it and knee her in the stomach with a yell of effort. The impact creating a deafening shockwave and causing Zangya to spit up blood, the half-Saiyan then used his advantage to spin the woman around a few times before tossing her towards the ground.

The orange haired fighter fell for several stories, only to stop just a couple of feet off the ground and land on her toes. Wiping blood out of the corner of her mouth, the woman smirked towards her opponent when he descended back to ground zero, at about the same time Piccolo managed to stagger to his feet as well.

The three squared off once again. But just when it seemed like they were going to restart the fray from scratch, Zangya spoke up.

"Why don't we make this a little more interesting?" the Hera asked, drawing Gohan and Piccolo's attentions. When their eyes fell upon her, they saw the young girl rise up to full height and clench her fists tightly at her sides. "I've been saving this move for a special occasion, but I think now is as good a time as any to show you."

At first confused by what she was saying, the two warriors soon found out why Zangya was acting so confident as her ki suddenly started climbing at an alarming rate.

Tensing up and gathering energy, the woman's green aura exploded around her like wildfire, causing the ground around her to crack and tremble. A growl escaping her clenched jaw, the Hera spent the next several seconds focusing her power and allowing it to build. Then, as soon as she reached the barrier preventing her from powering up any further, the woman broke it with a mighty yell and a deafening howl. In a series of sonic explosions, Zangya threw her arms up and outwards, her aura intensifying several times over when her skin flashed green and her hair turned blood red. Her muscles also becoming more defined with her power up, the woman practically shredded the purple shawl she was wearing and disintegrated it on the wind, stunning her audience.

Causing a gust of wind to blast outwards in all directions, Gohan and everybody else looked back to see the woman smile in their direction.

"It took a while, but I finally managed to get it. My race's Super Hera transformation… a technique known only to a handful of my people," Zangya spoke, her voice calm despite the now enormous level of energy she was producing. Just standing next to the woman had Piccolo sweating, whereas
Videl and Goten, both of whom were positioned several yards away, gawked in disbelief. "So… what do you think?"

At first astonished at his friend's sudden transformation, Gohan's look quickly calmed and an excited smile pulled across his lips. "I think I've found myself a new playmate," he said, gaze flickering mischievously. With a grunt of effort, the demi-Saiyan wasted no time and transformed as well. Hair spiking up even more, leaving only a single bang hanging in front of his forehead, the tempest of Gohan's aura increased dramatically and electricity began to crackle around him in a squall. Upon ascending to the next level, the teen smirked confidently, "Let's dance."

The sight of her roommate assuming his Super Saiyan 2 form had Zangya's full and undivided attention. A grin of excitement appeared on her face.

"This is going to be fun."

XXX

(A month later)

(Erasa's House)

"I mean, I was just casually flipping through channels and when I saw that movie was playing, I decided to see what all the fuss was about," the blonde haired teen that was Videl's schoolmate exclaimed, at the same time leaning back in her couch and staring across at the other people in the room.

"And… what did you think of it?" Videl asked, genuinely finding interest in what the other girl had to say about her latest discovery.

"I thought it was a pretty spectacular movie," the blonde in the green tube-top and white short-shorts replied, quickly taking on a dazed look as she thought back on the film. "The male actors in it were so hot."

"Well, they have to be if it was a movie about male strippers," the amused voice of Lime spoke up, whom was currently crashing on the floor in front of Gohan, the latter of which was sitting on the two-person couch alongside his raven haired training partner. "That's the general rule used by all companies who want to put something on the market. Sex sells."

"You don't need to tell me that, sister," Erasa chirped, raising her soda to the girl as a sign of respect, which the brown haired teenager in the blue, checkered shirt that was tied at the front and showed off a lot of cleavage, blue jean shorts and boots, responded in kind. "Guys, girls, it's all the same as long as they advertise it to the right people. Anyway, back to the movie; Magic Mick was great. Not because it was filled with a bunch of ridiculously hot guys, but the story was pretty awesome as well."

"I thought so too," the voice of a male spoke up from the other side of the group, to which all eyes turned to see a boy around their age, athletic in appearance with short brown hair and glasses, wearing a fitted red top, loose jeans and converses, sitting there with a proud smile on his face and polishing his nails against his chest. "Yep. Just another heterosexual male that went out and watched Magic Mick. It's not weird, it's… it's not weird… right?"

Videl snorted as she stared across at another friend from school, "Why in the world did you go and watch that movie, Touya."

"My guess is that he was insanely bored," Gohan remarked, sharing a grin with his friend and
earning a nod of agreement from her.

"Hey, I had to take my girlfriend to see something on the weekend. I couldn't help it if our only two options on the register were Magic Mick and that odd looking Galaxy Soldiers movie people have been raving on about for months," Touya replied, at the same time giving them the okay sign. "Good choice either way, but hey, I'm a man that cares about what Yukie wants, so I decided to bite the metaphorical bullet."

Lime, deciding to humor the kid, sighed and shook her head at the young man leaning against the other unoccupied couch, "What a hero."

"You're a champion among men, my friend," Gohan said in earnest, lifting up a potato chip and popping it into his mouth.

Touya chuckled and nudged his glasses against his nose, "You know, my biggest surprise about the whole thing was finding out it was directed by the same guy who directed that Ocean's Ten movie from eight years ago."

"Oh yeah. I remember watching that. That was a pretty tight film," Videl murmured, easily recalling that particular title. "Man. What a way to go."

"I knew something was up while I was watching it, because the entire way through I was thinking to myself 'this movie is… better than it should be… in fact I'm going to say it's actually enjoyable and good.' So I looked up it up and I was like 'oh, shit, that guy directed it,'" Touya continued with great enthusiasm in his voice. "Seriously, it was a butt-load of fun."

"You have to give the man props for having the guts to shoot that kind of script," Gohan interjected, taking a sip from his drink before looking across at Erasa. "Movies based on those sorts of concepts would be a pretty big risk in the industry, considering a lot of people would be uncomfortable with the idea of watching and filming something like that, right?"

"I wouldn't say so. If you think about it, you'd be surprised at the amount of good movies are out there that were made on a shoe-string budget and have a unique story to them," the blonde replied with a sagely expression. After taking another swig from her drink, the blonde stood up and cheekily plopped down right on Gohan's other side, prompting him to move over a tad and Videl to stare strangely at her friend for her actions, "As for the characters, the two main guys in Magic Mick stood out the most for me. The other male strippers in the movie were just kind of in the background. They weren't really doing much."

Touya then grinned across at the group, "Although, Alcide Herveaux from Moon Blood was in it and… yeah, that is one attractive bastard." His remark had everyone give him an odd look. "I'm serious. I'm gonna be honest with you guys. You know, a lot of sorority chicks are usually like 'ah, that chick's hot, I hate her.' Nope. That's a good looking dude and, man… if I were gay, I'd hit that." He then gave them all a thumbs-up, a gesture which earned a snicker from Lime and Videl, and a raised eyebrow from Gohan. This then had the young man adjust his collar and clear his throat. "Erhm… not gay."

"Whatever you say, Touya-kun." Taking the teen's words to heart, Erasa grinned and turned her attention to the other male in the room and pinched him in the shoulder. Her sudden action earned a yelp from the young Saiyan in the Capsule Corp jacket, "But as hot as he is, he's not as good looking as Gohan-kun here." She then leant against his shoulder playfully, causing him to bend away and Videl to glare across at her best friend. "Why settle for fictional characters when I've got the genuine article sitting right next to me."
"Uhh… that's uhh… very flattering of you to say, Erasa," Gohan said nervously, earning a sweet smile from the teen. Obviously he wasn't used to this kind of attention, in spite of how friendly he made himself out to be to a lot of people. Girls like the blonde made him feel a little… awkward…

Giggling, Erasa then leered across at Videl, who continued to give her the funny look. "What about you, V? Do you think Gohan's hot?"

"M-Me? Uhh…" Recoiling at the unexpected question, the girl with the pigtails quickly looked away to hide the blush that appeared on her face. Her reaction was spot on, because she just managed to look away in time to avoid Gohan, Lime's and Touya's curious gazes turning in her direction. "I… think he's… umm… I think Gohan's… pretty cool looking." This is what she allowed herself to say outwardly. "He's okay, I guess."

On the other hand. "Hot? Gohan's ridiculously hot," was what the tomboy thought immediately afterwards, which instantly had the girl's face light up like a bulb and prompted her to shake it to rid herself of the sensation.

To help cool herself off, the raven haired fighter skulled the soda in her hand in one go.

"Gohan's way better looking than those celebrities you see in the movies," Lime spoke up confidently, elbowing the boy playfully in the leg and eliciting a nervous laugh from him at being ganged up on by the girls in the room. "Rain or shine, I'd be happy to be seen out on the streets with his arms around me."

"And… what about me?" Touya asked from his spot, putting on a cool-guy pose. "Come on. Doesn't this face rock your boat as well?"

Considering him for a moment, Erasa gave him a so-so gesture, "Meh. Six out of ten."

Her answer had the male deflate and caused a proverbial raincloud to appear over his head, "Aww, man…" It then started to rain around him, much to the amusement of those who could recognize the poor boy's depression.

"Hey. Don't take it personally," Lime exclaimed in her country accent, at the same time tilting her head backwards to smile at the demi-Saiyan behind her, completely ignoring the fact that Videl was still trying to fight off her uneasiness next to him. "It's just a lot more fun to tease Gohan, since he's so cute and innocent."

"Oh yeah," Erasa agreed, head butting the male hybrid and getting him to imitate a bowling pin after being clipped. Sharing a laugh with the half-Saiyan and his friend from the country, the blonde then noticed Videl come back around and pull the hybrid fighter's attention towards her once more, where the pair then shared a few more words with one another. Upon which Erasa then drew all of their attention to her again with a quick announcement. "Hey! I recorded this awesome new action movie from the network if anyone's interested in seeing it."

Registering to the girl's suggestion, Gohan smiled, "I'm game."

Videl beamed and lifted a hand, "Me too."

"Same here," Lime spoke up.

"Why not?" Touya also murmured, recovering quickly from his brush with gloominess and leaning back against the couch in his typical manner. "I could use with some cheering up."

"Sweet," Erasa chirped, quickly gathering up the remote from the table beside the couch and
switching on the big screen. "Let's see if we can make a game out of it. Hope you guys are ready." In a matter of seconds the girl flipped the television over to her planning list and, after cycling through the files recorded, eventually found what she was looking for.

Conversations switched topics quite frequently shortly after that. Let's just say a lot of comments and reviews were shared during that particular screening…

XXX

(A year later)

It has been close to seven years after the world gripping event known as the Cell Games and in that time, the people of earth had experienced a long, well-deserved period of peace and prosperity. All across the globe humans and animals alike were reveling in the happiness and joy brought on by the days of tranquility, and while there were minor community issues here and there, along with the occasional natural disaster taking place, it was altogether the most agreeable times anyone could ever remember experiencing.

The Z-fighters were also making the most of the opportunity to stretch their legs. The Briefs continued their work at the company, Krillin and Android 18 were living happily together at Kame House with their daughter, Tien and Launch had settled down on a farm, Yamcha was making it big as a celebrity on his baseball team, and Dende was still carrying on his work as guardian of the earth.

The Saiyans were also doing their best to occupy themselves and make the most of the time given to them. Vegeta was still pushing himself to the limits of his body in the gravity room along with his son, who he'd decided to drag along for the ride, and Goten was still as outgoing as ever. Surprisingly enough, sometime over the past couple of years, the rest of the gang discovered that the Saiyan Prince and Bulma had decided to stop playing games with each other and make their relationship official. In a small, quiet ceremony outside of the eyes of the public, the two of them got married at a small temple, with only a handful of their closest family and friends attending the event. While not as big as the one hosted by Krillin and Android 18, it was definitely one of the most groundbreaking celebrations the Son family had ever born witness to.

To top off this shift in tone, not only were Gohan, Videl, Piccolo, and Zangya training harder than ever, but the former two had also joined Satan City's police department as a supplementary wing of their forces. The pair of teenagers had taken on part-time positions as crime fighters of the enormous metropolis and while there had only been a handful of problems that needed to be taken care of in the year since they joined up, the pair became an immediate hit.

Thanks to his extra-curricular activity, Gohan's life became that much busier. But even with his construction work and security job taking up a lot of his weeks, the young half-Saiyan still found the time to hang out with his family and friends, and train in the mornings and afternoons to keep up his skills. He was making such a terrific headway in the combat department that he even began aiming for a completely new objective that none of the Z-fighters ever expected him to try and reach before.

The teen wanted to ascend to the next level.

With his power growing every day, Gohan knew without a shadow of a doubt that there were even greater heights he could reach as a Saiyan. There was strength and potential inside of him that he knew he had and, no matter what it took, he was determined to draw them out. However, what was stopping him from pushing past the second level was a speed bump he'd encountered a few times before.
It was the same obstruction that'd prevented him from transforming to his Super Saiyan 2 form following the Cell Games.

He needed a kick: something to push him that last, extra step and achieve a third ascension.

But… this particular objective in his life could wait. Right now, with nothing but clear blue skies ahead and a big world to explore, Gohan knew he had plenty of time to figure this puzzle out.

On this particular, bright and sunny day, soaring through the skies above the pristine landscape of Mount Paozu, the small form of Goten could be seen flying with his arms at his sides and a wide smile on his face as he cut through the planet's lower atmosphere with ease. Descending from his height and going for a spin through the clouds, leaving a pair of vapor trails behind him, the spiky haired hybrid hit the accelerator and took off at an even greater speed. A joyous laugh escaped his lips shortly thereafter as he watched more clouds fly past him and saw the land roll by mile after mile.

"This is so awesome!" Goten exclaimed, giggling brightly as he continued on with his fists pointed forward and his hair whipping around him wildly.

It'd been a long time since he'd gone on a trip like this. Ever since his older brother taught him how to fly and showed him how to tap into his inner energy, the child had been using every opportunity he had to make the most of his abilities. Whether it was just floating from place to place or using his speed to evade his mother's watchful gaze, Goten was really coming to realize the full potential of his strengths.

Fortunately he had his family and friends to remind him not to overdo it and abuse his gifts. A bundle of energy like him needed boundaries, and the Z-fighters had been just the right group of people to teach him those.

While he was soaring along, feeling the air whip at his face and the sun shine brightly overhead, the child then became aware of a shadow falling over him and glanced over his shoulder. When he did, he saw the familiar forms of Piccolo and Zangya float into view, the orange haired girl pulling up alongside the demi-Saiyan with her arms crossed and a smile on her face.

"Going somewhere, little man?" the Hera asked mischievously.

Blinking a few times, Goten smiled, "No. Just flying around the world. No biggy."

"Well then… you wouldn't mind if we joined you, would you?" the orange haired fighter asked.

The half-Saiyan boy nodded his head vigorously, "Yeah. Of course." He then had his gaze pulled over to his other side, where he saw Piccolo pull up nearby with his arms at his sides and a smirk on his face.

"She was worried about you," the Namekian informed in a low enough voice so that the woman didn't hear him. "She just won't admit it."

Goten giggled in return, "I know."

Just as the three were beginning to establish a comfortable pace, about a few hundred meters up ahead, they suddenly saw the cloud cover break and another familiar figure burst into view. Trailing vapor behind her, dressed in an oversized white shirt, a pink t-shirt underneath, a pair of figure hugging black shorts, green Capsule Corp boots and black fighting gloves, with her hair cut short, Videl made her appearance on the scene with an excited cheer and an aerial loop. Immediately after performing the stylish maneuver, the girl turned around so that she was flying...
backwards, waved to the three tailing behind her, and grinned.

"Hey there, slow pokes!" She then powered up, enveloping herself in her white aura and taking off at an even greater speed.

"Oh? Is that a challenge, Videl?!" Zangya called out, before smirking and powering up as well. "Well if it's a race you want, then it's a race you'll get!" Green aura burning brightly, she too revved her engine and sped up, closely followed by Piccolo and Goten doing the exact same thing.

The three caught up to the human girl in no time, who smiled across at them as they streaked across the sky like jets. In fact, they were moving so fast that they broke the sound barrier effortlessly. They ruled the sky for miles around and with absolutely no traffic to worry about, the group was well on their way to lapping the entire planet.

But then, just when it seemed like the four of them had become the fastest moving objects on the planet, an orange blur rocketing past them suddenly nudged them to the side and caught their attentions. Looking ahead in surprise, the group saw the laughing form of a seventeen-year-old Gohan dressed in his orange and blue gi perform several spins as he ascended at breakneck speeds. Covering more ground than Superman himself, the half-Saiyan executed a couple of stylish loops before then dropping back to fly alongside his friends and family.

Being sure to nod to Piccolo and share a fist-bump with Zangya on his way into their formation, Gohan then pulled up between his kid brother and best friend of six years, and fixed his attention upon the latter, "Hey, Videl. Going my way?"

The teen crime fighter, blushing a little at the warrior's charming smile and dashing exterior, grinned back at him with equal intensity, "Wherever the wind takes me, I guess."

Gohan's eyes flickered with delight, "Sounds good to me."

With that exchange, the group then fixed their gazes ahead of them once more and shot off towards the horizon. Though the path they'd selected had been random and they had no idea what cities and countries they were now passing, one thing was for certain…

They were definitely looking forward to what tomorrow would bring.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: Wow, that montage went by longer than expected. But at least we were able to see what Gohan and the others did over the past couple of years.

It's been close to the seven years now and, as expected, we're only a couple months away in the story before Gohan goes to High School. What shenanigans are waiting in store for our hero next?

Well, so far we were able to see a lot of what the Z-fighters did in their off time. Gohan has made friends with Erasa, and now he, Videl, Erasa, Lime and the new guy Touya spend a lot of time hanging out. He's even taking Videl to the movies. You could assume it's a date, but they're just hanging out as friends (wink)… for now anyway.

Let's see, Bulma and Vegeta are married, so are Krillin and Android 18, Android 16 is back… kind of… let's just call him a watered down version of Android 16, the gang is getting together regularly, Zangya was able to attain a Super Hera form, and everyone's still training hard.

Just so you all know, Goten and Trunks aren't Super Saiyans yet, and for good reason too.
Once upon a time, becoming a Super Saiyan in the series was a privilege and a rite of passage, but when they came along in the Buu Saga it… really diluted the currency a little.

Goten could possibly go Super Saiyan with some work, since it's pretty much in his genetics (because he was conceived when Goku had achieved the Full Power version of a Super Saiyan). I don't think Trunks could possibly transform without a great deal of work. He just became a Super Saiyan at his age in the series for the sake of becoming a Super Saiyan because… logic. Anyway, it might be a little bit before you see these two get to that level. Probably in the next chapter or so.

And… Sentinel is nowhere to be seen yet.

All of the previous chapters have been foreshadowing, so if you've been paying attention, all of you probably have an idea of what's to come.

I guess since the Seven Year Arc is almost over, it's time to move into the Zeru Arc next chapter. This is where shit gets really intense. Hope you're all looking forward to that.

And, as a bonus, I've provided some riki numbers of all the characters just to give you all an update on the characters' progress. The numbers are all at full power unless mentioned otherwise.

**Villains:**

Frieza (100 Percent Final Form) – 12,000,000 riki (lol. Not… much of a milestone anymore)

xxx

Broly (Suppressed) – 5,000 riki

Broly (Restricted Super Saiyan) – 180,000,000 riki

Broly (Legendary Super Saiyan) – 500,000,000^ riki

Broly (Present) - Unknown

xxx

Hatchiyack – 500,000,000 riki

xxx

Perfect Cell - 180,000,000 riki

Super Perfect Cell – 300,000,000 riki

xxx

Bojack – 190,000,000 riki

Bojack (Super Hera) – 280,000,000 riki

xxx

Kana (Suppressed) – 15,000,000 riki

Kana (Full Power) – 350,000,000 riki

xxx
Paprika – 15,000,000 riki
Paprika (Super Makyan) – 190,000,000 riki

Sentinel 16# – 45,000,000 riki

Varax – Unknown (approximately Class 15)

Comet Prisoner – Unknown

Present:

Yamcha – 12,000,000 riki
Chiaotzu – 7,500,000 riki
Tien – 22,000,000 riki
Krillin – 20,000,000 riki
Android 18# – 40,000,000 riki
Piccolo – 190,000,000 riki

Goten – 11,000,000 riki
Trunks – 11,000,000 riki

Froze – 25,000,000 riki

Kana (Suppressed) – 25,000,000 riki
Kana (Full Power) – 420,000,000 riki

Paprika – 23,000,000 riki
Paprika (Super Makyan) – 230,000,000 riki

Vegeta – 24,000,000 riki
Vegeta (Super Saiyan) – 240,000,000 riki

Videl – 16,000,000 riki

Zangya – 24,000,000 riki
Zangya (Full Power) – 240,000,000 riki
Zangya (Super Hera) – 440,000,000 riki

Gohan – 25,000,000 riki
Gohan (Super Saiyan) – 250,000,000 riki
Gohan (Super Saiyan 2) – 450,000,000 riki

By this point in the series, all of the characters have pretty much reached the same level they would be at around the Buu Saga, more or less, with the exception of Gohan and Zangya, both of whom have obviously been training their asses off. Vegeta hasn't become a Super Saiyan 2 yet since he hasn't found the right 'kick' yet either.

By contrast, opponents of Frieza's level are just stepping stones now. It's hilarious when you think about it. Gohan took him out with only one punch in Fusion Reborn, and he was in his base form, not to mention he didn't do any training in the seven year gap.

As it stands, while the normal Z-fighters can fight with Gohan and Vegeta in their base forms, when they're in their Super Saiyan forms... well... in Krillin's words, it's like fighting a steamroller with your hands tied.
"I've been to a lot of concerts and performances in my time at school, but I don't think I've ever been to a fashion show before. This is a really interesting change of pace," Videl spoke up above the clamor of the crowd gathered in the rows of seats behind her. Wearing a trendy yellow sweater, white skirt and brown shin-high boots, the short-haired girl then glanced across at her escort for the morning and smiled pleasantly at him. "So what's it like living with a world famous super model under your roof?"

"Well, if my years of eating at the table and sparring with her every single day are anything to go by, it's pretty mundane, actually," Gohan replied, the spiky haired young adult glancing back at his companion with a bright smile in play. Dressed in a black turtleneck with figure-hugging jeans and blue converses, the smartly dressed half-Saiyan allowed an amused chuckle to escape his lips. "Zangya is like a member of our family. In all honesty, even though she's now this world famous fashion icon, I don't treat her any differently than I do Piccolo or Goten. She's an awesome friend and a great person to have around the house."

"I'm really glad you think that way," Videl stated with a smile, giving the boy a warm gaze as she reached forward and pressed her hands against her legs eagerly. "A lot of the guys I know usually gush over figureheads like me and my dad. It's really hard to have a normal conversation with someone when they're constantly acting nervous around you and don't know what to say. That's why I'm happy that I have people like you and Erasa to hang out with. I can act like an ordinary girl and not have to stop for an exclusive interview every five feet."

"I admit… you are a little bit different from all of the other people I know," Gohan said, giving the raven haired fighter a grin.

Finding intrigue in the half-Saiyan's words, Videl threw him a curious stare, "Oh? How so?"

"For one you're incredibly talented. You're a martial arts prodigy who can master even the most advanced techniques in only a few short lessons," the hybrid answered while raising a finger. "Secondly, you're headstrong and fiercely determined, always pushing ahead even when the odds seem stacked against you. You're also incredibly independent, smart… and I dare say a little bit feisty as well."

Videl, feeling a little flutter in her chest, chuckled at the last part, "You're damn right, buster." She then playfully jabbed him in the arm, before looking back towards the stage with her arms folded and her legs crossed. By this point in time, the main speaker had already moved over to the plinth to address the audience, opening up the show with the usual jargon and saying how pleased she was to see such an enormous turnout. "I didn't get where I am today by being introverted and shy. If you want to succeed in life, you have to keep moving forward with your head held high and your fist leading you every step of the way."
Beaming at the girl's confidence, Gohan then looked ahead of him as well and allowed his next words to leave his lips clearly and concisely. "You're also the most amazing person I've ever met." Sensing the girl's eyes cut back to him in surprise, the demi-Saiyan crossed his arms and continued to speak. "Even though I've met a lot of incredible people in my life, you're by far the most outstanding girl I've ever had the pleasure of running into. If I hadn't met you back at the Intergalactic Martial Arts Tournament… well… I have no idea what the last seven years of my life would've been like." The teen nodded assuredly in response. "It wouldn't have been as fun as it has been so far, I can tell you that."

Staring up at the teen with a look of bewilderment written across her face, Videl felt her heart thump sharply against her chest as her gaze started to get pulled towards the demi-Saiyan's little by little. Her cheeks warming as all of her attention fixed upon his kind smile and cool visage, the cheer of the crowd suddenly roused her from her daze and forced her to break away prematurely. Turning from her trance with her face extremely red, the tomboy spent the next few seconds trying to calm down and catch her breath. Once she did, the announcer's voice rang out throughout the wide open hall.

"We hope you're ready ladies, gentlemen and esteemed members of the community, because it's time to open the catwalk with our first entry for the day!" the woman up on the stand exclaimed, drawing an excited cheer from the crowd and a series of flashes from the camera crews at the front. Upon raising her hand towards the side curtains, the speaker in the black cocktail dress and blonde hair then called up the first contestant in the lineup. "Let's see what our designers have in store for us."

The platform was immediately washed with a wave of applause as the first girl stepped into the spotlight. Gohan and Videl, both of whom were seated in the front row right at the end of the stage nearest to the judges, gave a loud cheer and a whistle when they spotted Zangya's silhouette appear before the crowd. Thrilled to see that she was opening today's ceremony, they then settled down so that they could hear the rest of the announcer's introduction.

"Our opening number is a specially made product from Daeko designer Trisha Pivovarova, worn by celebrity model Zangya from Mount Paozu," the announcer exclaimed, watching the lights along the walkway switch on and illuminate the woman standing by the white screen. The audience was immediately captivated by the sight of the blue-skinned woman with orange hair, and they all greeted her with praise and applause. "Sporting an elegant summer dress, this sheik blue and white design consists of a low-cut front and no back with a leather belt, accentuating a trim waistline with white, buckle down high heels and a golden chain necklace provided by Myrtle. This stunning number is ideal for hot nights on the town or a day out to the beach."

A storm of camera flashes and music lit up the catwalk as Zangya began strolling down it filled with pride and self-assurance, her heels clapping against the hardwood stage and echoing throughout the entire auditorium. It was a miracle she was able to stay on course what with all the lights blinding her way, but having obviously done this many times before, the Hera warrior knew exactly where to go and what to do.

 Appearing prim and proper, the woman with her orange hair done up into a bun marched to the end of the stage and posed with her hands on her hips. Rotating a couple of times in front of her spellbound audience, she then spotted Gohan and Videl sitting at the very front, both of whom were staring up at her with wide eyes and expressions filled with awe.

"Wow. She looks amazing," Videl murmured quietly.
Grinning, Gohan then gave his friend a thumbs-up, "Way to go, Zangya. You rock!"

Blushing at the teen's compliment and sparing the pair an enchanting yet subtle smile, the Hera then did an about face and marched back down the aisle. Under the flashes of the cameras, the clamor of the audience, and the voice of the main speaker in the background, Zangya made a couple more walks of the stage. Upon which she then returned to the back end and allowed the next line of models to follow.

It was one hell of a show. But little did Gohan and Videl know was that their little day out to the city to see their friend's stunning performance was about to be rudely interrupted…

OOO

(Elsewhere)

"Ahh… now this is what I call a bath," Paprika sighed, her body becoming completely immersed in the bubbling hot water of a spring she'd found in the northernmost region of Mount Paozu a few weeks ago. Concealed within a thick patch of forest at the base of a volcanic mountain, the Makyan had very little to fear from any peeping toms or eyes that happened to be wandering around in her area, as she allowed herself to become completely at ease in the steaming pond of water and herbs.

This pretty much meant that all of her clothes, her scarf, cowl and boots included, had been folded up and set aside for the time being; all of which were currently sitting a couple feet away from her.

"Man. I can't believe I never thought about doing this in the first place. After all those times I wasted taking a dip in the lake and the hot tub at home. This is way better."

All things considered, she could've just as easily taken a bath back at her place. But with such a nice day out, with the sun shining high above and the birds singing all around her, there was no way she was going to waste an opportunity like this cooped up indoors. She wanted to fill her lungs with fresh country air and allow her skin to absorb the incredible rays of light from the sun above.

This… right now… this was heaven.

"Maybe I can try moving my house up here. Claim this spot as my territory," Paprika thought, tilting her head as she glanced off to the side of the pool. "Might be a bit of hassle lugging that stone castle, but I think I can manage it." That was the beauty of Capsule Corp technology; you could always count on it to carry your extra heavy loads.

Running her hand up and down her silky smooth skin, the eighteen year old Makyan allowed another sigh to escape her lips as she felt the herbs of the natural spring work their magic. In that same instant, she felt all her woes and pains wash away with every second she spent in there. After dunking her head into the pool so that she became completely enveloped in the mixture, all sense of awareness and time soon left her as well.

Hell, she became so caught up in her moment of self-indulgence and bliss that she completely missed the blip of a familiar ki signature appearing on her radar.

As Paprika was lying back against the stone edge surrounding the pool and was in the process of closing her lids, a voice of a young boy spoke up, startling her out of her moment of peace and tranquility.

"Hey, Paprika!"

Eyes widening, the Makyan looked up to see the silhouette of a small dragon and a youngster
riding atop of it float down from the sky above. When they descended to a low enough height, just several feet above the ground, the two figures revealed themselves to be none other than Goten and Icarus.

"I spent the last half hour looking for you, Paprika. Where have you been hiding this entire time? Oh, wow! Is that a hot spring? Awesome!" the child exclaimed happily. "How the heck did you manage to find one all the way out here?!"

While the sight of the dragon didn't bother Paprika in the slightest, it was the fact that the demi-Saiyan was with him that immediately caught the white haired demon's attention.

Looking down when she realized the boy could see her outline clearly through the water, the teenager blushed and crossed her legs. Upon which she then threw a glare up at her cheerful visitor, "Oi, you little pervert! Can't you see that I'm bathing here?"

"Yeah. I can see," the boy chirped, before tilting his head innocently in her direction, "Is the water nice?"

"Yes. It's nice. But that's not what I'm… ugh…" Paprika then gave an exasperated sigh and shot the child another glare, "Look… just… turn around, okay. I'm not exactly in the most decent of appearances right now."

"Huh? Decent of appearances? What does that mean… oooh," Goten murmured in realization before, leaning over Icarus's head, he whispered discreetly to her, "Are you nakey?"

Paprika sighed once again. "Yes, Goten. I am naked."

Thank goodness the kid was so innocent. Bless his heart.

Goten then nodded to his friend in understanding while Icarus gave a very bird-like chirp in response, "Okay, Paprika. I'll make sure to turn around when you get out." After all the interactions he'd had with girls in the past, the boy at least had an idea of when courtesy and manners in this regard were required. Obviously he possessed the common sense to know that it was bad being naked in front of people and would always point this out whenever a situation like this arose. However, like all other children his age, he still had a couple other things to learn about proper social etiquette.

Chief among which was what he said next.

"This hot spring is very big, Paprika. Can I join you?" Goten asked cheerfully, wanting to take a dip and try out the water for himself.

The Makyan, blinking a couple of times, then frowned up at the youngster, "Really? You want to jump into a pool of hot, boiling water in the middle of nowhere with a naked demon girl sitting right next to you?"

Staring at her quietly for several seconds, as if seriously analyzing her question, the spiky haired boy's face strained for a moment before he uttered the only answer he could come up with.

"Yes?"

Closing her eyes and smiling in amusement, the white haired fighter was about to offer a counter to the boy's answer, until a ding in her senses promptly disrupted her train of thought.

Gasping, Paprika leapt to her feet. Not caring that she was in the buff and dripping from head to
toe, the shapely female fighter fixed her gaze squarely on the sky above her, at the exact same time Goten picked up the disturbance as well. The boy and his family's dragon spun towards the clouds with an exclamation of surprise and a narrowed gaze, the young Saiyan's expression becoming as bewildered and intense as his friend's.

"Whoa. What is that?" the hybrid asked in astonishment.

"I don't know," Paprika replied, a snarl escaping her lips shortly afterwards and beads of sweat starting to bleed out of her temple. "That power level is massive. What the hell is that?"

Whatever it was, it was big... and it was coming towards the planet.

OOO

(Meanwhile)

Many miles to the north, in a house surrounded by fields of wild flowers and long grass, a young couple was just waking to the start of a brand new day. Inside the wooden home, in a dining room filled with all the latest installments and baring a very contemporary design, an adult male with silky, shoulder-length black hair, sharp blue eyes, and wearing a short-sleeved black shirt, a long-sleeved white undershirt, blue jeans, boots, a brown trench coat and an orange bandana around his neck, could be seen sitting at the table eating from a bowl of oatmeal. Gripping the cup of coffee he had sitting beside him as well, the young adult took a quick sip of it before then turning his attention towards the kitchen counter.

It was there he saw a woman with dark brown skin, long brown hair tied into a bun, soft blue eyes, and wearing a blue kimono with cheery blossom flowers patterning it, walk towards the table with a plate of eggs and bacon for the both of them. Setting one down in front of him, she too took up a seat on the other side of the desk and beamed across at the young man with love and warmth reflected in her eyes.

Android 17 chuckled, "You're spoiling me, dear."

"Only because you're worth the trouble," the young girl replied with a cheeky smile. "You've got a long day of work ahead of you and I don't want you going hungry out there, so eat up."

"Sure. I wasn't planning on leaving behind a single crumb anyway," the raven haired male stated, quickly turning back to his oatmeal and stirring it. With only a little bit left, the young adult quickly got to work finishing it, while at the same time regarding the woman across from him with kindness and affection. "After all the effort you put into our food, Ami, there's no way I could possibly leave any of it untouched. Even though it's physically impossible, I'm pretty sure I would starve without having one of your special omelets every night."

"Well then, buster, you'd better give it your all out there in the park. Because if you don't, I might just have to send you to bed without any supper," Ami informed cheerfully, tilting her head at the young male. "Hopefully you'll have a good shift today and you won't have to deal with any troublesome poachers looking to make a quick zeni."

"Don't worry. I will," Seventeen replied with a nod, cutting one of the sunny-sides with the edge of his fork and plucking up some bacon with it. Popping it into his mouth and chewing, the android then stopped when a sudden thought crossed his mind and he set his utensils down.

His sudden actions and change in expression prompted his wife to look up at him in surprise, "What's wrong, honey?"
"I'm just wondering whether or not I should go out and see my sister," Android 17 spoke, staring down at the table for a few seconds before then looking back at the woman across from him. "I know she's been hanging out with Goku's group these past seven years, but I haven't even taken the time to set aside a day to go say hello to her. After all the crap we had to go through with Cell and everything, well... I think we've had more than enough time to relax and find out feet."

Ami tilted her head and gave her lover a sincere smile, "I knew it would take you a while to figure these things out. That was a really rough period for everyone... for you and your sister especially." She then reached forward and placed a hand on top of his, rubbing her thumb against his skin comfortingly. "Everyone needs a little bit of time out to heal and rejuvenate their senses after experiencing such terrible pain and hardship. Perhaps now you've finally come to terms with all that and you're ready to go out and face the world again."

Considering her words for a moment, Seventeen smiled, "These last seven years have been fun... and I've had plenty of time to experience a lot of things this life has to give me. I mean... I met you, didn't I?" Giving the young woman his most genuine smile, he then exhaled slowly and nodded his head in understanding. "I'll take you to visit them this weekend. I think it's high time you and I had a little family reunion."

The brown haired zoologist beamed brightly, "I'll be sure to pack my swimsuit."

While looking across at one another, basking in the peace and silence the moment brought to them, a sudden surge in Seventeen's head suddenly caused him to straighten up and look towards the ceiling. Rising out of his seat so quickly that he literally knocked it over, the android startled his wife when he fixed a terrified glare towards the roof of their building...

Only... it wasn't the roof that was the problem.

"Seventeen... what's wrong?"

Sweat breaking out on his face, the raven haired man clenched his fists tightly. "Something's coming."

He knew this much because his optical sensors were going haywire.

OOO

(Back in Satan City)

With the fashion show reaching its closing stages, Gohan and Videl remained planted in their seats as they watched the last of the models enter and exit the catwalk. In the past hour or so, the pair had seen Zangya come in and out of the backrooms many times wearing a couple of incredibly stunning dresses. Even though the woman was not from their planet, it was clear to both of them that she was absolutely breathtaking and wore those outfits like a goddess. This probably explained why she was given the spotlight at these events and was so popular with the community, and it was also why the main company she worked for valued her so much.

She was truly the highlight for that morning.

Now, with the main event over and done with, and the speaker announcing the final minutes of the show, the two Z-fighters in the crowd looked on as Zangya came down the catwalk one last time with a completely new look and accessory piece. Sporting a blue tube dress that accentuated her ever curve with a couple of bits cutout showing off her stomach and sides, high heels and diamond earrings for that finishing touch, the woman approached the end of the runway where the judges
sat with pride and confidence reflected in her posture.

Her friends applauded her when she stopped at the end and posed for the cameras, head up and back straight. She looked so natural up there and a shooing for a spectacular finish.

However, just when the audience had finished giving her a standing ovation, a sharp pang struck Gohan, Videl and Zangya, startling the three of them and causing the group to direct all of their attention towards the ceiling. At first the judges and the audience thought nothing of it, believing the orange haired woman was merely posing for the media.

But when Gohan and Videl shot out of their seats and nearly knocked their chairs over, the front rows of the auditorium started to stir.

A bead of sweat breaking out on her face, the raven haired fighter gasped, "G-Gohan… do you…?"

Gulping, the half-Saiyan nodded to her half-asked question, "Yes." His gaze then shot towards the alien standing on the catwalk in front of him. "Zangya?"

"I sense it too," the Hera replied quickly, her own face reflecting her bewilderment and fear as she focused all of her senses on whatever the hell had just entered her radar. "Damn. I haven't sensed so much energy in one place before. What the heck is that?"

OOO

(Outside Central City)

Several kilometers out of earth's capital, in the middle of a wide open desert with enormous radar and telescopic dishes dotting the landscape, an enormous military installation was currently on full alert. Alarms blazing and soldiers rushing about from building to building, gathering equipment and readying their jets for combat, it almost looked as though they were preparing for an invasion.

Though there wasn't an enemy in sight or a country near their position, the commanders of the base were still directing their forces as they had been instructed to, and were making one hell of a show of it.

Amidst the chaos on the grounds and the noise of aircraft being prepared for launch, inside the main tower on ground zero, preparations for an attack were currently underway. Surrounding a massive holographic projector in the middle of a dark war room, a collection of officers and officials could be seen gathered around the center table, while a platoon of airmen and staff were working diligently at the computers and monitors making up the rest of the chamber.

It was an impressive setup and it had to be. After all the trouble they'd encountered in the past seven years involving extraterrestrial objects heading towards their planet, this one had to be their biggest problem yet.

Staring up at the three-dimensional projection of the earth and moon, a dark-skinned man in a blue uniform with five stars on his decorated uniform narrowed his eyes, "How far is it?"

"It's not far now, sir," an officer operating the main computer answered as he typed in a new set of numbers, allowing the hologram of the planet to zoom in on the object heading towards them. "It hooked past the moon's orbit not too long ago and should be entering satellite space in the next ten minutes."

"Whatever it is, it's moving faster than any meteorite we've ever recorded," the Colonel, an anthropomorphic fox in a similarly colored uniform standing beside the general spoke with a troubled expression on his face. "We've shot down a lot of space debris in the past year, but all of
those objects came straight out of our area. This one came from another system entirely."

Making a murmuring sound of unease, the General of the Army turned towards the monitor staff surrounding him with a frown, "What exactly are we dealing with here? What kind of rock is it?"

"It's just as you heard over the transmissions, sir," a woman working over at another computer said as she jacked up the screen. The hologram then switched over from a picture of the earth to the picture of the object in question. "It's a Class 6 rogue meteorite, which we began tracking ever since it left the Mizar star system a few days ago. The object is roughly seven kilometers in diameter, that's around the size of a small village, and is currently clocking speeds over Mach 7. We calculate its impact should be in the next half hour around the west coast, fifty kilometers outside of West City."

Sweating nervously, the general got a good look at the extraterrestrial entity that had entered their midst. On first glance it certainly looked like a space rock from another world, for sure. But tracing its uneven, oval-like shape, it almost resembled a spacecraft or a casket with the outline of a person. Though the details on it were sketchy, it certainly did have that UFO appeal to it.

Upon inspecting it more carefully, the thing also had a pair of ribbon like appendages attached to its sides that were wiggling around like tentacles on a squid, which didn't seem like something an ordinary comet would possess. However, trusting the advice of his astronomical staff, the general immediately went with the first course of action he could think of and turned to look across at another one of the analysts nearby.

"What kind of damage can we expect from this thing making landfall?"

"Honestly, sir?" the airman in the glasses sitting next to the monitor spoke while turning towards the staff in the center of the room. "If this object should breach our atmosphere and hit the earth, it will cause an explosion a million times greater than our most powerful thermonuclear bomb. Everything within a hundred kilometers of it will be incinerated and the shockwave will be so powerful, there won't be a single building left standing anywhere. That's only in the first few minutes of impact."

Hearing all that he needed to, General Rin turned back to the hologram and narrowed his eyes, "Then we have no choice." He then pointed towards the men and women working at the various computers and monitors. "Contact the ground crews of Stations two, four and seven. Have them ready the surface-to-orbit cannons and fire on my command."

"Yes, sir!" Upon registering to the commander's orders, the staff immediately began running around and making contact with the people they needed to. All at once, the commotion inside of the room increased several times over, letting the officers in charge know that preparations for a counter attack were well and truly underway.

The hologram quickly switched from the object to the valleys and deserts outside of the base. Past the radar stations, General Rin and his staff of officers saw three enormous cannons of futuristic design appear in the hologram, rotate on the spot and then point towards the sky. From their posts, they watched the men on the ground get inside and begin setting up the weapons, the numbers jumping up onto the screen flickering through at an insane speed and logging in the coordinates of the objects.

In a matter of moments, the readings reached a hundred percent and the men working the radios of the large guns reported in. With the chatter reaching its climax, the men at the monitors turned to inform their superiors of their progress.
"All three Capsule Corp MAC V-150 Planetary cannons are online sir!"

"Lieutenant Spears of Station two reports they are ready to fire!"

"Station four is primed and ready!"

"Station seven has locked onto the target and is fully charged, sir!"

"All stations are waiting for your go sign."

Silence immediately fell in the room as all eyes turned towards the general. With the hologram breaking up and showing a view of the planet and the object fast-approaching it, everyone was given a full and unobstructed view of the events to come. Thanks to the eyes on the ground and the cameras provided by the satellites currently in orbit, the military was all set to witness and document the results.

Considering his options for several more seconds, General Rin soon reached his decision and exhaled sharply. Upon which he then directed his gaze to his staff and nodded. "Do it."

Receiving his order loud and clear, the same woman by the monitor placed her finger to her headset and looked towards the screen. There, she had a clear view of all guns locked and pointing towards the sky. "Stand by firing crews… on my mark…” She waited for several seconds. Then, when the green light appeared on her monitor, she nodded. "FIRE!"

A split second later, the staff in the room watched as the three cannons on the hologram lit up and began firing powerful blasts of energy straight up into the sky, each round glowing a hot gold and traveling faster than any other projectile they had.

This was it…

OOO

High up above the planet, the highly compressed spheres of energy fired by all three cannons shot through the atmosphere at breakneck speeds and effortlessly entered the thermosphere. Continuing on at full speed beyond the planet's orbit, the barrage homed in on their target, which could be seen approaching the terra as a shadowy mass in the distance.

The fast-moving rounds capable of disintegrating rock lit up the meteorite they were aimed for like a flashlight. However, the instant the first barrage impacted the object, something unexpected took place.

In the past, the military had been a hundred percent successful in shooting down meteorites that came within range of their planet. A single shot from one of the cannons had been more than capable of wiping out an entire asteroid two kilometers wide in one go, turning it into harmless granite and space dust that burnt up in the planet's atmosphere. With so much power compressed into a single ball of energy, three shots seemed like a little bit overkill for only a single target.

But as soon as the blasts impacted the object after only a few seconds of travel, not only did they fail in slowing it down, but all three rounds bounced off of it like they were beach balls. The second and third waves to follow had the exact same effect, the energy projectiles detonating harmlessly against the object's surface or ricocheting off of it and flying off to fade away into space.

As soon as the barrage ended, it was as if nothing had happened, and the meteorite continued on course…
"What?!" the fox Colonel shouted in disbelief.

"The photon cannons didn't work!" another general standing off to the side spoke up in astonishment. "How? They were right on the mark!"

As soon as the people in the room saw the barrage fired by the cannons fail in even chipping the meteor, a nervous clamor started up. Questions and exclamations flying this way and that, the airmen and staff began trying to figure out a solution to the problem at hand. Groups started getting together to figure out whether the timing was off and others began checking to see if their surface-to-orbital cannons were malfunctioning. But no matter where they looked, all everyone was able to come up with were blanks and dead ends.

After considering the hologram for several tense minutes, the Colonel with the frustrated expression turned back to his superior, "What do we do now?"

Clenching his fists at the sight of the meteor continuing to head towards their planet, General Rin made a thoughtful grunting noise before once again turning towards his anxious adjutants. "Order all stations to lock onto target and open fire. Ready the U2 missiles and M3 Halos to intercept the target, and have all naval and army units in the region surrounding West City on standby."

Receiving a nod from the Colonel, the commander then watched him move off to complete his task.

When the chatter in the room started up again and all workmen began getting into contact with the people they were instructed to, the general then turned to the sergeant standing next to him and frowned, "Get me Bulma Briefs on the line…"

(OO0)

(Sometime later)

Needless to say, the commotion brought on by the meteorite heading towards the planet immediately kick started all of the Z-fighters into action. It was a good thing that they did too.

As soon as the members of the group started to move, word of the meteorite heading towards the planet got out through the media and alerted the public to the incoming danger. Much like the time of Lord Slug's arrival, the people of earth almost instantly descended into a panic. Riots broke out on the street, businesses closed down, and people started scrambling for the outskirts wanting to put as much distance as they could between themselves and civilization. Rule of thumb was that whenever an approaching disaster like this ever took place, the cities and the great landmarks of whatever nation they were associated with were targeted first.

At least that was what happened in the movies.

In here though, it was an immediate red light. Everyone started heading out of town and into the country to hide. But considering the size of the object heading towards them and the information they were able to get from the news, the damage this thing would have to the planet would be catastrophic.

It was an extinction level threat. That was how bad it was.

The signature on the object heading towards the earth was so big and so noticeable that it was almost impossible for any of the members of the group to miss it. Heck, even Android 18 picked up on the problem and she was usually impartial to these sorts of things. If it had her worried, then
it had everybody else worried too. So upon sensing whatever it was that was heading towards the planet, Gohan, Krillin, Yamcha, and everybody else quickly flew over to Bulma's to get an accurate bead on the situation. When she informed them that her father had spotted a large asteroid of some sorts heading towards earth and that the military had also contacted her asking for a solution, she quickly turned to the people she knew she could count on most and instructed them to take action.

Being three of the first on the scene and the most willing to participate in a first strike on the meteor, Gohan, Zangya and Videl immediately took off. Still dressed in the clothes that they'd worn in the morning due to the massive hurry they'd been in to get to West City, the trio quickly flew across country and into the upper atmosphere. As soon as they broke through the white cloud cover drifting over the continent, they powered down and suspended themselves in the cold, windy milieu that was the upper stratosphere, glaring up into the cosmos they could see twinkling beyond their planet.

It was a familiar sight to all three of them, especially Gohan.

"So the plan here is the same as the one your dad and Krillin used before," Videl said, looking across at the half-Saiyan floating alongside her for confirmation. "We're going to fire a combined blast up at the meteorite and destroy it before it has a chance to hit the planet?"

"Yeah," Gohan nodded, fixing his gaze squarely on the blackness of earth's thermosphere. "By my count, a combined attack from all three of us should be more than enough to wipe this thing out for good. Any debris left over from the resulting explosion will simply scatter across the planet's surface and burn up in the mesosphere."

Nodding in understanding, the raven haired girl also turned her attention back to the celestial plain, "That sounds like a solid plan."

"Make sure you guys don't hold anything back, okay," Gohan said, taking a stance in midair and beginning to gather energy. "We'll either disintegrate it in one go or forcibly change its course. In all honesty, I'd prefer the first thing happening as opposed to the second thing. If we let this meteorite fly off in some random direction, there's a good chance it might end up hitting another planet with innocent people on it. That's something I wouldn't be able to live with."

"We'd better get it right on the first shot then," Zangya spoke up, before feeling a cool gust of wind rush past her, causing her to curl up and shiver. Crossing her arms over her chest, the woman vigorously massaged her shoulders. "Damn. I should have brought a jumper with me. It's cold as tits up here." That's what she got for wearing summer clothing in near sub zero temperatures.

Gohan smiled back at her in response to her remark, "Well at least you look amazing. That's the important thing."

Staring back at the teen in the center for several seconds, the orange haired woman smirked, "Hey, spike… have you ever had your ass kicked by someone wearing high heels?"

"I don't recall, no," the demi-Saiyan replied with a sly grin.

Shaking her head at the pair, Videl took a stance of her own and directed her attention back towards the solar system above, "Could you two hens stop clucking for a couple of seconds so that we can deal with the problem?"

"Right. Right. Sorry," Gohan apologized, tensing up and allowing his golden aura to explode off of him as he transformed straight into Super Saiyan. "Alright. Let's get this done." As soon as he
made the jump, both Zangya and Videl followed suit and powered up as well, green and white
energy cloaks shrouding the two fighters respectively. All three of them then floated side by side,
glowing brightly like candles against the backdrop of the mesosphere above and the planet earth
far below.

It was while they were in the process of gathering energy for their combined attacks that the trio
suddenly had their gazes drawn elsewhere when they saw eight large missiles rocket out of the
clouds, pass through the atmosphere, and shoot up into space. Looking on for several seconds out
of curiosity, the super powered fighters then flinched in surprise when simultaneous flashes of
blinding light filled the sky, followed instantly by several enormous, fiery explosions. They didn't
even bother to shield themselves with their hands when the thermonuclear warheads all detonated
against the approaching meteorite at once, choosing to instead observe from behind their auras as
the miniature super nova went off before slowly fading away into nothing.

While the shockwave was incredible and ruffled the trio's clothing when it hit them, it pretty much
did nothing to wipe the expressions of seriousness from the group's faces.

Despite the awesome display of raw, destructive power, the attack by the military did nothing as
Gohan and his friends could still sense the meteorite on fast approach.

"There's your nation's tax dollars hard at work," Videl commented, earning nods of agreement
from her teammates. Breathing a heavy sigh, the girl then cupped her hands beside her and
powered up even more. "Come on. Let's show these guys how it's really done."

"I'm with you, girl," Zangya replied, also taking a similar stance.

The pair's actions were mimicked by Gohan and in a matter of moments, all three of them were
primed and ready to fire.

OOO

Back on the ground at Capsule Corp, standing on one of the structure's many balconies, Bulma,
Doctor Briefs and Trunks were currently gathered together at the railing and staring up at the sky
nervously. After witnessing the failed attack mounted by the King's military's attempt to shoot
down the enormous meteorite, the group was then left waiting to see how Gohan and his
companions would fair. Considering that all three of them were more than capable of wiping out a
planet with a single blast, there was no way they could fail against a seven kilometer hunk of rock.

With the clouds drifting by overhead and the winds whipping wildly at the countryside, the stage
was all set for the most awesome lightshow the planet had ever seen. The barrage from the ground-
to-orbit cannons and the missile attacks from the planet's defense forces was simply the opening
segment. Now it was time to get to the main act, and it was sure to be a blast.

"Hold on tight guys. This is it," Bulma spoke up, taking her son by the shoulders and making sure
he was secure. Considering he was a thousand times stronger than her though it seemed like a
practice in futility. But this was mostly for her benefit than anything else.

Blinking a couple of times in worry, Trunks then looked across at his grandfather, who he could
see was standing there with an unchanging expression on his face. "Will they be able to destroy
that meteorite, grandpa? The army tried to… but it didn't work."

The man with the glasses and mustache smiled back at him, "I'm sure those three will be able to
handle it. Don't worry."
As they went back to watching, up on the dome building's rooftop overlooking the city, Piccolo, Krillin and Android 18 could be seen standing there with their arms folded, feet planted, and eyes glaring up into the sky above. They weren't just there for observations sake. In the unlikely event that Gohan, Zangya and Videl's attempt to shoot down the asteroid failed, then they were there to pick up the pieces and finish it off.

However, since the defense was being spearheaded by earth's most powerful fighter and a Super Hera, in all good conscience they didn't really have anything to worry about.

Krillin, having grown a head of hair over the last few months that was trimmed and cut stylishly, and sporting the turtle hermit's signature orange and blue gi, glanced across at his wife nervously, "Are you sure Marron is going to be okay?"

The blonde android nodded, "She's with Launch and Turtle back at Kame House. She'll be fine."

"Good," the man nodded, exhaling in relief and narrowing his eyes on the clouds drifting high above. "Man... the last time something like this happened me and Goku were knocked out and sent crash landing on the other side of the planet. But that was a long time ago."

Piccolo frowned, "Don't worry. The kids can handle this. You can count on it."

With the wind picking up speed in response to the object nearing the planet's surface, the Z-fighters knew things were about to get hairy.


Up in the sky, the dynamic trio watched as a couple more missiles were launched from the planet's surface to intercept the meteorite. Just like before, the explosions had very little to no effect in changing the object's speed or course, and the massive intergalactic object blew through the detonating warheads like they were nothing. After the fiery blasts from the missiles going off receded, the trio floating above the clouds then watched the asteroid enter the thermosphere and fall within their firing range. Even though they could have hit the target from much further away, Gohan, Zangya and Videl wanted to make absolutely certain that they got all of it and that there wouldn't be any big chunks left over from the resulting strike.

The army had had their shot at trying to take it out. With the meteorite sitting squarely in their crosshairs, now it was their turn.

Blue spheres of energy forming between their palms, the three heroes finished charging and, taking aim, launched their attacks in one mighty bellow.

"Ka-me-ha-me-HAAAAAAA!" Crying out at the exact same time, the trio of fighters threw their hands forward and unleashed their blasts. Enormous beams of blue energy exploded from their hands and rocketed towards the comet at full speed, effortlessly passing the mesosphere and bearing down on the meteor like three celestial lances.

On their own, each of their blasts was more than capable of reducing an entire planet to a cloud of dust. But as their attacks traveled towards the approaching asteroid, they began to spin around each other and, converging on the center, melded together in midflight. The three blasts fused into one attack, forming a large comet-like mass of energy roughly the same size as their target, ready to intercept the extraterrestrial object and disintegrate it in a single blow.

The meteorite had no idea what was coming, its entire front lighting up under the glare of the approaching missile of ki.
Confident in their combined assault, the three watched on as their attack came within striking
distance of the entity in a matter of seconds. But just when it seemed like they were about to watch
the meteorite fracture and detonate in a glorious blue ball of fire above the earth's surface, they
suddenly felt an enormous surge of energy. A split second later, just when their attacks were
moments away from incinerating their target, the Kamehameha wave unexpectedly smacked
against an invisible force field several yards away in front of the meteor and was effortlessly
dissipated like a splash of water against a rock.

Upon seeing their attack fail, Gohan, Zangya and Videl's eyes widened in horror.

"WHAT?! OH NO!" the demi-Saiyan shouted. Even his Hera teammate couldn't believe what'd
just happened.

"Oh, you've gotta be KIDDING ME!" Zangya yelled, mouth agape and sweat appearing on her
face.

The meteorite breached the mesosphere in a matter of seconds and shot towards them at an
unbelievable speed, generating a powerful gust of wind that struck the three fighters and nearly
knocked them out of orbit.

It was at this point the trio saw exactly what they were up against.

As soon as the asteroid fell within sight, the group saw the very front of it unwrap itself and the
face of an enormous alien emerge from the protective layer that was guarding it. The rocky
camouflage it wore over it unfurled in mid-fall, revealing a fleshy, arthropod-like body over which
a dark green cowl of prehensile ribbons was draped, two lengths of which were undulating on
either side of it like elastic arms or tentacles. The cowl was folded up over it, giving it a mummy-
like appearance, with no arms or legs to speak of. Its face however was the most striking,
resembling a smooth white skull of an animal wedged into a thick collar with no neck and a flat
beak-like jaw, and large, black, hollow eyes. The face resembled the Scream mask, only this one
had a more defined shape and was far more menacing.

The entire seven kilometer wide creature looked like a monster from their worst nightmares.

The giant entity barreled towards the three at a fantastic momentum, its two ribbon-like
appendages waving beside it. As soon as its shadow was on top of them, its black eyes suddenly
flashed bright red and, with a deafening, owl-like screech, it unleashed a powerful shockwave that
rocketed towards the three and hit them with the force of a thousand cyclone crosswinds traveling
with a force capable of splitting a country in half.

"GOHAN!" Videl screamed, before the three of them were suddenly ripped out of the sky and sent
hurling out of orbit.

The three warriors cried out in terror as they were sent tumbling around the enormous alien as it
blew past them. In a matter of moments, Gohan was knocked out of Super Saiyan form and all of
them were sent bouncing across the alien's back before being thrown thousands of miles across the
planet's surface. With the winds smacking them this way and that like a hundred kiai blasts hitting
them all at once, which sent the trio into a terrifying spin, the three fighters were unconscious
before their bodies even hit cloud cover. Several seconds later, after a harrowing descent out of the
upper stratosphere, the team of warriors was gone, disappearing to land in parts unknown.

Dispatching the three earthlings with ease, the titan of a creature, easily dwarving the planet's
largest mountain, then turned its attention towards the earth and the population far below…
(TO BE CONTINUED)
After watching and sensing the 'meteorite' or whatever the hell it was shake off three fully charged energy blasts capable of wiping out the earth several times over, Piccolo, Krillin and Android 18 could only stand there and gawk as the creature made its final descent through the atmosphere. Breaking through the cloud cover at a casual pace in the form of a raging fireball, the colossal extra terrestrial slowed as its silhouette came within sight of West City.

With its ribbon like arms waving around it like a phantom in flight, the creature started bearing down on the hapless planet at its own leisure.

Due to the shocking turn of events, the Z-fighters weren't exactly in the right state of mind to respond to the issue right off the bat.

"D-Did you see that?" Krillin stammered out, eyes almost bugging out of their sockets as he stared up at the beast heading towards the country. "That thing cut through Gohan and Zangya like they were speed bumps!"

"They didn't even scratch it," Android 18 murmured, unable to believe what she'd just witnessed either.

Staring slack-jawed at the gargantuan alien for several tense seconds, Piccolo was then shaken out of his trance when he came to the full realization of their situation and the danger this new enemy presented. Tuning into the correct frequency, the Namekian fighter then linked up with all of the other Z-fighters scattered across their part of the country. He then made a connection with the guardian of earth; someone he knew was watching the situation closely from afar and could give him a more accurate report on the situation.

The warrior in the turban and cape gritted his teeth nervously, as if expecting the worse. "Talk to me, Dende. What happened? Are the three of them okay?"

"Don't worry, Piccolo. Gohan, Zangya and Videl are alright. They're just knocked out," the young overseer of the planet replied immediately as he plugged himself into the state of affairs, which seemed to be growing direr with every second that passed. "They crash landed on a farm somewhere in the southern parts of the continent. I had Korin send Yajirobe to go find them as soon as they hit the ground."

The three fighters relaxing at the news, Piccolo then nodded his head in relief, "Good. Tell him to make it fast. We're going to need those three back here as soon as possible." After everything he'd seen so far, they were going to need all the help they could get. "Damn it. And I thought this day couldn't get any worse."

While the three of them were still telepathically linked with the guardian of the planet, a couple more frantic voices suddenly sprang up over the airways. Moments following the quick banter between the two Namekians, the panicked voice of the human fighter Yamcha spoke up. Needless to say, while everybody else had been able to maintain their cool for the most part, the scar-faced
human fighter was, in a few words, spazzing out.

"Can we all focus on the current problem here? What the hell is that thing?!" the man shouted, causing the group to wince at the volume of his voice.

If Dende was with them, they would have seen the young guardian clench his jaw nervously. "I have no idea. But it's big." Really big. The thing was pretty much a fifth the size of West City and its two ribbon-like arms stretched to about ten kilometers in length.

Big… didn't quite cover it.

Android 18's expression became somewhat deadpanned at the Namekian's words. "That's pretty perceptive for a guy watching from on top of a floating castle. Now how do we kill it?!"

The blonde's question had Piccolo's fists clench tightly, "I'm not sure we can."

Krillin looked across at the green fighter in alarm, "WHAT?! Seriously? C-Come on man… there… there has to be some way we can bring that thing down!" Considering it was able to shake off a combined shot from both a Super Saiyan and a Super Hera, there didn't seem to be much that the any of the other Z-fighters could do. "Hell, I'll take a slim chance at this point." In all honesty, they were just flies compared to whatever this outer space monstrosity was.

With Vegeta having flown off to parts unknown for some secret training, the group didn't have any more heavy hitters left to tackle this thing. The only two that even had a snowball's chance in hell of defeating it had been knocked out of commission in the opening assault and they'd nearly been at full power.

At least they had the mighty Piccolo on their side. That had to count for something, right?

"Well… we're not going to find out anything by just standing here." Upon speaking his part, the Namekian slowly levitated off of the roof and took off at full speed, heading in the direction the creature was going to land several kilometers away. "Come on."

Following suit, Android 18 chased after the Namekian, with Krillin accompanying her. The trio blasted over the enormous metropolis and towards the horizon, leaving Bulma, Trunks and Doctor Briefs watching nervously from the balcony.

Upon seeing the warriors take flight, Trunks, taking on a serious look, turned heel and rushed back indoors. Not even bothering to ask where her son was going, the president of the corporation narrowed her eyes and turned towards her father. "We need to help them. I'm heading down to the garage to get the accelerator cannon online."

Catching on to what his daughter was aiming for, the man with the square-rimmed glasses and the black cat seated upon his shoulder nodded in understanding. "You need someone to manually reroute the power from the city terminals. I'm coming with you."

Acknowledging her parent's words, Bulma then turned heel and dashed into the building with Doctor Briefs right behind her…

OOO

(Minutes later)

On the coastline many miles outside of West City, the King's armies had amassed on the water and across the countryside surrounding the area the meteorite had initially been expected to make
landfall. All of them had been assembled there as a final deterrent; a last resort should the main
assault from the planet's surface-to-orbit defense cannons and missiles fail to destroy it. Upon
witnessing both forms of weaponry unsuccessfully destroy the object and seeing the asteroid
finally enter their atmosphere, the forces on the ground and water were quickly kick started into
action.

It was only the sight of the asteroid unfurling and revealing to be an enormous, intergalactic
monster that gave the officers in charge of the armies a few moments of pause.

The crews onboard the fleet of battleships, destroyers and aircraft carriers on the water could be
seen gawking up at the sky as they watched the gigantic creature descend towards them, its shadow
growing closer and closer with every minute that passed.

When the admiral onboard the main carrier finally shook herself out of her stupor, she spun around
and pointed towards her radio operators. "Battle stations! Order all ships to fire on the extra
terrestrial with everything they have! Now!"

The officers and naval personnel onboard the bridge quickly threw themselves into action.

"All personnel! Man your battle stations! Repeat! Man your battle stations! General quarters!
General quarters!" the officer at the radio shouted, seconds before the entire ship lit up with the
familiar blare of the warning siren, signaling the vessel was preparing for combat.

The men at the helm went about moving the vessel into optimal position for engagement and the
radiomen went about contacting the neighboring vessels with the admiral's orders. Now that
everyone on that level was on full alert and going about their duties at a frantic pace, the highly
decorated captain then spun around and pointed towards the airmen nearby.

"Alert all stations. Have all carriers in the area ready their aircraft for launch and prepare to
intercept the target! I want our planes up in the air ten minutes ago!"

"Yes, ma'am," the lieutenant replied and quickly jumped to the nearest monitor, where he
instructed the operator to get him in touch with the men on deck.

Within seconds of issuing her orders, the admiral watched all battleships and destroyers in the area
rotate their guns and point them towards the approaching extra terrestrial. As soon as all vessels
were locked onto the target, a chorus of deafening explosions rang out as every single battery and
cannon opened fire on the meteorite. Flashes of gunpowder went off as all of the big guns floating
on the water unleashed their ordinance upon the gigantic creature, the lead projectiles hurtling
through the air at terrific speeds in the form of hundreds of golden spheres of light.

As soon as the ships started lobbing cannon shells into the sky, the creature became engulfed in a
storm of miniature explosions. At first it seemed like the first wave of attacks would rip through
the creature and take it out for good. But as the battleships continued pouring everything they had
onto the approaching demon from outer space, every one of their projectiles either bounced off of
the creature's hide or detonated just feet away from it against the invisible force field it was
producing.

Adding to the bombardment of artillery fire from the massive guns, the frigates, destroyers and
battleships also began firing missiles up at the creature. The rockets blasted from the decks of the
ships and arced through the air leaving trails of white smoke, joining the barrage of shells tearing
towards the beast and smacking against its barrier. But in spite of the terrifying display of military
power, the navy's attempts to ward off the creature or destroy it were effectively neutralized.
To the titan, the onslaught of landscape reducing artillery and rocket fire was like a cool, refreshing breeze against its skin.

Continuing its descent under the most impressive display of firepower ever mounted by man, the creature gave a quiet shriek as it passed through more cloud cover at a crawling pace and set its sights on the coastline nearby.

While the vessels proceeded to pepper the gigantic creature with more flak from their big guns, over on one of the Yamato-class battleships, the officers on the deck got quite a surprise when they suddenly saw a figure descend from the sky and land on one of their forward guns. In spite of the deafening sounds and shockwaves being produced by the cannons all around him, the raven haired figure in the brown trench coat simply stood there with his hands in his pockets and a smile on his face.

"So… this is the big, bad monster that's causing all the trouble out here," Android 17 exclaimed, ignoring the massive cannons in front of him going off as they lobbed yet another three shells up at their target. "Heh. It kind of reminds me of the squid Ami made me for dinner a couple of weeks ago, except this one is a little bit more alive than the one she had." Rolling up his sleeves, the man then set himself into a fighting stance. "Looks like you fellas could use a little bit of help." Without needing to be told, the man held both hands forward and unleashed two golden blasts up at the creature.

At first he figured it was going to do something. Perhaps even change its course. But when he saw his attacks explode uselessly against its invisible force field, the raven haired man blinked in surprise before his expression became deathly serious.

"O-kay. This might be a problem," he murmured, moments before opening up with a continuous barrage of ki blasts. With his palms fully opened up, Seventeen began firing blast after blast up at the giant alien, hoping that with his added firepower he would be able to break through its shield.

While Android 17 joined forces with the navy in their counterattack, over on the shoreline, scattering across the valley, the other Z-fighters finally arrived at the scene. With Piccolo securing the high ground on top of a nearby mountain, Yamcha taking to the fields, and Krillin and Eighteen dropping down on the white sands of the coast, the four of them took aim at the creature and charged their attacks.

"Alright guys. Let's dust this bitch!" Yamcha shouted a split second before he began unleashing a storm of countless golden blasts from his hands.

From all across the countryside, the warriors began lobbing continuous streams of ki attacks at the incoming giant, their barrage of blasts joining the artillery bombardment from the navy. Their support intensified the battering and multiplied the firework display already being unleashed upon the creature. Initially the group thought their attacks would be able to chase off the creature and perhaps burst through the invisible bubble surrounding it. But after seeing what it'd done to both Gohan and Zangya, the four of them weren't hoping for much.

They kept up the pressure, firing shot after shot in an effort to break through their target's barrier. Their combined efforts filled the air surrounding the extra terrestrial with blinding flashes of fire and energy; a display almost reminiscent of a Michael Bay wet dream.

But just when it seemed like their assault was about to push the creature back, the entire group of fighters and the navy were caught completely off guard when the invisible force field in front of the creature suddenly transformed into a hexagon-shaped pane of energy with a translucent surface. This transparent, glass-like barrier defended the entire creature's front from the bombardment
before suddenly pushing forward, extending a full kilometer in front of the alien with a hundred smaller panels pushing the main one from behind. The barrier's range was extensive, stopping the onslaught of ki blasts and cannon fire two kilometers from their intended target.

The appearance of the barrier had all of the Z-fighters stop their attacks.

"W-What the hell?" Yamcha shouted.

Piccolo, sensing exactly how thick the barrier was, gritted his teeth in frustration before making contact with the others via telepathy. "Regular blasts won't work on this thing! Its shield is too strong!"

This news had Krillin curse inwardly, "Great! Now what are we supposed to do? Even with all of us attacking at once, we can't even put a dent in that thing!"

Narrowing his eyes on the creature as it descended the last hundred meters between it and the fleet in the water, the Namekian warrior spoke up again, "This creature is obviously defending itself using a very powerful force field, the same one it used to shake off Gohan, Zangya and Videl's attack from before. It's not a normal energy barrier either. Somehow this creature is creating its own form of magnetosphere, allowing it to deflect and neutralize all forms of attack."

That wasn't even the half of it either. Not only did the shield appear to be multi-layered, but the barrier surrounding the creature was so powerful that it was causing the light itself to distort around it, which was why they were able to see the field as it deflected their attacks from the front. By compressing the energy to a single point, the once invisible force field protecting it actually took on shape and form.

This immediately gave the Z-fighters a new problem to overcome.

"If we're going to pierce through that shield, we're going to have to hit it using concentrated power shots. Focus all of your energy to a single point and drive it in," Piccolo instructed, removing his cape and turban, and tossing them aside. Upon liberating himself of the extra weight, the Namekian cracked his neck and glared up at the titan of an invader. "That ought to shake it up a little."

The human fighters were immediately skeptical.

"If you haven't noticed, Piccolo, that thing just walked through a Super Saiyan and a Super Demon like they weren't even there," Yamcha spoke up from his end of the line, looking completely doubtful at his chances in this battle. "What could all of us hope to accomplish if the two strongest fighters on this planet couldn't?"

"Look. The best we can do is bide time and distract this thing until Gohan and Zangya get back. So why don't you quit your bellyaching for a couple of minutes, put on your big-boy pants and get your head in the damn game!" the green warrior shouted back, causing the man on the receiving end to wince.

Huffing irritably, the black haired baseball star grumbled, "A little 'please' would be nice."

"What was that?"


Hearing the Namekian's grunt at the end put the human fighter at ease, whereas Krillin and
Eighteen merely gave the man's comments a deadpanned look. Obviously all of them were still in telepathic contact with each other, which pretty much meant that they heard every frustrated word being spoken by both the former guardian of the planet and the sports super star.

At least now that order had been restored to their ranks they could actually do something about their current problem.

By the time the Z-fighters had finished organizing themselves, the alien finally touched down on the planet's surface. Dropping straight down into the water right inside the formation of battleships and aircraft carriers, the creature caused a massive ripple on impact that pushed the ships back in the form of a tsunami. Their arrangement broken, the vessels continued firing up at the behemoth despite the added turbulence. The sailors had to hold on tight as every single ship was rocked from side to side by the drastically shifting tidal forces holding them up.

Even Android 17 was knocked off balance, the raven haired fighter disengaging from his assault as soon as the alien dropped into the ocean.

"Damn it. This isn't working. None of my attacks are even getting to it," the artificial fighter muttered, quickly taking flight just as another barrage of cannon fire peppered the creature from all sides. "I have to come up with something else."

While the fleet broke up and jets started taking to the air to further engage the creature, the armies stationed on the land began their assault as well.

Lining up along the beach, columns of M1 Abrams, FV4034 Challenger 2s, AS-90s, M270 MLRSs, LAV 25s, M6 Linebackers and all other manner of armored vehicles loaded their guns and took aim at the creature. Along with swaths of soldiers, mobile artillery, and weapon mounted trucks and jeeps, the military locked all sights on the colossal kaiju and opened fire.

Gun and artillery fire rang out across the country as a barrage of shells and rockets were lobbed towards the alien. However, the instant the first wave of rounds impacted against the creature's shield, they either exploded or bounced harmlessly off of the invader, inflicting no damage to its hide whatsoever.

However, the military was undeterred, and the soldiers continued firing upon it. Anti-aircraft batteries rang out, countless rockets were launched from their launchers, and the tanks blasted away at the creature like there was no tomorrow.

While the navy pulled back and continued to fire on the now grounded creature, which was wallowing in the ocean like it was treading in shallow water, a couple miles inland, other military vehicles were lining up to join the assault.

Having held themselves back at a safe distance, armored tanks and trucks towing enormous missiles aimed their payloads towards the horizon and launched them. With the sound of thrusters roaring across the forests, the enormous missiles were hurled from their stations and sent arcing into the sky towards the creature. Adding to the deafening assault from the army along the coastline, the King's military prayed that this onslaught would at least do something to damage the creature.

Spotting the hundreds of missiles converging on its position from behind the blasts of artillery shells exploding against its shield, the giant alien growled. Its eyes glowing red, the Z-fighters and the attacking military looked on in bewilderment when the beast suddenly produced a glowing purple ball of energy from its forehead, which then hovered into the air above it.
Seeing the sphere pulse and zap as it was charged, Piccolo’s eyes suddenly widened in alarm and he immediately dove off of the mountain. "SHIT! GET DOWN!" He shouted both verbally and via his telepathy, an instruction the scattered Krillin, Android 18 and Yamcha willingly followed.

It was a good thing they did because the second the small sphere of energy above the alien was fully charged, a thin beam of purple energy was fired from it and sent straight towards the very end of the formation of missiles coming in at low altitude. Once the beam was fully extended, it then spun around in a full 360 degree of motion in less than three seconds, cutting straight through the approaching missiles. The instant it faded, not only did every single rocket detonate in the order the beam had struck them down, but the attack also sliced the tops off of every single mountain within a hundred kilometer radius of the creature, including the one Piccolo had been standing on.

Needless to say, the alien had given the planet its first real haircut in spectacular fashion.

Android 17, who'd been airborne at the time, barely avoided being cut in half by the attack.

Upon dispersing of the missiles and a good portion of the countryside disrupting its view, the skull-faced creature then turned to the army still shooting at it from the cliffs and beach. Snarling at them, the extra terrestrial brought forward one of its ribbon-like arms and, whipping it into the air, swung it down and smashed away an entire section of the coast, taking out a quarter of the military forces with ease. Hundreds of men perished in an earth-shaking explosion of dust and rubble, their cries drowned out by their exploding vehicles and the sound of the landscape caving in on itself.

At first the creature didn't give a damn about the army or the navy shooting at it, and showed even less concern towards the Z-fighters. But now it was taking the time to pummel them into oblivion.

Getting to his feet after his harrowing dive, Piccolo wasted no time in gathering his senses and blasting towards the creature at full speed, aura blazing around him.

Yamcha, managing to pick himself out of the grass as well, spotted his teammate fly by, leaving a trail of white energy behind, "Ah, what the hell. If we're going to die, we may as well go down fighting!" Powering up as well, the grinning man shot up after the Namekian and both arced towards the octopus-like alien from all sides.

While the creature occupied itself with slapping the coastline with its enormous ribbon appendages, Krillin and Android 18 managed to leap back to a safe distance and take up positions on a new cliff a few miles away. During which time they then heard the roar of hundreds of aircraft and looked up in time to see dozens of jets pass over them.

Flying in formation towards the monster, squadrons of F-22 Raptors readied themselves for combat; loading their weapons and locking onto their distant target. In the center of the formation, the squadron leader directed traffic as he and his mates made their final approach of the beast.

"This thing has got to have a weak spot somewhere. Come in low and fast, and hit it where it hurts," the Captain ordered, watching the numbers and crosshairs on his screen light up the enormous creature wrecking the beaches. Upon getting a good look at the sheer size of the colossus, easily dwarfing their tallest mountains, the man shook his head in disbelief. "Damn. The instructors at the academy never prepared us for anything like this." He then looked across at his wingmen and gave them a respectful nod. "Good luck, fellas. We're going to need it."

At that moment, his partner on his right spoke up over the radio. "Uh, Smith. It looks like you've got yourself a couple of extra wingmen on your nine o'clock."
Appearing confused at first, the Captain looked to his left to see what his fellow pilot was talking about. When he did, he balked when he saw two people flying alongside his plane and had to shake his head to make sure he wasn't seeing things.

"What's the scoop, Cap?" another pilot asked over the airways.

"The former World Martial Arts Champion, sir?" the captain's wingman inquired.

The squadron leader chuckled, "Yeah. That's him." Giving an amused chuckle, Smith then turned his attention back to the flight ahead. "Man. What a weird day this is turning out to be. First I find out the planet's being invaded by some giant octopus from hell and now I'm flying alongside one of the strongest men in the world. What are the odds?" His computers beeping loudly and telling him they were in range of their target, the leader of the raid took a few deep breaths to calm down and nodded his head assuredly. "Clench up boys. This is it. Let's send this freak back to whatever part of the galaxy it came from. Are you with me, Angels?"

"Yes, sir!" came the unanimous cry from multiple voices over the comm. channel.

Popping his visor down, the pilot then dialed into the console and made his jet combat ready. "Bring the rain!"

As soon as the squadron of Raptors picked up speed, so did Tien and Chiaotzu, both of whom joined the captain and his wingmen in breaking up the arrangement and scattering throughout the sky. When the jets fell within range, they began unleashing their payloads on the creature from all sides. Rockets shot from the planes and arced towards the titan leisurely smashing up the landscape and wiping out the army, striking against its side in a series of impressive explosions.

The first wave failed though. All the missiles did was impact against the barrier surrounding the alien and inflicted no damage to it whatsoever. However, the arrival of the planes did draw the extra terrestrial's attention away from the army and when a couple of the raptors blew past its head, the monster gave a loud shriek of annoyance and turned its attention to the flies buzzing around it. Seeing the first wave of missiles detonate uselessly, Captain Smith cursed. "Damn it. Okay then. Blue Squadron; move in for a second pass." He then led the next detachment of Raptors in for another run.

As the air force zipped around the titan, hitting its shield with missiles and machine gun fire, Tien and Chiaotzu used that opportunity to arc around the creature and blast it from the sides with ki blasts. Their attacks bouncing off of its barrier no matter where they attacked it from, the pair then pulled up and gained altitude. Taking up positions a kilometer above the alien's head, where they could see the air force strafing the beast and most of the naval forces pull back to a safe distance, the pair then powered up and took aim.

"Are you sure about this, Tien?" Chiaotzu asked, swallowing nervously.

The bald fighter, sweating up a storm, shook his head at his friend, "No. But we at least have to give it a try." He then brought his hands forward and formed a diamond shape with them. Peering through the window formed by his hands, he zoomed in on the beast and gritted his teeth. "Come on. Let's work it together!"
"R-Right!" the little mime fighter replied, throwing his hands overhead and charging a sphere of golden energy.

As soon as both fighters had powered up their attacks, they launched them. Tien extended his hands forward and unleashed an enormous **Tri Beam** from his hands, at the same time Chiaotzu unleashed a powerful psychic blast. Their attacks shot down towards the creature and slammed into the barrier protecting, beginning to drill into it and putting unwanted pressure on the beast. The air force steered clear from the two beams pushing down on the alien from above, and continued to lob missiles and bullets its way.

While the two teammates fired down at the behemoth from the front, Piccolo came up behind the creature with his left hand pulled back and an orange sphere of energy crackling in his palm. Growling loudly, the Namekian took aim and thrust his hand forward, **"Bukiri Maha!"** A massive blast then left his palm and shot towards the alien, slamming into its shield and beginning to drill as well.

Krilllin and Yamcha also took up positions on either side of their friend. After bringing their hands beside them, blue spheres of energy formed before they threw them forward and unleashed two **Kamehameha Waves** at the beast. Their attacks rocketed down and struck its barrier with concussive force, filling the sky with a blinding light and drawing the creature's attention skywards.

While the Z-fighters were occupied with their beam struggle against the creature, they failed to notice Trunks landing on the beach nearby. Startling the army personnel gawking from the cliff, the lavender haired boy powered up as well and, drawing his hands back, threw them forward. **"Buster Cannon!"** A large golden blast shot from his hands and towards the alien's chest, striking it from below and beginning to bore into it. Even though the boy could see it being stopped by its strange, hexagonal like barrier, he continued to pour everything he had into it.

Following up on the combined assault, Android 18 decided to attack it from the side as well. Dropping down onto another cliff, the woman brought her hands to her sides and took aim. But just before she could unleash any form of blast, a figure landing beside her caught her eye.

"Need a hand, sis?" the familiar voice of Seventeen spoke up.

The blonde haired woman blinked in surprise at the sight of her twin brother, "S-Seventeen? You… how…?"

"We can catch up later. But right now, let's focus on bringing this son of a bitch down," the raven haired android replied, also taking a stance and throwing his hands back.

Receiving a nod from his sibling in response, the two of them locked crosshairs onto their target and, upon gathering all the energy they needed, threw their hands forward and unleashed two powerful beams at it. Their attacks met at the exact same spot and started to push into the hexagonal barrier that jumped up to defend the creature. The effort of trying to pierce it drew growls of frustration from the pair, who started feeding their attacks everything they had and joined the other Z-fighters in the final push.

The air force cleared out as soon as the monster was bombarded from above and below by the simultaneous energy attacks. The military on the ground and the naval forces floating nearby gawked at the raw display of power being thrown by the defenders of the earth. It was almost like watching a refracting prism being shot at by varying beams of light, which drilled into the beast's surface and pressured it from all sides.

At first the combined assault appeared to be working. But just when it seemed like the creature's
shield would be breached, the giant monster gave a loud shriek and, all of a sudden, a deafening
shockwave rang out followed by a massive amount of repulsive force that exploded off of the
target and expanded at ridiculous speed. The resulting blast effortlessly dispelled the beam attacks
hitting it from all sides before the dome blast expanded even further, parting the water around it,
pulverizing the coast, and knocking all of the Z-fighters away with a concussive gust of wind.
Those who were airborne were sent spiraling out of the sky to crash land painfully several
kilometers away, whereas those on the ground were sent flying with the rubble and debris of the
disintegrating landscape.

Any of the earth's military caught in the attack's radius did no better than the landscape, as
everything within twenty kilometers of it was blasted to pieces or turned into powder.

When the shockwave ended, it revealed the creature standing in a massive, forty kilometer wide
crater, which was filled shortly afterwards by the ocean. Everything inside of that hole had either
been disintegrated or turned into mush.

In the end, none of the Z-fighters' attacks worked at all.

After clearing the area, the creature then turned its attention toward the countryside and, hovering
out of the ocean it was sitting in, began to float over the West Coast.

Managing the recover from effectively being shot out of the sky, Tien and Chiaotzu, sporting
numerous bruises and cuts following their simultaneous crash landings in the forest, leapt back into
the air and charged at the approaching beast.

"Cut it off! Don't let it get through!" Tien shouted.

With two loud battle cries, the pair broke ranks in midflight and attacked the creature with a
barrage of continuous ki blasts, which impacted against the barrier directly in front of its face.
Their tempest of a bombardment drew the alien to a halt, a low growl escaping the beast's throat
before its eyes flashed a bright red. As soon as it did, a second, concentrated shockwave was fired
from it and sent gusting towards the two fighters.

Both Tien and Chiaotzu were struck full on by the attack and knocked hurtling out of the sky, the
two warriors crying out before they crashed into one of the decapitated mountains fifteen
kilometers away, where they were knocked unconscious and buried under a ton of rubble.

The giant invader made a happy chirping noise at taking out the two warriors. But just when it was
beginning to relax, a golden sphere of energy was suddenly thrown at it from the side and drilled
into its shield. Turning in the direction the ball had come from it spotted Yamcha standing in the
middle of the field with his hand and fingers pointed outwards, indicating that he was the one that'd
thrown the attack and was now trying to push the energy ball through to it.

The man, in spite of being bruised from head to toe and sporting a tattered orange gi, had his teeth
gritted and his most intense glare locked onto the behemoth as he attempted to force his Spirit Ball
through its field. "Come on, you fat son of a bitch… BREAK!"

Hearing the man's outcry, the creature growled and, flashing his eyes, fired another shockwave at
the tiny human, at the same time dispelling his energy ball. The invisible attack collided headlong
with the wounded Yamcha, punching a massive crater where he was standing and sending the
fighter barreling across the valley at breakneck speed. Bouncing over the ground like a ragdoll for
over three kilometers, the former mercenary eventually impacted against the side of a cliff, where
he ended up stopping inside of a human-shaped hole, covered in debris and foliage.
He was the third to fall.

Piccolo, leaping to his feet from his spot in the forest, spat out the blood from his mouth and quickly brought two fingers to his forehead. The moment he did, he began to charge, golden electricity starting to zap and pulse around his fingers, at the same time his aura sprang up around him. A loud growl escaped his clenched jaw as he began focusing all of his energy into a single point.

"This thing is just walking through everything we're throwing at it! Damn it! We haven't even made it flinch!" the Namekian thought furiously as he continued gathering energy. "Alright... time to turn this around."

As the extra terrestrial continued floating forward, its two ribbon appendages waving on either side of it while its cowl blew behind it, a couple more blasts impacting it from the side drew its gaze across. When it did, it saw the lavender-haired form of Trunks flying in its direction, hurling balls of energy at it one after the other. Arcing around its head and away from its barrier, the demi-Saiyan thrust both hands forward and unleashed another barrage of attacks that shot towards the creature from above.

His bombardment bounced off of it though, eliciting a snarl from the creature.

All at once, a wave of missiles from its blind spot collided with the alien's back, along with an onslaught of heavy artillery fire from the battleships off shore. Their massive guns rained down hell upon the beast once more, drawing its glare towards them. When it rotated and faced the ocean, it was met by an assault from the squadron of Raptors flying back in, the leader opening up with two sidewinder missiles that rocketed towards its face, only to impact uselessly against its field.

"Shit!" Captain Smith cursed, pulling up when the alien's eyes glowed dangerously and it once again began to charge.

Opening its mouth wide, photons of energy gathered into a single, golden sphere in front of its mouth. As if taking a deep breath, the pulsing energy ball caused the ground to tremble and the air to vibrate around the creature as its density increased little by little. The sight of it not only stunned the sailors onboard the ships and the soldiers on land, it startled the Z-fighters as well. Trunks especially, who was currently floating above the monster as it started gathering energy for a counter attack.

Gasping when he sensed how much ki was being put into that blast, the lavender haired boy then dove for it and powered up a blast of his own. "NO! STOP!" With a yell Trunks suspended himself directly alongside the titan just as it finished gathering power.

With a loud screech, the creature fired its attack, at the exact same time Trunks launched a double-handed blast into the side of it. His attack impacted the sphere of energy just as it was leaving the creature's mouth.

His intervention meant that he was only just able to nudge the ball up a bit before it rocketed towards the battleships on the water. The attack barely overshot them and hurtled towards the distant horizon, where it struck some far off island and detonated in a massive, dome-shaped explosion hundreds of times greater than a thermonuclear warhead. The blast covered the entire horizon line, parting the clouds when it filled the sky with a blinding light and took a decent chunk out of the earth. The sight of the explosion had all of the humans gaping in horror and when the dome faded, the creature realized it'd missed.
Snarling, it turned its attention to Trunks, who was still floating nearby.

The kid flipped it off snidely, "Yeah! That's right you ugly squid! I did that! What're you gonna do about it?! Huh?" The hybrid then waved his hands at it provocatively. "Give me your best shot!"

Identifying him as the cause due to his yelling, the creature's eyes glowed red again before, with a sudden owl-like shriek, it unleashed another shockwave from its body.

The sight had the half-Saiyan pale. "Crap."

The attack blasted outwards, not only catching Trunks by surprise and knocking him flying several kilometers, but it also ripped every single jet in range out of the sky and sent the air force spiraling to the ground.

Captain Smith had to fight the controls when his plane was hit by the colossal blast, his F-22 spinning out of control. Realizing he was in a dive, the man quickly yanked on the stick and ejected from the craft. He rocketed out of the cockpit just in time to see his plane nosedive and crash land in a remote field.

Most of his other squad mates managed to do the same. But some of the others hadn't been so lucky, as they'd perished in the invisible blast when their jets were shredded by the unexpected show of force.

Landing on the edge of the newly formed crater the alien had generated, Smith ripped away his parachute and glared angrily up at the creature floating in the center of the twenty kilometer wide hole. Gritting his teeth, the man pulled out his side-arm and opened fire on it. "Hey! I'm still here you bastard! Come on! Fuckin' bring it!" He shouted profanities between each shot of his Colt.

As brave a gesture as it was, it served no purpose other than to calm him down. When he ran out of ammo, the man chucked his pistol at the beast, only for it to travel twenty five yards of the several miles between him and the titan.

Ignoring the little human, the alien was then turning around to face the continent again. But just as it was in the process of changing course, it spotted something out of the corner of its eye and saw a green figure leap into the air a mile out. Narrowing its gaze, it saw the person suspend himself in the sky and take aim at it.

His two fingers sparkling like a hot poker, Piccolo gave a mighty howl before cocking his hand back and thrusting his fingers forward, unleashing his attack with everything he had. "SPECIAL BEAM CANNON!" A crack of thunder rang out, signaling the launch of a massive orange, drill-like beam, a hundred times larger than any the Namekian had ever produced before, shooting out of his hand and rocketing towards the creature.

The alien balked at the sight of the light speed attack and watched as it collided with its shield. In an instant, five layers of its translucent hexagonal barriers shattered when the attack burrowed into its defenses, only to stop when it hit a particularly thick layer. The creature gave a loud snarl as its body was pushed back slightly under the force of the attack now digging into its protective shield.

The battle lasted for a full two minutes. It was after that time had passed the Namekian finally
reach the end of the line and cut off the output, his corkscrew attack detonating against the shield with the force of several hundred nuclear bombs packed into a single blast. The explosion itself caused the layer the warrior had been stuck on to splinter, but as soon as the smoke cleared, all it revealed was a scorched wasteland in place of a forest, a large crater, a trench dug through the earth, and a completely unharmed extra terrestrial.

Piccolo recoiled in shock when he saw the giant alien's eyes light up and heard a loud snarl echo from its mouth.

Doing something completely unexpected, the hexagonal shield in front of the alien suddenly changed shape, taking the form of a translucent octahedron, which split in the center and transformed into two cubes, one hovering over the other, with a sphere of golden energy fixed in the center. The tiny sphere pulsing a couple of times as it was charged, the creature then fired a concentrated purple beam straight towards the Namekian at blinding speeds.

Eyes widening in horror, Piccolo threw his arms up and produced a spherical shield around him. A split second after which the blast fired by the creature slammed into him and pushed him out of the sky, sending him flying for several kilometers before colliding with the side of a ruined mountain. The beam continued to burrow him into the cliff, hammering against his energy barrier and causing the earth to tremble around them.

The Namekian growled as the force of a sun pressed down on top of him, a sensation that last for a full minute before the beam eventually let up. Panting heavily at the effort of holding back such a force, Piccolo smirked exhaustedly, "Ha. Is that all you've got?"

The octahedron shield floating in front of the creature then compressed into a diamond shape, before splitting and transforming into a four-corner prism, with spikes and four golden spheres of energy crackling on the corners. The sight of the attack and the sudden increase in energy levels had the Namekian's eyes widen in shock.

"Ah… shit."

Before he even had time to react, the four balls crackling with golden lightning fired four beams that met in the center and, magnifying under the intensity, the alien creature gave a deafening screech and fired a gargantuan blast at its target. The golden beam, spanning ten kilometers in diameter, rocketed towards Piccolo several times faster than the speed of light and collided with his shield with the force of a thousand suns. The impact was marked by an earthshaking thunderclap as the Namekian was engulfed in a hellfire attack that continued to travel across the planet's surface and out of its atmosphere.

The blast traveled in a straight line for a thousand more miles from the earth before eventually stopping around orbital distance where, looking at it from afar, the beam took the shape of a massive, fiery crucifix.

The skies burned and the landscape was torched. Anything standing within reach of the magnified blast was incinerated and anyone standing outside of range was knocked off their feet by the howling hot winds being produced. The concentrated energy wave continued to gush from the creature's mouth with terrifying intensity, engulfing its small target and burning him mercilessly.

There was so much power behind the blast that it completely overwhelmed the warrior's shield and started to cook the man from the outside-in. Piccolo's pain-filled howl of terror echoed inside the blast as he felt the surface of his skin burn and his eyes start to boil.

However, just when it seemed like the Namekian was about to be incinerated by the enormous
attack, the creature's eyes suddenly shot upwards when two golden disks flew at it from above and came at it from the side. Cutting off the energy to its attack when it saw the disks arc towards its head, the alien responded immediately with a flash of its eyes followed by two red disks being fired from its forehead. Its much larger counterstrike collided headlong with the golden ones thrown by both Krillin and Android 18, both of whom were suspended up high in an advantageous position.

Along with Android 17, the trio gawked when they saw the alien stop the two *Destructo Disks* with its own monofilament blasts with ease. Upon which the red disks overwhelmed theirs, sliced the attacks in two before shooting over the horizon and dispersing.

In spite of their failed attempts to decapitate the beast, they still managed to save Piccolo from a barbeque.

The land the blast had traveled along had a massive trench dug through it so wide that it could be seen from space. Not only that, but the earth was also burning, the forest around the ditch had been turned to ash, and every single mountain and hill that'd been standing in its path had been leveled, including the one Piccolo had been pinned up against.

The attack had generated so much heat, that the ground had been glassed, and the Namekian could be seen lying on top of it.

Looking exactly like how he looked after taking Nappa's Bomber DX move head first, with various patches of his skin burned and cut, the green warrior laid sprawled out in the middle of the ten kilometer wide trench unconscious and bleeding from various wounds. It was a miracle that he was still alive and kicking.

Well… kicking was sort of subjective at this point.

"That's not good," Krillin said, seeing the creature turn to glare in their general direction.

The raven haired android flying up high gritted his teeth nervously, "At least he's no longer frying the crap out of Piccolo anymore."

Sweating nervously despite it now being three-on-one, the former monk spoke up, "There's no way we'll be able to restrain that thing or hold it off. We need to try and take it out of commission."

At that, the male android laughed sardonically, "Ha ha ha. How?"

"Well… we could…" Unfortunately, Krillin wasn't given time to finish his sentence.

When the group saw the beast's eyes glow red, every single one of them reacted in alarm, with Android 18 being the first to take charge of the situation. "Shit. SCATTER!" She then flew off to the right, whereas the other two flew off in the opposite direction. However, even when presenting the thing with multiple targets, it still didn't do a damn thing.

Snarling loudly, the creature fired yet another invisible blast of wind from its body that collided with all three of them and smacked them out of the sky. While Android 17 went crash landing into the ocean near the battleships, Krillin made landfall on the beach and Android 18 spun into the forest, where she disappeared behind a blast of dust and debris. When the smoke eventually settled from their respective landings, it showed the blonde fighter lying out in the open, covered in various cuts and bruises, and knocked out.

The giant alien quickly turned its attention to the latter, a gurgling sound escaping its throat as its eyes flared and its energy began to gather in front of its beak once more. Photons converging into a single, purple sphere of energy, the creature's ki began to skyrocket as it aimed to wipe out the
annoying flies buzzing around it once and for all.

Sensing the incoming danger, Krillin, lying flat out on the beach, looked up in horror with blood trickling over his eye. "NO! EIGHTEEN!"

A loud screech echoing across the countryside, the large sphere the creature had created achieved stability in a matter of seconds. Upon rearing back, it then threw its head forward and fired, only to suddenly catch something small and fast-moving in its peripheral vision.

With a loud crack and a shockwave, the scarf-wearing form of Paprika let out a roar as she decked the massive titan across the face, her knuckles colliding with its shield but nevertheless catching it by surprise. The force of her collision on top of the power behind her punch burying into its barrier caused the enormous behemoth to rotate and shoot the beam across the planet's surface. It continued to fire it as its head was cocked to the side, sending the ridiculously powerful beam traveling in a wide, one-hundred and eighty degree arc.

The beam was in fact so powerful that not only did it shoot well outside of earth's orbit; it blasted clear across the solar system and to the side due to the manner it'd been fired. The result was the thick purple beam disintegrating an entire part of the asteroid belt looping around the region of space and cutting straight through Saturn, slicing it in half. When the two halves of the planet separated, they then exploded in a glorious, fiery blast that could be seen from earth itself.

When the attack eventually ceased and the creature floated to a stop, it gave an irritable huff and turned to face its attacker. It quickly spotted them standing atop a plateau a full kilometer away, positioned with her arms crossed, head held high and scarf bellowing on the wind.

Paprika smirked when the enormous beast turned to face her, "Glad I got your attention… you big dumb squid."

As the Makyan faced off against the snarling beast from another world, Goten, who'd traveled all the way here with her to find out what was going on, flew down to where Trunks had crash-landed and knelt down beside his fallen friend. Taking him by the shoulders, the raven haired youngster shook him gently, "Trunks. Trunks. Are you okay?" A couple of shakes and a few words of encouragement later soon roused the youngster from his slumber, putting a smile of joy back on the demi-Saiyan's face. "Yeah. You're alright."

Groaning, the lavender haired boy looked up to see his friend beaming down at him. "Ugh. W-What happened?"

"The big monster knocked you and everybody else out. It's really powerful. Even Mr. Piccolo was taken out and he's one of the strongest people on this planet," Goten answered, before then turning his attention to the plateau and the towering, ribbon-armed alien glaring at it. "Don't worry. Paprika will be able to beat it. Just you watch."

"Paprika?" Trunks murmured, looking to see who his playmate was referring to and spotting the white haired woman standing atop the distant mountain. "Oh, her."

The enormous creature floated closer, its eyes boring into the tiny figure staring it down. Despite being so insignificant in comparison, the beast could obviously still feel presences and regarded her with contempt and annoyance. In response, the Makyan glared right back at it while its ribbon arms waved hypnotically on either side of it.

Eyeing the odd looking giant suspiciously for a couple of minutes, the teenage demon then tilted her head at it and raised an eyebrow. "Ugh. You know I've seen some freaky aliens in my time, but
this one just takes the cake. You're like a really big, ugly… skull-faced, octopus thing with the biggest cock-blocking space I've ever seen," Paprika said with a distasteful frown on her face. "But I guess you can't help that. You are what you are, and so am I. So let's cut the useless chit-chat and get to the fun part.” Her eyes then hardened when she focused all of her attention on the towering behemoth.

In response to her remarks, the alien let out a bellowing shriek as its hollow eyes flared a bright red. Paprika smirked, clenching her fists in response, "Alright, you overgrown side-dish. Let's dance!” With a wary cry of her own, the woman powered up, her green aura exploding off of her and shredding her scarf. At the exact same time, her body bulked up, making her even taller and curvaceous as she jumped straight into her Super Makyan form. As soon as she reached maximum, the girl sprang off of the plateau and charged, her take-off creating a sonic boom that caused the mountain she was on to crumble to the ground.

With a fierce battle cry, Paprika tore across the sky towards the creature with her energy blazing around her. When she came within range of it, the alien swung at her with its arm, missing her when she evaded and causing it to strike the countryside with an earthshaking crash. The Makyan dove for the trees directly under it, to which it responded by bringing about its other appendage and whipping that one down at her as well, only for the girl to shoot skywards and dodge it once again. The alien's tendril carving into the ground like butter and annihilating another area of pristine landscape, Paprika took full opportunity of its miss to swing around over its shoulder from behind, and slam a punch into its face.

Her roar was followed by her knuckles burying into its cheek, but her fist was stopped dead when it slammed against the hexagonal barrier appearing between her and her target. The force of her deflected blow sent her spinning away when her momentum was effectively reversed, prompting her to halt in midair. As soon as she did, her eyes widened when she saw it raise its right arm and swing it down at her, forcing her to block with both hands. The attack slammed into her with catastrophic force, the impact causing a thunderclap and a shockwave that split the earth beneath them and sent rubble flying in all directions.

After catching the hit, Paprika shoved the ribbon away, cocking back her hand for a blast, only to see its eyes flash brightly followed by a powerful blast that shot up at her at blinding speed. The heat ray slammed into her chest, knocking out her aura and sending the Makyan spiraling for several kilometers. A cry of pain leaving her lips, the girl managed to right her body a few seconds later, by which point the creature was bearing down on her once more. Snarling back at it in kind, the Makyan powered up and rocketed up into the sky.

Suspending above the behemoth, the teenager brought both hands overhead and with a valiant cry of effort, formed a pulsing pink sphere of energy between her palms. "PAN BLASTER!” Taking aim, she lobbed the sphere straight down at the creature, which looked up just in time to receive the attack directly in the face… or so it seemed.

The explosion to follow was colossal, easily compressing a planet-splitting worth of energy to a single point. A fiery mushroom cloud filled the sky and blocked Paprika's view of her practically demolishing an entire region of landscape and the monster itself. From the way her attack landed, it looked like she'd finished it off once and for all.

But just when the flare of the blast died down and was replaced by smoke, Paprika was caught completely by surprise when one of the alien's ribbon arms shot out of the cloud faster than she could track it and smacked her out of the sky. The impact was biblical, causing a thunderclap that sent her flying twenty kilometers across land before eventually crash landing in another ruined
mountain. She collided with the side of it at full speed, sending dust and debris flying into the air.

Shocked at seeing his best friend get tossed over the horizon, Goten reacted instinctively. "PAPRIKA!" the demi-Saiyan cried out, flying up from the forest with his friend hot on his tail. "You leave her alone, you big bully!"

"Goten! Wait!" Trunks shouted, desperately following right behind his companion as both of them powered up and took to the sky. "You can't stop that thing on your own!"

Powering up, the gutsy raven haired youngster brought his hands to his side and, powering up a blue sphere of energy, hurled it at the extra terrestrial as soon as he was within range. "Ka-me-ha-me-HAAAA!" The powerful stream of energy left his hands and rocketed towards the enormous alien, only to slam against its shield and explode harmlessly.

Its attention being drawn to the explosion, the alien snarled and glared at the two hybrids flying towards it. When its eyes flared red, the pair stopped in their tracks, only to then hear the creature shriek and unleash a concentrated Kiai that slammed into them and knocked them to the ground. The two children cried out in agony as they bounced across the terrain several times and ended up stopping at the foot of a hill.

Their impact caused the ground for miles to shake, a sensation that roused the downed Piccolo from his state of unconsciousness.

Feeling his skin prickle unpleasantly, the Namekian gritted his teeth and looked up fearfully. "No… Goten…"

Android 18 and Android 17, the latter of whom had managed to drag his way back to shore, slowly regained consciousness as well; both of them rising up and shaking their heads clear of the demoralizing hazing they'd been subjected to. Krillin was already up and at 'em, but he was fairing no better than anybody else.

Nevertheless, he could still see everything that was going on and after watching Goten and Trunks get knocked out of the sky, alarm bells started kicking in.

Goten, slowly rising up from the crater, whimpered painfully as he gripped his arm. That shockwave had been one thing, but the landing had been more painful than anything else. Not only were his clothes in tatters, his body was also wrecked, and his skin was covered in various cuts and bruises. On top of that, he'd seriously banged his arm against something hard. "M-My shoulder… ah…"

Having already sustained significant damage as well, Trunks pulled himself up out of the ditch he'd made a couple yards away. Bleeding and bruised in various other places, the lavender haired boy winced and trembled as he struggled to drag his way out of the hole. "Goten… a-are you okay?" His question went unanswered. When his eyes snapped to their left, he saw the enormous alien they were fighting rear its ugly head back and, giving a loud roar, begin charging another energy attack.

The two boys' eyes widened in horror when they sensed its ki skyrocket and photons of light gather around its mouth, where an enormous pink ball of energy crackled and took shape. The orb bathed the entire countryside in an eerie light and stunned everyone who was watching.

The navy, having recently gone quiet, could only gape helplessly. The Z-fighters scattered across the countryside, unable to move due to the staggering injuries they'd received from only a couple of hits from the monster, were in the exact same boat.
As the beast proceeded to charge, causing the atmosphere above it to warp and twist, Paprika, having suffered a ridiculous amount of damage as well, pulled her body out of the rubble and into the open. Blood dripping down her face, she glared up at the alien over the horizon, which she saw was now charging what looked like a miniature sun in its mouth and had now raised into the sky.

Gasping when she sensed who it was aiming for, the Makyan panicked. "NO!"

Just as Goten picked himself fully off of the ground, his legs suddenly gave way beneath him and he collapsed to his knee. Yelping when he hit the ground, the child gripped his shoulder even tighter. "I… It hurts!" The shock to his body was just too much.

Like everybody else, he too was completely immobilized.

Unfortunately, Goten didn't have time to fuss over his injuries. Seconds after collapsing under the crippling pain racking his form, the enormous beast had finished charging its final blast. With the pink ball of energy compressing and gaining stability in its mouth, the creature then reared back and, throwing its full weight forward, let it loose. With a terrifying screech, the attack exploded from its mouth with a deafening howl, gushing like a river bursting through a dam and generating a blinding flash of light.

Spanning several kilometers in diameter with enough energy behind it to wipe out the entire solar system, the energy attack tore across the landscape and incinerated the area in front of the titan the instant it left its mouth. It was clear the alien had no idea how much power it was putting behind its attacks, but had aimed it so that it not only killed the half-Saiyan that had attacked it, but his friend and the entire West City behind them.

The Z-fighters saw the path of the light speed blast in bullet time and neither one of them were in any condition to do anything. All Piccolo, Krillin and Android 18 could do was watch on in shock as the attack ripped towards the terrified Goten with the intent of wiping him out in one go.

The two demi-Saiyans, both kneeling mere feet from each other, stared ahead of them in horror as the wall of energy thundered towards them. Judging from the sheer size of the attack and how fast it was moving, there was no way either of them could move in time to dodge it, and there was even less time for any of their friends to grab them.

But just when it seemed like they were about to be blasted into oblivion, a shadow suddenly dropped down from the sky and landed in front of them.

Piccolo and everybody else recoiled in surprise when they saw Paprika appear in the path of the blast, her energy blasting off of her and a dome-like shield forming around her and the two little ones behind her.

Then… it happened.

The attack struck Paprika with a deafening shockwave, a scream of agony escaping her lips as the force of a thousand supernovas went off in her face. In spite of the protective shield she'd put up to prevent the attack from reaching her, the teen felt her entire front roast under the blowtorch that was the invading alien's blast, her clothes being ripped apart by the gale force winds and her body being eaten away by the sheer temperature of the cyclone of energy. At first it seemed like her heroic gesture was all for naught and that she was about to be wiped out, along with the two half-Saiyans and all of West City behind her.

But, with the energy she managed to build up in her hands at the last second, Paprika was able to deflect the entire bulk of the blast and send it rocketing into the sky. The attack shot off of the
planet like a comet, expanding as it did so, not only wiping out a couple of satellites, but several more asteroids when it left the solar system and shot towards another part of the Milky Way. The attack continued to travel for billions of miles, before eventually striking a distant star and destroying it in a colossal blast.

When the beam eventually faded, it revealed another massive trench burned into the surface of planet earth, which began at the place the alien was floating and ended at the spot where Goten and Trunks knelt.

Looking through the smoke left behind in the wake of the gargantuan beam, the two demi-Saiyans then saw the silhouette of their savior emerge. A smile appeared on Goten's face when he recognized the figure as his friend and the boy ecstatically crawled forward in joy. "P-Paprika… you saved us…" He then stopped when he saw exactly what'd happened to her and his eyes widened in shock.

The shield the Makyan had produced had saved them all from being disintegrated. That was the main thing. The side-effect of her courageous act though was far more gruesome than any of them had expected. Not only was she missing both of her hands, but most of the skin on her front had been charred black, she was bleeding from various other wounds, and on top of her ribs, which had been exposed from the amount of flesh that'd been burnt away, but bits of her femur and shin could also be seen.

 Needless to say, she looked pretty messed up.

However, with her face remaining intact, Paprika still mustered the strength to grin and pant. "Yeah… that's right… I can take anything you can dish out…" Her expression then became choked up and her eyes widened, after which she collapsed to her knees and fell flat onto her face.

 Panicking and ignoring the pain racking his frame, Goten crawled forward as quickly as he could. Stopping right beside the Makyan, the boy took her by the shoulder and shook her, nervously looking into her eyes as she gazed right back at him. "P-Paprika… Paprika… no… no…"

 Whimpering fearfully, the boy looked her over to see the damage she'd sustained and, beginning to shake from head to toe, he placed a hand on her back and gently shook her again. "W-What did… what did he do to you, Paprika? W-What did…"

The demon girl chuckled weakly and coughed a few times, looking back at the child staring down at her. "Don't worry, Goten. It's… just a little scratch. I-I'll make it… you'll see…" Seeing tears starting to form in his eyes, she beamed at him warmly and grinned in an attempt to comfort him.

"It's okay… I'm fine."

"N-No. You're not fine," the demi-Saiyan whispered back, completely ignoring the monstrous alien floating slowly towards them as he tried to bring his friend back around. But considering the wounds she'd sustained and not having the skills or means to help her, there was only so much he could do. "J-Just rest… my… my brother will come and fix you. H-He'll know what to do. He always knows what to do."

 Coughing a couple more times, Paprika smiled back at the kid holding her shoulder, "I'm sure he does…" Trying to reach up to push him away, the girl held back as she felt the remains of her ki ebb away and her heart slowly coast to a stop. "But I don't need help… not his anyway. As long as… you're safe… then that's good enough for me." Then, as the last of her strength dissipated, she allowed a couple of tears to escape her own eyes and trickle down her cheeks. "Just… run. Get out of here… while you still… can… G-Goten…"

Then, with her gaze going blank, the Makyan breathed her last and her life force finally vanished.
Eyes widening when he sensed his friend's energy disappear, Goten slowly released her out of shock. Trembling uncontrollably, he nudged her a few more times to see if she was just playing with him. "P-Paprika?" But after a couple of tries and a few pokes to the girl's side, the raven haired youngster's eyes began to water and his expression reflected absolute dismay. "N-No… Paprika…" Shaking her back one blast time, the child then fist his hands tightly and gritted his teeth, sobbing as he leaned forward and pressed his forehead against her head. "No… no… no-no-no… please… no."

Trunks, hearing his friend start to cry, looked on from his spot helplessly and swallowed heavily. "G-Goten."

With nothing but the sounds of sobs and a child's cries filling the air, the enormous invader's shadow fell over the trench and the beast snarled warningly. Upon which a deafening shriek escaped its mouth as it reared its head back and wailed out victoriously. The stricken Z-fighters could only stare from their spots as the beast slowly turned its attention to its latest victim and began to raise its limbs to flatten the two remaining pests standing in its line of sight.

However, its loud screech, which was meant to bring terror to all those who heard it, instead broke Goten out of his trance.

Between the sight of his friend's body and the sound of the creature responsible for her death reverberating around him, the hybrid just snapped.

Eyes shooting open, the boy rose from the ground and, with a bloodcurdling cry that sent chills down everyone's spines, the child turned to the clouds and screamed out to the heavens. In his rage, Goten allowed his anguish and pain to boil over, and when his aura sprang up around him, it was forever changed. Golden energy blasting from his every pore, the child continued to scream towards the atmosphere as his energy skyrocketed and his hair flashed gold. To accompany the change, his eyes turned a sharp teal and, with an earthshaking shockwave, Goten transformed.

Trunks, Piccolo and the other Z-fighters who were on their feet looked on in disbelief as the child spun around and faced the creature with nothing but hate and fury burning in his face.

"You killed my friend!" Goten snapped, the alien staring down at the child in what could only be described as surprise. "She was my friend… AND YOU KILLED HER!" With one last bellow, the demi-Saiyan exploded from the ground and shot towards the behemoth in the form of a golden bolt.

In an instant, the child collided with the alien's shield with a monstrous punch, generating a sonic boom on impact and shattering three of its layers in one hit. His body overflowing with power and spurred on by his anger, the child began burying punch after punch into the alien's translucent force field, causing it to shirk back slightly in surprise. When punching didn't work anymore, the boy began digging into it with his fingers and tore away at the layers one after the other.

Every blow was accompanied by a cry and every rip was drowned out by a grunt. "YOU KILLED HER! YOU KILLED HER! YOU KILLED HER!" Little by little he tunneled through the alien's shield to his foe.

But all of his efforts proved in vain. Being only able to rip apart the surface layers of the barrier, Goten was unable to get through in time when the alien's eyes flashed red and a powerful purple blast engulfed the child. The attack struck the hybrid and overwhelmed him, shooting out and taking the shape of an enormous crucifix, before the Super Saiyan was thrown off of the alien's barrier and sent hurtling through the air. Goten could only cry out in pain when his burnt body was sent spiraling across the land before impacting a distant cliff.
When the dust cleared, the demi-Saiyan could be seen lying unconscious and back to normal in a small crater. Upon which the alien, focusing all of its attention on the child, reared its head back and prepared to charge a second attack to finish him off. But just when the other Z-fighters were moving to come to Goten's defense, or at least tried to, a golden sphere of energy slammed into the monster's side and detonated against its barrier with enough force to lurch it.

"HEY! You! Over here!"

Flinching in surprise, the extra terrestrial stopped and spin in the direction of the gruff voice. When its eyes landed on a mountainous pile of rubble, it spotted a short man with flame-like black hair, wearing white gloves, white boots with yellow tips on them, and figure hugging blue spandex pants and vest, glaring back at it furiously. Though the shout certainly got the creature's attention, it was the man's energy level that held it.

When he saw who it was that had blasted the creature, Trunks's expression brightened instantly. "DAD!"

Vegeta's glare narrowed as his fists clenched tightly at his sides. "I was enjoying a nice day out training in the wastes on the other side of the planet. But then I come home and find some over-sized, mutated octopus trying to kill my son and his friend." The Saiyan Prince snarled as he fixed all of his attention on the invader. "You're going to regret this, you freak! All the way to the GRAVE!" With a loud yell, the warrior tensed and powered up, jumping straight into Super Saiyan without a second thought or care.

The instant his golden aura exploded off of him and punched a crater into the rubble, the Prince launched himself from his spot and charged at the alien, a mighty roar leaving his lips and echoing across the countryside.

The real battle was about to begin.

(TO BE CONTINUED)
As the sounds of war continued to rage over the horizon and filled the sky with the most spectacular lightshow the population of earth had ever seen, the Briefs family was hard at work trying to get their latest project up and running. On the other side of West City on Capsule Corp's extensive property, Bulma had just finished unfurling her latest invention. Upon releasing it from its storage capsule and dropping it on the front lawn, an enormous cannon of futuristic design, much larger than the company's main building, with cables hooked up to the main power grid, appeared from the smoke and stood proud for all to see.

To operate this thing obviously took a ridiculous amount of energy. Judging from the caliber of its barrel as well as the amount of power cables linked to its back, it would've been more than capable of punching through a mountain… or several if they were lined up correctly. However, this wasn't an ordinary projectile weapon, nor was it a conventional artillery piece.

After quickly typing a code into the main control panel at the base of the weapon's platform, the blue haired scientist then rushed up the metal stairs along its side up to the third level where her father was still jacking in the mains and switches. When she arrived there, she opened up the cold storage container sitting beside him. When the cold mist cleared, she pulled out a massive LED like globe and walked it over to the port, where she immediately plugged it in.

Doctor Briefs adjusted his glasses as he got a good look at the thing his daughter was now setting up. "What's that dear?" he asked, noticing the black ball sitting at the bottom of the glass.

"It's the magazine, dad; a tube containing trinity minerals that, when combined with several other elements, is capable of producing energy equivalent to the sun itself," Bulma replied, making sure the piece was secured good and tight, and that everything else was locked and in place. "Maybe even more."

"Ah. That's quite a lot of power," the old man murmured to himself as he leaned in to check out the contents. "Normally you'd only use this material in reactors, since the output they create can provide enough energy to last for several generations. But it looks like you plan on using this entire batch in one go." He was so invested in analyzing it that he completely missed the earthshaking tremor that rocked the facility.

Both of them ignored it in fact. The Z-fighters were obviously still out there fighting the massive invader from outer space and after seeing what'd happened to Gohan and the others, they were going to need every last bit of help they could get if they were going to defeat their planet's uninvited guest.

"This gun is an upgraded model of the surface-to-orbital cannons I originally designed and sold to the army, only this one is a thousand times more powerful. It works by accelerating energy particles and concentrating them around a single point, launching it at great speed towards the target by either cutting through it or disintegrating it entirely."
Her father, looking the enormous gun over, nodded his head in approval. "Impressive."

"Unfortunately, there is a massive drawback," the company president continued as she then clambered up the ladder and began readjusting the cables at the top. "This thing is ridiculously complicated to operate and maintain, and it requires a large amount of energy to run it. Not to mention the amount of heat it produces will melt the insides of the weapon after only a single shot. You'll be lucky to actually get two rounds out of it without blowing yourself up. That's why I never sold this one to the military." After screwing in the last bolt, she then dropped down from the ladder and began running to the next flight of stairs to the gunner's position. "If my calculations are correct, this thing should blast a hole through that thing's shields in one go."

Doctor Briefs quickly jogged after her, "Are you absolutely certain, dear?"

"Positive," the blue haired woman replied. Stopping halfway up the steps, she then pointed down at her old man and issued him her next instructions. "I'm heading up to the cockpit. You make sure those engines in the back are working and the readings on the drives stay below ten. When this thing fires the blowback is going to be massive, so as soon as the dials reach a hundred percent, clear out of there."

"Right," the father nodded, quickly turning and heading back down the stairs, giving his daughter the cue to continue up to her post.

This enormous gun seemed inflated and impractical, but it was the only thing Bulma could think of to actually help out her friends. It'd been years since her adventures with Goku across the planet searching for the dragon balls. Following on from that, all she'd been able to do was provide support for the group in the smallest ways possible as that woman with the gadgets.

Well, today she was going to take a little bit back for herself and really contribute to the team. Even if it was only one time, then that was good enough for her.

Hopefully her husband would be able to hold off that creature long enough for her latest creation to reach full power.

OOO

(A few minutes later)

Vegeta's battle cry filled the air as he unleashed a continuous barrage of energy spheres at his target, peppering it with powerful shots that clouded the air with countless large explosions. But as his attack started to rip apart the landscape surrounding the alien, he quickly saw that it was having no effect on it whatsoever, as every one of his blasts were being blocked by its shield. The hexagonal barrier that leapt up in front of it flickered as it deflected each and every attack that rattled it, leaving the beast unharmed.

After a couple of minutes of incessant firing, the prince pulled his hands away and stopped, narrowing his eyes when he saw his target emerge from the smog. Its snarl had the Saiyan warrior huff irritably while he took a stance atop the ruined mountain he was now stationed on. "Nothing. Not even a blink. Alright then." Powering up once again, Vegeta's golden aura blasted off of him and cracked the ground. He then began focusing all of his energy to the front of his body, where he intended to make his next assault. "If that's how you want to play it, fine!"

His energy pulsing fiercely, the warrior brought his fists up and clenched them tightly. Then, as soon as he felt he'd gathered enough power, a menacing grin quickly formed across his lips.
"Brace yourself, you overgrown monstrosity! I'm going to rip you apart!" With a yell, the man took off from his position and rocketed towards the enormous extra terrestrial. Tearing across the ruined landscape at full speed and leaving a cloudy trail of dust in his wake, the Saiyan barreled down on the invader, which was now heading towards him at a labored pace. It seemed like the pair were set to collide with one another with catastrophic results.

But just when it seemed like Vegeta was about to run headlong into it and smash his skull against its shield, his attack pattern unexpectedly changed.

His course shifting, the Saiyan Prince hit the accelerator and rocketed skywards. The sudden route he took prompted the giant alien to stop in its tracks and follow him with its eyes, where it then saw the golden bolt that was his opponent stop just below the clouds. Then, upon securing a high enough altitude, Vegeta turned back to the ground and, with a sonic boom reverberating across the countryside, dove straight towards the creature at blinding speed. The Super Saiyan roared out when he plunged straight into his target knee first.

Vegeta collided with the alien with catastrophic force, driving his leg straight into its face and causing the beast to slam backwards into the ground. His impact with it not only buried the enormous titan several meters into the floor, but it also generated a shockwave so great that he punched a new crater into the earth's surface thirty kilometers across. The deafening thunderclap was matched by the sight of rubble and trees flying in all directions. Everything directly within range of the pair was disintegrated under the force of the blow.

In spite of the impressive hit, the Saiyan Prince found that his attack had been effectively blocked by the alien's stupid shield. Though a couple of the layers had shattered under his attack, Vegeta was instantly met with resistance when he hit an even thicker barrier put up by the monster in an effort to defend itself. The hexagonal barrier expanded to five kilometers in diameter as the warrior pushed down into the writhing beast. It seemed like he was getting nowhere fast. But with the alien pinned underneath him, its face only feet away and hiding behind a few inches of thick shielding, the man knew that this was the perfect opportunity to finish it off.

Grinning from ear to ear as his aura blasted around him at full power, Vegeta thrust his hand forward and, aiming directly between the gargantuan beast's eyes, charged his final move. "CHECKMATE, BITCH! BIG BANG ATTACK!"

In the blink of an eye, the prince launched a fully charged, golden sphere of energy straight into the creature's face.

But just when it looked as though it would bypass the barrier at such a close proximity, a second, smaller hexagonal barrier formed directly in front of the energy ball just inches away from the creature's forehead, stopping it dead.

The sight had Vegeta recoil in shock.

Before the man could process exactly what'd happened, the creature writhing under his knee emitted a loud growl and, its energy suddenly spiking, fired its force field with its target pressed up against it. The result was a concussive shockwave that sent Vegeta barreling at high speed across the landscape like a ragdoll, covering a distance of over fifty kilometers. His body was literally propelled by the alien's expanding, multi-layered barrier, an event that resulted in an entire line of forest being blown away and several nearby plateaus to cave in on themselves. Moments later, the Saiyan Prince came to a painful stop at the foot of a cliff, his path marked by an enormous trench he'd dug straight through the earth.

As the dust settled around him, Vegeta, cringing painfully with blood trickling from various open wounds, looked up to see where his enemy had gone. His eyes then widened in disbelief when he saw the hexagonal barrier hovering directly over him. "SON OF A-!" The man flipped into a
crouching stance and sprang away as fast as he could. The instant he left the cliff, the barrier hovering over the area slammed down at high-speed, punching a sinkhole into the ground a mile deep.

Had the Saiyan been lying there when that attack occurred, he would have been pulverized into dust.

Landing a kilometer out, the battered Vegeta spun around and snarled angrily. "Ugh. This thing is really starting to get on my nerves."

Taking a few deep breaths to calm himself down, the winded Super Saiyan quickly leapt into the air and landed atop another pillar of rock. Getting a good view of the battered and burning landscape around him, Vegeta spotted the invader floating several kilometers out, its tendril like arms flailing on the wind. Taking note of the city sitting to his left and the ocean not too far to his right, the warrior spat out the blood from his mouth and straightened up.

He then began assessing the situation from afar.

"I can see why Kakabrat and the blue harlot were taken out by this thing. Judging from the amount of energy it's giving off, it's even more powerful than a Super Saiyan… perhaps even an Ascended Saiyan," Vegeta murmured, finding this information beyond comforting.

So far this thing had handily picked off every single member of their group one after the other and had practically walked through everything he'd thrown at it. It even deflected one of his strongest blasts at pointblank range like it was a tennis ball. After all that, none of them had even come close to putting a scratch on it or come close to tiring it out. That was understandable considering this thing was reading more like a planet than a living organism.

Huffing irritably as he took his time to stretch his neck, Vegeta then opted to change tactics. "It's been a while since I've used that form, but I have no choice. I'm going to need all of the power I can get to break through that barrier." Its attacks were quick and its offensive power was biblical, but the fact of the matter was that the alien was slow and relied primarily on its impenetrable defenses to do battle.

Since it couldn't move fast, the prince had little to fear with using that particular technique.

"Alright, you intergalactic freak," Vegeta spoke, smirking at the alien floating on the other side of no-man's-land. "Let's see how well you do against a true Saiyan warrior." This was it. No more restraints.

Clenching his fists tightly and widening his stance, the prince dug in and began gathering energy, his aura exploding off of him with a clap of thunder. Allowing his ki to course through him at an accelerated rate, golden bolts of energy began crackling off of his expanding field, creating a miniature tempest while the countryside started to shake. The plateau Vegeta was standing on fractured little by little as golden currents of energy shot through it. It was an impressive light show, for sure. But this was merely a formality for the transformation to come.

Having not assumed this form in years, Vegeta decided to completely open up the taps and, with a howl of rage, the man's body suddenly bulked up and his muscle mass increased in several times. His hair also becoming sharper and his aura more defined, the Prince jumped from his Super Saiyan state to his 2nd Grade form, punching a crater into the earth and forcing the clouds above to separate.

Upon completing his impressive transformation, the warrior exhaled and, grinning menacingly,
focused all of his attention on the alien floating several kilometers away. "Let the beating begin."

A sonic boom filling the air, the glowing warrior launched himself from his spot at a ludicrous speed. Causing the mountain to cave in from his takeoff, Vegeta rocketed towards his target along a sweeping path, coming at it from above with a howl of rage and his fist drawn back. With a quick *Ki* *ai* burst, the Saiyan blasted through two dozen layers of the alien's barrier, shattering each pane in turn before eventually burying his fist into another.

The Saiyan Prince's terrifying charge was effectively stopped just a dozen yards away from his quarry by yet another shield, the hexagonal energy panel appearing in front of the alien and halting the approaching warrior. Growling against the translucent wall, Vegeta then sprang away and, arcing around, came at his target from another angle, only to once again be halted by the same layer.

Clenching his fist tightly, the Super Saiyan drew back and, after taking aim, plunged his fist straight into the barrier. His knuckles drilled into the force field, shattering several more layers, until he was blocked off once again. Suspended above the creature, the fully energized Vegeta began digging through the entity's defenses with punishing blows. Layer after layer was shattered as the prince hammered away, tunneling towards the beast floating directly in his path.

Vegeta yelled out with every punch he threw, trying with all his might to reach his foe. "RAAARGH! COME ON!" the Saiyan bellowed, slamming punch after punch into the protective field. The barrier slowly thinned out and the end came into sight.

He was almost there!

"JUST… A FEW… MORE!" Vegeta shouted between blows.

Because he was so preoccupied with trying to dig through the shield, the prince completely missed the sight of the skull-faced alien retracting its two, ribbon-like arms and rolling them up under its shoulder plates. While the warrior pounded away at the barrier, the extra terrestrial spread its cowl of smaller ribbons behind it like wings and, coiling its two main appendages into drums, took aim at its target.

Sensing an incredible energy spike, Vegeta stopped and looked up. A split second later, in a move similar to Piccolo's *Mystic Attack*, the alien suddenly fired its two arms at the prince at light speed, its arms shooting out like lances and catching the Super Saiyan completely by surprise. A gasp escaped the man's lips, followed immediately by a sickening 'crunch' when the alien's two extending appendages slammed into him and propelled the man forty kilometers across the countryside.

The alien's arms, capable of slicing through entire planetoids, extended even further, traveling over a hundred miles and cutting through mountain ranges one after the other like they weren't even there. Upon effectively impaling its target with its arms and leaving him hanging in the middle, it then whipped them in two directions. The result was instantaneous, as not only was Vegeta's side effectively ripped open, but his left arm was severed clean from his shoulder and sent hurtling into the forest.

Immediately upon dealing his enemy a devastating blow, the extra terrestrial retracted its two arms back to its sides.

With blood dribbling from his side and spraying out of the stump where his arm used to be, Vegeta gripped his wounds tightly and snarled in rage. Suspending himself in front of his opponent positioned several miles away the wounded Super Saiyan focused all of his attention on the
creature and watched it float tauntingly out of reach.

"D-Damn you… damn yooouuuu!"

The alien drew back its arms and coiled them under its shoulders once again.

Overwhelmed with pain and his adrenaline rushing through him like nitrous in an engine, the wounded Saiyan suppressed all fear and reason to the deepest pits of his stomach. Powering up once more, Vegeta then rocketed towards his foe with a howl of fury, "RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!" Breaking the sound barrier several times on approach, he was well on his way to colliding with the beast.

But before he could even get half way, the creature, primed and ready for his attack, fired its ribbon arms at the man once more.

Vegeta only had a split second to recoil in horror when, in the blink of an eye, the attack slammed headlong into him with tremendous force…

OOO

(Capsule Corp)

The sound of the creature's attack striking the Super Saiyan echoed clear across the countryside, shaking the sky above and the ground at the people's feet. The impact was so deafening and so pronounced that even someone as ki retardant as Bulma was able to feel it. From her spot at the helm of her enormous cannon, through the visor giving her a telescopic view of the battle, the woman saw her husband get struck down by the beast's mighty attack and her eyes widened in shock.

"VEGETA!" she cried out, leaning over the console in horror as she saw the man's body fly in their direction. Just a few seconds after her scream rang out, she saw the Saiyan Prince hit the city and plough through several buildings.

The row of skyscrapers exploding one after the other as a hole was punched through them, Vegeta's body eventually crash-landed several blocks away from Capsule Corp. His hapless form making contact with the ground produced a mushroom cloud of dust and debris, and when the sky eventually cleared, it revealed a huge crater had been formed in the middle of a crossroad.

When the civilians in the area peered into the hole to see what had caused it, they saw Vegeta's gashed up and broken body at the base of it, his hair black and blood dripping out of multiple battle wounds. Twitching and coughing out in agony, the man was down, but not out.

However, his prolonged consciousness did little to cover up the fact that he'd been absolutely wrecked by the monster with only two hits.

At first the people surrounding the crater clamored in concern, believing the man to be dead. But when they saw him roll over and crawl out of the hole, everyone backed away when the Saiyan Prince, gasping for air, came back to ground level and snarled irately. Blood dribbling down his face, the warrior gritted his teeth towards the monstrous entity hovering over the horizon.

"This… proves… nothing," Vegeta growled, pulling himself up little by little, leaving a trail of blood in his wake. "What? Did you think… I would roll over and die… from an attack like that?" Yelling out painfully, the stricken fighter forced himself to his knees. Gripping the stump that was his arm, the warrior growled as he took several deep breaths to suppress the bolts of pain shooting
through his entire body and shook his head. "It's not over… not until I say so!"

His words were chiefly ignored, as the extra terrestrial focused all of its attention on the large city standing before it. Its ribbon appendages waving about on either side of it, it began floating towards the great metropolis.

Gritting her teeth after seeing her man get knocked down, the blue haired scientist then focused all her attention back on the invader. Quickly typing into the console beside her, lights quickly sprang up followed by an enormous crosshair, which began homing in on the advancing alien. Due to its sheer size, it was floating smack bang in the middle of it, and as the computer started calibrating, so did the cannon. The loud hum of powerful engines echoed across the property as the battery charged itself.

As soon as the arming process as underway, Bulma tapped into the intercom, "DAD! Are all the power lines hooked up?!"

The elderly scientist, who was standing near the receiving terminal, quickly linked back with his daughter. "*They're all set, honey!*

"Alright!" the woman shouted as she took hold of the lever next to her and snapped it back. The result was an even louder hum echoing out as the enormous gun's main lines connected and began pulsing with energy. "Get to the nearest walkway and brace yourself! This is going to be big!"

The founder of the company, sweating bullets and looking completely nervous, quickly responded to the operator. "*Are you sure about this, dear? You do realize that if this thing misfires, there's a ninety percent chance that it's going to sterilize the entire planet.*"

"It won’t, dad! Trust me!" Bulma yelled, clenching her jaw tightly as her grip around the firing handles tightened. As soon as they did, she saw several more crosshairs and numbers jump up on screen, at the same time the scope narrowed down on the towering creature bearing down on their position. "The angle is perfect! When I fire this gun, the blast will travel away from the earth and detonate harmlessly in outer space!"

Her calculations were perfect. With the amount of energy this thing could generate, she knew she would be able to get through that retched thing's shields like a knife through butter.

Still feeling concern over the whole situation, the father nodded back to the terminal and went about his final task. "*Okay. I trust you.*" He then signed off, quickly jumping down from the platform in the rear and running down the walkway. Checking the dials one last time, he then took hold of the walkway's railing and braced himself.

As soon as he did so, the old scientist then felt an enormous set of arms wrap around him and looked over his shoulder. When he did, he saw the hulking form of his daughter's Android 16 unit standing behind him and smiling.

"Do you require assistance, Doctor Briefs?" the ever inquisitive automaton asked.

Blinking a couple of times, the old man smiled back, "Brace yourself, big guy. This is going to be a close one."

"Parameters recognized," the orange haired root replied, locking his feet into place as the pair gripped the railing. "Safety protocols engaged. Beginning countdown."

This was it.
The main reactor of the artillery piece groaned loudly as electricity pulsed up every single cable hooked into the weapon. The result was the entire area being subjected to a storm of raw energy zapping this way and that, striking the ground and frying everything it touched. All the people in the vicinity of the company literally had to duck and cover when bolts of lightning shot off of the enormous gun and began attacking the surrounding buildings. Glass shattering and roadways being ploughed by multiple streams of energy, the whole event marked the closing stages of the weapon's firing sequence.

The timer sitting in front of Bulma helped too. With a series of numbers blazing past her on all sides, the woman was given a complete perspective of her weapon's phases. Thanks to her father, not only were the primary nodes hooked in, but the ammunition had been loaded, the backup units had been adapted to prevent overload, and the city's main terminals had been linked up to the core firing mechanism. The latter resulted in every single light in all of West City flickering out of control, with those nearest to the weapon shattering when the power in them began surging through.

Within moments, the engine was ready and, with the reactor magazine glowing brightly and transforming into a miniature sun inside of the globe, the towering cannon was set to fire. The invader apparently sensed the danger.

Stopping dead in its tracks on the very outskirts of the city, the skull-faced, cowl-draped extra terrestrial snarled loudly and focused all of its attention on the massive gun on the other side of the city. Its red eyes flaring brightly, it prepared to shoot out the artillery piece before it had a chance to blast it.

However, just before it could, a series of explosions impacting its shield from behind had it spin around and glare furiously. When it did, it saw Android 17, Android 18, Krillin, Tien, Chiaotzu and Yamcha, all bearing debilitating injuries, scattered throughout the sky behind it with their hands pointed in its direction. Almost as soon as it caught sight of them, the group began firing upon it with an onslaught of continuous energy blasts, which detonated against its force field over and over again without effect. They weren't the only ones to attack it either.

The battleships floating off shore also began lobbing shells at it as well, their big guns going off and hitting it from the side in a nonstop bombardment. Jets also started flying in from the carriers and launching missiles at it, making several passes on the behemoth and drawing an irritable growl from the invading giant.

Pissed off at the number of flies shooting at it, the alien instead turned its ire on them. With a quick swipe of its ribbon, it generated a blast of wind that smacked all of the wounded Z-fighters out of the air and sent them flying across the charred landscape, knocking out several planes at the same time. After that, it then turned its fury on the battleships floating over the horizon.

Eyes flaring dangerously, it prepared to lob an energy blast at them. But just when it was in the middle of charging, a huge, golden sphere of energy slammed into it from the side and ploughed into its shield like a blowtorch. The attack shattering a few layers of its barrier, the sneak attack also managed to nudge the creature to the side a bit before it detonated with the force of a star. When the smoke and fire faded from the searing explosion faded, the completely unscathed invader turned to another part of the sky, where it spotted Piccolo floating a kilometer out with both hands extended.

Panting heavily from unleashing a full-power *Light Grenade* on the beast, the Namekian shouted at it, "Come on. Bring it! I'm still standing."
The warrior's words eliciting a gurgling sound from the extra terrestrial, the creature then focused all of its attention on the fighter and prepared to attack.

Vegeta, who'd managed to pick himself off of the floor, was now up in the sky above the city watching Piccolo face off against their enemy. With all of the damage he'd sustained, the Saiyan was lucky to be even conscious. However, being the persistent fighter that he was, it would take a lot more than a missing or broken arm to put him down for good.

Thanks to all the time the invader had wasted getting rid of the people attacking it from behind, it failed to destroy the enormous gun powering up on the other side of the city.

The second it turned its attention to Piccolo, it left itself wide open.

Bracing herself against the controls, Bulma smirked. "Alright you freak... EAT THIS!" With a quick grunt, she pulled the trigger.

All at once, the entire sky lit up with a blinding flash of light and a brilliant blue beam rocketed out of the cannon's barrel. The attack was so fast and so powerful that simply launching the blast caused the entire cannon to lurch backwards and a shockwave to reverberate across the region. With people crying out in terror when the ground shook all around them, everyone in the vicinity then watched as a powerful beam shot across the sky like a lightning bolt and made a B-line towards the distracted alien.

The flash of light immediately drew the extra terrestrial's attention, the behemoth turning just in time to see a wall of light charging towards it. A split second later, a loud squelch sound echoed out when the beam not only shattered every single layer of the shield surrounding the alien like they weren't even there, it went straight through its chest and out the other side. Such was the attack that it continued to travel across the ocean, through the atmosphere, and off of the planet.

The miniature solar reactor that powered the weapon burned up completely and went out, and every single electrical appliance on that part of the continent shut down, as all the power had been knocked out. When the beam eventually faded, it left a trail of shaken onlookers, smoke, and a gap in the ozone layer that would not be disappearing anytime soon.

It also left a gaping hole in the alien's chest that, upon being exposed to the air, began gushing blood out of both the entry and exit wounds. The Z-fighters, stunned by the power of the highly energized beam, gawked at the alien as it floated there, frozen in shock.

Then, after several seconds of tense silence, the extra terrestrial let out a bellowing screech of agony that had everyone within twenty miles clap their hands over their ears as it rocked the countryside with its pain.

Its ribbon appendages flailing around wildly, the alien looked just about ready to keel over. The sight had Piccolo clench his fists, hoping that it was finally over. But just when it seemed like it was about to die, the titan suddenly stopped screaming and glared towards the city.

The sight of the creature's hateful gaze landing on her had Bulma's eyes widen in bewilderment, "Fuck me, I'm dead."

Skull lighting up, the alien let out a terrifying shriek, fired a gargantuan blast from its mouth and hurtled it towards the thing responsible for the attack.

Due to his grievous injuries, Vegeta was unable to do anything except gawk in shock as the massive blast struck the large artillery piece sitting inside of Capsule Corp and disintegrated half of
it. The beast's aim obviously thrown off by a few inches, it was unable to incinerate the entire
cannon as the other half of the big gun exploded and collapsed to the ground in a pile of flaming
debris. The resulting counterattack also took out half of the company's main structure, which had
thankfully been emptied of its entire staff earlier that day.

With the blast detonating over the horizon, the damage to the city was done. Now sporting a large
trench across its estate, the Briefs property had been effectively cut in half by the monster's
glancing shot. In the midst of all the chaos, Vegeta quickly flew over to assess the damage and, his
chest filling with dread, suspended himself over the wreckage of the artillery piece.

Looking down, the Saiyan Prince saw a frazzled Doctor Briefs pick himself off of the ground with
the help of Android 16. The black kitten also emerging from the rubble, the three of them appeared
shaken but ultimately unharmed. However, when the prince's charcoal eyes scanned over the rest
of the wreckage, his gaze then landed on the remains of the pilot seat. There, with her body thrown
halfway out of the cockpit, Vegeta saw Bulma lying in the ruins of her invention, covered in burns,
cuts, and bleeding from the head.

Sensing her barely registering ki signature was one thing.

Seeing his wife in such a mangled state was another thing entirely.

Expression reflecting nothing but shock and disbelief, Vegeta's eyes then narrowed harshly and an
animalistic growl escaped his lips. "That… was my wife!" His body starting to tremble and his fist
tightening like a vice, the warrior spun around and faced the towering entity floating on the other
side of the city. The sight of it causing the man to shake even more, with rage and anger pulsing
through every vein in his body, it almost seemed like Vegeta was about to lose it.

A few moments later… that's exactly what happened.

"How dare YOUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!" the Prince roared at the top of his lungs. With a cry that could be heard across the entire city, the
man exploded.

Vegeta's ki skyrocketing, his golden aura blasted from his body like a hurricane, the force of which
caused a dozen buildings in the area to collapse from the shockwave and a crater to form directly
beneath his position. In a flash of light, the warrior's hair turned blonde and spiked up, and his eyes
flickered to a shade of turquoise. To top off his sudden and instantaneous transformation, currents
of blue electricity began shooting off of him as well; filling the sky with streams of lightning and
the sounds of rolling thunder. The effects brought on by his power up not only had the people on
the ground ducking for cover as their environment was subjected to yet another intense maelstrom,
but it succeeded in catching the invader's full and undivided attention.

The enormous alien balked at the Saiyan's power up while Piccolo, who was floating nearby, also
looked on in amazement as he witnessed Vegeta's jump to the next level.

Feeling the power brought on by his ascension, the now Super Saiyan 2 warrior fixed his hate
filled glare upon the extra terrestrial and, priming himself for battle, blasted forward in a blur of
motion. His charge being marked by several shockwaves, the prince barreled towards the enemy
without fear or hesitation.

Even his grievous injuries didn't slow him down.

"YOU BASTARD!" Vegeta roared, throwing a punch with his free hand that collided with the
alien's face and sent it blasting backwards, a loud thunderclap resounding across the country.
Shrieking in surprise, the beast spun around and attempted to shoot the man out of the sky. But just as its eyes were starting to shine, the glowing warrior shot around and kicked it across the face, sending the beast stumbling in another direction. Again and again Vegeta chased after it, hammering blows into its face over and over again. Every attack he landed caused the earth to shake and crack under the force as he forced the creature into a hasty retreat. Soon enough, he'd managed to land enough hits to the alien's face that its carapace head had started to crack and bleed.

After driving yet another kick into its forehead that sent the extra terrestrial crashing to the ground, Vegeta powered up and blasted high into the sky. "GO TO HELL!" As soon as he'd gained an ideal position, the prince cocked his hand back and, charging a purple sphere of energy in his palm, launched a massive blast straight down at the creature. "GALICK GUN FIIIIIEEEEEEEE!"

His scream was drowned out by the sound of his attack leaving his hand. The beam came down on top of the creature like the sun itself. But just when it seemed like it would hit, the invader suddenly sat up and, with a shriek of its own, produced a massive hexagonal force field in front of it. The wall jumped up in time to receive the attack, which collided with earth splitting force. In a matter of moments, the skies and ground started to tremble as an intense tug-of-war match ensued.

Pissed off by the obstruction, Vegeta bellowed out one last time and poured another heap of energy into his attack, which traveled down the length of the blast and arrived at the head. As soon as it did, a blinding flash of light occurred, followed by a massive explosion that covered the entire horizon outside of West City. Purple fire filled the sky in the form of a geyser like blast that not only broke through the atmosphere, but distorted the entire face of the planet.

People cried out in terror at the sight of the blast, while the Z-fighters held on for dear life under the gale force winds rippling out from the explosion's incredible shockwave. The ships out on the ocean were lucky to remain floating as massive waves slammed into them over and over again.

Eventually, the blast died out and when the air finally cleared, it revealed Vegeta still floating high up in the sky with his hand extended. Panting heavily, the Prince's first thought was that he'd annihilated his target. But when the smog slowly cleared, not only did he see a charred landscape covered in ash that was a direct result from his attack, but the alien standing perfectly intact in the center of it.

Piccolo, who'd watched the whole thing from his position, was gob smacked that the thing was still alive.

Both Super Saiyan 2 and invader squared off, their energy flaring and eyes locked firmly on the other.

OOO

(Meanwhile)

On another part of the planet, far out of reach of the ongoing conflict, a pair of charcoal eyes flickered open to the sight of the clear blue sky high above. Groaning uncomfortably, Gohan took a few seconds to regain his bearings and reestablish a connection with his body's nerve endings, before finally deciding to move. His fingers twitching as he sat up, the teen's gaze then fell upon what he immediately identified as farmland stretched out all around him.

"Ugh. What the-? What did I miss?" the hybrid in the slightly dusty outfit asked out loud. It was by this point in time he turned to see the familiar form of Korin's friend and work partner kneeling
beside him, dressed in his pinstriped orange robe with his trusted katana sheathed at his beltline. "Oh. Yajirobe. You're here."

"Yeah," the burly swordsman answered with a smirk, "Korin sent me down here to fetch you guys. Took me a while, but I finally managed to locate you after a quick sweep of the area. Looks like that Senzu bean did the trick."

"Sure seems that way. Thanks."

"No problem. You know, your girl friend must be pretty tough as well if she managed to survive a fall from that height. The blue chick too," Yajirobe remarked, his gaze never leaving the young man for a moment.

Completely overlooking the girlfriend jab, Gohan quickly addressed the man with his next immediately inquiry, "Videl and Zangya… are they okay?"

"Yeah. They're over there nursing their hangovers," the swordsman continued, thumbing towards the two girls behind him, who were just now sitting up in the small craters they'd formed several yards from each other. "I gotta say; you three really know how to pick a place to crash-land. Consider yourselves lucky that the ground here was so soft."

Massaging the bruise on the back of his head, which slowly faded away due to the effects of the medicine he'd taken, the young man then turned his attention to the setting. At first not finding anything wrong with his current location, when memories of the event that led to him being knocked out in the first place finally returned to him, the demi-Saiyan furrowed his brow and quickly turned to his group's supplementary member.

"What happened to the meteorite? Did we manage to stop it?" Gohan asked, quickly getting right to the point.

"If by 'stop it' you mean 'pissed it off', then yeah. You stopped it alright," Yajirobe responded sarcastically, eliciting a worried look from the half-Saiyan sitting in the dirt. "It turns out that 'meteorite' you guys shot at was an enormous alien monster disguised as a large space rock that is right now raising hell on the other side of the continent. Dende filled me in on the details while I was heading down here. The others are fighting it as we speak and I gotta say man, it's not looking so good."

Nodding his head in understanding, Gohan stood up. "Then we should get going." Groaning as he stood up from the dirt, the youngster turned his attention to where Zangya and Videl were sitting not too far from him. "How are you guys feeling? You holding up okay?"

"That all depends," Videl groaned, massaging the side of her head as she staggered towards the demi-Saiyan. Peering up at him, the raven haired girl squinted slightly, "My neck is stiff, my leg's cramped up, and I feel like I was just run over by a friggin steam roller. But other than that, I'm feeling great."

"Ugh." Zangya, rolling her shoulder a few times as well, groaned tiredly, "Did someone catch the number of that bus? What the hell was that thing?"

"I'm not sure," Gohan replied, turning heel and glancing across the countryside thoughtfully. "Whatever it was, it was powerful… and it was able to take all of us out in one shot without even breaking a sweat."

"So humor me a little. What exactly are we up against here?" Zangya asked, glaring at the teen as
he slowly turned to face them again. When Yajirobe came to stand by their formation to listen in on their conversation, the Hera continued on with her assessment of the situation, "In all my years of traveling across the universe and conquering planets with Bojack's crew, I've never encountered a creature like this before. It was massive... almost the size of a small moon, and it had a powerful force field protecting it."

"That's probably the reason why our attacks didn't work against it," Videl murmured, glancing towards her best friend nervously. "You were a Super Saiyan and it shrugged off your strongest blast like it was nothing." How in the world could they possibly fight something like that?

His expression reflecting his immediate concern over the issue, Gohan glanced at the raven haired girl and narrowed his eyes. "There was also something off about its ki signature. Its energy... it wasn't reading like a living creature or an alien. No. This thing... it was reading more like a planet than anything else..."

This information had the group take a few moments of pause. However, while they were dawning on this newfound data and began trying to come up with an answer to the question as to what this terrifying invader was, they were suddenly interrupted from their train of thought by a voice echoing in from above.

"Gohan? Gohan... can you hear me?"

The nasally voice cutting into their conversation immediately had all heads shoot up in response to the familiar tone.

"King Kai? Is that you?" the demi-Saiyan asked.

"Yeah. It's me, kiddo. How are you three doing down there? Are all of you guys still in one piece?"

"More or less. We're still breathing and our limbs are still attached. That's all I can really say for now," the spiky haired fighter replied. "Where's dad at?"

"Oh. Goku? He's dealing with a revolt down in hell involving those idiots Cell and Android 13. It's gotten pretty messy for King Yemma, but I see you've got problems of your own going on."

"You can say that again." While the other three stood around him listening into the telepathic feed, Gohan continued with his string of questions. "Please. Can you tell us anything about the alien that's attacking our planet?"

He needed information. If they had any chance of stopping whatever the hell this titan was, then he needed to know everything about it; its history, its strengths, its weaknesses, it's mannerisms... any bit of data that could give them a shot of either kicking it off of their world or destroying it for good.

The overseer of the Northern Quadrant took a deep breath at the teen's inquisition, a bead of sweat breaking out on the side of his head. "I don't know how to break this to yah kid, but it's even worse than it appears." The news had all four fighters present open their ears wide and tune in to the guardian's lecture. "The entity that you three encountered is descended from an ancient race of creatures called Asters, which inhabited the furthest corners of the universe millions of years before the first Kais even came into existence. They're enormous asteroid sized aliens that wandered between planets, feeding on their life energy and leaving behind nothing but death and decay. The people of Sariel called this particular entity Zeru; which translates to 'Planet
'Eater' or 'Wandering Death', and was regarded by many as a God. But in truth, it's actually a veracious parasite that sucks entire worlds dry of all their nutrients... turning them into empty, lifeless husks.'

Videl felt her spirit sink at this piece of info. "Well that's comforting."

"Because it feeds primarily on planets, it doesn't register as an organic life form. More like the planets it's previously absorbed. This not only grants it enormous levels of energy, but abilities that allow it to cope with the harshest conditions imaginable."

Gohan glanced down considerately at the news. "That probably explains why we didn't know it was alive until it unfurled itself and attacked us." In all honestly, that was a real slap to the face if there ever was one.

"Nothing but a good, old-fashioned butt kicking to remind you never to judge a book by its cover," Zangya added as her face hardened at the realization of their group's most recent blunder. "So what's the deal? Are there even more of these things flying around out there... or is there just the one?"

"There used to be hundreds of them. They were like locusts, wiping out entire galaxies in a matter of hours. But they all died out many years ago. This one may very well be the last of that long forgotten race," King Kai informed, clenching his fists tightly as he continued feeding the group his two-cents on their adversary. "Be careful. You're dealing with an entity far greater than anything you've ever faced before. It's incredibly powerful, able to carve through entire suns without even flinching, and is able to distort light and space around it. There's no telling what else this creature is capable of."

"We gathered that much. Thanks, King Kai," Gohan replied, nodding towards the sky and turning back to engage with his friends. "We'll be in touch."

"Good luck," the guardian replied, cutting out a few seconds later.

As soon as the Kai's voice went quiet, the trio stood in place for several long seconds. The information being allowed to percolate in their heads for a little while, filling them with a mixture of thoughts and feelings, their attention was soon pulled over to Yajirobe, who held up the bag of Senzu beans to their team's leader.

"You're gonna need these."

"Yeah. I think so," Gohan murmured, taking the bag from the swordsman and weighing it in his hand.

"It's times like this that I don't envy you super-powered types. I'm not gonna lie. If it was me out there fighting the big battles... honestly... the earth would probably be long gone by now," the stout fighter informed while crossing his arms seriously. "You guys go on ahead. I'll catch up with you later."

Acknowledging the man's words, the demi-Saiyan then turned to the two girls standing alongside him. Upon assessing their current states of dress and physical conditions, he quickly held his fingers out to them and, with an effortless grunt, fired a white beam at each of them in turn. When the electricity faded, it revealed Videl standing in a brand new orange and blue gi and Zangya dressed in a pair of white short-shorts, a white tube-top with golden buckles, black arm sleeves, golden boots, and a purple cowl wrapped around her waist. As soon as they found themselves
adorned in their signature martial arts attire, they immediately began checking themselves out.

"There goes a one-thousand, five-hundred zeni dress," the blue-skinned alien sighed as she inspected her uniform, made especially by Son Gohan Incorporated. "Oh well. It was a tacky thing anyway."

"Could've fooled me," Videl replied, exchanging smirks with the Hera before turning to speak with her best friend. When she did, she saw the teen's outdoor clothes transform into his signature orange and blue gi, which he wore proudly like the devil himself. The sight put a smile on the teen's face, "So... what's the plan, Gohan?"

The half-Saiyan smirked back at them, "Easy; we get out there, pull our friends out of the fire, and save the world."

"I thought you would say something like that," Videl answered, bringing her hands up and slamming her knuckles into her open palm in a guts-pose. "Alright. Let's do this."

Appearing excited, the hybrid then glanced to his right and flexed his shoulder to the orange haired woman behind him. Quickly catching the hint of what he was asking, Zangya stepped forward and grabbed his gi. As soon as she had a hold of him, the alien fighter then watched the sole human member of their trio loop her arms around Gohan's free one. As soon as he was certain everyone was aboard, the demi-Saiyan turned and saluted Yajirobe.

"See you around, man. And thanks."

"Yeah. See yah," the rotund fighter nodded and watched the three vanish in a golden flash of light. When the area finally cleared, the swordsman looked around the field he was standing in and, taking note of the ruined patches of land and the farm in the distance, grunted indignantly. "Well. No sense in hanging around here anymore." He then turned heel and headed for the flying car he had parked over by the stone wall.

OOO

(Back near West City)

A chain of thermonuclear explosions ripped across the decimated landscape of the west coast, each blast taking the shape of a fiery crucifix as the attacking alien rained hell down upon his opponent. In response to the terrifying assault, the still infuriated and adrenaline driven Vegeta returned fire with a series of concussive blasts of his own, which tore into the alien's defensive barrier and managed to strike it several times in the body. But after a furious barrage that would've made even the strongest warriors on the planet flinch, the creature simply took the bombardment and walked right through it.

Bearing a few scuff marks, cracks and burns from an already lengthy battle, the extra terrestrial beast emerged from the attack relatively unscathed.

Collapsing to his knees in the middle of the ash-covered wasteland, the still powered up Vegeta panted exhaustedly as he glared across at the invader. Clenching his fist tightly, a current of electricity shot up his arm as he motivated himself to keep going. He threw Zeru a hate filled look, which he quickly topped with a menacing smirk. "Come on. I'm not finished... you disgusting freak!"

His shout eliciting a snarl from the titan, the enormous, ribbon-armed creature then decided to take more effective action against his now noticeably more powerful adversary. Suddenly crouching...
low to the ground, the floating invader then sprang high into the sky, rocketing straight into the lower atmosphere. Its ascent causing the clouds to part, Vegeta then watched in bewilderment as the beast raised its head and began charging a large sphere of energy in front of its mouth.

Photons of light converging around the orb, it soon began to grow and expand to a gargantuan size. In a matter of seconds, the fiery collection of energy became as big as a small moon, its light spilling across the entire region. The observing Z-fighters who were still conscious, Piccolo, Android 18 and Trunks included, could only gape in disbelief and fear as the ball of ki filled the sky and its glow filled them with a sense of foreboding.

"I-impossible," the Namekian choked out. "There's no way that blast is meant for us! That's enough energy to wipe out the entire planet ten times!"

The sight of the blast horrified Vegeta, whose body started to tremble under the pressure instilled by the growing blast.

As soon as the attack achieved stability, Zeru leaned forward and hurled it straight towards the planet. Literally breaking through the atmosphere due to its size, the fiery attack instantly picked up speed as it plummeted towards the earth's surface, when in reality it was aimed directly at the wounded Saiyan Prince.

Clenching his jaw fearfully, the man prepared to stand, "Darn it…" Beads of sweat trickling down his face, the warrior felt the heat of the attack engulf him as it came closer and closer.

In the condition that he was in, Vegeta knew there was no way he would be able to stop that attack. As far as he knew, he and this entire planet were about to go out like a light bulb reaching the end of its cycle against the backdrop of space.

As the attack continued its descent, causing gale force winds to rip across the entire nation, the wounded prince was then caught completely by surprise when a figure landed directly in front of him.

Her long hair flushed red and skin green, the outline of Zangya appeared before the wounded prince, assumed in her Super Hera form with a determined look pulled across her face. Gritting her teeth at the approaching planet-splitter and sending energy into her finger tips, the woman quickly took a stance and cocked her hands back.

"Beauty Net!" With a shout of effort, the Hera swiped her hands through the air, producing several strings of energy-absorbing wires that created a protective net over her before expanding towards the approaching attack at blinding speed.

Her large barrier struck the fiery sphere headlong and sliced it to ribbons, carving the entire ball up like a birthday cake. When it was only a few hundred meters above the ground, the enormous orb of hellfire and energy broke apart; the pieces suddenly compressing and scattering across the country with a clap of thunder. The individual segments rocketed off in random directions, some flying up into space while the others impacted randomly on different parts of the continent, going up in flashy, dome-shaped explosions. Those that shot off across the solar system blew up harmlessly away from the earth, sparing it from further punishment.

When the shaking eventually subsided and the energy ball had been successfully dispelled, Vegeta looked up and stared at the back of his savior. Zangya, who was still staring up at the sky where the alien could be seen floating, grunted and glanced over her shoulder at the Prince. One look at his current state and condition told the Hera everything she needed to know.
"Hey, Vegeta. Need a hand?"

The Super Saiyan 2 spat to the side and glared back at her, "Fuck off."

"Thought so." Grinning at their short, verbal feud, she then spun around and glared ahead of her, where she saw the enormous alien land a couple of kilometers away. "Gohan's currently checking up on the others. He'll be here in a minute."

Vegeta grunted in response. "Whatever. It's not like I need his help. I have it on the ropes."

Swinging her arms around and limbering up, the red haired alien girl ignored the man's retort and fixed her toughest glare on the titan. Upon hearing it give a screeching battle cry, Zangya smirked back at it. "Alright, cockbite. Round two!" Green aura exploding off of her body as she powered up, the Super Hera then blasted off from the ground and rocketed towards the alien faster than any of the observing Z-fighters could track.

Arcing through the air and breaking the sound barrier several times, she reached her quarry in under a second and opened up with a swinging right overhand. A loud bellow escaping her lips, she attempted to deck the massive alien across the face, only for her knuckles to collide with its specially reinforced shield. The hexagonal wall sprang up at full power in front of the girl, causing her fist to ram into it with a resounding clang. Despite her attack bouncing off of it, Zangya persisted and began pummeling the barrier with focused power shots one after the other, causing her target to lurch backwards with every hit as she attempted to get to it.

Gritting her teeth as she saw the energy field begin to crack, the Hera continued hammering away until she saw its eyes flash red, followed immediately by a deafening roar. What came immediately afterwards was a colossal shockwave, which not only shredded the ruined countryside around the creature like it was confetti, but sent Zangya spiraling through the air.

Pelted by rubble and debris, the frustrated Hera stopped her flight with a quick ki burst and glared at her foe heatedly. Exhaling sharply, the girl powered up and charged in again. But just as she was diving for it, she suddenly observed Zeru's two main appendages retract and form into two drums under its shoulder plates. The sudden spike in ki alerting her to danger, Zangya then saw the beast take aim and launch its arms at her, extending them at ludicrous speed.

Reacting instantly, the girl pulled up and evaded the ribbons when they shot past her. Seeing them arc across the sky, she then noticed the ends of the spears suddenly change directions and fly after her. Giving a frustrated yell when she realized they were tracking her, the Hera pulled up and rocketed up into the sky, its two extendable arms chasing her down like a pair of heat-seeking missiles.

Leaving a vapor trail in her wake, Zangya performed a variety of aerial maneuvers and flips, attempting to throw the arms off her tail.

Eventually getting sick of being chased by this thing, the girl pointed her hand down at Zeru and let loose a continuous stream of red energy blasts. The attacks rained down on the creature like rockets, smashing into its shield one after the other, to no avail.

"Shit!" Immediately finding annoyance with the extra terrestrial, the Hera kicked away its ribbon arms when they eventually caught up to her and sent them off to the side. Seeing them retract after their failed attempt to impale her, Zangya cocked her hands back before throwing them forward, unleashing a green blast down at the invader. "Suck it!"

Eyes flashing red, the creature let out a howl and fired its own beam at the approaching attack, its
counter easily overpowering hers before continuing its flight up to the Hera. Caught by surprise, Zangya prepared to deflect it, only to see a golden sphere shoot up from below and smack the approaching beam out of the way. Watching the attack detonate elsewhere over the horizon, the redhead spared a glance towards ground zero, where she saw Vegeta standing with his hand extended and smoking.

Gritting his teeth, the Super Saiyan 2 turned his attention to the extra terrestrial and lobbed a blue blast at it. The alien promptly slapped his attack out of the way and, snarling, turned its attention to the prince.

Eyes lighting up, it prepared to fire a third blast at him. But just when it was in the middle of charging up, a flash of golden light directly to its right caught its attention before a Super Saiyan 2 Gohan teleported directly beside it and slammed a fully charged Bakumadan right into its face. The sphere of energy exploded with concussive force against the alien's cheek, consuming it in a blinding flash of fire and smoke that sent it barreling across the countryside. It eventually collided with a partially destroyed mountain and caved it in as it collapsed to its back.

When it eventually recovered, the writhing beast's face appeared from the smoke and revealed half of it had been blown away, leaving only half of its skull-like mask intact. Clearly wounded and surprised by the attack, Zeru glared in the direction of its new opponent and saw him standing atop a plateau several clicks out.

Hair and gi bellowing on the wind, the golden haired warrior narrowed his eyes on the snarling creature and, upon getting a good bead on his foe, allowed a few sparks of electricity to shoot off of him. "Here I go!" Taking off from his spot, the boy shot towards the creature in a blur of movement. Zipping left and right, throwing the alien off with his sudden directional changes, he eventually appeared directly on its left and slammed a kick across its face, sending Zeru staggering across the countryside.

Giving chase, Gohan closed the distance on it and avoided the arm it swung out to counter him, nailing it between the eyes with an elbow. Causing stumble, he then nailed it with a swinging punch over the top of its head, followed by a hook across its face and then a kick straight up into its lower jaw. Each blow was marked by a deafening thunderclap, indicating just how much force the boy was inflicting upon his foe. Eventually, following a vicious assault, the Super Saiyan nailed it with a sidekick across its cheek, giving the demi-Saiyan an opportunity to spring off of it and spin to the ground.

Landing deftly atop another plateau, Gohan then sprang into the air a second time and, powering up, flew at the creature's face with his right fist cocked back. With a yell, he decked the creature in the neck with a full-power swing, a blow that not only caved in its flesh in that particular area, but sent the enormous beast hurtling across the West Coast. It eventually crashed into the ocean, causing a massive tsunami that washed over a large island before Zeru's back slammed into it and flattened it under its weight.

Trembling, the creature sat up against the isle and glared in the direction of its powerful attacker. But just when it was in the process of recovering, the invader suddenly saw its opponent power up and, in the form of a golden comet, slammed into it headlong. Gohan ploughed the beast through the ocean and back onto dry land. Destroying several islands along the way, the Super Saiyan 2 eventually pinned the beast against the cliffs of another beach further up the coastline, where Gohan then knelt atop Zeru's chest and began driving punches into it from above one after the other.

Yelling out with every blow he drilled into the beast's ribs, the teen started burying the extra
terrestrial into the planet's surface with attacks capable of turning entire moons into dust. The shockwaves echoed all around, stunning onlookers and rattling the planet at the amount of raw power being displayed.

He had it on the ropes!

The Z-fighters thought Gohan was going to win!

But just as the teen was starting to break through the alien's sternum, Zeru's eyes suddenly shot open and flashed with rage. A split second later, a purple blast exploded from its gaze, colliding with the boy and sending him rocketing across the sky, consumed by fire and raw energy. Crying out in agony as his clothes were shredded and his skin was burnt in the inferno of the beam, the Super Saiyan eventually rolled out of the path of the attack and allowed it to shoot across the planet's surface and out of its atmosphere.

When the planet disintegrating beam ceased, Gohan spun to face the downed Zeru and cried out at the top of his lungs, "NOW'S YOUR CHANCE, ZANGYA!"

Just as the monster was in the process of sitting up, a yell from the side drew its attention into the path of Zangya's kick, which connected with a deafening 'boom' and sent it crashing across the coastline. When its shoulder slammed into a mountain, it snarled and launched one of its extendable arms at the Hera, who leapt over the ribbon appendage and produced a stream of energy wires from her fingers. In the blink of an eye, the Hera managed to loop all of them around the alien's limbs and torso, entangling it and stopping it in its tracks.

Lurching forward when the beast fought against the strings, Zangya gritted her teeth angrily and powered up. Touching down on solid ground, the woman then proceeded to hold the enormous beast in place with all her strength. Her feet dragging through the dirt while she focused all her energy into her legs and arms, she then yelled out across the countryside to all those who could hear her. "FINISH IT!"

Appearing in the skies above the beast, the Z-fighters, having each received a Senzu Bean from Gohan, opened fire on the creature. Videl led the charge with a *Kamehameha* wave alongside Krillin, Goten, Trunks and Yamcha. They were shortly joined by Tien and Chiaotzu unleashing their best attacks on it as well, golden blasts rocketing from their hands and slamming into the alien from above with tremendous force. Androids 17 and 18 added to the assault with a combined rain of continuous energy blasts, which began hammering away at the creature without remorse. This was then topped by Piccolo launching a powerful *Masenko* beam from its flank, hitting it square in the neck and pushing it down even further.

To finish off the attack, Gohan came in with a *Flash Madan*, his blue beam slamming into the creature and drawing a shriek of agony from it, while Vegeta caught it in a cross fire with a one-handed *Galick Gun* from behind.

Beam attacks fired from all sides proceeded to roast the creature into oblivion. Writhing under the onslaught, Zeru attempted to fight its way free. But due to the streams of wires holding it down, all it could do was writhe and screech helplessly as the attacks began carving into its flesh. The smell of burning cephalopod filled the air along with an arrangement of blinding lights and smoke, setting the stage for a spectacular finish.

Determined to bring this fight to an end, everyone put everything they had into one last spurt.

However, the creature wasn't finished yet.
Seemingly submitting to the bombarded at first, the planet eater suddenly gave a deafening shriek and a massive, repulsive force exploded from its body. Shattering the binds and dispelling the beam attacks hitting it from all directions, Zeru struck the Z-fighters with a gale of wind that ripped them out of the sky and sent them spinning back to earth.

Caught completely by surprise at the power of the blast that parted the ocean and shredded the coastline like rice paper, most of the weaker members of the group quickly succumbed to the shockwave. The tougher ones though or those that managed to shield themselves before the attack hit them, recovered quickly and secured defensive positions.

Those that remained airborne included Piccolo, Gohan, Vegeta, Zangya, Android 18, Krillin, and, remarkably, Videl. The others though had been successfully grounded and now had to go through the process of pulling themselves together. Tien, after landing hard against a plateau, was being helped up by Chiaotzu and Yamcha. Elsewhere in a distant field, Android 17 struggled to pick himself up alongside Goten and Trunks, both of whom had been knocked onto their backsides after getting smacked down by massive chunks of rubble and debris.

In spite of their best efforts, the creature was still alive and kicking.

"Well that didn't work," Videl spoke, clenching her fists in frustration.

"You've gotta be kidding me! How strong is this thing?" Krillin shouted, ignoring the bruises and scuffs he'd sustained from the invisible attack. "This is so unfair!"

"I think fairness is one of the last things on this monster's mind, man," Gohan answered, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Honestly. This is starting to get ridiculous," Android 18 spoke, narrowing her eyes on the invader as it rose up from the enormous crater it had been pressed into.

Snarling angrily when it floated away from the hole, Zeru's eyes shone a bright red before it suddenly launched a pink ball of energy towards the group. The attack expanded at an incredible speed as it approached its targets, forcing all of the warriors in the air to move evasively. However, it was only until the attack blew past them that they realized it was heading straight towards the naval fleet floating several kilometers out.

Reacting in alarm, Videl powered up and gave pursuit, easily overtaking the sphere and landing on the aircraft carrier it was targeting. Startling the crew currently on station, the raven haired crime fighter threw her hands up and with a yell of effort, launched two golden blasts at the approaching attack. The beams collided with the incoming sphere and began an intense tug-of-war match between her and the mass of energy. Despite there being no link between it and its source, the orb still had enough power to give the girl a ridiculously hard time.

Feeling the ball's heat licking at her skin, the teenage warrior growled as she poured more energy into her counterattack. She was doing well against it too, until she saw the ball begin to expand in size and file away at her attack little by little, causing her to look up in bewilderment. "Oh… no you don't!" With a yell, Videl opened up the taps and poured more energy into her blast, determined to save the people onboard the fleet of ships surrounding her and preventing more deaths from occurring.

While Videl had it out with the large attack, the Z-fighters were now experiencing difficulties of their own.

A shockwave ringing out, Vegeta attempted to deck the creature across the face, only to be met
with its powerful force field that sent him blasting away in the opposite direction. With the Saiyan Prince dispatched, the enormous invader swung its ribbons arms out, forcing Android 18 and Krillin to scatter, but hitting Piccolo as a result when its limb came in wide and fast. The Namekian was smacked to the ground, sending him across two kilometers of charred landscape.

Occupied with taking out the other Z-warriors, Zeru was unable to respond in time when Gohan, yelling out in anger, slammed a fist across its face, hitting its shield with a terrifying shockwave. The impact of his knuckles caused a loud 'crack' to ring out when he blew past its weakened barrier and nailed it in the cheek, sending it tumbling away. When the alien eventually skidded to a stop, it countered the half-Saiyan with a swift extension of its arm, sending it shooting at him like a lance. However, swift as ever, the demi-Saiyan dodged the attack and countered with a swift ki blast.

Zangya came around and fired a beam as well. But despite their efforts to hit it from two different sides, their shots ricocheted off of the invader's barrier. When the air cleared shortly afterwards, Zeru was then able to fire its other extendable arm at the redhead now hovering in plain sight.

Recoiling in shock, the Hera threw her hand forward and caught the alien's extending arm with the face of her palm. The impact sent her flying back a couple of kilometers, her fingers cutting into its appendage that burned at her skin. Cringing painfully as she shredded the strip of flesh, the woman then grabbed the flexible limb she'd caught and, growling against the pain, stopped in midflight. As soon as her momentum ceased, Zangya then gave a mighty yell and pulled on the alien's limb, yanking the beast from its spot and drawing the asteroid-sized enemy towards her.

When its immense body flew in her direction, the Hera powered up and, cocking her free fist back, cried out and threw a punch towards its forehead. "EAT THIS!" Her knuckles glowing, the girl slammed a punch straight into its face, caving it in and sending it flying with a thunderous 'bang'.

Flipping as it flew through the air, Zeru eventually crash-landed ten kilometers away, impacting the continent and flatting an entire area of valleys. The earth trembling as a result of its fall, the beast eventually used its appendages to sit up, making a gurgling sound while focusing its attention on its opponents.

Seeing its targets scattered throughout the sky, the creature took aim and, with a flash of energy, sprayed a barrage of pink energy blasts in their direction. The shot like attack forced the airborne fighters to drop altitude and avoid the onslaught of energy spheres, which peppered the decimated countryside outside of West City. Numerous dome-shaped explosions tore apart the earth, collapsing anything that was left standing.

After forcing Gohan, Zangya, Vegeta, Krillin and Android 18 back down to ground level, the creature sat up and sprang into the sky. Gaining altitude quickly, it then directed its attention to the warriors on the ground and descended towards them at high speed.

Gohan clenched his fists tightly when the beast's shadow fell upon them, "Here it comes!"

"Shoot it down!" Vegeta yelled, taking a stance.

Pulling their hands back, the group stepped forward and with simultaneous yells of effort, fired five powerful beams at the incoming monster. The attacks shot towards the hulking alien like a barrage of missiles, aiming to knock it out of the sky and out of the fight. But before they even came close to colliding with their target, Zeru's eyes flashed brightly before launching a barrage of large, red energy disks at the incoming strike. It countered the team's blasts effortlessly, slicing the beams to pieces and dispelling their remains on the wind. With the obstacles ripped apart, the monofilament barrage continued on course towards the grounded warriors.
The five warriors gawked in shock when they saw their attacks get shot out of the air. Upon which they leapt out of the way, dodging the barrage of disks that slammed into the ground and decimated their part of the country. The coastline was diced to pieces, seconds before the disks exploded in a fiery hell storm and reduced the whole area to a smoking crater.

Dust hanging over the damaged area, a series of figures could be seen moving amongst the rubble. When the veil eventually lifted seconds later, it revealed Gohan, Zangya and Vegeta rising up from the dirt covered in multiple burn wounds and cuts, while Android 18 and Krillin helped each other up from the pile of rocks. The latter of the two had suffered a serious head wound from the bombardment and was bleeding down his face.

Needless to say, neither of them was in any good shape.

"Hey… I might be overreaching a little bit, but do you guys happen to know anymore Super Saiyans hiding out there in the universe? Because we sure as hell could use their help right about now," Krillin spoke, looking wistfully across at the clearly winded trio who were regarded as the planet's most powerful fighters. When all he received were blank stares from both Zangya and Vegeta, the former monk grinned painfully, "Just asking."

Huffing, the one-armed prince spun around and watched as their adversary Zeru touched down several miles out. With its immense form blocking out the horizon, he then looked on as it began to dig into the earth, drawing an irritable huff from the warrior. "That giant, multi-armed freak. I can barely pick myself up and we haven't even come close to putting it down." His anger causing a few sparks to flash off of him, the man then slammed his fist into the ground out of frustration. "Damn it! This is pissing me off!"

"I can't believe how powerful that thing actually is. We're giving it everything we've got, but not even a Super Saiyan 2 can beat it," Gohan murmured, standing up and turning his ire on the invader. After watching it dig through the rubble for several minutes, the teen then saw it lower its head to the ground and extended what he immediately identified as a proboscis from its mouth. With it, it stuck it into the ground and began to drill. "Shit. That can't be good."

"What? What's it doing?" Android 18 asked, looking up at the enormous beast in confusion alongside her husband.

"It's buried its mandibles into the planet's surface. If it reaches the mantle layer, it's going to start sucking this planet dry," Gohan informed, clenching his fists tightly and gathering his energy as fast as he could. While this news came as no surprise to Zangya, it certainly caught the others' attention.

"Are you serious?" Krillin asked with disbelief reflected in his gaze.

The demi-Saiyan nodded, "Yeah. King Kai told me everything. This creature is a parasite that survives by sucking the energy out of any planet it happens to come across. If we let this thing win and feed on the earth… over the next day or so… there won't be a single thing left standing. The trees, the land, the ocean, the animals… everything will die."

Vegeta glared hard at the teen, "And you didn't think of telling us any of this earlier, why?"

"Well, this thing has spent the past couple of hours generously kicking our asses across the continent, so I haven't exactly been given an appropriate time to interject," Gohan replied, glancing across at the pissed off prince with his warrior's glare firmly in play. "Listen, if we have any hope of destroying this thing, we need to combine all of our power and attack it at the same time. If my observations are correct, a fully charged attack from you, me and Zangya should be more than
enough to put this alien down for good."

While Vegeta's expression steeled, the Hera kneeling alongside them glanced across at the young man with an obviously forced smile. "That sounds fantastic. Any idea on how the hell we're going to do that? Every time we gain any sort of rhythm against the bastard, the damn thing breaks it with that annoying shield it has." Due to the efforts made by Bulma and Vegeta, the creature's ability to produce a continuous force field has been greatly upset. On the surface this seemed like a good thing. But this resulted in a secondary issue in which the alien was now creating a single barrier at random to deflect their more punishing blasts from landing.

Say what you would about the beast, it could certainly take a hit when it wanted to. Not only did it have a gaping hole in its chest, but its sternum was cracked and half off its face had been blown to kingdom come.

Not even Frieza could continue fighting at such a capacity.

"We're going to need to catch it off guard," Gohan informed, crouching down and powering up. "Hit it from all sides and soften it up. Once we've exhausted it, we'll ground it and take it out with our strongest attacks. That ought to knock some sense into it." His golden aura warping around him and bolts of electricity streaming up his body, the young warrior made his instructions well and truly heard by all those present.

Vegeta, smirking at the hybrid's statements, stood up as well and allowed his aura to spring forth once more, "Now you're speaking like a true Saiyan. Just stay the hell out of my way."

"No problem," the teenager replied confidently.

Zangya, stepping up alongside the duo to join them, also clenched her fists and powered up, her energy blasting off of her and causing her hair to bellow upwards. "This planet is my home as much as it is everybody else's." Eyes flickering mischievously, she then gave a nod towards the plan and the young man who'd thought of it, before setting her gaze onto their target, "I'm ready whenever you are."

All three of them sharing similar expressions of battle readiness, they continued to watch the creature tunnel into the ground before taking off and shooting towards the creature in a blur. Breaking up in mid-flight, the trio of super powered warriors scattered and swept towards the extra terrestrial from its flanks, leaving Krillin and Android 18 to watch nervously from afar.

While Zeru was in the process of digging its proboscis into the planet, it soon had its attention pulled across the countryside when it sensed three powerful figures approaching it. Snarling predatorily, it quickly retracted its tube from the earth and turned to face the incoming threat, where it spotted Gohan, enveloped in his golden aura, charging straight at him at full speed.

With a loud war cry, the teen attempted to drive a fist into the beast's face, only for his knuckles to slam into its translucent energy shield. His aura blazing around him as his fist vibrated against the wall, the demi-Saiyan then roared out and gave his attack another burst of power.

His aura's intensity increasing several times over, causing it to expand and rip apart the land behind him like a hurricane, Gohan then brought his other free hand forward and dug his fingers into the multi-colored force field. The hexagonal barrier putting up one hell of a fight, the demi-Saiyan eventually managed to worm his fingers into the pane and rip it open. Spreading the shield apart, the enraged young man faced off against the creature, which continued to glare at him despite its defenses effectively being torn open.
Almost instantly after the demi-Saiyan broke through, the creature's eyes lit up and an enormous purple blast slammed into Gohan. The attack was wide and powerful, sending the Super Saiyan 2 flying backwards for several miles. It eventually stopped when the young warrior forced himself to a halt, his left arm raised and blocking the beam as it drilled into him.

Feeling his skin burn and his clothes tear under the typhoon of energy, Gohan growled as he fought back against the full brunt of the alien's attack. His electric bio-field crackling around him in response to the strain he was under, the half-Saiyan then came up with a brilliant idea and, cocking his free hand to his side, began to gather electricity.

His energy converging around his arm to an absurd degree, the teen continued to push against the blast ripping into his forearm until, getting fed up of being on the receiving end of this creature's blasts, decided to fire back. With a mighty shove and a bellow of rage, Gohan thrust his hand forward and unleashed a storm of lightning upon the titan. "GAAAAAAAAAAARRGGHHH!" The bolts of lightning shot across the sky and struck the creature almost instantaneously, consuming it in a tempest that began to deep fry it from the outside.

Zeru's attack stopped the exact moment it was struck by the multiple streams of ki enhanced electricity, a screech of agony leaving its beak as it stumbled back across the countryside. Even as its arms flailed in front of it, the beast continued to be burned by the storm of power, which Gohan unleashed in enormous quantity.

As its skin started to cook, Vegeta and Zangya came in from above. Both charging a red and blue sphere of potent energy above their hands respectively, they then lobbed their attacks straight down at the planet's visitor. Their shots curved down in a glorious arc and struck the stunned alien from the side at blinding speed. Both the Saiyan's Photon Bomber and the Hera's Beauty Trigger attacks detonated with terrific force, causing an earsplitting thunderclap and a compressed, sphere-shaped explosion several dozen times more powerful than a super nova. The brilliant flash of light filled the air with embers and smoke, blinding everyone's view of the beast.

Gohan, exhausted from his counter attack, slumped forward in the air and panted heavily, while Vegeta and Zangya floated above the impact site.

Just when the three were starting to catch their breaths, a ribbon-arm shot out of the clouds and rocketed towards the Saiyan Prince. The battered warrior gasped in shock before being hit head-on by the fast-moving limb. Yelping as he was knocked out of the sky, Vegeta spiraled to the ground while Zangya retreated to a safe distance and watched the limb return to its host. When the smoke finally parted, it revealed the behemoth had been knocked over and had its entire left side blown to hell.

Now, not only did Zeru only have one arm left, it was extremely pissed off, as evident by the loud growl leaving its throat.

When Gohan and Zangya prepared for battle, two more figures flying in from their peripherals drew their attention toward the clouds. Eyes locking onto the shadows, the pair spotted Videl and Piccolo appear on the scene, their hands cocked back and ready to fire.

"Eat this!" the female fighter shouted, before unleashing a stream of energy attacks down at the alien from up high, at the same time the Namekian attacked as well.

The rain of golden blasts bombarded Zeru from above, enveloping it in a series of sphere-shaped explosions that hammered it into the floor. At first it seemed like they were actually dealing it some damage. But as the punishment continued, it revealed the creature was shielding itself with
its barrier once more.

Nevertheless, the two warriors pushed on with their attacks, hitting it over and over again in order to buy time for the earth's strongest fighters to catch their breaths. It was a move that they hoped would pay off.

But just as their rhythm was beginning to pick up speed, the extra terrestrial they were shooting at roared out and fired a powerful *Kiai* towards the duo. It decimated their blasts and smashed into them with terrifying force, sending both flying away at great speed. The counter successfully knocked Videl for a loop, causing her to black out momentarily and send her body plummeting to the ground a few miles away.

Not willing to let another annoyance live, the creature charged a purple sphere of energy in its mouth and fired a powerful beam at the girl's descending, hapless form.

Intending to shoot her out of the sky, Gohan suddenly teleported directly in front of the falling girl, caught her, and took the blast right in the back. A shout of agony filled the air when an attack capable of incinerating a planet exploded against his spine, sending him falling out of the clouds. Following the earsplitting detonation, a surprised Videl quickly regained her senses and looked up at her best friend in shock.

"Gohan! You're hit!" the girl shouted in horror.

"Don't worry! I'm fine!" the demi-Saiyan replied, gritting his teeth against the searing pain.

That was a lie, of course. His back had practically been deep-fried by the blast, which had also cut into his vertebrae, making him look like a piece of meat had been left over a barbeque for a solid hour.

However, ignoring the critical damage done to his body and the smoke pouring from his open wound, the demi-Saiyan went into a sideways spin to gain momentum. Corkscrewing as he fell, the boy quickly charged a blast with one hand and, on his last rotation, fired a powerful blue blast at the creature. The attack streaked towards the observing Zeru like a bolt, only to impact uselessly against its barrier and rebound to another part of the countryside, where it detonated in a massive, blue geyser easily comparable to a nuke. Seconds later, Gohan's form crash-landed in the forest, with Videl held protectively in his arms.

Making a gurgling sound of delight, Zeru was about to follow-up on its attack until a second presence drew its gaze elsewhere. Glancing to its left, it spotted Vegeta appear in the sky and charge another attack to throw. Obviously aiming for its side, the extra terrestrial countered quickly with a focused shockwave that slammed into the Saiyan Prince and caused him to launch his blast prematurely, sending his attack into the ground and punching a crater into the earth. The wounded warrior on the other hand was sent rocketing into the ocean, where he disappeared in a terrific splash.

Another one down, the creature shrugged off the multiple blasts fired by Piccolo and turned its attention to another part of the country, where its eyes quickly fell upon the grounded Krillin and Android 18. As soon as it had them in its sights, Zeru raised one of the ribbons of its cowl and swished it through the air, unleashing a salvo of grey spikes towards the warriors on the sidelines.

The barrage of spears shot towards the pair at light speed, catching the two fighters completely by surprise. But just when it looked like the couple was about to be skewered by hundreds of makeshift lances a figure suddenly flew in from the side and intercepted the attack. Hands and legs spread out, Zangya took the volley of spikes in the back, the poles skewering her and stopping just...
when their tips burst out of her front. The rest of the long spikes fired by the extra terrestrial ended up riddling the rest of the area around them.

The splatter of purple blood across Krillin and Eighteen's faces stunned the duo.

"Z-Zangya?! Why did you…" Eighteen murmured, watching her friend bend over and spew out bodily fluids.

Trembling from head to toe as blood dribbled out of her mouth, the Hera grinned back at her friend's bewildered expression and shook her head. "Yeah. Ah… fuck! That was stupid. Augh! So stupid." Making various choking noises as she collapsed to her knees, the winded Zangya, whose body now resembled a pin cushion that would make Vlad the Impaler jealous, threw up more blood and slammed her hands into the floor. "Damn it… Zangya… what the hell were you thinking back there?"

Krillin gulped, appearing just as stumped as his wife, "Y-You jumped in front of its attack."

The red-haired girl chuckled painfully, "Didn't have time… to dodge." Swallowing heavily, Zangya coughed a few more times and took a couple of deep breaths. In spite of having a couple of spikes sticking through her body, she was surprisingly articulate and… well… alive. "Did you think… I was going to let that thing… kill my friends… in front of me? Like hell."

The wounded pair quickly swooped down to help her, at the same time missing the sight of the enormous invader responsible for her current predicament rearing its head back and charging a blast.

A fiery orb appearing above its body, Zeru took aim at its targets and prepared to incinerate them in one go. It leaned forward and shrieked as the attack focused on the region, but was stopped in mid-launch when an orange, corkscrew beam struck it in the neck and shot straight through it, exploding against a mountain several miles away on the other side.

The unexpected surprise attack causing its eyes to widen in horror, the animal let out a cry of agony as it stumbled back from its spot. The Z-fighters watching it were at first baffled by the terrifying hit to its blind spot. But when they turned in the direction to see where the attack had come from, all confusion faded away and was quickly replaced by delight.

Smirking victoriously with his two fingers extended, Piccolo gave a harsh chuckle and watched as his target squirmed and writhed from a distance. "Did you miss me?"

Finally. His **Special Beam Cannon** worked.

Staggering and crashing into a distant plateau, the beast trembled and gasped for breath. Blood spewed out of its mouth and the hole in its neck, showing just how effective the attack had been. But just when it seemed like it would succumb to the obviously fatal blow, it instead recovered and turned its attention towards the Namekian.

Before it had a chance to exact swift retribution upon its attacker, the forest to the north suddenly exploded upwards in a golden flash of light, one that drew the attention of the wounded alien. When it looked in the direction of that part of the country, it saw a glowing bolt shoot up from the trees and suspend itself in the air. Bathed in light and crackling with electricity, the wounded but still fighting Gohan glared angrily across at the extra terrestrial. With his fists held firmly at his sides and his orange top completely gone, the young warrior huffed furiously and focused his energy.
"Let's end this!" His aura kicking up fiercely, the teen then charged forward with a clap of thunder and a yell of rage.

Zeru, its target established, spun towards the approaching half-Saiyan and prepared for combat.

Due to its eyes being fixed squarely on the powerful warrior, the extra terrestrial missed the sight of the ocean bursting upwards and Vegeta rocketing out of the water towards it. The Saiyan Prince roared out as he charged the creature from its left flank, intent on finishing the titan once and for all.

Knowing the final attack was on, Zangya, whose body was still riddled with half a dozen lances, powered up and took off from the ground as well. Heavily wounded like the other two, she shot towards the creature from its blind spot and converged on it from below, sweeping across the valley at breakneck speed.

The invader bellowed with rage as it swung out with its remaining arm at the advancing Gohan, hoping to take him out with a single hit. But the fast-moving warrior managed to evade it, slipping under its strike and, giving his aura a violent burst, shot up towards Zeru's chest with a war cry. Vegeta and Zangya ducked in at the same time and, all three of them forming together, rocketed straight into the alien's stomach.

Continuous thunderclaps rang out when the three super charged warriors began attacking the creature from below, driving continuous, earth shattering blows into its abdomen and pushing it off the ground. Every hit they threw lifted Zeru higher and higher into the sky, drowning out the region with the deafening sounds of super powered punches and kicks impacting a solid surface. The clouds parted under the force of their blurred attacks striking the creature's stomach repeatedly, and the entire country shook when the shockwaves generated by their blows reverberated across the whole region.

Piccolo, Krillin, Android 18, Videl and the other wounded but still conscious Z-fighters watched on in astonishment as the three warriors pummeled the creature into the upper troposphere and stratosphere. The naval and army forces that remained intact, the entire population of West City, and even Bulma, who'd managed to regain consciousness shortly after Gohan's arrival, were also looking on in awe as the behemoth was lifted further away from the planet.

Soon reaching the mesosphere, just shy of the outer reaches of space, Zeru continued to receive the beating of a lifetime. As a result of the attacks so far, its carapace front had caved in under the assault, and blood was gushing out of its mouth from the internal damages it had and was still receiving.

Eventually, after pushing the creature high enough above the earth, Gohan, Zangya and Vegeta, their hands glowing brightly, cocked them back and drove them straight into the beast's face. Their blows impacting with a frightening shockwave, they sent the creature spiraling into the thermosphere. When it slowed, the three fighters super sped around and appeared behind it where, loading their fists once again so that they crackled with bolts of electricity, drove them straight into the alien's back in a single, decisive blow. Their cries were drowned out by the impact of their combined attack, which bent the creature's spine and sent it plummeting back down to earth.

When the wounded Zeru began to burn up on reentry, Gohan, letting out a mighty roar, powered up and threw his hands over his forehead. A storm of lightning bolts shooting off of him, prompting Vegeta and Zangya to leap out of the way, the teen then thrust his body forward and unleashed a fully charged Masenko down onto the alien. His gargantuan blast left his hand with a crack of thunder and shot towards its target like a comet, eventually striking it and pushing the wounded beast through the mesosphere and towards the planet's surface at a greater speed.
Seconds later, the creature crash-landed atop an island floating just off of the continent's shore, where it flattened the mountain in its center and caused a geyser of rubble and dust to blast into the air. The impact was also intense, shaking the entire region nearby and generating massive waves over the ocean.

The Z-fighters watching from the sidelines were stumped at the assault.

But just when everybody thought it was over, Gohan, Vegeta and Zangya suddenly dropped down from the sky and landed on the beach side-by-side. As soon as they touched down, the trio slid into wide fighting stances and prepped themselves for a final attack.

While Gohan and Zangya cupped their hands at their sides, the one-handed Vegeta held his good arm forward and began to charge a crackling sphere of golden energy. A yell left his lips when his golden aura burst up around him, kicking dust into the air and alerting the other two of his intentions.

"You don't waste time, do you?" Zangya exclaimed with a grin as a blue sphere of energy formed between her palms.

The Saiyan Prince snarled, "Shut up and let me concentrate, woman!" Energy spiking, he continued to pour energy into his hand and mold it into his most powerful blast.

Gohan, his back still burning from an attack that had effectively melted away a good portion of his skin, generated a blue sphere of energy between his hands and took aim with it. As the ball of light pulsed and charged in his grip, the teen clenched his jaw tightly and continued digging deep for every last bit of ki he could muster. "This is it, guys! We need to hit it all at once, so don't hold anything back!"

Blood dribbling out of her mouth, Zangya nodded, "Right."

As per the half-Saiyan's instruction, the trio's auras burst outwards and expanded to an even greater size, molding and transforming into a tornado of energy around them. Bolts of lightning also shooting off of their glowing forms, the three fighters entered the final stages of their build-up. The sound of densely packed energy gathering reverberating across the countryside, the Z-fighters watching from the sidelines braced for one hell of a blast.

Goten, Trunks, Android 17, Tien… everyone held their breaths as they sensed the warriors' attacks reach critical mass.

However, while the three were still in the process of forcing energy into their hands, across the water, they saw the smoke on the ruined island violently part and the thoroughly beaten Zeru rise up from the rubble of the mountain. Its eyes glowing with rage, the creature snarled furiously as it set its sights on the enormous collection of ki building on the other side of the channel and spotted the cyclone of energy whirling around on the shoreline.

Unwilling to get hit by whatever attack was being mounted, it prepared to deal with them accordingly. But just when the alien was in the process of gathering energy of its own, a flash of light from above had its head snap upwards, before a powerful golden blast crashed into its hexagonal barrier. The ground trembled as the attack ground into the creature, pressuring it and drawing everyone's gazes towards the source of the attack.

When all eyes looked up into the clouds, they saw Piccolo floating there, out of effective reach of its shockwaves, with both hands extended and fingers interlocked. The beam gushing out of his hands drilled into the extra terrestrial's force field, the Namekian growling as he put everything he
had into drawing its gaze and forcing it to waste its energy against him.

"Stay right where you are!" Piccolo shouted, powering up and giving his blast another kick, a mass of energy traveling down the length of the beam and striking the barrier with a loud 'crack'.

Pissed off, Zeru quickly turned its attention away from the green warrior and to the three charging their attacks on the coast. Recognizing them as the far greater threat out of all the tiny humanoids it'd been fighting so far, the wounded alien quickly lifted its ribbon arm from the floor and whipped it through the air. When it did, the appendage quickly morphed into a long, deadly spike, which it then fired at the three with the intent of impaling one of them.

The three warriors standing side by side looked up in alarm as Zeru's arm shot towards them at blinding speed, its tip primed to cut right through them in a single stroke. The Z-fighters, Piccolo included, could only watch helplessly as its primary melee weapon rocketed towards the super powered fighters along a straight and narrow path.

As it stood, there was no way any one of them would be able to stop an attack moving that fast and was capable of dicing up a Super Saiyan with one hit.

In a matter of milliseconds, it was right on top of them.

But just when the enormous limb was only feet from striking the group, a shadow suddenly descended from the sky and dropped into the attack's path. A loud 'squelch' sound filled the air a second later, followed by a splatter of blood across the ground as the figure was effectively impaled, yet managed to stop the attack dead in its tracks.

Not expecting such a maneuver, the Z-fighters were gob smacked. Gohan, Vegeta and Zangya especially.

When the three warriors got a good look at the person who leapt in the way of the attack that was clearly meant for them, their eyes widened in disbelief when they saw the battered form of Paprika standing there with the spike sticking out of her stomach. They'd initially thought she'd been killed earlier on, as they'd been unable to sense her presence, and after Gohan had surveyed the area and found her body lying in the middle of a large trench, he thought she was a casualty too.

Her body was still covered in burns from the blast she'd deflected when protecting Goten and Trunks, but they looked to have been healed over and replaced by new flesh. On top of that, her blood had also dried up and her hands, which had previously been disintegrated in the assault, had regenerated as well.

As their attacks achieved critical mass, the question that came to the three warriors' minds was how the heck the Makyan was still alive.

The answer came gargling out of her mouth moments later as the white haired teen, who was currently slumped over the spike sticking through her with blood dripping out of her mouth, gave the three warriors a bloody grin before glancing over her shoulder. When she saw Zeru staring at her across the channel in disbelief, Paprika chuckled harshly. 

"Next time… you want to kill someone… make sure you finish the job!" the girl hissed, before bringing her newly grown hands around and grabbing the spike from the front. She then dug her feet into the ground and gritted her teeth. "As long as my Makyo Heart remains intact… I can regenerate from any injury! So give me your best shot!" When the enormous alien screeched out in a rage, she spun around and faced the three charging their attacks. "I'll hold it down! Just hurry up and shoot it!"
Gohan, quickly recovering from the shock, steeled his face and nodded. A split second later, the energy gathering in the team's palms grew larger as more lightning bolts crackled off of them.

With Paprika holding the alien's arm and Piccolo continuing to fire on its shield, Zeru quickly found itself being backed into a corner. It quickly turned its attention to the Namekian to knock him out of the sky, but just before it could shoot at him, more blasts from the side slammed into it and began drilling into its flesh. When it turned, it saw the other Z-fighters had assembled and were now shooting at it as well.

Videl, Tien, Yamcha, Krillin, Android 18, Chiaotzu, Android 17, Goten and Trunks, all barely standing and on their last legs, hit it with a combined beam attack that bore into its side like multiple drills, throwing off its concentration. Wanting to get rid of them, Zeru howled out and unleashed a powerful shockwave in all directions to strike them down. But due to the distance they were standing at, the scattered team withstood the powerful blast of wind and continued to hit the creature it with an ongoing stream of energy from all angles.

This was their last chance!

Their effort eliciting a snarl from the extra terrestrial, the beast writhed and flailed uselessly on the spot, before attempting one last ditch effort to kill the three charging their final moves. It whipped its arm and attempted to extend it through the Makyan teenager obstructing it.

Its spike pushed through her a couple of inches, Paprika jerked forward, vomited up blood and screamed out in agony. "GAAAUGH!" Holding her ground, the girl looked up at the three desperately, her eyes filled with pain and an enraged shout leaving her mouth. "DO IIIIIIIIIITTTT!"

They didn't need to be told twice.

Attacks finally reaching stability, Gohan, Vegeta and Zangya thrust their hands forward and, with three simultaneous battle cries, unleashed their attacks in one go.

Their blasts exploded from their hands with a deafening roar, filling the region and sky with a blinding flash of blue light. The three massive beams, two of them Kamehamehas and the other a Final Flash, formed into one the instant they left their user's hands, fusing into an attack that was larger and more powerful than anything the Z-fighters had ever produced before. Like a comet, the blast rocketed past Paprika and shot towards the alien pinned down on the island, which spotted the approaching wall of death and gave one last screech of terror. A split second later, the enormous mass of energy collided headlong into the alien with a tremendous shockwave, before engulfing it in a gargantuan stream of death.

The trio's blast continued to travel across the planet's surface as it burned away the hulking form of Zeru, who cried out one last time before its body succumbed to the inferno consuming it. Within moments, its entire body broke apart inside the blast and vanished in a flash of light, while the group's attack shot off of the earth and rocketed out of the solar system. It traveled billion of miles to another part of the Milky Way, where it struck a distant moon and wiped it out of existence in a terrific explosion.

When the blast eventually faded minutes later, it revealed a smoking island with its top shaved completely off and a calm blue ocean spread out around it. Gohan, Zangya and Vegeta, their hands still extended, could be seen standing side-by-side on the shoreline, with Paprika kneeling in front of them, panting heavily and glaring across the water.

Emerging from the cloud hanging over the area the enormous attack had made landfall, Zeru's ruined body slowly bled into view, revealing it standing hunched over in a state that was easily
close to death. Limbs and armor plates gone, all that remained of the once invulnerable creature was a skeleton, parts of its torso, and half a face.

Twitching and groaning as it stood before the stunned Z-fighters, the alien glared up towards its attackers. Giving the three one last look and a snarl, its glowing red eye flickered one last time before, with a loud shriek of defeat, it raised its head up high before self-destructing in a glorious red flash of light.

The dome-shaped blast wasn't powerful. But when it subsided seconds later, it dispelled across the West Coast in a halo like shockwave and rained down on the land in a shower of sparkling moon dust. With its final moments marked by a single firework created by its combusting form, the creature's remains scattered across the planet and the skies soon cleared.

The Z-fighters and all the military forces in the area awed at the sight of the dust cascading over the countryside. Even Captain Smith, who'd managed to survive the terrifying explosions that had riddled the coastline, extended his hand and caught some of the specks falling from the heavens.

As all this was going on, the three warriors who were instrumental in dealing the final blow to the beast, powered down where they stood and, overcome with exhaustion, collapsed on the spot.

Zangya, with spikes still sticking out of her body, dropped to her side. Vegeta, still missing an arm, fell flat onto his back and heaved deep breaths of air. And lastly, Gohan, with his back completely charred, fell to his knees and face-planted the sand. Paprika, who was kneeling directly in front of the teen with a gaping hole in her body, did the exact same thing and crashed onto the beach.

All of them reverting back to their base forms, the completely spent fighters panted and rasped where they lay, motionless and drained of all their energy. With the demi-Saiyan cracking open an eye, he looked across at the Makyan lying directly alongside him, who reciprocated his actions and stared back at the battered teenager intently.

Smiling amidst the agony and fatigue racking their bodies, the spiky haired teen laughed a little before singing cheerfully, "See. We can do anything by working with each other…"

"Just shut the fuck up, Gohan," Paprika groaned, a smirk slowly forming across her face.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: Well, that was fun. Everyone fought the invader and had the crap beaten out of them. Oh well. At least they all made it out in one piece…

Sort of.

Gohan's back is charred, Zangya was impaled, Vegeta is missing an arm, and Paprika has another hole in her, lol. All in all, things seemed to have worked out alright.

Hope you all enjoyed this chapter.
The sound of birds singing and the waves washing against the beach filled the exhausted group of fighters lying in the sand with a sense of relief and tranquility. It also helped ease their aching, battered bodies and allowed them a moment of well-earned reprieve from the hell that they’d recently been put through. Even if it only lasted for a few minutes, it was a breathing opportunity they were truly grateful for.

"You know… this position feels kind of familiar to me," Gohan spoke weakly as he lay there with his cheek pressed against the soft grains of the coast.

"What… lying flat on your face and bleeding out after a ridiculously tough battle?" Zangya asked, able to see the teen clearly from where she was currently positioned, blood dripping out of her many open wounds and the spears lodged in her back. "I'm pretty sure all of us have been in that position at least once in our lives. Am I right, Vegeta?" The Hera barely had the strength to turn and glance over at the Saiyan Prince, who was also lying sprawled out beside them.

The flame haired man, one eye shut and the other open, groaned in agony, "I... am... literally... going... to die."

Gohan laughed a little at the man's raspy words, "That's kind of grim, don't you think? Besides… I bet I'll die before any of you guys do."

"Really? How much?" Zangya asked quickly, at the same time eyeing the boy curiously.

"Hmm… how about… fifty zeni?" the half-Saiyan replied jokingly, at the same time an amused grin came into play, "And a coupon for a free coffee and cake at Don Jon’s."

The blue-skinned female's eyes lit-up excitedly, "You're on."

"Hate you," Vegeta groaned while glaring across at the grinning duo, "Hate you both."

"Oh, cry me a river," Paprika wheezed with a half-dead look on her face. It was pretty much the same look all four of them were currently wearing. "At least you don't have a massive hole in your stomach after just healing from having seventy percent of your skin melted off of your body."

Zangya chuckled weakly at the Makyan's current predicament, "I can beat that. I still have six, five meter spikes sticking out of mine."

"I've got pins and needles all over, and my back feels like it was just pressed up against the sun," Gohan muttered, trying not to pass out from the bolts of pain shooting through his muscles.

"Really? Let me see," the Hera spoke, craning her head a little. When the demi-Saiyan rolled over and showed her his newly acquired 'tattoo', the orange haired woman cringed. "Geez. A few more centimeters in and you would've been cut in half." She could literally see his vertebrae sticking out of the black, charred patch of skin exposed to the air. "Can you still feel your toes?"
The hybrid moaned, "Uh-huh."

"Okay, good," Zangya exclaimed, breathing a sigh of relief. "Just hang in there for a little bit, Gohan. I'm sure someone will come along and give us a hand eventually. I'm so exhausted right now I can barely even wiggle a finger."

After the group's little exchange of words, hoarse laughter suddenly filled the air. When everyone glanced in the direction the noise was coming from, they saw Vegeta's body shaking and a massive smile of pride drawn across his face. Obviously still in agony from the spectacular thrashing he'd received, the flame-haired man then took a deep breath and exhaled slowly, giving himself a temporary shot of morphine to the jabbing pain where his arm used to be.

"What's so funny?" Paprika asked tiredly, not really sure she wanted to hear his answer. Taking a few more breaths, Vegeta spoke up, "After all these years… after all the bone breaking training I had to go through… it took an enormous alien from outer space attacking the earth to finally push me to the next level." The prince then leered competitively in Gohan's direction. "I've finally closed the gap between us, brat. You're no longer the only Saiyan to have truly ascended to the second level."

The demi-Saiyan smiled right back, "That's great, man."

"You can definitely tell how happy he is from the way he's grinning," Zangya said while shaking her head. "Seriously. He looks like a kid who just came out of a candy store." She then glanced across at her friend to see him still staring in the prince's direction. "It seems as though you've got a lot more work ahead of you when you get home."

"Yeah. A lot of work." He was happy that Vegeta was able to ascend to the second level. However, his instincts and warrior's spirit told him that he needed to push himself and become even stronger. If there was a third level beyond the form that he'd attained, then he needed to train even harder if he was going to reach it.

It was personal honor and pride talking to him, and his ears were wide open to every word.

While they were still lying there, unable to move, Gohan turned his gaze towards Paprika to see the Makyan glaring at him. As soon as his eyes fell on her, the white haired girl frowned distastefully.

"What?" she asked.

The teenager beamed as soon as he was certain he had her attention, "Thanks so much for the help, Paprika. You really saved us back there."

Narrowing her eyes, the Makyan shut them and turned away, "Don't mention it. Just remember, this battle doesn't change anything between us. I'm still pissed at you… and I'm still going to kick your ass one of these days."

Understanding this much, the young demi-Saiyan gave a weak chuckle and nodded towards her. "And thanks for saving my little brother. If you hadn't jumped in when you did, I'm pretty sure he would be dead right now. I'm really grateful for that."

His second offering of gratitude was received with a much softer and agreeable response from the normally hostile fighter. Looking across at the teen to see his kind, gentle smile glued onto her, Paprika quickly rolled her head away and grunted, her expression reflecting a sense of bashfulness and discomfort. "You're welcome." Thanks to the way she'd moved her face out of view, Gohan
couldn't see her eyes as they started to shimmer and the small smile that appeared on her face.

The group only had to lie there for a couple more minutes, after which they were shortly joined by the rest of their friends. Dropping down from the sky around them, the elated and smiling faces of the other Z-warriors came to stand before the four fallen fighters. As soon as they touched down, Videl wasted no time in breaking ranks, rushing forward and dropping to her knees beside her best friend.

"Gohan! Gohan! Are you alright?" the raven haired tomboy asked, gently taking him by the shoulder and looking him over. She cringed when her eyes landed on his back. "Whoa. Yeah. You're not alright." Far from it.

The hybrid smiled warmly at his concerned companion, "Don't worry. I'm alright. Just a little sore."

Krillin, who was standing beside his wife, gave the exhausted teen with the char grilled spine an amused once over, "You took a concentrated kill shot in the back. That must have hurt like hell."


Videl's expression saddened as she knelt there, "I'm sorry. It was stupid of me to get in the way."

Sensing her sudden change in moods and seeing her respond in a dejected manner, the half-Saiyan lying on the ground smiled and, using whatever strength he could muster, reached over and took her hand. "Hey… it's alright. Everyone was having a rough time out there. Don't go beating yourself up over it. Besides… there was no way I was going to let that thing kill you." His words, though raspy and low, brought a smile back to Videl's face and filled her heart with reassurance. But just before she could say anything in response, Gohan winced again and directed his gaze towards his belt. "I should still have some Senzu beans left. They're on my left side."

"Oh? Yeah. Sure." Acting quickly, Videl reached over and began rummaging through the teen's belt. When she eventually got the bag, she yanked it out and emptied it into her open palm. She blinked when only three rolled out. "Umm… this is a problem." She then showed them to Gohan, who considered the collection of miracle seeds for a moment.

A smile then appeared and he gestured upwards, "Give them to Paprika, Zangya and Vegeta."

Videl and the others reacted to his instruction with surprise, "Eh? W-What about you?"

"It's okay. I'll be fine as long as I don't move. Just make sure the others get them first…"

Processing his words soon drew an admiring gaze from the raven haired fighter.

It was a statement that put a grin on Yamcha's face, who shared a look with Tien and the others. "That's Goku's kid alright."

Doing as requested, Videl moved over to the Makyan first and slipped a bean into her mouth. Making sure she chewed and swallowed it, she then looked on in amazement as the gaping wound in her body closed up and life slowly returned to her face. As she started to get up, the human teenager then moved over to Zangya, where she, Android 18 and Piccolo proceeded to remove the spears from her battered body. After a long and painful procedure, they then gave her a bean so that her multiple puncture wounds healed and her strength returned. This then led their attention being directed over to Vegeta, who spoke up just as the raven haired girl was moving to give a Senzu to him.
"Don't give me a bean," the man snapped.

Videl recoiled at his response, "Huh? Why?"

"If you haven't noticed yet, I'm still missing a fucking arm. While I'm sure those retched things are ideal for restoring a person's vitality, I doubt they have the ability to regenerate limbs," the prince stated, glaring across at the group while Zangya got to her feet.

Rubbing the soreness out of her shoulder, the orange haired woman looked down at the two fallen Saiyans curiously, "Oh yeah. If you take a Senzu bean now, it will just seal up the wound and it'll take forever to have your arm reattached." The Hera's words had the rest of the group scrunch their faces up discomfortingly at the issue. As soon as that concern was raised, Zangya began searching the area, "It couldn't have gone too far."

Giving a thoughtful grunt, the slightly battered Android 17 turned his attention to the decimated countryside beyond the beachhead they were gathered on. "Even if it didn't, how in the world are you going to find it in all that mess?" The once pristine countryside was now a deep-fried wasteland. It was a miracle there were still a few trees and plateaus left standing.

"There's a good chance it could've been disintegrated in all the explosions that were going on," Tien spoke, earning a grim look from a couple other members of their team.

Being helped up onto the shoulders of Krillin and Android 18, Gohan cringed a little. "That would kind of suck."

Undeterred by the comments being thrown this way and that, the Saiyan Prince frowned distastefully and continued blurting out hints. "I was a Super Saiyan when I lost it… so it probably should still have some residual energy left inside it," Vegeta informed, giving them a clue as to how they could track down his missing extremity. "If it's out there, you should be able to find it."

However, just before any of them could throw themselves into action and begin a search, all eyes turned skywards when a pair of tiny figures suddenly descended from the clouds. Landing on the beach a few yards away, an excited Goten and Trunks jogged forward with a familiar looking accessory in their hands. The lavender haired child grinned when he stopped before the group of battered Z-fighters and showed them their prize.

"Hey, dad. Look what we found in the woods!" the boy chirped, holding up his father's gloved arm.

"It was sitting out there in the open glowing, so we grabbed it before any animals could," Goten also stated, both of them appearing proud at having found the prince's limb intact.

Faces reflecting astonishment, the Z-fighters then watched the kids jog forward. When they got close enough to the strongest members of the team, Zangya quickly confiscated the arm and turned around, where she saw a couple of the human fighters, namely Videl, Chiaotzu, Krillin and Yamcha, lean away at the sight of the appendage. Tien, Piccolo, Android 17, Android 18 and Paprika on the other hand were unfazed and simply looked on as the Hera inspected the limb and turn to the owner. When she saw Vegeta sit up, she gave him a lopsided grin.

"We're... gonna need some help putting this back on," she remarked, earning a nod of agreement from the exhausted prince.

Even though they were the most powerful fighters on the planet, all of them were completely abysmal at the art of surgery and healing.
They needed professional assistance.

While the group began making plans as to what their next courses of action would be, Goten noticed that another member of their group was back on her feet. Grin appearing on his once confused expression, the spiky haired child quickly rushed over to the green-skinned girl with a spring in his step and a joyous giggle in his voice. "Paprika! You're okay!" He immediately skidded to a stop in front of her.

The white haired girl, arms folded, smiled down at the child, "Of course I am, runt. Didn't I tell you that I would be alright?"

"Uh-huh. You did," Goten nodded, beaming at his friend as she stood there proudly in the sand. After several moments of smiling though, the child's expression suddenly changed and, tilting his head observantly, quickly leaned forward to whisper. "Uhh… Paprika?"

"Hm? What is it?"

"Umm… y-your shirt…" the boy murmured and nodded down to her chest discreetly, at the same time cupping her hands in front of him timidly, "You're nakey."

At first perplexed by his words, the girl then looked down to see what the problem was. As it turns out, when she jumped in to deflect the blast fired by Zeru, her entire top as well as most of her front had been incinerated in the beam. As soon as she recovered from her brush with death, she'd been so hasty in jumping in front of another of the alien's attacks that she'd forgotten to repair her clothing.

Now that she was conscious and fully healed, all of her skin and extremities were back in their rightful places… all of them.

Looking up with a start, the Makyan saw that all of the fighters in the area were staring at her. It was a sight that had the teenager shriek and cover up her chest. The second her eyes fixed on the group, she watched as every single one of them turned away and started acting nonchalant, save for Vegeta and Android 18. Both of them just looked away to glare somewhere else.

Face glowing brightly Paprika quickly focused her ire on the one she blamed for pretty much everything in her life. Poor Gohan didn't even see it coming, "YOU! You knew?!"

The teen, hanging off of his friend's shoulders, recoiled slightly at her sudden shout, "What? N-No!"

"You pig! You could've at least told me!"

"Honestly, after everything we had to go through today, having a naked upper body was the last thing on my mind!"

"Yeah. I'm sure it was." Turning away while making certain her ample bosom was covered, Paprika sneered, "Did you get a good look? Huh? Pervert!"

"I swear, Paprika! I didn't!" Gohan defended weakly, unable to stop the sweat pouring down his face. "Please. You have to believe me." If he was able to move, he would've quickly backed away a few steps and put his hands together in a humble gesture. Unfortunately, he could do neither of those things. All he was capable of at the moment was hanging their over Krillin and Eighteen's shoulders and feel uncomfortable.

With her face glowing red and a fierce glare still in play, the incredibly irritated Paprika then
focused her glare on the others standing around her. When she did, all of the male warriors quickly averted their gazes once again, leaving the girls standing there and looking awkward. Trunks was also blushing quite a bit, whereas Goten continued to stand in front of his friend with that ever-innocent look reflected in his gaze.

Several seconds of huffing later, the Makyan then made a decision. "Whatever." She then powered up and shot into the sky, disappearing over the horizon.

Staring after her until her vapor trail faded away, Goten turned to look back at his older brother, who breathed a sigh of relief.

"Well… that could've been a lot worse."

Thank Kai she didn't slap him or anything. As he was, he wouldn't have been able to take a finger poke, much less a backhand.

Unbeknownst to the group, as they were all standing around the beach and recovering, the sparkling dust that was the monstrous invader's remains cascading to the earth proceeded to purify the landscape. Wherever the shining particles landed, plants began to grow and water returned to the rivers and lakes, at the same time the life energy of the planet was returned to the soil.

OOO

(A little while later)

Following the defeat of Zeru, the entire planet earth spent the next several hours picking up the pieces and putting itself back together. Thanks to the brutal thrashing it'd received at the hands of its unexpected visitor, not only did a large portion of the continent's West Coast look as though it'd just gone through the worst nuclear fallout ever, but the ocean was missing several islands, entire forests and cities had been burned, and the entire atmosphere had become polluted by fumes and smog. A lot of West City had also suffered considerable damage, another part of the continent now had a massive hole in it, and the entire surface of the planet had been warped. And this was only the damage the earth had suffered directly from the attack.

The Z-fighters' battle with the beast had left scars all around, on both the defenders and the globe that they were defending. As bad a beating as they'd suffered, they'd still managed to push themselves to the limits of their abilities, persevered, and succeeded in defeating an enemy more powerful than anything they'd ever encountered in their lives.

Even if it wasn't an intelligent creature on the levels of both Frieza and Cell, it'd certainly posed a massive threat to their world on raw power alone. That'd been more than enough to cripple and fatally wound a couple members of their group, most notably Vegeta and Gohan.

Speaking of which, after managing to recover the prince's arm, the entire group quickly flew the wounded up to Kami's lookout. There, they were able to properly treat everyone's injuries with the help of the guardian of earth. Dende worked his way from the most heavily wounded to those with minor injuries, until everyone was back up and running again. Vegeta managed to have his arm reattached and Gohan had his flesh restored. Once everyone was back on their feet, a few minutes of elation regarding their victory over their foe was soon held between every member of the group.

This was promptly replaced by a sense of urgency and a need to repair all of the damages brought on by the alien's arrival. As soon as Gohan went down to collect Bulma and the radar, the Z-fighters quickly gathered their senses and scattered, heading out in search of the dragon balls. Zangya and Videl had a blast trying to find them, the former coming across hers at the bottom of
the ocean whereas the latter found hers on the roof of a primary school. It didn't take the others long to find them either and once all of the sacred orange treasures had been brought to the lookout, they summoned the dragon.

Gathered around the glowing spheres, the Z-fighters watched as the newly recovered Gohan, now adorned in a newly repaired gi, grinned and brought his fists around heroically. "Shenron! Arise!"

The sky darkening as the seven orbs pulsed and shone brilliantly, the group of warriors watched closely as streams of lightning arced off of the mystical treasures, creating a miniature tempest around the lookout. Then, just when the lightshow was about to reach its peak, a loud thunderclap reverberated across the heavens, followed by a golden bolt of energy shooting up from the orbs and into the atmosphere above. Those that were used to seeing the dragon watched patiently as he made his grand entrance. Those who hadn't seen him on the other hand, namely Videl, Zangya, Goten and Trunks, looked on in amazement as the glowing serpent curled through the sky before wrapping itself around the floating castle. In a matter of moments, the magnificent form of Shenron emerged.

"Wow. He's here," Goten exclaimed, eyes shining with awe as he saw the great dragon's immense form fill the clouds.

"So this is the Shenron I've heard so much about," Videl murmured, unable to take her eyes off of the enormous beast and swallowing nervously. The sight of him caused her to move forward and gently take Gohan's hand, a gesture he quickly acknowledged. One thing was for certain, it was definitely one of the most impressive sights she'd ever seen. "I hope he can do something for us."

"Don't worry. He will," Gohan answered, smiling over his shoulder at the girl to see her standing nervously under the creature's shadow. His fingers gently tightened around hers. "Just watch."

Letting out a roar, the red-eyed dragon of legend descended to the group's level and focused all of his attention on the familiar collection of faces staring up at him. "I have come to grant you two wishes. Tell me what they are so that I may go."

Tien raised an eyebrow as he stared up at the beast towering above them, "He seems pretty impatient today." 

"That's typical for Shenron. He doesn't like being kept out for too long," Yamcha informed, hands on his hips as he grinned at their team's most well-known familiar.

In the background, Vegeta could be seen with his arms folded and standing beside his wife, who was currently checking on Dende's handiwork. Running her fingers over the freshly healed scar the man now had between his arm and shoulder, the woman discreetly rested her head against him and smiled in relief, earning a grunt from the man in return. The other silent parties of the group, Piccolo, Android 18 and Android 17, also gathered at the rear and watched their comrades get to work in cleaning up the mess.

Stepping further forward, Gohan smiled up at the elongated form of the dragon and took a deep breath, "Shenron. The earth has just been attacked by a powerful creature called Zeru. Could you please repair all of the damages it has caused?"

A low snarl was the boy's immediate answer. "It shall be done," the dragon replied, its eyes lighting up as he went about following through with the request. The Z-fighters then stood back and waited for confirmation of their wish. However, a couple of seconds later, they suddenly saw the great serpent recoil a little and look down at them questioningly. "Hang on a second. A sun
and several other planets outside of the solar system have been destroyed. What the hell were you people doing out there?"

Sweat drops breaking out on most of the members of the troop, the Z-fighters then looked around at each other nervously for a couple of seconds. Though having never seen the dragon lose his composure like this before, the entourage simply rolled with the reptile's exclamation as he probably never expected to fix so many problems with one wish.

After silently consolidating with one another, the Z-fighters turned back to the dragon and looked up at him nervously.

"It's a… bit of a long story," Krillin answered with a friendly grin, earning a few head nods from Yamcha, Tien and Chiaotzu, all of whom were noticeably worried.

"Let's just say a lot of stuff happened while you were asleep," Gohan also spoke up sheepishly.

Giving a very irritated growl as he looked upon the innocent faces of the group, Shenron then exhaled in defeat and went back to glaring up at the sky. "Hmph. Very well." Eyes glowing red once again, the dragon then continued on with his job.

As everyone stood by and watched, Zangya, having listened to every word spoken by the mystical creature, raised an eyebrow and turned towards the raven haired girl standing alongside her. "Is it just me… or is the dragon kind of a dick?"

Videl shrugged back, also finding the beast's answers rather blunt, "Sure seems that way." Granted she'd never met a magical dragon or a mythological beast capable of granting wishes before, she had to assume it was just its normal attitude. Considering how powerful he was, she wasn't too keen on giving him shit for his foul mood. As long as he granted wishes then that was good enough for her.

A minute later, the dragon's eyes stopped glowing and its gaze returned to the Z-fighters. "It is done. Name your second and final wish."

Nodding in acknowledgement, Gohan braced and spoke once again, "Shenron. Please bring back to life everyone who was killed in the battle against Zeru."

The dragon nodded in acknowledgement, "It shall be done." Its eyes then lit up. Moments later, the glow faded, and the green entity bowed its head indicating the deed has been completed. "There. All your wishes have been granted. My duty to you is done. Farewell." Cracks of lightning reverberating throughout the sky, the Z-fighters were shortly engulfed by a blinding flash of light. Upon which the seven mystical orbs shot up into the sky and, after converging several hundred meters above the lookout, scattered across the planet.

When light returned to their sky and the heavens cleared, the warriors gathered on the lookout felt an immediate change in the air. The sensation of newly revived presences and a superbly repaired planet swelled the hearts of all those conscious of their surroundings. Those who didn't show any signs of being receptive to the changes merely stood in place looking off in random directions, while at the same time knowing that the wishes had been successful. The majority on the other hand expressed their delight with smiles and praise all around.

With the threat gone and the world back to normal, the Z-warriors could finally return to their usual, daily activities.

Android 18 and Krillin had a proper reunion with Android 17 and, along with Tien, Yamcha and
Chiaotzu, headed down to Kame House to rest up from a long, spirit hazing day. Vegeta flew Bulma back to Capsule Corp along with Trunks, and Gohan, Goten, Videl and Zangya returned home.

OOO

(Meanwhile)

Up on Grand Kai's planet, the overseer of the Northern part of space and universally renowned trainer in Otherworld smiled brightly when he witnessed the final wrap up of the battle against Zeru. Inside, the man felt all jittery and anxious. Having been hanging onto the very edge of his seat in the battle's closing moments and seeing the defenders of earth nearly die many times, you could understand how jumbled up his nerves were.

But when he saw the group pull through and call upon the dragon to correct all of the disasters made that day, King Kai felt an awesome sense of relief wash through him. It drowned out all other negative sensations and brought a prideful twinkle to his eye, one that few have ever seen before.

At least Saturn had been brought back after being cut in half and destroyed. That was good. "Well done, Gohan. You should be very proud." Not just the demi-Saiyan either.

It was thanks to the efforts of everyone, both his family and friends, that'd ensured their victory today.

XXX

(Some weeks later)

Fighting and saving the world from doomsday level calamities had seemingly become a regular thing for the Z-warriors. Whenever there was a long, drawn out period of peace and prosperity on the planet, a new enemy just happened to periodically spring up out of nowhere to rain hell down upon them. What's more, none of the entities that they'd encountered were even remotely related to any of the group's previous conflicts. All of the enemies that had appeared in the last several years happened upon them by sheer coincidence. The only exception to this list would have to be Paprika and at least now she was on friendly terms with the group.

But of course, if she wasn't causing any problems, then neither of them had anything to complain about. Once order had been properly restored to the planet, everyone picked up where they'd left off and moved forward with their lives. It was all business as usual really, and no one seemed to have any qualms with delving back into their regular activities.

Krillin even made a joke at one of their group's most recent get-togethers about actually coming up with paperwork they had to fill in for the heads-of-state whenever another potentially earth-shattering event took place. This was to ensure that the people were officially and adequately informed of each situation and that their safety was of the utmost importance. The documentation would also include other important materials, such as proper insurance information and health cover. Unfortunately, while the joke was successful in bringing a round of laughs from the table, the idea sort of fell flat afterwards.

Nobody spoke of it ever again.

Prosperity returned to the people of earth shortly thereafter. As it turns out, despite the dragon's wish to restore everything to its proper state and order, the battle with Zeru had still left a significant mark on the face of the planet. It wasn't until they were informed by Dende that Gohan,
Videl, Piccolo and everybody else learned that the energy that'd previously been absorbed by the invader from other planets had been absorbed by the earth. The death of Zeru had effectively replenished the forests and the globe's natural resources, and it made all the existing landscapes in the area of its demise more beautiful and lively than ever before.

The Z-fighters took it as a bonus after all their hard work and suffering that day. The rest period too came as some comfort to those that needed it. With the earth no longer in danger of being destroyed and another leg of peace in sight, its protectors returned to their duties as productive members of society. Gohan included, who was now training harder than ever to reach the next level of Super Saiyan.

After watching one of his sessions during a particular visit, Lime commented to the hybrid if he was pushing himself a little too hard. However, for a boy that could move planets with a single punch and lay waste to entire armies with a sneeze, pulling a muscle during a weight lifting seminar was the least of his concerns.

He also had the privilege of teaching his younger brother how to control his Super Saiyan transformation, which he had unknowingly assumed during the battle with Zeru. The teen hybrid spent a few lessons getting Goten to tap into his inner power, allowing him to transform at will without the need for anger or strain. It was a trying process at first, but since the youngster had already achieved it, he was soon able to nudge his little brother that last step.

XXX

Standing in the middle of the grassy fields outside of their home in Mount Paozu, Gohan, Zangya and Piccolo oversaw the final stages of the transformation training for the youngest member of their team. With the former standing further ahead and the latter two remaining positioned in the rear with their arms folded, they watched closely as the youngest Saiyan on the planet focused his energy and powered up.

Golden aura bursting around him in a matter of seconds, Goten let out a yell as his hair stood on end, turned blonde, and his eyes flashed teal. A split second and a blast of wind later, and the child had finished his transformation.

Goten now stood before the group completely imbued in his race's most renowned form. Energy licking at the ground, the atmosphere around him seemingly shifted as he was met with the proud smile of his brother and Zangya, and the serious look of his Namekian mentor.

"Well done, Goten. You did it," Gohan exclaimed, grinning at his brother who was now checking himself out. "Man. And here I was thinking I would go down in history as the youngest Saiyan to ever successfully transform into a Super Saiyan. You beat me to it by three years, squirt."

"R-Really, Gohan?" Goten asked, looking up curiously while he allowed his wafting aura to fade, yet continued to hold his current state.

The teen nodded affirmatively, "Yes."

"Awesome!" the child cheered, pumping his fists excitedly before looking at his arms one after the other. "So… this is what a Super Saiyan feels like?" He certainly felt a lot stronger. That was for sure. But aside from the power increase, he couldn't really see what else had changed.

Zangya chuckled when she saw the youngster begin checking the soles of his feet, before then reaching up and tapping her head. "It's the hair, runt. If you want to see how much you've changed, go have a look at yourself in the mirror."
"Oh. Okay!" Goten chirped, before suddenly turning heel and rushing back towards the house just a few hundred meters out.

The trio on the lawn followed the boy curiously with their eyes, watching him enter and disappear into the house. They remained in their places for a couple of minutes, waiting to see what would happen. Eventually, their patience was rewarded by the lounge room window opening, followed by Goten super-speeding back out into the field. Sliding to a dusty stop in front of the group, the child looked up with stars in his eyes.

"B-Big brother! Big Sis! Mr. Piccolo! My hair is blonde!" he cheered excitedly, earning smiles from the three warriors before he reached up and tugged on his locks. "I can turn gold just like you, big brother!"

Gohan let out a laugh at his brother's discovery and reached forward, patting him on the head, "That's right, Goten. You can transform, just like me and dad."

The Namekian, coming to stand alongside his student, beamed down at the child, "You've officially joined the Super Saiyan club, kid. Be proud of yourself."

"YEAH!" the demi-Saiyan cheered, leaping into the air and punching the sky. He then proceeded to run laps of the area, performing flips and jumps as he celebrated his success. "I can turn Super Saiyan! I can turn Super Saiyan! Woowhoo!"

As the child danced and sang, his three adult role models looked on with expressions of pride and joy. While all this was happening, over by a distant tree and standing out of sight, another unofficial member of the group was watching the celebrations closely. With her arms crossed and attention fixed on the countryside, Paprika observed and listened to the commotion going on around the strongest warriors on the planet.

Having witnessed Goten's trials firsthand and seeing him succeed at transforming into a Super Saiyan, the Makyan's heart swelled with pride when she saw the youngster announce his triumph to the world. It was a touching moment, one that brought a smile to her face.

"Good job, Goten," she whispered, before proceeding to watch the child leap into his big brother's arms for a hug.

All things considered, it was a good day to come out after all.

XXX

In between his regular exercise routines and work, Gohan was also making awesome headway with his crime fighting responsibilities alongside Videl.

Positioned atop the tallest spire in Satan City, the two warriors could be seen sitting along one of its overlapping support beams, their feet hanging over the side, and their eyes fixed upon the countless rooftops stretched out before them. With the skyscrapers making up a majority of the horizon and the sun setting behind it, it presented one of the most breathtaking and tranquil settings they'd ever seen.

Dressed in her white and pink oversized shirts and spandex shorts, the raven haired tomboy sighed happily and swung her feet back and forth. Feeling a light breeze gently lick at her hair, she leaned back and took it all in. "I can't remember the last time the city has had such good weather. It's so nice out today."

"I can definitely agree with you on that. The sky is so clear," Gohan replied, sitting on the tower's
ledge alongside her and also feeling the wind breathing against his skin. The sensation drew a long exhale from him, one that calmed his nerves and lifted his spirit. "All of the energy circling the planet and resting inside the soil… it's unreal. Ever since our battle with Zeru, the planet has become so much healthier."

"And everyone seems to be a lot happier too. Maybe it's because the people can feel the positive changes in the air that the earth's population seems to be smiling a lot more," the teen crime fighter said, before sharing a quick laugh at the end. 'I know it sounds a little bit cheesy and cliché when you say it like that, but after everything I've seen, it's gotta be true.'

"Perhaps you're just feeling so good yourself that everyone around you is simply resonating accordingly to your mood," Gohan suggested helpfully.

"That too. But I prefer seeing it more as a whole-world sort of change. A thought like that makes me feel like we actually did something that helped lead us to this state," Videl explained, turning to smile up at the demi-Saiyan to see him beaming right back at her. "Then again, it could just be wishful thinking on my part. You must think I'm silly."

"No. No. Not at all. I think that's a great outlook to have," Gohan quickly said, reassuring her with a wave of his hand. Resting it next to him, the spiky haired warrior in the purple gi then nodded to the girl before deciding to share his thoughts on the matter. "Life is hard and the road it lays is rough and unforgiving. For super-powered fighters like us and normal people in general, it's always better to think positive and to always try and see the lighter side of things. That's how we were able to make it so far. We've experienced so many battles and hardships that, from a normal person's point of view, would have turned us cold and sour a long time ago. But by embracing every moment of freedom and peace that we can, and experiencing as many of these moments possible, we can make the most of every single day and in turn lift the spirits of the people around us."

Videl grinned brightly at the boy's words of wisdom, "That sounds like something a super hero would say."

"Well… technically speaking, I'm not that far off from a super hero," Gohan laughed, before then turning away and scratching his chin in thought, "The idea certainly does have merit."

"O-Oh. What are you thinking now?" the raven haired girl asked while looking up at the teen in amusement.

The demi-Saiyan grinned and turned back to his best friend, "I'm considering taking up your advice of becoming a caped crusader. You know, like that guy we saw in the movies not too long ago." He then made a swishing gesture with his arm and covered the lower half of his face in a very Count Dracula-like manner, "Protecting the good from the wicked and defending Satan City in the name of justice! I am not the hero the people deserve, but I am the hero that they need. I am the Dark Knight!"

His expression and acting voice had Videl stifle a giggle before she burst out laughing altogether. Wiping away tears from how hard she'd ended up laughing moments later, the crime fighter then gave the boy a wide grin, "You can be sued for copyright, you know."

Gohan shrugged, "Alright then. I'll just come up with a new name. Let's see…" The teen looked ahead and tapped his cheek a couple of times. "It'll have to be cool; something that embodies peace and justice, but also covers up my true identity."

"Since it's already a well known fact that you fight crime alongside me as a Super Saiyan, that idea seems kind of redundant," the girl said with a shake of her head.

"I think that's a terrific name," Videl replied enthusiastically, before reaching forward and patting her friend on the hand. "But… why don't you stick with the Gold Fighter for now. It seems more appropriate, considering the boys at the station and a lot of the criminals we've brought in have already seen fit to call you that. You're a household name now, stud… and it looks like you're gonna have to live with it."

Deflating a little at the realization, the hybrid cheered up some afterwards and gave his friend a warm smile. "Alright. If that's how it's going to be, I suppose that's alright." He then took a peek down at his purple gi and tugged on it considerately. "I may need to go for a change of dress though. While this is great as a martial arts uniform, it doesn't exactly scream authority."

"As smoking hot as you are in that, it's not really something you would call standard issue. But I'm sure we'll be able to come up with something. Let's just give it a couple of days," Videl added helpfully. When she saw Gohan turn to stare at her, it took her several seconds before she realized exactly what she'd just said. Recoiling and blushing to the roots of her hair, the teen waved her hands in front of her and hastily babbled out a response. "I-I mean… even though you look good in that outfit, G-Gohan… it's not appropriate for our kind of work. Yeah." Straightening up, she quickly regained her composure. "It's good to wear when you're saving the world from monsters and stuff. But when fighting crime on the streets, you need something a little… uhh… more."

"Oh. Okay," Gohan murmured, his mind slowly working around the girl's little fumble. "Did she just say what I think she said?" He knew he didn't hear her wrong. His hearing was as good as Piccolo's, except he couldn't break through four dimensions with it. However, after taking in her elaboration of her initial remark, he quickly reasoned that it was a simple, honest slip of the tongue and went with her second act. A smile slowly returned to his face. "I'll try and find something a bit more casual then."

"That'll be good," Videl agreed, before turning to stare off towards the sun once again.

Smiling across at her, the young demi-Saiyan took a few moments to look the girl over. Trying to get a few ideas for an outfit that would be best suited for him by checking out her attire, a sudden thought rushed through his mind that had him withdraw a little. Blinking several times when fixing his attention on his partner's face, Gohan's mouth fell open in shock when he saw the crime fighter's hair whip on the wind and a glow filter across her face. The sight of her literally took his breath away for all of five seconds.

"Wow. I... never realized how cute Videl looks when she smiles," Gohan thought, tilting his head to get a better look. Cracking a warm smile as well, the Z-warrior then balked when he caught himself edging closer to the girl and looked away in embarrassment. His cheeks were flushed red.

For the next few minutes the pair continued to sit on top of that tower, enjoying the sunset. Receiving no emergency calls on their watch or hearing any sirens anywhere in the city, they decided to relax a little more and enjoy one another's company.

Glancing across at the boy discreetly, Videl, smiling fondly, slowly shuffled closer till there were
only a couple of inches of space between them. Tucking a stray hair behind her ear at the same
time, she turned to look up at him once again and whispered, "Hey, Gohan."

Turning to his left, the demi-Saiyan was caught off guard when he saw how close Videl was to
him.

He'd been so caught up in thinking that he didn't even sense her edge closer to him, which really
spoke wonders about her ability to take advantage of a person's lapse in attention. Nevertheless, the
young warrior smiled politely and acknowledged his friend's attempts to make conversation with
eye contact and respect. "What's up, Videl?"

The tomboy grinned, "How close are you to achieving the next level of Super Saiyan?" It was a
strange question to ask in that moment, but one that the Saiyan didn't do anything to dismiss.
"During the last training session we had together a few days ago, you said you weren't that far off
from actually making the jump."

"Oh, I'm… getting pretty close now," Gohan chuckled while reaching up to rub the back of his
head. "I know I'm much stronger than I was a few months ago. But it seems like this next
transformation is going to need a little something extra to push me those last few steps."
Apparently, in order for him to achieve this illusive third form in the Saiyan transformation
process, he was going to need a lot more than raw power and determination in order for him to
ascend. "I won't be able to accomplish this through brute force alone. Something more is needed. I
just… haven't figured out what that 'something' is yet."

"Well… if nothing else, at least you're trying," Videl replied, a smile pulling across her lips as she
gazed up at the dashing young man. "At the rate you're going and considering how rare you said
Super Saiyans are, I bet you'll be the first Saiyan in history to achieve the third level
transformation. If not the first Saiyan then you'll at least be the first half-Saiyan."

Gohan's expression then became filled with a mixture of both pride and delight at his friend's
supportive comments. "Yeah. That would be quite the crowning achievement." He then clenched
his fists excitedly and looked down at them. "To become the strongest Saiyan ever… man, I
wonder what that would be like." The only time he even considered going for the top spot was
when he actually started training seriously seven years ago.

But now that he was old enough to realize his dreams, aspirations and potential for success, there
was no doubt in his mind that he was more than capable of going for it himself. His father and
Vegeta had been fighting for that title for years now.

What was wrong with a little healthy competition?

"Sounds like a lot of fun," Videl answered, before suddenly leaning over and resting her head
against the boy's muscular shoulder. Though her action did certainly startle the hybrid out of his
determined reverie, he didn't react beyond a momentary jerk and a surprised blink. When he looked
down at his partner, he saw the girl sigh, relax into his side as if he were a pillow, and gaze up at
him with a soft look in her eyes. "I'll be rooting for you from the sidelines, Gohan-kun."

The demi-Saiyan considered her words for several moments, after which he spared her a gentle
smile and returned her gesture by leaning into her as well. "Thanks, Videl."

They then returned to staring over the horizon and remained there until the sun had well and truly
set over the distant hills. Needless to say, it had been a really great day.

Doing the gentlemanly thing, Gohan escorted Videl home once they'd clocked off with their chief
over the radio. Landing outside her home's front door, the pair strolled up the steps and stopped. It was here that the demi-Saiyan decided to make an announcement to his friend; one that he was certain would add some cheer to her day.

It certainly made him happy when he told her.

"Hey, Videl."

"Yes, Gohan," the teenager replied, turning around so fast that the hybrid was worried she'd throw herself off balance.

The spiky haired young man, standing beside the girl and beaming at her, finally broke to her the news he'd been dying to tell her all day. "I'll be taking the Orange Star High school entrance exam in a few days. That means when I pass, I'll be able to attend the same school as you."

Her eyes widening told Gohan she'd heard him, "No way. For real?"

"Yeah," the boy nodded, giving her the trademark Son grin as an appropriate follow-up. "I figured I could end my schooling period as a student at an actual school for a change. After thinking on it for a couple of hours, I then thought to myself what better place to end it than at the same high school my best friend is attending?"

Almost instantly the girl gasped and stepped towards the demi-Saiyan in excitement. "Wow! That's great, Gohan! You're going to ace that exam easily!" It was clear she'd wanted the boy to attend school with her for a while now, but she never got the chance to pitch the idea to him. But after hearing that he was going through with it on his own accord, it had the crime fighter jumping with joy, both on the inside and the outside. Clenching her fists, Videl pumped them excitedly, "Oh man. Erasa is going to flip!"

Chuckling at his friend's response, he then reached forward and gently nudged her in the shoulder, bringing her delighted gaze back around. "I guess I'll be seeing you soon, yeah?"

Videl nodded vigorously, her eyes shimmering, "Yes."

Giving her a wave, the gi wearing young man then started to head off. But just when he was walking down the steps, his friend called out to him.

"Uh. Gohan."

Stopping just short of the bottom step, Gohan turned around and smiled, "Yes?" When his eyes fell upon her, he saw the girl clench a fist over her chest a couple of times and an air of anxiousness fall over her.

As if grappling with a life-changing decision, the raven haired tomboy attempted to speak. "D-Do you... umm..." With a bead of sweat trickling down the side of her face and her cheeks red, you'd initially believe she had some kind of fever. "Uhh..." However, after several moments of wrestling with the words she wanted to get out, she eventually swallowed them and instead gave him a smile.

"It's nothing. I'll see you later," the crime fighter eventually said.

Confusion framed the demi-Saiyan's face for but a moment, before it was shortly replaced by his kind smile once again. "Yeah. Good night, Videl." With another wave, which earned one from his friend, Gohan turned heel and, after taking a couple more steps, he vanished in a flash of golden light.
After seeing the boy off, the human fighter slowly let herself into her home. As soon as she stepped into the well-lit entrance hall of her father's domain and shut the door behind her, Videl immediately pressed her back against the wooden surface and took several deep breaths of air. Looking up, a mixture of fright, embarrassment, and dismay filled her face as she clenched her fist tightly and banged it a few times against the frame.

She ended up hitting it so hard that she caused the entire room to shake.

"Damn it! I couldn't do it..." Videl whispered, cursing to herself several times before she ended up smacking her head back against the door, rattling it under the force of her skull.

It was as plain as the nose on her face. As of a couple of months ago, Videl had come to the realization that she was slowly but surely falling for Son Gohan... and there wasn't a damn thing she could do about it.

For years she'd spent hours hanging out with the boy; training under him, studying with him, and going out on countless adventures and excursions with him. The young Saiyan had introduced her to his family and friends, showed her a side of the world she never knew even existed, helped her to unleash her true powers and trained her in how to harness them.

Looking back on all the times they'd spent with each other, Gohan had done more things for her than any other boy could ever hope to do, and not only did he do it without question, but he didn't ask for anything in return. His selflessness and kindness was otherworldly, and on top of his friendly and incredibly benevolent nature, she'd become captivated by his personality as well.

But what she had originally thought was a deep friendship with him after all these years of knowing him was actually an attraction to his personality, one that complimented hers so well. At first it'd seemed harmless and platonic on the surface, but in truth... it was becoming something so much more than that.

It wasn't until a few months ago that Videl realized she'd become physically attracted to the demi-Saiyan as well. His dazzling smile, his striking charcoal eyes, the complexion of his face... over the past couple of years, it'd become almost impossible for the girl to deny how handsome he was. Not only that, but after seeing how fit a male specimen he actually was on the field and in their free time, she could also acknowledge without a shadow of a doubt that he had a fine body as well.

Simply the thought of her peeling away that excess layer of obstructive clothing to see exactly what he was hiding under that baggy gi filled Videl with a desire she'd never experienced before. And it scared the hell out of her because she'd never felt anything like it before and she didn't know how to handle it.

To put it simply, Gohan had in all translations of the words; captured her heart.

"Why does he have to be so God damn good-looking?!"

She had been so close! So close to asking him out on a date! But... thanks to a combination of shyness and stubbornness, her body just couldn't do it.

Feeling hot from hanging out in his presence for so long and frustrated at being unable to follow-through with her intentions, as her head started to fill with nothing but images of her crush's smile, Videl decided to take her frustrations up into her room. Hopefully she would be able to hash out these complicated feelings in her dreams...

And maybe destroy the punching bag a few times in the process.
While the daughter of the Champ mulled over her emotions in her room, many miles away, when Gohan eventually returned home later that night, he went to bed with a culmination of new thoughts and feelings on his mind.

The thoughts of Videl were one thing. That made getting to sleep almost an impossibility for him, as he tossed and turned for a better part of that entire night. However, while the images of the girl's face and sudden influx of fantasies involving her were definitely the most prominent thoughts to stick out of his mind for those few hours he spent awake, it was the things Videl had told him earlier that evening that he used to help distract himself from her, if only for a moment.

Thanks to his best friend's timely advice echoing in the deep recesses of his brain, Gohan couldn't help but spare a moment of reflection over his current training regiment and the goal he was striving towards.

Had there ever been a Super Saiyan 3 before?

He could go and ask Vegeta or his dad about it. But as far as he was concerned, he was the only Saiyan in the universe to have even gotten this far.

Thinking about it helped Gohan settle his nerves and get to sleep…

...

...

But that didn't stop Videl from popping back into his dreams later that night.

XXX

(Two days later)

Somewhere in the outermost regions of the universe, far out of reach of the planet earth and the Milky Way galaxy, there floated a portion of space taken straight out of a sci-fi film. Out here, a vast collection of galaxies of all shapes and sizes were gathered, from spiral and elliptical masses to irregular and peculiar formations, all of which were orbiting an enormous nebula millions of times larger than any other in existence. The arrangement of cloud, dust and gas was simply massive, almost resembling the 'Pillars of Creation' segment of the Eagle Nebula, making this part of the universe a one of a kind.

It was so crowded with stars and galaxies that it made it impossible to sense life forces or energy signatures, no matter how hard one focused. This made it an ideal hiding place.

It was around here, floating on the very precipice of this region, where all of the galaxies and the freak quasar sat in plain sight, there floated a lone planet. Heavily resembling the earth, the planet had a cloud of green gas surrounding it with multiple spiral arms protruding from the wafting mass. Since the planetoid itself was sitting in the center of the cloud ring, it gave the world an overall galaxy like appearance. There were also a couple of moons orbiting it, illustrating the kind of gravitational pull it had amidst the clusters of galaxies.

Moving in through the debris and satellites, a breathable atmosphere encircled the world, providing shelter and home to an abundance of wildlife from all across the quadrant. Furthermore, over the lush, forest covered surface that would put the planet Pandora itself to shame, at the northernmost pole of the globe, sat an enormous castle.

Fantastical in its design, this structure towered over the dozens of mountains, plateaus and lakes
surrounding it, with the castle itself having a very mountainous-like appearance. Various pillars and bridges made up its exterior, which had an abundance of plant-life growing on it, with the very center building being made of black metal, molded into a skyscraper befitting the home of an emperor.

At the very top of the castle that was as big as a small city was the throne room. An open air, wide and circular room with the king's seat elevated on a platform in the very center of the floor space, a series of pillars were set up around the perimeter to hold up the roof, all of which had very royal, artistic qualities to them. The circular balcony giving a superb view of the world beyond the railings, there was also a tasteful skylight on the ceiling, bringing light to the middle of the chamber.

Over at the front of the room, which also served as the control center for the entire castle, past the stone table and towards the perimeter balcony, the entrance to a private terrace with its own spring was built. The silk drapes pulled back and tied to the support pillars of the archway, two figures could be seen out on this sky rise patio.

Standing by the entrance at attention like a glorified sentry/butler, an old Namekian with dark green skin and yellow patches, dressed in red and white robes, and wearing a white turban, had taken up guard duty at the archway with a towel draped over his arm. His eyes directed ahead of him, he seemed completely ignorant of the two birds that fluttered down from the nearby tree to roost on his shoulder.

The other figure, appearing as nothing but a silhouette against the backdrop of the fantastical, forest covered horizon and the steam lifting out of the hot spring in front of them, was currently standing in a shallow pool underneath a hot waterfall, naked as the day they were born. From the Namekian's position, no other details could be made out due to the hot mist hanging around them.

However, that was soon to change when, in another part of the chamber, a section of floor opened up and a collection of figures rose into view. Transported by the elevator, their arrival was quickly acknowledged by the Namekian guard, who turned towards the figure bathing under the waterfall.

"Cal has returned…" the Namekian spoke in a rough voice, before his eyes narrowed, "With guests."

It was his last words that had the figure's head turn.

Amidst the approaching footsteps, grunting and struggling could be heard, as three figures walked out of the shadows and into the light pouring in through the archway. Once they emerged from the darkness, two aliens; one a tall, bald, purple-skinned figure and another short, blue alien with a big black nose, both dressed in specially designed, green and black armor of the Planet Trade Organization, were forced into the spotlight with their hands tied behind them by an eight-foot tall warrior dressed in black, figure-hugging plated armor and wearing a smooth helmet with a red, V-shaped visor.

The heavy footsteps of the tall, armored figure echoed throughout the room before he stopped at the steps and forced the two men onto their knees, both of them beaten to a pulp and bleeding from various wounds.

Considering the imposing form of their captor, the pair obviously never stood a chance.

"Gah! Where the hell are we?" the purple-skinned alien spoke, coughing up blood all over the floor. "D-Damn it."
"What kind of bullshit… is this?" the blue alien also choked out, trying his best to look up through the searing pain he was in.

Before their questions could be answered, another floor section opened up nearby and three more figures rose up from the floor. Stepping off of the platform the instant it stopped, a young female warrior with long, spiky brown hedgehog-like hair, with brown skin, and adorned in a dark blue, one-piece spandex uniform cut to show off her ample cleavage, wearing white gloves and boots with yellow tips on the ends, strolled towards the archway.

The two men kneeling on the ground saw her glance their way and, after receiving a hard glare from her, watched as she walked over to one of the arch's pillars and leant up against it. It was here she folded her arms and went on to continue staring at them with unpleasantness reflected in her gaze.

This then led to the group's captives looking across at the other two figures, who also stepped into view shortly afterwards.

"Hey, Cal. I heard you just came back a few minutes ago. Did you run into any trouble while you were out?" the voice of a female spoke up, before a tall, humanoid woman with short brown hair, and wearing red-rimmed glasses, a similar blue one-piece spandex suit, with dark, flexible, figure-hugging Saiyan armor decorated with shoulder and hip pauldrons, stepped into the light. While she did appear fully human at first, the two prisoners then noticed she had an extra pair of cat ears protruding from her hair and a long brown feline tail with a white tip waving behind her, illustrating her delight.

Chewing on a toothpick, the woman glanced down at the two beaten-up soldiers and grinned, "Oh. I'll take that as a no."

The moment she spoke, the second person standing behind her waddled forward. When he did, the two prisoners spotted a large, nine-foot tall, very rotund balloon man with completely white skin, two black eyes and cat ears, shuffle into view. Making a 'squishy' sound with every step he took, the inflated person stopped directly behind his partner and, after inspecting the pair, turned to the cat woman inquisitively.

"Beep."

The humanoid feline alien chuckled in response, "No, Mobi. You don't need to waste your energy healing these guys. They're just Frieza's scum."

"Beep."

"You won't have to look at them for too long. I'm sure her highness will make an example of them soon enough," the tall warrior continued.

Growling at the woman's brash words, the purple-skinned alien snapped heatedly in her direction, "When I get out of this, I swear I'm going to kill all of you!"

Cat ears twitching, the tall, shapely woman snorted, "Yeah. I'm sure you will." She then showed the man her shoulder and stuck her nose into the air conceitedly. "If Cal was able to beat you two single-handedly, then you two knuckleheads don't stand a chance against the four of us… let alone our leader."

The hunched over, blue man with the swollen eye blinked when he caught onto that last part. "And who exactly… is your leader?"
"There's only one true leader that we obey… and that is our Lord Frieza!" the purple alien shouted vehemently, before turning to glare at the towering, armored man behind him. So far, besides throwing them to the floor, the guy now identified as Cal had done nothing to shut them up and was continuing to stand there like a statue. "He is the undisputed ruler… of all of space… and the most powerful being in the universe! No warrior… can compare to his magnificence!"

"Oh. I seriously doubt that."

A new voice. But this one didn't come from the people who'd just entered the room.

Looking ahead, the two men on the ground saw the figure standing underneath the waterfall outside wave off their hair and turn around. Easily recognizing the shapely silhouette belonging to a woman, they watched the female stroll out from under the cascading stream and saunter up the stairs. Taking the towel held out to her by the Namekian guard, they then watched her dry off her hair and wrap it around her body, securing it tightly.

By the time she stopped in front of them, dripping wet, the two soldiers saw exactly who it was that was addressing them.

The voice and apparent leader of the group was a slender young, humanoid woman around eighteen years old, with tanned, smooth skin, a shapely, fit body, and had long, shoulder-length black hair that grew down behind her with two long bangs hanging on either side of her head. Even though she was dripping wet and only wearing a towel, it didn't at all detract from her imposing image. In fact, from the way she stood over them, with her sharp, beautiful eyes fixed on them in a glare, and her form outlined by the mountains and cosmos behind her, she definitely possessed the air of a ruler.

The amount of killing intent she was giving off also added to her intensity.

It was almost suffocating just how much there was.

Once she was certain she'd gotten their attention, the woman placed her hands on her hips and fixed the two prisoners with the most potent death stare they'd ever encountered. "Sorbet and Tagoma I presume; elite soldiers of the Planet Trade Organization formerly under Frieza's rule and the two men responsible for butchering over ten billion people on several different planets."

Shaking themselves out of their respective dazes, the purple skinned soldier named Tagoma gritted his teeth and sneered at the woman, "Yeah? What does that matter to you, bitch?"

The raven haired warrior spared the elite a careless glance, before then deciding to address both of them at the same time. "Nothing, really. I simply wish to acquire information from the two of you regarding the death of your former master. Seeing as how the entire Ginyu Force was destroyed as well as the rest of Frieza's family several years ago, you two are my next best option."

The blue Sorbet spat to the side in disgust, "Like we'd ever tell you anything."

A careless shrug came from the young interrogator, "While it's true I'm not the most persuasive person in the universe, I do have my methods." She then craned her head a little towards the prisoners and threw them an inquisitive look. "That of course all depends on how cooperative you two are going to be."

Tagoma smirked, blood dribbling out of the corner of his mouth, "Do your worst."

The woman with the cat features standing off to the side raised an eyebrow and smiled, "Ooh. This one knows how to play hard ball."
Expression unchanging, the raven haired interrogator glanced up at the armored man standing behind the two. As soon as her eyes met his, the dark warrior stepped forward and punched both across their faces, causing them to splatter blood across the tiled floor. When the two were done spluttering and seeing stars, they looked back towards their towed questioner to see her raise her head.

"Are you going to cooperate now?"

Sorbet glared hatefully at the woman, "Why the… hell… do you want to learn about… Lord Frieza's death?"

A grunt from the boss immediately followed the question, "Simple. Because not too long ago, your beloved master and former intergalactic emperor destroyed my home planet and wiped out my entire race." The moment she answered their inquiry, the pair kneeling in front of her then saw something wiggle out from behind her and, upon focusing on it, their eyes widened in disbelief.

It was a tail… and a very distinct one at that.

"Y-You're…" Sorbet began, swallowing hard, "You're a Saiyan?"

"Bingo," the woman replied, allowing her furry appendage to curl around her waist protectively while she continued to address the prisoners. "And I'm not the only one. My subordinate Maya over there…" She nodded to the other visitor to the room leaning against the archway, "She's a Saiyan too." When all eyes turned to the dark skinned warrior, they saw the brown, furry belt unravel and wave in the air beside her.

It was a sight that had the two warriors gawk for several seconds, before looks of hatred and disgust filled their faces.

"You monkey scum…" Tagoma growled.

"You dare raise a hand against Lord Frieza's elite!" Sorbet immediately followed up, before snarling at the towel clad woman, "Filthy, backwater garbage! A weak race like yours isn't fit to be in the same room as us! You should be thanking Lord Frieza for letting your people live for as long as they did-ACK!" The man was silenced when the woman's tail suddenly came around and slapped him across the face, smacking his head to the side and knocking a couple of teeth out. Stunned and bleeding even more, the blue man turned back around to stare up at the now even more pissed off hostess. "Y-You dare…"

"Yes. I dare," the raven haired lord replied while her tail waved in the air in front of her. Upon seeing the men sneer, she lifted her nose at them, "And let me tell you this… if you believe that my race is weak, you're sadly mistaken. The proof is standing right in front of you."

"Please," Tagoma said with a smirk quickly returning to his face, "If you didn't have your big, bad bodyguard here… the two of us would be able to destroy you single-handedly…"

Eyes flickering momentarily at the challenge, the raven haired woman stared at them unnervingly for several long seconds. After looking both of them in the eyes, she then glanced up at the armored man in black armor.

At first the two prisoners thought they were going to get hit again, and the other people standing around the room, Maya included, believed their leader was going to turn them loose and beat them into the ground. But just when it seemed like something exciting was going to happen, the towering Cal pulled out two scouter from behind him, a classic blue one and a full visor version,
and slipped them on their respective owners.

Still bound and confused by what was happening, the two battered aliens then looked up to see the towel clad woman nod towards them. "Those are the current model power scanners used by your branch of the Planet Trade Organization, yes?" She then gestured to their equipment, "Go ahead. Take a quick peak if you like."

The two elites frowning suspiciously, they then nudged their scouters with their shoulders and activated them. A series of beeping sounds rang out when their fiber glass trackers locked onto the woman in front of them and a series of numbers came up. When it was done processing, the two men simultaneously smirked.

In a way, they were satisfied.

"Power level: ten?" Tagoma chuckled.


It was then the two soldiers were silenced by the smile that formed on the girl's face. As soon as she caught their attention, the towel clad warrior stepped back a little and lowered her head, causing a sinister shadow to cast over her eyes.

"Check again," she said, before closing her eyes and exhaling deeply.

Her actions confused her audience members. But when the two Planet Trade soldiers saw currents of electricity suddenly shoot up her body and crackle off of her, they instantly knew something was up.

Sweating a bit when a couple of bolts shot right past their heads, the pair's scouters lit up on their own accord. Paying close attention to the numbers that flickered past, their eyes then widened considerably at the readings that flashed into view seconds later. By the time their visors finished crunching the digits, both of them were sweating bullets.

Jaw dropping, Sorbet choked, "I-Impossible…"

"A hundred and twenty million?" Tagoma exclaimed, unable to believe what he was seeing. "Th-That's Lord Frieza's maximum!"

Smiles formed on the faces of the people standing around the room. This went double for the woman standing before her stunned captives, "And that's only fifty percent of my base power level." It was then the raven haired girl grunted and a white aura suddenly exploded off of her like a flame. This caused the scouters the two soldiers were wearing to go haywire, before they overloaded and exploded, causing their users to wince when the parts scattered across the tiled floor. Upon seeing them go off, the glowing woman frowned and allowed her aura to fade. "Hm. I'm disappointed. It seems that your current models can only go up to two hundred million. What a shame."

Snarling angrily, Sorbet snapped, "I-It's a trick! You… You must have tampered with our scouters somehow! Yeah! That's it!"

"There's no way a Saiyan's power level can ever get that high! Not in a million years!" Tagoma followed up with just as much fury.

The group leader chuckled at their babbling, "Oh. I assure you, it can." She then gave the pair a very foul looking smile that had the duo pull back fearfully. "Because you see… I'm not an
ordinary Saiyan. Neither is my friend over there. The two of us have long since ascended beyond the limitations of our race's capabilities and after years of adapting and surviving in the harshest environments imaginable, have tapped into a higher level of power that hasn't been seen for thousands of years." Her eyes flickered devilishly the moment she finished her brief tirade. "Have you ever heard of the legend of the Super Saiyan?"

Tagoma and Sorbet's eyes widened.

"Wait… you don't mean…" the latter choked out.

"Allow me to demonstrate." Sparing them one last smile, the raven haired woman's expression then darkened as she took a step back. As soon as she did so, her face scrunched up into one of concentration and bolts of electricity started to run up her body. The two hostages and the others standing around her then proceeded to watch silently as the ground began to shake and a radioactive, golden glow started to waft off of the girl's damp body. A loud rumbling echoing out as the castle proceeded to be shaken off of its foundations, the intensity of the atmosphere was swiftly amplified when, in a blinding flash of light, a golden aura exploded around the woman and engulfed her completely. Her hair spiked up and turned blonde, and her eyes flashed teal.

Her transformation was marked by a powerful gust of wind that washed over the two captives. While both of them appeared stricken with terror, the woman's lieutenants merely looked on with either interest or indifference.

A hologram of a scouter appearing over her left eye and beginning to flicker with lights, Kure glanced down at the numbers that appeared and smiled, "300,000,000 riki… not bad. It's even greater than last time." She then looked across at the two gawking warriors, whose attention quickly snapped towards her when they heard the number. "Or, according to the scouters used by Frieza and Cooler's armies, that's approximately 12,000,000,000 on the imperial scale."

The ever jittery Sorbet was flabbergasted, "What? Y-You've gotta be kidding me…"

As her aura warped around her, the powered up leader spoke while her expression remained stone cold serious, "This golden aura is the defining trait of the Saiyan of legend; the most powerful warrior in the universe and the very form that was once thought to be a mere myth. But as you can see… after experiencing much pain and hardship… I've crossed the threshold and gained mastery over this awesome power." She allowed her words to sink into their prisoners. Then, after several seconds had past, a smirk tugged at the corner of her mouth. "But… even this form has been surpassed."

"Huh?" Tagoma and Sorbet looked at her in bewilderment.

The second they did so, the Saiyan leader removed her hands from her hips and, clenching her fists, powered up a second time. Much like her first transformation, this one produced a shockwave that blasted the two prisoners in the face and shook the ground. In an instant, her aura intensified and became sharper, and was accompanied by streams of blue electricity running up and down her body. On top of her increased bio-field, her hair stood on end, literally defying gravity, and spiked up towards the sky, leaving her two side bangs hanging on either side of her face. Her expression becoming more defined and serious, the woman's eyes also turned a dark turquoise.

As soon as she finished powering up, the glowing female continued to hold her stance. Remarkably enough, despite the amount of energy bellowing off of her, the towel she had wrapped around her remained modestly fastened to her body.

"W-What the hell," Sorbet exclaimed, unable to comprehend what was going on.
Even though they couldn't sense power levels, they could literally feel how much more powerful the woman had become from the way the atmosphere intensified. The amount of energy she was giving up was literally palpable.

The Saiyan leader's glare tightened as soon as her transformation was complete, "This is a level of Super Saiyan that has ascended beyond that of a Super Saiyan." Currents of electricity zapping off of her, the super-powered woman smiled, "Or, as my subordinate Kure likes to call it, a Super Saiyan 2."

Maya, having remained quiet throughout the entire demonstration thus far, threw a dirty look over at the cat woman from her position by the archway.

The recipient of the glare simply grinned and wagged her tail playfully in her companion's direction. "Hey, don't give me that look. I thought the name suited it quite well."

The brown haired, silent party frowned and promptly looked away, "Pft. Whatever."

Giving a very mature giggle at her friend's pouty face, Kure looked back towards her boss and scanned her power level once again. When the readings came up, she arced an eyebrow, "Oh my. 500,000,000 riki. By my calculations, that's well over 24,000,000,000."

Completely ignoring the comments being thrown around her, the transformed warrior then clenched her fists even tighter and, assuming a wider stance, smirked at the two stunned soldiers. "And now… the final curtain." Her expression tightening up a third time, the woman's aura blasted off of her at an even greater rate and, with a loud growl, her energy level started to climb.

As it did, the castle, the countryside, hell… the entire planet began to shake as the gravity inside of the chamber started to go crazy. The two lackeys kneeling on the ground were nearly blown away when an invisible repulsive force struck them headlong, with the other audience members having to brace themselves against the storm that followed. To accompany the loud rumbling sound of the planet being rocked to its core, bolts of lightning shot off of the female Saiyan's aura as it blazed away like the sun itself, a cry of agony leaving her lips as her hair started to elongate in direct correlation to the amount of power she was steadily producing.

Outside, the clouds above the castle formed into a vortex, birds were startled from their roosts, and the moons orbiting the planet were suddenly shifted out of alignment as shockwave after shockwave rippled from the northernmost point of the globe. Judging from the way the world was trembling, you could swear the entire thing was going to explode.

However, just when it seemed like the planet would split in two, the female Saiyan finished her power up with an almighty howl; her scream echoing across the mountain ranges as a blinding flash of light blasted the room.

Everyone had to shield themselves from the hot wind and the energy burst that hit them. When the tempest finally died down shortly afterwards and everyone looked back towards the center of the cataclysm, the jaws of the two prisoners dropped at what they saw.

Standing in an electric golden aura with blue bolts of lightning crackling off of her body, the female Saiyan had gone through yet another startling transformation. However, instead of having her golden hair standing on end, it had instead pulled back and grown down to around knee height. On top of that, all of the locks were spiky and shining, almost as if they were radioactive. While most of it had grown behind her, only two bangs continued to hang on either side of her face, the latter of which had become hardened with killing intent and, not only had her irises developed pupils, but her eyebrows had disappeared.
This gave her a much fiercer appearance, and with the way gravity seemed to waft around her along with the wind that emitted from her new form, it was almost like she'd become a whole other being.

"Behold," the girl spoke, her voice raspy and noticeably lower in tone, "A technique known to only a handful of Saiyans in history; the Golden Mane Super Saiyan, otherwise known as a Super Saiyan 3."

At first baffled by her transformation, Tagoma quickly gathered his senses and shouted at her, "I don't care if it's called the Golden Haired Monkey Freak! So what?! You changed your hair and shaved your eyebrows! What difference does that make?"

Expression unchanging in the face of the man's anger, the glowing, female warrior then stepped to the side and gestured to the archway behind her. When he saw her move, the Namekian servant standing out on the terrace moved inside and out of the woman's line of fire. This gave both her and the two prisoners a clear view of the horizon beyond the balcony, and the enormous nebula floating beyond the planet's reach.

Upon gesturing their attention towards the transparent sky, the Super Saiyan girl spoke, "That enormous collection of gas and dust is called the 'Second Celestial Gateway of Vulpan', also known as the 'Doorway of the Gods', which is situated on the very edge of the Northern Quadrant. For countless eons that enormous quasar has given birth to thousands of galaxies and stars, all of which were molded and shaped into existence within its fiery, chaotic mass. It is a remnant of the great calamity that created this universe and the mother of many galaxies that we know of today." She then pointed to one of the random galaxies in question; a spiral cluster that was currently the closest to their world. "That system floating in front of us is referred to by the people of Dorgal as the Drssa Galaxy, which came into existence two billion years ago."

The pair of nervous soldiers acknowledged the brief astronomy lecture with suspicion. But before either of them could ask why she was telling them this, they suddenly saw her bring two fingers up and, producing a golden sheath of energy around the tips, pointed it through the archway and fired a highly concentrated ball of energy. The attack shot out of the chamber, over the terrace, through the atmosphere, and towards the galaxy. A split second later, an explosion bigger than any the two soldiers had ever seen lit up the core of the spiral galaxy and incinerated the entire mass in the blink of an eye. The hyper nova consumed eighty percent of the cluster, while sending whatever remaining stars hurtling into space in all directions.

Moments later, the explosion faded, leaving nothing but a ball of fire hanging in a vacuum, which slowly started to dissipate.

Lowering her arm to her side, the super powered Saiyan empress frowned, "It took a billion years to create that galaxy. I just destroyed it in less than ten seconds." She powered down shortly afterwards, leaving the girl standing there with a bead of sweat trickling down her face and her eyes fixed on the startled pair, "An empty galaxy with enormous potential to create new life, gone in the blink of an eye. Now, if I could do that to an entire star system without even flinching, think about how inconsequential your deaths will be once I'm through with you." It only took her a few steps before her shadow fell over the two hapless soldiers.

The faces the pair wore almost made it look like they were about to wet their pants. It seemed like a sure eventuality too, until one of them nutted up and decided to speak.

Sorbet swallowed heavily, "W-Who are you?"

The now powered-down Saiyan craned her head and lifted her nose at the two neophytes. "My
name is Sandra. I am the Empress of the New Saiyan Empire, ruler of the Planet Corvus, guardian of the Vulpan Quadrant, and the most powerful warrior in the universe." Her eyes narrowed sharply as she glared at the pair. "There is not a creature alive that is stronger than me… not even your former master."

The Namekian guard, cringing at the girl's long-winded introduction, leaned over and whispered towards his companion leaning against the pillar, "She's more uptight than usual today."

Hearing him loud and clear, Maya nodded in agreement, "If you ask me, she really needs to get a boyfriend."

By this point in time, the bolder of the two elite soldiers had finally had enough with this situation. As impressive an air as this woman was putting on for them, it did little in silencing his tongue. He was a loyalist through and through, and when someone else that wasn't his beloved master was making claims of superiority and leadership in the universe, there was no possible way he could remain quiet.

This Saiyan's words were blasphemy to him and he was going to put a stop to her the only way he could.

With good, old-fashioned shouting.

Tagoma snarled, "Fuck you, you wretched, Saiyan whor-

These were the only words that managed to leave his lips before Sandra, with her hands resting comfortably on her hips, effortlessly threw a roundhouse kick and sliced the alien's head clean off of his shoulders. A spray of blood later and the topless body collapsed to the floor, hitting it with a dull thud.

While Sorbet shrieked at the sight of his comrade's swift death, Kure made a whistling sound to show how impressed she was at the display, while the white balloon man standing behind her tilted his head observantly.

"Beep."

"I agree. Ten points," the cat woman replied cheerfully.

After watching the rather brutal execution of the prisoner, Maya allowed a smile to cross her lips as she then glanced across at the old Namekian warrior standing nearby. "Looks like you've got some more cleaning to do, huh Gast?"

The green skinned warrior sighed and closed his eyes, "It certainly seems that way… yes."

Glancing down at the headless corpse, the armored Cal then looked towards their remaining prisoner, the blue-skinned man freaking out when all eyes in the room quickly fell upon him. Turning back to his hostess, he saw the terrifying woman fix her death glare squarely onto him.

Rotating slightly, the towel clad Saiyan nodded in the remaining captive's direction, "Here's the deal. If you tell me everything you know about Lord Frieza's death, I will let you go."

Sweating bullets, the scaly man gulped, "P-Promise."

"I swear on my honor as a Saiyan warrior that I will not harm you."
Considering this the best window he could possibly ask for after seeing the performance she'd put on just moments ago, the trembling Sorbet sucked in his pride and blurted out what he knew. "O-Okay! Okay, okay! Lord Frieza met his end over twelve years ago on the Planet Namek, along with his lieutenants Zarbon, Dodoria, and the entire Ginyu Force. That's what the officers of the planet we were stationed on at the time told us, and we went out in search of our master. By the time we were done sifting through the debris and hopping from planet to planet, we learned that his father and brother had died as well. We were heading to the outland areas of the northern quadrant looking for a way to revive our emperor, but we were captured by your bodyguard and brought here. Th-That's all I know. That's all I know. I swear!" His shouting ceased moments later when he tensed up and prepared for the worst.

But when no thrashing came, the short, elite warrior looked up to see the Saiyan female nod her head in understanding and, turning heel with an accentuated sashay of her hips, began walking back towards the terrace. The sight of her strolling away from him gripped and held Sorbet's attention, his face pale and frozen with fear.

"Okay. You can go."

The mercenary blinked in immediate surprise, "R-Really?"

There was a brief moment of pause, followed shortly by an answer. "I said that I would let you go, so I am." Sandra then stopped and waved over her shoulder flippantly. "Have a safe trip."

At first left entirely speechless, when he felt the energy suppressing cuffs keeping his hands tied behind him were removed by the black armored warrior, Sorbet soon realized she was being truthful. Taking his chance, the blue alien quickly leapt to his feet and, ignoring his grievous injuries, began scampering towards the nearest exit. Seeing as how there were archways everywhere, he had plenty to choose from.

His feet pattering along the ground, the elite under Frieza's banner dashed as fast as he could away from the group. A smile appeared on his sweat covered face as he neared closer and closer to the furthest balcony. Freedom was well and truly in sight.

However, just when he was only a few feet away, a loud bang filled the air followed instantly by Sorbet's head exploding like a water balloon. His body crashed to the ground a split second later, along with a splatter of blood.

All eyes in the area soon turned from the second headless body towards the terrace entrance, where they saw Maya standing there with a finger extended in the direction of the once retreating foe. Upon taking him out, she retracted her gloved hand and blew on her finger, almost as if she'd just fired a gun.

"I really do love a moving target," the brown haired woman exclaimed in a chipper tone.

Kure, regarding the now dead Sorbet for a couple of moments, then looked over at the Saiyan with a slightly disappointed look. "Why did you do that? Sandra said he could go free."

"Yes. Sandra said he could. That doesn't mean that I said he could," Maya replied, crossing her arms again before turning to watch her leader and friend stroll past, a smile visible on her face as well. "Besides. The man had it coming. Those two scumbags have killed more men and women then you can even begin to count, so there was no way I was going to let someone like that leave here with their life."

Her answer had the cat girl shrug in understanding, "Hm. Fair enough." She then deactivated her
holographic scouter and removed the bud from her ear.

The sight of the clearly amused, luscious Saiyan female in the towel had the one standing by the post chuckle in amusement, "That was fun. We should do that again sometime." She was obviously impressed by the show her leader had put on, as indicated by her waving tail.

"Yes. Too bad they didn't have any new information that could assist us in tracking down the ones who destroyed Frieza," the Saiyan Empress replied, a frown appearing on her face once again.

Maya gave a brief chortle at her friend's dejected mood, "You still have your heart set on finding those guys, huh?"

The raven haired warrior's fist clenched tightly as she glared across the garden outside her throne room. "A Saiyan of unknown origins and status fought and bested Frieza in combat. On top of that, it was a Super Saiyan outside of our group that performed the deed." Sandra then narrowed her eyes dangerously as she set her sights on the distant stars surrounding the nebula. "The opportunity to kill Frieza was a desire held by many in the universe, myself included. He was a monster that didn't deserve the mercy of a swift death. I don't care how long it takes me or how many of that lizard's subordinates I have to go through. I will find the Super Saiyan responsible for destroying him and make them pay for taking that right away from me." With that said the raven haired girl breathed a sigh of exhaustion and sauntered on, proceeding down the steps through the arch and carelessly removing the towel wrapped around her. Allowing it to drop to the floor, the naked warrior stepped through the waterfall and towards the steaming hot pool in the middle of the garden. "I'm going to take a dip in the springs. Do me a favor and take out the trash, would you Gast?"

The Namekian bowed, "Of course, your highness." He then turned away from the terrace entryway and proceeded to gather up the bodies.

After watching the curvaceous young female Saiyan submerge herself in the hot water, Kure scratched the back of her head and sighed, before then sparing a glance towards the still silent Cal. When she saw the masked, armored warrior turn towards her, the woman shrugged.

"That's one way of interrogating someone," the towering guard finally spoke in a low voice, earning a grin from his cat-eared companion.

If nothing else, blowing up that empty galaxy was a nice touch.

(TM BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: Well, that was a whole bunch of fun. Zeru's dead, Goten's learned how to control his Super Saiyan transformation, and then you have some more development in Gohan and Videl's relationship. I wonder who will ask who out on a date first?

And then you have some foreshadowing into a group that will be showing up a little bit later in the story. There's a group living on a planet in a system that is under their jurisdiction, and they're calling themselves the New Saiyan Empire, despite the fact there are only two of them. And the one that's spearheading this group is a really powerful Saiyan. They have a back story that will be explained later onwards when their arc comes around, so until then you can imagine how they got there.

The two that were mentioned, Sandra and Maya, can be seen on the title cover of this story. I think they look pretty cool. And they present another problem the Z-fighters will have to contend with
sometime in the future. Don't worry. There are a couple more arcs before they arrive, so the Z-fighters have plenty of time to get stronger before their arrival.

Oh yeah, and those two prisoners, Tagoma and Sorbet, they supposedly appear in the upcoming Dragonball Z: F movie to bring back Frieza stronger than ever. Well, I just have one thing to say to that. (Sticks up middle finger) There you go.

Anyway, now that Zeru is out of the way, it's time to move on to the next arc. Expect more Gohan/Videl romance in the next chapter.

And just to keep up to date:

### Power Levels:

**Old Scouter Power levels:**

- Frieza (100 Percent Full Power): 120,000,000

  xxx

- Sandra (Suppressed): 10

- Sandra (50 Percent Base): 120,000,000

- Sandra (Full Power Base): 240,000,000

- Sandra (Super Saiyan): 12,000,000,000

- Sandra (Super Saiyan 2): 24,000,000,000

- Sandra (Super Saiyan 3): 120,000,000,000

(Right, I know, it's kind of screwy. The V-jump and daizenshuu releases gives you a whole bunch of power levels, which then becomes very vague after the Namek Saga. You look on the official website and the list just stops after the Namek Saga, so everything is just speculation after that. Apparently everyone has their own lists and multipliers that they go by, so it doesn't matter how accurate they are as long as they give it to you straight. You've got the old scouter power levels used by Frieza's Empire that calculate power levels through the **imperial system** and then you have the **riki system** developed by Seirei and used by the core galaxies. It's sort of like the metric system in a way.)

  xxx

**Riki Power Levels:**

**Strongest Z-Fighters:**

- Piccolo (Full Power) – 200,000,000 riki

  xxx

- Paprika – 24,000,000 riki

- Paprika (Super Makyan) – 240,000,000 riki
Vegeta – 25,000,000 riki
Vegeta (Super Saiyan) – 250,000,000 riki
Vegeta (Super Saiyan 2) – 450,000,000 riki

Zangya – 25,000,000 riki
Zangya (Full Power) – 250,000,000 riki
Zangya (Super Hera) – 450,000,000 riki

Gohan – 26,000,000 riki
Gohan (Super Saiyan) – 260,000,000 riki
Gohan (Super Saiyan 2) – 460,000,000 riki

**New Saiyan Empire:**

Gast (Super Namekian) – 200,000,000 riki

Kure (Kio-Jin Race) – 470,000,000 riki

Cal (Sura Race) – 470,000,000 riki

Maya – 28,000,000 riki
Maya (Super Saiyan) – 280,000,000 riki
Maya (Super Saiyan 2) – 480,000,000 riki

Sandra – 30,000,000 riki
Sandra (Super Saiyan) – 300,000,000 riki
Sandra (Super Saiyan 2) – 500,000,000 riki
Sandra (Super Saiyan 3) – 1,500,000,000 riki
Otherworld:

Pikkon (w/weighted clothing) – 25,000,000 riki

Pikkon (Full Power) – 250,000,000 riki

xxx

Goku – 25,500,000 riki

Goku (Super Saiyan) – 255,000,000 riki

Goku (Super Saiyan 2) – 455,000,000 riki

xxx

Zeru – 800,000,000 riki
God of Storms Arc - God of Storms

Dragonball Z

Legacies

God of Storms

Deep in the recesses of space, billions of light years away from a system containing any life whatsoever, a collection of galaxies, quasars and solar systems had become a stage for the greatest battle the universe had ever seen. Explosions the size of supernovas going off one after the other throughout the vacuum like a gratuitous fireworks display, these enormous blasts marked the path of two otherworldly warriors as they battled across the celestial plains. Even after hours of constant fighting, these superhuman figures hadn't even begun to let up, and continued battering each other with power capable of dispelling entire suns.

The two fighters taking the forms of blue and golden streaks of light respectively, the pair danced across the emptiness of space, engaged in a vicious exchange of blows. Shockwaves and blasts ringing out as they collided with one another over and over, the two of them then flew away from each other before rocketing back towards a single point, corkscrewing across the solar system before slamming into one another with terrifying force.

Their impact causing a nearby terrestrial planet to shatter into rubble, the glowing blue figure slipped away from the golden warrior for distance. Taking aim at them and powering up for only a couple of seconds, the shadowy entity enveloped in blue raised their hand and unleashed a barrage of countless energy spheres from their hand, which left their palm in a spray and threatened to knock the other fighter out of the sky. When the golden entity managed to avoid them, the barrage ended up impacting a nebula in the backward, causing several colossal hyper novas that wiped out the cloud of gas.

After missing, the blue figure shot off to another solar system, arcing over an asteroid belt and turning around. As soon as they did, the golden figure flew right at them and engaged, several more shockwaves ringing out as they traded lethal blows. Their dance continued as they traveled towards another star, where they ended up attacking one another with reckless abandon. Upon which they then locked into a grappling match and continued to ascend.

While the blue fighter remained encased in a shadowy black cloud inside their aura, their red eyes piercing through the darkness of their veil, the golden figure revealed themselves to be a humanoid male with long black hair tied into a long ponytail in a white trench coat, wearing samurai battle armored, a headband, and wielding a long, silver spear with golden embellishments. When the raven haired male jammed the staff under the black figure’s chin, he growled, held him firm, and glared over the creature's shoulder in desperation.

"BEERUS! NOW!"

As soon as he screamed, a glowing purple bolt suddenly shot out from behind a gaseous giant and rocketed towards the black entity's blind spot. Taking the form of a purple, anthropomorphic cat with large yellow eyes and adorned in Egyptian garb, the noticeably battered and bleeding warrior let out a yell as he charged an orange sphere of energy in his palm and prepared to ram it into the pinned enemy's spine.

However, just as the white-robed fighter was holding the black figure at bay, the demon's eyes
flashed a bright red and narrowed upon his opponent. The spear wielder recoiling in shock, the samurai God suddenly received a face full of fire when two golden blasts were fired from the creature's eyes and drilled into his body like a blow torch. A split second later, an explosion took place that sent the robed warrior hurrying across the cosmos, allowing the black figure to spin around and lock horns with the approaching Beerus.

Pitching the energy sphere at the dark fighter, the humanoid cat God attempted to shoot him out of the sky, only for the evil deity to dodge it before charging back at him. In a flash of light, the two streaked past each other with a glancing blow, a shockwave reverberating across the solar system before they began to duke it out at close range. The purple and blue streaks of light intersected one another along the same path, circling and attempting to shoot the other out of the air. However, while Beerus definitely put up one hell of a fight, his opponent was far faster and stronger than he was.

When the humanoid cat attempted to kick at the black shadow that was his foe, the creature evaded and countered with a punch across the eager warrior's face, sending him into a spin.

As soon as the entity kicked the purple-skinned fighter away, it raised both hands towards him and opened fire with a ruthless barrage of golden energy blasts. The attacks ripped through the vacuum towards Beerus at blinding speed, forcing the man to evade as best as he could. Arcing across the sky in a furious lap, the salvo of energy attacks shot past the humanoid cat and ended up decimating an entire spiral galaxy behind him. The individual ki blasts struck the cluster of infinite stars and planets, blowing them up and wiping the entire stellar system from existence, leaving behind nothing but fire and dust.

After watching another galaxy get taken out, the frustrated and exhausted Beerus shouted across the vacuum, "Enyo! Take him out!"

Kneeling on the northernmost pole of a nearby terrestrial planet, an Elven woman dressed in Roman battle armor and armed with a long bow, drew back on the string and began gathering energy. Absorbing an entire nebula floating billions of miles away and compressing it into a single arrow, the Goddess took aim with it and shouted, "Eat this! Sagitta! " With a yell, she let loose her energy projectile and fired it straight up at the shadowy entity, intending to impale and disintegrate it with a single shot.

However, just when the energy lance was about to strike its target, the red-eyed shadow enveloped in blue ki evaded the blast and spun around to face his new attacker. The shot meanwhile, ended up striking a distant lenticular galaxy, and wiped it from existence in a hyper nova larger than any in history.

As soon as the demon turned its back on him, Beerus used that chance to attack it. The man rushed in with his fist drawn back and energy flaring off of his body, a loud battle cry escaping his lips. But the moment he swung in, the evil deity dodged and ended up kicking him in the back of the head, sending him plummeting towards the planet Enyo was still stationed on.

The goddess with the bow gasped when she saw her companion plummet through the atmosphere at an insane speed before crashing into her, knocking the two of them tumbling across the surface of the planet. When they stopped rolling several seconds later, the shadow demon used that chance to swoop in and, bringing their hands back, threw them forward and unleashed a gargantuan energy blast their way.

The attack barreled towards the planet like a comet, growing larger and larger till it was the size of the sun itself. When the stunned Beerus and Enyo looked up and saw the wall of golden energy approaching them, both gasped in horror and raised their arms in an attempt to block it. That was
until the white warrior in the samurai armor dropped down in front of them and threw his hands up in defense.

"Shinra Tensei!" the human deity bellowed, an invisible, repulsive force exploding from his body and slamming headlong into the approaching blast, stopping it dead in its tracks. The two attacks ripped into each other in an attempt to overpower the opponent's, until the man countering the black entity's galaxy crushing move gave his one last push and deflected the energy blast right back at its user.

The shadow deity slipped around, avoiding the deflected blast as it rocketed into the distance and destroyed a nearby gaseous giant, eliciting a growl from the villain.

Realizing that they were still alive, when Beerus and Enyo looked up, both of them breathed a sigh of relief when they saw their battered comrade had come to their aid. From the front he looked okay. But on the other side where he'd taken the most hits, the man looked as though he'd been pressed face first into a barbeque.

"Thanks, Izanagi," the Elven archer exclaimed.

The cat God nodded in agreement, "We owe you one, brother."

The white warrior grinned over his shoulder painfully and brought his spear around, spinning it all cool-style before taking a fighting stance. "This isn't over yet! Stay on guard!"

A surge of energy eventually drew the trio's attention back up towards the sky. It was there they saw the demon rear its hand back and prepare to hurl another blast down at them. But just when it was just seconds away from attacking again, a second blast struck it from behind and exploded against its back, pulling its gaze around and towards a second Roman woman warrior with an eagle crown and golden, highly decorated battle armor and a cape.

The battle-scarred woman gritted her teeth and brought her hands forward, cupping them in front and taking aim at her powerful adversary. "I'm still in this fight, you bastard! Don't ignore me!"

Snarling, the black figure then lunged towards the warrior with blazing speed, colliding with the woman fist first and forcing her back through the vacuum. From there, the pair engaged in a heated grappling match, the newcomer yelling out as she attempted to fight back against the overwhelming force of her opponent. But just when it looked like she was about to successfully fend the creature off and gain the upper hand, she suddenly received a knee to the face shortly before the villain then slammed a double kick into her stomach. The low blow was the one that sent her packing.

Just as the evil God threw its hand forward to blast the winded Artemis, a second energy attack from behind struck him in the shoulder and sent the dark phantom into a spin, prompting him to turn and face another opponent charging in from a blind spot.

Enveloped in a golden lightning bolt and shining like the sun itself, an old man with a white beard, an eye patch, and adorned in silver plated armor, a flowing red cape, a golden crown, and armed with a golden battle axe, charged at the evil entity with a bellow of rage. As soon as he flew within reach, he swung in, "Don't even think about it!" The human deity struck, but just when it seemed like he would hit, the demon slipped around him and avoided the attack... barely.

The instant it dodged, the Roman woman circled around from behind and attempted to deal a concussive blow to their opponent's neck. But the instant she did, her target leapt over her and kicked her in the skull, sending the God staggering forward. When Artemis spun around to face
them, the warrior was suddenly bombarded by multiple, debilitating blows as the demon assaulted her swiftly. The deity yelped and grunted as each lightning fast blow crashed across her face and body, sending blood flying and knocking the woman senseless.

After dealing the tough deity some serious damage, the evil God then grabbed the armored fighter by the throat and began to choke her. It had the brave fighter on the ropes. However, just as Artemis began attempting to wrestle her way out of the grip and the evil creature drew its free hand back for a decapitating strike, a flash of golden light followed by a screech stopped it and drew its gaze to the left.

"SEEEEEEEEET!"

In an instant, a golden, muscular man wearing an Egyptian shendyt and head covering with the head of a hawk, charged at the shadow and decked him in the face. A deafening thunderclap immediately followed and sent the dark demon hurtling into space, the bird-man hybrid giving a low growl as he watched it spiral into the distance.

"I won't let you harm any of our friends, Set! Even if you are one of us!" the battered falcon warrior shouted, before glancing over to his side in a panic. As soon as he did, he saw his teammates gather together, with Izanagi, Enyo, and Beerus quickly rejoining their formation. "We have to finish this!"

"Alright! Give it one more try!" the one-eyed Odin shouted, spinning his axe in his grip and bringing it around into a position of battle readiness.

Halting itself in midflight, the shadow deity now identified as Set recovered from the crushing blow to the side of the head and glared daggers across at its foes. Upon seeing them rally and prepare themselves for a second engagement, the demon God quickly leapt further back and, crossing its arms over its chest, threw them forward and unleashed a rain of billions of energy blasts upon the group. The golden spheres of light honed in on the group of deities, picking up speed with the intent of tearing them to shreds.

The attacks scattered, obliterated and ripped apart two galaxies, and wiped out an entire nebula in one shot. Even though this was only a standard energy barrage, the effects it had upon its targets was phenomenal. Thankfully most of the group managed to evade it. But the hawk-faced God got clipped by the assault and was knocked spinning towards a nearby sun.

Successful in its endeavor to separate his opponents, the shadow demon threw his its hand forward and fired a fully charged energy blast towards the wounded bird-man hybrid. The attack shot towards him like a spear and was set to end him once and for all.

"No! Ra!" a startled Enyo shouted, powering up and rocketing towards her injured comrade. Flying towards her injured comrade as fast as she could, the Goddess of War managed to intercept her friend and push him out of the way. The pair avoided the attack with only a millisecond to spare, watching as the blast wiped out the sun and shot off into the horizon, where it wiped out an entire solar system. The shockwave caused by the explosion knocked the two warriors spinning into the emptiness of space, before the wounded Ra steadied their flight and glared towards their foe.

Blood trickling down his face, the wounded bird God shouted, "Set's picking us apart! Move in from all sides and attack him at the same time!" With a grunt of effort, the warrior thrust two fingers forward and fired a golden beam at their opponent.

In the blink of an eye, the small sphere of energy slammed into the evil God's chest and knocked
him spiraling through the vacuum. When he eventually stopped, the shadow deity snarled like a
dog and, turning on the spot, threw their right hand forward and unleashed a cloud of black, sand-
like smoke towards the King of the Gods that’d hit him.

Responding in alarm, the hawk-faced warlord took Enyo and rocketed upwards, avoiding the hand
of dark smoke. When more tendrils of cloud gave pursuit, the God and Goddess began a terrifying
evasion game; dodging Set's long range attacks as he hurled them after the pair one after the
other. The spears were far reaching, they were continuous, and they were long range, making it
difficult to slip.

Ducking under a slash from one of the enormous cloud tendrils, Ra and Enyo arced around and,
side by side, rushed the shadowy entity. After avoiding two streams of the black cloud, the war
Goddess then sprang over one of the tendrils and, drawing back on her bow, fired a powerful light
arrow at the evil God.

The attack slammed into the side of Set’s head, ricocheting off of it and flying towards a distant
sun, wiping it out of existence in the for of a massive super nova. Growling angrily at the glancing
blow, the dark deity began thrusting his hands out one after the other, sending more clouds of
black smoke towards them in retaliation. The spears of dark dust attempted to knock the pair out of
the sky and impale them, but both Ra and Enyo swiftly evaded them or smacked them out of the
way.

The golden bird warrior kicked and sliced two smoke streams out of the way, sending their
particles scattering. After swinging around another, he then threw his hand up and sliced down at
a third attack, cutting the blast of smoke in half. Once the threat was dispersed he wasted no time
in closing the distance on his target. Set prepared for the man's attack by throwing another two
blasts of smoke towards the God, only for Enyo to suddenly leap into his field of vision and hurl
another arrow their way. The shadow deity smacked the projectile out of the way, only for Ra to
suddenly come in from above and drive a golden sphere of energy into him from above.

The dark entity intercepted the blast with a punch, slamming it into the ball and causing it to
detonate prematurely. The explosion from the charged attack was so massive, it not only cleared
Ra and Enyo from the area and sent them spinning off into space, it generated a miniature super
nova that disintegrated a nearby moon, leaving clouds of sand, debris and dust in the blast's wake.

With smoke and gas choking up the vacuum around the shadowy warrior, blocking out his view of
the ravaged planets and galaxies surrounding him, the creature snarled in frustration. But while he
was in the process of scanning the area around him, a flash of light from its blind spot alerted it to
danger and forced its gaze upwards. There, through the glare of a distant quasar, it saw the
glowing, purple form of the God of Destruction descending towards him at an insane speed.

Covered in cuts and burns, with his right eye clenched shut from all the blood trickling down his
face, the humanoid cat deity yelled out as he cocked back his right hand and formed a concentrated
orange sphere of ki.

"YOU WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!" Beerus roared, his path marked by the sound of an
approaching jet.

A split second later the deity came within range and, when the shadowy figure countered, the
pair’s attacks collided with catastrophic force.

The resulting shockwave from the two blasts slamming into one another was biblical, causing a
hyper nova sized explosion that disintegrated every single star and planet in range. All of the other
deities in the area swiftly avoided the blast as it rippled out in a ring of fire and smoke.
Then, just as the shockwave disintegrated several moons on the edge of the solar system, the entire world went black…

XXX

(Present)

Leaping from his pillow with a gasp of shock, Beerus, who'd previously been enjoying a deep, relaxing sleep, sat up from his bed with a terrified look in his eyes and cold sweat pouring down his face. Body trembling from head to toe and breathing coming in raspy inhalles and exhales, the Destroyer's eyes glanced around the enormous chamber that was his bedroom situated in the center of his Otherworldly palace. At first groggy and unable to make out any explicit details, after several moments of adjusting to the light, the haze in his eyes soon cleared and the man slowly drifted back into reality.

Recognizing the windows, the high-reaching ceiling, and the enormous hour glasses hovering around in the zero-gravity environment, the warrior saw that he was not floating in the cold vacuum of space or bleeding out from a crippling shot to the stomach. This was his place, his home, his dimension, and from the looks of it, there weren't any galaxies or suns blowing up around him… at least not without his consent.

Blinking a few times and quelling the tense feeling in his gut, the nervous God of Destruction then breathed a heavy sigh of relief and shook his head. "Dream… it was just a dream." Licking the back of his pawed hand and rubbing it against his head like any ordinary cat would, the man leisurely settled his nerves and gave his room one last, thoughtful look-over.

After sitting there in his sleeping robes for several seconds and coming to terms with the realization that all he was having was a really bad flashback, the humanoid cat relaxed, cleaned his face one last time, and gently crashed back into his pillows. As soon as he collapsed, the overseer of destruction was once again snoring away peacefully, as if the whole scenario had never taken place.

Unbeknownst to him however, his assistant, trainer and dutiful caretaker of unimportant affairs had been watching him quietly from the stairs. Standing there in robes fit for a royal and carrying a large staff at his side, the blue-skinned, white-haired, effeminate looking male known by many as Whis, crinkled his nose in discomfort before turning away. As he started back the way he came, the man closed his eyes and breathed out heavily, making his concerns known.

"Nightmares again," Whis thought, shaking head. "Truly… that is one conflict we will not soon forget."

That battle between the Gods of the Seventh Universe and the evil overlord Set had been one of the greatest calamities their group had ever faced. Hell, out of all the villains they'd had to face in their line of work, not only did this one cause them a great deal of grief and had come close to killing all of them at one point or another…

This particular threat had come from within their ranks.

Thank goodness that it'd been dealt with and would no longer be a problem… for now at least.

OOO

(A few days later)

(Back on Earth)
"Let's see... if I'm washing cotton whites then I should set it to... sixty... right?" Zangya murmured, checking the instruction booklet before looking back up at the control panel in front of her. After several glances between the pages and the device she was currently trying to operate, the orange haired woman wearing the kimono frowned deeply and fixed a death glare on the complicated piece of equipment, "Okay. What aspect of the machine do I set to sixty?"

It'd been well over a month after the whole Zeru incident and life on planet earth couldn't have been more peaceful. Thanks to the wishes granted by the dragon, not only had the Z-fighters been able to mop up all of the spills caused by the alien's unexpected arrival, but they'd also made living on this beautiful ball of blue and green a thousand times better. If one were to actually calculate the amount of human conflicts and natural disasters that'd taken place since the extra terrestrial's attack, you would find a very empty spreadsheet staring back at you. This was probably due to earth's many nations coming together in the name of protecting their planet from a newly identified common enemy...

Aliens from outer space!

If anymore unfriendly extra terrestrials were planning on visiting their home to cause the kind of destruction their most recent visitor had done, the governing bodies knew that they had to be as ready as they could be to combat the threat.

While a hearty congratulations had been given to the branches of the military that'd stepped up to fight off the beast, a special thanks was later handed to the mysterious group of super-powered warriors that'd been sighted that day. For what seemed like the third or fourth time in over two decades, the leaders of the planet, King Koku especially, had openly expressed their thanks and gratitude to the unknown heroes who'd stepped up and defended the planet from a creature far more powerful than the greatest weapons their forces could possibly muster.

Even the world champion Hercule Satan had told the press who'd visited his house that same day how grateful he and the entire planet was for the Z-fighters' actions. Though he did approach the news crews with his usual flare for the dramatic, the man had the good conscience to withhold the identities of the group's members and deny any claims of his association.

After all, not only did he know it was in the Z-warriors' best interests to keep a low profile for the time being, he also knew his daughter and her best friend had been involved. Considering how often their family was already badgered by the press, Hercule didn't want to place any further stress upon his little angel by saying she was one of the fighters that'd been there that day.

Heck, the only real names to come out of that incident were hers and Tien Shinhan's names, but even the navy and air force had suspiciously gone quiet about it. Perhaps a little bit of convincing from a certain 'World Champ' had helped out with that.

All of the excitement from the event eventually subsided soon afterwards and, once all the necessary praise and thanks had been given out, the people returned to their lives and the world kept right on turning. This inevitably led to a lot of the Z-fighters kicking back and taking it easy, with the only exceptions being Gohan, Vegeta and Zangya. However, this didn't mean the three of them weren't able to experience some instances of normalcy in their day to day activities.

Like today for example.

Inside the Son household, Zangya was currently occupying her day off practicing her basic housekeeping skills. On the surface it was a great stress reliever and allowed her to contribute around the house in Chi-Chi's absence, the mother having gone out to do some shopping that morning. This left her in charge of vacuuming, cleaning the dishes, and doing the laundry.
In retrospect, doing the laundry wasn't that big of an ask. However, it should also be noted that on one of her most recent trips to West City, Chi-Chi had bought a state of the art super washer. A new product from Capsule Corp, it was designed for those really specific washing tasks and was even capable of dry cleaning your clothing, if you can believe it or not.

The only downside to this, as Zangya was finding out right now, was that operating the damn thing was hideously complicated.

"Seriously? Whatever happened to; insert powder, set to spin-dry, and let it rip?" the Hera asked to herself as she tapped her finger impatiently against the booklet she was reading.

She'd already spent the last half-an-hour standing in front of this Godforsaken household appliance and she was getting tired. With most of her shirts and unmentionables shoved into the thing, leaving her standing there in a purple kimono, Zangya was all set to move onto the next phase. But while loading the machine had been a real pleasure, it was getting it going that was driving her nuts.

"Damn it. I'm not book smart and I hate these unnecessarily complex electronics," the Hera grumbled, craning her head to look for the 'on' switch. "How in the world do other earthlings cope operating these damn things?"

While she was busy mumbling and groaning to herself, the woman completely missed the sight of Gohan walking past the open door directly behind her. It was only a couple seconds later the teen backpedaled and peered into the room to see what was going on.

Seeing the Hera just standing there with her nose in a booklet and noises coming out of her mouth prompted the demi-Saiyan to raise an eyebrow. "What are you doing?" Gohan asked, taking note of the fact that her shoulders were trembling with frustration.

Jumping slightly at the voice, Zangya turned to see her spiky haired training partner looking in on her. "Oh. Hey. Nothing, I'm just trying to get this stupid machine to work." She then raised an eyebrow in his direction. "Shouldn't you be studying for your high school entrance exam tomorrow?"

The boy simply gave her question a dismissive wave and walked in with his hands in his pockets, "Ah, I finished my work over an hour ago. I've just been procrastinating the entire time." He then coasted to a stop behind her and looked over her shoulder at the appliance that was giving her so much grief. "I was going to clean up the kitchen before mum got back and hit the gravity room for a couple of sessions, but it looks like you've got some problems of your own right now."

"Tell me about it. Your mum is a real whiz when it comes to picking out stuff that literally requires you to have some sort of engineering degree to understand," Zangya remarked, obviously taking a shot at Gohan's ludicrous homework before glancing across at him once again. "I had no problems working the last washing machine we had. But all of a sudden this thing comes along and I'm giving myself an aneurism trying to get it running."

Gohan tilted his head curiously, "Couldn't you just wash the stuff in the river? I figure if you're having so much trouble…"

This had Zangya give him a slightly deadpanned look, "Washing it in the river's a little bit…" She wanted to say old-fashioned. However, considering the circumstances that wasn't such a bad idea. 

"Anyway, according to the instructions, to turn the machine 'on', you have to press… this button." She then reached forward and pressed it.
The moment she did so the entire display screen lit up with all sorts of readings and graphs, causing the two users to balk in surprise. With a loud hum, the machine's engines also activated, letting the pair know it was ready to rock.

However, after seeing the display screen light up, the duo immediately started having second thoughts.

Breaking out into a nervous sweat, Zangya grinned up at the demi-Saiyan, "Hand washing it is then. I call dibs on the tub."

Murmuring uneasily, Gohan slowly formed a fist and held it up encouragingly, "Let's keep trying. I'm sure we can do it. Mum was really happy when she finally got this thing installed and, let's be honest, we're gonna have to learn how to use this machine sooner or later."

"Hmm. Good point," the Hera replied, once again directing her attention to the infernal contraption. "Alright. Let's give it a shot."

And so the pair got to work. Working in tandem, both Gohan and Zangya followed the instructions detailed in the manual from step one to step zeta, and dialed in the specifications. Calculating the power to weight ratio, strangely enough, and setting it to the amount of spin that they wanted, they eventually got the washing machine running. In a matter of minutes, the room was filled with the gentle hum of Capsule Corp's latest creation massaging the Hera's clothing of all its stains and imperfections.

The two strongest warriors on the face of the planet remained in front of the appliance, wearing proud smiles on their faces and enjoying the sight of the clothing spinning through the fiberglass side door.

"I can't believe how quiet it is," Gohan exclaimed cheerfully.

A relieved sigh escaped the accompanying woman's lips, "Thank Kami. And here I thought I was going to be stuck here forever." At least now she could rest easy knowing that her undergarments were being well looked after. This remained the only prevailing thought in her mind as her training partner proceeded to read the rest of the manual he was now holding.

While scanning the paragraphs one after the other, the demi-Saiyan then balked a little when he landed on a particular section. Glancing up at the machine and then back down at the booklet a couple of times, he then looked across at his friend and smiled. "Uh, Zangya."

"Yeah?"

"You said you're washing your whites now, right?"

"And my underwear. Why?"

"Well… this part of the instruction book says you should make sure to separate whites from colored items that may bleed," Gohan informed, making sure to point out the passage with his finger. "I'm guessing since the machine is so powerful it can effect even the most durable of materials."

"No duh. How else are you going to get wine and sauce stains out of your sheets? The stuff is so strong it literally takes an entire packet of dapax to get out." Narrowing her eyes, Zangya quickly looked across at her friend, "Why?"

The young warrior then pointed towards the washing machine door, "I think some red managed to
get by you." When all eyes turned to the door, they saw a pair of brightly colored underwear and a bra slapping against the glass as the batch of material spun round and round at high speed.

Freaking out at the sight of the brightly colored items, the orange haired woman dashed forward and began randomly pressing buttons on the control panel. "Cancel! Please, cancel! Damn it!" When she heard the machine start to make a loud clunking sound after jabbing at a couple of keys, the girl began breaking out into a cold sweat. "How are you supposed to stop this thing?!!" Quickly growing desperate, the Hera then clenched her fists and slammed them against the top of the appliance in frustration.

This seemed to have the exact opposite effect to what she was inevitably hoping for. The instant her fists buried into the surface of the machine, the household item sputtered before beginning to rumble and shudder violently. Backing away under the shaking of the pure white apparatus, Zangya then gave a startled cry when the front end suddenly exploded and a blast of water washed over her.

Seeing his housemate literally get swamped by the miniature tidal wave, the demi-Saiyan waited for the water to stop running before raising an eyebrow down at the crumpled female, who was now sitting in a puddle of foamy hot water. Just when he was about to say something clever, the boy then recoiled when he noticed that not only was she completely soaked to the bone, but her kimono had come undone and was clinging to her in the most provocative way imaginable.

Blushing to the roots of his hair, the half-Saiyan tugged on the collar of his white shirt and quickly averted his gaze, "I… see you're one of those people who likes to go commando, huh?"

Dripping wet with her kimono hugging her curvaceous figure, the orange haired fighter sniffled before she started to cry. "That's how you wear this type of kimono!" She then dropped her face into her hands and began weeping freely.

From the way she was kneeling there with her kimono open and exposing a lot of her front, she looked absolutely pathetic in a very moe kind of way. It was hilarious.

Unable to see a friend so defeated and upset, Gohan quickly fetched a towel and wrapped it around Zangya's body, rubbing her shoulder while keeping his gaze fixed squarely above her neck. While she bawled away and sobbed into her palms, the spiky haired warrior smiled, hugged her tightly, and began rocking her back and forth in a comforting manner. "It's okay. This stuff happens to everyone."

Now that the machine had been forcibly and temporarily knocked out of commission, they now had a new chore to do before Chi-Chi got home, and that was to mop up the pool of water that'd formed from opening the door prematurely.

They were sure to get right on it… just as soon as Zangya stopped crying…

OOO

(The very next day)

It was just a regular morning up at Orange Star High school and, as expected of the institute at this time, the grounds were completely deserted. However, this didn't mean that the main building sitting in the center of the campus was empty, as there were currently hundreds of students gathered inside the structure. From the top floor to the ground floor, you could find dozens of young adults attending classes, sitting in rows upon rows of desks and listening attentively to their teachers… or were at the very least trying to. Since a lot of the teachers had the tendency to drone
on, it really made first period feel like a bit of a drag. But while the professors carried on with their duties to deliver sound education to their students, this gave one particular visitor to the establishment the perfect opportunity to proceed with completing his own work. Confined to an empty classroom on the ground floor, not too far from the administration area, Son Gohan was currently undergoing his high school entrance exam. Seated in a table at the front row, with a single teacher at the desk a few feet away from him, the spiky haired warrior dressed in a fitted black singlet, grey pants, and yellow Capsule Corp. boots and jacket, blew through the pages of his test one at a time. Being sure to check the clock to make a mental record of his progress, the teenager proceeded with answering the questions with a smile on his face and a song in his heart. His humming filled the previously quiet room with a pleasant tune, drawing a strange gaze from the middle-aged man with the square glasses behind the table. In all his years of working at this facility, the teacher had never seen a student so happy to be going through an exam; especially one that determined his entry into the school itself. But considering he was from the country, the man reasoned that this was merely a habit he'd developed in his years of studying and let his gentle singing in the background slide. About half an hour into what was supposed to be a two hour exam, in which all Gohan had with him was a pencil, a sharpener, an eraser, and the papers in front of him, the demi-Saiyan then finished up by quickly double-checking his work and closing up the book. After collecting his gear, he then stood up, approached the time keeper, and set the documents down in front of him. The teacher was notably surprised when the young man plopped the test right in front of him, "Done already, Mr. Son?"
"Yes, sir," the young Saiyan replied cheerily. The official in the tweed jacket shook his head as he took up the document from where it'd been placed. "Surely you couldn't have completed all of the questions. It's only been twenty eight minutes." He then proceeded to flick through the pages.
"Really? Huh. I can normally get through something like that in a solid twenty. Must be having an off day today," Gohan chirped before shrugging. "Oh well. I've completed the exam. May I be excused, sir?" He then tilted his head towards the staff member as the arbitrator flipped open one of the text books alongside him and began comparing answers. The question immediately caught the man's attention. "Y-Yes. Yes, of course," the teacher answered, straightening up in his seat and gently waving the boy towards the door. "You're done here, Mr. Son. Thank you for coming in today."
Gohan bowed politely and slowly made his way towards the door, "It's been a pleasure." With one last wave, he then slid open the sliding entrance and made his way down the corridor, leaving the high school teacher alone to skim over his test. His footsteps echoing throughout the naturally well lit hallways of the school, the raven haired half-Saiyan followed the line of lockers and doors down to the administration area. Upon reaching it, a quick turn left and he was soon marching through the double-doors that were the entrance to the academy. As soon as he hit the steps, he quickly found himself confronted by the familiar face of his best friend and training partner of many years.
Adorned in her signature white and pink over-sized shirts and black bicycle shorts, with the Orange
Star High school badge pinned to her hem, Videl stood waiting at the bottom of the staircase patiently. The moment she saw Gohan appear inside frame of the double doors, she smiled pleasantly in his direction. "So. How did it go?"

"Oh. I nailed it… easily," the demi-Saiyan exclaimed proudly, strolling down the steps with his hands in his pockets and a thousand megawatt smile in play. "Though I admit question eighteen involving that paragraph with the dog did catch me a little bit by surprise, the rest of the test was a cakewalk. Guess now all I have to do is sit back and wait for the results."

"Well, I'm sure that after they have a good look at your work, they'll see you've passed their test with flying colors," the raven haired crime fighter stated with a confident look in her eyes and her hands on her hips. "After seeing the stuff you could churn out in my visits, there's no way the school wouldn't accept you." If anything, they would definitely want Gohan within their ranks to help boost their school's posterity within the city and state.

His exam results would be a prestigious addition to their end of year scores and help gain more favor with the board.

"The only question I want answered is what class I'm going to end up in once the paperwork is finally put through," Gohan continued, glancing up at the building beside them and fixing his attention on the massive Orange Star logo hanging from its center. "There are so many home rooms on the registry it's hard to know where they're going to put me. Hopefully I'll be able to get a seat in your class and attend the same lessons you do."

His wishful words brought a warm smile to Videl's face, "Maybe I can help with that. I'll talk it over with the principal and see if I can get you moved into my home group. That way the staff won't have to fight over who gets to teach you for the rest of the year."

"You think you can do that?"

"Of course. I can just explain to him that you're new to the city and, since I'm the only person you know at this school, I'll be able to show you how things work around here and give you a guided tour of the academy," the raven haired teen said, reaching up and nudging him in the arm playfully. "I've earned a lot of credit with the staff and I'm on good terms with every teacher at this institute. The organization here trusts me more than any other student on campus."

"A member of the police force and regarded as one of the strongest fighters on this planet… who wouldn't trust you?" Gohan remarked, grinning down at his companion in his characteristic manner. "It doesn't take a Kai or a magical woman floating on a crystal ball to see that you're a free spirit with a pure heart."

Getting a little flustered and anxious from his string of compliments, Videl turned away to hide her face from her friend's intense gaze, at the same time finding a lot of interest in the concrete. "Now you're just exaggerating."

"Not in the slightest," the Saiyan responded instantly, giving the girl his most sincere look over. "We've been friends for over six years. After all the times we've spent together, I can say without a shadow of a doubt that you're one of the kindest and most honest people I've ever met."

Feeling her face getting hotter and hotter, with her heart hammering away at her chest, the raven haired crime fighter spun around and took a half-assed swing at the teen. When she saw Gohan dodge it and laugh, the girl scowled at him, "Idiot." She didn't mean it though. There was no way she could ever get angry at the half-Saiyan lug.
Unless he did something really, really, really irritating. An eventuality like that sounded like an impossibility. But hey, she was always open to surprises… and this hybrid warrior had been full of them so far.

Rubbing her arm bashfully, Videl then gestured towards the building and began climbing the steps one at a time, moving past her friend to return to the front office. "I'd… better be heading back to class." She then waved to the Z-fighter happily, "I'll see you this afternoon, okay… or maybe earlier depending on whether or not something urgent downtown comes up."

"Yeah. See you later, Videl," Gohan responded in kind, earning a warm smile from the girl before she jogged up the walkway and disappeared into the structure. After seeing her leave, the young warrior exhaled and, turning his gaze towards the metropolis behind him, strolled off of the school grounds and into the city streets.

It had been an exciting morning so far and he was hungry. According to his watch, it was time for a spot of brunch.

OOO

(The very next day)

It was another quiet noon up in the Mount Paozu region and, as expected of such a quaint and pristine setting, all was well with the earth. The peace and serenity of the environment allowed two particular individuals currently present in the area to fully enjoy the scenery around them and the opportunity to spend in one another's company. Sitting side by side at the edge of a lake, with fishing lines cast across the surface of the clear, still water, Gohan and Lime were having a great time chatting as well as trying to catch something that they could take home for dinner.

Unfortunately, after over an hour of sitting out there in the middle of the practically untouched wilderness, all Lime had been able to catch was a small trout. It was slim pickings for sure, but that didn't mean the pair were bored or anything like that.

In fact, they were rather enjoying themselves, lying out there on the grass with the gentle breeze licking at their hair.

"If you ask me, you don't seem like the kind of guy who's suited for big city life," the brown haired girl wearing the blue and white gingham top tied at the front to show off her midriff and tight, leather blue shorts exclaimed. "Looking at you right now, you're coming off as more of a country kid than anything else."

Adorned in his white, button up oriental shirt, dark pants and shoes, the demi-Saiyan let out an amused chuckle and glanced over at his friend with a grin. "What's giving me away? My boyish charm, my dashing smile, my reasonably affordable outfit…" He asked while grandly gesturing to himself.

Lime giggled at his run-through of the list and smiled fondly at him, "All of the above."

"You make it sound like it's a bad thing," the spiky haired boy said while leaning back on his hands in the short grass around them.

"No. Not at all. I'm just saying that maybe, in a large crowd, a guy like you would stick out like a sore thumb," the farm girl remarked while holding a hand his way. "I mean, think about it. Guys like Erasa and Touya grew up in the city, so they're more in tune with the current trends and fashions of the season. You and I however…" She then gestured down at her rather revealing
ensemble of clothing and sighed, "We're pretty much one-trick-ponies when it comes to accessorizing."

Gohan nodded in agreement, "I'm not very fashion conscious myself. But hey… to each their own I guess." He spared the girl a kind smile as he then watched her play with one of her pig tails. "You don't need to worry so much about that stuff anyway. I think you look great in that outfit, Lime."

Looking across at the warrior in surprise, the teenager then noticed the boy's gaze fixed upon her and, after assessing her clothing for a moment, blushed brightly. "R-Really, Gohan?" She began brushing her hair over her ear in a very timid manner.

The demi-Saiyan nodded affirmatively, "Yeah. I've seen you in a lot of shirts and jeans before, but I think this combination suits you best." He pointed towards the ribbon ties in her hair. "The blue really brings out the color in your hair." It was all a matter of perspective. He simply recognized that Lime's outfit, as daring as it was, was a very trendy, comfortable ensemble that really highlighted his friend's appearance.

He made this comment based solely on his observations and intended it to be a compliment to his friend as a friend with no ulterior motives whatsoever; as expected of someone of his innocent disposition.

All the same, his follow-up prompted Lime to look away hastily. Obviously moved and flattered by his words, she began trying to suppress the giddy feeling welling up in her stomach and the flush of red that appeared in her cheeks.

She'd been Gohan's friend for going on seven years now and had built up a reputation for being a tough, strong girl with an immovable will. The last thing she wanted to do was show a moment of weakness to the guy she admired so much, especially one she'd developed feelings for.

"When you say sweet things like that… what's a girl to do…?" Lime whispered, her face practically glowing.

Unfortunately, thanks to his innocent country boy routine, she was finding that incredibly hard to do.

"Hm?" The hybrid fighter blinked as he craned his head towards his friend, "Did you say something?"

Quickly shaking her head and ridding herself of the redness in her cheeks, the brown haired girl beamed across at the boy quickly gave him an answer. "No, no. I'm just… mumbling stuff to myself… that's all." Brushing some stray hairs out of the way, she then threw the demi-Saiyan her full and undivided attention. "So… you'll be going to Orange Star High School as well, huh?"

Ever since she heard Gohan had been interested in attending an academy in the city, Lime immediately hitched herself up to his wagon and began making plans to register as well. For the past several years she'd been attending schools in the countryside around the Mount Paouzu region. After all that time seeing the same faces and the same people each and every day of her life, the girl had decided that she wanted a change of pace; to get herself out there and see the world beyond their borders.

When she ran this idea past her parents and grandfather, saying she wanted to attend the same high school that Gohan was going to, they accepted under the condition that she could organize her own accommodations. She later informed them that Erasa was more than happy to take her in as a roommate and once she'd gotten her application for the school done and had completed the
examination process, she was all set to start her eleventh year in the first term.

Since she was a year below Gohan, this pretty much made him her upper classman

A quick nod was the teen's immediate response to her question. "Yep. I've only got one more year of studying left to do before I can graduate and after thinking about it I decided I want to do my final year at an actual school. Going to Satan City with Videl and everybody else to get my diploma will be a great way to end this stage of my life."

"Well… I suggest you prepare yourself for the spirit hazing days to come, Gohan," Lime informed, her eyes fixing squarely upon the young adult seated next to her. "I've heard that a lot of the senior students at high schools can be pretty harsh on us freshmen, so I think you should brace yourself for the hailstorm of paddles and spit balls to come flying your way."

Gohan chuckled, "Ah, that's just a nasty rumor blown up by television shows and high school drama flicks."

The brown haired girl giggled, "Don't say I didn't want you. When I move in with Erasa to finish my last two years, I'll be bringing everything I need to protect myself from the squall."

"I'll be sure to look out for you around the quad and oval then," the demi-Saiyan said, giving the girl an all-knowing look. "Maybe even the dojo if you're thinking about joining any clubs when you finally get settled in."

"Oh, I have a few ideas," Lime said, sharing a grin with her best friend from over the mountains before suddenly feeling a tug on her fishing line. Jerking in surprise, the brown haired teen quickly grabbed up the rod before it could be pulled from its placement and began drawing it in. "Hey! I've got one!" Cranking the handle, the girl immediately began to struggle against whatever ungodly force was pulling at the other end of the wire. "Holy… what the hell? It… feels like I'm… trying to… pull a truck out of the water!"

Gohan quickly leapt to his feet and rushed over to his friend. Getting behind her, he took the handle alongside her hands and helped her with the tug-of-war match. Considering how strong he actually was, he made certain to be extra careful as he helped her reel in her catch. "Don't worry, Lime. You got this. Remember. Don't fight it. Draw it in slowly."

For the next couple of minutes the farm girl and her Super Saiyan companion fought against the fish tugging against her line. Though she knew the boy anchoring her to the ground could easily pull whatever it was she'd hooked with a single tug, she also knew he was giving her a chance to do this herself. It was a sweet gesture and one that had her feeling lighthearted when she felt his powerful arms wrap around her, but most of her focus was set firmly upon the monster she was now battling.

It didn't take long till whatever it was that was fighting on the other end of the line decided to reveal itself to the duo. After a fierce struggle against its captors, there was a large splash in the center of the lake and, emerging from the spray of water, a tuna the size of a rhino leapt out and performed the most spectacular dive Lime had ever seen. The girl's eyes sparkled with awe as she watched the magikarp kick in the air before crashing back down into the lake.

"Whoa! It's huge!"

Both alarmed at seeing how big the fish was, about several seconds after it disappeared into the water, the line snapped. Lime ended up flying back into Gohan's arms when the tension gave way, an event that left her feeling stunned and winded. When the teen eventually came to, she looked
over her shoulder to see the boy smiling down at her.

"Hey. You okay?" the spiky haired teen laughed.

Blinking, the farm girl blushed and looked away, "I-I'm alright."

Setting her gently to the ground so that she could recover, the demi-Saiyan stepped around and, upon inspecting the surface of the lagoon, quickly removed his shirt.

Lime's jaw dropped when she saw the raven haired hunk toss his shirt aside and stretch out his arms and shoulders. Her cheeks reddening as she shamelessly checked out his chest and torso, she then watched the hybrid fighter turn and give her a thumbs-up, allowing her a clear view of his chiseled front.

"Don't worry. I've got this." All set, Gohan then rushed forward and dove into the water, disappearing under the shimmering, clear surface.

For the next minute or so Lime waited for her friend to reappear with their enormous catch. There was a long moment of pause in which the entire area remained silent, without a single ripple or wave occurring on the surface of the lake. Then, just when she thought the young warrior wasn't going to be resurfacing anytime soon, there was a splash close to the bank followed by the tuna's head popping out of the lagoon. The fish writhed and flailed about for a couple of seconds, unable to comprehend what was going on, before the rest of it was hoisted out of the water by the person that'd caught it.

Wiping his face down with his hand, Gohan grinned up at the massive fish he had by the tail and allowed it to kick away uselessly. "Wow. You're a big one. I bet we can make a lot of sushi and fillets out of you." He then looked across at his friend sitting on the shoreline and waved, showing her the enormous bass she'd managed to snag.

Amazed at the demi-Saiyan's catch, a smile appeared across Lime's face, which she quickly followed up with a wave of her own.

Man. He was amazing. She couldn't remember the last time the hybrid hadn't surprised her with something like this. It was one of the reasons why she admired him so much. Hell, his looks were merely a bonus on top of everything else…

OOO

(A week later)

(Up in Space)

In some far corner of the Northern Quadrant, inside of a cluster of planets and moons, a familiar, oval-shaped vessel with orange lights flickering along its hull could be seen drifting through the vacuum on autopilot. Far out of reach and sight of any passing traffic, the ship had stationed itself in orbit of one of the large terrestrial planets in that sector, taking on the guise of a satellite as it recharged its batteries and scanned the system surrounding it. It was here, onboard this vessel inside the main sitting area for whatever crew was assigned to it, a familiar demi-Saiyan made his appearance.

Forming out of countless photons of golden light, the cheerfully smiling Son Gohan emerged from his teleportation in the usual manner. Dressed in his orange and blue gi, and carrying his usual Saiyan swagger upon his shoulders, the spiky haired hero of earth breathed a sigh of relief and looked around the rather ordinary looking lounge room he'd entered.
Taking note of the futuristic walls of the space craft's interior, as well as the equipment and furniture lying around the place, he then took a step forward, only for his foot to end up kicking an empty drinking can across the floor. The clatter of the aluminum canister echoed loudly throughout the hallways and had the hybrid fighter cringe at the volume. "Whoops. Better watch my step."

Looking around the quarter a second later when a door at the other end of the room opened up and a familiar, fiery haired girl around his age, wearing a grey tank top and underwear strolled in with a towel around her neck. Wiping her face down, the long haired, angelic traveler from another galaxy grinned when she quickly spotted her guest standing in the center of her lounge.

"Hello, Gohan. I was wondering when you were gonna come around," the humanoid alien exclaimed brightly.

The demi-Saiyan smiled at her appearance, "Hey, Kana. Had a nice shower?"

"Yeah. I just got through checking out a planet that was completely covered in two feet of water. I gotta say, that was one hell of a scavenger hunt," the glowing haired girl chirped before stopping in front of the teen with her hands on her hips. A grin slowly formed on her face when she inspected his state of dress, "Anyway, it's all over now. You got the stuff?"

Gohan chuckled and pulled a small, white Capsule with the number 'two' out of his gi belt, "Oh yeah. I got it." Clicking the device, he then tossed it across the floor and, after watching the tiny carrier bounce a couple of times, saw it explode in a cloud of blue smoke. When the smog eventually cleared, it revealed a refrigerator with a basket of snacks sitting on top of it.

Kana whistled at the sight of the 'magically' transported household appliance, "Wow. Some of your earth tech really surprises me sometimes."

"Pretty cool, huh?" The demi-Saiyan wasted no time in approaching the fridge and swinging it open, immediately pulling out a can and showing it off to his friend. "There's a great range of drinks in here. You can choose whichever one you want. I've got soda… beer… and Hetap."

"I'll take a beer," Kana exclaimed, her hand shooting up and catching the can that was tossed to her a second later. As soon as she had it, she cracked it open and allowed the foam to spill over her hand and dribble to the floor. "Ah. Nice. Now that's what I'm talking about."

Standing up with a can of Hetap and shutting the fridge door behind him, Gohan then gave his friend an amused look, "Don't you think it's a little too early to start drinking? It's only five o'clock back at my place and you're already hitting the silver bullets."

"Yeah. It's five o'clock on earth. But out here it's ten decca cycles according to the ship's clock and you know what that means? Game time," she then took a swig of the beverage and, after a few gulps of the cool liquid down her throat, removed it with a delighted exhale. "Whooot! This stuff is great!" She then pointed across at the half-Saiyan with a wicked look in her eyes. "So, Gohan-kun… are we ready to do this or what? You'd better be, because I've been waiting a month for this day and there's no way I'm letting you back out of this now."

The young warrior from earth nodded back firmly, "I'm ready whenever you are, Kana."
Both kids were riled up and ready to rock. Heck, the atmosphere was filled up with so much pent up excitement and adrenaline that it almost looked as though the two of them were going to start a fight right there inside the ship… or something else of a more conjugal nature. However, just when their little showdown was starting to heat up, the two of them then did something completely unexpected and, crashing on the nearby couch, switched on the massive hologram sitting against the wall. As soon as the screen shot up, it quickly flipped to the channel where the most unusual sport was being played.

Two teams of aliens from different planets were competing against each other inside a massive stadium in a game that was almost reminiscent of the sport lacrosse. But instead of it being on a flat field with nets on either side of the pitch, the two groups of aliens were competing on a multilayered battleground with various tracks and ramps leading up to different levels, and all of the players were wearing glowing, flexible armor and single-wheel roller blades. With them, they were zipping around the tracks at blinding speeds, pushing a silver ball around with their sticks and intercepting one another with ludicrous agility and precision.

As it turns out, Gohan's latest visit to Kana's ship wasn't just to catch up with his old friend, but to partake in a tradition that has apparently been going on for quite some time.

For the next half-hour the pair sat their chatting and watching the game, and when they saw one of the teams score a goal at the other end of the field, the two of them responded to the sight in the usual manner.

When the powerful duo watched one of the yellow team members shoot the ball through the blue team's goal, a loud cheer left Kana's lips and a low groan escaped Gohan's.

The orange haired Seirei sprang out of her seat and threw her hands in the air victoriously. Her reaction was so extreme that she ended up spilling beer all over the place, "YES! WOO! Did you see that?! That was amazing!"

"What?! Oh, come on!" the demi-Saiyan shouted, throwing his hands at the screen in disbelief. "That was totally off side! Look! His skate was over the red line!" He quickly pointed at the slow-motion replay of the event.

Kana, grinning from ear to ear, then got right into the boy's face and started teasing him, "They called it, wonder boy. You snooze, you lose. Come on. Pay up." She then held her hand out to him expectantly and waited for him to empty his pockets.

Rolling his eyes at the girl's smug grin, the young warrior from earth quickly fished inside of his belt and pulled out some coins, which he then gave to the Seirei so that she could count her prize. As soon as she set her winnings aside, the pair quickly returned to watching the game; drinks stationed on the arm rests to their left and right, and a hot tray of barbequed meat items hovering on the pad in front of them.

"I need to take you to an actual Tharnak game sometime. The main events are totally off the hook," Kana remarked, looking across at her guest sitting contently on the cushions alongside her. "The stadium is always packed with spectators from all four corners of the universe. That means you not only have the best ringside snacks to enjoy, but watching the games live next to the really hardcore fans is a blast."

Gohan chuckled at her enthusiasm, "Sure. That sounds like it could be a lot of fun. I'm always eager to go out and see new places. Visiting a different planet every now and then to check out some of the local cultures and flavors seems like a great way to get me started."
"I'll be sure to ease you into it," Kana continued, taking a quick sip of her drink and acknowledging the boy next to her with a wide smile. "As nice a guy as you are; you can't always hop from one planet to another and expect the same greeting each and every time. If you're not careful, you might end up some place really nasty and end up a prisoner, a slave, or even a side dish."

"Different planets have different rules and customs, huh?" the demi-Saiyan inquired curiously, expecting this much since he knew how diverse the cultures back on earth could be.

The glowing haired girl nodded right back in response, "Oh yeah. While there are many systems out there that are part of the same empire, there are countless other worlds that exist as independent states, and follow their own codes and practices." She then held up her hand and began counting with her fingers. "For example; there's a planet in the southern quadrant where one group of aliens rules over all others, and views every other species as inferior. There is also another world where setting foot on the ground is considered blasphemous and that everyone who treads upon the world's surface will be executed on the spot. And there's a planet where there are only two words spoken at all times, and all other forms of communication is impossible because the people of that world don't understand anything else."

"Huh," Gohan chuckled, a smile slowly creeping across his face as he processed all of the information given to him by the well traveled Seirei. "I guess you learn something new every day."

Kana beamed brightly at her friend from earth, "It's good to know as much about these things as you can. That way you won't receive any unpleasant surprises from any planet you happen to drop down on. Even if it is by accident." When she saw the teen return her smile with one of his own, the pair then fixed their attentions back onto the big screen. After watching the two opposing teams rush past each other in a heated display of skill and agility for a couple more minutes, the orange haired negotiator then took on a serious look and glanced across at her guest once more. "Hey, Gohan."

"Yeah?"

"In all the trips you've made through space so far, have you ever heard the name Varax before?" the female traveler asked, appearing genuinely curious of his answer.

Thinking on it for several moments and taking note of his friend's expression, the spiky haired warrior then shook his head, "No I… I don't think I have." His only real trips through space included his group's journey to Namek and their visit to New Vegeta where they encountered the Legendary Super Saiyan Broly. While he'd certainly heard many terms and names thrown around on these adventures, this one was a first for him.

Kana quickly reacted to his answer with concern, "Well… I think now is as good a time as any to start learning it, because sooner or later… he's going to become a big problem for everyone."

Blinking a few times in surprise, Gohan's face then became stone cold serious. "Gee. This guy sounds like he means business."

"Oh, you have no idea," Kana replied, narrowing her eyes as the game on the wall hologram continued playing out. Cupping her hands together tightly, the girl brought her knees up and pressed her legs against her chest in a very nervous manner, at the same time laying her chin to rest behind the peak. "There isn't a civilization in the four corners of space who hasn't heard of his name before. Aside from ruling over an entire empire and a sub quadrant on the very edge of the universe, his strength alone is a force to be reckoned with."

Looking at the Seirei's face, the demi-Saiyan saw how nervous and terrified Kana actually was,
which brought a troubled glimmer to his own expression. "Who exactly is this, Varax?" If he was anything like what Frieza's used to be all those years ago, then he had a feeling that this guy had the potential to cause a lot of grief.

For someone to make even the powerful Seirei nervous, Gohan knew right away that he meant serious business.

"Only the most dangerous and destructive being in the entire universe," Kana said, her brow scrunching up as she continued to relay to the spiky haired fighter all the information she had on the subject. "Varax is a tyrant; cold, ruthless, and cruel… someone who even the leaders of the Planet Trade Organization are scared of. He's on a level you didn't even know existed. Heck, he's so powerful, even the Gods that oversee the balance in this reality are afraid to cross paths with him. If it wasn't for the treaty signed between him and the God of Destruction Beerus, he would've ravaged this universe billions of years ago."

"Wow. So… this guy is in a completely different league to you and me?" That much was apparent, but the demi-Saiyan still felt he needed to confirm it.

"Yeah. And he's got a short fuse to boot. The last time he threw a fit, he wiped out over a hundred galaxies in the Western Quadrant," Kana informed, at the same time showing the half-Saiyan how affected she was by this piece of info. "He's a monster unlike anything you've ever encountered before. So… if you ever happen to run into him… please… be careful."

"A-Alright. I will," Gohan murmured, tilting his head as he saw the orange haired girl look away and tense up.

From the look on her face, it was obvious she hated and feared this Varax character. Bearing in mind how strong Kana actually was, the demi-Saiyan knew that whoever she was talking about was someone he should definitely be weary of and by no means pursue with the intention of defeating. Unless he happened to run across him by accident, then he didn't have any intentions of battling this tyrant. Those kinds of actions always led to trouble.

Smiling, the demi-Saiyan then nudged the scared girl in the side and drew her gaze back up to him. "Don't worry. I'm sure everything will turn out alright. As long as we stay out of this Varax's hair, I'm positive that all of us will be alright. Besides…” He then brought his hands up and smacked a fist into his open palm, surprising the glowing haired alien. "If he ever tries anything to hurt you or my friends, I'll be there to stop him. You can count on it."

Staring across at the confident looking Saiyan for several moments, Kana then gave him a soft smile and, shuffling closer to him, jabbed the handsome warrior with a playful elbow in the side. "You know… it's a shame you didn't come with me all those years ago. We would've made an awesome team. Among other things."

Gohan grinned, "Yeah. Same here."

After hearing his response, Kana beamed, rested her shoulder against his, and turned back to the television in front of them. While leaning against the hybrid warrior, she then put her feet up and relaxed, getting comfortable against the Saiyan's firm and comforting arm. When she felt Gohan lean back in response to balance out their weight, the Seirei spared him a furtive glance before exhaling deeply.

"Hey. Your shoulder feels really nice. Have you been working out?" Kana asked with a cheeky grin.
The spiky haired demi-Saiyan chuckled, "Oh yeah."

OOO

(A couple days later)

"So Gohan… how are things going with your schoolwork?" the familiar, chipper voice of Goku filled the air as he and his son sat side by side on the fields covering the Grand Kai's planet. Taking note of the bruises, scrapes and sweat covering both their bodies, as well as the disheveled condition of their training gear, it was easy to tell that they'd just finished getting through one hell of a sparring session. "The last I heard from you, you said you were interested in spending your last year of studying in high school. Have you made any progress since then?"

"Yeah. A lot actually," Gohan answered, wiping his neck down with a towel and glancing across at his old man cheerfully, whom was looking just as beat up if not more beat up then he was. "I just got a letter from Orange Star High in Satan City that I'd passed the entrance exam with top marks in all subjects. I'll be starting my first term at school in a couple weeks time."

The father's face immediately lit up with delight. "Ah, man. That's fantastic, son. Well done." He then leaned forward on the grass and beamed proudly at his oldest. "I'm sure your mother will be very happy for you."

"I sure hope so. She's been asking me a lot of questions as to what I'd like to do as a side job next to all my martial arts stuff, and I was able to give her a few ideas. But… I think she's more interested as to whether or not I've found a girlfriend that could give her grandchildren… preferably sometime in the next couple of years." This revelation brought a shade of red to the teen's face as he turned his gaze towards the grass miserably. It was a reaction that did not go unnoticed by his father, who craned his head a little to get a better look at his son's embarrassed facial expression. "Man… I wish she wouldn't be so pushy about it."

In response, the spiky haired champion of Otherworld grinned slyly and nudged his son in the arm a few times. "What's the matter, son? Feeling a little hot and bothered about giving your mum and dad grand kids?"

Immediately catching on to his father's teasing, Gohan's eyes snapped towards the man in shock. "W-What?"

"I mean… you are reaching that age, after all. It's only natural a young man like you would be finding interest in… other activities outside of your education and hobbies. That's what your mother and King Kai told me, anyway," the adult said before shrugging in a suggestive manner. "I suppose flirting with girls and taking them out on dates would be a couple of things a teenager like you would be getting into."

"Huh? W-Wait… wh-?"

"That reminds me, how are things going between you and Videl?" Goku asked with a very Cheshire-like grin forming as he looked his son squarely in the eyes. While doing so, the man swore he saw the blood inside his son's face rise in a manner similar to a thermometer. "From what I've seen of you guys over the past couple of years, I've been getting this feeling that you two have a bit of a thing for each other."

By this point, the poor demi-Saiyan's face was now glowing like a hot poker. "DAD!" The boy's reaction was frantic and within reason, "Th-There's nothing going on between me and Videl! W-We're just… friends!"
"Are you sure?" Goku asked, leaning forward a little to poke his son in the shoulder, "I don't know. It doesn't look like you two are just friends. How do you explain all that red in your cheeks?"

"I-It's just a bad reaction…"

"To what? Saiyans aren't allergic to anything," the Saiyan father replied, unable to keep the smile off his face as he went on the offensive. "Come on, Gohan. I'm your father. You can talk to me about these things and I'll do my best to offer you my advice however I can." He then shrugged and massaged the back of his head thoughtfully. "And hey, if it's not Videl you're interested in, there are plenty of other girls you've told me about that you might fancy. Lime… Erasa… Zangya… that Paprika girl who has it out for you." He then leaned towards his son with a mischievous glint in his eye. "Honestly, if she's anything like your mother, I'd say she would be a perfect match for you."

Okay. It was official. His father was just as bad as his mother when it came to matchmaking. What the hell was up with his parents and their interest in his social life?

Stammering uselessly for a couple of moments, Gohan then tried to hide his face behind his shoulders and tucked himself up like a tortoise. Unfortunately, this did little to shield him from the teasing grin his father continued to prod him with.

Deciding to spare his powerful offspring from further embarrassment and not wishing to prey on his moment of weakness, the full-blooded Saiyan instead gave the innocent teenager a moment to recover and moved on to a different topic. It was one that both of them showed an equal amount of enthusiasm and interest in, and, considering their line of work, was an area that the father was confident his son would like to discuss in further detail.

"So Vegeta finally reached the second level of Super Saiyan, huh?"

Expression quickly becoming normal, the spiky haired teen cracked a smile. "Yep. It took him a lot of blood, sweat, tears and grinding in the gravity room, but after all that he managed to get it in the end. After seeing how hard he works, I'm really happy for him."

The senior fighter chuckled as he turned his gaze towards the skies of Otherworld, which were hanging in the air all around them, "To think that it actually took Bulma getting hurt to finally push him over the edge. I never figured the guy to be the caring type, considering how stubborn and prideful he can be, but it looks like the Prince of all Saiyans has surprised us once again."

Gohan grinned a little when another particular thought crossed his mind. "Vegeta's rivalry with you has done wonders for him. He may not be as strong or as talented as you or me, but he's made some outstanding progress since the Cell Games. The guy's a natural born hard worker."

"You have to give him points for persistence," Goku added, earning a nod from his son.

After covering Vegeta's success with a few compliments and comments of their own, the half-Saiyan then turned to his father and smiled even more, "And hey, Goten managed to transform into a Super Saiyan as well."

This announcement immediately drew the older warrior's attention, "What? No way. Seriously?"

"Uh-huh. Piccolo told me he managed to transform during our group's battle against Zeru when his friend Paprika jumped in to save him and Trunks. When he thought she died in the blast, he got really angry and let himself loose on the alien, breaking through several of its shields in one go," Gohan informed, pulling back and resting on his hands so that he could relax a little more. "I trained him to help control his transformation so that he could use it at will. Now he's even stronger
"Wow. That's incredible," Goku exclaimed, looking around to beam across the fields of grass in front of him. "He must be the youngest Saiyan to ever transform into a Super Saiyan."

"Half-Saiyan," Gohan corrected, earning a sheepish grin and a nervous laugh from his old man. "Don't forget, it's a big universe out there. You never know whether or not there are anymore Super Saiyans hiding out there on other planets outside of our quadrant."

"Fair enough," the dead warrior accepted gladly before breathing out a steady sigh. Pondering the idea of anymore of their kind being alive out there in the vast expanses of space, the spiky haired warrior then had another thought and quickly moved on with their topic. After all their talk of Saiyan transformations and such, it was understandable their conversation quickly led into this area. "Have you made any headway into ascending to the third level yet?"

Making a thoughtful sounding noise, the teenage warrior scratched his head, "It's not easy. Judging from the amount of power I'm digging into and the amount of strain it's putting on my body, it's taking everything I've got trying to get halfway through."

Goku looked across at his son curiously. "So you're close?"

"Close is… sort of subjective here," Gohan murmured, running a hand through his sweaty hair and giving his father a troubled glance. "No matter how much I push my energy into overdrive, I just can't seem to break through that final seal. There's something preventing me from making that final jump to achieving maximum energy output." He then scrubbed his cranium nervously while informing his father as to how troublesome this task was turning out to be. "I don't know. Maybe I'm approaching this the wrong way."

"Have you tried using emotional trauma to give you a kick?" Goku asked, scrutinizing the hybrid warrior with intent. He was well aware of the hidden potential dwelling inside his eldest son, as well as what was needed for the boy to draw upon his power. Perhaps, in his efforts to become stronger, he was neglecting a particular element of their fighting form necessary for him to ascend.

However, knowing how smart Gohan was, the dead Saiyan knew that there was no possible way the young man could ever overlook something so important.

As expected, the teenager nodded his head affirmatively. "Yes. I've tried ascending while at full power, using sheer force of will when my body was completely incapable of moving, drawing on all my power while maxing out the gravity room, transforming in space, thinking about all the horrible things Frieza and Cell has done… but no matter what combination I try, nothing seems to be working." Gohan then looked down at his hands and flexed his fingers a few times. "Is my body not strong enough? Can't it handle the strain of so much power sitting in one place?"

"That seems like the most likely case. Since you've got so much energy bottled up inside of you, perhaps the amount of ki necessary to maintain that form is just too much for a living body to control," Goku remarked, shrugging when he saw the teen look in his direction once again. The man then glanced down at his hands and checked his bruised palms. "I've been trying to get the transformation to work as well, but it's taking everything I've got just to retain the amount of power I'm able to draw on. I can feel it… I'm getting close to ascending. It's only a matter of time before I get it. But until then, I'm just as stuck as you are, son."

"Well then…" Gohan exclaimed, smiling across at his old man confidently. "It seems like this has become a two-horse race to see who can transform first. Me… or you." He jabbed a finger in the adult's direction. "You may be dead, dad, but I've been able to keep a steady lead for the past seven
years. Maybe it's finally time I blew past you."

The father grinned when he picked up the tone in the hybrid's words, "Is that a challenge, I hear?"
When he met the confident smirk of his oldest son, Goku let out a laugh and, reaching over,
clapped the kid on the shoulder encouragingly. "Alright then. You're on."

Since they both had Saiyan blood coursing through their veins, the prospect of a competition was
just too hard for either of them to resist. Both of them shared a passion for fighting, and while one
of them had certainly been a late bloomer in that department, he'd always shown a healthy interest
in fighting to protect his friends and family, and to become a strong warrior like his dad. Now that
he had matured, both Goku and Gohan could revel in the bond they'd formed in the sport they
loved so very much.

At the rate this was going; if they weren't careful both Saiyans could accidentally shake apart the
planets that they were training on to actually reach this legendary third level of Super Saiyan.

Once their brief exchange of pleasantries had been shared, Gohan stood up and shook out his
messy hair. "One last spar before I go?"

Goku, sensing the enthusiasm in the teen's voice, leapt to his feet and joined him on the field,
"Yeah. That'll be great."

As soon as both of them were up, the two immediately jumped to Super Saiyan 2. Golden auras
exploding around them, hair spiking up, and their forms becoming shrouded in an electrical blue
bio field, the two warriors then dashed out into the open and sprang into the air. Suspending
themselves a few dozen feet above the ground, they then circled each other in the sky and assumed
fighting stances. As soon as they stopped and fixed their full, undivided attentions on their
opponent, the father and son duo smiled one last time before flying at each other and colliding with
earth splitting force.

The sound of multiple thunderclaps continuously ringing out across the heavens caught the nearby
King Kai's attention. Lying across a folded-out chair underneath a beach umbrella, the blue-
skinned overseer of the Northern Quadrant, who was currently on break from a long morning of
teaching, looked up at the sky to see two golden bolts dueling with each other across the
atmosphere.

Glasses flashing as he adjusted his gaze, the Kai's face broke out a smile as he sat up to get a better
look at the display.

"Heh. There they go again," the man exclaimed, marveling as his greatest pupil and his prodigious
son sparred with one another above the Grand Kai's world. "I guess the apple really doesn't fall that
far from the tree."

The apple in this case had already sprouted into a tree of its own.

OOO

(Meanwhile)

(Mount Paozu)

The living room of the Son household also became filled with the sounds of explosions and battle.
However, in contrast to the actual war sounds that was often heard outside on the fields, these ones
were toned down somewhat due to the limits of the volume control.
All these noises of course were being generated by the television set, where Goten and his friends Trunks and Paprika were sitting in front of the screen with video game remotes in hand. While the oldest of the three sat in the center and provided balance for the trio's arrangement, the entire group was currently mashing buttons with intense looks on their faces as they attempted to beat their opponents in the free-for-all Master Brawlers game they were now playing. From the way they were squirming about and focusing intently on the screen, it was clear that their personal war with one another was really beginning to heat up.

"Come on, Artemis! Get him!" Goten shouted, moving his control to the left and vigorously tapping the attack button. "Yes! Yes! Go! Go!"

"No! No! No-no-no! No!" Trunks shouted back, quickly changing tactics to get out of the pincer movement he was forced into. "Counter! Counter! Counter! YES!"

"No! How the heck did you do that?"

"It's called the 'B' button, Goten. Start using it," the lavender haired boy replied childishly while grinning excitedly.

Grunting as she tried maneuvering her avatar around with the sticks, Paprika cursed when she found herself stuck in a corner. "Stupid controls! They're not working! All my character is doing is crouching repeatedly!" On the screen, her fighting character Sagitta was currently performing a continuous series of squats and rotations on a platform away from where Goten and Trunks' avatars were having it out. The white haired girl shouted when her character then started blocking uselessly, disobeying her commands and simply refusing to budge. "I order you to fight them, damn it!"

Stopping the battle for a moment, Trunks glanced across at the Makyan fuming over her inability to use the controls properly. "Yelling at the screen won't get him to move how you want him to. That's not how the game works."

"Then it is a stupid game!" Paprika shouted, trying to get her character to navigate the field but ended up walking her off of the edge of the cliff. When she fell, she exploded, adding another minus one to her score. The result had her growl, rise to her feet, and point at the screen. "A THOUSAND AND ONE DEATHS UPON THIS INFERNAL ACTIVITY!"

Trunks sweat-dropped when he saw the teenager huff angrily. "It's just a game, man. Chill out. I didn't know a chick could get so worked up over a video game." He then turned back to his character and began chasing after Goten's. "At least you're doing a hell of a lot better than dad did when I got him to play with me."

His old man wasn't as gentle when it came to handling this game. After he ended up losing for the fifth time, Vegeta snapped the control in half and went to blow off some steam in the gravity room. That was a very dark day at Capsule Corp… for all of the members of the Briefs family.

In the end the rest of the match became a two-legged race between Goten and Trunks, in which the pair of them battled each other to decide the victor. In the end, the latter won the round by unanimous decision and threw his arms into the air victoriously. During which time his cheerful friend from Mount Paozu breathed a sigh of relief and smiled across at his best mate.

"Good one, Trunks. You sure showed us."

The lavender haired boy smirked and pointed back at the spiky haired youngster in response, "I
may not be able to transform into a Super Saiyan yet, but I'm still better than you at other stuff." He then formed a tight fist and waved it confidently. "Just you wait. I'll catch up to you sooner or later." As usual, that was his father's side talking.

The pride of a Saiyan was a force to be reckoned with, as was their desire to combat any challenge that they encountered.

Paprika on the other hand had her own drives and expectations to live up to, which she was more than happy to share with her adversaries. "This is unacceptable! I demand a rematch!"

Her declaration easily drew the duo's attention up to her, particularly Goten's. "You still want to play with us, Paprika?"

"Even though you got creamed in the last fifteen rounds?" True, she'd gotten second place once or twice. Considering she wasn't technologically gifted or cared much for electronics, she was doing quite well for her first time.

The Makyan stuck her chest out proudly, "Of course. After all, a great warrior like me refuses to throw in the towel so readily." She then brandished her control declaratively. "I don't care how long it takes me. I'll get this game right eventually."

"Well here… let me help you," Goten chirped, quickly shuffling over so that he was sitting alongside his scarf wearing companion. As soon as he was in range, he then began pointing out buttons on her remote and comparing it to his. "These toggles direct and move your character around either left, right, up or down. You can press 'X' to jump and 'B' to throw long range attacks…” It was a pretty straightforward lecture, one that Paprika acknowledged with her utmost attention.

By the end of the day, the white haired fighter was able to walk away from the Son house with at least one victory under her belt and a big smile on her face.

OOO

(Several days later)

It was the beginning of a new season and Gohan had decided to commemorate the start to this new period by inviting all of his city friends over to spend some time over at his place. To mix things up a little, the demi-Saiyan had all of them bring nets and plastic boxes with them so that they could partake in a little planned activity of his out in the countryside. At first all of them were a little bit confused as to why they were bringing this stuff with them, but when the demi-Saiyan explained to them the reason why, they were all soon onboard with his idea.

On this particular day, the skies were clear and beautiful, and the weather was nice and warm; probably the warmest Mount Paozu had been in for a while. This was ideal for what the young warrior wanted to do with his soon-to-be-classmates.

That morning, when all of his friends eventually came by his place, they all went out into the valleys and forests to catch bugs. The sounds of the little critters could be heard echoing all around them, from crickets, to frogs and even cicadas. It was the latter that would become the main focus of the team's little expedition out here and Gohan couldn't wait to get started.

Standing in the middle of the grasslands surrounding the Son household, Gohan, Videl, Lime, Erasa and Touya were all dressed in their summer gear, with insect catchers slung over their shoulders and butterfly nets held firmly in hand. While Gohan was wearing a brown top with
brown pants and Erasa was dressed in her typical color scheme consisting of a green singlet and blue jean shorts, Lime was adorned in a red, checkered gingham top tied at the front exposing her stomach with white shorts, Touya a blue shirt and khaki pants, and Videl an oversized red shirt with a black hanya mask on its chest and grey, figure hugging spandex pants.

Formed into a circle, all five of them were looking around the area and listening to the insects' calls.

"The cicadas sound happy," Erasa chirped, beaming towards the nearby trees with a smile on her face.

"Yeah. Listen to all that noise they're making," Touya said, grinning widely as he too admired the untouched wilderness surrounding him. "What a beautiful chorus."

"They sure are loud though," Videl added, smiling across at Gohan to see the teen look right back at her. "We don't get many of them out in the city. They occasionally fly in from the countryside when they're in season, but that's about it. The rest of the time it's just traffic noise."

"You should see them when they're all coming out of the ground at the same time," Gohan said, smiling brightly as he shifted his net further onto his shoulder. "There are millions… billions of cicadas appearing in the one area. The largest migration on the face of the planet and it only happens once every seventeen years, depending on the species. Heck, there are so many of them that the amount of noise they make can be heard for miles around."

"Wow. That's a lot of noise," Erasa remarked, turning her gaze towards the demi-Saiyan.

Lime, also finding interest in the spiky haired warrior's comments, then glanced at her blonde haired friend with a smile. "It's true, you know. We sometimes get cicadas in our village after the rainy season, but most of them pop up around here, maybe because the area is so rich and fertile. We can hear them from the other side of the mountain."

"Imagine standing in the middle of all of that," Touya said, shaking his head as he contemplated the idea. "I bet you wouldn't be able to hear yourself think."

After listening to the songs of the mountains for a little while longer, the members of the group then turned to their host. The demi-Saiyan stood there with his net over his shoulder and a big smile on his face, obviously pleased to see how impressed his friends were and how all of them were admiring their location.

Since a couple of them hadn't been out there that often, it was obvious why those two in particular were in such awe of their surroundings.

"So, Gohan," Erasa began with a mischievous glint in her eye as she leered across at the young warrior, "What's the plan for today?"

"Isn't it obvious?" the spiky haired teen asked, holding out his bin so that they could all see it, "I called you all out here so that we could hang out and have a little bit of fun. More to the point, we're going to have a little competition with each other."

Everyone was immediately intrigued by his declaration, particularly Lime, "Competition?"

Gohan responded with a nod, "Yep. The name of the game today is bug hunting. Whoever catches the most cicadas wins." He then gestured out across the grasslands, directing the group's attention to all the insects they could already see buzzing or fluttering around. "Since we've got so much space around here, I figure we may as well put it to good use."
"Ooh. Sounds like fun," Erasa sung, rolling her shoulders and brandishing her net like it was a rifle. A couple of the others reacted in a similar, energetic manner. "This'll be great for my cardio."

"Whatever you say, girl," Videl chuckled, watching her friend bounce on her toes eagerly. Taking note of the girl's stance, the short haired tomboy then gestured to the fields behind her. "Just try not to stray too far. We wouldn't want you getting stuck anywhere or running into anything unpleasant."

"Uh… what do you mean by 'unpleasant'?" Touya asked, looking questioningly across at the Champ's daughter before the glasses wearing teen with the short hair shot a look towards the farm girl nearby.

The pig-tailed Lime beamed, "He means any dinosaurs or large reptiles." She grinned at the teen when his expression turned nervous. "Don't worry. There aren't any big creatures around here for miles. If there were, Gohan and Videl will be able to take care of them. No sweat."

Erasa, grinning from ear to ear, stepped towards the demi-Saiyan and elbowed him in the side, "These two are the toughest guys I know. Plus I'm sure tall, dark and handsome here will be able to protect us… right?"

Giving a good-natured laugh at the girl's compliment, Gohan then spun his net around and pointed it towards the center, "Alright then, fellas. Let's have some fun. The only rule is; there are no rules. Catch as many cicadas as you can. We'll meet back here at lunch time." Bringing his staff back around, the teen then assumed a fighting stance. When he saw the others mimic his actions, the boy grinned, "Ready and… GO!"

Almost immediately after the whistle was blown, Lime and Touya took off into the fields, both of whom were soon followed by Erasa, who ended up tripping over her own feet. When she picked herself up moments later, the city girl was back in the game and running towards the trees, quickly finding herself a lovely patch to start with. Upon seeing their friends take off, Gohan and Videl stepped towards one another, deciding to share a few words before going off on their own hunt.

"Great idea inviting all of us for a sleepover, Gohan," the raven haired girl commented, watching as the trio got right down to hunting. While her blonde school friend appeared a little bit lost, Lime had thrown herself right into the activity and Touya was starting his run off by kicking at a bush to try and scare a few animals out. "I think you're really starting to get the hang of organizing group get-togethers."

The demi-Saiyan nodded, "It's still a bit of a work in progress. But as long as they're having fun, then my job here is done."

Videl giggled at his answer, "Not quite yet. You're still going to have to catch more cicadas then the rest of us." She then playfully swatted him with the end of her net. "Remember; no super speed, energy blasts and no flying. If we're going to do this, then we're going to do this right. Deal?"

A fond grin quickly appeared on the hybrid's face as he fixed his gaze upon his best friend. "Deal." He then nodded across the flats, "Come on. Let's go have some fun."

With that said the two split up and went off in search of their elusive prey.

While making his way into the woods, Gohan quickly spotted Erasa over by a clearing with her net held high and her eyes fixed firmly upon the ground. Stopping when he saw her dive forward with a swing, he then smiled as he watched her reel her stick back in.
"What's that? You catch one?"

Beaming happily, the blonde haired girl reached into her transparent bag and pulled out the creature she'd ended up catching. "Hey there, cutie. Wow… you're a big one," the teenager chirped while holding the enormous, golden shelled bug with the big horns between her hands.

Hell, it was so big she could barely curl her fingers around it.

The demi-Saiyan watching her from a distance spotted the beetle she'd managed to grab and smiled at how cheerful she was about her success, "Well done, Erasa. But… that's not a cicada."

His remark immediately drew the blonde's gaze over to him, "Really?" When she saw him nod his head, she looked back at the beetle sadly. "Oh. Okay. Sorry, little guy." She then opened her hand up and let the critter rest in her palm.

When Gohan saw exactly what it was the teen had caught when she held it out, his jaw dropped when he recognized the familiar shape and size of the insect. Its unique horn structure, armored build and golden abdomen were easily distinguishable from a distance, and when it opened up its wings and took flight, the demi-Saiyan couldn't help but gawk after it.

"A Hercules Beetle?" He and Erasa watched it fly off, disappearing into the forest moments later. "Those things live high up in the mountains. We rarely get those down here."

His friend from the city giggled after seeing the look on his face, "Well… it's a good thing I let him go. Now he can go back to be with his family." The blonde then waved after the insect, even though it was long gone.

And so the day's main event was officially underway.

The bug hunt started off great. As expected, those who were the most athletically competent of the group threw themselves right into the game; rushing across the fields and swinging their nets around like there was no tomorrow. Lime was really enthusiastic about the whole thing, jumping through the air and swinging her net around to try and catch the cicadas flying through the air.

Touya was also surprisingly determined, crawling along the ground to sneak up on his targets. This approach worked out most of the time, but when he made too much noise he ended up scaring the critters away.

Cautious as ever, Videl went after her quarry with all the grace and finesse of a fighter. However, she did end up making one or two mistakes along the way. The poor girl wound up running headlong into a spider web and got a face full of silk, as well as an unwanted visitor that she swatted off of her while screaming bloody murder.

Gohan meanwhile had to contend with his own problems. Restricted from using his powers, the teenager had to run around dodging trees and jumping over bushes to catch his quarry. But as long as he kept his abilities on a low, he was able to play this game by the rules and not end up destroying the countryside in the process.

Despite all of this, the most important thing was that they were having fun. That's what really counted.

While tiptoeing through the woods with her net in hand and plastic box hanging comfortably from her shoulder, Erasa continued searching for cicadas in the woods surrounding Son Gohan's fields. Having successfully managed to bag and grab a few cicadas, along with a couple other insects that weren't exactly on the registry, she soon restarted her search for another handful of creatures to add
to her collection. She did so under the impression that she would receive a compliment from her handsome host and a reward of some sort, one that had her all giddy on the inside.

Spotting a cicada hanging off of a nearby oak, Erasa snuck up on it with her net held tightly at her side. Taking aim and biting her bottom lip excitedly, the blonde advanced step by step before, with great speed and accuracy, launched herself at the bug.

"GOT YAH!" the blonde shouted, laughing triumphantly when her net effortlessly enveloped her target. Her eyes shone with delight, only to widen in horror and her face to pale a split second later when she saw what else she'd managed to catch. "EEEEEEEEK!"

What she saw staring back at her from underneath her butterfly net was what she immediately mistook for a green demon wearing a white turban.

When Gohan and Videl rushed over to see what'd happened, both of them blinked in surprise when they saw it was Piccolo standing there, with Erasa's net covering his head like a bag, a cicada buzzing around inside it, and the poor teen shivering under his shadow.

Bug smacking against his face repeatedly, the Namekian flinched over and over again, while the insect's mating call screamed loudly in his ear. Considering how loud cicadas could be, the sounds it was making was probably unbearable to the cape-wearing warrior.

Every time the critter flew around and smacked into the side of Piccolo's cheek inside the net, the man announced his throbbering pain again and again, "Ow… ow… ow… ow…"

"I-I-I'm so sorry," Erasa stammered, grinning nervously up at the towering man in front of her. "I didn't see you there, sir. It was an accident…"

Cicada still buzzing around near his ear, the Namekian groaned. "Please… get… this… thing… off of… me…"

Watching from a distance, Videl had to stifle a laugh, while Gohan snickered and rested his hand on his waistline. "Erasa. What are you doing to Mr. Piccolo?"

Turning around to see her childhood friend laughing her ass off and the raven haired hunk smiling at her, the startled blonde grinned nervously and shrugged, "N-Nothing." Honestly, it was pretty hard saying it was nothing when she still had the green warrior's head trapped inside a butterfly net.

Acting as quickly and carefully as she could, the girl slowly removed the net free from Piccolo's head, allowing the cicada and the Z-fighter to go free.

The Namekian relaxed, eyes still locked onto the startled girl, "Thank you."

Apparently the tall fighter had decided to drop by to see what all the commotion around the Son residence was about and, by sheer bad luck and coincidence, had managed to walk right into it. But of course, once apologies had made and dues had been paid, everyone quickly got back to their task of hunting down the critters living in the area.

When lunchtime eventually pulled around sometime later, the teenagers quickly brought it back into the middle to show off their catches. Converging around the center field where it all started, Gohan made sure that everyone was present and accounted for. Upon inspecting the physical conditions of all of his friends, including Erasa and Touya, the latter of whom looked as though he'd spent a great portion of the day falling out of trees as opposed to successfully dismounting them, the man started off the count in a clockwise direction. All the while the team was watched
on by the ever-present shadow of Piccolo from a distance.

"I've got eleven," Videl exclaimed, holding her box up proudly.

"Ten," Touya exclaimed, bringing his around to show off.

"I caught ten as well," Erasa announced, drawing the gazes of all of her friends and prompting Lime to lean over to look at her box more closely.

After having a glance around inside, the brown haired girl with pigtails giggled a little, "A few of those aren't even cicadas." She then raised a finger and pointed at each of them while the rest of the group took a closer look. "You have a couple of grasshoppers, a stick insect, two spiny leaf insects, a monarch butterfly and…" Her eyes then widened as she leaned in further, "Holy crap, you caught a yanbaru long-armed scarab! Where in the world did you find that?"

The blonde blinked at her friend's exclamation curiously, "Crawling up a tree." Taking note of the stunned faces of her friends, the innocent teenager then took on a timid expression. "He looked pretty, so I caught him."

A smile slowly appeared on Gohan's face, "An impressive catch, Erasa. Well done." The spiky haired warrior complimented, earning a warm gaze from the blonde before holding up his box, "I managed to catch ten as well."

Turning her attention to her neighbor's cheerful face and box of many cicadas, Lime grinned, "You're getting slack, Gohan-kun." The country girl then held her bin out and showed them all her glorious collection. "Ta-da! Thirteen!"

The demi-Saiyan nodded as the girl smiled and held her catch proudly above her head, "Looks like we have a winner. Good job everyone." After giving everyone a congratulatory smile, the raven haired warrior then brought his tin into view and popped open the top. "I think it's about time we let these little guys go. They've had a really long day."

"Agreed," Touya answered, opening the top of his bin as well and holding it out. "It's important to follow the spirit of catch and release with these guys." Just as he was peeling the lid back though, the boy then looked up and blinked a few times in surprise. "Huh. Something about what I just said felt very familiar."

On cue, all of the other members of the troop cracked open their cases and liberated the cicadas from their confines. While all those who'd actually caught the noise makers held their plastic boxes up and allowed the insects to fly off, Erasa had to hold hers close to the ground so that the ones she'd caught could crawl away. She also made sure to find a special place for the scarab at the bottom of her bin.

It was a fine haul today, and as the group stood back and watched their insects fly off into the horizon with the rest of their cicada brothers and sisters singing away in the woods, a smile formed on Lime's face as she glanced across at her group of friends.

"This was fun. We should definitely do this again sometime."

Videl nodded, before reaching over and tugging on Gohan's sleeve, "Come on. Let's go have lunch."

And they did.
Who said going to a town festival wasn't a fun thing to do?

Videl certainly thought so as Gohan led her through the open streets of a village somewhere in the outermost region of Mount Paozu. With the roads littered with stalls, vegetables and all sorts of other miscellaneous decorations strung up about the place, it was obvious the community was in celebration of one of their traditional holidays. It seemed like a pretty old tradition as well because not only were the two teenagers able to make out several old time artifacts and landmarks on display, but they could also see several villagers walking around dressed in clothing that people hadn't worn for over a hundred years. That was more than enough to tell them that not only was the entire village in party mode but they were also putting on one heck of a show for the tourists.

That was fine by the demi-Saiyan's book; as long as they were making money. All he wanted to do was take his friend out for the day and show her more of the region surrounding his homeland.

"So what festival did you say this was again?" Videl asked her partner as she dodged traffic to get to one of stalls in the middle of the square. It was here the two of them stopped to inspect the various pastries that'd been put out by the owner of the shop.

"This is Kiko Village's annual Moon Festival; a little celebration that the people have to commemorate the end of their settlement's first harvest season," Gohan informed, smiling as he took a glance around at the crowds of guests moving back and forth across the block. "Judging from the number of people here and what they have on sale, I think it's safe to say that they've had a very productive year. Check out all of the attractions."

There were horse rides, coach tours, souvenir stalls, sheep shearing, bread and butter making, silk and material works, clothing stands… pretty much everything you would find at a flea market and more. On top of having a concert over on the green later that evening, the entire town was also an ideal place for a little bit of one on one time between the two best friends.

And neither one of them was complaining about it.

"You can only come across these kinds of fetes in the countryside. They're nothing like the festivals back in Satan City or the fun parks everybody visits in West City. These are much nicer… quieter," Videl exclaimed, tucking some hair behind her ear while checking out one of the bagels on the counter. "Mm… those look good."

"Two zeni each," the woman wearing the red and white striped apron behind the counter said before smiling across at the girl in the yellow sweater, white skirt and black spandex pants. The cook then gestured towards another stack of delicious looking scones sitting on top of a plate. "These moon cakes are also one and a half zeni each. Three for three if you like."

"Ooh. I'll take those thanks. And two bagels," Videl said, smiling as she then watched the woman go about parceling them up for her.

But just when the raven haired girl was fishing into her pocket for some cash, the half-Saiyan suddenly stepped in front of her and fished some bills out of his. "Don't worry. I got it." Keeping the girl's hand from extending and spoiling herself, Gohan moved to the front and handed the customer service agent his cash, before then throwing the girl a wide grin. "My treat, since I'm taking you out."

At first appearing surprised, Videl then threw him an amused smirk, "I don't think that's how it works."
"Well… let's just go with it for now and see exactly where it takes us," the Saiyan replied, receiving change from the baker as well as the products he'd purchased. He then handed the bag to Videl, opening it up and allowing her to fish around for her treat, which she promptly did so. "I heard the moon cakes from this village are the best scones in the entire region. Am I right?" He directed a smile over at the middle-aged woman behind the stand of breads and assorted baked confections.

The master chef nodded to the boy in response, "That's right."

"See?" Gohan chirped. After giving a wave of thanks, he then began walking Videl away from the small crowd gathering around the desk and further out into the open. However, with the amount of villages darting this way and that, checking out the many other booths set up around them, this made the task of navigation extremely difficult. "I've flown to dozens of villages to do shopping in the past, but this place always has the best breads and some of the best pumpkins I've ever bought. The people here take a lot of pride in their work."

Chewing on one of the scones she'd managed to grab, Videl moaned out at the heavenly taste that rolled across her tongue. "Mm. And they have a right to be. This is delicious."

"Maybe we'll come back around and see if they can bake us some fresh ones. The smell that they have when they come straight out of the oven makes your mouth water," the demi-Saiyan said, holding a hand out and clenching his fingers to convey just how glorious the prospect was.

Videl was easily impressed, "I'll hold you to it." She then pointed across the way when she saw another wagon-driven-stall that caught her eye. "Wow. Check out those watermelons. They're massive." Stopping in their tracks to watch the crowd slip by and give them a better view of the cream of the crop, the raven haired crime fighter then spared her escort a grin. "What do they fertilize those things with? Chickens and asparagus?"

"You would think that, wouldn't you?" Gohan chuckled, glancing down to see Videl take a couple more bites out of her large scone before then holding up the bag to him. "Oh. Thanks." Grabbing a bagel for himself, he then pointed across at the prized vegetable collection. "To get watermelons that big, the soil would have to be incredibly rich and the products well taken care of. The farmers use only the best natural remedies to ward off all the bugs and pests that would be considered harmful to their patches."

This had the sweater wearing girl shrug, "Nothing that a healthy splash of grain around the farm can't fix, I suppose." Not really knowing much about the ins and outs of farming, yet finding her friend's knowledge about it incredibly insightful, she then grinned up at the spiky haired warrior. "Your mum plants her own stuff around the house, yeah?"

"Uh-huh. We buy the seeds from Lime's parents and plough the gardens ourselves. It's a really great meditative practice to get into every second season."

Videl then gave him a playful nudge. "That probably explains why you know so much about it."

"I'm just as much a learner as I am a professional fighter," Gohan stated while raising his hands. "Agriculture just happened to be small part of my education during my primary years, so I went ahead and did some."

"I keep forgetting how unique a childhood you actually had growing up. Outside of your outer space adventures, your life at home with your mum and dad was just as intense." Finishing up her scone and dusting her hand down as they continued on walking through the busy village square, Videl then hooked her arms around Gohan's and beamed up at him happily. Her actions drew the
boy's gaze down to her, a sight that had her heart start to thump, "I'm really glad you invited me out here to spend the day with you, Gohan."

"Yeah. Me too. I wouldn't be able to enjoy it as much without you around. So... well..." Fumbling a bit with his words as he tried to think up something to say, the teen chuckled and rubbed the back of his head. Blushing slightly as he glanced towards the girl's enchanting smile and captivating sapphire eyes, he then lowered his hand and straightened up. "I wanted to take you some place great, that's all. You're an awesome friend, Videl, and I... I really love spending time with you, you know?"

Batting her eyes, the girl sighed and turned about to continue staring ahead of her. "Not quite there yet, huh?" she whispered, arms still wrapped around his. Figures...

"Hm? Did you say something?"

"No. Nothing," the tomboy replied, shaking her head at the half-Saiyan. "Just talking to myself." Stopping them for a third time along the footpath, Videl then spotted a café across the way and gestured the male's attention over to it. "I feel like a coffee. How about you?"

"Sure. My treat," Gohan spoke, allowing his friend to keep a firm grip of him as he then led her towards the establishment in question. They'd been walking for quite a while now. The least he could do was pull up a chair for them.

Passing through the crowd, the pair were given a moment of silence as they approached the diner. Once they were about partway across the square, Videl then spoke up with a devilish look in her eyes. "You're not going to tell me that this place sells some of the best coffee in the world, are you?"

"Ah-ha. Second best coffee, actually," Gohan replied, responding to the teasing tone in the girl's voice as he opened the door to the shop and allowed her passage. "The best is somewhere on the other side of the world. I'll take you there, sometime."

Rolling her eyes, Videl then threw him a playful swing that he blocked. "Sometimes I don't know whether you're just playing with me or telling the truth."

The demi-Saiyan threw her his signature grin, "Wanna guess?"

"I'd like to, but I'm a little bit afraid of the answer," the teen answered in amusement, not giving the boy the satisfaction of seeing her daring leer. "Keep smiling, hotshot. I ain't crackin' that easily."

OOO

(Early Monday morning)

(Somewhere in the Dunes)

It'd been a long weekend for everyone and right now the entire world was getting set for another round of work. In countless cities across the globe, people were either slowly starting to wake up to the morning sun or were still tossing and turning around in their sleep. This only counted for the half of the planet that was still shrouded in darkness.

On the other half of the planet though, in a village situated on the very edge of the largest desert on the mainland, a small village was experiencing one of the worst wakeup calls they could ever imagine. This came in the form of rapid footsteps, gunfire and screaming, as two trucks filled with armed men and a tank trundled into the Mid Eastern town and began raiding homes left and right.
Armed to the teeth and bearing the colors of bandits originating from parts unknown, the men dressed in desert military uniforms, turbans and goggles, busted down doors up and down the main road and began harrying terrified villagers onto the streets. Screaming and barking orders at the defenseless civilians, they separated both the men and the women from each other, while also making sure the children were accounted for.

Minutes upon entering the settlement, the bandits armed with AK-47s, Uzis and a whole bunch of other automatic weaponry corralled every individual towns person to the side of the road and began forcing them into herds. As soon as they had the women fenced off by a squad of soldiers, they then began putting the men up against the wall, where they forced them to put their hands up and turn their backs to them.

It was complete and utter chaos. On top of the rumbling of the tank's engine at the end of the highway and the soldiers screaming at the civilians, the women and children were crying, and the men were attempting to fight back against the invaders. But to no avail. All they could do was plead and shout as they were lined up and prepared to be subjected to a firing squad.

The leader of the bandits, a man armed with a saber and wearing a red beret, marched down the road with an armed escort, his chin held high, and a pistol in hand. Upon inspecting the large group of women on one side of the street and the men on the other side, he then raised his gun and fired it into the air. His shots silenced some of the noise, leaving only the children and a couple of the captured civilians to stare fearfully in his direction and whimper.

"Enough! I'm getting tired of all this crying!" the bearded commander shouted, waving his gun around and glaring over his frightened hostages. "As of right now, this entire town belongs to us!" He slammed the butt of his gun against his chest in a tribal gesture of warning. "Your economy, your farmlands, your infrastructure… all of it belongs to us! And to make sure that none of you even think of rebelling against our will…" He then pointed across at the men lined up against the wall, "This group over here will be put to death!"

"No! Please!" one of the mothers on the other side cried out. "Don't do this!"

"Please! Have mercy!" a man on the wall shouted, only to receive a rifle butt to the back that sent him crumpling to the ground.

A new wave of cries washing over the area, the commander snarled and turned his ire on the prisoners, "SILENCE! You will do as I say!" Shouts and cries beseeching him to show restraint continuing to fill his ears, the man merely spat on the ground and pointed towards a couple of his masked marauders standing nearby. "You and you! Bring four more!" As soon as he gave the order, the bandits grabbed four more men from the crowd they'd separated and forced them to the length of wall as well.

It was here over a dozen male villagers were now lined up, all with their hands against the stone and their backs turned to their captors.

Smirking at the uproar of further screaming and pleading, the commander leered at the women before marching towards the lineup. Grabbing a poor farmer by the back of the robe, he violently dragged him across the dirt road and forced him to his knees, where he then loaded his Beretta and pointed it at the back of the terrified man's head.

An excited look filled the commander's eyes as his two dozen bandits and subordinates stood back and watched the show. "All those who defy us will be swiftly punished."

From his position and this range, there was no way he could miss.
But just as his finger was pulling back on the trigger, a red beam suddenly shot down from the sky and smacked into his gun, knocking it out of his hand. "GAH!" Shouting and gripping his wrist as he stumbled backwards, the man in the beret looked up with a start and shouted to the heavens. "WHO DID THAT?"

While the bandits scattered around across the main street were looking around wildly for a sniper, a figure suddenly teleported directly in front of the commander and made her presence known. Appearing before the stunned crowd in the form of a green blur, the blue-skinned, orange haired form of Zangya suspended herself in front of the gang's leader, her arms folded and hair bellowing upwards.

Adorned in a tasteful purple suit with a skirt, a white shirt and purple heels, the appearance of the pointy-eared Hera startled the commander out of his wits, and forced him to take a few steps back. When he looked her over and met her glare with his own, the wide eyed outlaw gritted his teeth and reached for his sword. "Demon bitch! You will die!" He drew his saber with a shout and pointed it at her.

Zangya rolled her eyes in response as the tip of the weapon was practically brushed against her nose. "Yeah. Sure." She then grabbed the sword and melted it with a quick burst of ki, leaving it as just a stump and a handle.

When the commander retracted his now blunt weapon in disbelief, he took one disbelieving look at it before glancing back up at the new arrival. As soon as he did, he was promptly greeted by the woman's knuckles, which caved in his face and sent him blasting across the village through every single wall standing in his path, and didn't stop until he was bouncing across the fields of crops.

Judging from the distance he'd covered, it was safe to say the man would be drinking all of his next meals in Otherworld through a straw.

Lowering her fist, Zangya then heard the distinct sound of assault rifles going off and looked to her left to see the commander's two bodyguards opening fire on her. Rolling her eyes when their bullets bounced harmlessly off of her skin, she walked over to them and uppercutted one of the pricks the chin, sending him flying over the village's rooftops. After that she threw a hook at the other one and sent him into a building, which collapsed right on top of him. Seconds later, all hell broke loose.

The soldiers that were holding the men at point turned on the demon woman and opened fire. But just before any of their bullets could hit, the Hera held up a finger and fired a barrage of multiple red beams that cut the swath of soldiers down like paper. As soon as their bodies hit the ground, Zangya then turned towards a distant rooftop, took aim with her hand, and fired a red blast up at a sniper, which she disintegrated. Upon wiping him and a portion of that building's roof out, she then focused her attention on the soldiers holding the women hostage.

The moment she saw a couple of them point their weapons at the prisoners and a couple more move forward to try and engage her, Zangya narrowed her eyes and reacted instantly. In a scene taken straight out of Man of Steel, the woman darted towards the soldiers in a blue blur, smashing them one after the other and sending them crashing to the ground at super speed before dealing sweet justice to the last. Holding the bandit by the throat above the floor, she allowed the man to kick and squirm helplessly for a few seconds. After that she dropped him on his ass and kicked him across the face, knocking him out.

Upon dispensing swift, lightning fast righteousness over the evil men, Zangya then turned her attention to her final opponent. Its engine growling loudly as the men inside of it fired it up, the T-72 battle tank began rumbling down the street towards the woman, forcing the now freed villagers to scatter. The Hera stood her ground and waited for it to come closer. Once it reached her, she simply reached out and activated the kinesis of her sword, creating a red beam that sliced it in half. With the tank's destruction, the bandits were defeated and the village was safe once more.
to run for cover. As soon as the road cleared, the unflinching Hera moved into the center of it, while the terrified townspeople watched from behind walls and fences as their unlikely savior faced off against the metal beast.

Stopping in its tracks, the tank's gun rotated and aimed at the orange haired woman. As soon as she was standing squarely in its sights, the officer inside the vehicle's turret wasted no time in dillydallying.

"Target at twelve o'clock!" the officer in the goggles shouted, kicking his gunner in the back shoulder, "Do you have her?"

"Target marked, sir!"

"Then fire!"

"Yes, sir! On the way!"

A loud 'bang' immediately followed when the massive gun fired, hurtling the armor piercing projectile towards the Hera at a ridiculous speed. A split second later, a large explosion impacted the woman, temporarily blocking out view of the street around her. When the men in the tank thought they'd killed her, jaws soon dropped all around when they saw Zangya's form emerge from the smoke with a smile on her face and looking completely unscathed.

Dusting off her shoulder from the shrapnel, the Hera then started strolling towards the tank with her hands in her pockets and a spring in her heeled step.

"R-Reload!" the sergeant shouted.

"Gun loaded sir!"

"Then hit her!" the vehicle commander shouted, at the same time the assistant driver opened fire on the demon woman with the machinegun. But no matter how much metal he poured onto her, he didn't even come close to stopping her.

"On the way!" Another deafening thunderclap sent the tank shell rocketing down the street, striking Zangya in the face with a loud 'ping' but ended up ricocheting and flying off into the horizon.

Three more times the tank fired as Zangya casually strolled towards it. But each and every time the massive gun let loose a round at the woman, the shells either bounced off of her and flew off into the distance, or exploded uselessly against her. When she eventually stopped three feet in front of the gun, the men were so stumped by the sight of her still standing that they all but pissed themselves in terror.

Shaking in their boots, they tried for one last round, the gun flashing as it blasted another tank shell into her face at pointblank range, only for it to ricochet off of her forehead and shoot up into the sky. When the whistle of the high-velocity round echoed into the distance, the Hera smiled one last time before raising her hand and holding it towards the front of the armored war machine.

"You guys have had your shot. Now it's my turn," Zangya said, a mischievous grin forming across her lips. "Bang."

A split second later, a red blast engulfed the tank and disintegrated it, sending its pieces scattering down the street and out of the village. After the explosion went off and filled the air with thick black smoke, it left behind a road littered with bodies, discarded weapons, and a burnt trench along
the highway eight hundred yards long.

Upon eliminating the threat and sensing no more bandits in the area, as they'd all been killed save for one, Zangya lowered her hand and turned her attention to the village. As soon as she saw the liberated townspeople emerge from their hiding spots and begin to gather, all of them whispering as to whom their savior could possibly be, the orange haired woman smiled and waved at them. Once she did, she levitated off of the ground and took off into the clouds, where she then began a westerly flight in the direction of the other side of the continent.

The villagers didn't even have time to thank her for saving them, but they nevertheless cheered as the mysterious angel vanished over the horizon.

After getting up super early that morning at the chime of four to watch Gohan train for a little while, Zangya had then gotten herself dressed up for a big day out. Apparently her bosses over in the capital were sending her out on a job to West City to show her a new line up of dresses they wanted her to market to the public. Knowing there was a big pay behind the trade, there was no way the Hera could possibly refuse their request. However, the early morning wakeup call did mean she ended up losing a few hours of beauty sleep, leaving her slightly crabby and a little bit groggy.

Of course, while she'd been flying towards West City on what was supposed to be an eventless route, she'd unexpectedly come across a group of bandits invading a small village. Upon seeing the amount of firepower they were packing and getting a gist as to what their intentions were, the Hera then wasted no time in stepping in before things got out of hand.

"They were all being dicks anyway."

"That was a pretty fun workout," Zangya thought, feeling significantly cheered up after beating the stuffing out of every single armed assailant in that town. Exhaling pleasantly from what was more of a skip through the tulip fields than a warm-up, the woman allowed the wind to whip freely at her hair as she picked up speed towards her destination.

She was making good time either way. By her estimate, the alien warrior probably had a few minutes to get herself a cup of coffee or tea before showing up at the conference when she eventually reached town.

"Why was she worried? With clear blue skies overhead and a cool breeze licking at her skin, what could possibly ruin a perfect morning like this…?"

XXX

(Meanwhile)

Many, many miles away from the village where all the commotion had taken place, out of the way of any major civilization or community, a very important excavation project was currently underway. At a place where one of the most famous manmade landmarks stood consisting of three enormous pyramids reminiscent to the Giza Necropolis and surrounded by the remains of an ancient city, a large team of archaeologists and researchers had setup base camp.

Beyond the tents marked with the Capsule Corp. Science logos, the vehicles, and the guards keeping watch over the place for any pirates or tomb raiders that happened to be in the area, a massive hole had been dug right outside the largest of the three structures. At the bottom of this crater, where what looked to be an ancient courtyard or temple had been buried under tons of sand sat, a handful of men and women were currently hard at work. While most of them were inspecting
the buildings surrounding the area, only a couple of people were tending to the main structure in the middle.

This took the form of a large, stone, cylindrical object covered in various pictures and ancient writings, which was being guarded by several stone statues set up around its perimeter. It was this very sarcophagus that the head investigator and scientist of the team was dusting down and recording all of the information she was able to read from its surface.

While the blonde haired woman was kneeling at the base of the massive structure and making note of a new set of markings, she was soon approached by the head digger at the site; a man wearing a high visibility jacket, a hard hat and goggles. Marching down the steps assembled by the crew, the middle-aged worker smiled as he watching the woman in the checkered shirt, jeans and boots carefully brush away the sand covering the symbols she was attempting to decipher.

Once it was clear, she got right on to drawing.

"Boy. I've never seen someone so in love with their work before," the man spoke, startling the woman out of her daze and drawing her gaze over to him. "I'm telling yah, Haruko, I've worked with dozens of scientists over the years, but you're probably the only one I've seen stick to her station for an entire day and a night. Seriously. You should get some rest."

The blonde haired woman now identified as Haruko chuckled and shook her head at the worker's suggestion, quickly turning back to the artifact she was charged with investigating. "No thanks, Clyde. I'm doing just fine. Besides, we're on a really tight schedule this week. If my boss doesn't get an update on our progress in the next twenty-four hours telling him if we've made a crack into figuring out exactly what this thing is, then he's going to personally come down here and chew our asses out. That's something I'd rather try to avoid." She then glanced up at the structure in front of her and looked it over. "This tomb is a major discovery for the archaeological community. I'm positive that over time, this thing will help answer some of the biggest, unsolved questions researchers and scientists have had about the true history of Ancient Egret. Perhaps it'll also become the next big attraction to this site."

"For history buffs at least," the site chief Clyde replied while nodding his head towards the sandstone mausoleum. "I imagine the universities and other archaeologists will be crying their eyes out over this whole thing when you eventually bring it back to the capital. Your name will go down in history as the one who discovered Cleopatra's lost boutique store… or whatever the hell this place actually is."

"Scholars have suspected for years that there were secret temples constructed around the bases of the three pyramids. They theorized that they were part of a larger spiritual system; a gateway to another world from which those that'd died could pass into the afterlife peacefully and without issue. Aside from serving as a tomb for the pharaohs of old and places of worship for the masses, they also served as a means for the priests to communicate with the other side," Haruko informed, before shrugging and digging her brush a little bit deeper into a line of hieroglyphics, which appeared in front of her like bones protruding from the ground. "But these are all just theories. I think this is something else."

"Well… what is it?" the brown haired worker asked, removing his hat and stepping closer so that he could crouch down alongside the head honcho. "Is it some kind of vault? A tablet? A pedestal? I'm just guessing here."

"Not exactly," the archaeologist replied, shuffling aside so that she had room to point out the various lines of text engraved upon the dusty, arcing surface. "At first I thought this was a fire pot or a talisman the priests used to record their commandments. But after looking at it closely, I now
know that this is some kind of tomb. And there's a story written on it." She then looked up at her coworker with a serious look on her face. "I believe this story gives us the answer to the true purpose of the Giza Necropolis."

A smile soon pulled across Clyde's face, "Something tells me that you've been dying to talk about this."

This response drew a smirk from Haruko, "What can I say? It's been a really long night for me. You're going to love this." She turned back to the monolith and, rising to her feet, pointed at the first line of hieroglyphics that was the first chapter of the tale carved into the stone. Clyde, ears and eyes wide open, followed her as she began to read. "Long ago, the peace between the Gods of the Seventh Universe was shattered when the evil overlord Set, the God of Storms, declared war against all of creation. Desiring total control and dominion over every creature in existence, Set and his minions attempted to cover the entire universe in darkness." As she spoke, she continued to walk around the tomb while reading the pictures off of the wall. "The battle between Set and the other Gods lasted for over a hundred years until, finally, only the God of Destruction Beerus, the Protector Goddess Artemis, the Goddess of War Enyo, the Great God Izanagi, the God of Fury Odin, and the King of the Gods Ra, were the only ones left standing. Together, they defeated the great overlord Set and, with the help of the Supreme Kais, sealed his body inside the Nexus, an impenetrable tomb beneath the pyramids, as punishment for his crimes."

"Damn," Clyde chuckled when he saw how informative the pictures were becoming as the woman led them on a full lap of the enormous tomb. "Set must have been ridiculously powerful if he was able to battle all of those Gods at the same time."

"Yeah. Tell me about it," Haruko said while shaking her head in disbelief. "This is the first time I've ever heard of so many Gods rallying together to battle such a great evil. Most of them aren't even part of Egret's mythology." She then placed her finger upon a new line and continued reading, while slowly walking around the tomb. "And there's more. After the God of Storms was sealed away, the evil Minions of Set rebelled and came to earth to free their master from his retched tomb. None of the great pharaoh's armies could stop the minions… as they brought terror to all." She then narrowed her eyes as a new chapter came up. "The pharaoh then called upon the great powers of Ra and Anubis to imprison the minions here, in this tomb, where they will stay forever. If the Minions of Set should ever be freed, they will once again attempt to liberate their master from his prison, so that he can assume his rightful place as the God of Storms and bring about darkness to the universe." Lowering her hand, Haruko then breathed a sigh and rubbed her head, which had obviously been strained from her endless hours of work. "That was over twenty thousand years ago."

"Hm…" Clyde scratched his head as he took a step back and looked upon the enormous monolith in front of them, which was now casting a very eerie shadow upon them. After hearing the story that was written upon it, who wouldn't be slightly discomforted by what this structure potentially held. "So this is the tomb containing the key to unleashing the greatest evil the universe has ever seen?" He then glanced around at the statues that'd been dug up and were currently surrounding the pot. "That explains why all of these deities are watching over it." He pointed at the forms of Horus and Amun, which could be seen guarding the cylinder.

"Their services are greatly appreciated," Haruko stated, walking a little bit around the tomb before gently resting her hand against its surface. Getting a feel of the thousand year block, she then started to run her digits across the side. "We owe the Gods a lot of thanks for their hard work and sacrifices over the years… even if it's mostly myth." She then glanced back at Clyde while she continued to run her hand over the text covered wall. "A lot of the notes on this tablet also say how Anubis was a spawn of Set's evil and an inheritor of his powers. Considering he was the entity who
fashioned this tomb for the God of Storms' minions, I wouldn't be surprised if he did a botched job on it.”

All of a sudden, while her fingers were running over a particular section of the wall, she suddenly pushed it in, revealing a hidden lever. Balking a little when her arm sunk into the tomb, Haruko backpedalled away as quickly as she could. Then, several moments after she jumped back, every single hieroglyph upon the tomb unexpectedly lit up and began shining a bright gold. The entire area became bathed in a celestial light, and every single worker and digger in the crater stopped doing what they were doing to look in the direction of the anomaly.

Eyes wide and bodies frozen in shock, Haruko and Clyde were soon joined by half a dozen guards. The soldiers escorting the expedition and keeping watch over the borders surrounded the hole and brought their weapons to bear, not knowing what was going to happen or what was happening right now.

The tomb continued to flash and glow like a strobe, sparks of electricity flying off of it and scaring the daylights out of the workers. Then, just when it seemed like something biblical was about to take place, the top of the tomb was suddenly popped off and the lid was sent hurtling out of the crater. As soon as it crashed into the middle of the researcher's campsite, the tomb stopped glowing, allowing smoke to rise off of its glowing hot surface.

Cautiously, Haruko, Clyde and several other workers in the area approached the tomb, quietly and carefully. Sweating bullets and trembling from head to toe, the group prepared to investigate the source of the strange abnormality; an event that was beyond anything that they were used to seeing in their line of work.

But just as the platoon's worth of archaeologists was in the process of advancing upon the open tomb, there was another flash of light followed by a loud bang as a column of blue fire spewed out of the top of the casket. The instant the flames jutted out, four human-sized figures then leapt out of the fire and, in the blink of an eye, darted towards the stunned crowd of onlookers.

Without warning or hesitation, the four shadows began indiscriminately cutting down every single person in the area. The innocent men and women in uniforms didn't even see the attack coming as one after the other they were all bifurcated or cut to pieces in a matter of seconds. Gunfire rang out here and there when the guards attempted to shoot at the black figures charging across the dig site, but their attempts to shoot the demons were futile.

They and their associates were dispatched just as easily as the first dozen people that'd been standing closest to the tomb.

By some otherworldly miracle, a frightened Haruko managed to dive behind a nearby statue standing directly beside the tomb she'd been investigating, while her friend Clyde ended up cut to pieces. Quartered from the top down, the head digger's blood and body parts were sent flying in all directions when one of the shadows shot past him in a running attack. The poor scientist clamped her hand over her mouth to stop from screaming as she watched in horror as her entire crew and the locals who'd escorted them to the place were slaughtered right before her very eyes.

In a matter of seconds, the entire campsite had been swept clean. Men's heads were lopped off of shoulders, bodies were cut in half either at the waist or right down the middle, and blood was sent splattering across the hot sands of the ancient city.

There was no saving any of them and there was absolutely no chance of escape. The attack was swift, silent, and decisive.
Five seconds later, over seventy workers and locals could be found lying in pieces across the ancient ruins, and the four shadowy figures responsible for the massacre returned to the crater from whence they’d come.

Landing several yards away from the thunderstruck Haruko's hiding place, the archaeologist was able to get her first good look at the murderers. This was a historic moment too, because not only had she born witness to an anomaly never before recorded at any other dig site, but the figures that were currently standing before her hadn’t been seen for over twenty thousand years.

There were four of them. That much was obvious. Two men and two women. However, despite each being approximately the size of a person, neither of them was human. All of them were anthropomorphic dogs, each of them bearing the characteristics of both a human and a canine, including tails, fur, faces and ears.

The first and most prominent of the four was a towering, eight foot tall, black anthropomorphic Pharaoh Hound, with a large, bulky upper body, muscular arms, and was armed with a black, Egyptian battle axe. The second male was a seven foot tall, anthropomorphic Akita male with light brown fur, an athletic warrior body, and was armed with a long, golden spear. The third, a female and apparently the leader judging from the amount of golden ornaments on her, was a slim, curvaceous, six foot tall anthropomorphic collie with light and dark brown batches of fur, a long snout, black lashes with a scar across her left eye, and was wielding a curved, sickle-like sword Haruko identified as a khopesh. The fourth and final member of the group was another female dog around the same height as the other female, and was of the Ibizan hound breed, with light brown fur and wielding two short, black staff-like batons in either hand.

While the four warriors were of different breeds, the humanoid dog creatures all wore the exact same ensemble of clothing consisting of brown shendyts around their waists, brown, revealing halter tops for the ladies, golden plated guards on their forearms, chain collars around their necks, and golden, armored nemes headpieces, which concealed their hair but allowed their ears to protrude comfortably from their crowns.

Though Haruko had no clue where the hell they'd come from or what the hell kind of species they were, she did know three things: they were insanely powerful, they were dangerous… And they were the Minions of Set.

After sheathing their weapons either at their hips or on their backs, the four humanoid dogs looked around the area they'd had the pleasure of clearing. When the largest of the four inspected the dismembered body of Clyde lying a couple yards away, the dark warrior frowned before turning towards his companions.

"Non sut… milites Pharaonis, Shiera," the imposing warrior spoke in a language that sounded very familiar to the fear struck Haruko. (These humans… they are not the pharaoh's soldiers, Shiera)

The smaller female hound also looked around at her comrades, most notably the serious collie standing alongside her, "Nam et ipsi ferre arma projectum… multo magis proficiebat quam meminerim." (They also wield projectile weaponry… much more advanced than what I remember)

"Videtur somno… diu habuimus," the big one spoke again. (It appears… we've been asleep for a long time)

The leader of the kill squad, the female collie with the scar across her eye and wearing the golden necklace and earrings, grunted indignantely before glancing over the excavation site. "Tempus est parvi momenti. Pugnatines secum dum homines non sunt nisi. Nos prius liberavi domino, Set." (It
matters not how much time has passed. I could care even less about the humans. Our first priority is freeing our beloved Master Set)

A collective nod of agreement was her immediate response, followed shortly by a smirk from the Akita hybrid beside her, "Semper operari cum te, is non est?" (It's always work with you, isn't it?)

Shiera smiled, "No fessis requies, Kasim." (No rest for the weary, Kasim)

Just before the four of them could get moving however, the Ibizan woman hybrid suddenly stuck her nose in the air and sniffed. It only took a single whiff before her gaze then snapped towards the statue where Haruko was hiding.

Before the woman could even respond, the second female member of the four killers vanished with a crack of wind and appeared directly in front of the archaeologist. The researcher shrieked and fell out from behind the statue, backpedaling away as the dog woman glared down at her venomously. When Haruko turned to scramble away, the other three warriors appeared, surrounding her and blocking off all possible routes of escape.

Panicking at how fast they were, the woman's eyes darted around the four warriors as she knelt on the sand before them. Tears appearing as she feared she would be cut down by them, Haruko then watched as the scar-faced female strolled forward and knelt down in front of her.

Her long, gorgeous tail waving behind her, the serious looking Shiera narrowed her eyes, "Quid est?" (What year is it?)

Still obviously freaking out from the genocide of her crew, Haruko swallowed and shook her head, "I… I don't… understand."

Frowning, Shiera looked up at her comrades, "Patria lingua non loquitur." (She does not speak the universal tongue)

The second in command Pharaoh hound grunted while looking the pitiful looking human over, "Nos ad haec nova lingua accommodanda." (We should adapt to their new system of language then)

"Ego assentior," the Akita male spoke. (I agree)

Turning their attention back to the human scientist in the centre, the four Minions of Set brought their hands up and tapped the collars around their necks. The instant they did so, miniature blue spot lights shone off of the chains and enveloped Haruko, scanning her. After bathing her in an eerie glow for several uncomfortable seconds, the lights then vanished, leaving the group standing in a normal light once more.

"Synchronization complete," Shiera spoke. It was a result that surprised the heck out of the human scientist and had her eyes snap up at the leader. "Let's try this again. What year is it?"

Gulping nervously, Haruko's terrified gaze moved between the four warriors before landing back onto the collie in front of her. "It's… Age 774. February. Ten thousand moons after the last pharaoh according to the records."

Scrunching her face up thoughtfully, the leader of the team then rose up and turned her attention towards her companions. "It appears we've been asleep for over twenty thousand years."

"Is that a problem?" the second female asked.
The scar faced leader shook her head, "No it isn't, Tana. Just a slight inconvenience, that's all. In fact..." A then smirk formed on her face as she then turned her gaze towards the distant horizon, "This is the perfect time for us to pick up where we left off. Why don't we go see how much has changed?" She then turned heel and floated into the air, beginning a gentle flight over to the nearest ridgeline.

The other three followed suit, completely forgetting all about poor Haruko.

As soon as the four humanoid dogs left the ancient city, the blonde woman, who'd previously been sweating a river's worth of perspiration, felt her eyes roll into the back of her head before she fainted on the spot. Her body was soon lying sprawled out in the middle of what could only be described as the bloodiest massacre in history.

Landing on top of a dune several hundred meters away from the dig site, Shiera walked further out onto the plateau while the rest of her crew landed behind her. When they all touched down on the soft hill, the four ancient warriors got the perfect view of not only the other two pyramids of the Giza Necropolis, but the ocean of sand stretching out for thousands of miles in front of them. From horizon to horizon, it was nothing but a barren, lifeless wasteland with the telltale signs of mountains in the distance. From that perspective, it was safe to say that the region was pretty much empty. Save for maybe one or two tiny villages within camel walking distance of the place, it was an incredibly mesmerizing view.

Glaring out across the sands of planet earth, the leader glanced over her shoulder and smiled at her second in command. "Any objections, Daryu?"

The largest of the four canine hybrids shrugged. "None at all."

"Good. I needed to stretch my paws anyway." Exhaling deeply, Shiera quickly fixed her gaze back onto the sand dunes stretched out in front of her and raised her hands. Flexing her fingers once or twice, she then produced a substantial amount of ki and projected it forward, her power up taking the form of a blast of wind that rippled across the countryside for a kilometre in all directions. Upon doing so, she then wasted no time in getting to work.

The landscape began to shake and tremble as the female warrior proceeded to call upon an enormous amount of energy. The cataclysm causing dust and sand to rise into the air in all directions, the other three warriors behind the leader didn't even flinch when, little by little, something big began to jut out of the ground ahead of them. About three kilometres out, a fourth and even larger pyramid began to rise up out of the sands like a glorified tablet. Roughly the size of a mountain, the dusty, sand-covered structure stretched towards the sky meter by meter until it blocked out the entire sun itself.

Its appearance was marked by a tremendous earthquake that could be felt for hundreds of miles around. When it eventually rose completely out of the ground, it revealed so much more than just a pyramid five times larger than the ones already on the surface.

There was also an enormous terrace jutting out of the side of the pyramid, elevated on a block of stone and brick, with a temple and a courtyard on top of it. The most distinguishable feature of this setup on the Northern side of the pyramid facing the endless miles of desert was a large stone door into the structure, which had been barred shut by an otherworldly force.

It was this very entrance into the behemoth structure that the *Minions of Set* desired.

Smirking at their success, the four humanoid dogs took flight from the ridge and appeared before the pyramid entrance in the courtyard. Approaching the gateway, Shiera, Daryu, Tana and Kasim
stopped before the obstacle to inspect it, until the former moved forward and placed her hand against its front. Leaving it there for several moments, giving it a thorough scan as well as a push, she then pulled away and frowned.

"Anything?" Kasim asked, adjusting the spear folded up at his hip.

The scar-faced leader shook her head. "No. The seal fashioned by the Supreme Kais is too powerful. They've made it so that only certain individuals can ever hope to open this prison... more accurately the Gods." Inspecting it carefully with her eyes as well as with her senses, the collie then turned around and faced the other members of her team. The look on her face showed how easily irritated she was at the situation. "A righteous spirit is needed to unlock this door; one that is not only pure of heart but also incredibly powerful."

Kasim snarled at that piece of information, "And where in the seven levels of hell are we going to find someone like that?"

"The only entities capable of producing a large amount of energy as well as possessing a virtuous spirit are the Supreme Kais," Daryu informed, folding his arms while looking back at the alpha of their group. "Should we travel to Otherworld and abduct one of the Kais? We could force them to unlatch this seal for us."

"No," Shiera replied immediately while holding a hand up, stopping the four in their tracks, "No. Attempting to abduct a Supreme Kai might draw the attention of Whis and the other deities. The last thing I want to do is incur the wrath of one of the primary overseers of this universe... especially Ra." She then glanced across at Kasim. "In order to do this, we're going to need to search the mortal plains; a being from this quadrant." She then turned her attention to Tana and smiled at her fellow warrior. "We need your all-seeing-eye for this task. Find one."

Smirking, the Ibizan hybrid crouched down, scooped up a handful of sand and, holding it out in front of her, allowed the mass of particles to levitate into the air and form into a sphere. It soon started to emit a strange, multicoloured aura, which formed into a transparent sphere of ki in the centre, and transformed the ball of sand into a viewing globe. In a matter of moments, all four warriors were given the exact location of where they could find a being that would enable them to unlock their master's tomb.

The globe zoomed in on a dome-shaped house in the mountains thousands of kilometers away where, after isolating the location, honed in on the figure in question. They soon saw a young, handsome, spiky haired man wearing orange and blue gi training on the grassy fields inside the globe; a smile on his face and a golden glow surrounding his body.

This was the pure-hearted, righteous spirit that they required.

Raising an eyebrow at the sight of the figure, Tana then looked across at Shiera, "A boy... here... on this planet?"

"A human?" the imposing Daryu exclaimed in disbelief.

Shiera shook her head, "No. His physical traits are different. His aura resembles that of a member of the Great Ape race from the planet Saiya," Shiera interrupted, narrowing her eyes on their target before turning to the others. "We'll hunt him down and bring him back with us... use his latent energy to seal the gateway." She then turned to her second in charge, only to notice that Daryu was staring off into the distance; the same direction their target had been located. Finding his actions suspicious, the leader nodded to him curiously, "What is it?"
The enormous dog warrior pointed towards the cloud covered horizon. "I sense a large energy signature in that direction. It's on the move… and it doesn't belong to a human."

"It seems as though there is more than one race living on this planet," Kasim said, looking just as miffed by his comrade's announcement. "How fun."

After staring towards the sky and mountains for about a minute or so, the second female member of the group cracked a smile and glanced in the alpha's direction. "Should we fly over and say hello?"

Shiera, thinking on it for a moment, cracked a smile and rolled her shoulders excitedly, "Sure. Why not?" After being out of it for over twenty thousand years, they could definitely use with a warm up.

Noticing how eager the others were to get into a fight, the leader of the group then gestured all of them to follow her and took off. When the four members of the group levitated off of the ground, they then powered up and took off at full speed, leaving the terrace outside the pyramid and rocketing towards the distant horizon.

The entity that they'd detected was on the way towards their intended target. However, while it was certainly convenient according to their schedule, the group was still interested in chasing this person down regardless.

After all, they sensed a threat. The last thing they needed was someone getting in the way of their plans.

XXX

(Elsewhere)

Having ascended to a high enough altitude that she was soaring well above cloud cover, the still moving Zangya hummed to herself as her body flew across the ocean that was the planet's atmosphere. It was a cheerful tune, one she'd heard many times before on the radio and one she felt was appropriate for the moment. After all, with a clear blue heaven above her and nothing but a stretch of white cloud ahead, it was almost like she was literally 'Walking on Sunshine'.

Continuing to soar at cruising speed, enjoying the sight of heaven all around her, the Hera then started reaching into her pocket to see if she still had all of her cash and papers on her. She needed this material if she was going to gain access to the main office. But seeing as how she was a world famous model with one of the most recognizable faces in the industry, she highly doubted that they wouldn't let her in.

However, just as she was in the process of patting down her pockets, the woman then spotted something odd in her peripheral vision and looked over to her right.

Staring across that particular flat of white cloud, the orange haired Z-fighter blinked in surprise when she suddenly saw a figure pop out of the fluffy surface of gas and perspiration. Arms folded and flying at the same speed as her while in an upright standing position, the Hera watched as the humanoid dog, a collie to be exact, smirked in her direction before sinking back into the clouds like a periscope in water.

Her form disappearing completely from sight like a phantom immediately put Zangya on edge.

"Okay… that was… weird…" Narrowing her eyes, the Hera's gaze then shot across to her left, where she suddenly saw another figure pop out of the clouds. This one flying backwards with their
The instant she did so, the clouds directly beneath her violently parted and two more dog figures shot up at her at super speed. Before Zangya could even react, the two figures crashed into her with terrific force, slamming two jumping kicks into her stomach and sending her spiraling into the sky. Spitting out blood, the blue-skinned warrior quickly recovered from the sneak attack and flipped into a normal hovering position, ceasing her ascent. The instant she turned to face her assailants, she was suddenly struck down by an attack from all sides when three of the four canine warriors charged in and assaulted her with a merciless string of hit-and-run attacks.

Their concussive blows landing with the sound of cannon shots, tearing her suit to shreds and leaving her with a series of cuts, bruises, and blood dribbling out of her nose and mouth, the winded Hera was then kicked through the clouds and sent plummeting down to earth. While descending at high speed and seeing nothing but stars and inverted colors, the discombobulated Z-fighter gritted her teeth and glared up at her attackers.

"Oh, you fuckers better make sure you kill me! Because if you don't..." Just before she could even finish her outburst, Zangya suddenly saw all four of them appear in the air above her and take aim with their hands. The sight of energy spheres appearing in front of their palms had her eyes widen in surprise, "Shit."

In a flash of light, the four humanoid dogs fired upon the stricken Zangya, who let out a cry of terror before the blasts impacted her and engulfed her in a fiery explosion. The force matching that of a concentrated nuclear blast, the assassins watched the shockwave ripple across the sky in all directions, before scattering the remains of the Z-fighter across the countryside.

Upon seeing the air clear and finding no trace of their quarry, who'd been effectively blown to pieces, the Minions of Set smiled before then turning and taking flight towards Mount Paozu.

They were on a role so far. After thousands of years of imprisonment, the instant they were let out, they slaughtered an entire camp of humans, summoned their master's tomb, and killed a surprisingly powerful Hera-seijin cruising across the planet earth. If that last fight was so easy, then this hunt for their true target was going to be a piece of cake...

(TO BE CONTINUED)
off time, Gohan’s ‘dating’ life with Videl, his day outs with his friends, and we're also kicking off the next arc with a bang.

I wonder how the heroes are going to deal with this next problem?

Until next time.

P.S: Thanks to a polite and constructive review from a reader, I've changed one of the deities in the battle to Artemis as opposed to Vishnu. I know there are a lot of people who feel strongly about this stuff, but I merely chose Vishnu from the beginning after watching the Samurai Jack episode when the Gods Odin, Ra and Vishnu were fighting against the evil that created Aku, which is the inspiration for this next villain in the story. I thought it would be a nice touch. But considering the circumstances, I'm glad to make the necessary changes for sensitivity concerns.

Power levels:

**Gods (Supreme Deities):**

Beerus, God of Destruction – 100,000,000,000 riki (Class 10)

Protector Goddess Artemis – 180,000,000,000 riki (Class 18)

Enyo, Goddess of War – 130,000,000,000 riki (Class 13)

Great God Izanagi – 150,000,000,000 riki (Class 15)

Odin, God of Fury – 180,000,000,000 riki (Class 18)

King of the Gods Ra – 180,000,000,000 riki (Class 18)

Whis – 150,000,000,000 riki (Class 15)

xxx

Set, God of Storms – 190,000,000,000 riki (Class 19)

xxx (Sometimes the upload craps out on my numbers. Damn auto correct. Anyway, the list that I've written for all the Gods above are in an entirely different level. The Classes you see next to the riki numbers are basically the same values that Akira used to determine the level of Beerus, Goku and Whis in the Battle of Gods movie. According to him, Goku was considered a 6, Beerus a 10, and Whis a 15. So if you use these numbers and compare them to the ones above, you have your classifications, just to show you what level each of the Gods are at. Beerus and Whis are the exact same level as they are in BoGs, in all their galaxy reducing glory. Having a few other Gods involved shows where they sit in the pecking order.)

**Minions of Set (Minor Deities)**

Shiera - 450,000,000 riki

Daryu – 450,000,000 riki

Tana – 200,000,000 riki

Kasim - 200,000,000 riki
Zangya – 25,000,000 riki
Zangya (Full Power) – 250,000,000 riki
Zangya (Super Hera) – 450,000,000 riki
Standing at the precipice of an asteroid in a belt orbiting around an enormous gaseous giant, two alien figures could be seen looking out over the vast cosmos of space. One of them, the most distinguishable of the pair, was a tall, effeminate male with blue skin and white hair, wearing a maroon robe complete with royal embellishments, and a long scepter with a gem floating above it. The second was a child, about a third his height, and was a very cute anthropomorphic dog with fox like features, a red and white coat, a long fluffy tail, and wearing a maroon gi with similar rectangular patterns on it. Looking at them from a distance, it was easy to guess the kind of relationship that they shared.

Unaffected by the lack of oxygen and atmosphere, the two beings simply stood there in silence, enjoying the sights, gazing at the billions of stars around them and admiring the quasar hanging in the distance. Glancing towards a comet that was also streaking past their system, both the adult and the child gazed in awe at its magnificence before the former turned his attention to the youngster standing beside him.

"Now Set... can you tell me what constellation that one is?" the man exclaimed, pointing with his staff towards a cluster of stars in the distance.

Placing a finger over their lips, the little hybrid pup beamed and pointed up at it as well. "That is the arrangement of Hephaestus of the Bas Gorton sector, just outside of the Yaquis quadrant." After outlining it with his finger the child then pointed to the collection of stars right next to it. "That one is the Sigil alignment over Martus, otherwise known as Sheikh on the planet Fromm." The youngster then gestured to the one right next to that. "And those stars in the distance are shaped into the Spear of Dehmet above Trydon."

"Well done, Set. You are right on all three counts," the soft speaking man said, appearing genuinely pleased at his pupil easily identifying the sparkling clusters before them. "I'm glad to see how far you've come in your studies. You should be very proud of yourself."

The young dog hybrid smiled up at the man and cupped his hands behind his back. "Well... I have a really good teacher."

Giggling at the child's remark, the tall blue alien then directed his gaze towards the quadrant they were in and once again breathed a deep sigh of relief. "The universe is a big and wonderful place, filled with both beauty and splendor. It's like an enormous kaleidoscope of many colors stretching infinitely in all directions. However, in spite of all of its brilliance and perfections, it is also made up of an equal amount of imperfections. This includes destruction, abhorrence and violence. They are all cogs in a continuous, ever-changing system that you or I can never hope to completely understand." He then lifted his head a little higher and gazed upon the stars above them. "As such, it is our jobs as the guardians of this reality to protect this place, to ensure that the balance is kept so that the universe can keep on growing and changing. Do you understand, Set?"
"Yes, Whis-sensei," the young, humanoid dog answered with a nod and a smile.

"Good," satisfied with his student's answer, the pair went back to staring across the stars.

After a couple of minutes of standing there and admiring the galaxy around them, the young fighter in training beside the teal being then decided to try something. Powering up so that a radioactive blue aura surrounded them, the pup held his hands out and extended his will and influence across the vacuum. Eyes flaring red as he focused his energy, Set then took hold of a group of stars and, in an incredible display of telekinetic ability, began to rearrange the specks in the distance.

Whis noticed this and glanced down at his student in surprise. Upon which he then looked up to see what constellation the young hybrid had decided to change. Over the next minute, the man watched in interest as Set took hold of the dozen plus celestial bodies and shifted them into entirely new positions, at the same time manipulating the planets and systems that they were also attached to. Eventually, after a several more moments of tweaking, the project was complete. When the child lowered his hands and powered down, both he and Whis could now see a new face staring back at them from the stars, one that the teacher recognized all too well.

"Look, master," Set exclaimed happily, his eyes sparkling with pride, "It's you."

"Ah. What a wonderful arrangement of stars. Your mastery over celestial energy is growing stronger and stronger every day," the teal skinned trainer chirped, before reaching over and placing a hand on top of his apprentice's head. Smiling happily, he then ruffled the child's head of red hair. "Thank you so much, Set. It is beautiful." A wide smile framed the effeminate man's face. "I can tell that you are going to grow up to become a great God some day."

Eyes shimmering with joy, the child raised a fist and clenched it tightly, "Oh, I want to become more than just a great God, master."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. Much more," Set answered with a vigorous nod of his head, "I want to grow up to become the greatest God that ever lived." The child then extended their hand towards the cosmos and curled his fingers around a distant star. "I'll become so great; every single person in the universe will come to know my name."

Whis, chuckling happily, rested a hand on the child's back and turned to gaze at the newest constellation floating in the sky before him. "I'm sure you will, Set. I'm sure you will." And he meant it.

As the two of them stood there and watched the universe sparkle around them, the world they were in slowly faded away…

(End Flashback)

XXX

Sitting in the dining room of Beerus's palace, surrounded by multiple glass walls of an enormous aquarium filled with countless species of fish, the source of the visual recount was currently sitting at the table enjoying a spot of breakfast. With a plate of fillets and vegetables in front of him and his chair turned side-on to the counter, the teacher of the present God of Destruction, Whis, was staring up at an enormous hologram being projected by his staff.

The gem at the end of the scepter glowing brightly, the effeminate male allowed the image of
himself and his former student to fade away. Once the projection dissipated seconds later, a weary sigh escaped his lips as he then allowed a gentle smile to cross his face. Dispelling his staff so that he could free up his hands, the man then brought his left leg up and crossed it over his right, upon which he rested his arm atop the table and stared across the room thoughtfully.

"It almost seems like it was yesterday when we were standing together on that cliff," Whis spoke to himself, his expression becoming solemn as he thought about days long past. "Even if it is just a distant memory…"

Over his millions of years of existence, Whis had been the teacher, mentor and assistant to many of the Gods in history. The most recent prodigy he'd taken on as an apprentice is the widely known and feared current deity of destruction Beerus, who was right now undergoing one of his hibernation cycles up in the temple. He was a brilliant student and played his role exceedingly well as an entity of devastation and ruin, responsible for keeping the balance in his administration zone, even if he was a little bit conceited in his position.

However, the one student that Whis could never forget, due to their role in the universe's greatest conflict ever waged and the strong connection he had with them, was his former student Set, the God of Storms. It was a face he'd come to know over countless lifetimes, not just because he'd raised and trained them since they were a pup, but also because Set had been the first student he'd ever had.

The child had been his greatest achievement as an instructor… and also his greatest failure.

It was a truth that filled Whis's heart with sadness and grief as the attendant picked up his fork and slowly began to pick at his food.

"I don't think I'll ever be able to live that one down," the old teacher whispered, collecting up a fillet with some vegetables, and plopping it into his mouth.

As he dined away on his small feast, the attendant couldn't help but wonder what had steered his phenomenally talented and kindest student down the path of darkness. It was a thought that continued to plague his mind all the way through breakfast and the walk he decided to take in the gardens outside of Beerus's castle later that morning…

XXX

(Sometime later)

(Back on Earth)

Sweat dripping down his face, Gohan allowed for a few moments to catch his breath following the vigorous round of training he'd just undertaken. Moving his arms around and bringing them down in a tai chi motion, a long exhale followed by his eyes closing allowed the demi-Saiyan to find a sense of equilibrium with his being. Upon settling his jumbled nerves, he then looked up, faced the mountains of his countryside stretched out in front of him, before turning heel and marching back towards his home. Along the way the spiky haired warrior took a moment to stretch and relieve his body of the excess weight he'd used for his session.

Bringing his right hand around, the teenage warrior pressed it against his wrist band and, encasing the band in a bright orange glow, quickly lowered the installed weight to a manageable level. In an instant, the demi-Saiyan felt over a hundred tons of mass leave the fabric, allowing him to continue on with dispelling the rest of it. "Ah yes. That's much better." Pushing himself to the limits of his body garnered some excellent results from his Saiyan cells.
Feeling he'd made great progress that morning, the young warrior decided it was time for a nice, fulfilling breakfast. Smelling his mother had already begun cooking for the family, the spiky haired Saiyan made a beeline straight for the house. Along the way, he spotted the familiar face of Piccolo watching him from the oak standing near their house. When the teen waved to him, the Namekian nodded in response, closed his eyes and continued to stand there with his arms folded, as per the usual routine.

Pleased to see his family's most regular sentry had dropped by to check up on them, Gohan then let himself into the house and immediately headed towards the kitchen. It was there he found his mother standing over the stove, cooking beans, toasting bread and steaming rice.

"Mm. Looks good," the demi-Saiyan exclaimed, catching sight of the dozen dishes she'd already prepared and covered to keep warm. When his mother looked at him and away from her work, the teenager smiled, "All those toasted egg baskets… are we celebrating something?"

Chi-Chi smiled, "Not anything in particular. But seeing as how it's the start of a new week, I was thinking of making you and Goten something extra special." Returning her attention to working the frying pan, the woman hummed pleasantly as she proceeded to toss the omelets. "I'm guessing Zangya has already taken off?"

"Yep. She left over an hour ago for West City… said something about wanting to get into town early to hit the coffee club."

"Hm. Shame," the Son mother replied, exhaling after she did so. "I was planning on making her something good for the trip, but seeing as how she's already gone. I'll set my alarm clock early next time so I can catch her out the front door."

Hearing the pan pop and sizzle as the spatula scratched over its surface, Gohan gave a lighthearted chuckle as he slowly moved towards the corridor. "Don't strain yourself too much. You already do more than enough around the house. The last thing we want is for you to pass out from overworking."

"Nonsense. I've got energy to burn. More than enough to give even you super powered Saiyans a run for your money," the gutsy woman replied while pumping her bicep in a very gung-ho manner. Just as the spiky haired warrior was about to head off to another part of the house, Chi-Chi then pulled away from her work station and craned her head around the corner. "By the way, have you seen your brother anywhere? I went to check on him a few minutes ago but he wasn't in his room."

After all, that child really loved his eggs and bacon. A mere whiff of them could send him into a frenzy.

Stretching out his senses to check out the area surrounding their domicile, the demi-Saiyan quickly glanced back at the raven haired woman and smiled, "I think he snuck out to go check on Icarus up in his cave. I'm sure he'll be back soon."

"Oh. Okay," Chi-Chi replied, before quickly returning to her task. "As long as he's still in the area, then that's fine. The last thing I want him to do is to run off to some other part of the mountain on an empty stomach." With that remark made, the woman emptied the frying pan into her eleventh plate and moved it to where the others were, allowing Gohan to head over to his bedroom to check his computer.

The way their morning was going, it was shaping up to be a really good start to the week.

XXX
As Gohan and Chi-Chi were preparing breakfast indoors, out in the woods just a stone's throw away from the house, a casually dressed Goten could be seen making his way up the trail towards the small cave belonging to their resident dragon. Panting excitedly as he sprinted up the path and around trees, the child soon skidded to a halt outside the entrance to the cavern. Upon which he sucked in his breath, leaned forward, placed his hands on his knees and looked into the makeshift home.

"Hey, Icarus. Come here boy," Goten exclaimed, grinning from ear to ear as he waited for a response. "Guess who's come to visit."

As soon as his voice was done echoing off of the walls, the child saw the head of a creature resting in the middle of the earthly home perk up and start lumbering towards the exit. The moment he stepped through the stone archway, the pink skinned reptile was instantly greeted by a wash of sunlight and the cheerful smile of his best friend's younger brother. Like a puppy, Icarus happily wagged his tail as he looked down upon the child in the blue Emperor's garb.

Giggling when the dragon chirped in greeting, Goten quickly rushed up to their family friend and gave him a hug, "Hey there, boy. Did you miss me?" When the dragon squawked, the young half-Saiyan laughed and scratched the underside of his neck affectionately. "Ha-ha. I'm happy to see you too." Speedily swinging up onto Icarus's back as if he were mounting a saddle, the child then gave his friend a comforting pat on the side. "Come on. Mum's making us a big breakfast."

The pink dragon chirped and wasted no time in turning to the path ahead. With a destination planned, Icarus started on a slow trek back down the hill. However, just as he was beginning to move, the reptile stopped when, out of nowhere, he sensed an unpleasant aura fall over them and gave an angry growl towards the canopy.

Surprised at the dragon's sudden display of aggression, Goten leaned over to look into his friend's eyes. "Huh? Icarus? What's wrong?" He then looked up to see exactly what his companion was looking at.

As soon as his eyes landed on the dirt path through the forest, the child watched as a shadowy figure descended from the sky and landed directly in the center of the road. Narrowing his eyes at the stranger, Goten was able to make out from his distance an anthropomorphic female collie staring back at him. Dressed in Egyptian garb with a fluffy tail waving behind her and a scar across her left eye, the figure looked the exact opposite of a friendly canine, as they were currently leering in the child's direction with a foul air radiating off of her.

Having to hold Icarus back when the dragon bucked and snarled angrily, the demi-Saiyan spoke up, "Hey! Who are you?"

The brown haired warrior of old smirked, "Oh… just a passer taking in the sights." Unfolding her arms and leaving them at her sides, Shiera then began to march towards the dragon and his rider, eyes flickering with evil intent. "Unfortunately, since this mountain area is so big, I find myself to be a little bit lost." Along the way, the warrior drew the curved sickle-sword from her back and began dragging the tip along the ground, a sight that had Icarus take a big step back and caused sweat to begin building on Goten's face.

The dog warrior grinned maliciously, "Do you think you could give me some directions, young one?"

XXX
Back at the house, Gohan and Chi-Chi were just making the final preparations for breakfast. With the oldest son helping his mother to cook the vegetables, the pair worked in tandem to lay out the table and move all of the dishes over to it. Looking at it from afar, the whole thing was turning out to be quite the impressive spread. After all, the Son mother wouldn’t accept anything less in her household but the best for her family.

Even the most meager of tasks was handled with the utmost precision and care.

But just as they were finishing up with moving the covered dishes over to the large table in the center of the room, the half-Saiyan warrior adorned in the orange and blue gi suddenly stopped and looked up with a start. His actions resulting in a glass being knocked to the ground, the young adult's eyes snapped in the direction of the forests, drawing an immediately concerned glance from Chi-Chi.

"G-Gohan? What's the matter?" the startled parent asked.

The half-Saiyan’s expression scrunched up into one of unease, "Something's wrong." Without another word, Gohan quickly dropped whatever it was he was carrying onto the table and made a dash towards the front door. His mother falling behind him, the teenager threw open the entrance and started to rush out onto the grass.

He only got about five feet when he stumbled to a stop, his gaze falling upon the most unexpected of sights.

"What the-?" his partially asked question left his lips when he saw a female, humanoid Ibizan Hound in a skirt and halter top smiling back at him a few yards away.

Baffled by the sight of the person, Gohan then sensed his mother come up from behind and quickly held his arm out, halting her in her tracks.

"What's going on?" the Son woman asked, her attention quickly fixing on the intruder as well. The sight of the figure had her gaze narrow dangerously. Being the tough, confident fighter that she was in her own right, her response was almost instinctual, "Who is that?"

"I don't know," the intently glaring Gohan responded as he felt Piccolo rush over to stand alongside him. Backed up by the caped fighter, the demi-Saiyan wasted no time in addressing his instructor in regards to the person in front of them. "Where the heck did she come from? Do you know?"

"I don't know," the Namekian responded, looking just as put-off and battle ready as the Saiyan next to him. "She just dropped in out of nowhere. I didn't even sense her until she was standing just a few feet away from the house." Whenever something like that happened, the man knew automatically that something bad was going to happen.

Whoever this person was looked like they meant serious business judging from their smug expression and cowl.

A bead of sweat trickling down the side of Gohan's head, the young adult gritted his teeth when he noticed something off about their visitor. "Why can't I sense her energy? Is she suppressing it?"

"Doesn't look like it from where I'm standing," the Namekian answered, clenching his fists tightly as he maintained a defensive position. "If she was, then we would still be able to sense it. But I'm getting nothing."

As the group stood out there on the front lawn wondering where this newcomer had come from, they suddenly saw the female dog hybrid bring her arms out from behind her and, after balling her
fists, suddenly summoned two black short sticks from her gauntlets. The instant the weapons shot out of her sleeves, the batons became enveloped in blue fire, alerting the trio to danger.

Sensing hostilities growing fast, Gohan gently pushed Chi-Chi behind him. "Mum. Get inside. Piccolo and I will take care of this." However, just before any of them could take action against the threat, the three fighters suddenly heard footsteps echoing out from the house and glanced over their shoulders.

When they did, they saw a second hybrid dog, an Akita carrying a golden spear, stroll out from the shadows of the hall to block the entrance. Carrying an empty plate of what used to be eggs, beans and bacon from the table, the anthropomorphic intruder picked up the last three strips sitting on it and ate them, before then chucking the plate across the lawn.

While chewing on the food, the dog warrior leered threateningly. "That was a terrific feast. Most exquisite." He then burped into his hand, "Got anything else?"

After staring at the dog for several moments and taking note of what he'd just said, Chi-Chi's eyes narrowed dangerously, "Son of a bitch just ate our breakfast." With that thought in mind, the woman spun around to face the female warrior standing on their front lawn. "Okay, you moochers. I'm only going to say this once; get the hell off of my property."

The woman with the two flaming weapons chuckled, "What makes you think we're going to take orders from a measly human?"

"Oh-ho. So it's going to be like that, is it?" Chi-Chi asked before taking a fighting stance. "Fine then! If you're not going to leave quietly, then I'm just going to have to tie a leash around your collars and drag your furry behinds out of here myself!" Despite the fact that she was standing beside two of the most powerful warriors on the face of the planet, she was still willing to pitch in even if she was a little bit out of their league.

The female Ibizan hybrid chuckled, "Heh. You're a funny human." She then nodded towards her in a conceited manner, "But our business is not with you, raven haired shrew." She then directed her mischievous gaze towards the spiky haired warrior in the middle. "We're here for him." It was an announcement that had Gohan look up in momentary confusion.

Realizing what their intentions were, Chi-Chi reacted furiously. "Like hell you are! If you think you can come to our home, eat our food and threaten my family, then you've got another thing-"

Merely glancing in the angry woman's direction, Tana gave her one last look before, without warning, she inhaled, pursed her lips, and breathed out sharply. Before either of the three could react, a powerful gust of wind was fired from the humanoid dog's lips like a cannon and slammed into Chi-Chi at blinding speed, sending her flying off her feet. She landed back first against the wall right next to her home's entrance, bounced off of it, and hit the ground a split second later.

Gohan and Piccolo looked back in alarm. When they saw the mother had been knocked out cold, they then spun around to glare across at the one who shot at her.

"There. That's better," Tana exclaimed, shooting the pair a menacing grin, "Now I don't have to listen to that harpy's incessant screeching anymore."

"You… You'll pay for that!" Gohan snarled, his knuckles popping as his fists clenched.

However, just before the demi-Saiyan was about to launch himself into action and start beating the snot out of their uninvited guests, he suddenly saw a second female dog teleport into view
alongside the one in front of them. Her appearance catching them off guard, both Gohan and Piccolo saw the newcomer, a scar-faced collie humanoid, march forward and give the pair a once over.

"It seems you two have started the festivities without me, Tana… Kasim," Shiera spoke, throwing the Z-warriors a look before then glancing to the girl on her right.

The Ibizan hybrid gave a playful smirk. "Sorry, chief. You were taking your time up in the hills, so I decided to jump in and kick start the introductions. Kasim on the other hand went and helped himself to the buffet inside." After seeing her colleague by the door shrug and look away nonchalantly, she then turned her attention back to the opposing fighters on the green. "Hmph. This is a surprise if I ever saw one; three different races sharing the same territory: a human, a Namekian, and a half-breed. This planet really has changed over the last twenty thousand years."

Shiera chuckled in agreement, "If you count the Hera-seijin we killed on the way over here that bumps the number up to four."

It was this announcement that had Gohan’s eyes widen in horror and his arms drop, "Z-Zangya?" Even his teacher appeared bewildered at the remark.

"Oh… so you knew that orange haired pixie?" Tana asked, continuing to keep her weapons out as she leered at the Saiyan and his Namekian comrade. "Don't worry. I'm sure she's in a better place now. Seeing how filthy and disgusting this planet is, I think we did that colorful wench a favor."

Fists balling tighter and tighter with every word the woman spoke prompted Gohan's energy levels to start climbing at an alarming rate. Sensing the boy's anger and watching as bolts of electricity started to shoot off of him, Piccolo gave his student a weary glance whereas the dog hybrids surrounding the group merely perked up in interest. The sight of the boy's growing anger brought a glimmer of mischief to the leader's eyes, as she quickly deduced what was causing the warrior's energy to spike.

This was exactly what she wanted to see.

"It seems that we are in good fortunes today, Tana," Shiera proceeded, getting her first good look at the one that they were hunting. Taking in his outlandish appearance, spiky hair, and state of dress, the collie cracked a foul smile and cocked her head. "Your all seeing eye technique wasn't lying after all. This boy has an enormous amount of potential energy inside of him… more than in any mortal I've ever felt before."

"And a pure spirit to boot. What are the odds?" Tana added, looking on smugly as the pair in the center glared right back at them.

Rolling her shoulders to limber herself up for the main event, the curly haired warrior exhaled deeply and slowly moved away from her partner. "I suppose this means our little search has finally come to an end. Let's bag this monkey and take him back to the pyramid for the ceremony. I'm certain our master is growing quite impatient waiting for us to unlock the door." Once she'd stepped far enough away so that there was enough space between her and her teammate, the scar-faced collie then brought out the bundle she was carrying behind her and held it up for all to see. The sight of the item she was holding knocked Gohan off his rail and Piccolo balk in shock. "By the way, I think this one belongs to you."

Easily recognizing the child she was holding, the demi-Saiyan reacted in alarm. "Goten!" the he shouted, seeing his young sibling hanging by his belt from the woman's grip.
"Don't worry. He's not dead," Shiera informed, before then shaking the child a little and eliciting a low moan from him. It was then she threw the unconscious kid an intrigued smile, "I'm actually thinking of keeping him as a pet. What do you say?" When she saw their quarry's expression become infuriated once again, the canine raised an eyebrow, "No?"

"Let go of him!" Gohan barked.

Dangling the young hybrid from her hand tauntingly for a couple seconds longer, the hybrid collie threw the teen a sickening grin, "You want him back? Fine." She then wordlessly tossed the child into the air and towards the two fighters.

Reacting instantly, Gohan stepped forward and held his arms out to catch his unconscious brother. But just as the child was beginning his descent towards the ground, the dog that threw him suddenly thrust her hand forward and unleashed a powerful *Kiai* at her target. The invisible blast smashed the older sibling in the chest with a deafening thunderclap and sent him blasting through every single wall of the house behind him.

Exploding out the other side, the teenage warrior wound up bouncing across a couple of hills before crashing at the base of a ditch, where his body disappeared under a cloud of rubble and smoke.

The Namekian, catching Goten in place of his brother, spun around and looked through the hole in the building in shock, "Gohan!" As soon as he realized his student had been given the mother of all sucker punches, Piccolo wasted no time and threw himself into action.

Setting Goten to the ground, the green warrior charged straight towards the two women across the way. He attacked the leader first, only for her to be swiftly replaced by the dog with the flaming batons. Piccolo's fist swung out at Tana as soon as he was in range, only to miss when she rocketed up into the sky in a blur of movement. Reacting instantly, the Z-fighter gave chase. But as soon as he did, the Akita hybrid leaning against the door in the background went straight after the Namekian, drawing his spear and leaping into the sky.

Shiera meanwhile, still standing comfortably on the grass patch with her arm lowered back to her side, smirked as she watched the battle with the former guardian of earth unfold overhead.

When Piccolo eventually caught up with Tana, he began trading blows with her. Punches and kicks cut through the air in a blur of motion, illustrating the speed both fighters were moving. Though the warrior from Namek did manage to land a few hits, all of them were either blocked or parried by his foe, and thanks to the flaming batons she had on her, Piccolo had to concentrate even harder to avoid them. Ducking and swaying her strikes, the Z-fighter was so focused on evading her attacks he completely missed Kasim coming up from below at bullet speed to knee him in the stomach. The blow landed with an almighty crack, causing Piccolo to hunch over the dog's knee in shock before receiving a kick across the face from the female hybrid he was also battling.

Working in tandem, both Tana and Kasim worked the Namekian over from two sides, smacking him left and right, and slashing into him with their weapons. Caught in the middle, Piccolo attempted to counter their attacks as best as he could, only to get blindsided when Tana came in from his left with a swing of her baton to his neck. Though he managed to dodge it, the green fighter couldn't avoid the blow that came from behind when the Akita, diving down from up high, nailed him in the back with a powerful swing of his spear. The metal staff slammed into the Namekian's spine, connecting with a loud 'clang' and drawing a cry of agony from the green defender as he was sent plummeting towards the ground. Piccolo ended up crashing into the forest just outside of the Son household, punching a massive crater into the landscape and burying him under a ton of rubble and wood.
After grinning triumphantly at downing yet another adversary, the two hybrid dogs then went on to back up their superior in her battle with the half-Saiyan.

By the time Gohan managed to pull himself out of the hole he'd made in the hillside, the teen found he was now facing off against four opponents. Not only was the scar-faced collie joined by a much larger Pharaoh hound hybrid with a dark complexion and massive build, he was also facing off against the other two warriors.

From what he sensed, not only had his mother and brother been knocked out, but so had Piccolo. Right then, the demi-Saiyan knew that he was in trouble.

"Who the heck are these guys?" Gohan thought, his body battered and blood trickling out of the corner of his mouth. When he looked from one smug face to the next, sweat started to break out on his forehead as he got a full scope of what he was up against.

"They're definitely not human… and they don't seem like they're artificial either."

Exactly where in the world had they come from?

Deciding to find these answers out for himself, the teen gritted his teeth and snarled at his four adversaries. "What the heck are you… and why the hell can't I sense your energy?"

The leader of the group, Shiera, smirked at the baffled youngster and tipped her head back ever so slightly. "You can't sense us because we are superior beings; deities bestowed with otherworldly powers by our benevolent master; Set." The woman angled her gaze she leered across at the concerned looking Saiyan. "Unlike you mortals, the four of us possess the coveted energy source known by many in the universe as celestial energy, or God ki if you will. It is far more potent than most ki used by other races and, as such, cannot be sensed by other living organisms." She then gestured to him confidently. "In other words… against the four of us, you don't stand a chance."

Gohan's eyes narrowed seriously, "Oh yeah? Well, we'll just see about that!" Straightening up, the young fighter balled his fists and started to gather energy as quickly as possible.

The four warriors formed up in front of the Saiyan steeled when they sensed their opponent's ki begin to rise, instantly putting them on edge.

The ground shook and trembled for several seconds, causing several dozen stones surrounding the young fighter to steadily rise up off of the ground. Then, just as the display started to reach a breaking point, Gohan took a deep breath and hollered out at the top of his lungs. In an instant, a golden aura exploded off of him along with currents of blue electricity, which ran up his body to his hair, and sharpened, spiked up and turned his gravity defying locks blonde. His sudden transformation to the second level of Super Saiyan was marked by a large shockwave that punched a crater in the ground beneath him and disintegrated a lot of the earth that managed to blast into the air.

It was a spectacular sight.

However, the awe-inspiring magnitude of his leap to Super Saiyan 2 was cut short when, without warning, two of the warriors in front of Gohan vanished in a blur of movement and dashed at him at blinding speed. The demi-Saiyan, while in the middle of powering up, could only gasp in surprise before two fists buried into his stomach, causing him to reel forward in shock as the air was literally knocked out of his lungs.

A split second later, Shiera kicked the teen's feet out from under him, sending the golden warrior into a horizontal barrel roll before Daryu grabbed him by the waist, cocked his body back and chucked Gohan towards a distant hill like he was throwing a football. The winded Saiyan was sent
bouncing along the uneven landscape until he managed to regain his bearings, rolling back onto his feet and spinning around, hands held up defensively.

The second he was up, Gohan coughed up blood and glared ahead of him in alarm. "Damn it. They attacked me while I was in the middle of transforming."

No one had ever done that before. Ever.

Recovering as quickly as he could from the underhanded blow, the Super Saiyan 2 then saw the other dog warriors charging at him side-by-side. Leaping to his feet, the boy quickly took a defensive stance and prepared for battle, only to suddenly get elbowed in the back by Shiera teleporting behind him, driving the blow in with a sickening crack. Crying out in pain, Gohan then received a powerful knee to the stomach from Daryu appearing in front of him before the hound followed up with a hook across his face. The second he was hit, the teenager suddenly had his arm grabbed by Kasim and promptly dragged through the air.

The Akita threw him straight into Shiera, who greeted the dazed boy with a powerful body shot that caught him in the air. As soon as their target was set up, Tana appeared next and kicked Gohan in the face, sending him spinning into the sky. The teen eventually hit the ground a full kilometer away, where he bounced once and landed on his feet.

The four dog warriors yelled out as they flew after him along the ground in jet formation. Spotting their approach, Gohan stood up and dashed towards them with a battle cry, sprinting across the fields faster than the Flash himself.

Seeing the teenager coming to meet them half way, Shiera smirked and vanished in a blur, allowing Daryu to take the lead.

The second he was in reach, Gohan hit the brakes. Sliding on his feet along the grass, the boy ducked under a clothes-line attempt from Daryu and, cocking his fist back at the same time, drove a punch straight across Kasim's face, sending the dog into the ground. After kicking Tana in the stomach and knocking her tumbling across the field, the Super Saiyan 2 vanished in a golden flash, avoiding Daryu swinging at him from behind with his axe.

Missing, the Pharaoh hound looked up in alarm and spun around, where he saw his foe reappear directly behind him. Yelling out, the warrior stabbed at him with a thrusting motion, only to see Gohan sway to the side, avoiding his flaming battle axe and, cocking a glowing arm up, sliced down and chopped the dog's hand off.

Upon effectively disarming the massive canine of his weapon, which dropped uselessly to the floor, the half-Saiyan then brought his still glowing arm around and, swinging it across, carved through his opponent a second time; damn near cutting the demon in half in a similar manner he'd done to the Cell Juniors all those years ago.

The massive dog screamed out in agony, his body sliced open and beginning to crumple to the ground in defeat. However, just when it looked like it was all over, the grievous wounds the hulking dog suffered suddenly began spewing out black fire that, a split second later, healed over and regenerated his missing limb. As soon as his hand grew back and his wound healed, Daryu reached down, grabbed up his axe, and threw a retaliatory swing up at Gohan.

Stunned at how ridiculously fast the hound regenerated, the demi-Saiyan ducked just in time to avoid the decapitating blow, only to get kicked in the face and sent rolling across the grass. When he eventually skidded to a stop on all fours, the teen now had a black eye and blood trickling out of his nose.
"What the?"

Sensing an attack coming from behind, Gohan spun around and fired a full powered energy blast on instinct. Exploding from his hand in a blinding flash, his attack shot towards an approaching Kasim like a missile. Catching the dog off guard, the energy beam slammed into the warrior's side and took a massive chunk out of his torso as it ripped past him several times faster than light. The sight of the glorious hit had the demi-Saiyan grin in success.

However, just when it seemed like the Akita would fall, the once surprised hybrid grinned as black fire filled the open wound and his body regenerated. As soon as the gap was filled, the dog stabbed out at Gohan with his spear, shocking the boy and forcing him to leap into the sky and avoid the weapon that impacted the ground.

"What in the world are they… immortal?" the demi-Saiyan asked, unable to believe what was happening.

As he continued retreating backwards towards the clouds as fast as he could, the teen was unable to see Shiera teleporting directly into his path. Her fingers locked and held overhead, the woman then swung down and slammed a killer blow into Gohan's back, an impact that generated a loud shockwave and drew a cry of pain from the target. The force of the attack sent the boy hurtling towards the ground, which he hit with the force of a meteorite. His impact shook the countryside and filled the air with dust and debris.

Before the cloud could even completely settle, the Minions of Set wasted no time in leaping into the crater and, upon surrounding the young warrior lying sprawled out in the center of it, dropped down and began beating the crap out of him. Punches were driven into the Saiyan at ridiculous speed, pummeling the boy's upper body mercilessly. They were actually attacking the stunned Gohan so quickly that it almost looked like the young warrior was having a seizure, his body twisting, jerking and contorting this way and that over and over again as a string of grunts and shouts left his lips.

Blood splattering across the crater as the damage piled on, Gohan soon became fed up of literally being beaten into the ground and, just when it looked like he was about to fold, the teenager's eyes lit up yellow and, with a howl of rage, he powered up and unleashed a shockwave outwards in the form of a dome shaped explosion of energy.

Reacting instantly, the team of warriors leapt away for safety as the ditch the warrior had formed combusted, sending rubble flying in all directions. As soon as they were out of range, the minions watched as the Saiyan, bathed in a golden aura and blue electricity, floated out of the hole and turned his glare on the leader. With a menacing snarl, he dove straight at her, causing the collie to grit her teeth and leap out of the way when his fist buried into the floor, punching a second hole into the valley five hundred yards wide.

Growling at the miss, with his golden energy and lightning spewing off of him like wild fire, and showing just how enraged he was, the boy flew after Shiera with the intent to rip her apart.

The female collie up in the sky smirked when the Saiyan pursued her and dove back to the ground when he took a swing. She then began backpedaling along the field, skipping left to right and avoiding multiple blows that were sent chasing after her. When a punch came flying her way in one of Gohan's wide swings, she blocked it and countered. But the teen parried it and kneed her in return. The blow sent the woman blasting back along the grass before the demi-Saiyan followed up with another blow.

However, just before his fist could land, the teen ended up getting blindsided by the others. In a
blur of movement, the three other minions began assaulting Gohan with a vicious string of attacks. The young Ascended Saiyan was smacked around left and right, managing to block most of their hits until Shiera jumped in and began adding her own punches and kicks to the mix. She quickly caught Gohan while he was blocking simultaneous blows from Daryu and Tana, managing to bury a kick into his stomach and an uppercut to his chin.

While the boy was hurtling high into the sky, all four minions dropped to the ground and Shiera, taking aim with her fingers like a pistol, fired four simultaneous energy blasts at the boy. With superb accuracy, the bolts slammed into the teen's wrists and ankles, transforming into bands that wrapped around his limbs like cuffs and suspended him in midair. As soon as they were locked, Daryu, Tana and Kasim threw their hands up and launched golden energy chains after their quarry, catching them around the bands on his limbs and trapping him.

Gritting his teeth in alarm, Gohan then started fighting to try and break free. Snarling and shouting painfully, the Super Saiyan 2 powered up and attempted to get loose. However, the three dog warriors kept their target anchored, holding him down with the energy chains and preventing him from leaving.

As the half-Saiyan fought, struggling fruitlessly against the ropes that were now binding him, Shiera suddenly flew up to meet their prey and stopped directly in front of him. The teen stopped writhing long enough to allow the female collie to speak with him. "You put up a good fight. One on one, you'd definitely be able to beat us. But thanks to our superior numbers and the immortality granted to us by our master, you don't have a hope in hell of beating us."

Becoming more enraged, the boy powered up a second time and attempted to break their hold on him. After a few more seconds of futile struggling though, the leader of Set's minions cocked back her right hand and, taking aim with index and middle finger, drove it straight into the center of his chest. The impact of her digits caused a golden ripple to go over Gohan's body and in a matter of moments, the teen's eyes rolled in the back of his head and his entire body went limp.

However, while he did look like he'd been knocked unconscious, the young warrior was still in Super Saiyan 2 mode. While his aura faded, the transformation didn't.

Smiling at successfully hitting the chi point needed to keep him frozen Shiera then looked down and gestured for her three companions to follow. Flying up to join their leader, the three Minions of Set then dispelled the chains binding their target and allowed their leader to take command of the situation once again. Tapping the paralyzed Gohan in the head, the collie suspended the rigid statue of a Saiyan in the air horizontal to the ground. Then, as soon as the entire team was assembled, the hybrid dogs grabbed onto each other's hands and, focusing intently, vanished in a puff of black smoke.

XXX

(Meanwhile)

(Capsule Corp.)

All was well over in West City. The birds were singing outside of the main building and the sky was clear. With the conditions so pristine and perfect, the Briefs family had decided to take their breakfast outside and onto their front lawn, where they could breathe the fresh air and smell the roses in the garden nearby.

Mrs. Briefs had done the honors of bringing along her cooking toolkit and set it right alongside the outdoor table, where she proceeded to make her daughter's family and her husband some delicious
waffles, pancakes and oatmeal. Bulma had opted for the healthiest option and included a fruit salad with her morning tea. Vegeta and Trunks on the other hand were simply gorging on whatever the hell was laid out in front of them, not giving a damn about the consequences of their intake.

Things started off incredibly well for all of them, and since a majority of the clan was still dressed in their sleeping wear, Vegeta included, they made it look as though nothing out of this world was going to happen. Heck, every single one of them was looking forward to a quiet, uneventful day at home, with the President planning to spend her time in the office getting up to date on any projects or expeditions her company was conducting.

But then, just as Vegeta was about to start on his third helping of waffles and pancakes for that morning, the man suddenly paused when he picked up a disturbance in the air. Slapping his fork onto the table and getting to his feet quickly, his gaze immediately shot in an Easterly direction.

It was this sight that instantly had Bulma's attention. "What's up Vegeta? Do you want something?"

"Dad?" Trunks murmured, also surprised by his father's actions.

Eyes narrowing after the initial alarm, the Prince of Saiyans clenched his teeth tightly. "What the heck is Gohan doing over there? His energy level just exploded and now it's close to flat lining."

There was no way he or any of the other Z-fighters could've missed a jump like that.

After a couple of hours of feeling the brat training from a distance and then sensing him stop for the morning, the kid then maxed out Super Saiyan 2 from out of nowhere and just kept on going. From the very sharp and powerful influxes the royal was experiencing, it almost felt like the demi-Saiyan was in distress. Then, about a couple minutes later, his power level just dropped like a stone and became stagnant.

Judging from the readings he was able to get, Vegeta knew right away that Gohan was in trouble and with any luck… the other members of their group knew it too…”

XXX

(A couple minutes later)

(In the desert)

Having arrived back on the terrace where they'd set off from earlier that day, the Minions of Set wasted no time in maneuvering their floating, paralyzed trophy over to the large, stone gateway that was the entrance to the pyramid. Utilizing the various markings carved into the floor around them as guidelines, they were able to locate the point where the person or power source would need to stand in order for their energy to be transferred into the door.

Since they didn't have a God or a Kai who was willing to open the lock for them, the minions knew that they were going to have to jimmy it open using an old-fashioned method. Thanks to the knowledge bestowed to them by their all powerful master, they knew exactly what they had to do in order to pull this off.

"How long do you think this process will take?" Daryu asked, glancing across at their leader as she walked their prisoner to his station.

Kasim, folding his arms where he stood, also gave the unconscious Saiyan an uncomfortable glare, "Considering he's mortal, I wouldn't be surprised if it took a few days."
Grunting as she directed the hovering teen a little further forward, Shiera then looked back at the others seriously. "It would take only a couple of seconds for one of the Gods or Kais to open this gateway. However, since we're using an alternative means of removing the seal, the process should only take about half an hour… give or take a few minutes." She then fixed her attention upon the seemingly comatose Saiyan. "Until then, it is up to us to guard this platform and protect the key. We wouldn't want any uninvited guests dropping by and disturbing us during the ceremony."

Positioning Gohan a few yards away from the entrance and moving him about, Shiera then instructed her subordinates into position. Forming into a semi-circle behind the Super Saiyan a few more yards away, they then slapped their hands together into four differing hand seals.

"Let us begin," Shiera spoke, earning a nod of acknowledgement from the other three minor deities around her.

After flipping through several more signs reminiscent of symbols seen etched into the ruins, the Minions of Set then gripped their wrists and held their palms forward, firing a telekinetic wave of energy towards the unconscious warrior. This took the form of a ripple of dust across the surface of the terrace.

This blast struck the boy, ruffling his hair and clothes, and forcibly drew on the fighter's energy. The signature golden aura and electric bio-field characteristic of his Ascended Saiyan form sprang up and began radiating off of him. At first the fluctuation was normal. But then, all of a sudden, the cloak surrounding him left his body and began streaming towards the door like water from a river. Moments later, that flow of translucent ki struck the center of the gate, where a perfectly carved block of stone could be seen sitting in the center of it.

Aura continuing to involuntarily pour off of Gohan's body, the handle on the gate suddenly ejected a circular stone cylinder from its center, which slowly started to turn like a dial on a safe in an anti-clockwise direction. As soon as that started going, a couple more cylindrical blocks popped out of other spots on the gate, the energy beginning to resonate within the door and undo the spell that was placed upon it.

Smiling as the stream of power from the boy gained stability, Shiera and the other three minions lowered their hands and allowed the ritual to continue on its own accord.

XXX
(Fifteen minutes later)
(Son household)

Amidst the chaos and devastation brought about to the lonely house in the Mount Paozu region, a familiar figure from the neighboring capital city was at that very moment touching down on the front lawn. Immediately taking note of the massive holes in the dome-shaped building and the enormous smoking craters just over the hills, Videl, adorned in a pink shirt with a white singlet over that exposing her midriff, black bicycle shorts, black fingerless fighting gloves and green boots, landed a few yards from the front door and sprinted towards the figures scattered around the front.

Having spent that morning working out in her personal gym with three ton weights on her wrists and ankles, the girl had gotten herself jacked for the day ahead. However, while she was in the middle of having a nutritious breakfast following her session consisting of oats and bran, Gohan's energy signature suddenly spiked. Now while this normally wouldn't have come as a concern to her, as she was aware the guy often trained at the mind-blowing level of Super Saiyan 2 and had
been spending the last few months trying to push it to Super Saiyan 3, from the way his energy read in that moment, it almost felt like he was pissed off.

His ki was fluxing like mad and had been going all over the place.

Then, just when his power was at the point of maxing out, she suddenly felt it drop like a stone and into the water. Upon which his ki fell off the radar completely for several seconds before reappearing hundreds of miles away.

Breaking down the situation for herself, Videl realized instantly that the boy she loved was in trouble and, dropping everything she was doing, flew as fast as she could to Mount Paozu. It was only while she was closing the distance on the Son household that she immediately sensed that something was wrong. This all then led to her discovery of the war stricken area and the figures lying scattered all over the place.

Skidding to a stop alongside Goten, the short-haired girl, expression reflecting extreme concern and fear, checked the boy to see if he was okay. "Goten. Goten," the girl spoke loudly, gently placing her hand against his chest and shaking him, "Talk to me little bro. Please." She knew he was alive. His ki was still there… but barely.

Judging from his current condition and the bruises covering his body, the young Saiyan looked as though he'd been put through hell. It would be a miracle if he regained consciousness waking up after whatever it was that put him in this state.

But just as the girl was beginning to have her doubts, the demi-Saiyan suddenly stirred and, through the haze of his exhaustion, gazed up at the girl leaning over him. "H-Hey… Videl-nechan." He then winced at the bolt of pain that shot through him a split second later.

The girl exhaled in relief when the youngster responded, "Thank goodness. You're alright." Her expression quickly becoming serious, she then gave the child her full and undivided attention. "Hey. What happened over here? Did you run into some trouble?"

Goten, hearing the girl's words loud and clear, summoned all the strength he could to nod, "Yes." he then coughed, choking on the gulps of air he was struggling to inhale.

"Who did this to you?" Videl asked, getting more worried by the second.

"I don't know," the demi-Saiyan groaned, his gaze half-lidded as he tried to think back to what he could remember of the person who attacked him. "A… A dog woman… with a scar across her eye… and carrying a flaming sword…" He then shook his head. "I couldn't sense… her energy. She just… came out of nowhere…"

Instantly discomforted by this info, the raven haired girl gritted her teeth and, having a quick look around, turned back to the child in her arms, "And your brother? What happened to him?"

The boy shook his head, eyes watering. On first glance it looked like he was going to falter and back out. But just before any of them could say anything, a low groan soon followed and drew Videl's gaze across, where she saw Chi-Chi stir and push her face off of the grass. When she did, she looked over and saw her oldest son's number one admirer and best friend staring back at her.

"Videl?" the mother wheezed, her vision blurring as she returned to the land of the living. "Is that you?"

"Yeah. I flew over as soon as I felt Gohan's energy fly off the scale. Are you alright, Chi-Chi?" the Champ's daughter asked worriedly.
"I think so," the woman answered weakly before looking up with a fearful glimmer in her eye, "Is Goten okay?" When she received a nod from the teenager, her instincts quickly kicked up to a high gear. "And what about Gohan? Is he alright?"

"I… I don't…" Videl shook her head, not knowing how to answer that.

But her words weren't needed. At least not right now. Because a couple seconds later, just as the girl was struggling to get something… anything out, a rustling in the bushes nearby soon caught her attention. Her gaze snapping towards the forest and setting off alarm bells in her head, the teen prepared for battle, only to see another familiar face slink into view. Supported on the back of a large pink dragon, a battered and gashed up Piccolo emerged from the undergrowth. His weighted clothing still on his person, the green warrior panted as he slowly approached the Son household.

The raven haired girl looked at him in alarm as she continued to hold the immobile and wounded Goten. "Piccolo? You're here?"

"Yeah. But Gohan isn't," the warrior from Namek spoke in his usual, gravely tone of voice. Growling painfully as he pushed himself off of Icarus's shoulders, the man then gripped his side and eyed the group intently. "Those dog warriors… I don't know who the hell they were… but they were strong. They attacked us and took off with him."

Eyes widening in shock, Videl then stepped towards the man with her fists clenched and held up high, "Then… we have to go after them!"

The Namekian nodded his head in agreement, giving his full support to the girl's plan.

He was obviously still sore from the double-teaming he got from those two mutts and after getting hit from behind by that guy with the spear, the man wanted payback. It was while Piccolo was in the process of imagining the most painful way he could deal that asshole his punishment that the two Z-fighters suddenly sensed another figure approaching their position and looked towards the sky in surprise. When they did, they spotted the familiar forms of Krillin and Android 18, the former adorned in a red shirt with brown sports pants and the latter in her usual ensemble, drop down from the clouds and land in front of them.

"Hey! I sensed trouble so we rushed over here as quickly as we could," the former monk warrior said as he jogged over to the pair. Looking from the battered Piccolo, to the down Goten, and to the worried Videl, the man blinked in confusion, "Anyone gonna tell me what the heck's going on around here?"

"Later, Krillin," Piccolo said before narrowing his eyes, "Do you have any Senzu Beans on you?"

"Oh. Y-Yeah," the short fighter answered. Reaching into his pocket and pulling out a large brown bag, the man unfastened the string and began rummaging around inside of it, "I had Yajirobe tell Korin to start stockpiling them ever since that Zeru monster came to earth and attacked us. He gave me a bag on his last visit to Kame House… said that we would need it." Pulling out a couple of beans, the short fighter quickly dashed over to where Goten was and, with the help of Videl, slipped the miracle bean into his mouth.

After making sure the boy chewed and swallowed it, he then passed one over to Videl to give to Chi-Chi, before then flicking one Piccolo's way. During which time Android 18 wandered over and folded her arms in her characteristic way. "So…while we're all just standing around licking at our wounds, would anyone care to explain what all this is about?"

Seeing as how they needed time to gather their wits and put themselves back together, Piccolo
began filling the newcomers in on exactly what'd happened before they got here. He told Videl, Android 18 and Krillin about how the first two enemies showed up, while the third one, the leader, ambushed Goten in the woods and used him as a distraction to shoot Gohan down. He also told the group how the gang of dog warriors had come to the Son household looking for the Saiyan. As to what they planned to do with him however the Namekian was uncertain.

The discussion also gave the green warrior time to inform the group of who exactly they were up against and the weapons each of them wielded. While coming up against armed adversaries didn't worry them too much since knives and projectile weaponry were normally useless against them, the fact that they were being wielded by such powerful enemies filled the Z-warriors with some concern.

"Uh… I'm suddenly having some really bad flashbacks of when Trunks diced up Frieza that time he came to earth with his dad," Krillin exclaimed, swallowing nervously when he learned that one of the dog warriors had a sword. He then raised a hand meekly, "Dibs on not fighting that one."

"Don't worry about it. I'll take care of her," Piccolo said, glancing around at Android 18 and Videl, and giving them a serious look. "Our main objective is to save Gohan and to take out the ones who abducted him. Since it's the four of us against the three of them, we shouldn't have any problems in wiping the floor with them."

The blonde woman standing nearby narrowed her eyes. "While I'm all for rescuing a comrade and everything, I think you're overlooking a really important fact here, Piccolo." When all eyes turned to the cyborg, the young beauty frowned nervously. "These assholes were able to take out Gohan while he was in his Ascended Saiyan form."

"Yeah? So?" the Namekian asked.

Eighteen scrunched her face up at that question, "Considering how powerful Gohan is in that form, how the hell are we supposed to take out a group who was able to capture him alive?"

Undeterred by the woman's words or her negative view on the situation, the now fully recovered green warrior frowned, "We have to at least try. For all we know, the fate of the entire world is at stake here… and we're going to need all the help we can get to stop them." His eyes then cut towards Videl, whom he could see was staring off into the horizon with a worried look on her face. Taking note of her expression and her averted gaze, the Namekian frowned. "What's wrong?"

Clenching her jaw tightly, the nervous tomboy spoke, "I can sense Gohan's energy." When the rest of the people in the area looked in the direction she was currently glaring in, the girl continued. "It's getting weaker and weaker… like… it's being pulled out of him or something." It was an analysis that not only filled her heart with dread, but had a listening Chi-Chi and Goten become worried as well.

The child standing beside his mother moved forward, "I want to go save Gohan too! I'm coming with you!"

Piccolo, regarding the child's words momentarily, nodded his head in understanding and turned to the rest of the team. "We don't have much time." He directed a glance towards Chi-Chi, who looked quietly between the battle tested members of her son's group and laced her fingers together. "Let's take what we have and go after them. I'm not sure how long they intend on keeping Gohan alive, so if we're going to rescue the kid, it has to be now." Powering up and generating a strong white aura from his body, the Namekian then turned his gaze west, blasted up into the sky and shot off towards the horizon.
Doing the same as the senior warrior, Videl, Goten and Android 18 took flight after him, two of them shrouded in a similar white aura while the artificial human simply matched their speed with her own. After watching the majority of the squad take off, Krillin promptly turned towards the worried mother standing by the house and gave her a comforting smile.

"Don't worry, Chi-Chi. We'll make sure to bring Gohan back. I promise," the man said.

Smiling at her husband's best friend as Icarus walked over to stand by her side, the woman in the yellow dress nodded and cupped her hands in front of her. "Good luck." A shriek from the dragon also added to her message of best wishes.

Receiving them with a wave, the short warrior dashed across the grass and took off as well, soaring into the clouds and vanishing moments later. The mother of the household waved after the group, as did the family dragon, the former of whom could only sit back, pray and wait… hoping that things turned out alright.

XXX

(Sometime later)

On the terrace platform just outside of the pyramid's gateway, the process of unsealing the door was still well underway. With the incredibly complex locking mechanism of the entrance having opened up even further, it revealed even more unusual bolts and latches now shifting out of the way. The central piece glowing gold thanks to the energy still pouring into it, the four warriors standing guard over Gohan's paralyzed body watched as his hair faded to black, indicating he'd reached the limits of his transformed state. That was all that was needed to bring a smile to the leader's face.

"The ceremony is almost complete," Shiera spoke, watching as gold energy continued to bleed from the teenager's pores and float towards the doorway. By this point in time, all of the latches had been revealed, and the entire doorway was now beginning to radiate with an eerie purple aura.

As the Minions of Set observed the energy flowing from the boy pulse and crackle, with the host himself jerking a couple of times as he started to come too from his state of suspended animation, the villains then picked up a series of strong energy signals approaching them and turned around. When the group's eyes turned towards the sky above, they saw several individuals appear from behind the clouds before diving towards them.

Dropping to the courtyard one after the other, Piccolo, Videl, Android 18, Krillin and Goten landed just several yards from the four humanoid dogs and locked their glares onto them. As soon as they formed up into a single line before the evil minions, they watched as the opposing group slowly turned to face them. However, in spite of them outnumbering the group of dogs, judging from the way the canine hybrids were leering in their direction, they looked surprisingly calm.

Being the most curious of the group, Krillin couldn't help but allow his eyes to wander over the area before gesturing to the temple behind them. "This is a pretty swanky setup. How old is this place anyway?"

"Not a good time, Krillin," Android 18 raid while focusing her cold gaze upon the people she immediately identified as their targets.

A wince was the immediate response from the short fighter standing closest to the center of the formation. "R-Right. Sorry, honey."
Narrowing his eyes when he spotted Gohan's body floating behind the crew, Piccolo gritted his teeth angrily and fixed his ire on the leader. "Alright you mangy scumbags; what kind of weird hocus pocus have you got going on that would require you to kidnap one of our friends?"

Tana, looking the intruders over, huffed in an unimpressed manner as she placed her hands on her hips and shook her head. "Oh, look Shiera… interlopers," she spoke in a lazy tone of voice.

Glancing towards the middle man, Kasim gave their alpha leader a questioning gaze, "Do you want us to take care of them?" He added to this by swiftly drawing the folded up spear from his belt and spinning it open. The golden weapon unsheathed itself loudly before being held steadily at the owner's side.

Analyzing the group of newly arrived Z-fighters and taking note of their power levels, Shiera allowed a small smirk to form before shrugging her shoulders carelessly. "There's no need. The gateway is almost opened. Once our master has been freed from that retched prison; justice and retribution will rain down upon all." She then looked back towards the demi-Saiyan floating in stasis as the last of the energy needed to open the seal was sucked from his body. "Just make sure they don't get anywhere near the gate key."

Spotting his brother hanging in the air behind the villains, Goten's immediate reaction was to step forward as anger filled his eyes. "You let my big brother go, right now!" the child shouted.

His exclamation earned a round of chortles from the four minions, with the biggest of the group, Daryu, throwing the youngster a smug look. "And why should we do that, little one?"

"Because if you don't… I'll… I'll…" Gulping slightly at the intimidating stare he was receiving from the massive Pharaoh hound, the child then returned fire with the only comeback he could think of. "I'll punch all of you in the nose!"

"Ha-ha. How cute," Tana laughed, grinning across at the angry demi-Saiyan. "This child is quite the comedian. I like him."

Tilting his head at the assortment of earthlings before them, Kasim also added to the exchange of words with a jab of his own. "While it is admirable that all of you have come here to save your companion, I'm afraid that your efforts have been wasted." The man then tapped his spear against the stone ground and nodded in their direction. "As strong as the five of you are, even your combined strength is nowhere near a match for the four of us."

The hulking Daryu leered at the Z-warriors, "And even if it were, you wouldn't be able to kill us."

"Oh yeah? What makes you say that?" Piccolo asked, turning his ire towards the biggest of the four and meeting the hound's glare with his own.

Flicking her headdress back a bit, Tana filled them in on the missing pieces, "Thanks to the power of our master Set flowing through our veins, there is not a being alive that can destroy us. After all; we are our lord's most loyal and devoted servants."

"Until our duty to our master is completed, we will continue to live forever," Kasim added, before taking his spear and pointing it towards the half-Saiyan floating behind him. "In a matter of moments, those doors will be opened… and as soon as they are… our master will begin the complete and utter subjugation of this universe by first killing this boy behind us and then the rest of you, until there is not a single being left to stand in our way."

While most of the defenders of earth balked at the humanoid dog's dark prophecy, Videl perked up
at the statement the man made about Gohan. Obviously directing that threat to all of them, the
girl's eyes fixated upon the teen floating cuffed and bound behind their formation. When she saw
her unconscious friend's body jerk and spasm, his face twisted in pain, the girl's eyes shimmered
with unshed tears before she bit her teeth together and clenched her fists tightly.

Unwilling to see the demi-Saiyan suffer any longer, without warning or hesitation, the girl powered
up and charged forward at blinding speed. "LIKE HELL!" With a loud battle cry, she barreled
towards the nearest warrior, intent of burying them in the ground with a single blow.

"Videl! Wait!" Krillin shouted, while the others watched the girl in alarm.

At first the teen looked like she had this one in the bag. It certainly surprised Shiera when she
looked over her shoulder in response to the outburst. However, just as the raven haired fighter was
nearing her target, Tana, smiling confidently at the human, inhaled deeply and, just like she did
with Chi-Chi, breathed out sharply. The result was another powerful gust of wind being fired from
her lips that slammed into the human fighter and sent her flying back the way she came.

Videl screamed out as her aura was effortlessly turned off and she was sent bouncing along the
hard ground, moments before rolling to a stop just in front of the other Z-fighters. Battered with her
clothes slightly torn up, the young warrior growled as she painfully glared up at the four minions
staring arrogantly back at her.

The female dog that'd knocked her back chuckled and tilted her head, "Good effort. But you're
going to have to do a lot better than that."

Deciding to get in on the action as well, Krillin leapt into the air and suspended himself above the
terrace, "Okay then! Try this on for size!" Throwing his hand up, the former monk focused his
energy into paper thin area directly over his palm. A loud humming sound filling the sky, a golden
disk quickly formed above the fighter who, after taking aim at the four warriors below as his
friends observed carefully, the man attacked. "$Destructo Disk!" With a grunt of effort, he then
pitched the monofilament attack straight down at the hybrid hounds.

His disk attack arced through the air and shot straight towards Tana. The female dog watched
curiously as the blade flew towards her and, without even bothering to move, allowed the energy
disk to hit her in the side. The Z-fighters looked on in disbelief when the blow carved straight
through her in a single stroke, lopping her upper body off before it streaked off into the distance.
The Ibizan hound's expression reflected surprise as her blood splattered through the air.

Amazed at his hit, Krillin gave a cheer of triumph, "YES! Got yah!" His celebrations were short
lived however when, a couple seconds later, his expression turned into one of shock as he saw the
female dog's upper body float back down to the other half and reattach instantly. Black fire
surrounding the wound, it closed up shortly afterwards, making it appear as though nothing had
happened.

When Krillin landed back with the others, everyone from Android 18 to Goten was just as stunned
and bewildered as he was.

A smirk forming on Tana's face, the woman cocked her head, "Like we said… you won't be able to
kill us so easily."

At first the group of Z-fighters was thrown by how the dog woman was able to walk away from an
obviously fatal blow to the body. When someone was bifurcated, if they didn't have Cell or
Piccolo's regenerative capabilities, those people pretty much died. However, judging from how
quickly the female warrior healed, it was apparent that she had some sort of energy based
regenerative abilities.

While Piccolo and Krillin were no stranger to fighting against a person possessing immortality, if there past scraps with Garlic Junior were anything to go by, considering how effortlessly one of them was able to shake off Videl while at the same time recover from a lethal hit to the body, it was obvious that they were at an extreme disadvantage.

The hopelessness of the situation though was then shattered when, from up above, a familiar voice suddenly shouted down to the two groups standing on the terrace. Needless to say, this arrival came as a bit of a surprise to one of the opposing parties.

"There you are you jumped-up motherfuckers!" The yell drawing everyone's eyes skywards, the Z-fighters saw a familiar, orange haired woman descend from the heavens and land directly next to them with a blast of wind. Stumped by the speed and force of the woman's landing, Piccolo, Krillin and everybody else watched as the slightly singed and burnt form of an incredibly pissed off Zangya straightened up and glared towards the minions. With dark rings around her eyes and her hair all frizzy, she looked as though she'd just spent an entire month trapped in Jumanji. "Thought you could hide from me, huh?"

The Z-fighters were baffled, particularly Krillin. "Geez. What in the world happened to you?"

Eye twitching, the Hera gritted her teeth at the hounds staring at her in surprise. "Well, I was enjoying a pleasant flight over to West City for an important business meeting. But then I was suddenly attacked from out of nowhere by these four assholes." Her hair started to waft upwards as her energy levels started to climb with her rage. If everyone didn't know any better, her power level was being magnified somewhat. "If you can't tell by the expression on my face, I'm absolutely livid at the moment."

Swallowing nervously, Krillin turned back to face their opponents, "Well… don't let any of us stand in your way. You go ahead and do what yah gotta do."

When Zangya made her bettered presence known on the field, the dog hybrids regarded her with a sense of confusion and disbelief. After several seconds of silence, it was Kasim who was the one that addressed the elephant in the room. "I could've sworn we killed this one."

"Yeah. Me too," Daryu replied, narrowing his eyes on the still miraculously alive Hera.

Spitting to the side in distaste, the blue skinned alien upped the ante on her fury. "You dumbasses obviously don't know the concept of hiding." She then cocked her head to the side and tossed back some locks of her curly hair. "The numbers were four to one. Did you honestly think I was going to come out of that battle in one piece if I'd stayed to fight?"

Looking the woman over, Shiera then threw her a smirk. "It doesn't matter how you survived. Now that you're here, you'll now be able to die along with the rest of your friends."

A deathly silence falling over the area then prompted Piccolo and the rest of the team to look in Zangya's direction. When they saw the cold, unflinching gaze she currently had on her, it unnerved the Z-fighters at how calmly she responded to the leader's jab. But moments following their checking up on the Hera's condition, they saw the orange haired woman raise her hand and point at the scar-faced collie.

"Just so we're clear, that bitch is mine." It was a message well received by everyone in the area.

So far, so good. It was now six against four. But unless they did something about their enemy's
immortality, the group was still a little stuck.

Just as Shiera traded with the fuming Zangya a grin, daring the orange haired warrior to make the first move, two more figures arriving on the scene once again halted all plans for an engagement. Looking to their left, Piccolo and everybody else saw Vegeta and Trunks, both of whom were dressed in their respective training gi, touch down on the terrace and rise up to full height to glare at the four weird looking aliens the rest of the gang were facing. While sparing a glance towards the unconscious Gohan floating behind the minions, the Prince of Saiyans then looked across at his teammates.

"Okay… what the hell did I miss?"

The Namekian spared the newcomer a dignified grunt, "Not much. We were just deciding who gets to fight who out of those four creeps in front of us."

"Neat," the flame haired man in the blue training uniform and white boots exclaimed as a smile formed across his face. He then began eyeing the competition eagerly, sizing them up and getting a bead on their weaponry. "Has the wench with the sword and the scar across her face been taken?"

"Yeah," Zangya spoke without taking her eyes off of her quarry. "Hands off."

"Fine. Then I call dibs on the steroid junky over there," Vegeta said, locking his gaze on the hulking Pharaoh hound at the end of the line. "He looks fun to hit."

"Feh. Good luck with that," Piccolo spoke, drawing the Saiyan's gaze over to his end as the Namekian gestured towards the four warriors. "Just to give you a heads up, the four clowns in front of you are actually immortal. So if you plan on smacking one of them around the entire day, then knock yourself out."

"Immortal, huh?" the prince spoke, chuckling darkly as he proceeded to crack his knuckles one after the other. "That sounds like a challenge."

Goten, arms held at his sides, then looked across at his newly arrived friend from West City curiously. "Hey Trunks… what does 'immortal' mean?"

The lavender haired youngster in the green gi looked back at his playmate strangely. "It means you can't die."

"Oh…" the spiky haired runt of the Son family replied, blinking a couple of times until his face scrunched up in disappointment. "Well that's a little bit unfair." As far as Goten was concerned, if you beat up an opponent enough they would eventually call it quits and roll over. Not being able to do that seemed like a bit of a cheat to him.

The Minions of Set on the other hand had their own concerns. Upon seeing another Saiyan arrive with his son in tow, the immortal warriors were once again put on alert, as the count was now eight against four. Narrowing their eyes on the new players and directing caution towards the stronger members of the group, the hybrid fighters reached for their weapons and prepared for an imminent attack. However, just as everyone was loading themselves up for a clash that was sure to come, a blinding flash of light startled everyone out of their reveries and filled the sky all around them.

When the brilliant blue aura lit up their backs, the four dog warriors looked over their shoulders in surprise, with the Z-fighters also joining them.

As soon as the attention of both parties fixed upon the pyramid entrance, the very tip of the stone structure emanated a white, radioactive glow. After pulsing several times and giving off a loud
humming it, it then got even brighter, before shooting a beam of energy straight up into the heavens. The rays of energy shot up through the clouds, parting them, and continued off of the surface of the planet and rocketed up into outer space.

From a distance, it looked like an ethereal pillar sent down by the Kais as a gift to the earth. But in reality, it was the beginning of worse things to come…

XXX

(Meanwhile)

In another part of the universe far beyond the reaches of planet earth, atop one of the many plateaus of the pyramid shaped world that was the home of Beerus the Destroyer, the God’s teal-skinned attendant Whis had gone on a small walkabout of the oddly shaped planet's wilderness. It was while he was gazing across the enormous blue lake near the temple and meditating on his troubled thoughts that the man was unexpectedly struck by a sudden and powerful energy feedback, one that had the assistant to the Lord of Destruction look up with a start.

Eyes widening in bewilderment, the man then shot a look across the quadrant the world was drifting through and to another part of space with a gasp. In that very direction, the man sensed a very strong and very familiar energy signature blazing away, one that could only be felt by a handful of people in the universe. While he was certain a lot of the other deities would be able to sense it, he was certainly the first one to acknowledge it, as he was the only one who was the most closest to the calamity.

Irises wavering fearfully as sweat dribbled down his face, Whis gritted his teeth nervously as he stretched his senses out and honed in on the exact location the unsettling beacon was coming from.

"This celestial force… it can't be," the attendant whispered.

He was hoping it belonged to something else; somebody who wasn't the very being that caused them so much strife all those years ago. After twenty thousand years of a long and stable peace, the last thing the man wanted to do was relive the pain and torment from the moment the universe's most destructive conflict took place.

Unfortunately, all his prayers were dashed when he finally located the exact origin of the energy source. Once it pinged in his head, his heart stopped.

"No."

XXX

(Back on Earth)

The beam of light shooting up into the heavens from the pyramid continued to fluctuate for several more minutes. In that time, not only had clouds began to gather around the structure above it like a cyclone, but bolts of golden lightning began to shoot off of the prison, marking the final curtain to the half an hour ritual. While that the energy being drained from Gohan's body had stopped and the locks on the door had finished turning, it was only a matter of time before the bubble was broken and the inevitable took place.

The Z-fighters and the Minions of Set watched in awe as energy continued shooting off of the monolith in all directions, tearing up the countryside and causing the skis themselves to tremble. From the amount of power being given off, it almost seemed like the entire planet was going to be shaken to pieces.
However, all of these flashy and over the top special effects were just for show, as several minutes after the terrifying display began, the beam of divine light retracted back into the ancient building. With the lightning also ceasing seconds later, the warriors standing at a distance watched as Gohan's body floated back to the ground and the stone doors that'd once been sealed shut suddenly opened.

Giving the formalities a well-deserved middle finger, the entrance to the pyramid flew open with a deafening crack, bathing the group in a blinding white light as a thick purple aura began gushing out of the entrance like a river. The inferno of energy spewed over the terrace relentlessly, grazing the Minions of Set and washing over Gohan's motionless body. Several seconds later, the blast of translucent energy devolved into a gentle breeze, and as embers of ki continued to float into the air from the source, a silhouette appeared in the doorway.

The Z-fighters braced themselves for the unknown creature that was to come.

The Minions of Set meanwhile dropped to their knees and bowed to the figure as the dark entity started to march out of the structure.

"Master," the four warriors spoke at the exact same time, sweat dripping down their faces under the crushing presence of their creator.

At first the good guys were expecting to see some horrid creature of a similar breed to the four in front of them step through the doorway. Considering who they were up against, they wouldn't be surprised if it was a shadowy entity composed completely out of black energy. On first glance that seemed like the most likely case; a dark silhouette with two, blood red eyes that stuck out from the rest of their person and struck fear into the hearts of all those who looked upon them. In truth, the figure looked like a demon sent from the deepest pits of hell to smite them all.

Either way, whoever this Set deity was that these four idolized so much, he had to cut some sort of imposing figure if the very sight of the man prompted his servants to drop to their knees and bow to him in reverence.

Krillin took a deep breath, preparing to scream at whatever vile creature would emerge from the light. In his mind he pictured a large, drooling, monstrous half-dog, half-monster with claws for hands, massive fangs, and a body similar to that of Frieza's third form covered in fur. Everyone was hanging off of the edge of their seats waiting for the final reveal.

But when the light behind the figure faded to a gentle glow and the boss finally stepped into the sunlight, the Z-fighters were stumped by what they saw. Krillin even had the common courtesy to swallow his tongue in shock.

This God known as Set wasn't anything like what they expected. For starters he was only about the same height as his subordinate Shiera, with prominent ears, long red flowing hair that grew down his back, and a very slender figure. Unlike the others, his form was a cross between a human and a fox, with a smooth red and white coat that was incredibly striking and appeared soft to the touch. Along with the long, flowing tail behind him, he wore a form fitting shendyt around his waist that was brown, a black tube top around his chest, and black arm bands, all of which had a golden trim. This was certainly in keeping with Egret's climate and the fashion that all of these dog creatures seemed to be going for.

However, there was one significant aspect about this Set character that stuck out above the rest.

_He_ was in fact a _she_. That sort of explained her curvaceous and attractive figure, why her tube top was so tight around her bust, her sharp, prominent eyelashes and the way the mole on her left cheek
accentuated her feminine appeal.

This came as an enormous surprise to the Z-fighters, as they never expected this God of Storms to be a female.

Trunks blinked, looking across at the woman as her long, bushy tail swished about behind her, "Is that… their boss?"

Goten was just as confounded and surprised as everybody else, "Yeah. I guess."

"Huh. She's surprisingly cute for a God," Zangya murmured, tilting her head at the newly awakened foe as the 'terrifying' villain stared ahead of her with a half-lidded, careless gaze. "This Set looks like she wouldn't hurt a fly." In all honesty, it looked like you could just walk up to her and give her a great big hug.

Videl, while staring at the new figure in surprise, then perked up when she heard what the person was called and looked across at the orange haired Hera. "Wait a second… what was that name again? Set?"

The Hera looked back at her best friend's training partner curiously, "Yeah. Set. Like the verb. What? Is there something wrong?"

Muttering the name a couple of times under her breath, the short haired teenager then looked up in shock and fixed her attention back on the entrance. "Yes. That's it! Now I remember where I've heard that name before. I learned about it in history class last year." At this news, every single Z-fighter turned in her direction as the young fighter then began relaying to them what she knew on the subject. "Set is a God from Ancient Egret religion, and is regarded as the deity of desert, storms, disorder, violence and foreign invaders. He is an incredibly prominent figure in Egret mythology and is portrayed as a usurper and the embodiment of evil in a lot of the old texts. This was from over thousands of years of research and study." Videl then looked across at the others with a serious glimmer in her eyes. "The writings in the class textbook referred to him as the God of Storms."

"God of Storms," Vegeta murmured, only to then look ahead of him in confusion. "Hold on… Set… I think I've heard that name once before." The title certainly held merit. That much was clear. It also sounded incredibly familiar to the prince and stirred some very unpleasant memories from his childhood…

…one in particular involving his father at a banquet, where his old man acted as a footrest for a certain visitor to his home planet.

Videl, this being the first time she'd actually contributed to a mystery in the group, continued to fill in the blanks for the others. "I read in the books that he was an enemy to many Gods, particularly to the Sun God Ra, and was one of the most powerful deities in history. Tales were told of his conquests, how he murdered Osiris and conquered other divine beings such as Sekhmet, Shu, Isis and Beerus." She then narrowed her eyes on the figure as she contemplated her facts some more. "Strange. I was always under the impression that Set was a male."

"That makes sense," Piccolo spoke up, giving the girl's words consideration. "A lot of false deities in history often concealed their true identities and genders from the people who worshipped them. Even legitimate divine beings that were responsible for great offenses in their time were purposefully falsified in historical records as the ultimate insult and punishment for their crimes." The man scrunched his face up at the issue they were experiencing. "The Gods and the people who worshipped Set on this planet all those years ago probably labeled him as a genderless monster, but
then started referring to him as a male."

It was at this information the Saiyan Prince's head finally clicked and he reeled forward in shock. "That's it! Set; the God of Storms! Now I remember!" The Z-fighters all quickly looked to Vegeta in shock, where they all saw the horrified look in his eyes as he stared across at their enemies, all of whom were continuing to bow to the fox woman as she raised a hand and scratched behind her ear in a very dog like manner. "She is one of the primary Gods that oversee the balance of power in this universe alongside the Kais. But unlike other deities who represent the bodies of construction and rebirth, she is one of those deities that represent the forces of destruction and devastation. All of them are extremely powerful individuals capable of wiping out entire galaxies with a single stroke. Even Frieza and Cooler are like ants compared to them."

Krillin and everybody else aside from Android 18 looked back at the man in alarm. "Whoa, man! Are you for real?!" the short fighter exclaimed.

Even Trunks looked shaken at the news, "Th-Th-They can wipe out entire galaxies, dad?" He knew his astronomy. Planets were one thing. Heck, even someone as small and diminutive as him could destroy the earth with a single blast if he wasn't too careful.

But an entire galaxy? That was a possibility neither member of the group could fully comprehend.

"A long time ago, the God of Destruction Beerus visited my home world and ate lunch at my father's table. That was the first time I ever laid eyes on one of these so-called superior Gods," the prince continued, swallowing nervously as he thought back to the times he'd heard of these highly venerated names in passing. "That God's power was said to be in an entirely different league... and I believed it when I saw him. But while Beerus was said to be most feared among his kind due to his unpredictable nature; Set was reputed as the most powerful and the most ruthless among the other celestial beings. Hell, she would wipe out an entire group of galaxies just for the sheer fun of it." Vegeta, narrowing his eyes fearfully, regarded their foe once again with extreme caution and fear. "I hate to admit this... but even I don't stand a chance against her."

The Namekian quickly looked back at their opponents, where he saw Set, the female God, lower her arm and frown in their direction. "If what you're saying is true, then we've got a seriously big problem on our hands." An apocalyptic level problem.

It was while the Z-fighters were in the process of orchestrating some kind of plan to combat this new threat, every single one of them froze up when they suddenly saw the fox woman start to amble forward.

Possessing grace and finesse, the newly awakened deity approached her minions at a casual pace, and seemed as though she was about to address them when they bowed their heads even lower. Not even Shiera, who was sweating bullets now, dared to look upon her master's face. However, just feet away from reaching her would-be subordinates, the almighty deity stopped when she found a body blocking her path and looked down to see the unconscious Gohan lying in front of her.

Goten, Piccolo and all the other Z-fighters lurched forward in alarm, not knowing what the deity was going to do to the defenseless demi-Saiyan.

Tail wagging behind her as she scrutinized the sleeping boy in front of her, the fox girl with the half-lidded gaze smiled and, bringing a hand up from behind her, waved a finger down at the Saiyan and effortlessly levitated him off the ground. Gohan's body floated up to her level and, while he was still lying parallel to the floor, Set took a closer look at him like a cat staring at a fish in a bowl.
"It seems that I have you to thank for my resurrection," the teenage God spoke in a soft voice, reaching up with a hand to run down the unconscious boy's cheek. "I'll be sure to reward you for your kindness." Looking the young warrior's form over, from his handsome face to his dashing uniform, the God of Storms raised an eyebrow inquisitively. "What a cute thing. Perhaps I'll keep you once I'm done with my subjugation of this universe." She then gave him an affectionate and playful lick on the cheek.

Hair bristling at the fox woman's brazen act, the once nervous Videl stepped forward and, before any of the Z-fighters could react, shouted across at the animal God. "HEY! GET AWAY FROM HIM YOU BITCH!"

This was apparently the wrong thing to say because as soon as she did, Set's eyes snapped towards the teen and narrowed menacingly. Even her four minions looked back at the pissed off girl in disbelief.

Every one of the Z-warriors froze when they saw the God of Storms narrow her gaze on the one that'd shouted at her. At first they thought Videl was going to burst into flames right where she was standing from the way the fox woman was looking at her. Given her position in the pecking order, it definitely seemed like a possibility. But then, just as the tomboy and the deity were glaring across at one another, they suddenly saw the goddess levitate Gohan's body back to the floor, straighten up and, eyes still fixed upon the offender, produced a black, smoke-like aura from her body.

Her form becoming shrouded in the dark cloak of energy, giving her a very demonic appearance, Set's eyes flared red, illustrating the amount of evil coursing through her veins. It was then, while the woman was burning with copious amount of hatred and rage, in the blink of an eye the powerful deity suddenly vanished and reappeared directly in front of Videl, her movements being marked by a powerful gust of wind.

The God's speed was so great that her movements were instantaneous, and every single Z-fighter standing in the background lost sight of her for a couple of seconds. It was only when they spotted her standing directly in front of Videl that their attention snapped back to her immediately.

Even Android 18 was stunned, "H-How did she do that?"

Arms held behind her, Set glared down at the slightly shorter Videl, who swallowed nervously as she snarled back at the dog entity in warning. The distance between them was now only a couple of feet and with the way the fox girl's eyes were flared, it almost looked as though the human's life would be forfeited at any moment.

Everyone, including the Minions who'd just gotten to their feet, braced themselves for the inevitable.

But just when it seemed like something catastrophic was about to take place on that terrace, the aggressive black aura surrounding Set suddenly dissipated, leaving her standing in a normal light once again. Upon which her gaze softened, her hand was raised and, out of nowhere, the dog God gave a loud and well-earned yawn.

To her it was just an ordinary expression of tiredness. But the instant she started inhaling, a powerful blast of wind exploded from her body, kicking up dust, sand, and nearly knocking all of the Z-fighters off their feet. Videl and everybody else in the area were literally pushed back along the floor while they were attempting to block out the gale, with Piccolo's eyes widening in shock at how many feet he actually slid along the stone under the fierce winds.
While all this was happening at ground zero, in the desert and sky surrounding the pyramid, not only had a hurricane formed in the clouds above with the eye hovering directly over the God, but an enormous sand storm had kicked up in the desert and was now washing over the landscape in all directions.

With absolutely no effort whatsoever, in a single yawn the God of Storms was able to alter the weather patterns of the planet around her.

As soon as she stopped yawning, the gale emanating from her body ceased, allowing the Z-fighters to stumble back into normal standing positions and gawk in her direction. They then proceeded to watch as she took a step closer to the startled Videl and began looking her over.

Inspecting the teenager from head to toe with a simple tilt of her head, Set curiously raised a hand and gently poked the tomboy in the center of the chest. Too terrified to move, the Z-fighters then watched the woman with one arm behind her back moved to Videl's left and checked her face and body from the side. Making a thoughtful sound as her tail wagged behind her, the God then stepped around to the other side and analyzed the curvature of the teenager's collar bone, before gently grabbing her right arm, extending it, and running a finger along her bicep.

Completely weirded out by this out-of-the-blue inspection, Videl pulled her arm away quickly, "Hey… what gives?"

Set, taking a few steps back with her hands placed behind her once again, smiled at the flustered teen. "Fascinating. You are a human… and yet you possess strength and power rivaling that of the people from the planet Inaris. I must say, your race has come a long way from the primitive stone pushers I remember you used to be."

Watching nervously from the sidelines and listening to their master offer compliments to the enemy fighters, Shiera and her subordinates looked at each other worryingly. After which they turned back to their boss and, mustering up the courage, spoke up inquisitively.

It was Tana who was the one to make the daring leap. "Uh… master-?" She was promptly silenced when the God of Storms held a hand up in their direction, stopping the minions in their tracks.

Order returned to the terrace, the deity then strolled around and began inspecting Goten, Krillin, Android 18, Trunks and Vegeta one after the other. She passed the short fighter and Gohan's younger brother quickly, sniffing and checking them over, before stopping in front of the blonde cyborg. Finding an interest in her body's structure, she took the woman's arm in her hand and ran her thumb and forefinger over it, nodding in approval when she saw for herself what she was. Words like 'interesting' and 'gorgeous' left the deity's lips, drawing a few surprised blinks from the android before the God shifted over to Trunks. Taking him by the head and turning it slightly, the deity ran a finger over his ear and checked it out, drawing a giggle from the child, before she turned her attention to Vegeta.

The Prince of Saiyans wisely chose not to say or do anything, and simply allowed the woman to pass her judgment on him. He watched her cautiously and nervously as she prodded his shoulders and neck, walking a full circle around him before stopping in front of him.

Set leaned forward and sniffed the man a couple of times and pulled away a moment later, "A Saiyan… on earth?" Taking a step back, the woman then looked up towards the sky and squinted. Not knowing what she was doing the Z-fighters watched her curiously. When she eventually looked down several seconds later, a couple more words left her lips. "Judging from your body structure and facial characteristics, I can tell that you didn't originate from Saiya. That planet is currently orbiting Sculptor in the Abell cluster… so I'm guessing your ancestors migrated to
another planet many years ago and claimed it as their own."

"Uh…" Vegeta murmured, not knowing how to respond to that information.

Satisfied with his answer, Set then wandered over to where Piccolo and Zangya were standing. The pair acted more guarded than the others did, yet they allowed the woman to start looking them over. Just like with Vegeta and Android 18, she found a great deal of interest in the two and began inspecting them a little more thoroughly. She prodded the Namekian in the chest and arm, and tilted her head at him when she looked at the tall warrior from a different angle.

"You have two other Namekian spirits living inside of you. I assume that's because you've joined bodies with them," Set exclaimed, standing on her toes and attempting to look into the man's eyes. Piccolo leaned back a little in response, finding the distance between them a little bit uncomfortable. But his nervousness soon ebbed when the woman backed off and moved over to Zangya.

She started with the Hera's hair and worked her way to her arm. After which she then looked the woman in the face and moved away as if expecting a work of art. "Mm… stunning… absolutely stunning." Doing something completely unexpected, she then reached forward and grabbed one of the woman's ample breasts and looked at it strangely, squeezing it a couple of times for good measure. While Krillin and Videl blushed to the roots of their hair and the other fighters simply gawked, Zangya had to reframe from slapping the deity across the face as the woman gave her chest another testing squeeze.

Making a few more thoughtful noises as she prodded the girl in the shoulder, the God of Storms then backed away so that her minions were standing behind her and flanking her on either side. By this point in time, it was worth noting that her servants also appeared confounded at their master's surprise inspection, especially with the Hera whom she'd decided to go to second base with.

From her new position, Set could now see all the members of the Z-fighters standing together and staring at her anxiously. Hands behind her back, the goddess gave the warriors her appraisal, "I'm impressed. Your group possesses some of the most diverse and strongest warriors I've seen in a long time… from the mortal plains anyway. Each of you is gifted with incredible strength and prowess, and judging from your individual power levels I'd say that a few of you would even be able to match any one of subordinates in combat." She then lifted her head at them. "Tell me… what do you people call yourselves?"

Piccolo, clenching his fists anxiously, threw the woman a suspicious glare, "We don't call ourselves anything."

"I see," Set replied, tail swishing behind her happily as she rubbed her chin with her fingers in thought, "Now that is intriguing." Turning around, the deity then held a hand out towards the floor and, with a quick burst of ki, summoned a mountain of sand from the ground. The particles coming together and forming into a mound, the mass of grains then rose up and transformed into a throne, complete with engravings and colors befitting any entity of her station. With her minions standing on either side of it, the woman approached the chair and, with a swish of her hips, turned and sat down atop the grand chair. As soon as she'd gotten comfortable, the woman crossed her legs like a boss and smirked in the group's direction. "Shiera… tell me… how long has it been since I was sealed away?"

"Master… it's been over twenty cycles since your imprisonment at the hands of the Kais."
"So approximately twenty thousand years, hm?" Set reiterated, tapping a finger against the arm of her newly constructed seat before tilting her head slightly. "It appears that this world has flourished quite nicely in my absence, wouldn't you agree?"

Shiera nodded a second time in agreement, "Yes, master. It certainly has."

"Well then, I'd say this is the perfect opportunity to make some changes around here. Considering it's been so many years since my last great conquest, I think I'll commemorate my return to the mortal plains with a little competition," the humanoid canine exclaimed as a vile smirk suddenly crossed her lips, completely overshadowing her once cheerful persona. It was a proclamation that drew the attention of every single one of her minions and Z-fighters in the area.

"Competition, master?" Kasim inquired.

"A battle to decide who the superior warrior is, like the gladiators of the old world," Set informed with a firm nod of her head. "If you ask me, I think it's time for a fresh start… a 'changing of the guard' if you will."

Her statement had her loyal servants look at their master in shock.

Eyes reflecting his disbelief, Daryu stepped towards the fox woman fearfully, "Master… you don't mean?"

All of a sudden, Set's amused expression was instantly replaced by a hard glare. A shadow falling across her eyes when she threw her second strongest servant a wave of killing intent, she forced all of her present attendants to back off. Once all of them had their full and undivided attention fixated upon her, the red furred God of Storms rested her cheek on her knuckles and propped her elbow on her arm rest.

"I've been imprisoned for over twenty thousand years," Set hissed, her expression showcasing nothing but anger and contempt towards her subordinates. "If I'd been released in the first few months following my confinement, I would've finished off the other Gods and covered this entire universe in darkness. But now that over twenty thousand rotations have come and gone, those retched scumbags have had enough time to regroup, rest and recover." Her gaze narrowed even more before, letting her soldiers know how frustrated she was. "The fact that all four of you weren't able to release me earlier tells me that my most loyal, trusted and powerful servants have failed me, and that I should take this moment to reassess your abilities." She then raised a hand towards them, causing the four warriors to take a step back and putting the Z-fighters on edge. "I believe it's time for you to prove your worth to me."

Just when the minions thought they were about to be punished for their tardiness, their bodies suddenly started to glow a dark purple. Auras wafting off of them like smoke, the four guards looked at themselves nervously and watched as the embers grew larger and more pronounced. Then, moments after their bodies started to glow, the energy emanating from their pores concentrated around their chests, and four purple orbs shot out of them towards their master's hand.

Without any strain whatsoever, Set caught the four globes easily, compressing the energy into a single sphere before absorbing it back into her palm.

Clenching her hand shut as she watched her four servants look down at themselves, the God of Storms smirked. "I have taken back the immortality granted by the celestial energy I'd previously bestowed upon you. Unless you four can defeat those eight warriors you see standing behind you," she quickly looked across at the intently listening Z-fighters, before then looking back at her tense subordinates, "Then I will give you back your immortality and you may return to me as my
minions. If not… well…” Her smile curled upwards, "I think you know the answer."

"B-But… master," Tana stammered, unable to believe what she was hearing and speaking up in protest.

The deity glanced across at the terrified Ibizaan hound with a harsh look in her eyes. "This sounds like insubordination. Are you questioning my decisions?"

Swallowing nervously, the brown haired female stepped away and lowered her head in shame.

Upon reestablishing her authority, Set then glanced across at Shiera and saw the woman nod in understanding and a look of seriousness cross her face.

"If I must prove myself to you once again, my master, then so be it," the collie stated with a bow, "I will not disappoint you."

"See to it that you don't." After hearing this from her second in command, the all powerful goddess then directed her gaze towards the Z-fighters, watching them as they assumed fighting stances while the four minions on either side of her throne turned to face them. "We're going to play a little game now. Your group will fight against my group to determine who the strongest warriors on this planet out of the twelve of you are. The last four combatants left standing will become my new servants and will have the privilege to stand by my side as the new Minions of Set. No more, no less." She then raised a finger. "As an added bonus, once you've helped me in completing my conquest of this universe and I've become the supreme ruler of this reality, I will not only grant each of you immortality, but dominion over a quadrant of space to do whatever you please." The deity then beamed excitedly as the Z-fighters looked back at her in disbelief. "This battle is for life and death, so please… try not to get killed so easily."

The defenders of earth quickly took a step back when the four Minions of Set moved forward. When they saw the four intimidating hybrids draw their weapons and ignite them with blue fire, the group quickly slid into fighting stances and prepared for battle.

While Piccolo ripped his cape and turban off, Zangya kicked her heels away and tore away her suit, leaving her in some very appealing purple lingerie. Sliding her feet out, the woman clenched her fists and powered up with a yell of rage, her orange hair flashing red, her blue skin turning green and her build becoming more defined as she transformed into her Super Hera state.

"Come on!" the alien warrior shouted as she focused her glare on the leader of the four.

When Krillin slid into stances alongside Trunks and his wife, Goten went Super Saiyan and Vegeta jumped straight into Super Saiyan 2, matching Zangya's aura and level with his own. With the situation growing tenser by the second and with her comrades readying themselves for the fight of their lives, Videl took a moment to look past Set's throne and towards the gateway.

Behind the God's seat, she saw her best friend and the boy she admired above everyone else lying on the floor behind her, still unconscious. It was obvious he was in a deep sleep and from what she could sense of him, his energy had dropped considerably. The sight of his exhausted and pale state had the raven haired girl grit her teeth and clench her fists, as she then fixed her most serious glare on the four minions approaching them with their weapons bared.

"I have to save, Gohan. I must…” Videl thought, knowing exactly what she had to do next. As to how she was going to do it exactly when she had four ridiculously strong foes to deal with, she had no idea.
Thanks to Set confiscating the Godly or Celestial ki that granted her minions immortality from them, the Z-fighters could now sense exactly how strong they were. This gave them the perfect opportunity to select their opponents and solidify their choices. Now that their blind spots had been removed, they would be able to fight against them at full capacity.

This was it.

"Alright then, you freaks," Piccolo yelled, setting his sights on his opponent and cocking his hand back, "Let's dance." With a yell of effort, he leapt into the air and dove straight towards the jerk that'd speared him in the back earlier that morning.

Kasim dropped into a defensive stance and watched the Namekian charge straight at him.

A split second later, both groups of fighters took evasive action, disappearing in a series of blurs and vanishing from the terrace in the blink of an eye. In a matter of moments, the only people left standing or lying on the pyramid were Set and the out cold Gohan respectively.

Cheek still resting on her knuckles, the God of Storms smiled excitedly. "This is going to be fun…"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: So in this chapter we get a glimpse of the main villain behind it all, as well as more of a look into her history. The fact that Set was a male was a ruse and she was once a student under Whis, who eventually surpassed her teacher and became a great God. But she became much more than that and transformed herself into the universe's greatest threat.

At one stage millions of years ago she was a prodigious apprentice under Whis, who was the strongest being in the universe at the time, and was selected to become the God of Storms. But along the way something happened that caused Set to become evil when even more Gods started making appearances. Beerus is just one amongst many and in the DBZ Movie Battle of Gods when he mentioned that Goku was his second strongest opponent ever, Set would have to be the first… for a lot of them.

The Minions of Set are minor deities created by Set herself. With her level of mastery over celestial energy or God ki, she was able to impart a tiny amount into four members of her race and corrupted the process, transforming them into undying servants. Individually they are quite powerful, but as a group they can take down their quarry effortlessly. As long as they have their master's power they couldn't be beaten in the conventional sense, even if their fighting skills are shocking, but without it they're just like everybody else. Now we can see some major butt kicking from the heroes while they're trying to rescue Gohan.

I know there might be more explained about these God characters in the upcoming Dragonball Z Movie F, but I'm personally boycotting that movie due to its absurdity and pointlessness (honestly, it makes GT look more appealing). Battle of Gods was at least tolerable and had some great potential and ideas, but it was ultimately a rinse-and-repeat Goku glorification tale telling us for the hundredth time how great Goku is while sidelining the entire main cast.

This next chapter gives the other characters a time to shine, which is probably what the series after the Cell Games significantly lacked.

So let's check out the stats a little bit on the riki chart:
(Key: Super Saiyan God Goku = Godly ki 6, Beerus = Godly ki 10, Whis = Godly ki 15)

Power Levels:

**Gods (Supreme Deities)**

Whis – 150,000,000,000 riki (Godly ki 15)

Set, God of Storms – 190,000,000,000 riki (Godly ki 19)

Minions of Set (Minor Deities)

Shiera - 450,000,000 riki

Daryu – 450,000,000 riki

Tana – 200,000,000 riki

Kasim - 200,000,000 riki

Z-Fighters

Videl – 17,000,000 riki

Krillin – 20,000,000 riki

Android 18# - 40,000,000 riki

Trunks – 12,000,000 riki

Goten – 12,000,000 riki

Goten (Super Saiyan) – 80,000,000 riki

Piccolo (Full Power) – 210,000,000 riki

Vegeta – 26,000,000 riki

Vegeta (Super Saiyan) – 260,000,000 riki

Vegeta (Super Saiyan 2) – 460,000,000 riki

Zangya – 26,000,000 riki

Zangya (Full Power) – 260,000,000 riki
Zangya (Super Hera) – 460,000,000 riki

xxx

Gohan – 27,000,000 riki

Gohan (Super Saiyan) – 270,000,000 riki

Gohan (Super Saiyan 2) – 470,000,000 riki
Stretching out from the Egret Necropolis over the dune seas making up the ancient desert, the sounds of an awesomely destructive battle could be heard echoing across the countryside. Explosions and shockwaves going off in a terrifying display of raw strength, speed and firepower never before seen on that part of the planet, any onlookers who were fortunate enough to be watching the performance from afar would easily mistake the chaotic scene to be a military bombardment. However, from the way the skies trembled and the continent shook following each individual discharge, the level of this battle was clearly in an entirely different league altogether. Any creature that happened to inadvertently wander into the battle's range would instantly be pulverized into oblivion due to the colossal force being exerted by all parties involved.

Over on a particular flat of desert, well out of reach of the pyramids sitting twenty miles away in the distance, a wall of dust was suddenly kicked up from the ground and sent hurtling into the sky when a massive, shadowy figure dashed at full speed across the dunes. Plowing through hill after the hill on his straight-line route, the bulky Pharaoh hound Daryu narrowed his eyes as he aimed himself at the golden form of his opponent on the other side of the plain.

Standing atop one of the countless hills making up the ocean of sand, Vegeta, thrusting a hand forward, charged a golden sphere of energy in his hand and took aim at his fast approaching foe.

Sweat poured down the prince's face as the aura surrounding his body intensified several times over. "Big Bang Attack!" With a clap of a sonic boom, the man let loose the ball of energy directly towards his target, intent on wiping him out in a single shot.

Gritting his teeth, the persistent Daryu timed his run with the fast approaching ball and, as soon as it came within range, the man gripped the handle of his battle axe over his shoulder and struck out, carving the sphere in two. Split down the center, the two halves of Vegeta's attack veered away and shot off in different directions, striking the countryside several kilometers out and causing two thermonuclear explosions in the distance.

Recoiling in alarm when his opponent failed to slow down, the Saiyan Prince threw up his guard before being hit by a full body check from Daryu crashing headlong into him. The force of impact generated a shockwave powerful enough to punch a crater in the ground beneath them, at the same time Vegeta's body was sent blasting across the valley and further into the desert. Several kilometers later, the man collided with a hill in a shower of dust and sand in the distance.

Smirking at the successful hit, the hulking hound took a step back and fell into an aggressive fighting stance, his flaming battle axe held firmly at his side. Positive he'd knocked his target out, the battered and bruised warrior then moved in with his follow-up attack. Leaning back and taking in a deep gulp of air, the dog then threw himself forward and, with a howl of fury, unleashed a gargantuan blast of fire from his throat.

"Amaterasu!" The blue jets of flame spewed out of Daryu's mouth and impacted the desert in front
of him, setting it ablaze and instantly turning the sand into glass. Roasting anything organic in its path, the wall of fire spread for over thirty kilometers, widening the further it went and turning the already scorching wilderness into a surface equivalent to that of the sun itself.

The fire continued to leave the hound's lips like heat from a blowtorch. But just when it seemed like Daryu had wiped his foe off of the face of the planet, the sand at his feet suddenly burst upwards. In the blink of an eye, a fully powered Vegeta sprang out of the ground and uppercutted the son of a bitch in the chin. The blow landed with an earthshaking crack and knocked the dog high into the air.

Gritting his teeth at the burns and bruises he'd received from his opponent's attacks, the Super Saiyan 2 Vegeta leapt after the stunned dog and kicked him in the chest, sending his adversary plummeting back into a distant hill.

Smacking into it and exploding through the mound of sand, the dog flipped backwards and landed on all fours, sliding to a stop along the valley floor. Once his momentum had ceased, Daryu looked up in time to see the Saiyan Prince land a safe distance away, throw his hands forward, and begin launching multiple ki blasts in his direction.

Getting to his feet quickly, the warrior charged at the man, deflecting and knocking away blasts as if they were dodge balls, and zigzagging on his approach. This meant that a lot of the attacks the Saiyan hurled at the canine missed on their own accord, and by the time Daryu came too close for Vegeta to throw anymore, he'd managed to avoid a major bulk of the assault. In response to the gap being shaved away, the flame haired Saiyan hurriedly sprang into the air and caught his breath, allowing his muscular opponent to fly after him before engaging in another vicious exchange of blows. More shockwaves and yells of anger rang out as multiple attacks were parried and taken, before the two shot off at super speed to another part of the desert.

Meanwhile, fighting on his little corner of the region, Piccolo was having one hell of a party of his own.

Dodging a golden blast that streaked past him, the green warrior quickly powered up and rocketed into the sky as several more energy missiles came flying his way. Shooting up into the clouds and staying ahead of the barrage that was now chasing after him, the persistent Z-warrior performed several impressive evasive maneuvers. When the tracers failed to find a new target, he then decided to launch some countermeasures against the rounds.

Taking aim with his hand while continuing his retreat allowed Piccolo to launch a fully charged energy sphere at the approaching salvo. His powerful attack collided headlong with the first wave, causing an enormous explosion that took out the rest of them and formed a thick black layer of cloud beneath the airborne Namekian warrior.

Catching his breath safely out of reach of the blast front, Piccolo gritted his teeth when he saw another ki attack shoot out of the cloud and fly up at him like a rocket. Responding in kind, the man cocked his right hand over his left shoulder and chopped out, knocking the blast into the distance. "Eat this!" The second the attack was deflected, with the same hand he thrust two fingers forward and fired a powerful corkscrew beam back down at where the blast had come from. The attack blew away the rest of the smoke and rocketed towards the immense desert below.

The attack curving along its path soon descended upon the Akita hybrid standing in the middle of the orange valley. Spear held behind him in a wide stance, Kasim brought it forward and, with a stylish twirl, swung it out and smacked the Special Beam Cannon away, sending it hurtling into the distance. After it detonated harmlessly in the middle of the barren region with the force of a nuke, the triumphant but noticeably battle damaged dog warrior grinned before taking flight.
Kasim cocked his spear arm back as he rocketed into the air, at the same time bringing one hand forward and locking his eyes onto his opponent. In response Piccolo also dove towards his fast approaching foe, meeting him in the middle and greeting the strong fighter with a swinging overhand. The Akita dodged the blow and countered with a powerful body shot, only for the Namekian to block it with his elbow and slam a kick across the Akita's face. This then led to the pair trading a series of lightning fast blows, each landing upon their target with a solid impact, until Kasim brought his spear around and thrust out at his opponent.

Dodging it by an antenna, Piccolo dove for the ground, where he landed upon the sand and quickly threw himself into a fast series of back flips, allowing him to avoid his opponent when he chased after him. Kasim pursued, quickly catching his acrobatic foe and opening up on him with multiple jabs of his spear. Expression hardened, Namekian speedily avoided the blows, slipping left and right at blinding speed until his opponent curved a thrust and smacked him in the side of the head. The loud clang topped with a yell of pain signaling his opponent crumpling to the sand, Kasim then spun his weapon around and, with a loud roar, swung it at the man's head to take it clean off.

A loud 'thump' echoed out when Piccolo swiftly caught the staff with both hands, ignoring the blue fire that sprouted from it and began burning his palms.

Locking his opponent up, the pair began trying to overpower the other, growls of effort leaving their lips as they glared into the eyes of their enemy. Bleeding from the mouth with his body covered in multiple cuts, the Namekian then threw the Akita an evil grin. This immediately drew a frustrated snarl from his opponent, enabling Piccolo to take advantage of his temper and push the spear into the ground. Burying the tip into the sand gave the Z-fighter enough time to spring over it and thrust a side-kick into his opponent's face. The blow landed with a heavy 'thud', causing the spear wielding dog to stumble back across the dune in shock.

Shaking his head of the daze, Kasim growled a second time, "Damn you! Dei Lux!" After spinning his spear around, he then gripped it tightly in two hands, aimed it at his foe and, without warning, fired a powerful beam directly towards his target.

Reacting in alarm, Piccolo shot off to the side while the beam struck the sand he'd been standing on, carved straight through the desert, and flew off into the horizon. Without even bothering to stop, the powerful dog attempted to follow his target with his attack, which continued to fire and slice the tops off of several mountains hundreds of kilometers away. The beam was so long it traveled off of planet, showing the exact path of the attack as the Namekian flew up into the sky in an effort to divert its path.

Clicking his tongue in annoyance when he saw his opponent was still attempting to knock him out of the air with the continuous blast, Piccolo moved in swiftly to counter him. Increasing his flight speed and avoiding the slashes of the golden ray by moving in a wide arc around his opponent, the green warrior took aim and threw a long, right jab down at his foe. His light speed Mystic Attack slammed across the dog's face with a loud 'crack', catching Kasim off guard and causing him to stagger backwards.

Managing to regain his balance, the Akita looked up to see the Namekian diving at him at full speed. Piccolo's arm retracted and reeled him in, bringing the fighter within range to swing down at the dog with a wide hook in an effort to take him out for good. But the furry warrior leapt into the air at the last second, avoiding the blow and passing over his opponent at the same time. The jump into the sky allowed Kasim to put a great deal of space between him and his foe. Spinning about once he'd gained enough altitude, the wounded dog thrust his hand out and, with a yell of rage, unleashed a gargantuan golden blast down at his target.
His attack gushed out of his hand and enveloped the area of desert beneath him in a huge, dome shaped blast that seemingly swallowed up his opponent and rocked the countryside for miles around.

However, when the fire eventually settled and the smoke lifted, it revealed Piccolo standing in the center of an enormous crater, arms crossed over his face and a golden energy shield protecting him. When the barrier dispelled, the former guardian of earth peered over his guard and smirked at his stunned adversary.

Further out from the massive crater, over on another flat of desert, a green bolt of energy could be seen tearing across the endless orange fields at an insane speed. Kicking up sand and dust behind her in a large cloud that reached towards the stratosphere, an enraged Zangya barreled towards her opponent standing in the middle of the open prairie, who was already set into a defensive stance and waiting for her.

Gritting her teeth, the scar-faced and battered Shiera widened her feet and powered up, blue fire exploding from her body and enveloping her in a protective cloak.

A split second later, the pair began their battle anew. The sound of rapid cannon fire rang out when the Hera opened up on her foe with a blur of punches, which the collie began blocking and countering one after the other. The result was the dog woman being pushed back across the sands, in which the two of them engaged in a running fight from one part of the desert to the next. Reverberating across the landscape in all directions, the force of their multiple, planet splitting blows could be heard echoing for miles, as both attempted to land a decisive hit on the other. When Zangya pressed forward with her assault and continued to force Shiera sliding along the ground at the speed of a jet fighter, it seemed like the Z-fighter had the upper hand.

Soon enough the lightning fast exchange ended with Zangya delivering a solid body shot to her target's stomach, drawing a grunt of pain from the woman before the minion leader kicked the alien in the face. The blow sent the Hera blasting back through the air, spinning and tumbling.

Gritting her teeth, the red haired fighter threw her arms out and, with a quick burst of ki, halted herself in midflight, upside-down above the ground. As soon as her momentum ceased, Zangya shot down at her foe and, performing a graceful aerial spin, jetted towards her position at light speed. A split second later, following a series of sonic booms, the Hera collided headlong with Shiera and sent her spiraling across the terrain for over five kilometers.

Crying out in pain from the double hit to the chest that nearly caved in her sternum, the scar-faced collie gritted her teeth and glared back in the direction she'd been hit. Still in flight, the determined minion brought her flaming sword around and slashed it in a wide arc. The result was blue fire gushing off of the blade and unleashing an enormous arc of flaming energy across the desert, which grew and expanded as it traveled towards its intended target.

Spotting the length of fire charging towards her, a startled Zangya sliced her hand through the air and let loose her energy wires towards the attack. The near invisible strings cut the wave of fire to ribbons, dissipating it and leaving the Hera untouched by the embers.

However, just as the orange haired woman was trying to relocate her suddenly nonexistent enemy, a flash in her peripherals told her to duck and avoid the thrust of the sword from Shiera reappearing directly behind her. The dog woman gasped when she missed, unable to retract her arm in time when Zangya suddenly grabbed it and, with superb strength and skill, tossed her across the field and straight into the sand, which she bounced painfully across.

While her opponent was still in motion, the Hera slammed the bases of her palms in front of her
and fired a powerful *Kiai* into the woman's retreating form, sending the canine plowing another trench a further kilometer across the dune seas.

When she eventually stopped amidst a thick cloud of dust, the battered and bleeding Shiera was on one knee and snarling in anger.

"I… can't… believe this!" the collie growled, one eye shut as blood trickled down her face from a new wound above her forehead. Clenching a fist in anger, she slammed it into the ground and stood up, where she then looked up to see her battered opponent appear in the sky some several stories above. "I'm getting beaten into the ground by an orange haired pixie wearing a G-string!"

Briefly taking note of her foe's scantily clad form, Shiera barked in frustration, "Are you honestly going to keep fighting me in those?!

Blinking in confusion, Zangya glanced down at the purple lingerie she was currently sporting and pulled at the elastic. A smug look appeared on her face shortly thereafter, "Not to worry. This underwear was put together by the finest seamstress in the entire industry." She then struck a pose you would often see used by a Calvin Klein model; pelvis thrust to the side, one hand on her hip and the other arm up and flexing her bicep. "It's *extra* durable!"

Shiera's hair bristled as she practically lost it, "YOU HAVE THAT MUCH FAITH IN YOUR UNDERWEAR?!

Huffing, the displeased Super Hera then lifted her nose at the irate dog and spoke up once again. "Frankly poochie, I don't give a shit what the hell I'm wearing as long as I'm able to kick your ass in it. So how about we cut the useless chitchat and pick up where we left off?" She then threw the woman a playful grin. "Last time I checked, I believe I was planting my foot firmly somewhere between your lungs and colon."

Eye twitching at being looked down on by a mortal trash talker, Shiera clenched her fists tightly as blue fire started to emanate from her shoulders. Her skin practically bubbling under the heat of her anger, the anthropomorphic dog gave an enraged snarl as her hand was pulled back before being thrust forward. "DON'T F**K WITH ME!" With a clap of thunder, she unleashed an enormous golden blast from her palm that rocketed towards the airborne Zangya like an attack fired from the Death Star itself.

Speedily slipping to the side, Zangya watched the large blast streak past her and shoot up into the heavens, where it proceeded to travel across the solar system and through space for several seconds, before eventually arriving at another star altogether. The attack struck it, disintegrating the celestial body and whatever unfortunate series of planets that happened to be orbiting it at the time.

The Hera looked up where the blast had gone with her hand over her mouth in shock. "Oh, shit." Quickly returning her attention to the desert, the woman had a split second to duck the swing from her infuriated opponent. While Zangya successfully managed to evade the sword, her maneuver inadvertently left her wide open for a kick to the face. The blow landed hard, sending her blasting up into the sky.

Cursing at herself for her amateur mistake, the red haired woman stopped herself and glared back down at her opponent with blood running out of the corner of her mouth. "Alright. If that's how you want to play, come here!" She then powered up and went after Shiera with a vengeance.

And so the battle between the *Minions of Set* and the *Z*-fighters continued on across the desert.

The multiple battles continued their terrifying display in the distance, explosions and energy bursts
going off all over. While all this was going on, the maestro behind this current fiasco and the only onlooker for miles around Set, continued to hold her position on the pyramid while maintaining a constant vigil over the region surrounding her. Sitting atop her specially made throne with her legs crossed, her cheek rested on her knuckles and her elbow propped atop the arm rest, the God of Storms stared across the plains of lifeless desert towards the horizon, eyes shifting left and right, and keeping track of the war that was moving faster than the human eye could see.

With her perception though, the speed the fighters were moving at appeared to Set in super slow motion and she was effortlessly able to capture every second of the group's respective engagements. The power being displayed by all the combatants was simply astonishing and, in spite of being leagues ahead of them, the woman couldn't resist giving silent compliments to the Z-fighters for their ability to keep pace with her minions.

"Impressive," the woman murmured quietly, her bushy tail wagging behind her comfortably, "Most impressive."

The prospect of her new group being formed out of the victors of this conflict filled the canine deity with a sense of anticipation and excitement. But she didn't let this sensation show on her face. Determined to maintain her image and unwavering position in this situation, Set's expression remained devoid of any real emotion. She merely sat there, her face serious as she kept track of each of the four battles taking place before her.

As the minutes continued to tick by, Set completely disregarded the presence of the unconscious Gohan lying several meters behind her in the center of the ceremonial circle that'd previously been used to siphon energy from his body. His breathing even and heartbeat having slowed to a snail's crawl, the demi-Saiyan's body was doing everything it could to compensate for the enormous amount of ki that'd been drained from his tank. Due to the forceful nature in which his life force had been pulled out of him, the teen had inadvertently been put into a sort of hibernation state. Even though the world was shaking and exploding all around him, threatening to cave in at any moment, he didn't react or stir in any way, shape or form, and simply lay there baking under the midday sun.

However, unbeknownst to the God of Storms and the demi-Saiyan himself, an unusual phenomenon began to take place.

The gateway to the Nexus, which had served as the entrance to the prison for Set since the days of the ancient pharaohs, was still open. Due to its unconventional design and having served as the penitentiary for a deity for over twenty thousand years, the entire dimension beyond the threshold had become perforated with celestial energy, which was now continuing to seep out of the chamber and into the earth's atmosphere.

Since the energy wasn't harmful to the environment in any way, this didn't come as an immediate problem to Set or her minions, all of whom had completely forgotten about the gateway and the purpose it once held. After spending several centuries locked away inside of it and away from the world, the last thing the God of Storms wanted to think about was the current state of her prison and the crap that was still inside of it.

But due to this seemingly inconsequential oversight, as the deity carried on watching her minions duke it out with the Z-fighters several miles away, the energy leaking out of the white portal began to emanate at a faster rate. Propelled by some ghostly force, the purple, smoke-like essence slowly started to creep across the floor of the terrace and towards the unconscious Gohan.

Ear twitching, Set suddenly glanced over her shoulder and towards the pyramid when she felt something unusual tickling at the back of her neck. Thinking someone was behind her, the woman
took a moment to look over the archway to the prison and then the half-Saiyan teenager lying behind her. Seeing nothing and sensing nothing out of the ordinary, the woman narrowed her eyes on the comatose warrior and turned back to staring at the horizon.

The instant she did however, the energy flowing from the pyramid's gateway intensified and, a couple seconds later, the ki creeping across the floor reached Gohan's body. The transparent purple flames then wrapped around the Saiyan's motionless form and began seeping into his body, little by little trickling into his pores.

As the seconds rolled by, the hybrid's heartbeat started to get stronger and the color that was once lost from his complexion began returning to his skin.

Fortunately for him Set was too busy to notice any of this.

While energy continued to leak into Gohan's body, the God of Storms suddenly sensed a powerful ki signature approaching the planet and looked up. The second she did so, the fox deity saw a bright mass of energy break through the atmosphere before landing on the terrace just a few yards away from her. Crashing into the stone ground with an earthshaking 'crack', the mass of energy dissipated to reveal a familiar blue-skinned, robe wearing figure wielding a large scepter.

As soon as the dust settled from the person's landing, Set saw that the white haired newcomer, who she always remembered having a carefree and cheerful attitude twenty-four-seven, was staring at her with an expression filled with seriousness and disdain.

What more could she expect from the man who raised her?

A smirk slowly pulled across the laidback God as she caught a firsthand glimpse of the man's fury, "Hello there, Whis."

"Hello to you too, Set," the staff-wielding visitor with the oddly combed hair replied calmly, eyes narrowing on the girl sitting comfortably in the stone seat. "You're looking well."

The dog goddess lifted her head ever so slightly, "As are you… master."

"Please don't call me that," Whis promptly answered, a dark shadow crossing his eyes as he glared back at the fox goddess. His fingers curling tightly around his staff, the man regarded the idol with nothing but caution and disapproval. "You lost that privilege the day you tried to kill your friends and take over the universe… the same universe that you swore to protect."

"Oh, of course… silly me," Set exclaimed, placing a hand on her head and breathing out a sigh in a feigned attempt to convey shock and dismay. But from the smug grin that appeared across her lips moments later, it was clear that she was not at all moved by his reminder. "How could I possibly forget about that?"

"Don't act so smug," the attendant spoke again with noticeably more spite in his voice, cutting the woman off from her dramatic presentation. "You know full well what you did… and so do I."

"Hmph. Someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed this morning." Lowering her hand from her beautiful red hair, the fox woman chuckled and returned to reclining back in her seat, "So… to what do I owe the pleasure of your company?"

Whis, his face hardening like steel, frowned across at his former student, "Take a guess. I'm sure someone as smart as you can figure it out."

Looking over the man's left and right shoulders, as well as taking a quick scan of the area, Set then
gave her visitor a curious eyeball. "I notice you haven't brought along any of the other Gods. Ra… Zeus… Artemis… Thor… Indra…" She then tilted her head a little in his direction. "All of the deities that could possibly pose any kind of problem for me aren't here. So what's the deal? Were you planning on trying to fight me all by yourself?"

"I was planning on doing the opposite, actually," Whis replied, bringing his staff up and taking a single step forward. A much calmer expression soon came over his face, reflecting both poise and sincerity. "Don't be so quick to jump to conclusions. I didn't come here to fight you, Set. I came here to speak with you."

It was at this statement, Set's head was thrown back and a chorus of hysterical laughter suddenly left her lips.

Her body trembling for a good long minute as the rush of amusement ran its course, the woman stopped bawling long enough to catch her breath and leer back at her teacher. "And what exactly did you hope to accomplish from that? Were you going to try and reason with me? Huh? Negotiate some sort of truce on behalf of the rest of the universe? How about convince me to go back into my prison and think about what I've done for another ten thousand years?" The woman then allowed her grin to falter somewhat as she regarded her teacher with interest and mirth. "Don't make me laugh, Whis. Your little mind games won't work on me anymore. I know exactly why you're here."

She then jerked her nose at him. "You were planning on trying to kill me yourself while keeping the others out of it… to stop them from getting hurt like in our last battle. Is that it?"

Whis actually flinched at her statement. It was a response that drew a chuckle from the evil God and had her cross her legs the other way.

"Always the good little errand boy," Set whispered, shaking her head sadly at the blue-skinned guardian while her expression darkened. "And here I thought you were just a devoted practitioner in the art of fence-sitting… always hanging in the background while the rest of the universe tore itself apart." Her expression then narrowed dangerously, "How gutless. Perhaps when I'm done here with you, I will go pay the other Gods a visit and ask them what they think of your 'peaceful' ideals."

By this point in the conversation the attendant had had enough with this little back and forth. His hand tightening around his scepter like a vice, Whis threw the woman a wave of killing intent. The blast was so palpable it actually caused the entire pyramid to crack and a blast of wind to ripple out in all directions, damaging the rest of the surrounding structure. "This battle is between you and me. Leave the others out of this."

The female deity snorted at the man's declaration, "I see…" Exhaling again and closing her eyes, Set casually turned her head away to rest her cheek against her knuckles once more. It was in that moment, as her energy started to build, dark clouds swiftly began to gather above the two individuals. While the battle between the Minions of Set and the Z-fighters raged across the countryside around them, the atmosphere darkened, thunder echoed down from the heavens, and a cyclone twisted into existence directly above the woman's pyramid. It was an anomaly that Whis noticed, but paid little attention.

However, the growing intensity caused sweat to accumulate on his head, as he knew exactly what kind of force he was dealing with here.

Her celestial energy growing little by little, the goddess of storms and chaos narrowed her eyes on her former teacher as a sickly smile remained on her face, "So… that is how it's going to be then?"

"That is how it must be," Whis responded immediately, taking up his staff and sliding into a
fighting stance, cocking his head to the side and shooting the woman another look.

His answer drawing a momentary glance from Set, the pair remained stationed as they were for several seconds longer, staring each other down from their places on the terrace. The sky falling dark and the sun vanishing behind the eerie veil, the stage was all set for a battle with the potential to shake the very planet off of its foundations. A cold wind picking up around them and ruffling their hair, a deathly silence soon fell around them.

Then, just as the intensity of their faceoff crawled towards its highest peak, the inevitable happened.

Without warning, Set's form vanished from her seat in a blur, causing Whis's gaze to shoot straight up in alarm and a flash of lightning to fall upon the area. There, silhouetted against the grey clouds, he saw the shadow of his student diving towards him at an insane speed. Eyes widening in horror, the attendant back-flipped away as fast as he could, barely avoiding the axe kick Set aimed at him and slammed into the stone floor of the terrace. In the blink of an eye, the woman punched a massive crater into the balcony's floor, a deafening shockwave ringing out that drowned out the sound of the thunderclap above.

By the time Whis stopped back flipping and landed on another part of the terrace, Set was already on the offensive. When the man looked up, he saw the fox deity effortlessly flick an enormous slab of stone the size of a truck into the air and, with a quick spin, kicked the jagged rock towards the warrior at high speed.

Responding instantly, Whis spun on the spot and thrust two fingers forward in a jabbing motion, intercepting the projectile. Thanks to his quick maneuver, the guardian not only managed to stop the block of stone dead, but he also shattered it into hundreds of pieces. It was an easy move.

But the instant the rock started to blast apart, flying directly through the hail of rubble Set came lunging in afterwards. Using the rock to mask her movements and the debris as cover, the woman dived right at her former teacher through the sleet, her fist cocked back and a dog-like snarl escaping her lips.

Whis only had enough time for his eyes widen in surprise before the mother of all haymakers was slammed into his face, the blow connecting with a bone-shattering 'crack' and sending him rocketing through the temple built atop the terrace behind him. The man's form shot through the structure several times faster than light, going through every single wall and blasting apart the shrine like it was confetti. When the walls failed to stop him, the attendant rocketed over the horizon.

About a hundred miles and several mountains later, Whis soon managed to regain his senses and, upon righting himself in midflight, threw his feet back and slammed them into the ground. When he eventually skidded to a stop several seconds later, he found he'd dug a half a mile trench across a valley and was now standing in the middle of a rocky wasteland.

Ignoring the blood trickling out of the corner of his mouth, the slightly battered Whis quickly took a fighting stance and watched as Set teleported into view several yards away. When she emerged from the black smoke, her eyes were glowing blood red and her expression reflected nothing but fury and resentment.

Marching towards her opponent, the fox deity barked, "I rotted in prison for twenty thousand years because of your betrayal!"

Whis immediately took offense to her accusation and yelled right back at her, "I only did what I
believed was right!"

Set jabbed a finger in his direction, stopping in her tracks as storm clouds once again began gathering overhead. "When I was young, you said to me that I would become your successor… that when the time came for you to step down from your post, I would be the one to take your place as teacher and guardian. But when the oracle fish said otherwise, saying that I would never be fit for your mantel… what did you do?" Clenching her fist tightly and causing her knuckles to pop loudly as she did so, the fox woman sneered at the man. "You turned your back on me! You tossed me away like I was some poultry thing from your plate and cast me into the shadows, and turned your attention to another prodigy! What kind of master would do that to their student?!

The attendant shouted back desperately, "You were never meant to be my successor! That was not my fault!"

"Not… your… FAULT!" Set barked, once again beginning her march towards the man as her body suddenly became shrouded in a dark aura. Black smoke wafted out of her pores as thunder and lightning echoed all around them, emphasizing the woman's fury as she advanced on her master. "Who told me that I could chart my own course in life?!

Coming upon a massive boulder in her path, Set took a step towards it, "Who filled my head with dreams and promises?!!" She then kicked it at Whis, sending it at him at blinding speeds and forcing him to dodge it. The rock soared towards the horizon and struck a mountain a hundred kilometers away, smashing the entire top off of it.

Not even pausing for a second, the woman stepped towards another enormous rock and, picking it up with one hand, hurled it at her former master, "Who drove me to train until my bones cracked!" The blue warrior ducked under it, watching it arc through the air and take out another mountain in a colossal explosion of rubble and debris.

Purple electricity starting to stream off of her, Set took a deep breath before, crossing her arms over her chest, threw them outwards with a mighty bellow, "WHO DENIED ME MY DESTINYyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!!!" An awesome shockwave exploded off of her body, sending a powerful gust of wind blasting towards Whis. The gale was so powerful it not only tore an enormous crater around her and sent debris pelting through the air like it was made out of rice paper, it also turned every single plateau and tor surrounding the area for a hundred miles into dust.

Bringing his staff around, the God of Destruction's assistant held his ground as he was struck by the one thousand mile per hour winds, which ripped into his body and pushed him along the floor for several meters. Managing to stop himself from flying off, Whis then brought his scepter to the side and slammed the tip into the floor, marking his spot where he would make his stand.

The trainer growled as he watched the woman return to a normal standing position, her expression twisted with rage. 'I'm sorry, Set! But that choice was never mine to begin with!"

Huffing several times, the fox woman then took a moment to close her eyes and ease her temper. Exhaling deeply after several seconds, the storm deity straightened up and, once the aura from her body faded, she threw a glare across at the person she once called teacher. Her body relaxing as she took in Whis's current condition, a smirk slowly reappeared across her face.

"We always have a choice… master," Set spoke, her fists tightening with a series of cracks. "And right now… I choose to see how many bones I can break in your body before you decide to throw in the towel." She then started to amble in his direction once again.
However, the instant she took that first step, Whis was prepared. Eyes widening, the martial arts master spun his staff around and, upon taking it up into a two-handed grip, thrust the tip forward and fired an enormous energy wave from the headpiece. A gargantuan green blast exploded from the scepter's tip like a blowtorch and rocketed towards Set, swallowing her up before rocketing into space across the planet's surface. The blast was so wide and so powerful, it not only tore a hole through the atmosphere, it also dwarfed the first time Vegeta used his Final Flash.

The attack, which would have easily engulfed both the moon and the planet, continued out of the solar system, across the Milky Way and towards a cluster of other galaxies. By the time the green attack left the spiral arm of the star system, it'd grown so large that it would've been able to take out the entire Andromeda system in one shot. But instead of hitting the Milky Way's neighbor, it instead struck two other galaxies and wiped them out of existence, while the blast itself continued to travel off into the far corners of the quadrant.

Energy continuing to leave his scepter like an unending river, Whis roared through a clenched jaw as he put everything he had into his attack. Well aware that he'd accidentally taken out a couple other star clusters with the same move, he carried on feeding all of the ki he could muster into the beam, which continued to tear away at the earth's surface. From a distance it looked as though he'd managed to disintegrate her or was close to finishing her off.

But in the very heart of the blast, just several yards away from where Whis was launching it, the silhouette of the God of Storms could be seen standing perfectly in its center. Feeling the flames of the attack lick away at her fur, the woman exhaled deeply and closed her eyes.

"Disappointing…"

All of a sudden, Whis's blast was stopped when a vortex of black clouds exploded from the middle and began deflecting the attack. Even though the instructor's beam attempted to push past the barrier of swirling smoke, it was simply split as the mass of dark energy expanded more and more.

The attendant quickly cut off the flow of power to his blast and recoiled in disbelief, watching the black clouds rise up into the sky and take on shape. The collection of gases soon accumulated into a writhing mass of palpable energy, resembling that of a necromancer from the darkest pits of the underworld. The sound it also emitted was spine chilling as the body of smoke jerked, twisted, contorted and fluctuated like crazy.

At its center, the God of Storms stood, her red eyes blaring through the phantom like veil. When Whis saw the eyes lock onto him, he immediately took a step back.

By the time the aura of clouds emanating from Set's body stabilized, it was now bigger than the planet's tallest mountains.

"Twenty thousand years of peace have made you soft… master," Set's voice boomed from inside the writhing mass.

Acting quickly, Whis brought his scepter up high and produced a blinding flash of light from the gem at the end. A dome of transparent gold energy then burst forth from the staff and surrounded its wielder, expanding at a terrific speed. As it grew to the size of a building, the mass of black smoke gathered around Set dove in and began ramming into the barrier from the front.

Tendrils of the black cloud formed and attempted to burrow into the translucent shield. With every impact of the smoke's multiple arms, shockwaves rang out, which tore apart the surrounding landscape. Despite the damages already brought onto it by Set's gale and Whis's blast, more and more damage began to stack up as the two otherworldly warriors clashed with their respective
energies. While the gold barrier certainly did well in holding its own against the black aura's opening blows, as the tug of war carried on, the shield started to get smaller and smaller.

The pressure of the dark cloak being emitted from the God of Storms began to overwhelm the attendant's pall of light.

Blue bolts of lightning began to shoot off of Set's body as she poured more energy into her dark mass. The increase in power caused Whis to stumble, the man taking up his staff into two hands in an effort to hold back the flow. The dam was holding. But with every second that ticked by, his defense started to deteriorate just as the earth around him began to split.

The countryside cracking under the insane amounts of force being exerted upon a single point, the tug of war match soon reached its end point.

Under the raging maelstrom that was Set's cloak, Whis gave his shield one last burst of energy in an attempt to halt the woman's attack. He'd put up a good fight. But while the man was struggling just to stay on his feet, in the middle of her black mass of energy, Set stood before him with her arms folded and a bored look on her face.

The deity watched her attack hammer away at her teacher's shield, counting down the seconds to the moment of his defeat. When she eventually saw the man drop to his knee and give a yell of agony, the God of Storms decided that she'd had enough with this game and, uncrossing her arms, threw her hands forward for a decisive blow.

The arms of her black cloud reared back before slamming down on top of the energy dome, shattering it and causing Whis to stumble away in shock.

As soon as the shield was down, the phantom clouds surrounding Set were speedily sucked back into her body. The instant they retreated into her pores, the woman cocked her hand beside her and thrust it forward, unleashing a concentrated blast of the same black energy towards her master.

Using his scepter, Whis held it up in front of him and produced another blue energy barrier. This took the form of a rectangular shield that deflected the black smoke when it attempted to strike him down. Gritting his teeth, the attendant held back the tidal wave of dark energy, which caused his defense to crack down the middle but ultimately failed in getting through to him.

But just when it seemed like the battering match would continue, Set suddenly sucked back the dark clouds she was shooting out of her palm. Calling it in, she then gathered the smoke between two hands and, taking aim as the energy started to take shape and crackle, she then hurled it at her master a second time. The result was countless bolts of blue lightning being fired indiscriminately from her hands to pepper the landscape surrounding Whis, a salvo of random attacks that had the instructor stumbling backwards in shock.

Managing to protect himself with his scepter, deflecting several of the electrical currents, the guardian then watched Set leap into the sky and become suspended several stories above the ground. When his eyes glued onto her, Beerus's teacher watched the dark clouds in the atmosphere circle around his former student, a sight that gave her a far more intimidating image.

Her shadow fell over the entire region like that of the Angel of Death's.

"I will not let you take this universe, Set!" Whis shouted, bringing his staff forward and holding it above his head threateningly.

Set chuckled darkly as she held her arms further out. "Really? And what makes you think that you
are in any fit shape to stop me?" she asked, her words causing beads of sweat to trickle down the man's brow. Upon instilling fear in the warrior, she then brought her right hand up and held it above her head, "You were the one who taught me everything I know today about fighting. But let's see how you deal with one of my original techniques!" All of a sudden, a black sphere of energy shrouded in orange fire formed above her palm, which began sucking in all of the air around it. In a matter of seconds, the entire region around them started to fall apart.

From out of nowhere, a powerful pulling force began drawing everything across the countryside towards the sphere. It was an invisible force that not only started ripping the ground beneath the woman apart, it also tore mountains out of the earth and nearby forests out of the soil, dragging everything into the sky and sucking it into the vortex. Even the clouds above Set started to circle and drift towards the source of the anomaly.

Whis, feeling the gravitational pull of the planet vanish and become replaced by this new, overpowering force, had to hold onto the ground with everything he had to stop from being lifted up into the sky along with everything else. Looking up in disbelief, the man watched as enormous chunks of the landscape started to orbit around Set, before suddenly being sucked into the drain that was the sphere of black energy she was holding above her head. At first he had no idea what it was.

But seconds into the struggle, Whis soon identified the orb above Set as a miniature black hole.

Eyes widening as he felt the light and the planet begin to get attracted towards the portal as it grew stronger and stronger, the attendant continued to keep himself anchored. But as he watched an entire mountain get crushed up and sucked into the black hole, pulverizing it into oblivion, the man knew he had to do something soon or watch the entire solar system get crushed into nothingness.

With a yell of rage, Whis thrust his scepter up and fired an invisible blast at his student, striking the ball she was producing and dispelling it. However, the blowback of his attack was so great that it not only effectively dispelled the spatial rupture it also caused a shockwave that traveled back to the heroic user and shattered his scepter, sending the man tumbling painfully to the ground.

As chunks of the countryside plummeted back to the planet's surface when earth's normal gravity kicked in, Whis slowly but surely struggled to his feet. With his hand cooked and scarred from his staff exploding between his fingers, the man glared up at the clouds through a half-lidded gaze to see his student smirking down at him.

Not at all put off by her attack being stopped, Set cocked her head upwards and leered. "Now that's more like it." She then vanished, shooting straight towards the planet and landing just a few feet in front of her master. "Let's see what else you've got."

Seeing Set reappear directly in front of him prompted Whis to leap to his feet and retreat. Jumping back across the ruined terrain as fast as he could, the trainer threw his hand forward and, with a shout, fired a compressed blue sphere of energy the size of a basketball towards the woman.

Watching the slow moving ki attack approach her, the God of Storms raised an eyebrow in amusement. She then lifted a finger to poke at it as it closed the gap between them.

"You're such a cute one. What's your little name?" she asked curiously.

The instant it touched her finger however, the little ball went up in an enormous, dome shaped explosion that was three times larger than a thermonuclear bomb. Compressing a blast capable of wiping out an entire galaxy to a single area, Whis managed to shoot up into the sky fast enough to avoid getting caught up in the heart of it. Sporting various bruises and burns, with sweat dripping
down his face, the man watched from the clouds as the explosion punched an enormous crater into the desert.

But just when he was beginning to believe he'd managed to damage his former student, he suddenly saw a black figure dart out of the fire and shoot up at him faster than he could track. Before he could respond accordingly, the figure crashed into him from below and sent him blasting up into orbit with a single kick.

Effortlessly breaching the atmosphere of the planet, Whis tumbled and spiraled as he tried to slow down. By the time he managed to halt his momentum, Set had managed to catch up to him once again. Powering up, the instructor of the Gods shrouded himself in blue energy and shot off further into space, with the dog deity doing the same and giving chase. Taking the form of two bolts of light, the pair danced across the celestial plains together, intercepting over and over, and engaging in a furious exchange of blows.

Shockwaves echoed throughout the deathly silence of the vacuum. Even though there was nothing out there to see or hear the battle, the force of their blows was so immense that they literally shifted planets out of their orbit ever so slightly.

Clashing every time they blew past each other, the pair continued to battle it out across the solar system. It was only when they flew into Mars's orbit and they began approaching the red planet's surface that the results of their brief clash became known.

Whis was now sporting more bruises and wounds then before. With his eye swollen shut and blood trickling from both his head and mouth, the man looked like he'd taken the beating of a lifetime. Panting heavily as he watched his student charge towards him, he cocked his hand back and prepared for a hit.

Set on the other hand looked completely untouched. With a calm and obviously pleased expression on her face, the woman crashed into her master with a blow of her own, the pair trading hits and parrying their opponent's at the same time with a deafening artillery clap. As they fought, the pair orbited the new planet, dealing blow after blow in a hopes of taking the other out. It appeared even at first. But after several more hits, Whis's energy began to drop.

Taking a kick to the body and across the face, the attendant's head was then knocked back by a hook crashing across his cheek. The attack drawing blood and causing a shockwave to echo around them, the man then deflected another butterfly kick from his student as the two of them began to drop out of Mars's orbit. As their bodies picked up speed, the trainer ducked a clawed strike from his student, avoiding a potentially lethal blow before bringing his arms up defensively.

He then saw Set lunge in with another wide hook. Taking his chance, Whis slipped it, caught the wrist, and twisted it around the woman's side. As soon as he did he leapt onto her back and, while holding her arm behind her, drove his heel into the groove of her neck. This stretched her out to what he knew was an uncomfortable position, locking her up and pushing her down as they began to plummet towards the surface of Mars.

Whis looked like he finally had her.

But when the girl glanced over her shoulder and glowered at him, the man knew instantly it wasn't over.

All of a sudden, Set cocked her free arm back and, with ridiculous flexibility, slammed two elbows into the man's face. Hitting him twice, she managed to free herself from the arm lock and, with a quick reversal, she managed to grab the man by the throat and switch places with him, putting her
teacher at the front of their dive. With a loud battle cry, the God of Storms pushed her former master through the atmosphere of the planet. As a result, the pair started to burn up, with Whis's back taking the full brunt of their entry.

As soon as they plummeted into the Mars's air space, the pair continued to drop towards the ground. But just when they were about several dozen feet above the floor, Set then did something completely unexpected and, with a quick spin, she threw Whis up and slammed a kick into his stomach, sending the man rocketing over the horizon.

Spinning out of control, the blue-skinned teacher slammed into the mountainous surface of the valley and bounced several times. He eventually stopped moments later in the middle of an open plain, pushing himself onto his hands and knees, and coughing up blood.

Shaking as he stood, Whis's swollen eyes then turned to see Set land several feet away. Rising up from the floor, the fox woman's ears twitched as a very foul smirk crossed her face. "Come now. That was just a love tap." Cracking her neck to the side and stretching out her muscles, the woman once again set her sights squarely upon her wounded adversary. "It's really something, isn't it? Years ago I was so proud of the power I was able to achieve training under you. But then, out of nowhere, people just as strong as me started showing up one after the other to challenge my strength." When she saw her teacher grit his teeth and take a step back, the deity's expression then became more excited as she reared her head back and yelled boisterously across at him. "Those were the good old days! I had challenges back then! Today… I am incomparably stronger!"

A confused expression fell upon Whis. But just before he could figure out what his student meant by that announcement, he suddenly saw Set clench her fists, widen her stance, and with a loud howl of effort, allowed a shroud of blue energy to explode from her body like a hurricane.

Bolts of lightning streaming up and down the vortex of ki, the goddess of storms produced a gale so powerful that it damn near knocked her teacher off his feet. Her power up punching a massive crater into the desert beneath her, the woman drew on all of the celestial energy inside of her and flexed her muscles for her battle damaged instructor. By the time she finished powering up and the aura blasting around her had stabilized, a horrified look had fallen over the attendant's face.

Swallowing nervously, Whis gawked at his student's glowing form. "No way! She's even more powerful than she was when we sealed her!"

Apparently her twenty thousand years of confinement had been good to her.

After seeing her teacher back down, Set allowed the aura of blue energy and lightning to fade from her. Appearing refreshed, the fox deity then began strolling towards her foe, watching him back away while maintaining a defensive position. But with the amount of power she'd just displayed as well as the ease of which she was able to block his attacks, even his most threatening death glare didn't even come close to fazing her.

"Now then… where were we?"

The instant she asked that question, Whis, gathering all the energy he could muster, suddenly widened his eyes and, with a flash of his irises, fired a powerful Kiai straight into his student. The invisible blast struck the woman full on and cocked her head back, stopping her in her tracks and seemingly damaging her. Heck, the blast was strong enough that it was able to punch a two hundred meter wide trench in the direction it'd traveled and caused several mountains in the distance to collapse. It seemed like a sure hit.

But moments later, as the exhausted Whis gained some breathing distance, he suddenly saw Set
straighten up and smile back at him. She was both unfazed and undamaged, a sight that had her teacher balk in horror.

The deity grinned, "Was that your best shot?" A scoff soon followed when she saw the guardian take a cautious step away from her. "Now let me show you mine." At that moment, the girl's eyes widened and flashed red.

A split second later, Whis was suddenly struck by a terrifyingly powerful gale of wind. However, instead of just pushing the trainer back, the attendant to the God of Destruction let out a scream of agony as his body quite literally warped under the force of the blast and his skin felt like it was going to be ripped from his body. The shockwave that hit him punched a five kilometer wide crater behind him, not only disintegrating a great portion of Mars's landscape, but also distorting the surface of the planet itself.

Several moments of agonizing pain later, the teal-skinned fighter was sent hurtling into the distance, barreling across the landscape like a ragdoll. He continued to travel for several hundred miles. It wasn't until the land started to slope that he eventually crash landed at the base of a hill. Once his momentum ceased, the man had bounced a fifth of the distance around the whole planet.

Struggling to his feet was a nightmare. Bolts of pain shooting through him, the determined instructor groaned and shouted as he stumbled into a hunched over position, blood trickling down his face and his body covered in multiple cuts and bruises. His eyes shooting in the direction he'd come, the teal-skinned alien then saw his student Set flying towards him at blinding speed, her hands behind her and a serious look on her face.

The time it took to reach him gave Whis a moment to catch his breath and take a defensive stance. When she slid to a stop several feet in front of him, the deity's blue aura suddenly exploded around her before concentrating around her hands. As soon as her energy focused up, her palms lit up with blue fire, which burned brilliantly as she quickly formed them into fists and, without a moment's hesitation, began ramming them into her master over and over.

"Everything I did, I did to make you proud!" the God of Storms shouted, slamming a variety of combinations into her teacher as he retreated, desperately blocking her flaming blows. "Tell me how proud you are, Whis! Tell me!" More attacks rained down on the battered attendant, who grunted and yelped with every hit he attempted to block. Eventually, the attacks became some brutal and so forceful that even when they were successfully parried or deflected, the punches still put damage on their target. Whis was hanging on by a thread.

A few more blows later, the inevitable happened.

"TELL ME!" With one final yell, Set spun and drove a double-fisted blow into her master's chest, sending the man blasting across the countryside.

Tumbling to a stop a mile later, his body smoking and singed from the punishment, Whis let out a strangled gasp of shock and slowly started to push himself back up. But after all the damage he had suffered up until now, he would be lucky to even get onto all fours.

While he was still eating dirt, Set extinguished the flames on her arms and began marching towards her fallen adversary.

But as she did, amidst the pain racking his body and the ruin that'd been brought down upon the planet, Whis began to speak. "I… have always been… proud of you," the fighter whispered, shaking his head as he gripped at the red soil beneath his fingers, "From the very first moment… I've been… proud of you." Hearing the woman's footsteps stop, the man looked up to see what'd
happened. Almost instantly he saw Set was staring down at him silently, ears and eyes wide open, and her fists unclenched. "You were my greatest treasure… my greatest student… and I loved you… as if you were my own daughter." Tears formed in the corners of the guardian's eyes as he gazed across at her. "I loved you so much… that I couldn't bear to face you… when I was told you couldn't be my successor. I was a coward… and I was weak." The man swallowed heavily as his expression reflected nothing but grief. "I… I'm sorry, Set."

The female deity stood in place, her eyes reflecting her astonishment at what Whis had just told her. Her irises shimmering as she looked the man squarely in the eyes, she saw for herself that what he had to say was the truth. It was these very words that had her freeze and remain in place as her mind wrapped around his words little by little.

For the next couple of minutes both master and student stared at one another, neither one knowing what to say next or how the other person was going to react. After a long moment had passed, it was anyone's guess as to how the ice was going to crack.

Eventually though, time had to start ticking again, and once Set had processed everything the man had spoken to her, the woman closed her eyes and lowered her head, as if conceding defeat.

"I appreciate that… master," were the first words out of her mouth.

…

…

…

All of a sudden, the goddess thrust her hand forward and fired a swift Kiai, knocking the man off of the floor and spinning through the air. When Whis crash landed several yards away, Set flexed her fingers and generated a stream of electricity, which ran up and down her limbs. Once she'd gathered enough energy, she restarted her stroll towards her teacher.

"But if you think apologizing is going to stop me from taking over this world, you're wrong," Set spoke, her eyes narrowing darkly upon the man, "I've come too far to simply give up on my ambitions now." When she stopped alongside the wounded warrior, she saw him look up at her through a pained expression and hardened expression. The sight of him had the woman frown. "Don't worry. I won't kill you. But I'll make sure you have a front row seat to watch the destruction of the old universe and the beginning of the new."

When Whis glared up at his former student, all he saw reflected in her eyes was determination and a red, demonic glow in each of her pupils.

"The Age of Set… begins now."

XXX

(Back on Earth)

An explosion ripping across the sands sent Videl bouncing across the soft floor, the girl crying out when she hit the surface with her back, elbow, shoulder, and then her back again, before eventually rolling to a stop. Groaning as the dust from her landing settled around her, the teenager in the white and pink shirts pushed herself off of the grained surface and looked up. Coughing on the sand that got in her mouth, the battered and bruised girl then gazed across valley she'd been thrown over. As soon as she did, she saw her opponent emerge from behind the wall of smoke, which parted the moment she strolled into view.
Her eyes landing upon her Ibizan hound opponent wielding the two flaming batons, the raven haired tomboy groaned painfully and pushed herself onto one knee to glare across at the minor deity.

"Okay… this isn't going very well," Videl spoke, openly admitting to the issue that she was currently faced with.

After all her years of hard training, the girl thought she would be prepared to face whatever super powered enemies were likely to show up. Even though she was well aware that guys like Gohan, Zangya and Piccolo were much more powerful than her, she still believed she'd grown enough in her time as a fighter to be able to accomplish something with her abilities. But as it turns out, this foe that she was confronting alongside Krillin, Android 18, Goten and Trunks, was far stronger than she'd previously expected.

So far the canine warrior had spent the better part of the last hour leisurely kicking her and the others around the lifeless wasteland. Despite being backed up by the likes of Eighteen and Goten, this woman was still proving to be more of a challenge than they could've hoped for. If Videl was reading the airways right, in terms of raw power and strength, she estimated that their adversary was about the same level as Piccolo. That easily placed her in the Super Saiyan class. Thanks to a combination of flight, speed, dodging abilities and luck, the five of them had been able to hold out against her.

However, Videl wasn't sure if they would be able to keep this up much longer.

Unless Piccolo, Vegeta and Zangya were able to take care of their opponents quickly enough to come help them, then she was at a loss as to what they could possibly do.

"Who knows… maybe she'll get tired," Videl thought optimistically, watching as the smirking dog marching towards her raised her batons and cross them over her chest. When she did, Tana's whole body suddenly became encased in blue fire. It was a sight that had the tomboy cringe nervously.

"Oh, who am I kidding. We're boned."

Seeing her opponent get up several yards away, the Ibizan grinned viciously. "Ready or not… here I come!" With a yell, the minion then charged towards the human at a ridiculous speed, her form resembling a living comet as it streaked across the dunes towards the grounded fighter.

Eyes widening in panic, the tomboy quickly leapt into the air and avoided the woman when she swung in with one of her batons. When she missed, the blazing warrior ended up striking the sand, causing a geyser like blast that filled the sky, as if a depth charge had been set off. As soon as she jumped into the air, Videl cupped her hands over her head and, taking aim, fired a powerful orange blast towards the cloud of dust hanging beneath her.

"Masenko-HAAAA!" A sonic boom rang out when her attack rocketed towards the desert and struck it, exploding with the force of a compressed nuclear warhead. The dome shaped blast engulfed an entire area of five hundred meters in all directions, punching a sizable hole in the ground at the same time.

Videl thought she was successful and grinned in celebration of that belief. But that smile soon faded when the smoke settled and she saw her target standing perfectly unscathed in the heart of the crater.

Smoke curling around her body, Tana smirked at her enemy. "What was that supposed to be?"

"Uhh…" Videl didn't know what to say at first. A few seconds later of staring down at her still
perfectly alive target, the girl's shoulders slumped. "Shit. I got nothin'."

A scoff came from the Ibizan hound. "That's what I thought." Banter completed, the dog woman then launched herself from the sand and rocketed up towards the girl at terrifying speed.

Reacting in alarm, the tomboy thrust her hand out and fired a couple of ki blasts down at the approaching woman, only to see them bounce off of her harmlessly. When the counterattack failed, Tana had a clear shot straight up at her human target and took a swing at her with her flaming baton.

Acting quickly, Videl dove out of the way at the last second, barely avoiding the dog's attack. The second she moved, the teen threw both hands up and fired a couple of ki blasts at her, the attacks exploding against her side and blinding her with smoke. As the tomboy continued her descent, the Ibizan hound chased after her, her baton pulled back and ready to strike again. But just before she could catch the desperate teen, a kick from a blind spot slammed across her cheek and sent the dog spinning through the air.

Caught by surprise at being unable to sense the attack, the dog woman looked up to see Android 18 charging right down at her. Beaten and bruised from an already grueling battle, the blonde woman shouted when she chucked a fist at the hound, only for her target to slip it and knee the cyborg in the stomach. The blow connected loudly, stopping the woman dead before an elbow in the back sent her plummeting to the desert floor.

Taking aim with her hand, Tana prepared to shoot the android out of the sky and finish her off. But just before she could do that, a loud humming sound alerted her to danger and prompted her to lean back, avoiding a golden disk that nearly sliced her arm off. Gritting her teeth, the woman looked in the direction it'd come from, only to get struck from behind when a glowing Super Saiyan Goten dove down from above and nailed her with a double kick behind her shoulder blades. The blow causing her to lurch forward, Tana spun around and attempted to backhand the boy, only for the speedy assailant to duck and leave her wide open for a body shot from Trunks.

Driving his fist in from below, the lavender haired child laid into the dog with a fierce onslaught of punches and kicks. However, after several dozen attacks landed, he soon realized that none of them were having any effect and, by the time he looked up to see the smug expression on his target's face, the boy was suddenly grabbed by the hair and kneed in the stomach. The blow knocking the air out of his lungs and muffling his yelp, he was then smacked in the side of the head and sent blasting into the sand dunes below.

"TRUNKS!" Goten shouted, coming around again to punch the woman across the face. But as soon as he let his punch fly, Tana caught his wrist and sent him into a spin.

Krillin, having attacked the woman earlier with a Destructo Disk, dashed in to try and save the young Saiyan from the toss. Unfortunately for the gutsy fighter, the moment he flew into range, he ended up getting blindsided when the woman used Goten as a battering ram and slammed the blonde child into the short man. The collision sent both warriors plummeting out of the sky to land painfully on the sand. When the dust settled from their respective crash landings, it showed Goten had been knocked out of Super Saiyan and Krillin with his entire upper body lodged in the ground, his legs sticking into the air in the most comical fashion.

Landing on the sand between the fallen bodies of her two latest victims, as well as Trunks lying several yards away, Tana looked around at the range of targets she could pick from. Having thoroughly enjoyed the thrashing she'd been dealing them thus far, the woman smirked and decided to go torment the spiky haired youngster that'd had a go at her sometime before.
Strolling over to where Goten was struggling to get up, the dog raised a foot and slammed it into the back of his head, drawing a yelp from the child and beginning to grind her heel into his skull. Grinning as she heard the muffled cries being emitted from his writhing body, the woman followed up on her plan to make the boy suffer and stomped him into the floor a couple of times for good measure.

"Gaaah… augh" Goten cried out, feeling the blows shake his skeleton as his mind began drifting in and out of consciousness.

Each hit drew a cry or a shout from the child; a chorus of agonized sounds that sent a chill of delight up the woman's back.

"Oh… this is going to feel great," Tana exclaimed, glancing across at Trunks to see the boy up and staring across at her in panic. When she saw the look in the lavender hybrid's eyes, the canine flashed him a devilish grin and gestured down to the one beneath her toes. "Watch closely now, because your friend is about to be put down like the miserable wretch that he is."

But then, just as Tana was about to commence with crushing the life out of the youngster, she was forced to spin around and elbow an approaching Videl in the face, catching the teenager in the midst of a sneak attack. The blow knocked the raven haired fighter back and sent her tumbling down a hill, a scoff of amusement leaving the dog's lips when she saw the dust settle.

"Please… don't interrupt me while I'm having my fun," the Ibizan stated as she then turned back to working on the child. When the sound of bones and muscles being compressed rang out, the minor deity chuckled menacingly. "Ha. This is like harpooning fish in a barrel." And here she was worried about not coming out of this thing alive.

This group of warriors were pathetic.

Stopping in a crumpled mess at the bottom of the ditch, the plucky crime fighter looked up from her place and spat furiously. "Y-You bitch… I'll show you!"

Another series of pained cries flowed freely from Goten's lips when his skull started to cave. With the enormous amount of power wielded by the dog woman, it was only a matter of time before his body gave in to the strain.

From his position, Trunks could see and hear every agonizing moment of his friend being pushed into the floor. As Videl, Krillin and Eighteen were trying desperately to get back to their feet from the blows they'd suffered; the rugged son of the Saiyan Prince was the first to return to an upright stance. However, due to the amount of damage he'd suffered and his insignificant power level in the face of such an overwhelming force, the only thing he could do was stare helplessly as his best friend and training partner was mashed into the ground.

Eyes shimmering with fear and despair, the lavender haired youngster gritted his teeth and clenched his fists tightly. When another round of cries from Goten echoed across the countryside, Trunks shut his eyes and growled in frustration, taking up a fistful of sand and slamming it into the floor repeatedly. "Damn it! Damn it! DAMN IT! I can't do anything! I can't! I'm so useless!" In all his life of training alongside his father and his teammates, he'd never felt as powerless and as worthless as he did right then and there. Hell, he was so broken and so beaten into the dirt that he was completely incapable of helping someone he cared about.

The thought of it was completely ridiculous. It was almost like a damn nightmare! Here he was,
clawing at the ground while his best friend was just a few feet away and having the life squeezed out of him. With his dad occupied and the rest of their teammates in the exact same debacle as he was, unable to do anything to help, the situation was becoming dire.

And even though it probably wasn't true, Trunks believed that it was entirely his fault.

"It's because I'm not strong enough! I'm not strong enough to do anything!" the boy thought desperately, tears appearing in his eyes as another bloodcurdling cry from his best friend of many years filled the air. "I'm sorry dad, but... I can't... I just can't do it!"

Any second now Goten was going to die and even if they tried and attacked the woman now, there wasn't a single thing he could do! She was just too strong!

However, when another bone crunching sound followed by a scream from his best friend echoed across the skies, the lavender haired boy's eyes widened and, with a yell of his own, he forced himself upright.

"NO! I WON'T LET IT END THIS WAY!" His shout drawing the attention of Tana, the woman turned just in time to see the wounded boy covered in burns and cuts rise step forward and, with several deep breaths, threw his head back and balled his fists. In that very instant, his eyes became filled with anger and fury. "Do you hear me?! I WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOON'T!" With a deafening cry of defiance, Trunks screamed at the top of his lungs when his white aura exploded around him and shook the entire field with the sound of an earthquake.

His cloak crackled with golden bolts of electricity as his energy skyrocketed, stunning Tana at its increase and drawing blinks of surprise from the grounded Krillin, Videl and Eighteen. Then, just moments into his staggering outburst, both the child's aura and his hair flashed gold, the latter of which spiked up and lifted into the air, literally defying gravity. At the exact moment his energy changed colors, a massive shockwave reverberated across the desert and smacked the Ibizan hound with a blast of wind and sand, causing her to raise an arm and cover her face.

"W-What in the world?" the woman choked out, looking across at the grey haired child in awe of his sudden transformation. "He can do that too?!

The range of power ups she'd witnessed today was unreal.

Unfortunately for her, Tana wasn't allowed time to dawn on this reality. With his golden energy burning like a furnace around him, the newly transformed Trunks exploded from his spot and charged straight at the woman. Another cry of rage filling the air, the child drilled the surprised canine across the face with a killer haymaker, which connected with a deafening crack. The blow threw her off of Goten, liberating him from her heel and sent her stumbling over the sand.

As soon as he caught her by surprise, the demi-Saiyan then dove in and began hammering away at her stomach with a vicious barrage of punches. The boy furiously pounded away at the woman's midsection, the sound of machinegun fire filling the air while the dog woman grunted and coughed repeatedly under the string of hits. The assault carried on for a solid ten seconds.

Then, as soon as he was satisfied, Trunks nailed the woman in the chin with an uppercut before slamming a kick into her side, sending her blasting across the ground and tumbling towards another part of the valley.

"YOU WANT MORE?!” Powering up and blasting into the air as soon as the woman stopped rolling, the child cupped his hands at his side and, with another cry of effort, threw them forward and unleashed a golden blast down at his target. His *Buster Cannon* attack arced down and struck
the dog woman squarely in the chest, engulfing her in a massive dome shaped explosion that burrowed into the earth's surface and sent sand pelting in all directions.

When the ground stopped shaking and the fire settled soon afterwards, the stunned Z-fighters observing the battle from across the plains watched as the smoke slowly started to clear. Maintaining his position in the sky, still wrapped in the golden glow of his transformation, Trunks panted to catch his breath following his wicked attack. From the way he completely cut loose on his foe, he had every reason to believe that he'd probably done some serious damage to her.

However, when the smoke that was the aftermath of his blast blew away, the child gawked in shock when he saw his target standing in the center of the crater, covered in dirt and glaring up at him with a ticked off look in her eyes.

Expression twisted irritably, Tana spat to the side. "I actually felt that, you little shit." Clearly having not expected the child to pack such a wallop, the woman had let her guard down for only a second, giving him the opportunity to hit her.

Well, now that she knew exactly what she was dealing with, the minor deity opted not to do that again.

After dusting herself down from the beating and focusing her ire on the one that'd knocked her into the hole, Tana then vanished in a blur of movement and shot straight up at her Super Saiyan adversary. Her speed shocking the winded Trunks, the hybrid was unable to guard in time when the canine warrior buried a fist into his stomach and grabbed him by the throat, knocking his aura out. As soon as she had her clawed fingers wrapped firmly around his windpipe, she then proceeded to apply pressure, drawing a strangled cry from the newly transformed youngster.

Krillin, looking up in alarm, stumbled forward, "Trunks! No! Ugh!" He then collapsed to his knee when his leg unexpectedly gave out. Gripping his shoulder tightly to ease the damage dealt there from his collision with Goten, the wounded man then glared up with an expression twisted in pain. "Damn it! My wing is clipped and Eighteen is grounded! What the hell are we going to do now?!"

They had to act fast otherwise the gutsy young prince was done for!

Chuckling when she heard the strangled gasps and cries coming from her young opponent, Tana held the boy out further and applied even more pressure. When another yell threatened to escape his throat, the woman silenced him with a quick shake of her arm. "How do you like that?! Huh? Not so tough now are yah, you little spit fuck?!" Her expression darkening, the muscles in her arm tensed as she proceeded to close the curtain.

Even with two Super Saiyans on their team, the group she was fighting was poultry compared to the people her companions were fighting. As far as she was concerned, this battle was a walk in the park for her. There was nothing these cretins could throw at her that could harm her in any way.

Drawing her baton from her belt line with her free arm, Tana quickly ignited it and drew it back. A malicious grin formed across her snout as she took aim at the child in her grasp, "Well, kid. It's been fun. Time for you to die." She then thrust forward with a yell…

Only to stop suddenly when a flash of pink light passed through her in the form of a drill-shaped beam from below.

Eyes widening in horror as her pupils went blank, the female warrior choked up blood and released the young Super Saiyan from her grasp. Dropping her baton at the same time, the woman quickly slapped her hands over the gaping hole that'd been punched through her stomach and reeled
forward in shock. Mouth open and emitting a cry of shock, the woman dropped down from the sky and landed clumsily several yards from where Trunks had hit the sand.

While the boy quickly picked himself up and gasped for air, Tana stumbled down the hill, blood dribbling from her mouth as she glared up at her opponents.

"W-Who the hell did that?!"

Everyone's eyes quickly snapped in the direction the shot had come from. When Krillin and Eighteen tracked the source to the bottom of the dune, they saw Videl standing there with her two fingers pointed upwards and a sly grin on her face.

The realization that the attack originated from her drew a series of shocked blinks from everyone who was present. It wasn't just because it was the teenager that'd landed the crippling blow, but the fact that it was a *Special Beam Cannon* made the moment that much more bewildering.

A chuckle quickly left the tomboy's lips as she allowed her arm to drop and, while Trunks and Goten slowly picked themselves off of the ground, she jabbed a finger in the stunned Tana's direction. "Surprise."

Krillin was staggered. "Videl? W-When did you…?"

"Piccolo and Gohan taught me that move a few weeks ago," the girl explained, wiping a thumb under her nose triumphantly. "Took me a while, but I finally managed to get it."

The revelation put a smile on the bruised Eighteen's face, "I see. Bravo."

The teen grinned at the praise. But her moment of victory was short lived when, following a spine chilling cry of rage, the girl looked ahead to see Tana charging at her across the dunes at blinding speed. Completely ignoring the grievous wound in her stomach, the dog woman bellowed at the top of her lungs as she dashed towards the tomboy like a rhino, with her talons bared and a manic look in her eye. Before Videl could effectively respond, the minor deity was already on top of her and driving a kick into her guard.

A shockwave rang out as Videl was sent spiraling into the sky, with a furious Tana in hot pursuit. "I'll kill you! I'll kill you!" the dog barked loudly, drawing her last baton and igniting it as she rocketed towards the stunned girl. "Burn in hell, you fucking insect!"

Looking down in shock, the raven haired teen crossed her arms over her face to once again protect herself from the blow to come. But just as the Ibizan female was swinging down at her, she was suddenly struck from the side by a Super Saiyan Goten and a Super Saiyan Trunks charging in and burying two kicks into her cheek. The blow echoing across the countryside, they effectively sent the woman plummeting to the ground to crash painfully into a sand dune a full kilometer away.

Upon effectively burying the woman, the two kids and Videl landed back onto solid ground, where they were shortly joined by Eighteen and Krillin. Though all of them were sporting a wide array of bruises and were aching all over, the five warriors rallied together and faced the crash site over the hills with a renewed sense of vigor and determination. Seeing the cloud of dust begin to part in the distance, the group then braced themselves when they saw a silhouette rise from the crater and, cutting her way through the veil, a bleeding and wounded Tana staggered into the sunlight.

Her fangs bared in a show of rage, a snarl soon left the woman's lips as she powered up and fixed her crosshairs upon her targets. Blue fire exploding off of her body, Tana let out a very wolfish howl before darting towards them at comet speed.
"Let's finish her off!" Krillin shouted.

"Yeah!" Goten agreed, his golden aura blasting off of him while Trunks powered up as well.

Following each other's lead, the five took off from the hill and rocketed across the valley, meeting the infuriated Tana halfway and greeting her with a simultaneous attack. The moment the two parties collided, a massive shockwave blasted outwards, sending a wall of sand in all directions before a series of miniature shockwaves began to fill the air. At the center of the cataclysm, the five Z-fighters could be seen unleashing an onslaught of attacks upon their wounded opponent, who yelled out with every blow she intercepted with her own.

The group's fists intercepted Tana's repeatedly. Their yells filled the air, accompanying the chorus of deafening gunfire from their continuously overlapping blows. Over the next few seconds, the two parties were locked in stalemate, attempting to land a decisive hit on the other team. It seemed like Krillin and his allies had the powerful dog on the ropes. But when the woman jabbed out with her flaming baton and knocked Trunks away, it became glaringly obvious the fight wasn't over yet.

With a roar of effort, the canine warrior slammed a kick into Videl's side and sent her blasting across the dunes. She then attempted to finish her with a blast, but Goten suddenly jumped up from below with a knee to her face, followed by Krillin leaping back a distance and pitching a Destructo Disk towards the stunned woman.

Gassing, Tana slipped to the side, avoiding the golden disk that arced around from behind the demi-Saiyan and threatened to cut her in half. When she watched it soar off after barely grazing her shoulder, she grinned, "Ha! Missed!" Her expression then became one of surprise when a second disk came from Goten's other side and sliced her right arm clean off.

When her limb went flying, the dog woman looked at her stump of a limb in disbelief while a triumphant Android Eighteen landed beside her husband.

"Good one, honey!" Krillin exclaimed.

Gawking at the loss of her arm and the bolt of pain that shot through her as a result, the Ibizan hybrid growled and, her eyes snapping towards the group scattered in front of her, allowed her energy to skyrocket. Blue flames exploded from Tana's shoulders when she reeled her head back and, with a bellow of rage, unleashed a crushing blast of wind towards the trio. Her attack easily knocked a shocked Goten flying, while also sending Krillin and Eighteen bouncing across the sand. Under the raging gale, sand and debris flew in all directions, tearing across the desert for well over fifty kilometers until it settled down moments later.

By the time the wind had stopped, not only had the five Z-fighters been knocked onto their asses, but the ocean of dunes had shifted dramatically from the point the cyclone had hit.

Goten, being the closest to the center, struggled onto his hands and looked up through a pained expression. When his vision cleared, he gasped fearfully when he saw Tana standing directly in front of him.

With the wound in her chest and her stump of an arm still dripping with blood, plus even more coming out of her mouth, from the way the woman grinned manically down at the child with veins in her eyes, she looked like the most terrifying dog the demi-Saiyan had ever seen. Gulping nervously, the blonde hybrid backpedaled, only to see the canine lift her baton and point it down at him.

"Enough of these stupid games. You first," Tana stated, an evil laugh leaving her blood soaked
mouth as she loaded her weapon for a lunge. "Die!"

But just before she could launch her attack, a hand suddenly shot out from behind and grabbed the back of her head, drawing a gasp of shock from the woman. The fingers clamping down on her skull like a vice, a stunned Tana then found her face forcefully turned around by the ridiculously strong figure. Her body following the rotation, the hybrid soon found herself staring into the face of a tall green demon.

The sight of the white haired, horned stranger caused the noticeably shorter dog alien to shudder in horror.

As her eyes stared into the wide, intimidating ones of the creature holding her by the head, the wounded Tana choked, "Who…Who are you?!"

Goten, spotting the green figure wearing the black halter top, blue obi and black pants standing behind the minion, had to take a couple of moments before he eventually recognized them. A wash of delight spreading over his face, the young Super Saiyan crawled forward and addressed the newcomer, "Paprika! You came!"

Assumed in her Super Makyan form, the scarf-wearing, self-proclaimed rival of Son Gohan spared her friend from the mountains a momentary smile before turning her death stare back towards her quarry.

Mouth agape in shock, Tana quickly regained her sense of self-preservation and, cranking back her baton, attempted to drive it into the woman's stomach. But the stranger effortlessly caught her wrist and, with a quick twist, broke the dog's hand and disarmed her, drawing a cry of agony from the wounded minion as she was woman-handled by the demon.

Krillin, Videl, Eighteen and Trunks, all of whom were now back on their feet, were looking on in relief as their powerful ally from Mount Paozu made short work of her opponent's weapon.

Upon releasing the canine's arm, Paprika smirked. "Allow me to take this moment to congratulate you for making it this far. Judging from how sloppy your fighting skills are, I'm surprised you were able to give my friends as much trouble as you did. Good job, worm. But now that you're on your last legs, I guess it's time I stepped in and finished things up for them."

Panting heavily, the now nervous looking Tana stared back at the demon fearfully, "W-What are you… where the hell did you come from?" It was then she was silenced when a more menacing expression came over the Makyan's face and an overwhelming sensation of killing intent came crushing down on top of her.

A shadow appearing over her eyes, Paprika got her face close enough to the dog woman to show her the anger she had burning inside. "If you thought that you could come to my planet, blast the hell out of my homeland, and torture and murder my best friend, then you're sadly mistaken. Nobody harms Goten and gets away with it." She then promptly lifted her other hand and grabbed the woman by the face, muzzling her snout. Upon which she glanced across at the child kneeling on the ground behind the canine. "Close your eyes, runt."

Nodding in understanding, Goten did just that, sticking his fingers in his ears for good measure.

"Damn you… damn you!" Tana practically yelled, her curses stifled by the woman's palm when the Makyan looked back at her. "I'll kill you!"

Paprika then gave the fiend one last look, her red eyes filling the dog with a sense of terror and
dread. "You can apologize for your sins in the afterlife."

Then, without warning or hesitation, bolts of green lightning began streaming into the canine woman's head. Eyes bugging out of their sockets, Tana let out a scream of agony as her brain was literally cooked from the inside out, currents of electricity running up and down her body. Several seconds of twitching and jerking later, the dog's head exploded, blood gushing down as Paprika carelessly tossed the corpse away, allowing it to roll to a stop at the bottom of the hill. Upon wiping her hand off, the Super Makyan then turned back to Goten and smiled.

"You can open your eyes now."

"What?!” the blonde hybrid shouted, unable to hear anything due to his fingers in his ears.

Rolling her pupils, Paprika walked forward and gently moved the boy's arms back down, drawing his gaze up to her. When she knelt in front of him, the demi-Saiyan grinned and giggled, giving his friend from the mountains a hug. By the time the two broke away, Krillin, Videl, Eighteen and Trunks had limped over to them, the former of whom took a moment to look down the hill and at the body of their former adversary.

A gulp quickly followed his inspection. "Well… that was unnecessarily brutal."

"Speak for yourself," Eighteen spoke, arms folded as she too spared their deceased opponent a glance. "I think it was entirely appropriate… given how badly she was beating us."

The short fighter then shrugged, "Meh. Fair enough." He then looked across at Paprika and smiled gratefully in her direction. "Thanks so much for the save. You really pulled our butts out of the fire there."

"Yeah. Thanks a lot, Paprika," the still Super Saiyan Trunks chirped as he too beamed brightly at his friend's playmate.

They'd all been so caught up in trying to beat their enemy that neither one of them had noticed the Makyan's arrival. It was a good thing that she jumped in when she did because if she hadn't interfered in that last second, then something nasty would've happened to the youngest member of their troop.

A nod quickly followed the group's praise and thanks. "You're welcome." Hands on her hips, Paprika slowly directed her gaze across the desert to where the other members of the team were fighting.

As she did so, Krillin then sensed a second figure step up behind him and turned to see Videl right on his three o'clock, looking at the man with desperation in her eyes. The sight of the teen had the former monk blink in surprise, "Oh. Hey Videl. What's up?"

"Do you have any Senzu Beans left?" the tomboy asked, giving the man a hopeful once over.

Realizing instantly what the girl intended to do, Krillin quickly fished for his trusted bag and, after digging around for a bit, pulled out a couple and handed them to her. "These are for Gohan, yeah?" When he saw her acknowledge the question with a nod, the man too gestured in understanding. "Be careful. That Set woman might still be there."

"I will. Thank you." Giving her friend a warm smile, Videl quickly took off, powering up and rocketing towards the pyramids in the distance.

Upon seeing the raven haired girl leave, the Z-warriors quickly turned to each other and took in
their current conditions. It was while she was watching the group take stock of their injuries that Paprika then glanced across at Eighteen. Figuring she would be the most well-informed and mature of the lot, the white haired teen nodded towards the cyborg curiously.

"So… want to fill me in on what the heck's going on?"

XXX

(Meanwhile)

On the other side of the pyramids where Piccolo and Kasim's battle was taking place, things had taken an interesting turn.

Both covered in a series of bruises and burns, the pair clashed across the dunes at an alarming speed, tearing it up as they streaked from one part of the desert to the next. The duo engaged in a running match from hill to hill, kicking up dust and punching holes in the sand every time they landed a big hit. After several minutes though, one of them eventually grew tired of the exchange and attempted to end it once and for all.

Bleeding heavily from a scar across his forehead, the Akita warrior drew his spear from his back and, as soon as it snapped open, thrust it out at his Namekian foe with blinding speed. Piccolo saw the blow coming in wide and leapt over it, flipping over his opponent and slamming a kick into his back. The hit sent Kasim flying forward, where he then slammed into the floor and dug a trench across the valley.

As soon as his foe had been knocked down and he'd landed, Piccolo held his hand forward and gripped his wrist. His aura bursting up around him in a violently pulsating cloak, the man focused his energy into an orange ball in front of his palm and, after taking aim, unleashed it all in a single blast. "Djii Kah!" The energy rocketed from his palm and shot towards the downed warrior like a comet.

After pushing himself into a sitting position, Kasim only had enough time to gawk in shock before the spear end of the attack struck him in the chest. The explosion that followed dug an enormous trench in the ground and filled the air with thick black smoke.

The Namek fighter panted from the effort, his aura fading moments later. But just as he was beginning to relax, his eyes widened when he saw the silhouette of his foe emerge from the crater. Spear held up defensively, a completely wrecked and burnt Kasim chuckled as he glared back at his surprised foe.

Ignoring the patches of fur on his body that'd been burnt away, the canine fighter spoke, "Not bad. That wasn't bad at all." The hybrid then thrust his spear into the ground and took a moment to dust his fur off. Upon which he then assumed a new stance and, after rearing his head back, began to focus his energy in his chest. "My turn now." Then, as he was staring down his crosshairs towards his opponent, the Akita leaned forward and opened his mouth. "Ryu Iki!" With a deafening roar, a powerful golden beam of fire rocketed out of the man's throat and ran down his target like a freight train.

The blast engulfing Piccolo for several moments, a massive explosion soon followed that left a colossal five hundred foot wide trench across the wasteland. When the smoke from the blast eventually settled, it revealed Kasim standing at the point where the trench began and his Namekian foe lying in the middle of the ditch with his entire left side blown to hell.

Missing an arm and bleeding from the grievous open wound, the man was left completely crippled
and defenseless.

Taking advantage of the opportunity, Kasim, grabbing up the weapon he'd impaled in the ground, strolled into the canyon he'd created and stopped beside his foe. Reaching down, he then casually grabbed the wounded warrior's still intact arm and lifted him off of the floor. The dog warrior chuckled the moment he had the Namekian dangling before him. "No resistance at all. You're no different from the humans the four of us slaughtered twenty thousand years ago," the Akita gloated. Taking up his weapon, he then prepared to put it through the Z-fighter's skull.

But just when it seemed like it was all over, Piccolo's head suddenly snapped up and, eyes widening, fired two golden beams that shot straight through Kasim's chest. Exiting the spear wielder's body with a loud 'squelching' sound, the dog fighter quickly dropped the Namekian and stumbled backwards, choking up blood as he gripped one of the two entry wounds on his chest.

"Oooh..." the minion groaned, legs shaking as he then fell flat onto his tail.

At the exact same time, Piccolo, rising to his feet, grinned at his stricken foe. "You fell for it." His expression turning serious, the Namekian concentrated for several seconds before, with a yell of effort, his damaged side regenerated and an entirely new arm jutted out of the stump. Blood splattering across the ground, the green warrior then used that moment to remove his ruined top and, after stepping towards his downed adversary, threw him a glare. "Let this be a lesson to you."

Coughing up more blood from having his lungs punctured, the wounded and considerably weakened Kasim looked up through a pained expression and slowly gave the man a smile. "Okay... okay... I know we said some things... but I know if we just talked to each other a little... the two of us can become friends." The Akita offered the Namekian a bloody grin and raised his hand towards him in a gesture of good faith. "What do you say? High five?"

Staring at the man for a couple of seconds, Piccolo then lifted his right hand towards him in a laidback manner. "Down low."

"Uh..." The Akita then blinked when that same hand was pointed squarely at his face.

"Too slow."

A thunderclap followed by a flash of light filled the air when an orange blast exploded from Piccolo's palm and disintegrated the dog's head, taking him out in spectacular fashion.

XXX

Across the way, not too far from where the Namekian was finishing off his opponent, Vegeta and Daryu were locked in a terrifying exchange of blows. Shockwaves ringing out as the Ascended Saiyan battled against his hulking adversary, the prince hammered away at the man with a series of killer hits to the chest and head. After successfully blocking a wild hook, the flame haired warrior dove in and delivered a barrage of straights to the dog's face, battering him relentlessly and drawing a series of pained grunts from the Pharaoh hound.

But just when the prince was in the process of beating the canine warrior down, the large fighter suddenly drew his axe from his back and swung down at the golden warrior. His weapon slashed right across the Z-fighter's chest, eliciting a cry of agony from Vegeta when the blade cut into him and sent blood splattering across the ground.

Stumbling away, the Saiyan Prince placed a hand over his chest and looked down to inspect the damage.
When he saw that it was only a flesh wound, the warrior gritted his teeth and shot a glare up at his foe. Just as he was preparing for another attack, Daryu suddenly shot forward and delivered an unforgiving kick across his face, sending him barreling into a sand hill a full kilometer away. In the blink of an eye, the super powered Saiyan slammed into the dune, sending dust and sand blasting into the sky from the force of his impact. The crash landing also knocked the man's aura out, leaving him winded and dazed.

After successfully striking down his enemy, the bruised and battered Daryu chuckled darkly and spun his weapon in front of him.

"ENOUGH!" Recovering quickly, Vegeta leapt out of the hole he'd formed and, with a mighty roar, his golden aura and electric bio field exploded around him. "RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!!" Maxing out, the prince blasted towards his opponent, who responded to the man's charge and sprinted across the sands to meet his enemy in the middle. While one drew back his fist and the other loaded his weapon arm, the stage was all set for one final, decisive blow.

Both fighters baring their teeth in rage, two simultaneous screams echoed across the countryside when the pair finally crossed paths. A deafening thunderclap and a flash of light soon filled the air when the two powerful fighters passed each other, with Daryu skidding to a stop and Vegeta's aura dissipating the moment his attack landed.

All of a sudden, the prince stumbled forward and fell flat onto his face, his hair turning black when his Super Saiyan 2 form faded. Groaning in agony, Vegeta pushed himself out of the sand and turned around, expecting to see his foe in a similar state of pain after their lightning fast exchange.

And wouldn't you know it… Daryu was on his feet…

But not in the condition the dog was hoping for.

As it turns out, the prince's attack was much more damaging than the canine initially expected. Standing there with his axe held out, the Pharaoh hound had a stunned look on his face and blood dribbling out of the man-sized hole in his torso. Not only had Vegeta managed to go straight through him and take a massive chunk out of his side in the process, but he'd also taken out several organs at the same time.

After standing there frozen for several tense seconds, the shocked and wounded Daryu finally threw in the towel. His weapon dropping, the badly damaged man collapsed to his knees before falling flat onto his face, his blood slowly beginning to pool around him.

Sensing the warrior's ki vanish, the winded Vegeta allowed a smug smile to cross his lips as he slowly rose to his feet and, massaging his shoulder, turned his back on his enemy. "Bad dog." He then honored his opponent's valiant struggle by taking to the air and leaving his corpse to rot under the sun.

XXX

With Vegeta and Piccolo walking away victorious from their battles, that just left one last fight to mop up.

A dune exploding when a body was sent blasting through it, the battered form of Shiera slid to a stop at the bottom of the rise with blood dripping out of her mouth and her form smoldering from several newly made burns. When the wounded canine looked up from where she was lying, she saw her opponent land atop the hill of sand she'd destroyed and stare down at her with a glare.
Looking just as badly beaten with blood running from the corner of her lips and nose, the red haired woman then spat to the side to clear her mouth before leering at her fallen adversary. "Not so tough without your three back-up dancers are you, poochie?"

Snarling angrily, the scar-faced collie quickly leapt to her feet and drew her sword, which she quickly ignited. "Shut up, you stupid pixie! Do you think I'm scared of you?!" She then pointed in her direction. "It'll take more than a few lucky shots to get the best of me! I am a Minion of Set!"

Raising an eyebrow at the woman's retort, the Super Hera shrugged. "Fair enough. How about I grab a couple of friends and try to murder you instead? Would that work?"

Lowering her arm, Shiera then took a moment to think about that. "Well, personally, I think that would be a little bit uncalled for-"

Before the woman had time to finish her little mumble, Zangya suddenly darted forward and slammed a hook across her face. The blow sent the woman bouncing across the sand dunes for a good couple of miles. When she eventually crash landed somewhere over the horizon the Hera that had sent her in that direction returned to a normal standing position and grunted.

"You're right, because unlike you… I don't need help."

It was a valid statement. But just as the Super Hera was getting comfortable with the idea that she'd knocked her opponent out, the hill where Shiera had landed in the distance suddenly exploded and the canine warrior came rocketing towards her with an enraged look on her face. With a loud battle cry, the collie cocked back her sword arm and prepared to slice into her enemy the moment she came within range. She was making good ground too.

As soon as the Minion of Set was close to entering striking distance, Zangya then did something completely unexpected and threw her hands forward. A barrage of multicolored flashes filled the air when a series of wires shot towards the collie, wrapping around her and catching her in a deadly web of energy absorbing strings. The anthropomorphic dog was effectively halted in midflight and jerked into an upright position, her arms snapped to her sides and a look of bewilderment filling her face as the barrier was fully unleashed.

Body trembling when the countless wires tightened around her form, Shiera growled angrily as she stared down at her opponent, who was also glaring up at her with an intense look on her face.

"Y-You… damn… bitch!" Shiera barked, attempting to wriggle her way out of her invisible prison, only to fail miserably.

Smirking at the curse, the Hera nodded back at her opponent. "Takes one to know one." Then, with a loud yell, the woman crossed her arms and tightened the wires.

In a series of lightning fast flashes, the red haired warrior sliced the canine fighter to pieces, the energy binds cutting through her like butter and scattering her remains across the sand. As soon as the dog's form cascaded to the ground, her ki signature vanished as well, allowing Zangya to retract her wires and relax.

Powering down, the Hera collapsed to her knees, shut her eyes and leaned back, panting heavily from the battle. It'd been a long and torturous engagement, but after suffering the full brunt of the surprisingly tough collie's attacks, she managed to come out on top. This being one of her first decisive victories she could remember, the alien Z-fighter then allowed a chuckle to leave her lips before she started laughing outright.
Body shaking from her fit, the woman shook her head at the irony of the situation before turning her attention to the pyramids in the distance. "Ah, man. I'm definitely going to feel this one in the morning." Musing at the fact that she was now hours late for work, Zangya instead decided to focus on more important matters and, after staggering to her feet, took flight towards the place where this whole thing started.

As far as she knew, despite her gruesome win, the battle wasn't over yet…

XXX

(Minutes Later)

It was quiet and peaceful over at the large pyramid where the God of Storms had been awakened. Since all of the battles had taken place a safe distance away from the manmade landmark, this meant that the terrace where the deity's throne and the unconscious Gohan were both lying had remained completely untouched. With the absence of the boss herself and any other obstacle that threatened to stand in the way of the Z-fighters, this left the entire area empty and unguarded, which was ideal for the poor demi-Saiyan who was sadly still recovering in the middle of the sealing circle.

Not counting the door to the prison hanging wide open and spewing purple energy from its catacombs, there wasn't a single thing out of place about the whole situation.

In spite of being wrapped in the translucent energy running out of the gateway for the past couple hours, Gohan hadn't even so much as flinched as he continued to lie there as still as a statue. It was only when a familiar shadow fell over him that his peaceful slumber soon came to an end.

Dropping down from the sky with Senzu beans in hand, Videl rushed over to where her crush was lying and immediately got down to her knees directly beside him. Wasting no time in checking his vitals, the girl promptly pulled the boy into her lap, waved the purple energy off of him, and slipped one of the miracle seeds into his mouth.

"Come on, Gohan. Eat," the girl whispered, praying to the Kais that he could hear her. After the ordeal he'd had to go through, she wouldn't be surprised if he didn't respond.

Sure enough though, the demi-Saiyan lying in her arms gradually began to chew on the bean in his mouth. After crushing it into a comfortable paste, he quickly swallowed it, allowing its effects to take hold of him.

Videl waited with baited breath for the male to respond, teeth bared and eyes shimmering with anticipation. Eventually, after a full minute of silence had ticked by, she saw her friend's eyes flicker open and his chest heave with a gasp. The sight putting a smile on the crime fighter's face, the raven haired crime fighter then watched as Gohan groaned and, after looking around the area for a moment, turned to the person leaning over his body.

When his vision soon cleared, the demi-Saiyan was blessed with the most wonderful sight in the world. "V-Videl?"

Eyes shimmering gleefully, the girl nodded, "I'm here." She then rested a hand against his cheek, rubbing it gently as the teenager was roused from his slumber.

At first confused by the angel gazing down at him, Gohan's eyes then flew open when he finally realized exactly who was holding him and sat up. Glancing around wildly a couple of times, his gaze then turned to his body, instinctively checking to make sure everything was in the right place.
When all he saw were a couple of tears in his gi, he then focused his attention on Videl, who was kneeling patiently on the floor next him.

"Whoa. W-What happened?" Gohan asked, having been completely out of it for Kami knows how long.

The tomboy giggled at the cute, innocent look the young adult was giving her, a sight she often saw whenever her best friend was either flustered or lost. "You were kidnapped and knocked unconscious. Did you have a nice sleep?" the teen asked curiously, throwing her companion a sly smile.

It was then Gohan noticed the state his friend was in and immediately turned to her in alarm. "Oh my God. Videl, are you okay?" Taking note of her various cuts and bruises, and the fact that her clothes were all ruined, the teen reached out to her in concern. "You're... you're bleeding all over..."

"Yeah," the girl exclaimed, taking a glance at her body's condition before throwing the young man a smile. "We had a pretty rough time fighting those minions while you were lying here unconscious. The one me, Krillin, Eighteen, Goten and Trunks were stuck with was tough as hell. But Paprika showed up and bailed us out at the last minute."

Blinking a few times as he listened to what his friend had to say, Gohan took a deep breath and nodded his head in understanding. "I... I see." Swallowing nervously, the teen then smiled and shuffled closer to his comrade, fixing a warm smile upon her scuffed face. His proximity caused the crime fighter to lean back ever so slightly. "I'm glad you're alright. Thank you, Videl."

Her mouth clamping shut in response to the boy's show of gratitude, the raven haired girl quickly averted her gaze and blushed. Rubbing her cheek discreetly, she then whispered her reply, "Y-You're welcome." Tentatively glancing in the grinning teen's direction a couple of times, the tomboy then playfully pushed him in the chest. "You big lug."

Still smiling like an idiot, Gohan then looked across the terrace when he sensed the other Z-fighters arrive. Watching as Zangya, Vegeta, Piccolo, Paprika and the rest of the team landed in the courtyard from their respective battle zones, he then saw the battle worn fighters gather together and approach the sealing circle. Their presence prompting Videl to edge away from her crush, the demi-Saiyan then looked on as Piccolo and Zangya came up to him, and greeted their ally with their respective smiles.

"Hey, kid," the shirtless Namekian spoke.

"How are you feeling?" the Hera asked, completely ignoring her own injuries as she watched the boy slowly rise to his feet. A mischievous grin formed on her face, "Sore? Surprised? Dizzy? All of the above?" She then raised a hand and pointed at her palm as if it were holding something, "Show me on this doll where the assholes touched you."

"Hey, Zangya," Gohan chuckled, "I'm glad to see that you're okay." After helping Videl up and ignoring his teammate's little joke, the spiky haired fighter quickly adjusted his gi and grinned back at his blue skinned sparring partner. "Well... heh... out of all the places I've regained consciousness over the years; this is probably the most interesting place yet." He then pointed out the pyramids surrounding him with a quick look-about, thumbing over at the necropolis to his right. "I've always wanted to visit Ancient Egret."

Zangya rolled her eyes and walked over to him, "Well, congratulations. You just won a free trip to a pile of rocks and sand." She then stopped right in front of him, gazing up at the teen as he
grinned down at her. Looking him over, she then took a moment to brush some granite off of his shoulder and adjust his gi. "Considering the hell we had to go through against those four dirt bags, you're looking surprisingly cleaned up. Guess you're a lot tougher than you look, stud."

Smiling at the woman, Gohan then noticed the state of dress the bruised up Hera was in and balked. Cheeks reddening at the sight of her lingerie, the boy looked away with a gulp, "Uh… thanks." His sudden reaction confused Zangya and drew an irate look from Videl.

Eye twitching as she glared at the Hera for the blush she put on her man's face, the raven haired girl then shot a look at the powerful alien and snapped aggressively, "Damn it, would you put some clothes on already?" Though the underwear was of an extremely high quality, the half naked woman was acting surprisingly calm in front of them. "Seriously, Zangya…"

Blinking at the teenagers in confusion, the Hera then looked down at herself to examine the problem. "Why? I'm comfortable the way I am."

"Yeah. But we're not," Piccolo cut in, holding his hand towards their shameless teammate and shooting an electric beam at her. The stream of energy wrapping around the Hera in an instant, a flash of light then enveloped the group before fading moments later, revealing Zangya standing in her usual training gi. "There. That's much better."

Checking herself out, the Hera smiled and adjusted her white tube-top and buckles, "I'll never get tired of that technique." Upon admiring her newly created colors, the still bruised and burnt fighter then threw the green warrior a grateful smile, which he returned with a grunt before looking away with his arms folded across his chest.

Hands on his hips, a present Krillin beamed at his best friend's son, "It's good to have you back, partner."

"Thanks, man. It's good to be back," Gohan nodded, before then looking down to see his Super Saiyan brother and his best friend jog up to him. The sight of the two transformed youngsters instantly put a grin on the older warrior's face as he reached over and ruffled his sibling's gravity defying hair. "Hey there, squirt."

"We came to rescue you, big brother!" Goten chirped, throwing himself at the teenager's torso and hugging him tightly. The adult demi-Saiyan laughed as he held the child up, giving him a playful spin through the air before gently setting him back to the floor.

After giving Trunks a pat on the head, acknowledging his transformation to Super Saiyan and drawing a grin from the boy as well, Gohan then looked over at the rest of the group to see how they were doing. His gaze passing over Vegeta and Android 18, both of whom were standing back and looking off in different directions, his eyes then fell upon Paprika to see her hiding behind Zangya. The sight of the demon woman drew a nod from the teen, which in turn had the Makyan huff and look away.

"Man. For a second there, I thought I was done for," the half-Saiyan said with a relieved look on his face. "Thanks for coming after me, guys."

"How are you doing though?" Piccolo asked, wanting to make sure his student wasn't suffering from any nasty drawbacks. "You were knocked out and left lying here for quite a while. Are you feeling alright?"

Looking down at his body a second time, Gohan quickly took stock of his energy levels and raised an eyebrow in surprise. "I'm feeling great, actually. I… actually feel a lot stronger than I was
before." He supposed his Saiyan genetics had something to do with that. It was after looking himself over the boy then remembered why he was here in the first place and gazed back towards his teammates. "What happened to those minion guys? Did you take care of them?"

It was this question that had Paprika look at the demi-Saiyan in annoyance, "If by 'take care of them' you mean crushed them, then yes. That's exactly what we did." It was an accomplishment she felt was worth noting. After all, there was no way she was going to let some dumb, anthropomorphic dog get away with killing her arch nemesis. That was her job. "Frankly I was expecting a bigger challenge."

"Same here," Vegeta agreed, sharing a glance with the Makyan before looking away with a smirk. "Those guys were all talk and no action. It's a shame, really."

Gohan then turned his attention to Piccolo, "And mum. Is she alright?"

"She's fine, kid. Don't worry," the Namek replied, drawing a relived sigh from the teen. "Everyone's alive and well."

So far so good. With his bearings returning to him little by little, as well as his sense of awareness, Gohan could finally rest easy knowing that things were going to be alright. But just as he was beginning to stretch his aching muscles out and address the gathering with their next plan of action, Trunks then noticed something off about the area.

While the terrace remained mostly intact, save for the collapsed temple behind them, there was one other point of interest that needed to be acknowledged.

"Hey. What happened to that other dog woman?"

Their attention quickly being drawn to the fact that Set was no longer there, the majority of the Z-fighters immediately reacted in alarm. It was then their little moment of realization was promptly interrupted by the sound of someone's throat being cleared, which pulled all of their gazes across the courtyard and towards the temple. After seeing the stone throne sitting several meters away turn to dust, the group watched as the God of Storms herself emerged from behind the seat with a second figure hovering behind her.

Looking quickly at the battered and wounded teal-alien with white hair suspended in golden cuffs behind the anthropomorphic dog, the group quickly locked their glares back on the deity and hurriedly slid into fighting stances. The moment they did they heard the red furred woman click her tongue and, with her hands held behind her back in a relaxed manner, took a few steps forward and tilted her head at the battered Z-fighters in interest.

A smile formed across the canine's face. "I see that your group has managed to defeat all four of my subordinates... just as I expected. Well done." Tail wagging happily behind her, Set then stopped a safe distance from the team of hostile looking warriors and flashed them all a fond smile. "You truly are a group of unique and incredibly powerful individuals."

Beads of sweat forming on his brow as he looked the newcomer over, Gohan then spared a glance towards Krillin. "Hey. Who the heck is this girl? I don't remember seeing her around the other four guys back at Mount Paozu. Where did she come from?"

The short fighter, looking just as nervous as everybody else there, swallowed heavily. "That's the group's leader. Her name is Set; the God of Storms and apparently the same freaky dog thing you can see engraved on all of the walls around this place. The four guys you ran into wanted to use your energy to open the door to the pyramid behind us to bust her out. When they did, she wound
up making all eight of us fight her goons in some sick gladiator matchup to determine who would become her new bodyguards." Krillin then nodded towards the person floating behind her. "I have no idea who that guy is though. He must have shown up while we were dealing with her personal hit squad."

And from the amount of bruises the guy had on him, it looked like he needed help... desperately.

Gritting his teeth, the spiky haired demi-Saiyan then looked back at the fox lady with the cool attitude and the bushy tail. "So she's some kind of deity, huh?"

"Not just any deity," the short fighter continued, answering Gohan's question with another piece of important information. "Vegeta says she's the most powerful being in the universe and that not even he would stand a chance against her. If you ask me, I think that's a little bit over the top."

That was Krillin's opinion anyway. But from where Gohan was standing, the teen was getting nothing but bad vibes from the fox woman in front of them. Even though he couldn't sense any energy coming from her whatsoever, the way she stood there shrouded by an air of confidence, poised with that smug smile pulled across her face, he could tell that this Set person meant serious business. If they weren't careful, then they were probably going to experience a lot of problems. And unlike the enemies they'd faced in the past like Kana and the Ginyu Force, the young warrior had a feeling these issues wouldn't be resolved so easily.

However, just before the boy could go about making any further inquiries, he suddenly saw the woman's eyes snap in his direction before she vanished in the blink of an eye. A split second later, Gohan jumped when he saw the vixen's face right in front of his and recoiled in shock. It was the same reaction his friends shared when they realized Set was now standing amongst them.

Even Paprika was blown away by how fast the goddess moved.

Freezing up when the deity stared intently at his face, the demi-Saiyan then watched as the deity began looking him over and running her finger over his jaw. After feeling her prod at his chest and lift his hand up, he then felt her run her thumb over his palm before leaning forward and sniffing him. Upon getting a whiff of the young male, the fox God moaned and pulled away, a delightful grin forming on her face.

"What a fascinating specimen. So you're the one whose energy was used to remove the seal that was placed upon my tomb?" she asked, drawing a few startled blinks from the boy as the woman's tail wagged behind her. Licking her lips, Set then leaned forward and gave him a very mischievous smile. "Yes. You'll do nicely."

"Uhh... what umm... what do you mean?" Gohan asked.

"Reaching up with her hand, the woman slowly tiptoed her fingers up his chest and towards his collar bone. "Over the next couple of days, I intend on taking over this universe to become the undisputed ruler and guardian of everything in existence. If you agree to become my personal servant, I will gladly grant you any and all wishes you so desire... so long as it is within my powers to grant." She then playfully wrapped her tail around his neck and pulled herself closer to the boy. It was this action that drew an irritated glare from Videl and had the crime fighter snarl under her breath. This reaction became all the more prominent when the goddess placed a hand on the boy's cheek and pulled his face close to hers so that her nose gently brushed against his. "As the one who liberated me from my retched prison, I'd be more than willing to give you anything you ask."

Unsettled by the closeness of the alluring goddess, Gohan gave a nervous laugh and held his hands up. "Umm... that's very kind of you to offer... but... I'm afraid I'm going to have to pass. Sorry."
As tempting as it was, the teen knew the good choices from the bad.

What this person was offering him after everything he'd seen and heard, any decision involving going over to this person's side was bad mojo.

Set pulled away and raised an eyebrow at the handsome Saiyan, "Oh? Are you sure?" She sounded disappointed.

"YES! He's sure!" Videl shouted, having now reached the point where her jealousy could no longer be contained. Stepping forward in defense of the half-Saiyan, she drew the deity's attention to her and jabbed a finger in her direction. "You've got your answer! Now buzz off, you hussy!"

Blinking a few times in surprise, the God of Storms giggled in amusement and slowly removed her tail from the teen's neck. Being sure to give him a playful flick in the chin as she pulled away, she then vanished in another teleportation-like movement and reappeared in front of the entire group once more. When all their eyes landed on her, they saw the red furred woman back away with her hands behind her back and a grin on her face.

"Since I've got an extremely busy week ahead of me, I want to get this trade over with as quickly as possible. So let's cut the useless chatter and get down to business," Set spoke, ears twitching as she raised her head to the Z-warriors. While Whis continued to hang behind her bound by bands of golden energy, his body beaten and bruised all over, the female deity addressed the group of heroes with a clear and direct tone of voice. "As I promised to all of you earlier, the four fighters who emerged victorious from the battle with my subordinates will be given the chance to come stand by my side as my new Minions of Set. After seeing how many of you managed to walk away from that skirmish, I find myself a little bit spoiled for choice." She then raised a finger in their direction. "And therein lies the problem."

Her words putting Paprika, Vegeta and the others on edge, the team of fighters then braced themselves for what the woman had to say next.

When Set suddenly held up four fingers with the hand she'd raised, a very dark shadow cast over her eyes as she slowly panned over the uneasy martial artists. "There can only be four Minions of Set. Like the four corners at the base of the pyramid, they are the points that help elevate the peak above the ground and give the structure its shape. They also represent the four quadrants of the universe and are the primary elements that create balance in this reality. So I'm going to make this nice and simple for you." Returning her hand to her back, she then nodded towards her audience. "You will all fight each other. The last four left standing will be allowed to stand at my side as my minions. Of course…" Her eyes landed on Gohan again, "I'm willing to make an exception for one of you in particular."

A cold chill going down each of their spines at her words, the members of the group didn't even have to think twice before giving the goddess her answer.

After all the trials and tribulations they had to go through over the years, after all the battles and enemies they'd fought together, there was only one thing they could say to this would-be ruler of their universe. It was the same thing they'd said to every other villain that'd made them an offer that would've been impossible to refuse.

"Thanks, but no thanks," Zangya spoke with a frown on her face.

"If you think you can come here to our planet, invade our homes, attack our friends, and tell us what to do, then you've got another thing coming," Piccolo said, his fists clenching tightly as his stance widened. "Don't underestimate us earthlings. We are a lot stronger than you so-called Gods
Trunks, wearing a similar expression to his father, nodded towards the woman confidently, "Take a hike, lady!"

"Yeah! Buzz off!" Goten shouted as well, backing up his friends words.

Moved by the group’s words, Set’s tail wagged behind her eagerly, "I strongly urge you all to reconsider." Looking from one determined face to the next, she then raised a hand towards them. "This is the perfect opportunity for you and three of your companions to elevate yourselves above the mortal plains and become something other than the poultry warriors you are today. You will each be granted the titles of Godhood, a piece of creation to do with as you please, and the chance to engrave yourselves into the history of your people… to become truly immortal." Putting her hand behind her once again, the deity tilted her head. "Think about it. In order to make any of this possible, the only sacrifice that you are required to make is the lives of the people standing next to you. There's no need for attachments where you will be going. Once this universe has become mine to command, you can have as many servants and as many friends as you wish. All you have to do is eliminate the ones you have now and sever all remaining ties to this world."

Sickened by her words, Videl narrowed her eyes on the goddess. "Go fuck yourself."

"What she said," Vegeta also spoke, agreeing wholeheartedly with what the rest of the group had to say.

Raising an eyebrow at the teen's response, Set then turned to the others, "So… I'll take that as a no then?" When all she received were hard glares in return, the vixen waited for a few moments before a long sigh left her lips and the woman held her hands out in disbelief. "Hmm… what a shame. And here I thought your group had such promise." Cracking open an eye to look back across at the collection of fighters, the goddess then allowed a smile to cross her lips. "When I made this offer to the last group, they didn't waste any time in tearing themselves apart. But… I suppose if that is the choice you've decided to make, then I guess it's about time I showed you mortals how badly this decision is going to cost you."

"We'll see about that!" Gritting his teeth, Gohan clenched his fists tightly and, after bringing his arms above his head, let out a mighty yell as his golden aura exploded around him and his hair spiked up. His body also becoming shrouded in blue electricity as he leapt straight into Super Saiyan 2, the teen growled and fixed his best death glare upon his opponent. "If you want this universe Set, then you're going to have to go through us first!"

Bringing her hands behind her, the woman smirked as she felt the teen's power level jump up a couple of levels, "Is that a challenge?"

"You bet it is!" Gohan shouted back.

Grinning excitedly, the God of Storms allowed a chuckle to escape her lips and lowered her head, "Then I accept." Placing her hands behind her and widening her stance a little, the deity rolled her head once before focusing all of her attention on the warriors before her and their leader. "Since I'm in a good mood today, I'll be sure to have as much fun with you as I can. Come at me with everything you have… and don't hold anything back."

"Gladly!" Zangya also shouted, doing as her sparring partner did and powering up. Hair flashing red as her skin turned green, the Hera's aura jumped around her with the sound of a shockwave as she completed her own transformation.
Her vigor was matched by the likes of Vegeta, Paprika, Piccolo, Goten and Trunks. While the Saiyans jumped into their respective super powered forms, the prince going straight into his Ascended Saiyan state, the Namekian's blue aura sprang up around him and the Makyan's green one appeared as well. Videl and Krillin also followed suit, their white auras blasting up and shrouding them in a protective glow, while Android Eighteen merely set herself into a stance. Once all of them had achieved their maximums, they all assumed their signature fighting forms and prepared to tackle the monumental foe standing before them.

The group's collective transformations and power ups quickly caught the attention of the unconscious Whis, who looked up from his place in the air to stare across at the Z-fighters. Eyes widening when he saw who they were squaring off against, the beaten and broken attendant bit his teeth together and wheezed out the only words he could.

"No… don't…"

What they were intending to do was paramount to suicide.

But they couldn't hear him. All the team was currently focused on was defending their planet and fighting off this monstrous force that threatened to destroy them all.

Set, sensing all of them were ready for the battle of a lifetime, smiled, closed her eyes and, with her hands held firmly behind her waist, wagged her tail happily. "Come."

In the blink of an eye, the Z-fighters charged. With Gohan leading the way, the ten warriors sprinted across the terrace towards their foe at blinding speeds. Closing in on her from the front and being sure to space themselves out, in a matter of milliseconds the group converged on the arrogant deity and closed the distance between them. In bullet time you could see the demi-Saiyan leading the charge, and with Vegeta, Piccolo, Zangya and everybody else flanking him on either side, the most powerful fighters on the planet drew their respective fists back and opened up on their target with everything they had.

Using speeds far greater than any ordinary human could follow, the warriors' punches shot towards Set from all sides at the exact same time, ten attacks coming from ten different angles. For a brief moment it looked like their blows would land, as the deity had no room whatsoever to move. But against all odds, the moment their fists came within grazing distance of the goddess's face, they were all effectively avoided when the canine woman slipped between their fists and effortlessly evaded all of their opening hits. What instantly followed from there was an indistinguishable blur of fast moving figures as Gohan, Vegeta, Zangya, Paprika and everybody else unleashed an unrelenting and continuous assault upon their foe. At the same time, their ludicrously fast target head slipped and avoided every single one of them as she ran backwards along the terrace, her hands behind her back, her eyes closed and a smile on her face.

Shouts, yells and attacks cutting through the air echoed across the temple's courtyard as the dozen fighters engaged the fox deity from all sides. Due to the insane speeds they were moving at, the warriors' bodies took the form of invisible blurs dashing this way and that across the stone courtyard as Set maneuvered them in random ellipses of the terrace. It was thanks to this erratic and untraceable display of movement that prompted the Z-fighters to mix up their combinations and try to get the woman from a blind spot.

Instead of remaining in their siege formation surrounding the God of Storms, the ten fighters began mixing it up and switching places repeatedly, attempting to slip around and jump over each other to catch Set by surprise. It soon became a situation reminiscent of Goku and Piccolo's opening skirmish with Radditz, in which Set held the center ground while avoiding the courageous fighters as they sprinted circles around her. They even tried attacking her from above, jumping at her with
kicks and wide blows to cut her off. But not matter what angle they approached her from, none of their attacks even came close to landing.

What's more, she was dodging all of them with her fucking eyes closed!

In an effort to get their foe to move, Piccolo rushed in from behind her with a slash of his hands, his maneuver prompting the other members of the group to disengage. But his furious charge was easily avoided when the female deity slipped around him, resulting in the Namekian rushing past her and missing her by a mile.

Taking advantage of the situation, a circling Gohan and Vegeta, eyes fixed squarely on their target, vanished in a blur of movement and maneuvered behind her for an attack. With the deity standing perfectly still in the center of the terrace, the pair teleported behind her with their fists loaded and ready to fire.

But the instant the two Saiyans appeared out of their light speed jump a smiling Set suddenly leant forward and launched herself across the terrace. Her maneuver was marked by an involuntary blast of wind that smacked both the demi-Saiyan and the prince head on, and sent them tumbling painfully across the hard surface of the courtyard.

As soon as they were knocked away, Videl and Eighteen attempted to take the woman while she was floating parallel just three feet off of the ground, and dove in at her from the sides. They swung out at her with their fists, only for the relaxed God to suddenly to shoot up into the sky from her perfectly vertical position.

In spite of not putting any effort into her movements whatsoever, Set's speed was so great that the Z-fighters could barely keep track of her.

Snarling at the deity's retreating form, Paprika leapt into the sky after her, the demon's form blurring out and reappearing directly above her quarry a hundred meters above the pyramid. Intercepting the goddess, who slowed down and righted herself to face the Makyan, the white haired teen cranked her fist back and struck out at the woman in a blur of attacks. Her fists sliced down at the deity in an unending rain of blows as she forced her back little by little, but every punch she threw was effortlessly avoided by the woman, who continued to smile despite how dangerously close each strike came.

Frustration growing with every punch that missed, the Makyan tried once more to try and catch her. Her assault coming to an abrupt end, Paprika threw a wild haymaker at the canine, only for Set to deftly leap over her punch, hop off of her extending fist like it were springboard, and flip over the demon to appear behind her.

"W-What the?!!" Reacting in alarm, Paprika spun around to see where Set had gone. But just as she was in the process of turning around, the goddess, effortlessly moving around her opponent, lifted her finger and gently tapped the Makyan in the crook of her neck.

While this appeared as an ordinary poke, the impact of it was so great that it not only generated a deafening shockwave, but it sent a stunned Paprika rocketing towards the planet's surface. A split second after the attack landed, the Makyan slammed into the desert floor with a deafening thunderclap, a geyser like explosion of dust shooting into the stratosphere from where she landed.

The Z-fighters scattered across the area could only gawk in shock at how easily the woman dealt with their ally.

When the dust settled from the crash landing, it revealed Paprika lying sprawled out in the middle
of the crater, reverted back to her normal form and her eyes closed shut, indicating she'd been knocked out cold with a single blow.

Set smirked down at the fallen demon, "That's one."

"You jerk!" a shout from above echoed out, drawing Set's eyes to her front.

The instant she looked, the deity saw Goten rocketing towards her at full speed, his golden aura blazing around him like a comet.

With a yell of effort, the child threw a punch at the goddess, only to miss when the woman held her finger up and gently placed it against his forehead. Comically, the child continued swinging out at the woman like a kid being held at arm's length from striking someone taller than them. "Ugh! Damn it! Ugh! You leave Paprika… ugh, ugh… alone!" With every grunt, Goten's fists swung out uselessly, putting an amused smirk on Set's face.

Moments later, the woman held up her other hand and placed a finger against the forehead of another adversary, who appeared out of super speed swinging at her. When Trunks's form appeared, the boy also took a few useless swings at the goddess, only to be held back just as Goten was.

"Ah! Stupid dog! I'll… ugh… I'll get you!" the lavender haired Super Saiyan yelled as he tried to kick and punch the woman, but to no avail.

After a couple more seconds of shouting and punching, Set soon grabbed the two boys by the hair, held them in front of her, and bonked their heads together. With a loud 'bang' the woman not only knocked them out of Super Saiyan but effortlessly knocked the two children unconscious. Upon which she then dropped the pair and allowed them to plummet back to the earth.

Flying across the terrace, Gohan quickly leapt up at the falling children and caught them, dropping back to the floor moments later with his brother and friend held securely in his arms. When he checked to see if they were alive, the teen breathed a sigh of relief before glaring over his shoulder to see the goddess reappear in the middle of the terrace.

"Shit. This is bad." Setting Goten and Trunks to the floor, the oldest son of Goku quickly got back to his feet and, powering up, rocketed towards their opponent in a flash.

Reappearing directly beside the woman with his aura blazing around him, the demi-Saiyan threw a couple of punches her way. The dog goddess, eyes open and fixed upon the boy, effortlessly head slipped his blows before leaning towards him. When her eyes met his, the angered Gohan threw a roundhouse kick at her face, only for her finger to shoot up and flick him in the shin. The unexpected counter effortlessly knocked the teen's powerful kick back and sent him spinning to the floor like a top. When he hit the ground, the Ascended Saiyan bounced off of it and went tumbling painfully across the courtyard, where he eventually skidded to a stop in a crumpled heap several yards away.

Sensing the other Z-fighters approaching, Set looked over her shoulder to see Eighteen lunging at her with a punch. Vanishing in a flicker of movement, the goddess reappeared directly behind the angry blonde with a gentle nudge to her neck, a blow that connected with a thud and knocked the cyborg out. As soon as the android dropped to the ground, Videl came in from in front of the goddess with a kick, only for the deity to catch her boot between her thumb and finger. Then, with barely any effort at all, the goddess tossed the teenager over her shoulder.

The raven haired crime fighter cried out as she spun into the air before hitting the terrace a split
second later, landing painfully on her side, which she gripped as soon as she stopped.

Once she'd dispatched of those two warriors, Set then glanced to her left to see Krillin standing at a distance with his hand raised and a golden disk spinning above his palm.

The moment her eyes landed on him, the short human fighter yelled. "Destructo Disk!" He then pitched the monofilament attack in the God's direction, intending on cutting her in half.

Flying along a straight and narrow path, the sharp blade slammed into Set's shoulder with a flash of light. It then attempted to burrow its way through the target, but after several tense seconds of digging, the disk suddenly lost out and, after bouncing off of its target, shattered in midflight.

Before Krillin could even gawk, Set disappeared and reappeared directly in front of him, shocking the Z-fighter and forcing him to lean back. After seeing him gasp, the fox woman casually raised a hand to the short warrior's forehead and flicked him in the brow. A loud 'slap' echoed across the countryside followed by a scream, as Goku's best friend was sent spiraling towards the horizon. In the blink of an eye, the man crashed into a dune five kilometers away, his landing marked by a large burst of dust and sand.

In just under two minutes, Paprika, Goten, Trunks, Eighteen and Krillin had all been taken out. That meant only five Z-fighters were left.

"Special Beam Cannon!"

Tail wagging behind her happily, Set looked up when an orange light fell upon her and she spotted a corkscrew shaped beam rocketing towards her from the sky. After watching as it approached her from its launching point in slow motion, the deity then reached up with her hand and gave a loud yawn. The instant she exhaled, a wind like barrier exploded from her body and slammed into the drill-like attack, causing it to rebound against the invisible force field and sending it flying back at its user two times faster than it'd previously been fired.

Piccolo only had a split second to gasp before his attack slammed into his chest and exploded with the force of the sun. A dome shaped blast filled the sky and showered the area with sparks and embers, seconds before the Namekian's body came flying out of the inferno to collide with one of the pyramids making up the Egret Necropolis. When the dust and light settled from both the crash landing and the exploding beam attack, it revealed the former guardian of earth lying in a smoking crater covered in burns and dirt.

Just like that, another one was out of the fight.

"PICCOLO!" Gohan yelled out, charging towards Set and sending a jab her way.

His attacks swung out at her with terrifying accuracy, the dog woman smiling as she avoided them one after the other. It was only when he came in with a hook that the Super Saiyan 2 was grabbed by the hair and kicked in the stomach. Though Set intended it to be a mere tap with her toes, the attack hit Gohan with the force of a million comets hitting a single spot at the same time. The powerful blow drew a shout of pain from the young man as he was sent barreling into the terrace's floor. He bounced along the stone surface before stopping close to the destroyed temple. When the teen rolled onto his front, his hair faded to black and the boy struggled to get back to his feet.

Upon dispatching the demi-Saiyan, Set swiftly turned her attention to her sides when two more blurs shot towards her. Reappearing in midflight, a fully charged Vegeta and Zangya let loose a barrage of punches upon their foe. Their attacks flying at her at invisible speeds, the pair forced Set to slip and dodge their blows repeatedly. It was only when they came in with two large swings the
goddess quickly slipped into their range and countered them.

With both ease and grace, the woman raised her hands and, with her two index fingers, gave them each two light pokes to their bodies. The lightning fast hits not only knocked the warriors out instantly, but the impact of the final blows sent both of them simultaneously rocketing into the distance with a sonic boom. Spinning through the air, the two out cold warriors ended up bouncing across the dune seas before crashing in the middle of nowhere; their bodies ending up at the bottom of two large craters in the sand.

Humming cheerfully at her success, Set took a quick glance around the terrace and marked all the areas she'd sent the Z-fighters packing. After counting the bodies she could see lying about the area, a cheerful murmur then left the woman's lips as she turned her attention to the horizon ahead of her.

"Three minutes, hm? They lasted longer than I expected." Even though she'd used only a miniscule percentage of her strength, that was still an incredible feat on the Z-fighters' behalf.

However, just as the goddess was starting to get comfortable with the idea that she'd taken out all of them, her expression then changed when her tail swung up and blocked a kick thrown by another person appearing behind her. The blow connecting with a loud thud against her appendage, Set glanced over her shoulder to see a still conscious Videl leap away and back flip across the terrace to the edge.

As soon as she stopped, the tomboy dropped into a stance and glared daggers at the deity.

Blinking a few times in surprise, the fox woman grinned and turned to the girl in interest. "My, my. You're a spirited one, aren't you?"

Gritting her teeth tightly, the raven haired girl gave a loud grunt as her white aura burst up around her. Focusing her energy just like she was taught, the girl then turned and disappeared using super speed, sprinting a full lap around the deity before appearing beside the destroyed temple where Gohan was lying, her hands cupped beside her.

The demi-Saiyan lying stricken on the ground saw his best friend appear across from him and watched in shock as the girl took aim.

Crosshairs locked and target sitting squarely in her sights, the snarling Videl called upon all the energy she could muster before, with a mighty yell, thrust her hands forward in a single motion. "Ka-me-ha-me-HAAAAA!" A blinding flash of light followed by a thunderclap marked the launch of a massive blue blast of energy from the girl's hands, which left her palms and rocketed towards Set like a missile.

The goddess, who had managed to keep track of the teen with her eyes without any trouble, raised an eyebrow at the wall of energy charging towards her. With her hands still locked behind her and tail wagging happily, the woman allowed the blast to slam into her at full speed, the energy attack swallowing her up before exploding with the force of several nuclear warheads. The shockwave it generated shook the countryside and the pyramid, causing bits of the ruined temple to collapse to the terrace.

When the explosion eventually faded, it left a cloud of white smoke hanging over the damaged area and a panting Videl standing at the trigger end of her burst.

Sweat running down her face, the battered and exhausted fighter lowered her arms and, watching the airspace clear, turned to her friend kneeling on the ground several feet away.
When her sapphire eyes met Gohan's charcoal ones, a warm smile pulled across Videl's face. It was one that was both joyous and full of vigor, and captured the demi-Saiyan's attention for but a moment.

"I got her… Gohan…" the girl breathed out happily.

No sooner had she spoke, a flash of light followed immediately by a clap of a gunshot filled the air. In the blink of an eye, Videl's body was suddenly lifted off the floor when a golden beam shot through her chest and came out the other side, her eyes widening in shock as she was sent flying back through the air.

The whole thing happened so fast, but Gohan was able to see every second of it, and the sight of his best friend being hit brought a horrified look to the young Saiyan's face.

A second after she was hit, the raven haired girl's body hit the floor with a dull thud, where she lay with blood quickly beginning to pool around her. In a matter of moments her energy signature flattened and Gohan could only stare in disbelief as Videl's glazed eyes gazed back at him.

The demi-Saiyan trembled, his eyes fixed squarely upon his fallen friend. He was so gripped by the sight that Gohan completely missed the cloud of smoke across the platform parting and Set's form emerging from the haze.

Smiling with her finger extended, the deity lowered her arm and began ambling across the terrace to where she'd shot the human teenager. Obviously pleased with her kill, the God of Storms then stopped a few meters away when she saw Gohan crawl over to where Videl was lying and, gently taking her into his arms, rested her head against his shoulder.

His hand wrapping protectively around her, the shocked half-Saiyan continued to tremble as he gently shook his friend. His eyes shimmered in terror. "Videl… Videl…" When he rest a hand against her chest to look for a heartbeat, his palm then pulled away a split second later and, when he looked down, he saw it was covered in blood. Eyes widening even more when the girl's head slumped forward, Gohan tried one last time to coax life out of her. "No… no… " Covering his mouth with his blood soaked hand, tears formed in the young man's eyes as he leant forward and began to sob. "No… no… no! Videl… no!"

Looking upon the scene with a serious gaze in play, Set shook her head as her master's tied up body floated around behind her. "It's like I told you… your decision to resist my will and to remain as you are on earth would cost you dearly." The fox goddess narrowed her eyes on the teen as his crying grew louder and, as he held his friend close to him, his body trembled even more violently. "Now you can see the futility of your struggle… and why you should've joined me when you had the chance."

Gohan didn't hear her. His arms wrapped tightly around Videl's lifeless form, the teenager continued to cry, his words muffled by her hair.

It was a sight that filled Whis's expression with hurt and brought a solemn one to Set's.

Unwilling to see the boy suffer anymore then he had, the fox goddess closed the last few feet of distance and stopped directly beside the wounded Saiyan and his dead friend. Bringing her right arm around, Set allowed a spark of electricity to run down her fingers before speaking up once more. "I know what it's like to lose someone you care about. The pain is… almost indescribable." Narrowing her eyes, the God of Storms lifted her palm up and, curling her fingers, took aim at the trembling boy beneath her. By this point in time, his crying had stopped and so had his trembling. "But do not worry. You and your friend will be reunited in the next life."
"I'm sorry."

Just as the deity was swinging in, the demi-Saiyan's head snapped up and, with speed Set couldn't even track, stood up, clenched his fist, and drove a planet splitting haymaker right into her face.

The teen's knuckles caved in the goddess's snout and sent the God of Storms blasting through the air. Bouncing across the terrace like a ragdoll, the woman slammed back first into the side of the pyramid it was attached to before hitting the ground hard, where the vixen curled up, grabbed her face, and screamed in agony into her palms.

Whis, still suspended by the golden cuffs, looked up in shock when he saw what'd happened.

When the pain from the blow faded away, the stricken Set slowly pushed herself back to her feet and, stumbling a bit, looked up across the terrace in anger. With blood leaking out of her nose, the fox woman was quite easily confounded. "Where the fuck did that come from?!" By the time her eyes relocated the hybrid Saiyan at the other end of the platform, she received the biggest surprise of her life.

On his feet with Videl's body lying several meters behind him, the slumped over warrior in orange and blue stood seemingly spent in the middle of the open space. At first he didn't do anything, with nothing out of the ordinary taking place.

But as the God of Storms continued to eye the boy carefully, she then watched as bits of stone and debris began to levitate into the air around the young adult and felt the floor begin to shake. Along with a low rumbling sound that started reverberating across the entire countryside, both Set and her trapped master Whis looked on as Gohan's gaze looked up and glared across at the storm deity.

Instead of having the usual charcoal or turquoise irises the woman had seen in the warrior before, the deity saw that the young man's eyes had gone completely white, showing that he was blinded by rage.

A few seconds after fixing his sights upon the God of Storms, the enraged Gohan took a deep breath and, bringing his fists up, bellowed towards the sky with a howl of rage.

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA.

Immediately following his scream, a deafening thunderclap filled the sky as his golden aura exploded around him and expanded till it was a hundred times larger than his body. Along with the bolts of blue lightning that streaked off of him, Gohan's short blonde hair then grew down to the back of his legs and his eyebrows retracted into his skin. Multiple sonic booms ringing out all around as the area shook with the force of an eight-point magnitude earthquake, a golden, blinding light then flashed over the entire region like a nuclear warhead had been set off. This explosion of radiance lit up the entire west side of the planet and was shortly followed by a devastating shockwave.

A ripple of invisible energy left Gohan's body in a ring, overshooting his fallen friends and slamming a still standing Set in the face. Not expecting such a violent outburst, the goddess had to shield herself with her arm when the powerful gale hit her. The deity's forward eye clenched shut as she saw the bright, strobe-like aura surrounding the teen retract into him and form into a
miniature vortex, which caused the clouds above them to circle.

When the field stabilized shortly thereafter, the two conscious audience members quickly thought the display was over. With the boy's impressive spiky hair having grown down his back and his eyebrows and irises having vanished, Set immediately knew right then that the teen had attained a new kind of Super Saiyan transformation.

However, when the waves of golden energy blasting off of Gohan's body began to intensify, Whis and Set soon realized it was only the beginning.

As she continued to feel the enraged man's power climbing at an astonishing rate, the God of Storms eyes soon widened in horror when she suddenly saw a blue flame like aura bleed out of the boy's body and overtake his golden one. When the translucent cloak swallowed up the demi-Saiyan, it soon formed into a pure blue sphere around his body, which shone as brightly as a quasar. Then, after several flashes of lightning shot off of the orb and tore up the surrounding desert, the sphere became a flame once again, which lifted seconds later to reveal the transformed Gohan…

Only this time he looked noticeably different.

The violent golden aura with the blue electric bio field had been replaced by a red aura with golden bolts, and his hair, which grew down his back and had previously been shining as brightly as the sun itself, had turned blood red. His muscle mass had also increased a little bit to illustrate his increase in strength and, along with the change in coloration, his skin had also taken on a slightly more reddish tone. The contrast of his form having sharpened considerably, it was easy to tell that this Ascended Saiyan form was much more different from the one he'd assumed previously.

His eyes, which were once hollow and lacking eyebrows, soon filled with a pair of red irises with black pupils, which became fixed upon the stunned goddess.

As his red aura continued to fluctuate around him, producing a hurricane that kicked up a wall of dust around him and ruffled their clothing, the thunderstruck Set couldn't help but stare in disbelief. Her sensors were off the charts.

"W-What the hell is this?" the God of Storms gawked, unable to believe what she was sensing.

Along with his transformation, not only had the boy's appearance changed considerably, but so had the air around him. The rubble that'd been lifted from the ground at the outset of his transformation began to orbit around him and while it seemed like he was doing this unconsciously, neither Videl nor any of his other unconscious friends were being lifted into the air. However, Set could feel that she was being subjected to this unruly force, and after taking note of the planet's rotational patterns, and the mountains of rubble and rock she could see rising in the distance to orbit their position, she then made a startling discovering.

"He's producing so much power that his mass has increased," Set thought in alarm, watching as the sand in the desert started to steadily rise into the sky.

Scientifically speaking it was farfetched. However, as crazy and insane as it sounded, the young Saiyan's body was producing so much energy that his mass had become comparable to that of the moon's. The density he'd also attained in this form was close to that of a black hole, as he was consciously distorting and shifting gravity around him.

However, there was also one other thing Set had noticed.
"That's celestial energy!" the goddess thought in alarm. Somehow, the same Godly ki that she and all of the other deities used had molded with the energy in his body and he was instinctively using it to amplify his strength a thousand fold. It was responding directly to his rage, so it was possible that he had no earthly idea what the heck this energy was and what he was doing with it. However, Set knew, and with the amount that she felt, she was terrified. "Where the hell did all of that come from?!"

Just like Whis and probably all of the Kais who were now drawn to the source of the anomaly, she was completely stumped.

Noticing he had his opponent's full and undivided attention, Gohan, blinded with rage and unaware of the effect his otherworldly transformation was having on the deity in front of him, clenched his fists and snarled.

"I'm going to make you pay for what you've done to Videl."

And from the amount of venom laced in his voice… he meant it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: Ooh. Interesting development. Shit just got real here, people.

Talk to me goose. What kind of galaxy reducing destruction can we expect here?

Power Levels:

**Gods (Supreme Deities)**

Whis – 150,000,000,000 (Godly ki 15)

Set, God of Storms – 190,000,000,000 riki (Godly ki 19)

Set, God of Storms (Full Power) – 200,000,000,000 riki (Godly ki 20)

xxx

Paprika – 26,000,000 riki

Paprika (Super Makyan) – 260,000,000 riki

xxx

Gohan – 28,000,000 riki

Gohan (Super Saiyan) – 280,000,000 riki

Gohan (Super Saiyan 2) – 480,000,000 riki

xxx

Gohan (Super Saiyan 3 with God ki/Super Saiyan God) – 210,000,000,000 riki (Godly ki 21)
God of Storms Arc - Clash of the Titans

Dragonball Z

Legacies

Clash of the Titans

As the landscape surrounding the Egret Necropolis continued to crumble, with enormous chunks of the desert's surface orbiting weightlessly around the main pyramid, on the terrace connected to the structure, the showdown between the Z-fighters and the evil overlord Set had reached its highest peak. The atmosphere in that area had shifted dramatically, and not only was the gravity still out of whack, but the air was also swirling violently and had become so thick it was almost suffocating. The reason for this was the Saiyan sitting in the heart of the abnormality and the immense levels of power emanating from his body.

Shrouded in a brilliant red aura with red bolts of lightning shooting off of him, the enraged Son Gohan, his hair grown down his back and waving violently on the winds of his energy, fixed his ire squarely upon the one responsible for his fury. The person in question was currently still standing by the wall of the top half of the pyramid, glaring back at him. When the dog woman growled, the boy responded with a tighter scowl and the energy fluctuating from his body increasing in ferocity.

The cyclone surrounding him caused the boulders floating in the sky around their position to blast outwards and fracture, earning a concerned glance from Whis.

Still suspended in midair and bound by golden bands, the teal-skinned attendant's eyes shimmered in amazement as he sensed the demi-Saiyan's energy skyrocket. "This boy... his power... it's incredible..."

And he wasn't just talking about the celestial energy swirling through his system.

Through the red aura surrounding his chiseled frame, the man also sensed a much more powerful energy source dwelling inside the youngster. It was the same radiance that was responsible for his initial transformation and the same one that was now being amplified by the Godly ki pumping through his veins.

Gritting her teeth under the fearsome gale racking against her form, the storm deity Set gritted her teeth and rose up to full height, removing her hand from her arm to glare across at the teenager. "What the hell are you?"

The moment she opened her mouth, the demi-Saiyan's eyes suddenly widened and, without even moving a finger, fired a powerful blast of wind towards the woman. The shockwave literally distorted the air space in front of him and warped the surface of the terrace as it rippled towards its target several times faster than light. The sight of the approaching attack had Set recoil in alarm before leaping out of the way. Landing on the very ledge of the courtyard, the canine looked back just in time to watch the wave of repulsive force take out the side of the pyramid they were on, rebound off of its surface and strike the desert beyond.

The attack damn near split the country in two, causing an explosion comparable to several thermonuclear bombs detonating at once.
Breaking a sweat at the size of the blast, which punched a hole in the atmosphere straight up into space, the God of Storms' eyes snapped towards the Saiyan in fright. "This guy's insane!" His terrifying outburst aside, the amount of power he was generating was astonishing. She hadn't felt so much power sitting in one place since her training days, before she became one of the most powerful beings in the universe. Celestial energy was pouring out of every pore and follicle on his body.

"But where the hell did it all come from?"

Set just couldn't figure it out. In her millions of years of existence, she'd only ever seen a handful of transformations like this. The ascension of a mortal being to the level of the Gods, despite being such an incredibly rare occurrence in their reality, was always an extraordinary and thought provoking event to witness.

The process in which a person transformed into a celestial being differed greatly from race to race. Most of the deities currently in existence had claimed their title of Godhood when they mastered the incredibly rare form of energy known as celestial energy or God ki, which could be acquired through a variety of different means. And of course, once a being gained mastery over this particular energy source, they were immediately put in the running for a position as one of the guardians of their universe.

"The Valkas' previous deity meditated for fifty years under a red star to gain control over celestial energy and became the very first God of Fire, and lived a further eighty million years in his time. The current God of Light achieved his power through absorbing the heart of a super massive star. And the God of War Ares unlocked his celestial energy by slaughtering and devouring the souls of his entire race." And that was only a small number of rituals used by different cultures, all of which had culminated in a single entity that possessed the sum total of their respective species' strengths and powers. "The last time I encountered a Super Saiyan God was during the time a Legendary Super Saiyan was rampaging across their home planet of Saiya over a million years ago. The Saiyans used a method of transformation in which the power of five righteous Super Saiyans was pooled into a sixth, granting the host the ability to control celestial energy and use it to amplify his powers."

It was a primitive method of transformation in which the power the Saiyan achieved from that form lasted for only a few minutes, but was potent enough to destroy the abomination that was the Legendary Super Saiyan; the embodiment of hatred, bloodlust and evil in their society. Though it wasn't a full and complete God transformation, it was still a transformation nonetheless.

"This one's different though," Set thought, sweat pouring down her face as she saw Gohan glare in her direction. "This isn't anything like the Super Saiyan God I encountered before. No pagan ritual could create a being of this strength, so where did all of this celestial energy come from?" Her train of thought stopping dead in its tracks, the girl's eyes widened in shock before snapping towards the entrance to the pyramid that was formerly her prison. When she saw the purple wisps of energy pouring out of the gateway, the goddess knew instantly what must've happened. "That's it! His body must've unconsciously absorbed the energy from inside the Nexus!" The copious amounts of celestial energy she'd been producing in her solitude had been unable to return to its host, so it sought out the only living vessel it could find. Namely, the person that'd been closest to it…

And that turned out to be the same Saiyan used to open the doorway in the first place.

Somehow his body had been able to absorb the rare energy that'd been perforating the dimension and was now utilizing it as his own. A feat like that took an astonishing level of natural talent... and apparently this half-breed had a lot of it. This young Saiyan was able to take a foreign energy...
source and mold it with his own, multiplying his powers exponentially and allowing him to achieve a pseudo-full transformation to whatever level of deity form he'd now assumed.

It was a realization that had Set grit her teeth nervously and take a stance. "This is bad. He's absorbed twenty thousand years worth of celestial energy and is now using it to supercharge all of his senses. That means he's become an incredibly dangerous adversary." She then narrowed her eyes even more when the glowing red man's scowl tightened on her position. "If I remember my Saiyan biology correctly, this form can only last for a certain amount of time. That means if I can get him to burn through all of this energy as quickly as possible, I should be able to defeat him!"

That was easier said than done. But if she was going to get through this conflict alive, then she was going to have to step up in this fight and give it all she had. "If I don't kill him before his body adapts to this new level of power, then I'm going to be in serious trouble."

Hell, she could be in trouble either way.

As far as she could tell, this boy was one of the most exceptionally gifted warriors she'd ever encountered as a deity. There was something about him that sent a chill up her spine, both in a good way and a bad way. Considering he was very much like her in terms of fighting prowess and skill, if she was to allow this battle to drag on for too long then she ran the risk of his body memorizing the celestial energy patterns, which would then allow him to fight at this level regardless of the type of ki running through his system.

By this point in time, as the God of Storms was facing down her enraged opponent, over in the pyramid across from them, the grounded Piccolo had momentarily regained consciousness. From his half-buried position in the stone and amidst the chaos upsetting the stability of the planet, the green skinned warrior caught a glimpse of what was happening down on the courtyard. The sight of his student standing atop the wide-open patio bathed in red had the Z-fighter tremble with shock, shortly before blacking out once again.

"G-Gohan…"

Fixing her glare on her foe, Set smirked. "Well then, handsome… what are you going to do now-" Just before she could even finish her question, she saw the demi-Saiyan launch himself from his place several dozen yards away and, in the form of a glowing red bolt, slammed a knee into her face.

The lightning fast blow caused a shockwave that parted the clouds above them and sent a ripple of air across the desert in all directions, shaking the countryside. The attack itself managed to knock the God of Storms off her feet and blasting through the air, her head cocked back and a look of sheer surprise slapped upon her mug.

The boy's movement also dispelled the gravity distortion in the air, allowing all of the rubble and chunks of earth orbiting his position to crash back down to the planet's surface.

After landing the brutally successful hit, Gohan speedily back flipped through the air and landed against the side of the pyramid they were battling on. Crouching against it momentarily, he then took aim at the airborne deity and launched himself at her with a frightening battle cry.

"YOU KILLED VIDEL!" the demi-Saiyan roared, speedily catching the fox woman by the jaw before driving her straight into the desert floor eighty stories below. However, instead of just crashing into the sand, the two of them went straight through it and the earth's crust below that. With a towering explosion of dust marking their entry, Gohan then began burrowing his opponent into the planet's surface and kept right on going for several miles.
His aura having dissipated, the pair blasted through layer after layer of the earth’s shell, easily reaching its mantle layer and beginning to plow through an ocean of lava. An ordinary being would’ve been incinerated the instant they hit the first signs of heat. But being the super powered warriors that they were, the two kept right on going as if the planet’s center didn’t even exist. In fact, using his opponent as a drill head or a battering ram, Gohan continued pushing his quarry through more and more of the planet’s numerous layers. Their forms began to pick up speed as they drew closer and closer to the core.

"How many innocent lives have you destroyed in your quest to take over the universe?! Huh? Millions?! BILLIONS?!” Gohan bellowed with his hand wrapped firmly around Set’s throat as they continued crashing through boiling hot oceans of magma. The goddess let out a cry of agony as they continued descending violently through earth's mantle. But even this failed to quell the man's rage as the red haired Super Saiyan God continued yelling at the woman. "I won't let you kill anymore, Set! This ends now!" His eyes widened and pupils dilated in rage, a rush of images of Videl flashing through his head as he literally screamed his threat at the stunned goddess beneath him. "I'M GOING TO RIP YOU APART!"

Teeth clenched and biting back the pain of her descent into what was quite literally hell, Set sneered at her opponent and barked, "Impertinent boy! LUMEN!" With a yell of effort, a blue aura exploded off of her body, allowing the vixen to blast out of Gohan's grip and rocket upwards in the form of a lightning bolt, leaving the teen to continue crashing through to the planet's core.

Looking behind him with a grunt of annoyance, Gohan hit the brakes, slamming his hands into the walls on either side of him and forcing himself to a grinding stop. The second his momentum ceased amidst the inferno of the planet's outer nucleus, the demi-Saiyan then sprang off of the floor he'd dug and began flying after his opponent.

Set blazed a path back to the ceiling of earth's lithosphere, her body glowing brilliantly like a flare as she glared back down the enormous hole her opponent had dug. As she got further and further out of reach of him, a wide grin formed across her face. "You'll never be able to catch me at this speed!"

She spoke too soon.

After flying at cruising velocity for a solid few seconds, the red haired Super Saiyan suddenly hit the accelerator and, powering up, blasted after the woman at an even more ridiculous rate. Red aura blazing around him like wild fire, Gohan rocketed went after the deity like a missile, catching her in a matter of milliseconds and, as her expression switched to one of disbelief, buried a punch straight into her stomach. The lunging uppercut landed with a deafening thunderclap, ripping the crust around them apart and causing Set to reel forward in shock.

Choking up blood, the fox goddess was then blasted topside, the pair exploding out of the desert floor in an explosion of rubble and debris. Their reappearance had Whis staring after them in shock as the pair ascended into the atmosphere.

Feeling the damage coursing through every fiber of her being, the burnt and battered Set roared in anger, "You think you can beat me?! WELL YOU'RE WRONG!" With a yell, the woman threw two feet forward and slammed a double kick into Gohan's stomach, sending the glowing Super Saiyan plummeting back towards the desert.

When the demi-Saiyan tucked up and spun, slowing his descent and landing safely atop the terrace of the pyramid, he looked towards the sky to see Set power up and blast into the stratosphere, leaving a vapor trail behind her.
"I am the master of darkness and chaos! The most powerful God in existence! I will not be bested, certainly not by some half-breed amateur like you!" The eyes of the anthropomorphic deity filled with paranoia and fury. "I know because I'm destined to recreate this universe! It's the reason I am still alive! Once I've defeated you, I will tear down the old regime governing this reality and create a new universe where any and all dreams are possible!" In the midst of her tirade, the goddess sent a barrage of ki rocketing down at her target with enough power to wipe the earth out a dozen times over. But Gohan, quick as ever, smacked the blasts away and effortlessly sent them soaring up into space. His efforts however only served to frustrate the goddess further, as Set's right hand ignited with blue fire and she began slashing it through the air in a series of random and indistinguishable symbols. "I COULDN'T CARE LESS WHAT HAPPENS TO FEEBLE MINDED FOOLS LIKE YOU!" After several more swipes with her hand, the vixen ended it with her arms raised, causing a blue flash of light to fill the sky behind her.

All of a sudden, emerging from the light like a titanic phantom, the space behind the God of Storms was ripped open. An eerie white glow then began gushing out of the crack and into the earth's atmosphere, causing the clouds to part violently. At first this didn't seem like anything to the people watching from below. But after seeing the gap widen even more so and feeling the energy of the entire cosmos begin to circulate around it, pennies started to drop all around with a series of horrible clangs.

Whis's eyes widened in horror. "Elysium Breaker? No, Set! DON'T!" The terrified trainer reeled forward to yell up at his student, pleading her to stop. "If you use that technique without a catalyst you'll suck this entire dimension into the void between universes! There will be nothing left! You'll destroy everything!"

A manic grin quickly formed across Set's face, "That's the idea, master!" An evil chuckle escaped her lips as the energy of the entire solar system started to build and circle around the rip in space. It was a feeling that had Gohan clench his fists tightly and grit his teeth as he listened to the woman's voice echo down towards them. "I'm going to kill two birds with one stone! Why should I waste punches on a primitive life form from a Class C planet when I can simply wipe the entire slate clean with a single-

"Shut up." Just as his opponent was in the middle of what he assumed to be an 'important' monologue, Gohan's red aura suddenly exploded off of his body at a fiercer rate, before he vanished in a flash of golden light. A moment later, a deafening 'crack' rang out across the planet when his fist promptly impaled Set's chest a second time and had her reeling forward in shock, the teen teleporting directly up to her and burying a blow right into her solar plexus. If the power shot didn't make her chuck her guts up right then and there, then it certainly did its job in stopping her technique from being fully executed.

The moment Gohan buried his knuckles into his opponent's gut, the tear in the universe behind Set closed up and a smirk formed on the demi-Saiyan's face.

"Don't waste time on such flamboyant moves. They leave you wide open," the teen spoke, removing his fist from her stomach to let the woman curl forward and grip her abs painfully. Upon which he cupped his hands overhead and, with a loud yell of anger, drove a hammer blow straight into the vixen's back, sending her plummeting to the planet's surface. A couple seconds later, the fox crash landed in the middle of the desert, shaking the continent with her impact and sending sand hurtling into the air. The Saiyan grunted as he looked down, "Who's the amateur now?"

Dropping from the sky to join her, Gohan landed softly outside of the crater his opponent had formed. His aura fading, the red haired young warrior watched and waited with an intense glare in play to see what'd happened to his adversary. Sure enough, after a few seconds of tense silence, the
ground around him began to tremble and the atmosphere became filled with the embers of a growing energy signature.

Just as the tremors were becoming more and more violent, a pillar of blue fire suddenly gushed out of the center of the hole and blasted into the sky, with a dark silhouette slowly rising up in the heart of the column. When it suspended itself above the ground and before the demi-Saiyan, the tower of fire enveloping it dispelled, revealing an incredibly ticked off looking goddess inside of it.

As soon as her hate-filled eyes glued back onto the earthling before her, the vixen clicked her tongue irritably and cracked her neck. "You know what… fuck it. I'm going to enjoy this." Her frown deepening, the woman then gave a low grunt as her blue aura burst up around her, accompanied by a storm of electricity. The blast of her energy engulfing her body sent a gale in all directions, which quickly transformed into a cyclone when she achieved maximum power. As soon as her output stabilized, Set bared her fangs menacingly at her foe. "Don't act so smug just because you think you've gained the upper hand. I'm going to take that cute face of yours and pound it into the ground until it's just a muddy stain on the sole of my foot."

Gohan scoffed, "I'd like to see you try." He then took a step back and gestured for the woman to bring it on. "Come and get me."

The goddess leered excitedly, "With pleasure."

Then, in the blink of an eye, the pair powered up and rocketed into the sky, taking off from the ground and leaving the earth in the form of two pillars of red and blue light. Whis, still tied up and hanging in the air, watched the pair leave the planet until they were well and truly out of sight, yet continued to follow the battle with his other senses.

While Gohan and Set flew safely off of the planet, across the great plains of the desert where Vegeta and Zangya had been sent on a one-way flight, the latter of the two fighters was just regaining consciousness. Battered and covered in dozens of cuts and bruises, the wounded Hera pulled herself out of the ditch she'd formed and back onto the surface of the dunes. Coughing and sputtering on the sand that had gotten into her mouth, the woman peered up through a blurry vision to see what the hell was going on.

Stretching out her ki reading ability, the Z-fighter felt a whole bunch of things at once. For one, the rest of her team was down, and both her best friend and the dog bitch were no longer on the planet's surface. Zangya knew this much because she couldn't see anything over on the pyramid in the distance except for the poor bastard that was tied up and floating in the air. However, while she did sense everybody else was still in the area alive and kicking, she suddenly noticed something else that instantly had all her alarm bells go off.

Following the barely registering ki signature she'd picked up to its source, she quickly spotted Videl lying over on the terrace of the pyramid a full kilometer away. Even though she could barely see through her messed up vision and the blood dribbling down her face, her other extra sensory capabilities allowed her a much better scope of the situation. When she detected the girl's body stationed there with her life force ebbing away little by little, the Hera knew instantly that something was wrong and looked up in panic.

"Videl… no…" Mustering all the strength that she could, Zangya pulled herself out of the mountain of sand and floated all the way back to the pyramid.

Due to all the damage she'd suffered at the hands of the goddess, it was taking everything she had just to stop from dropping out of the sky.
When she eventually arrived on the terrace, the blue woman stumbled forward and collapsed next to the fallen teenager. After seeing the state she was in and the hole in her stomach, the orange haired fighter wasted no time in reaching for the girl's shorts and digging into her side pockets.

"Come on… I know you had more than one. I saw it. Please be here… please be here..." Zangya whispered, her eyes shimmering with desperation as she hurriedly rummaged through the tight sleeve. Withdrawing her hand a few seconds later, relief and joy quickly washed through the Hera, "Yes. Oh, sweet Kai, thank you." As she thought, the girl still had a Senzu bean on her. Grinning through a half-lidded gaze, the Z-fighter promptly elevated the teen and pushed the bean between her lips. "Come on Videl… swallow it. Don't quit on me now, babe…"

She was the toughest girl she knew. There was no way a shot to the chest was going to be enough to put this human down.

Zangya hoped, no… she knew if anyone was strong enough to pull through a situation like this, it was Videl…

XXX

Encased in their respective auras, both Gohan and Set blazed two parallel trails away from the earth. Easily breaking out of its stratosphere and entering the thermosphere in a matter of moments, the pair then began a running battle across the solar system. When the two of them streaked past the moon, performing a variety of impressive aerial maneuvers and spins, the super powered warriors then rushed each other and began trading hits at close range.

Yelling out at the top of her lungs, Set lunged at the boy with a left overhand, the blow connecting with a deafening crack before the two of them began circling each other at high speed. Moving in every so often to trade blows, the pair continued their dance across the heavens until, in the blink of an eye, they left the solar system far behind and blasted further into space. Shockwaves rang out like fireworks as they hammered away at each other, with the God of Storm attempting to land a hook until Gohan ducked under it and drove a side kick into her stomach. This then earned him an elbow across the face before he countered with a right cross, sending his opponent blasting out of the spiral arm of the Milky Way and further into the vacuum.

As soon as he set her up, the glowing red fighter rocketed after her and nailed her in the side with another kick, sending her spinning to another part of space altogether.

The red bolt chased after the out of control blue one, cutting her off with a shot to the back and sending her in another direction entirely. This quickly led into another game of tag as the pair blasted further into the cosmos. Clocking speeds well above what was mathematically possible, the duo passed by dozens of other galaxies towards a green nebula far in the distance.

Arriving at a star system resembling the Sombrero Galaxy floating within throwing distance of the brilliant dust cloud, the pair rocketed towards it at insane speeds. The duo remained locked in epic combat as they exchanged hits while spinning into the outer dust lanes of the celestial region, where Set ended up kicking Gohan through an enormous cloud of dust and straight through to the other side. When she raced around to cut him off, the demi-Saiyan spun on the spot and greeted her with a kick across the face, which she did so as well. Their blows collided with an ear-splitting shockwave and the force of a supernova, breaking up the dense layer of cloud behind them and clearing the vacuum.

When the pair spun away, they quickly halted in midflight and returned to normal positions. Floating amidst a cluster of moons orbiting an enormous gaseous giant, with a star burning brightly in the distance, Gohan and Set took that opportunity to regain their bearings.
Staring each other down, Set spat the blood out of her mouth while Gohan wiped the trickle out of the corner of his. Both now bearing mirroring battle wounds, they then regarded the other with seriousness and caution.

A smile slowly formed on Set's face, "I can't tell you how long it's been since the last time I fought a battle like this one. In the eighty million years I've held a position as a God of this universe, I haven't faced a single opponent worth calling a challenge. Even those who were in the same league as me couldn't measure up to the level that I desired. Meeting you today is a refreshing change of pace."

Narrowing his eyes on the woman, Gohan frowned, "I wouldn't get too comfortable if I were you. You killed my best friend… so don't expect me to show you any mercy or pay you any kind of compliments."

"That much is a given," the goddess replied, tilting her head in his direction as her blue aura fluctuated at its usual rate, "I will not try to argue. You have every right to hate me for what I did. After all, I too have experienced the same pains that you've felt. Serving as a guardian of this universe requires a great deal of sacrifice, especially from those chosen to be its deities. You and I share quite a bit of common ground in that respect."

The demi-Saiyan grunted, "That's the only thing we have in common with each other. Nothing else."

A chuckle came from the vixen as her tail wagged behind her, "Are you sure about that? Why don't we keep things civil between us for a couple more minutes and try to find out more about each other? If we keep this up, I'm sure you and I will be able to find out some interesting things about how the other person ticks… maybe more." She then winked playfully in his direction.

Gohan immediately smirked in response, "Sorry… but I have no intention of talking to you for any longer than I have to." His fist then clenched tightly, a bolt of lightning shooting off of him and striking one of the moons surrounding them. The impact of the expulsion of energy destroyed the satellite effortlessly, turning it into a cloud of rubble. "I'm here to get you back for what you did to my friends and that's that. There is no in between."

Snorting, the fox deity nodded, "I figured you would say something like that. Alright then…"

An earsplitting shockwave exploded off of them from their point of impact, shattering nearby asteroids and pushing planets apart. The blast even wiped out an unfortunate moon that happened to be orbiting too close to the anomaly, scattering it across the vacuum in a wave of debris. Moments later, more thunderclaps began ringing out as both Gohan and Set battled each other across the foreign solar system, barreling around the nearby gaseous giant before rocketing towards a neighboring terrestrial world covered in a dark grey, mountainous surface.

Continuing to intersect one another along a sweeping path of their region, Gohan soon managed to pull ahead of his opponent, putting some distance between himself and her.

Spinning around, the glowing red Saiyan narrowed his eyes when he saw Set's blue form blasting towards him, a cry of fury leaving her lips. Telegraphing her approach, the young warrior crouched down before leaping over the goddess when she swung at him with a punch, which he avoided and
swiftly positioned himself above her. Before she had time to turn around, Gohan dove towards her feet first, giving a loud battle cry and driving a flying side kick into her face. The blow landed with an earthshaking ‘boom’, cocking her head to the side and sending spit flying out of her mouth.

Upon landing the hit, the demi-Saiyan then threw a right roundhouse kick into her chest, causing another thunderclap that sent Set plummeting towards the terrestrial planet below.

The woman's body ignited slightly when she broke through a few levels of its atmosphere, only to spin to a stop just short of the stratosphere. As soon as her momentum ceased, the vixen took aim at the Super Saiyan God above her. Then, in a blur of movement, she charged up at him. Her form phased out on approach, putting her in front of Gohan in the blink of an eye.

A series of sonic booms began ringing out as Set unleashed the mother of all beat downs upon her opponent, her fists crashing across the demi-Saiyan's body again and again. The red haired warrior found his head and torso being smacked around this way and that as the goddess leisurely mashed the stuffing out of him, an eager smile framing the vixen's face. This vicious onslaught continued for a full minute, with Set stopping only for a moment to deliver a series of merciless kicks to her target's mug before proceeding with the bombardment once again. Then, after burying a punch into his stomach, the goddess speedily flipped over Gohan's stricken form and drove a kick straight into his back.

Her blow sent the teen rocketing towards the planet below, his form burning up through the atmosphere before colliding with the face of it like a comet. His impact generated a massive explosion reminiscent of a scene taken straight out of 'Deep Impact', the force of his landing causing ripples across the planet's surface.

Not one to miss out on an opportunity, her target's catastrophic landing allowed the orbiting Set to bring her hand overhead and, with a bellowing roar, fired a golden blast straight into the world's surface. "Stella Hastam!"

The attack struck the exact same spot Gohan had landed, causing the planet to fracture with countless red cracks across its crust, a split second before the entire orb went up in a colossal explosion.

Smirking at the fireball as it filled the cosmos with a blinding light with debris scattering in all directions, Set then watched as chunks of the planet's rubble flew at her from the center of the cataclysm. At first she thought it was nothing, but when she saw one of the massive rocks explode and Gohan come flying out of it, her immediate reaction was her eyes widening before a punch slammed across her face.

The surprise hook sent the girl spiraling towards another part of the solar system. Crashing through a moon and shattering it on the way out the other side, the God of Storms quickly flipped herself upright and stopped in her tracks. Gritting her teeth towards the planet still exploding in the distance, she quickly spotted the glowing red form of her foe arcing towards her and cocked her hand back.

Thrusting it forward, the woman shouted and unleashed a barrage of energy blasts, which scattered and streaked towards their target from different angles.

Gohan's form darted through the salvo in a blur; avoiding the projectiles and watching them scatter across the outer rim of the galaxy to destroy hundreds of stars in the distance. After speedily evading the assault, the winded warrior teleported in a flash of golden light and reappeared directly in front of Set.
Seeing her hand held up at his face, the demi-Saiyan smacked it upwards, causing her to unleash her ki blast prematurely and towards another distant collection of star systems, which she inadvertently mowed through with her beam. Gohan then proceeded to uncork a beating on the goddess, smacking her around just as she had done to him before. After landing several murderous blows across her body, stunning the woman at their ferocity, the teen then threw his body back and double-kicked her in the stomach, sending his foe hurtling over the gaseous giant behind her.

As Set's form was sent spinning through the vacuum, Gohan back flipped and, upon taking aim, threw his hand forward and unleashed a powerful blue blast from his palm. "Flash Madan!" The attack exploded from his hand and rocketed towards his target like a spear surrounded by golden bolts of lightning. However, instead of hitting its target head on, it slammed into her side and knocked the woman plummeting into the gaseous giant's atmosphere, punching her straight through the planet and causing it to implode on itself.

Gohan's attack meanwhile streaked off into the distance, tearing past countless systems before eventually striking a neighboring galaxy. The explosion that resulted was catastrophic, wiping out the entire sector in a blinding orange light. The rings of the explosion rippled outwards to wipe out any stray stars or planets that happened to be in the vicinity.

Bringing his hand back, the demi-Saiyan cursed, "Damn it. I missed." His aim was only off by a few inches. If his attack had hit dead on, he would've caused his opponent some serious damage.

However, while it seemed like it'd done nothing, as the gaseous giant in front of him continued to explode, a blue streak of light shot out from behind it and streaked towards him. A split second later, a battered and thoroughly pissed off Set charged towards the confused looking Gohan and nailed him in the face with a haymaker, sending the boy barreling into the distance. After which she gave chase, her opponent recovering quickly from the blow and meeting her head to head.

Their forms tore a path of destruction across the galaxy they were in towards its center, blowing past thousands of stars and planets, while wiping out dozens more in the process. Explosions the size of supernovas filled the skies as entire solar systems were wiped from existence, with the duo continuing to battle it out like there was no tomorrow. Despite it being scientifically impossible, the shockwaves of their attacks could be heard echoing all across the cosmos, the force of which shattered moons and cracked planets from merely being in close proximity of every blast.

More thunderclaps rang out when Gohan and Set dueled across the heavens, bouncing from star to star. Eventually the pair met once again, their hands locking in a grappling match before the demi-Saiyan promptly kicked the Dio-jin towards another planet. The goddess spiraled around it, her form quickly recovering in mid-flight and allowing her to arc safely around the terrestrial orb. The warrior from earth pursued her, blazing a trail of red light in his wake while his opponent laid a respective purple trail to follow as she shot off into the distance.

Turning around, Set suddenly tucked up and threw herself into a spin. Gohan spotted this when he advanced on his adversary and by the time he realized what she was doing, it was too late.

Stopping her spin by thrusting her limbs outwards, the goddess snarled as she focused her energy into her palms before slamming them together. Then, with a bellowing howl, the woman fired a powerful *Kiai* at her target.

Gohan only had enough time to gawk in shock before he was hit full on by the invisible blast and sent rocketing back. The repulsive shockwave was so powerful it not only knocked the demi-Saiyan flying, it wiped out an entire row of stars behind him, disintegrating several hundred planets at the same time.
This anomaly could be seen from a distance as an entire collection of lights making up the galaxy going out one after the other in rapid succession, like a blackout in a city as seen from orbit.

The force of the blast did its trick in sending the demi-Saiyan barreling into the distance. When he managed to skid to a stop in the midst of the vacuum, he was just about to lock his sights back onto his foe until Set teleported into his blind spot and nailed him in the side with a wicked flying kick. This blow sent Gohan spinning to another part of the galaxy altogether, where his ethereal form crash landed on a massive terrestrial world several dozen times larger than earth billions of miles on the other side of the galaxy.

Bouncing over the planet's rocky surface for several seconds, the teen eventually flipped himself back to his feet and slid to a stop, digging his hand into the ground to halt his momentum. Gritting his teeth, Gohan swiftly looked up to see whether his opponent had decided to follow him.

Much to his shock, instead of seeing the glowing form of his adversary barreling towards him, his entire field of vision was blocked out by the shadow of one of the planet's three moons plummeting in his direction. The sight of it burning up through the atmosphere had the teen assume a defensive stance. But the instant he threw up his guard, the satellite's descent towards his position sped up.

Set, holding the moon from below with one hand while her aura burned brightly around her, gave a loud battle cry as she threw the massive sphere of rock straight at her target. With a deafening clap on impact, the satellite collided with the planetoid, not only burying Gohan under millions of tons of rock, but causing the planet's surface to cave in.

The collision between the two spheres was catastrophic, resulting in a blast of rubble and fire that rippled out in all directions. What followed shortly afterwards was both worlds shattering and imploding on themselves, disintegrating any satellites that happened to be in their vicinity. However, just as the two planets were beginning to go up in flames, the observing Set balked in shock when she saw multiple golden blasts shoot out from the impact point of the two planetoids in all directions before arcing towards her position.

Holding up her guard, the goddess speedily deflected them, sending the barrage shooting off across the cosmos. As soon as she blocked the last one though, a red bolt shot through the disintegrating moon she'd thrown and slammed headlong into her. This was actually Gohan tackling the goddess from the front and sending them both rocketing towards the solar system's sun. The pair's auras spiraled through the vacuum, loud shockwaves ringing out as Set drove a few elbows into her opponent's back, only for the teen half-breed to thrust multiple knees into her stomach.

The grappling fighters continued to barrel through space, slamming into two other planets along the way, going through them, and destroying them completely. With Set being the one pushed into the rocky worlds, the woman suffered the brunt of the punishment as she burst out the other side covered in dust and debris.

"Gah! Ugh! Damn it!" the vixen shouted, driving another elbow into the boy's back before kneeling him in the stomach, "Ugh! Let go of me, you bastard!" She then balked when the teen grabbed hold of her even tighter, pressing his face into her ample chest but inadvertently gripping her backside. "AAGH! You beast! I told you to let go of me!" She then grabbed his head and tried to push him off.

Palm in his face, Gohan snarled, "Make me!" He then cocked back his fist and proceeded to slam punches across his opponent's mug while his other arm remained tightly wrapped around her waist.

More blows reverberated across the vacuum when the pair began descending towards the nearby sun. The temperature climbing the closer they came to it, both Saiyan and Dio-jin remained locked
in an epic brawl as they spiraled towards the blinding inferno. At first Set managed to gain the upper hand by grabbing the teen's neck and proceeding to drive multiple hooks across his cheek. But on her last swing, she overshot, allowing Gohan to get around her and put her in an arm lock. Then, with a mighty bellow, the teen pushed Set the rest of the way towards the star and drove her face straight into the sun's surface.

The goddess cried out as her face was literally dragged across Satan's barbeque, fire and molten waves rushing past her at an insane speed as Gohan tore a path around the massive ball of plasma. Yelling out in fury despite being in close proximity himself, the demi-Saiyan continued to push his foe through the inferno of the mass while holding her arm and head tightly in his grip, their auras providing them some protection against the celestial body. With the way the teen was forcing his foe into the star's ocean of fire, if he kept this up he was certain he'd be able to rip her face clean off.

However, unwilling to let it end with her fur being torn out by the roots, the enraged Set gave a roar of anger and, powering up, managed to force herself off of the sun's facade. With a great deal of effort, she swiftly turned around and elbowed Gohan in the face, prompting him to let go and freeing her from his vice-like grip. Thanks to the boy using her profile as a sled, half of her face had suffered some serious burns and bruising. But thanks to her durability as a goddess, they were only superficial wounds that were certain to heal over time.

Extremely ticked off, the woman slammed her feet into the sun's surface and began to skate backwards across the firestorm, while at the same time being pursued by her enemy. Taking aim, the vixen lobbed a few energy spheres his way, only for him to dodge them and sprint after her across the burning ocean, driving a blow into her face before she countered with a kick to his side. After maneuvering around columns of fire and prominences jutting out of the sun's surface, Set then cranked it into high gear and rocketed away from the star with a burst of blue energy. His aura exploding off of him at a much fiercer rate as well, Gohan gave chase to his enemy, the pair leaving the sun far behind.

Flying to another part of the galaxy, the pair attempted to outgun each other with their speed. But after a few seconds of playing cat and mouse, the demi-Saiyan managed to cut Set off and blindside her with a shoulder tackle. He slammed her in the side and sent her spinning off in another direction, allowing him to give chase.

Growling in frustration at being intercepted so easily, the fox deity spun about in mid-flight and watched her opponent come charging after her. Fists clenching tightly, Set then cracked open a hand and began gathering energy into a sphere, which quickly took the form of black matter surrounded by orange fire. "Try and dodge this, you piece of shit!" After concentrating an enormous amount of energy above her palm, the goddess used her other one to stabilize it and, after compressing the sphere even more so that it was the size of a tennis ball, took aim at her target and yelled. "Disappear into oblivion! Black Hole!" Set thrust her hand forward, pitching the black sphere straight towards her adversary.

Gohan, spotting the approaching attack, skidded to a stop and attempted to avoid it. But the attack tracked him and slammed into his stomach, propelling him in the opposite direction at a ridiculous speed.

Trapped against the enormous gravitational pull of the ball of matter, the demi-Saiyan was unable to do anything when, all of a sudden, the black sphere began drawing in everything around it. In a matter of seconds, asteroids, moons and planets of all shapes and sizes were yanked towards Gohan's position and crashed together one after the other. The incredible suction power of the attack was so great that it began mashing the planets together into a single, uneven mass, with even
more space debris coming in by the second.

Feeling the crushing pressure of billions of tons of matter pushing down on him from all sides, the thoroughly trapped Saiyan gritted his teeth angrily as the black orb at his chest threatened to crush him into oblivion. "I… can’t… let it… end!" Gohan growled while bolts of red lightning ran up and down his body. With the weight of a dozen worlds pressing down on him, it was easy to see how much pain this attack was causing him, "I can't! Not now!"

As the attack continued to draw in planets at high speed, including a nearby sun which began to break apart, Set, maintaining her position in the vacuum, grinned manically and took aim with her finger. "There's no getting out of this! It's over!" Focusing her energy and producing a bright orange glow from the tip, the woman allowed for a moment to catch her breath before letting loose her attack. "Die!" She then unleashed a powerful beam from her finger, sending it rocketing towards the growing collection of planets and rubble, and piercing it effortlessly.

His teeth clenching in rage as he sensed the attack burrowing towards him, Gohan's eyes then flickered before, spurred on by the images of Videl's death, as well as the demise of his friends and his home, the demi-Saiyan curled up, took a deep breath, and threw his head back with a mighty howl. "NO! I WON'T LET YOU DESTROY MY WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORL!" His red aura exploded from his body with multiple shockwaves, dispelling the black hole pressed into his chest, disintegrating the rocks crushing him, and repelling Set's blast effortlessly. Energy skyrocketing, his aura not only shot through the cracks between the spherical bodies pressing tightly together, it also freed him from the prison of rubble and magma.

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA.

Set had to shield herself when the shockwaves from the teen's outburst rippled out from the mash of planets and struck her like a tsunami, causing her eyes to widen in shock.

Aura blazing like a strobe, Gohan tore through the surrounding layers of rock and mantle. Using his senses to mark a path, he tunneled his way out of the coffin of spheres at high speed and exited its northernmost pole in a spectacular shower of lava and rubble. As the body of planets began to collapse on themselves, the teen kicked his thrusters into action and streaked towards Set in a blur. With a loud battle cry he crashed into her with a punch, slamming it across her face and knocking the goddess senseless.

The teen chased after her, laying into the vixen's body with multiple blows until his kick was blocked by a well-timed check. After that the pair immediately began trading shots, more shockwaves reverberating throughout the heavens as they dueled at speeds no other warrior could reach. Eventually breaking off, Set gained some distance and, thrusting her hand out, launched a barrage of multiple ki blasts towards her target. The bombardment chased Gohan across the outer rim of the galaxy, blasting out planets and stars one after the other before the demi-Saiyan hit the accelerator and arced towards Set like a missile.

As he converged on her, avoiding the hail of blasts, he then thrust both hands forward and unleashed a salvo of his own. The blue attacks hurled by the Super Saiyan intercepted the golden ones, colliding in the center and exploding with enough force it took out another chunk of the galaxy they were in.

With the sector collapsing around them and becoming engulfed in super nova sized explosions, Set quickly bailed on her attempt to shoot down the teen and shot off into the cosmos. Gohan sent a hail of ki blasts after her, but when the deity arced around and effectively avoided the attacks that exploded uselessly in the distance, the demi-Saiyan clicked his tongue irritably.
"Damn mosquito." Sucking it in, Gohan held his hands outwards and took aim. Then, after gathering a substantial amount of energy, he slapped them together with a loud 'clap'. "Hold still!"

All of a sudden, while Set was speedily flying away from her adversary, the woman gave a yelp of surprise when a transparent wall of energy formed on either side of her, before slamming together and sealing her in a red pane of glass. Flattened inside the powerful seal, the startled vixen was unable to do anything when Gohan teleported directly beside her and, with a shout, punched the glass and shattered it into thousands of pieces.

When the shards scattered, they spilled out multiple purple streams of ki that quickly converged around a single point and reformed into the God of Storms. Gasping in shock with blood trickling down her face, the woman's eyes snapped in the direction of her enemy in bewilderment.

"He's fucking crazy!" Alarmed at how proficiently the Saiyan was using his celestial ki, the woman decided to get some more distance and quickly teleported in a puff of black smoke.

Appearing well outside of the galaxy they were fighting in so that she could see the entire star system all the way to its center, Set took aim with her hands before beginning to blast the shit out of it. "Go to hell, you prick!" Her hands thrust out one after the other, unleashing a hail of powerful orange energy spheres towards the area Gohan was in and began mercilessly decimating it.

Reacting instantly, the demi-Saiyan powered up and shot across the spiral galaxy, avoiding the salvo of attacks that started taking out stars by the droves.

From a distance, as Set chased her target with her barrage of Continuous Energy Bullets, countless sphere shaped explosions ripped across the cluster of systems until there was no galaxy left. With the explosions dying out, leaving nothing but dust and debris in the attack's wake, the goddess continued lobbing blasts after the retreating demi-Saiyan, who streaked past a quasar that got caught in the crossfire and became disintegrated in a similar manner to the galaxy that'd served as their battleground.

Just as another one was being subjected to the assault, the fox deity snarled. "Where do you think you're going?!!" Cupping her hands in front of her, Set yelled out at the top of her lungs and unleashed a powerful beam of golden energy towards the large irregular galaxy the teen had flown into. "DISAPPEAR!" The attack struck its center in the blink of an eye and engulfed the entire star system in a massive hyper nova that wiped out the entire area effortlessly.

The blast was so enormous and so bright that it could easily be seen from other nearby clusters.

Lowering her arms, the woman huffed excitedly as she began searching for her opponent, who had seemingly disappeared amidst the chaos of her assault. But just as she was beginning to hone in on his position, her eyes widened in shock before snapping around to see his form rematerialize out of golden photons of light directly behind her and charge at her with a battle roar.

In the blink of an eye, the young warrior shot past her, hitting her with a running blow that knocked her back and had her cough up blood.

Expression conveying shock and disbelief, Set then glared after her target. Blue aura springing up around her, the goddess's eyes shone a bright red before, with a bellow of rage, Set threw her limbs out and unleashed a storm of countless energy blasts from her body. The attack indiscriminately scattered, not only forcing Gohan to dodge more erratically, but also peppering and taking out several other bodies in the super cluster. Galaxies were either wiped out or suffered extreme damaged as the enraged goddess let loose all of her pent up anger and frustration upon the quadrant, with the assault soon dying off and leaving her floating in place panting heavily, but
ultimately unsatisfied.

Gritting her teeth, the woman then looked to her right to see her adversary teleport into view and swing up at her with a punch. She quickly cocked back her fist and thrust in with a counter, only for her fist to pass through an after image. Before she could withdraw it, a punch from below knocked her upwards, allowing Gohan to get around her stunned form and kick her in the side. The blow produced an earsplitting shockwave and sent Set's body barreling across the sector.

The force of the attack knocked Set for a loop, sending her into a ragdoll like spin that had her passing galaxies left and right. Eventually the woman managed to halt her flight with a quick burst of ki, stopping her dead and allowing her to descend to the surface of a large moon.

As she descended from her flight, bolts of blue lightning began shooting off of her and into space, followed by a black aura that started to bleed out of her pores. A murderous look appearing across her face, the fox goddess then snapped her eyes towards a distant red galaxy shining like a beacon against the backdrop of infinite stars. After considering it for several seconds, her gaze quickly shifted back to her distant target. "Let's see you try and block this." Holding her left hand out to the star cluster as her body became incased in black flames, the entire spiral system became extinguished and all of its energy was sucked into her palm. "My ultimate move. There's not a creature alive, God or Demon, which can withstand an attack of this magnitude!"

As her left hand became filled with glowing red energy from the galaxy, Set then threw her right hand out and drew on the energy from a nearby quasar, taking its entire form and compressing it into her palm. The energy from both the celestial bodies became absorbed into her palms faster than the laws of physics permitted and, once she'd compressed the energy of two galaxies into a red and blue sphere, she mashed them together in front of her and molded it into a purple, basketball sized ball of pulsing energy.

With bolts of blue lightning shooting off of her shadowy form, the enraged goddess snarled and took aim at the cosmos in front of her.

Landing on an enormous terrestrial planet several galaxies away, Gohan looked across in alarm when he sensed the enormous build-up of energy in the distance. After seeing two separate celestial masses get sucked into a single point and watching that source burn brightly on the horizon, the demi-Saiyan gritted his teeth and took a stance.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa... wait just a damn second," Gohan murmured, eyes wide in horror as beads of sweat ran down his face. "Does she plan on firing that at me? The way she's distorting and altering the energy of those quasars, she's built up enough power to wipe out half the quadrant with one shot!" She was compressing several galaxies worth of ki into a single sphere, warping the laws of physics with enough energy to simulate her own big bang.

It seemed impossible in theory, but the laws of earth's physics didn't apply to her. Right now, the goddess was altering existing physics and changing it to suit her means, producing enough energy for an attack that had the potential to wipe out a significant portion of the universe. Hell, the amount of energy she was holding right now was almost comparable to the dawn of creation.

This was definitely not good.

Clenching his jaw tightly and powering up, Gohan cupped his hands beside him and began focusing his energy. "Fuck! Nothing ventured, nothing gained!" If he didn't match a counter to this attack, then he could kiss the entire Northern Quadrant goodbye. So, maxing out whatever power he had and drawing on energy from his surroundings, the teenager produced a massive blue sphere of ki between his palms and continued pouring all the energy he could into it.
With red bolts of electricity streaming off of his glowing form, the young Super Saiyan was producing so much power that the entire planet he was standing on began to shake and crack, with the landscape crumbling under the sheer amount of energy being built up. Gravity shifted drastically once more, with every chunk of land and satellite in the vicinity beginning to orbit his position. Even the planets that were once traversing a path around the nearest star shifted and began orbiting around him.

Expression scrunched up tightly, Gohan felt all the muscles in his body screaming at him in protest as the enormous amount of energy he was producing pulsed and burned between his hands. Blood beginning to drip out of his nose with the amount of ki he was trying to compress, the half-Saiyan pushed on, determined to stop his opponent at any cost. "Come on, body! Don't quit on me now!"

His aura blasting out at an even fiercer rate, the gutsy warrior began to chant. "Kaaa…. Meee…"

With her own body trembling violently and blood beginning to trickle out of every orifice on her face, Set grinned excitedly as she glared across the cosmos towards her opponent in the distance. "Yes! That's it! That's exactly what I want to see! Wow… what power!" the woman barked, thrilled that she was finally able to meet an enemy who could match her blow for blow. "You are, by far, the greatest opponent I have ever faced! Kai, I love that no-die-attitude! You are absolutely incredible!" She then laughed as she threw her hands above her head, the purple sphere's light intensifying and the power in it increasing several times over. "It's a shame it has to end now! I was planning on using this blast to recreate the universe in my image, but you will do just fine, handsome!"

Gohan, hearing her loud and clear via his telepathic connection to her, gritted his teeth as his eyes began to bleed. "Haaa… Meee!" Energy pouring in from the surrounding stars, a loud clap of thunder rang out as the entire planet he was on splintered. The aura blazing from his body pulsed as brightly as a quasar, flashing across the entire galaxy he was in while the energy in his palms gained stability.

In a matter of seconds, he was ready.

On the other side of the spectrum, so was his opponent.

Pulling her arms back, Set roared out at the top of her lungs. "Let's see which of us cracks first! CELESTIAL SPEAR: INFINITY BIG BANG STORM!" Then, all at once, she unleashed the largest blast ever conceived by a living organism, which left her hands in a blinding flash of light that could be seen from every corner of the quadrant. "BURN IN THE EVERLASTING HELLFIRES OF CREATION! BE UTTERLY ANNIHILATED! RIGHT DOWN TO THE VERY LAST ATOM!"

A deafening howl rang out across the cosmos when a bright, purple and green blast exploded from her palms and rocketed towards the distant galaxy. The attack leaving her palms was so big and so vast that it literally dwarfed the quasars in their sector by several times. They were like pebbles to a wave. In Gohan's eyes, the blast took the form of a massive wall of energy with the destructive potential to invert the entire face of the universe and blast a hole between dimensions.

However, not one to give up without a fight, the demi-Saiyan bucked up and, with a bellowing roar of his own, launched his attack at the approaching tidal wave.

"HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

A gargantuan blue beam left Gohan's hands with a thunderous howl, rocketing towards the approaching tempest and hitting it head on. The impact between the two was gigantic, generating a
sphere in the center so large it swallowed up several galaxies and quasars that were too close to the fire and disintegrated them. The impact also created a repulsive shockwave that pushed many others in the vicinity out of the way, allowing the pair to clash in the biggest tug-of-war battle in history.

Both blasts drilled into each other like opposing vortexes, twisting and warping the very fabric of reality in its center. In the central mass being produced by the attacks, countless galaxies were born, grown, and destroyed all at once, creating explosion after explosion with enough force that the entire quadrant trembled. Though this part of the universe so close to earth remained devoid of life, all across the cosmos civilizations turned to the skies and saw the energy clash taking place before their very eyes.

The clash was so vast that the display was almost surreal.

From where Whis remained suspended on the terrace back on earth, as the attendant stared up at the sky he could literally see the two blasts launched by both warriors crashing into each other at infinitum, as if the battle itself was taking place in the earth's stratosphere. In reality, the fight was taking place billions of light years away, defying all the laws of reality. The sight of it had the man gawking in both awe and terror.

One of them had to give way eventually. But before that, you could bet that more destruction was sure to follow in the wake of this epic struggle.

XXX

(Meanwhile)

Up in Otherworld, the entire community currently living on Grand Kai's planet had stopped everything they were doing to watch the catastrophic events that were taking place down in the universe below. Across the sweeping magnificence of the planet where the greatest warriors in history came to train and study under the overseers of creation, every single fighter present could be seen standing in the open fields with their eyes shut as their teachers, the four Kais, hooked them up to the fight that was quickly capturing the attention of the entire universe.

Normally a battle down in the land of the living wouldn't have garnered so much interest. However, after it was discovered by the ever watchful North Kai himself that the God of Storms Set had been awakened from her tomb, he quickly relayed the events of the catastrophe to his fellow Kais, who then proceeded to inform their students of the chaos that was taking place. From the way they could see the events were progressing, it was an absolute possibility that if they weren't sitting in a completely different dimension, every single one of them would be able to feel the tremors of the battle raging on between the two titans.

Hell they didn't even need to be there to cringe at every single blow that landed. When all of it eventually boiled down to a quadrant-wide tug-of-war match, everyone across the netherworlds held their breaths and waited to see who would emerge victorious.

For the four Kais standing in the same patch of field as their disciples with their fists and teeth clenched, they were hoping that it would be the son of their resident Saiyan.

"Holy free holies, are you watching this?" the blonde East Kai with the wide-rimmed hat spoke up, her voice stammering nervously.

"My glasses haven't fogged up yet so… yeah… I still am," the tall, pink-skinned South Kai also spoke up, sweat breaking out over his face as all of his students behind him murmured anxiously,
the battle escalating at an alarming rate.

If they watched closely they could see entire worlds breaking apart as the cyclone of two opposing energies grew even larger.

West Kai swallowed nervously as he looked over in North Kai's direction to see his colleague standing there with his number one student's hand pressed into his back. "Hey… d-do you think that Gohan boy has a chance against her? I mean, between him and the dog woman, I don't really think-

"Of course he has a chance!" Goku shouted as sweat poured down his face. Fists clenching tightly as he watched the beam struggle intensify, the man lowered his head and spoke up once again, his voice laced with seriousness and determination, "He's my son! There's no way Gohan will lose to her!"

The fury and confidence in the man's words had the short, purple guardian take a step back and murmur uneasily, "A-Alright. If you say so." He quickly turned back to the battle and shut his eyes. "I mean… this is Set we're talking about… the goddess of darkness and storms, and the most powerful force in the universe. Forgive me if I'm sounding a bit dicky about the whole thing."

Glasses flashing thoughtfully, the nervous Kai of the North turned to glance up at his spiky haired apprentice, "He's got a point you know, Goku. The person your son is fighting is one of the most powerful deities in existence. There are very few beings in the cosmos that can compete with the likes of her and even us Kais couldn't hope of stopping such a force on our own. The best we can do is pray and hope your son comes out of this in one piece…"

Breathing in deeply, the full-blooded Saiyan smirked, "If there's anyone out there who can beat this 'most powerful force in the universe', it's him." And despite what anyone else thought, the man meant it. "He's my son… and I know he will win. You can count on it."

Though Goku had every bit of confidence and belief in his child's strength, the Kais still had their doubts, with all of them quickly returning to watch the universal clash inch closer to its climax…

For all they knew, this was the battle that would go down in history as the one that decided the fate of their reality.

XXX

(Back in the Universe)

By this point in time the planet Gohan had been standing on was long gone, having been disintegrated in the wake of the energy struggle. With sweat and blood pouring down his body, the teen felt the top of his gi shred to pieces as the gale from their colliding attacks ravaged them from head to toe. Set too was pushed back under the typhoon, her fur being ruffled by the heat at the center of their clash rushing past her.

They couldn't give up. Not yet. One slipup would lead to the other's fall, but what a glorious fall it would be. The heavens themselves were trembling under their efforts.

Energy clashing and tearing at the walls of the universe, Gohan and Set continued pouring everything they had into their attacks and sending it at their opponents. With the force of their duel pushing them back through the vacuum little by little; it was only a matter of time before one of them broke.

Sensing that time was fast approaching, the demi-Saiyan decided to make his stand. "How does it
feel, Set?" the teen shouted above the raging inferno of their tug of war, watching from his side as the goddess struggled to hold her ground… or whatever it was she was now floating on. "How does it feel to be oppressed?! To be broken down?! To be the victim?! To watch your dreams crumble and die right in front of you?! DOES IT HURT?!

Hearing him loud and clear over the howl of their attacks, Set snarled loudly as blue fire exploded from her shoulders and a black smoke began to waft off of her body. With her increase in power, the woman drew her hands back a bit before, with her eyes flaring red, unleashing all of her pent aggression in one mighty blast.

"LET ME SHOW YOU, YOU SELF-RIGHTEOUS HYPOCRITE!" Her output increased several times, a massive shockwave ringing out while her energy gushed out of her hands like water behind an exploding dam. The surge of energy rushed down the beam and struck the head of the attack, where it began forcing the opposing blast back towards its user.

Gohan, feeling the strain of Set's efforts pushing him through the vacuum, gritted his teeth and, snarling loudly, he let loose even more energy from his body. The blue inferno leaving his hands grew in size, burrowing into his opponent's own attack and causing it to split and break. Instead of being swallowed up by the significantly larger blast, the smaller one of the Saiyan's proceeded to push forward.

It was a result that had Set recoil in disbelief. "Impossible!" the God of Storms gawked while her body shook painfully, "Where are you drawing all of this power from?!

Gohan frowned as he felt the vixen's attack push back with just as much force as before. "You don't get it, do you? Your dream to conquer the universe, to tear it down and recreate it, it's all just a big fantasy! A delusion!" The teen roared as more ki left his body and fed into the stream of blue fire, "Deciding the fate of every single being in this reality is not your decision to make! It's nobody's decision to make! Everyone is free to make their own choices and to live their lives how they want to, without the need for anyone to tell them what to do! Mark my words Set… this battle will decide the future of this world! It will mark a path for everyone behind us; the dreams of those who have gone and the hopes of those who will follow! Tomorrow will bring about the birth of a new universe… a universe where all dreams are realized!" Taking a deep breath, Gohan then bellowed out across the stars, "AND NO ONE WILL NEED TO BE SACRIFICED TO MAKE THAT WORLD A REALITY!"

Shaking her head at the teen's speech, the goddess held her space firmly and brought up whatever energy she had left in reserve to the frontlines. "Strong words! But let's see how well they hold up with no skin on your bones!" With one final roar, she unleashed another burst of energy, her attack surging forward with even greater force.

Lurching back under the increased pressure, Gohan clenched his teeth before, with a cry of agony, blue energy exploded from every pore on his body and rushed into his attack, the power of which multiplied several times over. Like a roaring tsunami, his attack drilled into Set's blast, overwhelming it, and went charging towards her at an unbelievable speed.

The vixen's eyes widened in alarm when her attack's momentum creased and the Super Saiyan's beam barreled in her direction. Not willing to take a blast that powerful head on, the fox deity disengaged from the tug-of-war match and leapt out of the way, watching the missile that was the Son's signature move rocket past her.

Not wanting to be the medium that would lead to potential disaster, Gohan swiftly cut off the flow from his attack and thrust his hands forward. With a shout of effort, he willingly forced the attack to redirect to an empty part of space, where it shot off into the distance and vanished in a flicker of
light. It avoided hitting any galaxies along the way and, if his calculations were correct, it would fly off and dissipate on its own.

Once the vacuum cleared, both Set and Gohan floated in the middle of empty space, glaring across at one another. Still shrouded in their respective auras, the former blue and the latter red, the pair took a moment to catch their breaths before deciding that they'd had enough of the silence.

Exhaling, Set frowned, "You're a real piece of work." Taking note of her foe's exposed chest and torso, which had been unveiled when his gi top had been disintegrated in the beam struggle, the deity licked her lips and grinned. "Oh yeah… a real piece of work."

Gohan grunted, "A lot of the guys I've fought over the years might agree with you."

Tail waving behind her, the deity smirked in his direction, "That reminds me. I never actually got your name."

Narrowing his eyes at the goddess, the young warrior considered her words for several seconds before figuring he could perform this one little courtesy. Though it was partly out of some semblance of respect for his opponent, there was another part of him that couldn't deny the request no matter how much of a grudge he held. In spite of having the greatest rage of any of the Z-fighters, the teen was admittedly terrible at having prolonged resentment towards other people. "It's Gohan."

"Gohan, hm?" the vixen exclaimed, the name rolling off of her tongue like an elixir as she shared with him a pleasant smile. "I like that name. I'll be sure to remember it." Rolling her head on her shoulders, she then threw him a challenging look. "Alright then, stud. Let's see what other tricks you have up your sleeve." Streams of electricity running up and down her body, Set then leaned forward and rocketed towards her enemy at a blazing speed.

The demi-Saiyan reciprocated her actions, charging forward with his red aura burning like NOS.

From a distance it looked as though the feuding duo were ready for another head-to-head confrontation. But just as they were closing in on one another, the two super powered combatants suddenly vanished into thin air. While Set disappeared in a puff of black smoke, Gohan's form turned completely gold and disappeared in a flash of light, signaling that both of them had used their respective *Instantaneous Movement* techniques. As a result, almost every single being across the universe, both in the living and Otherworld, completely lost sight of the warriors.

The pair had taken their fight to another dimension.

Their teleportation sent the fighters into the pocket dimension that allowed them to travel across the cosmos wherever they wished. This particular area took the form of a brightly lit, white void surrounded by countless portals and doorways leading down swirling tunnels to other parts of the dimension. As soon as their forms leapt out of their respective entry points, the pair wasted no time in charging at each other and locking horns in the center.

A loud thunderclap rang out when Gohan threw a counter cross over Set's shoulder and slammed it into her face. After which the demi-Saiyan elbowed her in the head, knocked her leg out and kneed her in the back. He then cupped his hands overhead and slammed a hammer blow down on top of her, sending the woman spinning into a portal below. When he cocked a hand back and prepared a blast to fire after her, the goddess suddenly leapt out of a portal to his right and smashed him across the face with her fist.

The teen returned fire with a swift kick to her side, only for the vixen to check it and punch him in
the face. She then kicked him across the cheek and sent him spinning away, but Gohan managed to stop and charge back at her, throwing a hook that she blocked and countered with a powerful roundhouse. When the Saiyan parried it, he instantly slipped to avoid the spinning back-kick that followed and chucked a kick of his own, landing it against her cranium. When Set spun around and thrust her palm into his face, she fired a blast at him, only for the hybrid to dodge it and tackle her in the stomach, sending the pair plummeting down another portal.

XXX

(King Yemma's Palace)

The enormous check-in station serving as the registration zone for all those passing through into the afterlife was currently on break as the staff had called in for an early recess. Reason being was the same reason the rest of the universe was on stand-by; the battle between the Z-fighters and the God of Storms, or more appropriately the beat down between Gohan and Set.

At that very moment, every individual ogre currently employed at the station had assembled in King Yemma's office to watch the enormous television he had set up beside his desk. It was here through the excellent reception given to them by their generous service provider, they were able to witness the universal clash between the two God-level warriors. Despite the spiritual bodies struggling to get a good view of the pair due to the ludicrous speed they were traveling at, the crew was still able to acquire some excellent snap shots of some of the battle's key moments. From the moon being used as a battering ram, to the goddess being dragged across the sun's surface, and to the epic tug-of-war match between them, the pair's little skirmish had set the bar high for sheer galaxy busting awesomeness.

Heck, their duel was so monumental that King Yemma was actually taking the time to record the event for posterity. He and his staff had were having a blast watching the whole thing live, and with Baba floating on her crystal ball atop the main desk, the whole conflict was in the running to be one hell of an after party as well.

That was until the pair suddenly vanished using instantaneous movement, taking their battle to a dimension that they couldn't track.

Blinking as the screen drew up nothing but an empty starry sky, Yemma raised an eyebrow and attempted to flip to another channel. Coming up with nothing but a few more shots of lifeless space, the head ogre with the red skin and purple suit growled and slammed a fist into his table. "This is unacceptable! Where the heck did those two go?"

Baba, rolling her eyes, looked back at the man tiredly, "Give them a moment, you old goof. I'm sure they'll pop up eventually."

Murmuring uneasily while a couple of his crew moved over to the television to see if there was something wrong with the reception, the hulking administration officer propped his elbow on his work space and rested his cheek in his palm. "Damn this old satellite television system. Why couldn't they just have the fight in an arena where we can all see it, rather than across the whole damn quadrant? Hell, they could just have their fight right here if it means I get to watch them duke it out."

The short witch floating atop her crystal ball opened her mouth to say something against that, only to be effectively silenced when the skylight to the check-in station imploded and two figures suddenly dropped down from the ceiling. Crashing into the main floor of the building, causing it to shake violently, the two figures then rolled out of the cloud of dust and across the floor, stunning the administration workers.
Leaping to her feet, a bloody-faced Set growled in a very dog-like manner when she saw Gohan do the same on his side of the office. Upon seeing him get to his feet, the woman charged in his direction with the intent to deck him through the wall, only for the glowing red teen to catch her arm and, kicking her feet out from under her, chucked the goddess across the room at full speed. The woman ended up plowing straight through the leg of Yemma's desk, snapping it and toppling the whole table over while she crushed into the far corner of the room. The poor boss ogre yelped in shock and fell off his chair from the violent tremor caused by the deity's crash.

The contents of the large desk scattering across the office, Gohan rushed forward to engage his opponent a second time, only to see her jump out of the hole she'd made in the floorboards and fly straight at him. The half-Saiyan skidded to a stop and head slipped a straight, only to have a left hook slam across his face followed by a push kick that sent him tumbling to the ground.

Stopping on one knee, the teen glared up to see Set sprinting at him again. But just as she was closing in on the bruised teenager, Gohan suddenly grabbed the massive phone from Yemma's desk lying next to him and, with a wide swing, slammed it into the vixen and sent her into the wall. When she hit the barrier, he ran after her with the busted handset and, treating it like a melee weapon, proceeded to slam it into her repeatedly with a comical 'ding' sound echoing out following every hit.

"It's for you!" Gohan shouted, slamming it across the woman one last time and shattering the striking half of the phone.

Immediately after that last blow, the teen readied himself for another. But just as he was aiming to ram it over the fox's head, Set sprang from the ground with a hearty scream of, "Fuck you," and tackled him in the gut, sending them both hurtling across the room and through the wall. After disappearing outside, the entire section of the office they'd barreled through collapsed, leaving a towering pile of plaster and wood lying where a sturdy barrier used to be.

While the staff was completely stunned by what'd happened, a slightly shaken and befuddled Yemma sat up from the floor and looked around in shock. Upon seeing the destruction brought about to his chamber, the man gawked in confusion, "Uh… what just happened?"

Baba, having also been knocked about from the unexpected scuffle, straightened up on top of her crystal ball and looked back at the boss with a scowl, "That would be the God of Storms and her opponent making a quick pit-stop at your palace, sir."

She couldn't have been more right on the mark. Either way, Yemma got his wish of having the fight take place in his office.

Too bad for him it was nothing like he'd expected.

XXX

After their brief skirmish through the pocket dimension that served as the crossroads of their teleportation abilities, which led the pair through countless portals and tunnels, the two of them ended up taking an unexpected detour to Otherworld. Of all the places they could've ended up jumping to, it was King Yemma's palace that was the first to receive them. Completely ignoring the fact that they just trashed his office, the duo then wasted no time in taking their fight outside and across the golden clouds making up one of the many natural barriers of the netherworlds, where they proceeded to mercilessly kick each other across the fields at high speed.

More explosions and sonic booms reverberated throughout the infinite skies. Leaving a trail of destruction, mayhem and atmospheric disturbances in their wake, the red and blue figures streaked
over the highway known as Snake Way to an open part of the cloud layer. Viciously trading blows, Set then received a solid uppercut to the face, prompting her to power up and leg it, gaining altitude. Gohan went screaming after her retreating form, but just when he was beginning to gain some ground on her, he suddenly saw the woman turn, cup her hands in front of her and, with a quick charge, unleashed a flaming ball of energy in his direction.

Dodging it, the teen watched the sphere streak off into the horizon, where it struck the cloud bank in the distance and caused a colossal, dome-shaped explosion. The shockwaves caused by the red blast were extensive, violently shaking King Yemma's palace in the distance and also distorting Snake Way, thrashing it about like a whip while the yellow ocean of gases and the very foundations of Otherworld were rocked to its very core.

Gritting his teeth at the gargantuan attack, Gohan spun back around to see Set charge at him with a yell. She chucked a fist his way, only for the demi-Saiyan to dodge her and slam a fist across her face. After a quick exchange of blows, the pair then rocketed up into the sky, streaking away from the administration zone of heaven toward a far more exclusive area of space. Not really caring where they were going or what they were running into, the two super powered warriors continued exchanging hits, with Gohan grabbing Set by the hair and beating her face in. While they ascended and the demi-Saiyan buried his knuckles into her mug, the deity's tail suddenly came around and wrapped around his neck, strangling the teen and allowing Set to land punches on him at her leisure.

Managing to catch her fists in mid-swing following several vicious hits, Gohan then kicked her in the stomach, sending her soaring.

Without even realizing it, the pair suddenly ascended into Grand Kai's airspace. The planet, complete with lake, rolling hillsides and palace, came into view from over the horizon of a gaseous giant; a beacon for any and all spirits trying to make their way in the afterlife. Their blows echoing across the sky as they plummeted from it, the pair's exchange became sloppy on the final descent before Gohan caught Set around the waist and slammed her into the ground. The duo landed hard in the middle of one of the planet's sweeping fields with an earsplitting crash, sending dust and debris hurtling into the air.

By some absurdly hilarious chance, the two supercharged warriors had managed to crash right in the middle of the crowd of fighters who'd gathered out on the plains to watch the battle via the Kais' telepathy.

The assortment of dead martial artists from all four corners of the galaxy gathered around the crater. They and the Kais, who'd speedily sprinted over to that area of the field, looked down to see Set straddling Gohan and, in full hoodlum style, was mercilessly pounding the crap out of him.

Loud cracks rang out as the fox woman drove blows into the stunned boy's face over and over again, stopping for a moment to catch her breath before going right back into it with a yell of rage.

While everyone in the area from North to South looked on in shock, with Goku speedily pushing his way to the front to see what was happening, the crowd then saw Gohan come to life and, grabbing the woman's fist, sat up quickly and head butted her. With the deity knocked senseless, the half-Saiyan then used that opportunity to reverse their positions, grabbing her by the arms and slamming her into the floor. The goddess managed to roll them a couple of times until she was on top again, locking his arm up before beginning to throw shots into his body, repeatedly and painfully.

Yelping out with every hit, Gohan attempted to fight his way out, but found he was unable to with her knee digging into his chest. "Damn it! Shit!"
The Grand Kai, a white haired man wearing leather and bearing a striking resemblance to a member from the Rolling Stones, gritted his teeth anxiously as he moved forward, "This is bad."

Goku, who was also watching nervously from the sidelines, then stepped to the edge of the hole and shouted into the center of the two-hundred yard wide crater. "Son! Remember that mud-wrestling show we watched together that one time?!" His shout inadvertently drew several odd looks from the nearby fighters, including his fellow sparring partner and rival Pikkon.

Hearing his dad above the string of blows knocking against his ribs, the teen shouted back, "Yeah! Why?"

"Do you remember what that woman did to the other woman when she was on top of her?!"

Thinking back several years as Set continued burying blows into his liver, Gohan was then struck with a sudden wave of inspiration. "Oh?" Acting on the memories of that amateur event, the teen swiftly wrapped his legs around the vixen's waist and yanked her down, pressing her close to him and preventing her from getting a proper angle to throw any hits.

With Set trapped against his chest, the teen twisted in and buried an elbow into her neck, before then slamming a hook across her face. Rolling them over, the demi-Saiyan quickly got behind the goddess, took her left arm, and stuck her in a lock that had him lying on her back.

From where the dead fighters of Grand Kai's planet could see from their places surrounding the crater, the position the pair had assumed appeared very… indecent. If this weren't a battle to decide the ultimate fate of the universe, at least one of them would've pointed it out.

The grunting and groaning wasn't helping the sight either.

Both growling angrily as they wrestled for dominance, with Gohan beginning to bend his opponent backwards in a very uncomfortable manner, Set's eyes suddenly widened before firing two golden beams from her irises. The attack veered upwards and, performing a perfect aerial loop, honed in and slammed into her adversary's spine. The beams ground into the demi-Saiyan's shoulder blades, drawing a cry of agony from the young warrior and prompting him to release her. This enabled the Dio-jin to slide out from under him and kick him in the stomach, sending him blasting across the fields.

When the teen struck the ground a second later, Gohan slowed his tumble and landed back onto his feet, sliding to a stop and digging two trenches into the ground at the same time.

Looking up with a frown, the demi-Saiyan powered up. His red aura sprang around him before he rocketed towards his opponent like a comet. Set, her own aura bursting up, yelled out as well and rushed in, the pair meeting in the center of the field and colliding with one another elbow first. Their impact sent a blast of wind washing over the planet, a shockwave that nearly knocked every single person in the area off their feet. As soon as they made contact, the pair began hammering each other mercilessly with attacks, shockwaves ringing out as every single punch, elbow, kick and knee was effectively blocked or deflected.

They continued assaulting one another in a blur, until an annoyed Set cocked her fist back and thrust it at her foe. Gohan blocked it with a side guard and, as soon as he pushed it away, went straight back to unleashing a storm of punches upon his adversary. The entire planet literally shook to the core under their light speed blows, an anomaly that knocked several fighters off balance and caused many others to stumble.

After a full minute of assaulting one another and not getting anywhere, Gohan quickly ended the
skirmish with a quick head slip, avoiding a hook and countering with a right cross. His blow connected with a deafening 'crack', which he quickly followed up with a left hook, a right hook, and then a hard kick to the stunned vixen's abdominals. His last blow's impact was marked by a shockwave that split the ground and sent Set blasting to the other side of the world to crash into the enormous lake. Everyone in the area was able to see the geyser like splash the woman created.

Gohan on the other hand, as soon as he'd sent his opponent packing, held both his hands forward and unleashed a volley of powerful blue energy blasts from his hands. The attacks streaked through the air and bombed the lake Set had landed in, causing several explosions that evaporated a lot of the water and took a sizable chunk out of the planet. When the attack died down several seconds later, the entire atmosphere behind the assault had become choked up with smog and debris.

But just when it seemed the demi-Saiyan had taken his opponent out, the wall of smoke was then violently blown away when a thicker, blacker column suddenly shot up from the ocean and sliced the veil away. The shadowy mass of dark energy twisted and swirled through the air like a vortex, before stretching high into the atmosphere and spreading out like a phantom. The warriors watching from the sidelines gawked in horror as the necromancer like column of black cloud writhed in the air before them, whereas Gohan simply looked on with his battle-hardened expression in full view.

When the collection of gas reached a height greater than the tallest mountains back on earth, in the very center of the formation at its base, the source of the anomaly Set stepped forward and glared in her opponent's direction. The black aura literally gushing out of every patch of fur on her body, the red-eyed deity snarled angrily before bellowing across at her target. "This battle ends now!"
Pulling her hand back, she then threw it forward and launched a wave of black smoke in the demi-Saiyan's direction.

Responding quickly, Gohan powered up and took off into the sky, avoiding the tendril that slammed into the ground and punched a much larger crater into it. When he ascended, the black arms of smoke from his opponent's avatar followed him, but he managed to counter them with a quick volley of blasts, dispelling them and allowing him to boost higher into the atmosphere. After arcing across the skies and reaching the planet's mesosphere, the boy then reversed directions and dove for his opponent at full speed.

Growling at her miss, the frustrated Set then thrust her hands out one after the other, firing two more blasts of smoke that shot towards her foe like spears.

With a quick knife hand and a superman punch, Gohan swatted away the first blast and plowed right into the next one, breaking it up while swiftly advancing on his foe. However, after smashing through the first blast, he was then met with a multitude of attacks as the goddess sent more and more tendrils up at him. The black clouds shot up like spikes one after the other, threatening to impale the demi-Saiyan if he slipped up for even a second.

Set had to bite down hard and use every bit of concentration she had to try and shoot her damn target out of the sky. One after the other her hands thrust upwards, until she got fed up and threw both of them forward and fired several blasts of smoke at the same time. Unfortunately, her efforts proved useless as one after another, she watched Gohan slip around her attacks and dispatch each of them in turn, chopping, kicking and hammer fisting his way through the assault. Even a salvo of a dozen smoke blasts failed to do the trick as the teen cut through them like butter.

With a mighty bellow, she brought her hands down, thrust them upwards, and unleashed a powerful blast of dark clouds from her palms towards her enemy. The column was large enough to swallow the boy whole. But just like with all her attacks, Gohan countered it in spectacular fashion.
Forming a golden sphere in his left hand, he slammed it into the approaching wave and burrowed his way through it, screaming all the way down before delivering a solid punch to Set's face. His impact with the woman was marked by a sonic boom as he not only knocked the woman back and dispelled the mass of smoke surrounding her; he buried her straight into the floor.

But he didn't stop there.

The instant the goddess hit the ground, a colossal earth-shaking explosion rocked the entire world as Gohan pushed Set straight through the planet. A geyser of rubble and dust shot into the air on both sides of the celestial body, with a whole sixth of the Kai's home being blown out when the two overpowered warriors shot out of the sphere's mantel and began plummeting towards the lower levels of Otherworld.

All of the dead warriors and guardians of the four quadrants could only gape in shock at what had happened. Even Goku was standing there slack-jawed at the amount of power they were producing.

Still holding Set by the face, Gohan yelled out as they descended towards the yellow clouds at high speed. But just before they could reach them and punch straight through to HFIL, an infuriated Set bellowed in rage and powered up. Her blue aura engulfed her before she shot skywards, dragging the demi-Saiyan with her. Their red and blue auras clashed while they spiraled into the air, shooting past the planet that they'd been fighting on and soaring higher and higher into the heavenly plains that governed the order of their universe.

Blowing past moons and stars that didn't exist in the living world, Gohan and Set battled on for some time. Sticking close and circling each other, the pair exchanged punch after kick at high speed, most of them landing but just as many being deflected. Eventually, after several minutes of brawling through the otherworldly cosmos, the pair suddenly came across a distant, spherical world surrounded by moons; far out of the reach of the other Kais. It was here the pair spun in, burning up as they picked up speed before eventually colliding with the field covered planet. Their impact shook the entire world and knocked it slightly out of its orbit.

As it turns out, by some stroke of otherworldly luck, the pair had crash-landed in a field alongside two unassuming spectators. Both dressed in similar posh Kai outfits of blue and red respectively, one of them was a short, purple-skinned young man with a white Mohawk, while the other was a large man with reddish-pink skin with a head of long white hair. Having been out on a pleasant stroll of the hills earlier that morning, the pair had soon become glaringly aware of an outstanding conflict taking place in the universe and quickly linked up with the feed via crystal ball to see what was going on. But just as they were beginning to close in on the source of the untold levels of destruction racking the quadrant, the pair was suddenly interrupted by a pair of figures unexpectedly making landfall on their home turf.

The purple-skinned man with the pointy ears and sharp eyes, blinked in astonishment as he and his assistant stared across at the crater that had formed on the face of their sacred planet. "What in the world…?"

"Where did they come from?" Kibito also asked in bewilderment.

Hilariously enough, the two figures that'd dropped by just happened to be the same ones that were causing all the trouble down below.

Flying out of the hole and bouncing across the grass, Set leapt to her feet and glared at the ditch spewing smoke into the air. But just as she was about to fire a blast his way, a familiar ki signature caught her attention and her eyes snapped to her right. When her eyes landed on the two figures
standing several yards away, most notably the shortest one, her surprised gaze gave way to full-blown rage.

"YOU!" the dog woman barked, spinning in the deity's direction and marching towards him. "EAST KAI!"

The figure with the Mohawk gasped and backed away fearfully, "S-Set? Is that you?"

"Yeah! It's me!" the fox deity shouted as her black aura sprang off of her shoulders like wildfire. "That was a real funny joke, you know; helping the other Gods lock me up inside of a fucking pyramid in the middle of nowhere." She then clenched her fists and loaded one at her side. "It was a cold and very, very lonely place. Here… let me give you a taste of what it was like." Aura blasting around her, the goddess launched herself from the ground and lunged right at the terrified Supreme Kai.

But just as she was just inches from landing a punch on him, Set was unexpectedly blindsided by Gohan body-checking her from the side and sending her barreling across the planet, crashing through several plateaus and mountains along the way.

Completely ignoring the stunned and terrified looks of the two aliens standing nearby, the beaten and bruised Gohan powered up and gave chase to his opponent, disappearing in a flash of red. This left both a baffled Supreme Kai and Kibito standing slack-jawed in the middle of the field, staring over the horizon with similarly pale expressions in play. It was while they were looking so close to fainting that all hell finally broke loose.

In a matter of seconds, explosions began engulfing the entire planet as massive chunks of the countryside were blown away in turn. Some areas ended up incinerated in enormous balls of fire, others simply had massive craters punched into them, and a handful more were blasted into a hail of rubble and debris. Either way, it wasn't long before the entire sphere became covered in battle scars and holes, with the Sacred World of the Kais taking on the appearance of a block of Swiss cheese.

Shockwaves and sonic booms reverberating across the skies in the form of trails of red and blue bursts, Gohan and Set continued landing crushing blows on their opposites. It soon reached the point where the pair had received so much damage that they were now battling at only a fraction of the effectiveness they had been at the beginning of their battle.

After receiving a hook across his face that sent him plummeting to the surface of the planet from the upper mesosphere, Gohan quickly tucked up and threw himself into a spin. Just when he was about a hundred meters above the ground, he opened up, slowed his descent, and cupped his hands beside him.

"Ka-me-ha-me …" the Super Saiyan chanted, teeth clenching as he then thrust his hands forward.

But just before he could fire his blast, Set suddenly teleported out of his line of sight and reappeared directly in front of him, grabbing his wrists with both hands and redirecting them skywards.

The goddess laughed at his stunned expression, "Ha! Too slow-"

Gohan smirked, "HAAAA!" He then threw his feet up and, in place of his hands, jabbed them forward and fired a powerful blue beams from his soles. The blast engulfed the woman's torso with concussive force, not only knocking the wind out of her, but also wrapping around her and continuing on. The attack struck a distant mountain and plowed an enormous hole into the planet's
surface.

Releasing her opponent from her grip the instant the surprise attack hit her from below, the dazed and burnt Set gawked in shock before glaring in the direction of her retreating opponent. Veins pulsing on her forehead, the woman hit the after burners and blasted after him. "PRICK!" She then elbowed the boy in the face and sent him bouncing to the other side of the planet.

Flying over craters and destroyed mountains, Gohan's form ended up spinning towards what appeared to be a spire of rock standing in the middle of a lake with a patch of grass on top of it. When his body crashed into the lake and slammed into the base of the tower, the column of earth and stone rocked violently to one side before collapsing into the pond. As soon as it fell into the water, sending a cloud of dust and perspiration into the sky, Set wasted no time in advancing upon her quarry.

Lying dazed in the rubble, the badly battered Gohan glared up to see his opponent appear directly overhead. Hands clapping together, the goddess parted them quickly, producing a chain of gold lightning between her palms. "I've had enough of these stupid games! Sword of Osiris!" In a flash of light, a large, impressive sword of Middle Eastern design with a curved edge appeared from the current, which she promptly caught with one hand and brought overhead. "Dodge this!" She then swung down with a yell.

Eyes widening in alarm, the teen's eyes quickly snapped to the boulders next to him, where he saw a large claymore with a gold handle and a gem at the end of the pommel sitting in the ground. Without thinking twice, the Super Saiyan rolled over and, grabbing it, effortlessly yanked it out of the rock before a blade of energy was launched from Set's weapon. The light speed attack slammed into the ground where he'd been lying and, in the blink of an eye, cut the entire planet in half. The entire world shook violently as the two halves slid in opposite directions, explosions ringing out all across the newly made equator.

Irritated at her miss, Set gave chase to her rival, who she saw was flying backwards with the Z-Sword in his grip. Catching up to the red-haired demi-Saiyan, the goddess swung out at him with swift, wide arcs, the golden blade carving through the air several times before clashing with the heavier one of her opponent's. Sparks flew when Gohan parried her shots, until he dropped to the ground to avoid a decapitating strike. As soon as he'd touched down, he performed a quick back flip, avoiding his opponent when she also dropped down after him and buried a kick into the floor.

Spinning his sword up into a two-handed grip, Gohan quickly sent a wave of ki into the weapon, causing the blade to ignite and turn a hot blue, further protecting it from his opponent's superb edge. Watching the smoking crater carefully, the teen then saw the smoke break and his opponent come charging out of the wall with her sword held back and an enraged look on her face. Rushing towards her in kind, the Super Saiyan clashed with her head to head.

Loud clangs rang out when their swords met, with Set pressing her hand into the back of her blade and pushing forward. Sliding it across her adversary's, she then slashed at him repeatedly, her attacks slamming into his guard over and over, before she swung out wide and sent the boy skidding across the grass with his sword held up. A gust of wind blew between both warriors when they circled one another, the vixen spinning her sword around all-cool style before rushing her opponent once again.

Set attacked her foe viciously, using a single-handed style combined with a series of acrobatic movements that allowed her to avoid her enemy's counter attacks. Gohan on the other hand held his sword in a two-handed grip, utilizing a highly defensive style that allowed him the maneuver around his enemy effectively and counter her hits. His sword slashed out in wide arcs, crashing into
Set's blade and knocking her back under the force of his hits. When she leapt at him with a kick, he ducked it, blocking a swing from her sword at the same time before spinning around and swinging his blade in a diagonal motion. His claymore slammed into the woman's and sent her skidding across the field.

Growling, Set threw a downward swing at her target; her blade crossing with Gohan's when he blocked it. But just before she could follow-through, her opponent suddenly grabbed her wrist and yanked her forward. The demi-Saiyan turned on the spot so that the vixen's sword arm was locked over his shoulder and his back was to her. Using his momentum, he then elbowed her in the chest and face, released her, and then spun at her like a top, swiftly kicking her in the face. His hit landed hard and fast, sending her sliding with a shockwave that split the ground beneath them.

When Set stopped skidding from his impressive counter, the woman quickly shook herself out of her daze and moved in for a retaliatory assault.

Ready and waiting, Gohan parried her running blow and quickly sprinted away, the vixen pursuing him relentlessly across the grassy valley. Sensing her right behind him, the teen ducked and spun around, avoiding Set leaping at him with a spinning strike. When she swung at him with a third, he blocked her blow, before retreating a second time. After several yards, the demi-Saiyan unexpectedly changed directions, dropping to the ground with a low swing at his opponent's legs. Set swiftly maneuvered around it, checking his shin when he suddenly performed a break-dancing kick, spinning his legs through the air like a windmill before leaping back up and slashing out at her with his long blade.

Sparks flew between them as they struck out again and again, their attacks colliding in a series of loud clangs. This exchange continued on until Set performed a quick thrust to the teen's head, cutting his cheek when he slipped it yet forcing him to back off. When he ducked under a blow aimed for the neck, Gohan was suddenly kicked in the face, leaving him wide open for the vixen to swing down with her sword and slice right across his chest.

Blood splattered over the ground when her blade carved into his muscles. Though it was only a flesh wound, it still left a very painful impression.

Shouting in pain, Gohan sprinted away, his opponent charging after his tail across the ruined fields of grass. After running up the side of a towering hill to its peak, the demi-Saiyan spun around to meet his fast-moving foe, swinging at her with a low, upward strike, which she avoided by speedily jumping over him. His missed swing produced a powerful energy slash, which arced outwards, cleaves the tops off of a couple of mountains, and cut a third off a nearby, orbiting moon. When he spun around, he met Set rushing at him from behind with several more swings, which he hurriedly blocked with his sword.

When the goddess pressed her advantage, she forced him back, her curved blade crashing into his again and again until they both swung at each other with a downward and upward swing respectively. This resulted in a collision that produced an ear-splitting shockwave and a clang, the former of which caused the entire countryside to fracture and shift violently. The resulting earthquake literally knocked an observing Kibito and Supreme Kai stumbling to the ground.

Their blades grinding into each other, both chipped and nicked from the prolonged clash, Set pushed forward, pressing her hand into the back of hers while Gohan kept a firm, two-handed grip on his. Both growled as they drew closer, their noses just centimeters away from their steel as the vixen pushed down from above. When the God of Storm's drew close enough that she could literally feel her opponent's breath on her face, a grin formed across her lips as she leered murderously in his direction.
"Not bad," she chuckled. "Your form is absolutely sublime."

Gohan, snarling, smirked right back at her, "You're not too shabby yourself."

With a shout, the demi-Saiyan disengaged, causing the goddess to stumble passed him. When they spun around to meet each other, Gohan cocked his sword back and, with a loud roar, thrust it upwards hard and fast. Set swung downwards in response, only for her opponent's sword to slash right through hers and the tip of his blade to cut across her forehead. The glancing blow caused a spray of blood, leaving a scar just above her eye that stunned the goddess.

Dropping her damaged sword, Set looked up in alarm to see Gohan bring his sword up and swing down at her. Responding instantly, the fox deity dropped to her knee and, slapping her hands together, caught the sword between her palms. As soon as she stopped it, she then twisted to the side violently and threw her opponent across the field, causing him to drop his weapon and roll down the hill like a barrel.

The moment he was sent rolling, the goddess sprang after him, picking up her damaged sword and spinning towards the teen. When Gohan stopped and turned to face his attacker, he immediately had to throw up his arm to block the stab from his foe, which ended up with her broken sword running right through his forearm. Upon impaling his limb, Set spun on the spot and snapped a kick into his stomach, sending him into the sky and straight through a distant mountain.

The edifice exploded in a shower of rubble when Gohan's form blasted through it before it went tumbling to a stop on the other side. A cry of agony left the teen's lips when he landed on his impaled arm. Quickly reaching for the handle, he yanked the broken sword out, before his eyes shot skywards to see Set diving towards him from the clouds.

With a shout, he chucked the busted blade at her, only for her to kick it out of the way and plummet towards him with a second kick.

Gohan leapt out of the way, avoiding the crushing blow that impacted the planet and cracked its surface. As soon as his feet touched the hillside several yards away, the Super Saiyan dashed forward and vanished into super speed. All of a sudden, the frustrated Set found herself surrounded by Gohans, as the warrior was moving around her so fast that he was producing countless after-images that filled the entire region and were now dashing circles around her. This had the vixen's eyes shooting around in alarm, sweat dripping down her head as she tried to figure out which was the real one.

Just before she could locate her shockingly swift adversary, a blow crashing across her cheek from the side sent her stumbling, the after images vanishing and Gohan reappearing half a kilometer away. Skidding to a stop, the demi-Saiyan took aim at his foe and vanished in a crack of wind, another blow slamming into Set's side when the Saiyan rushed past her at invisible speed. Then, after several seconds of silence, the red haired warrior dove towards his foe in a zigzag pattern, getting underneath her, and driving a kick into her chin that lifted her off the floor and into the atmosphere.

Teleporting after her in a golden flash, Gohan's form reappeared above Set and, just before the goddess could regain her senses, drove a kick into her side that sent her plummeting back to the planet. But the teen didn't stop there.

Diving in pursuit of the fox, Gohan caught her in mid-fall and began driving hundreds of punches into her head and stomach. His fists slammed into her over and over again, the sounds of deafening thunderclaps ringing out with every hit as they drew closer to the grassy floor. Then, after an onslaught of hits that left Set dazed and bruised, the demi-Saiyan loaded his fist and, with a roar
that was matched by his red aura bursting around him, drove a right cross into her face that knocked the woman into the planet and out the other side.

The result was an enormous hole being blasted through the Sacred World's two halves, with the exit hole taking a massive chunk out of the celestial body. When the hail of rubble from the resulting cataclysm drifted into orbit, the two audience members on the ground saw Set emerge from behind one of the debris clouds with her glare fixed on the gaping tunnel. It was through the newly made hole in the planet she saw her opponent drift into view on the other side and, with his hands cupped over his forehead, he took aim.

"MASENKO-HAAAAAA!" Gohan bellowed, unleashing a golden blast straight towards his infuriated target. The attack rocketed through the fissure and thundered towards the goddess like a comet.

Seeing the incoming blast, Set smirked and held her hand out to it. "You think I'd fall for such a simple attack?!" She then gathered energy for a decisive counter attack.

But just as she was in the process of forming a fiery orange sphere in front of her palm, her shoulders were suddenly jerked upwards and her back was pulled against a hard surface. Caught completely by surprise, Set looked over her shoulder to see her opponent had caught her in a full nelson and, with a wide smirk framing his face, the teen powered up and blasted forward, taking her with him.

"Hey! What?! How-"

"Eyes front, Set!" Gohan shouted, his red aura blazing around him.

When the goddess looked to see where they were going, she saw the blast that her opponent had fired earlier closing in at an even faster rate. The instant she realized what the hell her enemy was planning, her eyes widened in horror before a terrified scream left her lips. A split second later, both the blast and the vixen collided in midair, the attack exploding above the planet with such force that it pushed the two halves of the ruined world from its original place. The golden, sphere-shaped inferno filled the sky, dwarfing the Sacred World three times over, and even managing to swallow up two nearby moons and disintegrate them.

The Supreme Kai and Kibito had to shield themselves from the shockwaves that crashed into the celestial body, digging their feet into the ground just to stay up. When the gales of wind died down shortly afterwards, the two of them looked back to see what'd happened.

At first astonished by the sight of the fire and smoke filled skies, as well as the completely trashed landscape, the East Kai with the Mohawk then blinked in shock when he saw the air clear. "Th-They're gone."

"Where did they go?" Kibito asked aloud, unable to locate them either.

XXX

(Sometime later)

Back in the land of the living, in the space surrounding planet earth, a flash of golden light and a puff of black smoke appeared just behind the moon. As soon as the small cloud emerged from the vacuum, it quickly spat out two glowing figures that bounced off of the satellite's pole before they went spiraling towards the terrestrial home world of the Z-fighters. Both forms trailing smoke and locked in a heated grappling match, Gohan and Set laid into each other with tired punches while
they broke into the planet's thermosphere and began making a fast approach of its mesosphere.

Fire engulfed the pair shortly afterwards as they entered the earth's atmospheric layers at high speed, piling on the damage little by little while punches continued to fly between them. When Gohan managed to wrap his arms around Set and drive knees into her stomach repeatedly, the goddess threw body shots and punches into his abdominals and face. Loud 'bangs' rang out as the force of their attacks echoed across the planet, the duo soon smashing through the clouds, soaring over forests and cities until they eventually hit the desert. It was here where they both crash-landed into the dunes, bouncing off of it once, then twice, and then landing on separate parts of the plain a full minute later.

When the cloud of sand settled from their simultaneous impacts, the two warriors quickly pulled themselves out of the craters they'd formed and, catching their breaths, fixed their swollen gazes once more upon their adversary.

Huffing furiously with his red hair rising up even more, Gohan grunted one last time before his aura roared into life. Kicking up dust and sand with his actions, the boy shouted across the orange valley, "A little more… just a little bit more… and I'll win!" Getting into a sprinter's start, the young male aimed his body and took off, blasting at full speed towards his foe. "THIS ENDS NOW, SET!"

Looking up in shock, the wounded and battle stricken goddess was unable to react in time when her enemy, traveling dozens of times faster than the speed of light, slammed into her and sent her rocking across the desert. When they were just a few clicks away from the pyramids, Gohan drove her into the dirt and, with speed greater than anything he'd reached before on his own, he began to fly laps around her at blinding speed. The instant he started circling a tornado kicked up, a split second before he began laying punches into her like a glorified machine gun.

A cyclone formed above the two warriors when Gohan laid into his opponent with everything he had, his blows coming in at such a speed that it looked like Set was being attacked from all over by hundreds of opponents. The goddess's body contorted, bent and shook as she was violently rocked by a storm of blows; grunts and cries of pain leaving her lips under the assault. With the amount of damage that was starting to pile up, it was only a matter of time before his opponent eventually caved.

A sand storm blasted across the desert from the tornado that was the demi-Saiyan hammering away at his opponent. Due to the amount of force being exerted, the gales effortlessly reached the Egret Necropolis where the fight all started. In that very area, scattered across the landscape the beaten and battered Z-fighters slowly started to regain consciousness. From their places lodged in the ground, Piccolo, Vegeta, Paprika, Krillin, Android 18, Goten and Trunks looked up and across the desert to see the twister and the cause of it blazing a trail of never-ending laps around his foe.

Whis, who could also see from his shackled position on the terrace, gritted his teeth and leaned forward, counting down the seconds until Set's inevitable defeat. "H-He's going to do it..." This young warrior from earth, whom was just a small blip in the universe amongst countless others like him, was actually going to do the impossible!

He was close! So close!

"Come on! Come on! Come on! COME ON! Just a little more! JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE!" Gohan practically screamed in his head, not caring how much energy he was burning as long as his opponent was beaten at the end of this. His merciless bombardment continued and as he watched Set's face swell up under the beating, he knew he was only a few seconds away from victory.
However, just when it looked like Set would finally succumb to his attacks, the vixen, jaw clenching, reached out with her hand and caught the flying Gohan by the throat. Her firm grip locked around his wind pipe, stopping him dead in his tracks and causing the tornado he'd formed around them to start petering off. Then, as soon as she had him, the goddess snarled.

"BURN!" Set shouted, her red eyes igniting and firing two eye beams right into Gohan's face at pointblank range. The attack slammed into the demi-Saiyan's cheek, cocking his head to the side before the inferno that was the attack started to burn into him like a blowtorch.

The beams engulfed Gohan's head completely and traveled across the desert, flying off the planet's surface as the woman fed all of her energy into her final burst. Determined to fry the young man's brain, the vixen bellowed out as her aura exploded around her and the lasers shooting from her eyes intensified several times over. The glare was blinding and the pain the demi-warrior was subjected to as the tempest of fire tore into his flesh was excruciating.

Much to Set's satisfaction, a scream of agony echoed across the countryside as Gohan felt his skin start to fry and his flesh ripple under the waves of ki gushing out of the God of Storm's piercing gaze. The Z-fighters, who were well within earshot of the battle, could only stare helplessly as the battle-scared teen's face got roasted by the equivalent of ten thousand suns exploding in his face. Piccolo, Krillin and Paprika especially, unable to bear witness to his suffering, attempted to pull themselves out of the craters they'd formed in the earth to help him.

But try as they might, they just couldn't hash it.

As Gohan continued to cry out under the firestorm engulfing him, Set's grin widened as she saw the left side of his mug start to blacken. "Yeah! This is for dragging my face across the sun earlier! Come on, hot stuff! Let's see that skin boil!"

Teeth clenching under the unending hellfire, the demi-Saiyan allowed one last growl to leave him before, with a great deal of effort, his hands reached up and grabbed the vixen's wrist. It was a response that had the goddess balk in shock. "Not… TODAY!" Then, with a mighty push, Gohan jumped up and slammed a knee into the side of Set's head.

The blow drove into her cheek, switching off her eye lasers, releasing Gohan from her hold, and sending the woman stumbling. The world around her blacking out for two full seconds, the goddess hurriedly tried to regain her balance and fix her crosshairs back onto her enemy. When she saw him land several feet away and set himself into a firm stance, the woman cocked her hand back and focused her energy.

"Why you…!" Just as she was taking aim with her blast, a bright blue light suddenly fell over her when the fully powered up forms of Zangya and Videl charged at her and rammed two Kamehamehas into both sides of her head.

"EAT THIS!" the women shouted, a deafening thunderclap ringing out when they drilled the spheres of energy into Set's ears and unleashed their blasts. A sphere shaped fireball swallowed up the God of Storm's head and body, which pulsed and howled loudly for several seconds before detonating with colossal force. The shockwave the attacks produced knocked the two female fighters away, sending them skidding across the desert sands to a grinding stop. When the dust faded from their respective attacks, both looked up to inspect the fruits of their labor.

Grins framed their faces as Zangya and Videl believed they'd finally managed to cripple the bitch that'd nearly killed them. But when the smoke cleared shortly afterwards, they saw the fox woman's silhouette emerge from the veil, and aside from two burns on both of her cheeks, she appeared relatively unharmed.
Her murderous gaze switching between the stunned females, Set suddenly threw her hands out and aimed them at the interlopers. When the girls backed up at the sight of her palms, the goddess began to charge, "That hurt, you stupid pests! Now you're going to pay!" Two golden spheres appeared in front of her palms, both crackling with blue bolts of electricity as a manic look formed on her face. Her irises dilating to match her wild mood, the goddess laughed, "FAREWELL TO THE WORTHLESS!"

Zangya and Videl threw up their guards, eyes widening in horror when the woman prepared to incinerate them.

But just as Set was ready to annihilate the two female warriors, her gaze was suddenly pulled ahead when she sensed an enormous collection of energy gathering. When the vixen's eyes landed on her half-Saiyan opponent, she saw that Gohan had cocked his hand back and, with a large sphere of blue energy floating between his fingers, had taken aim at her.

As if preparing to pitch a baseball, the fiery haired Super Saiyan sneered as his red eyes fixed squarely upon his surprised target. When he saw he had her full and undivided attention, the boy quickly finished gathering all the energy he needed and acted instantly. With golden bolts of lightning shooting off of the incredible mass of ki he'd collected, the teen stepped forward and with his red aura burning brightly around him, thrust his hand forward.

"FLASH MADAN!" A yell of fury echoed from his lips when Gohan unleashed the full power of his signature move upon his target, bathing her in a blinding light. The blue blast left the demi-Saiyan's palm with a howl as an attack equivalent to the one he used in the previous beam struggle rocketed from his hand towards his opponent.

From the way she was positioned there with her arms outstretched, it was like the goddess was begging to be hit.

Stunned, her eyes glazed over in horror, Set threw her hands forward and fired the two attacks she'd created prematurely. When they bounced off of the blast as it thundered towards her, all the goddess could do was throw up her guard before it ran her down like a hyper-powered locomotive. The blast slammed into her with a sonic boom, lifting her off of the desert floor and blasting across the earth's curvature. The deity's scream was drowned out by the deafening roar of the attack.

The attack expanded when Gohan poured every last bit of energy he had left into it, picking up speed and momentum. In a matter of seconds it left the planet, blasted out of the solar system, and streaked across the cosmos for several seconds. Then, after arcing around a series of star systems, it quickly honed in on Centaurus A, where the attack hurtled its victim towards the nearest, brightest star, and rammed Set straight into its side.

The blast burrowed her into the core of the star, where the battered and bruised Set felt the heat of the attack and the sun burn into her flesh, before a scream of agony left lips. "THIS ISN'T OVER, GOHAAAAAN! GAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" Her cry was drowned out by the inferno that enveloped her and, after several seconds of useless writhing, the blast pressing down on top of her and the sun exploded in a glorious blue super nova.

The rings of the star combusting rippled out in all directions, filling that region of space in a blinding light for several seconds. In that time, all of the planets that'd been orbiting the super massive giant were disintegrated or turned to dust, and any satellites orbiting them were also blasted into oblivion. It only took a single explosion to end any potential life existing in that area of space, wiping it completely out of existence and rearranging maps all across the galaxy. Then, as soon as the shockwaves from the blast dwindled, so did the inferno that engulfed the system.
In a matter of moments, space went black again, and any and all traces of Set had seemingly been wiped clean.

Gohan had emerged victorious.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: Woo. That was a great deal of fun. This was one of the most enjoyable arcs I've ever had the pleasure of writing. And this is only the beginning.

If you thought Set was bad, wait till you see what I have lined up next.

Obviously this chapter deserves some acknowledgements. When we're talking about God characters capable of wiping out galaxies, you can expect some Gurren Lagann stuff to come into the equation. For all those who didn't get the reference, that beam struggle was directly inspired from the series. I think it fitted quite beautifully.

Sure, the physics don't make sense, but those are only by earth standards. This is DBZ we're talking about. Reality is just a piece of A4 paper to these guys.

I've always wondered how six righteous Saiyans can make a Super Saiyan God. Kind of a very convenient number, as well as a very forced plot element. But it's a concept that can easily be manipulated. In this story it's just a ritual that creates a temporary God and, as explained by Set, there is more than one way to create a permanent God. The one that Gohan transformed into is indeed a pseudo form so it doesn't last long, but he absorbed enough energy for it to help him finish the fight.

Imagine Peter Griffin vs the Chicken, but on DBZ scale. That's pretty much what happened here, lol.

And before people start jumping out of their skin, yes, Videl was still alive, but only barely. If Yamcha could survive having both his energy sucked out AND have an arm shoved through his chest by Doctor Gero, safe to say Videl could survive a couple of minutes bleeding out.

Still though, it was a pretty close one. There were some miraculous saves in the series and there are definitely a handful in here.
It took a little while for the sun's light to flood back into earth's atmosphere and when it finally did, the damages caused by the battle between Gohan and Set became all too clear. Across the desert and a small portion of the cosmos, landscapes had been wrecked, planets had been blown up, and entire star clusters had been wiped clean from existence. Needless to say, the outcome of this epic conflict could've been a whole lot worse. But thanks to the courage and diligence displayed by the defenders of the terrestrial planet, any and all world ending threats posed by the vengeful goddess had been successfully dealt with.

Across the universe, every guardian and bystander who'd witnessed the fight firsthand was in full celebration. Galaxies swayed and kais applauded. Even the great leaders of worlds billions of light years away bowed their heads in gratitude to the ones who triumphed over the dark overlord.

Even Whis, who felt the energy restraints binding his arms together dissipate, smiled when he offered his silent compliments to the group for their stellar accomplishment.

Unfortunately, the ones who were supposed to be receiving all of this praise weren't exactly in the right shape to be accepting or returning them.

After managing to pull themselves out of the craters they'd formed, the beaten and battered team of Z-fighters all limped their way out onto the wasteland where the final showdown had taken place. Vegeta and Piccolo were the first to show up, covered in bruises, cuts, and both of them looking like they'd seen better days. The pair were then shortly followed by Krillin carrying Android Eighteen in his arms, and Paprika, Goten and Trunks soon after. Each and every member of the group was riddled with a variety of scuffs and open wounds, ranging from Piccolo after the beating he received from Frieza to Recoome after getting deep fried by Vegeta's blast.

On the plus side, all of them still had their teeth.

When the once scattered companions all gathered on the dunes, they found an utterly spent Zangya and Videl kneeling on the sand several feet from one another, and Gohan standing out in the open with his body turned side-on to them, his gaze directed upwards, and his once glowing red hair turned to gold.

After Krillin helped the winded crime fighter to her feet and Piccolo offered a hand to the equally shaken Hera, all eyes then turned to the demi-Saiyan to begin assessing his condition. From the way the teen held his station, covered in cuts and bruises, with his head held high, his hair blowing on the wind, and the endless landscape and sky stretched out behind him, there was no doubt in any of their minds that he certainly looked the part of earth's savior. What with all the insanity and wonton destruction they'd just witnessed only moments ago, he most definitely earned that title.

Sucking in air, Videl grinned and rushed forward, not even caring that her muscles were screaming in protest. "Gohan!"

Responding to the call, the shirtless hybrid glanced in the direction of the familiar voice. Despite
his transformed state, the Super Saiyan's expression still managed to convey a sense of surprise and innocence you could only expect from a Son. When he saw the teenager running over to him with his friends all gathered in the background, a smile reappeared on the warrior's face.

"Videl." Almost three seconds after he uttered her name, Gohan heard the tomboy giggle before she threw herself at him. The blonde caught her effortlessly, wrapping the girl up in a hug that she gleefully returned. Due to the noticeable height difference between them, the Ascended Saiyan was able to keep her from touching the ground as he spun her on the spot, laughing joyously all the while.

That was pretty much the cue for Goten and the others to move in, with the former dashing bounding over the sands to meet his brother. The rest of the group chose to close the distance at their own pace.

When the elated Gohan eventually lowered Videl back to the ground, the teenagers took a moment to smile at one another until they were joined by the youngest member of their team. Looking down, they saw the child skid to a stop and beam at them through the cloud of dust with his usual, cheerful disposition.

The spiky haired hero smiled, "Hey there, squirt. What's shakin'?

After inspecting his brother for a moment, Goten's expression then faltered when he saw the current form his older sibling had assumed and tilted his head in awe. "Whoa. Gohan… what happened to your eyebrows?"

Blinking at the unusual question, Gohan chuckled and reached up to pat his forehead area. "Heh. I'm not quite sure. They just disappeared on me after I transformed." He then glanced nervously at his best friend while the rest of their group stopped around him. "What do you think? Does it look bad?"

The raven haired crime fighter shrugged, "Not really. I think it looks alright." She then reached up and prodded the ridgeline above his eyes. "You do look pretty scary though. I bet this'll do wonders for your opponent's confidence in your next planet busting fight."

This comment earned a sheepish grin from the warrior, "If you say so. Personally I prefer my appearance in Super Saiyan 2. It looks so much cooler in the mirror."

"Agreed," Videl answered fondly.

With smiles being worn all around, this presented the perfect opportunity for one particular member of their group to interject. Folding her arms over her chest and grinning widely, Zangya nodded towards the young man who'd saved their planet for the third time and spoke to him in casual inquisition, "I take it you finally managed to ascend to the third level then?" His enormous energy level was a dead giveaway.

There was so much of it sitting in one spot that she was positive even the people in Otherworld could now sense him.

"Yep." Gohan grinned back. During which time, Videl discreetly and rather shamelessly checked out his bare torso, whereas Goten decided to brush his brother's incredibly long hair to see what it was like.

"Neat. How does it feel?" the Hera asked.

The ethereal fighter held up his right hand and clenched it into a fist. "Pretty awesome actually. My
body's got so much power coursing through it, I feel like I can split this entire planet in half with a single tap if I'm not too careful." It was this little announcement that had Krillin take a cautionary step back, which earned a quick backpedal from the powered-up teen. "But don't worry. I'm sure I can control it."

The short fighter stationed nearby grinned nervously, "If I were you, I'd watch your step, big guy. I mean, your Super Saiyan 2 is one thing, but this form..." He whistled and shook his head in amazement, "I'm surprised your muscles haven't ripped themselves to shreds from all of that energy blasting through your veins."

"Yeah. Me too," Gohan replied in his usual, carefree manner. Despite his response, he didn't seem too bothered by any of this at all.

Following up on their remarks, the senior fighter from earth and the young warrior's teacher crossed his arms and smirked in the Saiyan's direction. "I take it you'll be spending the next few months learning how to control it?"

The hybrid nodded to the Namekian. "Uh-huh. Since this has kicked the energy in my cells into a hundred percent overdrive, it's going to take a while longer than what it took to control my second form. Though I'm sure I'll get it down with practice, I'm still going to need a little bit of help." The demi-Saiyan then gestured to the Namekian. "What do you say, Piccolo? Are you up for the challenge?"

The former guardian smiled, "Sure. Why not?"

The spiky haired fighter then turned his gaze to Zangya, who'd also taken a step around to look the transformed warrior over more closely. "How about you?"

An affirmative nod was her immediate response, "Whenever you're ready, blondie."

His mood improving significantly, the half-breed fighter quickly turned his attention to the rest of the troop. After his gaze skimmed over the beaming Krillin and Android 18, as well as the cool looking Paprika, his eyes then focused on Vegeta, who he could see was glaring back at him with his arms crossed. Taking note of the man's battered form and serious contours, the demi-warrior shared a pleasant smile with him too before speaking. "What's up, Vegeta?"

The flame-haired man narrowed his eyes and looked away. "Good job, brat. You did your race proud today... both of them."

Noticeably surprised at the man's compliment, Gohan swallowed and beamed, "Thanks, man."

Shaking her head at her fellow warrior's gruff praising of the teen's success, Zangya then turned to her training partner with a half-grin. All the while, Goten and Trunks continued to walk circles around the older sibling, poking at his hair and staring up at his chiseled face. "He's just mad because you got to the third level before he did."

This only brought a chuckle from the young fighter, "That's what I figured." His little back-and-forth with the orange haired woman earned a grunt from the Saiyan Prince and prompted the full-blooded alien to turn his back on them. That being the usual response he'd expect, Gohan then focused his attention on Videl, whom he saw avert her gaze rather swiftly and sway on the spot in a very timid manner. "In any case, I'm just glad everyone's alright."

"Yeah. This whole thing was beyond intense..." Krillin sighed, placing his hands on his hips while glancing across at his wife, whom was standing directly beside him, "I sure hope we don't have to
go through something like that ever again. Though with our luck, I highly doubt this will be the last time we run into somebody like her."

"All the more reason to keep at it and continue our training," Piccolo spoke, arms crossed while his gaze moved to stare off over the horizon. "We're going to need to be ready to face whatever comes at us next, whether it's alien, demon or an angry God."

It was a fair prediction. The first four opponents they'd fought earlier today had been a tough group to deal with. Not only were they able to beat Gohan effortlessly while working in tandem, but they also gave the rest of their squad quite a thrashing across the desert. And that wasn't even counting their battle against Set. On her own, the red haired fox deity was able to pick each of them apart one by one, and even with Gohan's newly acquired transformation to Super Saiyan 3, judging from his ridiculously high output, the Namekian doubted the boy would've been able to beat her.

The form he'd assumed before, where his hair and aura had turned red, was different from the one he had now. Piccolo knew this much because he'd seen it. He'd felt it in his gut. That meant that some other exterior force had unexpectedly come into the equation that allowed his student to trade blows with and defeat the goddess single-handedly.

This was something he believed would become more known to them over time. But for now, the Namekian was just content with knowing that the world had been saved from yet another apocalyptic threat.

After sharing looks with his teachers and friends, Gohan then turned his attention to the two rascals pacing around him and prodding at his legs. When he saw the children move away and stare up at him, he then heard them speak.

"You look so cool, big brother," Goten exclaimed, his eyes shimmering with wonder.

"And you're wickedly strong too," Trunks added immediately afterwards. "I think you're, like, the strongest person in the universe now. Did it hurt when your hair grew out?"

All the older Saiyan could do was shrug and grin, "A little bit. It was mostly my muscles that hurt. It I could compare the sensation to something else, it felt like… pouring kerosene over my body and setting it on fire." Although, his eyebrows being retracted into his skin did sting like a bitch for the excruciating five seconds it took for it to happen.

It was this subject that inevitably drew a puzzled look from Bulma's son. "Why did your hair grow so much? Did you push it out using your mind?" the lavender haired tike asked while tilting his head at the person he also viewed as an older sibling.

Gohan reached up and ran a hand through his golden, spiky locks. "I think it has something to do with every single cell in my body accelerating from all the energy I was putting out. The nerve points in the head couldn't take the strain so it funneled the excess ki through the hair follicles, which caused it to grow out and change. If not, then it's probably something similar to a temporary metamorphosis, where the Saiyan's strength increases by altering the structure of the body."

"Ah… I see," Trunks murmured, scratching his neck thoughtfully. "Kind of weird though."

"Yeah. I think so too," Gohan chirped, reaching over to ruffle his little brother's head. The moment he relinquished his hand from Goten's cranium and smiled at him, his aura suddenly flared up and dissipated in the blink of an eye, leaving the older teen standing there in his base form. Noticing his sudden drop in power, the young warrior looked down at his hands while his friends blinked in surprise. "Oh… that's it I guess…"
Noticing the sudden shift in ki patterns, as well as how low Gohan's energy levels had dropped, Piccolo narrowed his eyes, "It seems that this new Super Saiyan 3 of yours has a very fickle time limit." That's what he was able to gauge after getting a bead on the kid's life force.

"Sure looks that way. Oh well," the demi-Saiyan shrugged. "It's not like I'm expecting to stay like this for hours on end the first time around."

Though this did earn a round of looks from the others and a momentary glance from Vegeta, the silence was once again broken by Videl stepping towards her best friend of many years. With one hand behind her back and the other tucking a couple locks of hair behind her ear, the teenager stealthily slid up alongside Gohan and nudged him in the side. Easily drawing his gaze, the girl then looked at him with a playful smile.

"So… Zangya told me all about what happened after I got shot in the chest," the raven haired girl said in a rather sly tone as she stepped around to stand in front of the hybrid. Taking a moment to admire his bare chest, the tomboy then tilted her head, "She said that you went bat-shit crazy when you thought I'd been killed and you started kicking Set's tail across the entire galaxy."

Taking a slight step back and laughing nervously, Gohan cleared his throat when he noticed Videl slowly closing the gap between them. "Yeah. Well… several galaxies actually. The whole thing's still a bit of a blur to me." She soon got so close to him that there was only an inch of space left between them. This caused the Saiyan teenager to lean back ever so slightly and chuckle some more, especially when his friend batted her eyes at him. "Let's just say things got a little crazy for a moment. Sorry if I scared you or anything…"

Videl grinned, "I wasn't scared. In fact… I thought that what you did for me was rather sweet." She then took another step closer, her hands held firmly behind her back. "Even though you did end up trashing an enormous part of the universe, I'm honestly glad you reacted the way you did."

The young Saiyan arched an eyebrow, "Really?"

"Uh-huh. Your little flare-up told me a lot of things that you weren't able to say to me before," the tomboy replied, a shade of red appearing on her cheeks as she took a moment to contemplate what she was going to do. However, all remaining issues of self-confidence quickly vanished when she saw the innocent and inquisitive stare the young warrior gave her, which allowed her to dispense all doubts and prompted her to take that final step. "And this is what I have to say to one of those things." Without warning or hesitation, she then floated up from the ground and pressed her lips against his in a single, fluid movement.

While the Z-fighters had admittedly seen a lot of crazy shit over the years, the moment Videl leant up to kiss Gohan had to classify as one of the most surprising events the group had ever witnessed. At first all of the martial artists were a little bit slack-jawed at the display, as was the demi-Saiyan receiving the gesture of affection, resulting in a deer-caught-in-the-headlights look followed by his face lighting up like a bulb. But when the moment eventually sunk in, all the members of the troop quickly relaxed and began viewing the situation with their usual demeanors.

Krillin grinned devilishly while Android 18 folded her arms and smiled. Goten and Trunks looked upon the display in complete surprise, with the latter making a gagging face and the former tilting his head curiously. Paprika meanwhile, stared at the duo in amusement, Vegeta looked away with a grunt, and Piccolo, who didn't care much for human expressions of fondness, remained neutral in his position.

Zangya on the other hand, was a mixed bag of feedback.
Though at first bewildered by Videl's boldness in making her move on the demi-Saiyan, the Hera then froze up and crossed her arms over her chest. Her facade taking on a discomforted and pained one, the orange haired girl then glanced away in disappointment, every so often looking back at the pair nervously. Her stomach doing tumble turns inside her ribcage, there was nothing Zangya could do to stop her own cheeks from reddening as her hold around her waist tightened.

Though a part of her wanted to tease them, another part of the Hera was reacting in a completely different way… and it was really starting to bother her.

In the opening seconds, Gohan didn't know how to respond. All he did was stand there and let the whole situation run its course. When he eventually felt the girl's lips leave his and saw her float back down to the ground, all he could do was move his mouth a little, but no words came out.

Unable to contain herself, Videl giggled at the teen's expression and smiled warmly at him, "That's for the first thing." Upon seeing the fighter's mouth close, the raven haired crime fighter beamed brightly. "Is there anything else you want to add to that, Gohan?" Fortunately she didn't have to wait long for an answer.

The instant she stopped talking, the demi-Saiyan wrapped an arm around her, dipped down and kissed her back. Initially balking in surprise, Videl was quick to reciprocate his actions and wrapped her arms around his neck.

The collective response wasn't as pronounced this time. Everyone standing in the area remained as they were, with Goten and Trunks sprouting grins and sucking in their breath for a jeer. But just before they could start singing something as embarrassing as the sitting-in-the-tree verse, Eighteen suddenly came up behind them and slapped her hands over their mouths, preventing them from uttering a word. Apparently she was one of those people who didn't want to ruin a moment, and simply watched on silently like the others did.

Zangya though, recoiling at Gohan's celerity and confidence, frowned a little and turned away, with feelings of awkwardness and envy flooding through her.

When the two broke away sometime later, the Hera looked across at them and bit her lip. "Am I also…?" Her fists clenching tightly, she then shook her head and took a deep breath to steady her tumultuous heartbeat.

Looking at one another intently, the Satan City duo used that opportunity to recover from their little performance before sharing a smile with one another. Those grins were expressions that reflected their most sincere feelings, as well as their satisfaction at finally being able to cross that tacit line.

"Videl?" the demi-Saiyan spoke.

"Yeah, Gohan?"

"Would you like to go on a date sometime?" he asked without a single tremor.

The question filled the raven haired girl's heart with an overwhelming sense of warmth and joy, when then had her nod her head enthusiastically and grin widely. "I'd love to."

"That's… great…" Gohan trailed off, his eyes suddenly becoming half-lidded.

Without warning, the boy swayed on the spot before suddenly keeling over and falling flat onto his back, his impact knocking dust into the air. Seeing the teen collapse had the people standing around him react in alarm and prompted those who were closest to him to rush forward.
Zangya, blinking in bewilderment, stared down at the demi-Saiyan's sprawled out form. "I think you killed him."

"That would be a first," Paprika exclaimed, massaging her neck while ignoring all of the other bangs and bruises covering her body.

"Big brother!" Goten yelled frantically, sliding to a stop next to his older sibling. "Big brother! Are you okay?!"

"Gohan!" Videl also shouted, dropping down next to the teen to cradle his head. "Hey! Snap out of it!" After shaking him a couple of times and receiving only a groan for her efforts, she then looked up at the others in fear and concern. "What's wrong with him?"

"Stop panicking, woman," Vegeta replied, glaring down at the girl from his position a few meters away. "The brat's fine."

The teen's sapphire blue eyes reflected her distress, "B-But…"

"It's okay, Videl," Piccolo interjected next, standing alongside the youngsters as the most worried members of the team looked to the Namekian for counsel. With his arms crossed over his bare chest, the green warrior gestured to his out cold student and began relaying to them the situation. "He just fainted. The battle with Set must have really taken it out of him. Just let him rest for a little bit."

Videl, her expression mirroring those worn by Goten and Trunks, stared back at the Namekian nervously. "A-Are you sure?"

"He looks pretty beat up," the lavender haired child spoke, looking down at his older brother figure to see him lying there with his body all wrecked and his face half-burnt. Taking all of these damages into account, you could understand the kid's present woes.

Standing alongside the former guardian of earth, Krillin beamed reassuringly at the children. "Don't worry. I've seen Gohan go through a hell of a lot worse over the years. He'll be alright."

Head perking up in realization, the short fighter then reached into his pocket for his collections of miracle beans. It was only after tugging at his pant leg that he saw several large holes had been torn out of his training gear. "Ah, crap. I lost the Senzu bag. They must've been pulverized after I was sent bouncing across the desert."

Piccolo, hearing his comrade's plight, nodded in understanding. "Don't worry. We'll take the kid up to Dende and have him checked out." And maybe get him a sandwich afterwards.

Kai only knew how famished the kid would be after the fight he'd just had. Knowing how typical the Saiyan metabolism was, the Namekian wasn't going to put it past the demi-Saiyan to run straight for the kitchen the second his pilot light was back on.

Hearing the man's plan of action, Videl quickly turned to stare back down at her crush and best friend of seven years. While initially showcasing nothing but worry and uncertainty for the unconscious Gohan, the girl then smiled brightly when she saw he was quietly snoring away, and held his head gently in her arms.

As the group slowly gathered their wits and caught their breaths, atop the terrace overlooking the desert, the liberated, teal-skinned prisoner Whis, still bearing the marks of the trouncing he'd received earlier that day, watched the Z-fighters' actions from afar. Upon seeing the young warrior responsible for defeating his former student collapse from sheer exhaustion and have his head...
cradled by the ones he cared about most, the martial arts master and guardian of the universe allowed a small smile to creep across his face.

"Son Gohan… what an interesting young man," Whis whispered, eyes reflecting both intrigue and wonder. After playing back all of the awe-inspiring events he'd witnessed from that battle, the man knew without a shadow of a doubt that he would be hearing a lot more about this young man in the future, as well as the friends and family he surrounded himself with.

When he saw the team of fighters take flight several minutes later and head towards the planet's lookout, the wounded attendant telepathically shut the pyramid door with a wave of his hand, summoned a new staff out of thin air, tapped it against the ground and, using it to support his weight on account of his fractured leg, vanished in a flash of light. His body shot up into space in the form of an ethereal pillar, which carried him all the way back to the domain of his student, Lord Beerus.

All things considered, it'd been a hell of a long day.

XXX

(Meanwhile)

Deep in Vulpan space, well out of reach of the northern quadrant and hidden behind a super cluster of galaxies, the forest-covered planet Corvus continued to drift quietly through the vacuum of the cosmos. Surrounded by all the wonders of the universe, including the enormous eagle-shaped nebula known as the Doorway of the Gods floating in the background, the residents of the planetoid were enjoying a time of peace and tranquility. With no alien tyrants or natural disasters threatening to upset the balance of the lone world, the denizens of the lush, sweeping landscapes carried on with their day completely oblivious to the events that'd just taken place several light years away.

However, this fact only applied to the majority of them. On the northernmost pole of the world where the towering black castle sat atop one of the sphere's many mountainous regions, the rulers of the planet and the entire quadrant were just in the process of waking up. The leader in particular, who was currently sitting in the open-air throne room at the top of the tower, was enjoying several plates of assorted foods and drinks, with a clear view of the world's stunning landscapes and the galaxies silhouetted in the clear blue sky beyond her archways.

Adorned in a white and rather revealing Saiyan battle garb resembling a one-piece swimsuit, cut to show off her taut stomach and ample cleavage, with shoulder pauldrons, a cape, standard gloves and boots, and a golden headband with a red gem sparkling in its center, the raven haired ruler of the quadrant, Sandra, sat with her legs-crossed and a cutlet of some sort of exotic animal on the table next to her. Having enjoyed a long training session and a bath out on the terrace earlier that day, the eighteen-year-old warrior was looking forward to another period of blissful silence and meditation.

Her right-hand assistant, the elderly Namekian dressed in the household battle robes and turban, simply stood off to the side with his hands behind his back and a bird sleeping quietly on his shoulder. Vigilant as always, Gast kept watch over his boss, waiting for any instructions she may have for him.

Judging from how invested she was in her meal though, it looked like she wouldn't be saying anything for a while.

But just as the empress was about to take another bite off of her oddly shaped fork, Sandra
suddenly stopped and, eyes widening, her gaze snapped to the side in alarm. Gaze narrowing intently, the battle-hardened woman set her fork down upon her plate, all the while listening to the castle's waterfall patter away and the sounds of the rainforest echoing in the distance.

Even Gast, who appeared to be completely closed off from the world around him, suddenly had his attention drawn in the same direction as well, and his eyes widened in surprise. It almost looked like the pair had seen a ghost.

On the contrary, it wasn't the wildlife or anything in the scenery that'd caught the leader's attention. It was something far more interesting and well out of reach.

"That power…" Sandra thought, her senses honing in on the source of the unexpected anomaly.

Due to their position in space surrounded by so much galaxy and celestial clutter, it was next to impossible for power levels to be felt inside their area. They were practically invisible to everyone. But from outside... that was an entirely different story.

About a full minute after the Saiyan felt the spark of electricity in her head, the floor space several meters away from her opened up and two more figures were elevated into view. As soon as the lift stopped, both Maya and Kure stepped off of the platform, the latter looking incredibly serious whereas the former was carrying what looked to be an arm of roast meat in her right hand.

When the pair approached the center throne to see their boss staring off into space, they knew instantly what must've happened.

"Did you sense it too?" the woman with the cat ears and wearing the blue and white spandex asked.

The female Saiyan nodded affirmatively, "Yes. I did."

"That was a ridiculous amount of energy… almost comparable to yours," Kure led on, her tail wagging excitedly as she moved around her friend's seat and looked upon her with interest. "Who do you think was causing it?"

Processing the feedback she'd received from the burst and allowing it to percolate in her head, a smirk slowly formed on Sandra's face. "There's only one being in the universe that possesses that kind of energy." After sensing it from her closest friend and partner many times before, there was no doubt in her mind that that ki signature belonged to a Saiyan.

The sensation was uncanny.

Feeling a new sense of vigor welling up inside her, the empress then turned back around and eyed her companions eagerly. "It seems that we've found our quarry."

Maya, sensing the excitement growing in her best friend, lowered the roasted arm she was eating and smiled at her. "What's the plan now, chief?" she asked, licking the grease from her lips.

Pushing her plate aside on the floating table next to her, Sandra then looked ahead and held her hand out. A series of 'beeps' quickly echoed throughout the chamber, followed immediately by a blue, transparent hologram appearing in the air, which then circled the entire room. With various windows and other screens opening up, displaying countless numbers and applications, the Saiyan Empress, using the airborne touch screen system, accessed one of the programs and opened it up. The entire room was soon filled with multiple floating lights, all of which represented countless galaxies, nebulae and star systems of an interactive, universal chart.
Amidst the blue stars filling the chamber, a red light suddenly appeared around one of the galaxies and began to blink, drawing the group's attention towards it.

Sandra pointed at it with her finger. "The scanners we set up outside of our sector picked up the energy signature as well. It's coming from the Laniakea Supercluster in the very heart of the Northern Quadrant."

Taking control of the computers, the technically proficient Kure zoomed in on the collection of galaxies, isolating a single one out of the many hundreds in sight. When she got close enough to the source of the anomaly, she stopped and narrowed her eyes on the hologram while rolling the toothpick between her lips thoughtfully.

"Barred spiral galaxy; position 5861:42, sector seven on the registry, just several clicks away from the Milos Nebula and the Andromeda System." She then glanced over at her leader to see the Saiyan Empress listening intently. "From our position, it should take about a couple of months through slip space to get there."

Nodding her head in understanding, Sandra rested her elbow on the armrest and gave the star map one last look. "Then that's where we'll go. Has the computer got an exact lock on those coordinates?"

Kure smiled fervently. "She's transferring the information to the core as we speak."

"Very well then. Have all hands prepare for jump." A smirk then appeared across the Saiyan's face as she gave the system a keen stare. "We're going hunting."

"Yes, ma'am," the cat woman exclaimed, zooming out of the star system so that they could see both quadrants spread throughout the room. A red dotted line then marked the way between them and the galaxy in question, telling the group exactly where they had to go. As the systems primed, a loud humming sound filled the air as the world began preparations for travel.

It was a long journey for sure. But Sandra and her crew were confident that they would be able to make it.

After all, this wasn't the first time they'd done this.

Getting comfortable in her seat and crossing her legs the other way, the leader was then about to get back into her breakfast until her attention was quickly switched over to Maya. When she saw her hedgehog-haired friend continue feasting on the arm of meat she was holding, the raven haired woman quickly grew curious and raised an eyebrow at the Saiyan.

"What the heck are you eating?"

Looking back at her companion in surprise, the dark-skinned warrior then inspected the roast limb she was holding before looking back up. "Saibaman."

"Ah."

Pumped and ready for action, the excited crew quickly settled in for a long flight.

Opening up in orbital distance of the spiral arm planet, a massive black sphere encased in blue energy suddenly appeared alongside the forest-covered world. The mass growing larger and larger by the second, the black hole effortlessly outgrew Vulpan's surrounding moons until it became three times the size of the satellite. As soon as it'd gained stability, the slip space rupture then sucked the entire planet into its center, swallowing it and its moons in one go, before closing up
moments later in a burst of blinding light.

In a span of about eight seconds, the entire world had vanished completely into another dimension, leaving no trace of the planet behind.

The hunt was on.

XXX

(Sometime later)

For the battered and wounded Z-warrior, getting to Kami's Lookout was a piece of cake. It's what came immediately afterwards that turned out to be somewhat of a problem.

As expected of one of their group's most valued and trusted members, Dende was able to perform a brilliant patch job on each and every one of the fighters. While those with the most glaring injuries took a little bit longer to heal than the others, once the process was completed, every single member of the team that'd been involved in the day's tussle came out of the treatment looking better than ever.

However, when the young Namekian performed his magic on Gohan's comatose form, the teenager didn't regain consciousness.

Initially this news had Videl and a couple of the other group members panicking. But after Piccolo explained to them that Gohan was possibly experiencing some sort of temporary relapse from his sudden transformation and was just powering down for a little while, the others relaxed. Dende also concurred with this analysis and informed the team that their friend would be up and about sometime in the next couple of days.

This all then led to the group's second and possibly biggest concern, and that was fixing up all of the damages caused by Set.

Now, while making repairs to parts of the universe wasn't exactly their area of expertise, the Z-fighters still knew that it this was their responsibility and that many innocent people had been killed in the wake of the goddess's revival. This being the case, the next step that they would take immediately following the battle's end was grab the dragon radar from Bulma's place, go for a quick hop around the planet, gather the orange globes, summon the mystical beast, and have Shenron fix everything up. The routine was quick and simple. But that's when their next problem soon came up.

It's been less than a year since the Zeru incident and the sacred treasures hadn't been given enough time to power up since their last usage. That meant that they were unable to bring back any of the people that'd been killed during Set's rampage or recreate any of the galaxies that'd been wiped out. Almost instantly after hearing this news, the can-do members of the group quickly found themselves stuck in front of a wall.

But then, from out of the blue, a miracle happened.

The battle between Gohan and Set had been such an explosive hit that almost the entire universe had tuned in to watch the conflict. Intergalactic empires and civilizations aside, almost every single authoritative figure up in Otherworld had also been in attendance of the battle and, just as the Z-fighters were in the process of figuring out what to do next, King Kai decided to make his contribution to the struggle.

Through efficient telepathic contact with the overseer of the Northern Quadrant, the Z-fighters
were able to rally the people of the distant Namek and have the elder of the far off world summon Porunga to mend all of the damages. Granted the dragon was slightly miffed about having to bring back several galaxies, which took a substantial amount of time and energy, it was easy for him to bring back the people that'd been killed by Set and her minions.

Thankfully, the Namekians had had ample enough time over the last seven years to improve upon their dragon balls and make Porunga's wish-granting abilities more wholesome. The only downside to this system was that, because of the enormity of the wishes, the dragon balls of Namek would be out of commission for an even longer period of time. But as long as the dragon was able to fulfill the group's requests, then that was good enough for them.

Once the deed had been done and all of the damages had been repaired, King Kai signed off and allowed the Z-fighters to return to their business.

Across the sweeping fields of Grand Kai's planets, all of the people that had gathered to watch the conflict with Set were standing behind the blue-skinned trainer and guardian; watching and waiting for the good news. When they heard the man exhale in relief and turn to face them with a smile on his face, the crowd knew instantly that it was all over.

Seeing the expectant look on Goku's own visage drew a nod from the martial arts master. "It's done. The wishes have been made and everything is back the way it was."

With that announcement, feelings of relief and joy appeared on everyone's faces. A clamor started up amongst the warriors in training, all of whom turned to each other and conveyed their reactions over the entire ordeal. The Kais were also pleased, with the Grand Kai nodding his head in approval, as not only had his planet been restored to its rightful state in the celestial plains, but he'd also been present to witness one of the greatest martial arts fights he'd ever seen.

Needless to say, every single person across the cosmos who'd been able to watch the battle from afar had been moved in some way by the epic conflict.

Goku, unable to contain himself, threw his fists into the air and cheered loudly, overjoyed by his son's victory. Once he was done whooping and laughing his heart out, his gaze quickly turned downwards to see King Kai standing beside him with a jolly look of his own in play.

This quickly drew a grin from the spiky haired warrior as he lifted his head with pride, "Well? Didn't I tell yah that my son could do it?"

The short guardian chuckled and raised a hand in consent, "Yes, yes. I know. You told me."

Lowering it slowly, the North Kai's glasses flashed as he craned his head towards his apprentice. "It was a close one, but your son managed to pull it off."

Deciding to be a little bit cheeky, Goku chuckled and tilted his head, "Is there anything else you want to say?"

"Well… aside from telling you to wipe that smug look off of your face, I guess the only thing that's left to say is your kid is one hell of a fighter," King Kai exclaimed, regarding his student with a momentary air of reverence as he brought his hand back around. "With his track record, I have no doubt that he'll become an amazing warrior by the time he reaches your age."

This particular piece of wisdom drew a nervous laugh from the already well-seasoned Saiyan, "Oh yeah. Man. If he's this strong now as a teenager, I can't wait to see what he'll be like all grown up."

Grinning, the short Kai then looked across the sweeping valleys surrounding them. Looking past
the dead warriors celebrating the defeat of the goddess and the Grand Kai who could be seen inspecting the ground with his foot, both Goku and King Kai stood side by side and basked in the moment of victory.

"Honestly… I think my son's already grown up," the adult male said with assurance projected from his voice.

King Kai grinned, "Well… he's still in his late teens. Give him a couple more years. This isn't something you want to rush, you know."

"Yeah. No problem." Goku chuckled in agreement.

By the time the fields had cleared and all the Kais had returned to their posts, the universe was right back to where it started.

Once all of the reconstruction had been finalized and the lives that'd been lost that day had been restored, the Z-fighters also returned to earth to carry on with their lives. Not only did they take with them the memories of the most outstanding battle they'd ever fought, but they also returned home stronger than they ever were before.

This went double for the Saiyans, one of whom would not be moving for some time…

XXX

(Meanwhile)

Back at the dig site in the Giza Necropolis, the unconscious Haruko lying sprawled out on the sands groaned when she heard the sound of muffled voices echoing in her head. At least she thought it was in her head, until her vision started clearing up and the blue of open sky began filtering in.

Light and shadows slowly crept across her vision as the dazed blonde batted her eyes and shook her head to hasten her recovery. When the silhouettes crossing her line of sight morphed into faces and the collection of sounds formed into coherent words, the archaeologist was soon back in the land of the living.

"Hey. Haruko. You okay?"

As it turns out, the people she originally thought had been killed were also with her.

Eyes widening when she realized Clyde's face was staring down at her, the once out-cold scientist bolted upright with a gasp. She then groaned a second later when her world swayed and she made a note not to sit up so quickly again. When her brain stopped bobbing enough to regain its bearings, the woman looked across to see her grinning colleague staring back at her and the rest of the dig crew wandering about, wondering what the hell was going on.

"Hey there, chief. How're you feeling?" Clyde asked, placing a hand on the woman's shoulder.

"Huh? What?" Haruko mumbled, looking around with wide eyes to see the pit she was lying in, as well as the tomb sitting open beside her. "W-W-What happened?"

"You fainted chief. We all did," the man explained, pushing his hardhat up his head before gesturing towards the stone monolith next to them. When the woman's eyes landed on the hieroglyphic covered crypt, her co-worker continued speaking. "I just had a chat with some of the boys who were around at the time. Apparently there was some kind of hallucinogenic gas trapped
inside the tomb that combusted when it was exposed to the air and sent us all on a wicked acid trip before knocking us out. When we came too, we were all lying across this place with splitting headaches. Pretty freaky, huh?"

"F-Freaky," Haruko mumbled, blinking several more times as she looked upon the stone crypt. When Clyde offered her a hand, she was promptly helped to her feet. Dusting herself down and making sure she still had everything attached, she then set her gaze back onto the ancient monolith. "So… it was … all a dream?"

"Yeah. And man, was it a doozy," Clyde whistled, shaking his head while also sparing a glance at the vault. "I dreamt I was cut to pieces and ended up following this long road down to some sort of temple over an ocean of yellow clouds. When I got there, I my mum and dad in a waiting room, and we all had a great time catching up. I'm telling yah, boss, it was super weird." Allowing for a moment of silence, the main digger nodded his head once before clapping the still befuddled woman on the back. "Anyway, it's all over now. We'd better get back to work. These boulders won't be moving themselves."

Upon informing her of their next course of action, the worker turned heel and ambled his way out of the crater, determined to get his staff back on track. As order was slowly restored to the area and the members of the dig crew were herded back to their posts, Haruko took a minute to think back on all the events that'd transpired before her sudden folly into the realm of unconsciousness.

When memories of the slaughter flashed through her head, including a pillar of blue fire and four human-dog warriors, the blonde archaeologist swallowed nervously and, approaching the old tomb, placed her hand against its surface. After running it over the hieroglyphics and outlines of the figures, while also sparing a glance back over at all the people who'd been involved in the incident, the woman's mind slowly came to rest and a suspicious look formed on her face.

"A dream, huh?" Haruko whispered, before a scoff left her lips and she brushed her hand dismissively across the crypt, her eyes landing on the switch she remembered accidently pushing in. "Yeah right."

OOO

(A few days later)

It'd become so quiet and peaceful across planet earth that any newcomers to the system wouldn't even realize that it'd just been attacked by an evil goddess and her company. This went to show that the efforts and efficiency of the Z-fighters were not to be taken lightly, as well as the attention to detail given by the magical dragons created by the Namekians. It often made you question whether or not there were other worlds out there where the aboriginal populations had created mystical beings capable of granting wishes. However, due to the rarity and uniqueness of fantastical creatures as well as magic in the cosmos, it wasn't surprising that there was only a single known race that was able to create one.

Everything was wrapped up nicely in the end, save for one or two personal matters in the Son household. For one, Zangya had to explain to her bosses back at work that she had been unable to attend the conference on the day Set's minions decided to jump her. She made up some bogus story where her car had an accident along the road and that she had been stranded out in the middle of nowhere. Of course, due to her position and track record with the organization, they allowed her little unplanned side trip to slide. The second issue of course had to do with Son Gohan still being out cold following his epic battle against the God of Storms.

Even after two whole days of nothing, the demi-Saiyan hadn't moved an inch from his bed. Ever
since he'd been brought back home from the Lookout, Chi-Chi had been making regular pit stops at his room to check on him, and to make sure he had something to eat and drink at all times. While he'd failed to regain consciousness, the mother still felt the need to provide her oldest son with the appropriate sustenance should he suddenly decide to wake up. Fortunately he hadn't, which meant it'd been incredibly quiet inside the teen's bedroom for the majority of the week. Unfortunately, this also meant that he'd missed out on the day he was supposed to start high school.

The mother made certain to call the institute to inform them that her son had come down with an illness and would be unable to attend classes for the next week, pushing his starting time to next Monday.

Figuring he would be out for a little while longer, Chi-Chi, Zangya and Goten made sure not to disturb the boy while he was resting. But that didn't mean the young hero was left completely alone during the long mornings and afternoons.

On the third day of the boy's recovery, the Son household was graced with the presence of a most familiar guest. Upon touching down on the grass and capsulating her jet car, a casually dressed Lime, sporting a red gingham top, a white skirt, black leggings and brown boots, gave a spirited knock on the front door and waited for the answer. When the entrance opened up and Chi-Chi's head popped into view, the teen quickly smiled in greeting.

"Good morning, Chi-Chi."

"Good morning, Lime," the mother chirped happily, stepping back and opening the door for her guest. A curious expression quickly formed on her face when she looked the teenager over, "I didn't know you would be dropping in to visit today. Why aren't you at school?"

"Oh. I took the day off to come and check on Gohan," the farm girl replied as she was ushered in by the woman. As soon as she was through the door, she gave her host a most sincere smile, "How is he? Has he woken up yet?"

The question prompted the daughter of the Ox-King to shake her head, "Not yet. But he's been stirring quite a bit. If I know my son, which I do, I have a feeling he should be coming around sometime later today."

Lime, hearing this news, beamed brightly, "That's great. I'd really like to be here when he comes too." The girl then peeked into the lounge room through the archway, where she saw the familiar, hulking form of the Ox-King sitting there with his newspaper opened up in front of him. When the man glanced over and waved, the teen waved back and nodded pleasantly.

"I had a feeling you would," Chi-Chi chirped, nodding towards the corridor when the girl turned back to her. "He's in his bedroom right now. I brought him some breakfast and a bucket of water with a moist towel. While you're checking in on him, do you think you could…?"

"Sure. No problem," Lime answered, bowing to the woman kindly before slowly making her way towards the corridor. "Thanks a lot, Chi-Chi. It's good to see you again."

"It's good to see you too, sweetheart," the raven haired mother replied, returning the youngster's cheerful expression in kind and allowing her to be on her way. Upon seeing the teenager disappear down the hall, the woman in the oriental yellow robes and frilly apron sighed and placed a hand upon her hip. "What a lovely girl."

The Ox King, overhearing his daughter's remark, smiled and lowered his newspaper to his chest. "If I didn't know any better, I'd say your son has become quite popular with the ladies."
Craning her head in pride, Chi-Chi allowed a grin to form across her face. "Well, of course he is. He's my flesh and blood. What more can you expect?"

Before anyone could follow up on the woman's little remarks, there was another knock on the door that drew the pair's attention over to it. Caught a little bit by surprise, the mother of the household slowly made her way over and quickly opened it up. When she peaked around the gate, she found herself staring at the dazzling smile of her son's most regular sparring partner. Sporting her trademark over-sized white shirt with purple sleeves and wearing a pair of spandex shorts, Videl beamed right back at the housewife and bowed.

"Hey there, Chi-Chi. Good morning."

The parent's expression brightened. "Good morning, Videl. Have you come by to check on Gohan again?" The answer to this question was an obvious one, but the mother was willing to play the Q&A game for the time being. The teen had been visiting quite often over the last couple of days. This was probably due to the incredibly close bond she and the demi-Saiyan shared with each other.

"Uh-huh," the crime fighter answered quickly. "Is he doing alright? He didn't move a muscle when I was here yesterday."

"He's doing just fine, dear," Chi-Chi replied, her eyes sparkling with delight as she gestured for the teen to come in. As soon as she was through the entrance, the mother promptly shut the door and beamed her way. "He's been stirring and moving around in his futon quite a bit."

"That makes sense. He's always been a restless sleeper," Videl noted, inwardly giggling at the times she remembered sleeping over at the Son house and finding her best friend lying on his bed in the strangest positions imaginable. "At least he lets you know he's okay."

"Frankly I'd be more worried if he wasn't tossing and turning," the mother nodded in agreement. "He takes right after his father in that department." She then blinked in surprise and placed a finger against her chin thoughtfully. "Hmm… I wonder if it's a Saiyan thing to be so active at night?"

In more ways than one apparently. When Goku was still alive, Chi-Chi had found that every time the day ticked over to after-dark, both she and her husband would always engage in very rigorous 'extracurricular' activities, a majority of which had nothing to do with sleeping. The memories of those experiences brought a shade of pink to her cheeks and a dreamy look to her eyes when she recalled their wilder and more daring exploits from back in the day.

Her sudden mumble following her remark drew a puzzled look from Videl. "Uh? Did you say something…?"

Dropping back into reality, the Son mother shook her head and grinned across at the teenager, "No, no. Nothing dear. I was just thinking out loud." Seeing the suspicious look from her latest guest, the diligent housewife cleared her throat and beamed. "Anyway, if we're lucky he might be waking up sometime today."

Videl's expression brightened at the news, "Ah. Awesome. I've got so many questions I want to ask him, I can't wait."

"I had a feeling you'd say something like that." Eyes twinkling when she heard this, the mother then threw her guest a mischievous look and craned her head around to peer into the girl's eyes. When she saw the teenager recoil slightly at the expression being sent her way, Chi-Chi spoke. "By the way, I heard from my youngest son that you and Gohan are… together now. As in; a couple?"
Her little question causing Videl to freeze up, the tigress of a parent then went in for the kill. "Can I expect wedding invitations sometime in the next couple of weeks?"

"W-Wedding invitations?" Face turning bright red, the raven haired teenager stammered, "I… w-…? W-W-We haven't even started dating yet, Chi-Chi. He only asked me out a couple of days ago. We still need a little bit more time before the two of us can even think about getting married."

"Ooh…" A wicked look then flashed through the woman's eyes when she picked something up in the girl's response. "So you're saying that you're already planning on getting married?"

"Huh? Wh…"

"I mean, after seven years of hanging out with each other almost every single day, I wouldn't be surprised if the two of you have already had enough time to develop your relationship and think about other things," Chi-Chi continued on boldly, while at the same time raising a finger in a firm and confident gesture of assertiveness. "After all, a strong marriage is built upon strong foundations of love, friendship and fondness, you know."

Around this point in time, Videl's face had turned scarlet and her posture had become so timid and jittery, you could literally feel the waves of embarrassment and anxiousness wafting off of her.

Sensing she'd dug her fangs in far enough Chi-Chi moved closer and nudged the girl in the stomach. "Should I set a date for early May or April? What color flowers are you hoping to set up along the aisle?"

"I'm going to go check on Gohan now!" Videl suddenly shouted, before quickly turning heel and sprinting out of the room, desperate to escape before the mother took the situation any further.

"Thank you, Chi-Chi!"

Watching the girl disappear down the corridor, the raven haired woman grinned triumphantly. A laugh from the lounge room then drew the mother's gaze towards the couch, where she saw her father chuckling and holding the paper against his stomach. When the old martial artist stopped long enough to glance over at her, Chi-Chi saw nothing but warmth and amusement in his eyes.

"You shouldn't tease her so much, honey. You might end up giving the poor girl a heart attack."

"Ah, she's a tough little thing. I'm sure she can manage," the woman replied with a flippant wave of her hand.

Shrugging, the man with the square glasses and suspenders beamed at his daughter, "So… you didn't tell her about your son's other visitor?"

Chi-Chi got another evil glint in her eye as she threw her father a smirk, "Nope." She then crossed her arms over her chest, stuck her nose in the air, and nodded confidently. "My boy is in a very intriguing and exciting situation at the moment. I want to see how this thing plays out." And when she spoke in that tone of voice, you knew that only trouble could come of it.

---

(Moments earlier)

Quietly closing the door to Gohan's room, Lime slowly made her way over to the futon where the teen was lying. When she saw the young fighter lying under the covers with a tray of food sitting nearby along with a bucket of water, the casually dressed farm girl smiled and, tucking some stray hairs behind her ear, knelt down beside his head.
"Hello, Gohan," Lime whispered, getting comfortable before leaning forward to beam down at him. From the way he looked, eyes closed and his breathing steady, you wouldn't even think he'd gotten into one of the most spectacular fights the earth had ever seen. "I missed you at school. Did you get into some trouble again?" Even though she knew he couldn't hear her, the girl still held out hope that he was able to in some small way.

Staring at him for a few seconds and watching the boy dream away, the girl then blinked when she noticed something and reached over, placing her palm against her forehead.

"He's running a bit of a temp." It wasn't a fever. That much she was certain. It was probably from the climate seeping in from outside.

Glancing over at the wall, the girl quickly scampered over to it and switched on the overhead fan. Once she got the air circulating in the room, she then went over to the bucket, knelt down next to it, and plucked the towel from its edge. After unfolding it, she then gave it a quick dunk before twisting it between her hands and squeezing out the excess water.

"Days like this where the heat gets to you inside the house can be pretty annoying," Lime murmured, smiling as she slowly folded up the cloth. "I don't remember you ever coming home unconscious after a fight, Gohan. Every time you and your friends were done with an opponent, you always came back with a ruined outfit, but your body looking better than ever. The person you fought this time must have been absurdly strong." After folding the towel into a perfect rectangle, the girl sighed happily. "It must be tough being the hero." She then moved to place the cloth over the sleeping demi-Saiyan's head, only to realize her face was now only a foot above his. Her eyes widened slightly in surprise, "Huh? When did I get this close to him?"

Swallowing nervously as her heartbeat quickened, Lime quietly laid the towel over his forehead and beamed.

"I wonder if he knows I'm here? Gohan-kun?"

The boy had the tendency to be surprising. Due to his unique and vast skill set, the girl wouldn't put it past him to be able to sense his surroundings, even in sleep. However, figuring that this was one of the only times he would be somewhat normal, the visiting teenager decided to throw all caution to the wind and moved a little bit closer.

Cheeks growing warmer by the second, Lime gripped the floorboards with her fingers tightly. "He always looks so cool when he's fighting and training. But seeing him like this…" Biting her bottom lip as her heartbeat quickened, causing her to press her hand to her chest, Lime murmured anxiously. "Aaahn... geez. His face is so cute. Maybe... since he doesn't know that I'm here. No... I shouldn't..." Straightening out his blanket, the farm girl tried to think about something else to distract her. However, after several fruitless attempts to move her thoughts to a different subject, the girl gasped. "Oh, the heck with it..." Thinking she was not going to get another chance like this, Lime then closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and leant down till her lips were just an inch away from his. "Here I go-"

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!!" a new voice suddenly shouted from behind.

In all her years of living, Lime had never moved so quickly in her life. Almost instantly upon hearing Videl's outraged voice cry out from the doorway, the farm girl found herself sitting stock straight on the other side of the futon a couple feet away from Gohan's pillow. When her owlish gaze fixed upon the entrance, she saw her red-faced, raven haired friend glaring right back at her, huffing like a wolf.
Taking in a deep breath, Videl stomped into the room and confronted the brown haired intruder. "The heck with what? What was that all about?!" Looking the startled teen in the face, the short-haired fighter narrowed her eyes, "And why in the world were you sitting so close to Gohan? Aren't you supposed to be nursing him?"

Swallowing nervously, the abashed visitor pressed her fingers together nervously and looked down like a scolded child. "Well… I was… but then…" Cheeks turning red, Lime smiled and glanced away with an expression that was just too pleasant for Videl's liking. "Things just started… happening…"

"Things… jus-?" Mouth opening and closing a couple of times, Videl then gritted her teeth and said in a very loud voice, "What are you even doing here? You just started at Orange Star High a couple of days ago! Aren't you supposed to be in class?"

Shuffling anxiously, Lime then gave Videl an inquisitive look of her own. "What about you? Why aren't you in school right now?"

When she was just about to make some form of comeback, the tomboy then stopped when she realized exactly what she was going to say next and blushed. "I… uhh…" Taking a moment to rethink her options, not really wanting to spill the beans so early, Videl pulled away and cleared her throat. "Well… since I'm Gohan's best friend and his partner in Satan City's police force, it is my responsibility to make sure that my co-worker is doing alright. It's also customary that I check up on him whenever possible."

Lime, not too convinced by the girl's stuttered reply, narrowed her eyes suspiciously. "Uh-huh."

Deciding to prove that she was here solely for medical intentions, the raven haired teen reached over, plucked the cloth from Gohan's forehead and dunked it in the water. "Let's start with cooling him off. You have to make sure the towel is properly ringed out before placing it on the patient's forehead-"

"I already did that," Lime said, her frown growing little by little as she watched the girl trying to maintain a professional air squeeze the cloth dry. "Just want to point that out."

Huffing irritably, Videl hastily laid the towel over Gohan's forehead and, after pulling away his blanket, took his hand in hers. "I wonder how his pulse is-"

"You know, you shouldn't move him so much when he's sleeping," Lime interjected a second time, her mind working out that Videl wasn't just here for business and that she had, in fact, ulterior motives in mind. As Videl's face became even more flustered, the farmer's daughter knew that she was right on the mark. "Plus his mum says he's fine, so you don't need to…"

Sweating even more, Videl then set the boy's arm down and checked his face, "His air duct is clear, and his pulse and temperature are normal-"

"We're not in a hospital," Lime interrupted, now staring oddly at the girl desperately trying to save face with the audience. "And I don't recall you training to become a nurse, Vi."

Now feeling really silly, the crime fighter stared ahead of her quietly for several seconds. When that time eventually passed, the girl threw her fists up and punched the air in frustration. "What-what-what?! I just came out here to see him, that's all!"

A smirk of triumph formed across Lime's lips as she watched the girl lose her composure completely, "Too bad. I got here first."
"Why are you treating me like I'm some sort of criminal?!"

"Because you're acting like one. That's why."

"Well… it doesn't matter! Gohan and I are a couple now," Videl stated, glaring across at her competition heatedly. "He asked me out two days ago!"

"So?" Lime asked, not at all shaken by this, "That doesn't mean you two are officially together. As long as he isn't tied down, he's still ripe for the picking." This was Gohan they were talking about after all; earth's greatest champion and her savior. There was no way she was going to let the greatest guy in the world and the boy she'd fallen in love with slip away so easily. "Just because he's partnered up, doesn't mean he's been taken off of the board."

Even if she had to go through Videl Satan herself, she didn't care.

"Besides… I knew him first."

"Well… I kissed him first! That means our relationship is two steps ahead of yours! So there!"

"What, are you bragging now?"

Just as electricity started to crackle between the pair and two clouds of unsettling auras began to waft off of their bodies, any and all potential for a catfight was quickly killed when the sound of someone's throat being cleared drew their attention towards the door. When Videl and Lime looked across the room, they saw a casually dressed Zangya wearing a purple turtleneck and a pair of jeans standing behind them with her arms crossed.

Leaning comfortably against the doorframe gazing in, the orange haired Hera shook her head when she looked upon the startled looks of the two girls. "Aren't you guys being a little bit too noisy in here? Gohan's trying to sleep."

Stiffening slightly at the serious look the young woman threw at them, the teenagers then watched as the newcomer slowly eased her way into the chamber and knelt down on the other side of the futon next to the demi-Saiyan.

"Hey, Zangya," Videl greeted, watching nervously as the newcomer tended to the half-Saiyan, "We were just… uhh…"

"Oh. His towel slipped off." Fixing her attention squarely on the spiky haired man under the blanket, Zangya picked the cloth up, folded it, and laid it out across his forehead. While she did so, she then proceeded to chastise the frazzled teenagers. "Geez. What are you two girls doing arguing so much? You lose points…"

It was that little remark at the end that had Videl and Lime stare at the alien strangely. "Lose points?" they both thought.

What exactly did she mean by that?

"And here I thought you were trying to make a good impression on him. But judging from the way you two are carrying on, I think you guys are going to need a bit of work." As the two confused martial artists were trying to decipher the woman's cryptic comments, Zangya sat back on the wooden floor and smirked across at the pair kneeling side-by-side. "Still, I am genuinely curious as to why I could hear you and Lime practically screaming at each other from the other end of the hallway. Since you're both in Gohan's room and looking like you were about to rip each other's throats out, I have to assume it has something to do with him." She then gestured to the young man
in emphasis of this fact.

Not knowing what to say at the start, a stammering Lime spoke up, "Well… w-we were just…"

"Talking about how we should be looking after him so that he can recover faster," Videl hastily replied, knowing full-well that it was a shocking excuse. "Yeah. If he doesn't get up soon, he's going to miss out on a lot of important stuff at school, so… you know…"

And of course Zangya didn't buy it for one second. The Hera chuckled at the disconcerted expressions on their faces before looking across at them with a calm aura falling over her. "There's no need for the double-glazing. I know exactly why you two are fighting." Seeing the pair suck in their breaths gave the exact reaction the orange haired fighter was looking for. Upon sizing them up, the former mercenary looked down at the sleeping Saiyan in front of her and, after getting a good look at his face, a warm smile tugged at her lips. "It almost seems like forever since I first met Gohan on that island. When I saw him standing in the middle of that courtyard dressed in orange and blue, I didn't think much of him. I just saw him as some over-confident brat with a silly haircut…"

Glancing across at their would-be rival, Lime and Videl gave each other a confused look before turning back to stare at the newcomer. At first they thought the alien fighter was going to admonish them for making so much noise or tease them for being childish or something. But as the hands on the clock continued to wind around, they soon realized the full depth and seriousness of the circumstances they found themselves embroiled in.

"But then I got to spend time with him… and as the days rolled by… things started to change. I enjoyed hanging out with him here in his home, watching him work, and after weeks of training together and talking, we soon became good friends," Zangya exclaimed, her eyes reflecting a very familiar glow as she gazed fondly down at the sleeping teenager. Tempted to reach down and brush that signature bang of hair that sat over his forehead, the woman reframed from doing so as she continued to speak her mind. "Every time I look at him I always think to myself how such a tough, powerful guy, who's more than capable of turning an entire galaxy into a cloud of dust, could be so kind and gentle at the same time."

Lime, hearing this loud and clear, smiled warmly, "Easy. Because he's Gohan." She too then looked down at the teenager, leaning forward and resting on her hands so that she could get a good look at his face. "It's the kind of person that he is. He's always so brave when he steps out onto the battlefield to fight for his friends. But when he's like this, inside and away from all the action, he looks just like any other guy… only cuter." Pressing her legs together and tensing up slightly, a shade of pink then appeared in her cheeks as she said her next bit with both confidence and certainty. "Maybe that's why I like him so much…"

Caught off guard by the girl's words, Videl remained quiet as she stared across at the teen who was now regarding Gohan with the utmost respect and admiration. "Lime is open and easy to read, so I know exactly how she feels about Gohan." The realization that her friend from the mountain village had also developed strong affections for the demi-Saiyan put a knot in her chest unlike any she'd ever felt before. Though the situation wasn't at all surprising and sat well within the realm of reason, the thought still left her with a gut-wrenching sensation that filled her with both anxiousness and unease. "I can understand her completely. But Zangya…" Videl continued, her eyes panning over to the elven woman and fixing upon her smiling face. "How does she feel about Gohan?"

Continuing to beam at her sleeping sparring partner in silence, Zangya suddenly sprouted a grin and nodded towards the hybrid with an air of respect, "Fearless on the battlefield… kindhearted in
life." Settling her jumbled nerves, the Hera-seijin tilted her head at the boy. "Changes like that… have the ability to pull women in."

These words and the look that appeared in the female warrior's eyes caused Videl to react in momentary alarm. "W-What does that mean?" She was so stumped by the woman's remarks that she was having trouble gathering her own thoughts together. With so many alarm bells going off here and there, it made the task of maintaining her composure all the more complicated. "D-Does Zangya also…?"

Before she could get a word in or finish her train of thought, the orange haired fighter glanced in her direction with a sly looking smile. "From the way you two are acting, I'd say both of you have been well and truly hooked by this guy's claws… especially you, Videl." She then grinned at the crime fighter. "And it seems like you've sunk your talons into his skin as well."

Acting restlessly, the raven haired girl retreated a little and looked down at the floor, "Y-Yeah… I guess I have." A sweet smile then formed on her face.

Seizing her opportunity to land a few jabs, the sweater wearing Hera leaned back on her hands and threw the pair of teenage girls a mischievous glare. "I suggest you hang onto him tightly. From what I can see… you've got some serious competition coming in that might give you some trouble." She then eyed Lime in particular, who quickly turned to stare back at her in confusion. "Why don't you two go outside and finish your little argument girl-to-girl. I'll stay here and watch over him until you're done."

Slightly taken aback by the woman's words, Videl and Lime took a few moments to analyze the situation before fixing the sneaky orange haired fighter with a glare.

"Oh-ho! No way!" the former shouted. "You think we're going to leave you here alone with him after what you just said?!"

Zangya quickly threw up her hands, "Hey, hey. I'm just thinking about what's best for Gohan here. I believe a little bit of peace and quiet can go a long way for him." She then lowered her arms and raised her head, "Not to mention some pleasant company as well."

From the tone of her voice, those words could have meant a whole lot of things. To the girls sitting right next to the boy, they only heard one thing… and they didn't like it one bit.

"If it's a friend he needs, then it's going to be me!" Lime stated firmly. "No way!" Videl shot across at the brown haired girl, sneering when she saw her turn in her direction, "I'm his girlfriend now! So if anyone's going to be staying with him, it will be me!"

"In your dreams, hawk girl." She then snapped in the direction of the blue-skinned woman and pointed at her. "And you! Go away and do something else for a while!"

Zangya shrugged, "Why? I don't have anything important going on. Where should I go?"

"I don't care! Anywhere but here!"

Just before the fight between the women could escalate into anything more, they were suddenly interrupted by the echoing of footsteps rushing down the corridor. The instant all eyes in the room turned towards the entrance, they suddenly saw a shockingly familiar person appear in the doorway. It first took Videl and Zangya a moment to recognize the silver plug suit with glowing blue nodes, but once her long, glowing hair floated out of the way, both young women backed off
and gawked at the newcomer in disbelief.

"W-What the heck-?" Zangya barked. It was like she was starring down an old nightmare.

"GAH! It's you!" Videl also shouted, scooting back a bit while Lime stared at their newest visitor in puzzlement. "Y-You're that alien that attacked my father!"

Looking incredibly on edge, as soon as Kana's eyes fell upon the group of people in the room and spotted the half-Saiyan lying underneath the futon, a gasp soon emanated from her lips before she dove for his side. "Gohan! Are you okay?" Instantly dropping to her knees next to him, the Seirei wasted no time in thrusting her hand out and activating her suit's inbuilt scanners. As soon as the orange hologram jumped up and began relaying her all sorts of readings and numbers, namely medical based results, the newcomer allowed a relieved grin to form across her face. "Oh, good. You're alive." Sighing, the alien then glanced up at the other three people in the room. Blinking a couple of times at the stares she was receiving from the collection of females, a pleasant smile then appeared on her face. "Hello."

"H-Hello?" Lime responded, not knowing who this girl was. Determined to change that, the brown haired martial artist in training swallowed nervously and ventured forward, "Who are you?"

"Oh. Sorry. Where are my manners?" Acknowledging the question appropriately, the traveler from the stars bowed her head in greeting towards the young girl and began with her customary introductions. "My name is Kana; I am a part-time privateer and freelancer for the Planet Trade Organization that resides over the four quadrants of space. I am also a good friend and former rival of Gohan's… as well as his future mate." To emphasize that last point, the light user reached down and gently wrapped her hands around the unconscious Saiyan's palm in a comforting gesture. When she beamed at the boy, she completely missed the surprised blink from Lime and the baffled ones being thrown at her by both Videl and Zangya. "When my senses picked up an enormous surge of power coming from this sector, I knew almost instantly that it had to be Gohan, so I flew over here as quickly as I could."

It took a couple of seconds for the processing to take place, but when Lime and Videl eventually figured out what this Kana girl meant by 'mate', their faces flashed a deep shade of scarlet. Zangya's did as well when she also figured out the concept for herself, leaving her kneeling there staring at the girl with her mouth agape and shoulders slumped.

"M-M-M-MATE?" Videl choked out, this being the first time she'd ever heard that word used in this kind of context. Her response was almost an exact mirror image of Gohan's when he first heard the word from Kana six to seven years prior. Quickly growing frustrated when her normal instincts soon kicked in, the teenager then shot the woman a snarl, "Like hell you are!"

"Oh? Do you disagree?" Kana asked, tilting her head at the obviously flustered girl.

"Of course I do!" Videl snapped, pointing at the intruder threateningly while she continued to smile back at her as if what she'd just said was perfectly normal. "You think you can just waltz in here from out of the blue and start spouting this nonsense inside of his home? Things have changed around here in the years you've been gone, so let me make this nice and clear for you! Gohan is my boyfriend now… got it?"

"Boyfriend?" Allowing the word to slide off of her tongue a couple of times, the galaxy traveler smiled. "Oh. So… in other words… that would make you his life partner here on earth, is that correct?" the Seirei asked, causing the crime fighter to recoil a bit. Upon throwing the youngster a pleasant grin, she then nodded to the short haired girl and saddled up closer to her peacefully snoozing prospect. "Very well. If you have staked you claim over him as his first, then I am
perfectly fine with being his second."

"Wait… what? Second?" Videl blurted, not sure what to make of this. "What the heck does that mean?"

"The quadrant of space that I originate from allows for both males and females in society to have multiple life partners. It is a practice that is done on numerous planets, including my own, and is considered a way of life by many. The princess of Orta has seven male life partners, each of whom she loves dearly," Kana stated, looking all proud as she watched the face of the girl in front of her flicker through different shades of red. When the orange scouter appeared over the fiery girl's right eye and blinked through a few paragraphs of information from the earth's databanks, the Seirei smiled, "I understand it is a tradition that is also practiced on this planet. So why stress the little details? I don't mind sharing him."

A long silence soon fell over the room. It was incredibly hard to ignore the bewildered faces on both Videl and Zangya, and even more impossible to overlook Lime's baffled one. It was only after some time was taken to think it over that the latter of the trio took one look down at the demi-Saiyan before then turning to face Videl.

Lime smiled cheerfully, "Considering our options, that doesn't sound like a bad idea."

"Hang on… you're actually agreeing with her?" Videl asked, looking across at the girl as if she'd just grown a second head.

Her friend in the checkered top shrugged, "Hey, if you ever find yourself stuck at the base of a mountain with only two roads to take, the quick and easy path is always the best one, right? Besides…" Lime then shuffled over and took Gohan's other hand, whereas the flame haired visitor continued to watch quietly from the sidelines. "We're not talking about a normal guy here, so why fight with each other when we can simply split the reward evenly?"

Taking a little bit longer to register to the words herself while Videl continued to look like a stunned guppy, Zangya then turned to the crime fighter with a more collected expression slowly coming into play. "She actually makes a fantastic point."

The Champ's daughter's gaze snapped in the Hera's direction, "Oh, don't you start!"

Sharing a grin with Kana, which she gladly returned, Lime then held up her hand, "I call dibs on being third!"

"DON'T JUST GO MAKING DECISIONS LIKE THAT IN FRONT OF ME!" Videl practically screamed, her hair standing on end while her cheeks glowed red with fury. "THIS ISN'T UP FOR DEBATE!" As it currently stood, she was very gradually losing touch with the reality she was brought up believing to be the absolute norm in society. But now that aliens from different corners of the universe were getting involved, she found herself being sucked into a culture and way of life that she just wasn't used to.

Lime was more receptive to the idea than she was and, as a result, she was steadily losing ground in the argument.

Now it sounded like fighting over Gohan was just a trivial and pointless matter.

"Come on, Videl. I think this girl is making a lot of sense," Lime exclaimed, imploring to the girl's more logical and diplomatic side while she continued to hold her spot alongside the half-Saiyan. When she saw the flustered girl look at her, she leaned towards her and smiled sweetly, "It's a fair
deal. I mean… what have you got to lose?"

In order to get a better scope on the situation, one had to look at this entire situation from a
distance. Upon calming her nerves and forcefully halting her irritated huffing, the crime fighter
from Satan City took a moment to analyze the competition.

Videl loved Gohan. She could admit that freely in her head. The fact that he reciprocated her
feelings instantly and asked her out immediately afterwards proved that he had feelings for her as
well, if his intergalactic outburst against Set wasn't proof enough already. However, relationships
were a fickle thing and love could be expressed in more ways than one. The meaning could also be
twisted and warped depending on the degree it was given and received.

As of right now, what Videl could see was that there were a few girls out for her crush's heart and
she could list them all off of the top of her head one after the other.

All Paprika wanted out of life was to watch Gohan drift in and out of consciousness while he was
slowly disemboweled. Videl dismissed her immediately.

Lime, who'd known Gohan since before she'd even met him, was vibrant and cute, and when
dressed in the right outfit, could pull off being either hot or dazzling. She was a year younger than
them and, while she was nowhere near as strong as the crime fighting youth or could even be
considered to be in the same league as the Z-fighters, she more than made up for her shortcomings
with enthusiasm, intelligence, and energy. What was also scary was that she was receptive about
her feelings towards Gohan and, if push came to shove, Videl knew that she wouldn't hesitate to
move in for the kill.

However, while the farm girl was indeed passionate and lively, her personality didn't even come
close to being as open as Erasa's, who was notorious for flirting with Gohan every time the two of
them were together. You didn't need to take her physical strength into account since it was
practically non-existent, but the girl had something that neither Videl nor Lime had. She could rely
solely on her good looks to sway the game in her favor and, if you factored in her bubbly and
cheerful personality, she was a perfect match for any man in any division. It's what came with the
territory of being the hottest girl in school and the best friend to Videl Satan. Though her true
feelings towards Gohan were an enigma, she was aggressive and fearless, something that Videl
considered a major threat.

Then there was Zangya. She was older and much more mature than any of the other girls in their
group. However, while she did have experience and good looks on her side, as proven by her
profession, she had a short temper, she was brash, acted more like a boy than anything else, and
was completely hopeless with technology. In the span of about three months, she'd managed to ruin
a perfectly good microwave and a fully functioning, five-thousand zeni oven. Earthling
incompetency aside, she was still knowledgeable in other areas of life, especially fighting, and she
was the second/third strongest fighter on the planet. What's more, she seemed to be rather passive
aggressive in her feelings towards the demi-Saiyan and, despite fighting in her own bracket and not
showing much interest, Videl suspected she was working her way in from a blind spot.

She didn't know much about this Kana girl. However, the raven haired fighter knew right away
that this alien merchant adored Gohan, as she'd practically traveled across the entire galaxy just to
see if he was alright. That pretty much told her everything she needed to know about the Seirei's
feelings.

This then left her.

Videl was a textbook firecracker and tomboy. She hated dressing up in fancy clothing, she was
hostile towards other men, and she loved to fight. But while this did appear as a form of weakness to some people, this didn't at all affect her relationship with Gohan. In fact, the boy loved her passion, her personality, and her company. They also had a lot in common and could talk to each other much easier than with anybody else. However, there was a catch. While she did consider herself to be as good looking as Lime and Erasa, which she obviously was, they were much more feminine, and more in touch with the latest fashions. If Videl had to accurately place herself amidst the competition, she would have to be in the upper middle.

If she took the hard and treacherous path, she knew she would have to fight against all of them. But right now, two of the girls in the room were making a new proposition and, from the looks of it, it was starting to catch on real quick.

Confidence dwindling, Videl was about to respond to Lime's question when she then noticed another thing while she was sizing up her 'opponents.' From the way the brown haired girl had undid the top buttons of her shirt in an attempt to look good for Gohan, she was able to show off a great deal of her assets. Due to the manner in which she was sitting as well, it made it impossible for Zangya to ignore her appearance either, with both the teen and the Hera staring at the girl's rather prominent chest.

Kana's was also modestly large, but her bust wasn't as big as Lime's. Nevertheless, both Videl and Zangya started staring enviously at the two young women's cleavage before then looking down to check their own.

A split second later the orange haired woman found herself leaning against the wall with her hand against it, her head low and a proverbial raincloud hovering overhead, and Videl sat there, glaring at Lime with her eye twitching.

"Damn it…" both girls thought in unison.

In the midst of feeling absolutely miserable, Kana suddenly teleported over to where Zangya was and wrapped her arms around her. The Hera gave a startled shriek when she felt the cheerful alien rest her chin in the crook of her neck, before then glancing over her shoulder to see the girl leering at her. Their little show in the corner also attracted the attention of Videl and Lime.

"So… you like Gohan too, huh?" the flame haired girl asked in a chipper tone.

"W-What?" Zangya exclaimed, blushing and feeling a little bit uncomfortable from having the former alien invader so close to her. "No! Of course not!"

Kana chuckled, moving her body into the girl's back and causing her to stiffen nervously, "It's okay. You don't need to be so nervous about it. Trust me. If you just open your heart and allow your instincts to guide you, we can all hang out with Gohan together…"

"Th-That's not what I'm miserable about! Get off of me!" the Hera shouted, trying to worm her way out of the girl's grip while she continued to tease her.

Was it teasing? The victim couldn't tell.

"Come on. Loosen up. Let your feelings decide what's best and leave your mind open to trying out new things." She then playfully blew on the young woman's ear, causing a shiver to run up the Z-fighter's spine.

"I don't know what you're talking about! Get away from me, you creep!" By this point the woman's composure was completely gone.
So far the score was exactly how it stood: two of the girls were open to the idea of sharing, one 
was abstaining, and another one was against the whole thing. Guess which one was which.

In the end, the entire conflict in the room left Lime kneeling quietly on her own looking over her 
demi-Saiyan crush, whereas Videl sat alone, immersed entirely in her thoughts. Upon further 
contemplation over the situation, the young crime fighter started feeling hot and bothered in a 
variety of different ways.

On one hand she was all giddy and excited about being with Gohan as girlfriend and boyfriend, 
whereas another part of her was clamming up about being with the other girls… and the positives 
and negatives that came with it…

A lot of these things that came to mind were friendly and good-natured… whereas a lot of the other 
things weren't exactly considered age appropriate. Videl shook her head fiercely as a result.

The whole situation was raising so many different emotions and feelings inside the raven haired 
teenager, as well as stuff she never thought she'd even consider. It was beginning to mess with her 
mentality and all Videl could do was kneel there and squirm with the most annoyed shade of red 
burning brightly in her cheeks.

It was a good thing Gohan was unconscious for all of this. Because as the noise escalated, all the 
half-Saiyan did was stir, roll over in his sleep, and start snoring a little bit louder. The yelping and 
giggling of the girls didn't even bother him one bit…

Chi-Chi, who was standing in the kitchen tending to the family's next meal, could hear everything 
going on inside her house. Ever since she allowed that Kana girl in through the door after learning 
she was a friend of her oldest son, a big smile appeared on her face as she started humming cheerful 
tunes to herself and the sounds of wedding bells began reverberating through her head. A part of 
her was pleased to know that her son had so many friends and another part of her was ecstatic that 
he was also so popular with the ladies.

Clearly he had absolutely no problems in the wife-department.

While all this was going on, outside Gohan's window and at the top of the nearby hill where the old 
oak tree stood, the cowl-wearing form of Paprika could be seen standing there, leaning against the 
trunk with her arms folded, and staring down at the Son's domain. Upon seeing all of the girls 
arrive and begin arguing with each other over the unconscious Saiyan, all the white haired demon 
could do was watch and consider the following words.

"You know, in hindsight, I'm so glad I'm here right now," the young Makyan thought while an 
amused smile formed on her face.

The trials of love were always entertaining to watch.

XXX

(Meanwhile)

Far across the stars, millions of light years away from earth, in the region of space surrounding 
Centaurus A, everything was quiet. This uninhabited area of space, made up of nothing but the 
most vibrant and breathtaking of celestial clusters, drifted seamlessly across the cosmos as just 
another amateur astronomy target of the many thousands in existence. No matter where you 
looked, not a single planet in that region of space contained any life whatsoever…

Except for one.
On a large grey planet orbiting the outer rim of a nearby star system, lying in the middle of the sprawling desert, the burnt and battered form of the red-furred goddess of storms Set was on her back, with her face turned towards the sky above. On first glance it looked as though she was dead and long gone from this world. But when her body suddenly jerked and a cough left her lips, the vixen slowly started to come around.

Her eyes fluttering open, the darkness that once clouded her vision disappeared and was quickly replaced by the glittering veil of space. Seeing countless suns stretched out before her, the dazed and wounded goddess coughed several more times and, after shaking her head clear of the rest of her drunken haze, resumed staring at the endless canvas around her.

She was in pain. Every nerve ending in her body was literally screaming bloody murder at her after the hell she'd been put through. If the bruises she'd suffered weren't enough, then the swelling, the burns, the cuts, the torn muscles, the minor hemorrhaging, and the cracked bones definitely played their part. But thanks to her training, the woman was gradually and painfully able to suppress them all, and little by little, the pain started to vanish.

Everyday feeling soon regained control and, once she felt her vitals stabilize, the woman was able to move her fingers.

In part she was relieved to be still alive. After being rammed into a sun traveling at Kai knew how fast she was going, in the state she'd been in when it happened, there was no possible way she could've survived. It had to be some kind of bloody miracle.

However, Set was no fool. She knew exactly why she was still alive and there was only one person she had to blame for her continued existence.

"He beat me," the fox woman whispered, her eyes narrowing on the starry foreground as images of that infuriating Saiyan's face appeared in front of her. "That man… actually beat me." His perfect nose, his snake-charmer's smile, his spiky black hair, and the fury of a warrior burning deep in those mesmerizing eyes… the sight of him captivated and infuriated her at the same time. Fist clenching tightly, the woman brought it up and rubbed it against her bottom lip. Upon removing it, she saw the telltale stain of blood smeared against it.

Analyzing the damage, the humanoid dog snarled as her knuckles popped and cracked, "But he didn't kill me. That son of a bitch!" Slamming her fist into the ground, splitting the rock as a result, the woman rolled over and began forcing herself to her feet. Despite her body protesting at her actions, Set ignored the warning bells and shakily began to rise. "He spared me…"

For whatever reason, some small, insignificant part of that powerful warrior had found it in his heart to hold back that one little bit to keep her from being disintegrated. In spite of all that rage and hatred that'd been coursing through his veins, he still held back a tiny amount of energy to make sure she wasn't destroyed.

But why?

"*Did I get lucky?*" Set thought, wondering for a moment whether this was merely an act of fate. After thinking over it for several seconds, the vixen shook her head. "*No. No way. There's not a person in the universe that is this lucky. That bastard held back!*"

Even if he did experience a split instant of hesitation, he sure as hell gave her one heck of a pounding to make extra certain she had second thoughts about coming back for revenge.

Arrogant prick. Did he really think he could scare her off that easily?
Growling painfully as she rose up, the woman stumbled a bit before turning to glare towards the horizon of the planet she was on. Sizing up the vast empty landscape as well as the sparkling heavens above her, the God of Storms took several moments to catch her breath, before rising up to full height and stretching. Her muscles and bones creaked with every movement, signifying her return to full motion.

It only took a few moments before all of her pains melted away, leaving her feeling rejuvenated... or as rejuvenated as one could feel after just regaining consciousness from the ass-kicking of a lifetime.

"I'll show that little bastard," Set stated, her fists tightening even more as she locked onto the distant valley of stars. "You think because you let me live and showed me mercy that I will do the same? I'll show you! After I'm done beating you into a bloody pulp, I'm going to…"

"To do what?" a deep, gargling voice suddenly spoke up, causing the goddess to freeze instantly. Her body stiffening and her eyes widening in horror, Set gaped ahead of her for several moments before steadily swiveling around to look over her shoulder. The instant she did, her eyes landed on an enormous, hulking figure standing in front of a miniature black hole, which closed up behind him and left him standing in the desert a few yards away from her.

Despite the distance laid out between the two individuals, the newcomer still managed to easily tower over the vixen as her eyes trailed up his colossal frame. Eyes moving over two metallic legs to an armored torso and chest, followed immediately by two muscular arms and an iron-clad upper body, Set's eyes then landed upon the person's face. To those who didn't know this figure by name, the sight of his form alone would've sent any person running in fear. But to those who could identify his voice or could at least recognize his image, it not only sent a paralyzing current of fear shooting through their bodies, it also had their faces pale and their sweat run cold. Hell, even Set, allegedly the most powerful goddess in existence, felt her blood chill at the sight of the stranger.

Looking over the metallic implants and cybernetic enhancements jacked into his frame, including the large bars sticking out of his muscles and back, the vixen then started inspecting his face. Spotting both the respirator covering his mouth and nose, the scar on his head and his blood red eyes glaring back at her, the fighter's brain needed a few seconds to process his image before any words could be spoken.

Seeing the terrified look in the goddess's eyes, the grey-skinned alien smirked. "Oh, don't stop on my account. Please… continue." Even with most of his face being covered, from the intensity in his eyes you could tell he was thoroughly amused. Hands placed comfortably behind his back, the alien Korgoth chuckled, "You were saying something about… beating somebody up?"

Merely being on the very precipice of his shadow was overwhelming.

Finding her nerve, Set quickly shook herself out of her daze and, faster than a spring-loaded bolt, spun around to face him completely. "Varax."

"You recognize me? I'm flattered," the hulking alien exclaimed while beginning to amble towards the beaten and bruised fox. His legs making mechanical whirring sounds and loud, echoing clunks with every step, the tyrant approached the goddess. "I suppose Whis and the other Gods told you all about me and our previous encounters. No doubt you learned a great deal about my terrifying exploits over your many years of service as a guardian in this universe."
Set, sweat dripping down her face, glared back at the man furiously as he coasted to a stop in front of her. "Yeah. I also heard that you were a mass murderer and a psychopath… the worst kind of scum to ever exist in this world."

Eyes crinkling in delight, Varax brought up one of his clawed, gauntlet arms and rested its palm over his chest. "Be still, my heart." He then lowered it and bowed towards the woman, who took a cautious step back when he got a little too close for comfort. While staring each other down, the Korgoth's brow lifted in realization, "Oh. My apologies. I don't believe we've had the pleasure of meeting yet. Judging from your state of dress and your enormous power level, you must be the God of Storms, Set; the master of deserts and squalls. It's an honor to finally meet you in person."

Narrowing her eyes, the woman's tail wagged threateningly behind her, "I'm sure it is."

Straightening up, the cybernetic tyrant continued to speak, "I've heard a great many things about you… especially the various accounts of how you were imprisoned inside the Nexus following your failed coup against your fellow deities. Your story is quite the poetic one."

Growing both nervous and annoyed at the way this seemingly pleasant conversation was going, the Dio-jin huffed while taking another step away. Her movements didn't go unnoticed by the Korgoth, who continued to stand before her with his guard down and his hands behind his back. "What the hell do you want?" Set asked. Her face scrunched up, at the same time the man standing opposite her leered.

Blinking at her question, Varax lifted his head and, taking a deep breath through his respirator, began to indulge the flustered woman even further. "The same as you, I imagine; power and control over everything in existence. When I sensed your ki signature appear on the radar, I knew instantly that one of the greatest calamities the universe had ever faced had returned to the land of the living. Almost immediately after your revival, you then attempted to destroy our reality by opening a rift in space to suck everything into the void." This then prompted the man to narrow his eyes upon her. "That is something I'm afraid I cannot allow." At the drop of a hat, the titan's tone changed from casual to downright menacing.

Pacing several steps in retreat, the nervous goddess of storms gritted her teeth. "Oh yeah? And what makes you think you can stop me?" Smirking, she then poked a thumb into her ample chest and shot a look at her intimidating adversary. "Do you think I'm afraid of you, Varax? Don't make me laugh! I am Set; the most powerful and evil being in the universe!" Despite her spirited declaration, the Korgoth didn't even flinch. "I have enough darkness swirling in my heart to drown empires and enough hatred to corrupt entire civilizations! Why should I be afraid of you? An immoral dictator from a long forgotten planet?!!"

Remaining silent following the girl's outburst, the tyrant allowed her words to sink in before giving an exasperated sigh. He then shook his head sadly. "It seems that you have yet to understand what true terror really means."

Set then recoiled in shock. And with good reason.

Without even blinking, the woman saw her adversary vanish into thin air, only to then feel his shadow reappear directly behind her. "Looking for someone?" Varax asked, seeing the girl's eyes snap over her shoulder with a start. Almost instantly the vixen's hand shot up and, with a yell of rage, the goddess fired a powerful
orange blast straight into the alien at pointblank range. The attack was so fast and immense that it swallowed up the hulking alien instantly, and shot off of the planet's surface. The blast itself traveled across the entire system, wiping out a moon and a planet along its path. Moments later the laser faded, leaving a wide trench behind the canine warrior and a wall of smoke hanging in front of her face.

Panting from the effort she exerted, Set grinned, "See? Just a pathetic mor-" Her confidence was short-lived. As soon as she saw the cloud part, her eyes widened in bewilderment when she watched Varax emerge from the fumes, still standing in the same place with his hands behind his back and not a single speck of dust on him.

Varax was unfazed.

"Is that all?"

Trembling in fear, it took a couple of seconds for Set to regain her composure. Once her body stopped shaking, the girl let out a fierce battle cry and leapt straight up at the alien. With a roar, the goddess threw a left hook across the alien's face, which connected with a deafening 'crack', followed instantly by a second one when her right crashed into his other cheek. The two blows shook the planet under their force, causing the tyrant to grunt and stumble away after the last hit. From the way his legs crumpled, it almost looked as though Set's combo had shaken him.

But after he staggered away for several yards, the hulking figure stopped, rubbed his chin on the back of his hand, and smirked sinisterly in the vixen's direction.

Set, stunned when she saw that her blows had done no damage whatsoever, cried out in pain and shakily brought her hands up. "A-Augh! What-?" Her arms were completely numb.

Wanting to find out what was causing this, the goddess quickly looked down at her knuckles to see what the problem was. She soon discovered that not only was her hands covered in black bruises, but her knuckles had also been torn open and were bleeding. From the look on her face, it was easy to tell that this was something that had never happened to her before.

"N-No way." Stammering, the deity looked up to see Varax rise to his feet and begin strolling towards her with his hands at his sides.

Cracking his neck from the combo, the Korgoth smirked down at his stricken foe. "The most powerful and evil being in the universe? Please..." Stopping just a couple of meters away from the woman, he watched his opponent step away. "You're just a speck... a child throwing a tantrum because she didn't get what she wanted. There is no real darkness in your heart... just a lot of anger and bitterness towards a world that has failed her."

Not willing to give up yet, Set prepared for another attack. But just as she was rising up to full height, a strange feeling suddenly came over her that had her vision blur. Swaying on the spot, the vixen groaned when a sickly, dizzy feeling struck her, and she stumbled. Trying to regain her balance soon resulted in her dropping to her knee, which then prompted her to reach up and grip the side of her head.

Feeling her strength start to leave her at an alarming rate, the humanoid canine glanced up in alarm, her vision turning double as she attempted to focus. Alas, even with her insane control over her powers, she was unable to recoup her senses, and she slowly started to grow tired.

"What's... happening... to me?" Set stammered, her voice wheezy as she pushed herself to her feet, only to collapse to her knee once again. Panting exhaustedly, her brain quickly worked out who
was causing this pain, and her attention soon fixed upon her opponent. "Y-You!"

The hulking, granite-skinned alien chuckled, "Did you honestly think that I would face a God in combat without possessing some kind of an edge?" Watching his foe quiver under his presence, Varax continued his little monologue. "How naïve. I'm not considered the most dangerous being in the universe because of my incredible strength and cruelty… but because I'm the smartest and the wisest of all the tyrants, with a Class 20 intellect and over a hundred million years of experience under my belt. The amount of knowledge that I've accumulated in my lifetime is insurmountable."

The moment he said that, the glass plate on the center of his chest suddenly started to glow brightly and a sickly purple aura began to radiate off of his body.

Feeling another crushing weight fall upon her the moment the man's energy began to waft off of him, Set attempted to stand a second time. However, when she felt even more of her strength dissipate, the woman then perked up when she realized something was off. Her attention soon locking onto the center of Varax's chest, she quickly figured out what was going on.

"How…?"

"Beautiful, isn't it?" the tyrant exclaimed, before then speaking in a condescending tone of voice, "You see my race was born in the very heart of the universe, in a system where the planets orbited around a black sun. The negative-zero radiation emitted by this particular star has the innate and unique ability to neutralize all forms of celestial energy. Simply being in orbit of even a fragment of it is enough to render the strength and abilities of all deity warriors useless." A smirk formed on his face once again. "You could say that it is your Achilles heel."

The sensations getting worse, Set attempted to run. But the moment she stood, her body swayed before falling onto her backside. When she hit the ground, the vixen yelped, and craned her head up to see Varax take a couple of steps closer to her.

"I sliced off a piece of my planet's sun and integrated it into my body, allowing me to make use of its anti-celestial powers. Even though I lack the same strength and capabilities of you deities, thanks to my unlimited resources and experience, I've been able to level the playing field. In other words, I'm bad news for Godly ki users," stopping in front of her, the alien tyrant frowned. "Now you know why your compatriots are so afraid to cross paths with me."

"I… I…" Set groaned, trying fruitlessly to crawl away.

Staring at her for but a moment, Varax suddenly swooped down and grabbed her by the throat. As soon as his fingers wrapped around her neck, he lifted her into the air. The moment he had her dangling several feet above the ground, gasping and struggling for breath, the tyrant spoke.

"Your arrogance blinds you, God of Storms. You have no idea what true evil actually is," the Korgoth hissed, tightening his grip as the vixen clawed and kicked uselessly against his arm.

Watching the woman writhe and gasp for several more seconds, the hulking tyrant leered, "Allow me to educate you. Once I've plugged you into my ship's power core, I'm going to harvest your body for everything it is worth… and then… once you've given me all that you can, I will kill you."

Unable to cry out and starved for air, the vixen punched and kicked at the warrior's enormous arm for several more seconds, before her eyes inevitably rolled back and she blacked out.

Feeling the young woman go limp and sensing her consciousness conk out, Varax smirked in success before turning heel. Carrying her as if she were just a doll, the man then looked towards the sky, watching as a huge black hole formed above him and a large warship emerged from its
center. Exiting slip space, the vessel drifted into the planet's atmosphere, passing over the planet and its master's position. As soon as it stationed itself above the desert, a beam of light suddenly shot down from its hull and enveloped the warlord like a scene from a sci-fi film.

The second the light fell upon him, the tyrant was lifted off of the ground and beamed up onto the ship. Once he was safely on board, the light vanished and the ship started moving again. After gaining some distance from the planet, a second black hole opened up and swallowed the vessel whole. In a matter of seconds, it was gone…

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: Wow, that took longer than I expected. Oh well. Hopefully I managed to hit all the right notes.

Anyhow we have now reached the end of the arc and have now entered the High school period. And we also see some serious foreshadowing for the chaos to come.

First and foremost, Gohan and Videl are now together as a couple, but the girl has encountered a bit of a problem. Lime, who's also fallen in love with Gohan as well, and Kana, who also has her heart set on him, have moved back in, and Zangya is starting to develop feelings for Gohan as well. This results in a very entertaining encounter and argument in the bedroom.

It's a shame the young Saiyan is still knocked out after his fight, otherwise they'd be all over him.

On a side note - Cards on the table, this story does have a harem element in it. While I'm all for Gohan/Videl, since I'm a long time supporter and fan of them, their relationship has also been poisoned by a terribly executed and forever dreadful canon story line. Everytime I think of Gohan/Videl, I'm constantly reminded of the nerd-Gohan that he's devolved into in the main story line 'shudders'.

But of course, this situation introduces the foundations I was intending. For now this is currently a Gohan/Videl romance story, but it's now evolving and presenting other possible romantic avenues. Nobody ever said the path of romance was easy. There are always going to be obstacles.

I find this to be one of my most preferred genres.

Let's see… we also have Sandra finally setting her sights on earth and heading towards it (or more accurately the planet the Super Saiyan is hiding on), so she won't be showing up for a while, and then we have Varax making his second appearance.

I think Varax is a very interesting character and a personal favorite of mine. Though he is powerful in his own right, about the same strength as Super Gotenks Buu, he's not overwhelmingly strong like the Gods. He possesses intelligence and resources above everything else, knows how to use both to his advantage, and can utilize them to gain an edge over his opponents. The strategy he utilized against Set was a simple but brilliant one, where he used an external energy source he stole as kryptonite against the Godly ki user. It's sort of like Metallo vs Superman in a way. Unlike all of the other villains though, Varax doesn't use blasts and can't fly very fast. His fighting style resembles Mongul's from DC, whom inspired me to create him.

You'd expect someone who's lived longer than any other creature in the universe to have knowledge about such things. All things considered, Set is in real trouble. I wonder what's going to
happen now?

Every single villain I designed has a unique fighting style and ability attached to them. Kana was quick, and had light and teleportation at her disposal. Paprika’s fighting skills and strengths are an almost exact mirror image of Garlic Junior's abilities. Sentinel 16 used high-powered artillery, rockets and, being a robot, could sacrifice parts of his body whenever necessary. Zeru, despite its enormous size and slow speed, used beams and force fields to defend itself. The Minions of Set had their own collection of unique abilities, and Set herself has powerful telekinetic capabilities. I think we've got a good mix here.

Anyhow, let's get an update on the stats:

Power levels:

**Antagonists**

Set, God of Storms – 200,000,000,000 riki (Godly ki 20)

Set, God of Storms (weakened) – 1,000,000,000 riki

Varax – 6,000,000,000 riki

**Z-fighters**

Videl – 17,000,000 riki

Krillin – 20,000,000 riki

Android 18# - 40,000,000 riki

Trunks – 13,000,000 riki

Trunks (Super Saiyan) – 90,000,000 riki

Goten – 13,000,000 riki

Goten (Super Saiyan) – 90,000,000 riki

Piccolo – 220,000,000 riki

Paprika - 26,000,000 riki

Paprika (Super Makyan) - 260,000,000 riki

Vegeta – 27,000,000 riki
Vegeta (Super Saiyan) – 270,000,000 riki
Vegeta (Super Saiyan 2) – 470,000,000 riki

Zangya – 27,000,000 riki
Zangya (Full Power) – 270,000,000 riki
Zangya (Super Hera) – 470,000,000 riki

Gohan – 29,000,000 riki
Gohan (Super Saiyan) – 290,000,000 riki
Gohan (Super Saiyan 2) – 490,000,000 riki
Gohan (Super Saiyan 3) - 1,490,000,000 riki

Other
Goku – 27,000,000 riki
Goku (Super Saiyan) – 270,000,000 riki
Goku (Super Saiyan 2) – 470,000,000 riki

Android 17# - 35,000,000 riki
Lime – 100 riki

Fat Buu – 1,000,000,000 riki
Kid Buu – 1,300,000,000 riki
Super Buu – 4,000,000,000 riki
It was early morning out in the country and everywhere you looked animals of all shapes and sizes were waking up to the same delightful chorus. This was especially the case over at the Son residence, where the denizens of the domicile were already up and about, and getting ready for a long day ahead.

Sleeping out at the front of the house just a couple of feet from the door, the familiar, pink form of the family's pet dragon Icarus was currently curled up near the clothesline like a cat resting underneath the shade. His tail shifting every so often while his breaths came out in soft purrs, the dragon's ears then perked up when he heard the sound of a ruckus inside the house. When those noises increased in volume, the flying reptile's head perked up and his eyes shifted towards the dome-shaped building, just in time to see the front door open up.

As soon as it did, the tall, strapping form of the home's oldest male tenant stepped out of the hall and into the light. Adorned in black pants, a maroon singlet top, and a yellow and black Capsule Corp jacket with matching boots similar in style to what Mirai Trunks wore in their first encounter, the cheerfully smiling Son Gohan emerged from the home with a laptop bag slung over his shoulder and hanging at his side.

After inhaling a deep breath of the cool mountain air and feeling a light breeze from the East lick at his face, the teen adjusted his duffle and glanced back into the house. "Alright, mum! I'm heading out!"

"Just a second, Gohan!" the voice of his loving parent called back, stopping him in his tracks. Quickly swiveling around, the young Saiyan was quickly met by his mother, dressed in her usual yellow gi, jogging out of the house with a large bento box wrapped in a white sheet. "Here. You'll probably want your lunch."

When the raven haired woman held the package out to him, Gohan grinned back at her sheepishly, "Oh. Yeah. I can't forget about that." He then gave his mother a grateful smile, which earned a shake of the head from the ever dutiful housewife.

"Geez. You're just like your father. Always jumping the gun," Chi-Chi exclaimed, placing her hands on her hips and watching as her son slipped the item into his bag. "Your brain's probably turning into mush from all the times you've landed on your head during training."

"Ah, I'm fine mum. I'm just a little overexcited, that's all."

"Well, make sure you keep that excitement to a minimal. I know how you Saiyans get when you're all riled up. Since this is going to be your first time attending a public school, you're going to want to make a good impression on your fellow students."

Chuckling as he buckled up his pack, the spiky haired young male then looked back up to meet the woman's adoring gaze. "Don't worry. I'll manage."
"Good," Chi-Chi nodded, a confident smile forming as she faced her son down with pride. "Remember to listen to your teachers carefully… and good luck."

"Yeah," Gohan nodded, only to then feel a nudge in the back of his shoulder. Turning about, he saw the adorable face of his best friend and companion Icarus standing directly behind him, his tail wagging happily. When the dragon squawked in greeting, the teen chuckled and gave the reptile's beak an affectionate pet. "Sorry, Icarus. Maybe next time, okay?"

The dragon purred, bowing his head when the boy massaged the top of his skull. Once he was certain his friend had received enough attention, Gohan glanced back to smile at his mother. It was then he noticed another figure step into his doorway and peeked around to see Zangya, decked out in an oversized white shirt that she'd obviously slept in with a wicked mess of bed hair, lean against the frame and look out across the front lawn.

Gohan smiled, "Hey there, sleepyhead."

"Good morning to you too, schoolboy." Yawning into her hand, the still drowsy Hera grinned and, with as little effort as possible, passed the young scholar-slash-hero a wave. "Evening spar? Same time, same place?"

"You're on," the teen shot back with a quick point in her direction, upon which he then readjusted his bag and turned heel. "I'll see you guys later." With one last nod, the demi-Saiyan ran out into the open and rocketed into the air, his takeoff causing a sonic boom to echo out across the valleys. A split second later, he was gone, his form vanishing over the horizon.

Even though he was long gone, Zangya, Chi-Chi and Icarus continued staring into the distance, smiles formed across their lips and their faces practically glowing. Out of all three of them, it was the mother that was the most elated, as indicated by the glimmer in her eye and the way her fingers interlocked in front of her.

"Do you think he'll be alright?" the raven haired parent asked the Z-fighter standing behind her.

The Hera, an eager smile in play, nodded while folding her arms across her chest. "Hey. The guy fought my former boss and saved the entire universe from a crazy-ass goddess. I'm sure he can handle a classroom full of people his own age for seven hours."

Acknowledging her words with a sigh, Chi-Chi nodded, "I sure hope you're right." And she sure as hell hoped nothing bad happened along the way.

After all, moving to a high school after so many years of studying at home was a pretty nerve rattling prospect for a normal kid. For a Super Saiyan capable of laying waste to an entire star system… that was another matter entirely…

OOO

(Sometime later)

As he soared over the valleys, farmlands and rivers making up the region surrounding his mountain home, all Gohan could think about was what his first day at school was going to be like. Ever since he received the letter from the principal of Orange Star High that he'd been admitted into their academy with the most outstanding results they'd ever seen, he'd been overjoyed and practically beside himself. His acceptance into their ranks meant that he would not only be free to try out something normal for a change, but he would also be able to attend the same institute as Videl and the rest of his friends.
The thought of being in the same class as the raven haired girl and her fellow peers made his stomach quiver with excitement. Though he was determined to make a good start in his first period, he also wondered how the kids would respond to him.

Would they find his appearance strange? Was his hairstyle suitable enough? What about his personality? How would the other kids respond to his out-of-town demeanor? Sure, Videl and Erasa loved his country-boy persona and general benevolence. But how would the others react to it? So many questions were flooding through him, making him wonder whether or not he was ready to attend such a prestigious establishment.

Though based on the graphs and reviews he'd read up on the place, the school was around midlevel in the state. Not to mention it was the only place he could afford to go to.

Either way, the teen was certain he would cross that bridge when he came to it. As long as he had Videl at his side to show him around, as well as Erasa, Lime and Touya, then he was certain he'd be able to make it through his first day completely unscathed.

His eyes shimmering with excitement as he watched the countryside and clouds zoom past him, the fast-moving boy grinned from ear to ear. "This is going to be so much fun." He would bet his money on it.

Looking down to make sure his bag was still strapped around him and everything was still inside, the teen then spotted the badge he had attached to his jacket. Reaching down to grab it, the Saiyan angled it so that he could see the big capital 'H' sitting in the orange star in the center.

After having it flash in his face a couple of times, the young man allowed a soft smile to form. "Finally… I have a chance to be a normal guy for a change." While being a Saiyan was fun and all, gallivanting about every single day and flexing your powers was a bit of a drone sometimes.

Needless to say, after the madness he'd recently been put through, Gohan needed the time out to try something new. Starting the coming week off with his first day at high school seemed like an appropriate thing to do.

While flying along at a casual pace and watching more towns and roads pass by under him, the demi-Saiyan couldn't help but spare a moment back to the day he'd regained consciousness. No matter how hard he tried, he just couldn't put the image of that one particular scene out of his mind…

XXX

(Flashback)

A current of what felt like electricity rushed through his body, prompting the peacefully sleeping Gohan to let out a low groan while his face scrunched up in discomfort. His fingers twitching as feeling returned to his limbs, the demi-Saiyan's eyes blinked open, pushing aside the veil of darkness that was consuming him and replacing it with the sight of his bedroom ceiling.

At first not knowing what to make of it, the doped up young warrior allowed for a few moments of reprieve to regain his bearings. It was only when memories of the events leading up to his sudden black out finally came about that the young man gasped and sat up with a start. By doing so, he inadvertently sent the towel folded up on his forehead flying to the other side of his futon.

Startled and breathing heavily, Gohan then winced when he started seeing spots and closed his eyes. "Ah, damn it… shouldn't have done that." He was then about to reach up to massage his
scalp, only to realize he couldn't move his arm…

Or both his arms to be exact.

Puzzled by the fact he was feeling heavier than usual the demi-Saiyan then looked down at his sides to investigate the source of the problem. He received quite the surprise when he not only saw Videl lying directly alongside him, sound asleep and dressed in her signature shirt and pants, but that she was also accompanied by an unconscious Lime, Zangya and Kana, all of whom had decided to crash on the floor around him.

It was quite the surprise. Not only was the raven haired girl he'd known for many years curled up next to him and clutching his left arm like a hug-pillow, but Kana had taken up his right arm in a similar manner along with Lime, the latter of whom was lying across his torso, while Zangya was sprawled out at the foot of his mattress partially covered by his blanket. As they slept, the tomboy and farm girl wore fond smiles on their faces, while the Hera snored quietly away, not really caring about anything that was going on.

However, while seemingly unaware of her surroundings, the orange haired girl unconsciously gave Kana a kick. The young traveler yelped before kicking the orange haired woman back, who didn't do anything except groan.

Baffled by the number of people sleeping around him, as well as the condition of his room, Gohan then looked across at his door, where he suddenly spotted the familiar face of his mother beaming right back at him.

Her appearance drew a quiet gasp from the young man, "Mum?"

"Good morning, sweetheart." Carrying a tray of freshly made breakfast with her, the woman slowly made her way into the room and, careful so that she didn't step on anyone's hair, knelt down beside her son's pillow and set the food on the floor next to him. "Did you sleep well?"

"Y-Yeah… I guess…" His eyes falling back on the numerous female occupants, the teen did a quick scan of the space before returning his gaze to his parent. "Umm… why are all the girls here? Did I organize some kind of sleepover or something?"

"Not exactly," Chi-Chi exclaimed quietly, shrugging and throwing the boy a cheeky grin, "While you were snoring away for the past couple of days, there was actually a really big fight."

Gohan's eyes snapped back to her in bewilderment, "Really? Who won? Was it by KO? Ring out? Or decision?"

Surprised by her son's rather hurried reply, the raven haired mother had a look around the room herself. After taking in the smiles on everyone's faces and seeing how all of the girls were curled up comfortably where they were positioned, all Chi-Chi could do was scratch her head and smile back at her son.

"A draw… I think…"

(End Flashback)

XXX

After spending an entire weekend thinking about it Gohan had been unable to come up with an answer to the unexpected debacle. For whatever reason they had, Videl and the rest of the girls had all clammed up about whatever had gone on in his room while he'd been unconscious. When he
tried to approach them about it, each and every one of them either gave him a completely vague answer or simply grinned at him cheekily and left him to stew over it.

Kana didn't stick around long enough for him to interrogate her, and Zangya and Lime weren't saying anything. The former was being her usual enigmatic self and the latter had decided to play hard-to-get. Heck, even Videl was being surprisingly quiet, saying that it was 'her problem' and something that only she could resolve. Of course, Gohan accepted this right off the bat, partly because he trusted her and partly because he didn't want to piss her off if he prodded too much.

He was aware at how angry she could get when provoked. It happened often during her training and whenever she got flustered.

"Why are all the girls I know so terrifying?" Gohan thought, taking a second to consider all of the people he'd come to associate with over the years.

This subject occupied his thoughts all the way to Satan City, which appeared over the horizon a few short minutes later. Keeping well out of sight of any wandering eyes, the demi-Saiyan continued to fly across the metropolis before eventually happening upon an alleyway nestled comfortably between two buildings. Dropping down between the apartments, he then ambled out onto the street and, acting like nothing out of the ordinary had taken place, began jogging towards Orange Star High.

Deciding to put all questions in his mind on the backburner for the time being, the demi-Saiyan made a beeline straight for the institute. Judging from the clear blue sky and the wonderful climate surrounding him, the young hero had a feeling that it was going to be a perfect day…

OOO

(Elsewhere)

Just several blocks away, on the edge of a residential district, the sounds of screams and gunfire filled the air as one of the many branches of the town's main bank system, Satan City Trust, was shaken down by the most vicious of crooks. Decked out in heavy artillery with woolen masks pulled over their faces, concealing their identities, a group of highly organized robbers stormed the counter area and began herding customers and staff into the corners of the structure.

The security guard stationed by the front door had been effortlessly dispatched at the outset of the raid, having his gun shot out of his hand and leaving him nursing the bullet wound on the carpet. This allowed the group of half a dozen thieves to pour over the front desk and force the agents stationed behind the tills to start emptying out all the cash from the various safes and registers. With the majority of the building's patrons lying on the floor and the doorway blocked off by two armed assailants brandishing Uzi sub-machineguns, barring anyone else from entry, it was easy pickings for the squad.

Heck, they didn't even care whether or not the silent alarm had been tripped. With the weaponry that they had, it would take a fully armed unit from the station to bring them down, and they doubted the Satan City police would respond in such force so readily.

They had the element of both time and surprise on their side as they made quick work of loading up the goods.

"That's right! Everybody stay down!" the head of the group, a man sporting a goatee, mustache and a tactical vest, shouted while pointing his assault rifle at the terrified staff members. Malicious grin framing his face, he then turned his attention to his cronies, who were now forcing the poor bank
tellers to fill up the last of the bags. "Hey! How are we doin' over there?"

"We're just about done, chief! Just one more bag!" the man with the Glock, blue sweater and chiseled jaw shouted back, smirking as he watched the terrified woman with the orange hair finish stuffing away the rest of the cash. "Alright! That's it! We're good here!"

"Excellent!" the leader chuckled, cocking his gun and swiveling about. As soon as his boys cleared his line of sight, the man had a clean shot of the wall behind the counter. "And just so you people don't get any ideas..." He then proceeded to empty his entire magazine on the building, forcing the staff to drop down as the paper thin walls behind them were shredded by the MP5. The civilians cried out as chips of plaster and wood rained down on top of them.

As soon as he'd written his name on the bank's back wall, the cocky leader removed the magazine and shoved in a new one.

"Thank you for your cooperation!" the man spoke, earning a round of shortles from the rest of his fellow crooks. When the sound of fast-approaching police sirens echoed in from outside, the leader then gestured his comrades towards the glass doors. "Come on, boys! Let's blow this joint!" They then started for the exit...

But just as they were a few paces out, the group suddenly saw a figure teleport into view, giving them quite a start and stopping them in their tracks. Taking a few steps back, the gang of gun-touting thugs then recoiled in shock when they recognized the raven haired, over-sized shirt wearing form of the city's top crime fighter, Videl Satan, standing in their way.

Hands placed firmly on her slender hips and her short yet imposing form positioned directly in the center of the open doors, the gutsy teenager used the opportunity to count the number of bandits in front of her before a smirk appeared on her face.

"Let me guess; making a long-term withdrawal?"

Freaking out at the sight of the girl, the pistol wielder in the sweater turned to his companions, "Shit, boss! It's Mr. Satan's daughter!"

"What?! That's her?!" another man wielding an AK-47 choked out in disbelief, "The crime buster Videl?"

"I-If she's here... then that means the Gold Fighter can't be too far behind!" the brute closest to the entrance stammered.

Initially stunned and caught completely off guard, the boss then spat and cocked his weapon, pointing it squarely at the girl's head. The instant his sights were locked, fear gripped the already petrified bystanders and prompted them to take cover. "Fuck her and that blonde haired freak! Just shoot the bitch!" His shout startling his men from their reverie, the leader then wasted no time in opening fire on the girl.

The instant he began to shoot, every other robber in the room started unloading on the tomboy, the room becoming filled with the deafening chorus of machinegun fire and screams of terror. At first blush it looked as though Satan City's most beloved daughter was Swiss cheese.

But as the gunfire continued on for a grand total of fifteen seconds, the determined smirks of the bank robbers slowly faded into pale expressions of horror when they saw every single bullet they fired bounce off of their target like they were pellets. When the barrage ended moments later and their guns clicked to empty, the group of thugs then saw whatever bullets had ended up crushed.
against the girl's skin tumble off of her and to the ground, leaving her standing there with a fair bit of holes in her shirt and a smirk on her face.

Readjusting her ruined top, Videl then threw her bewildered attackers a grin. "Yeah… you may want to give up now."

When the men all took a step back, with one smart guy thinking it was a good idea to reload his weapon, the tomboy decided right then and there that she'd given them all the warning they needed.

Clocking speeds no ordinary human could keep up with, the raven haired girl darted for the closest men and began knocking them out one after the other with single, concussive blows. After dispatching the first three on one side of the room with a quick series of punches, she then spun around and thrust her hand towards the two on the other side. Just as they were realizing their target had disappeared, the pair of gunmen was struck down by a gust of wind, which knocked them off their feet and straight through the wall behind them, where they were promptly deposited in the alleyway directly beside the dumpster.

After knocking them out, Videl then turned her attention to the last guy; the boss. The instant she did, she saw the terrified man jump the front counter and, grabbing the nearest employee, got behind her and pushed his pistol into the poor woman's temple.

As the orange haired woman whimpered in fear, the manic robber shouted at the crime fighter. "Back off or I'll kill her! Believe me! I'll do it!"

Just when it seemed like the man had Videl in checkmate, the raven haired girl's eyes suddenly widened. A split second later, an invisible force smacked the gun out of the robber's hand, causing a loud crack to ring out followed by a cry of pain. The leader then gripped his broken wrist, allowing his hostage to drop out of his grip and run. The moment the mastermind of the assault looked up to find out what the hell had happened, all he saw was a fist followed by blackness.

A split second later his body hit the carpet like a sack of potatoes, which gave the bored looking Videl the cue to lower her arm.

When the staff members began moving from their hiding places to get a better look at the girl's handiwork, the raven haired teen smirked down at the out cold killer.

"I believe you."

It was a clean win, for sure. But just as the shaken victims of the bank robbery were beginning to relax, a screeching of tires pulling up outside drew their attention towards the glass doors. When she spun around, Videl spotted a large blue pickup parked outside, with a seventh man driving it and an eighth man at the helm of a Vulcan gun mounted on the back.

The six-barreled Gatling gun that was normally used in military aircraft was pointed at the building by the excited looking gunner, who pulled back on the massive cocking lever and braced against the handles. The sight of the massive weapon had everyone in the room take a full step back in horror, while Videl, expression hardening, dropped into a stance and prepared to attack.

"Eat lead, you bitch!" the man on the back of the truck shouted, pulling hard on the trigger. A loud whirring sound echoed out at the beginning of what was to be a glorious turkey shoot…

But just as the gun barrels started to rotate, they suddenly grounded to a stop when a hand appeared out of nowhere and grabbed it, preventing it from turning. The result was the gun's mechanisms
snapping and cracking loudly as the insides exploded, startling the shooter who then looked to see who had grabbed it.

He got the most spine-chilling shock of his life when he saw the blonde, spiky haired form of the city's second most recognized crime buster, the Gold Fighter, glaring right back at him from two feet away.

Standing on the back of the pickup, dressed in black pants and a maroon vest, the latter of which showed off his muscular chest and arms, there was no doubt the teen looked the part of a very frightening and intimidating badass.

When he saw the gunner balk, Gohan smirked, "Careful. You can really hurt somebody with this."

Freaking out, the man quickly dove for the vehicle's open sunroof and dropped into the seat, scaring his coworker.

"DRIVE! DRIVE! DRIVE!" the gunner shouted.

Not even needing to ask why, the bandit behind the wheel floored it and pitched his vehicle into overdrive. From the screeching of tires against the tarmac and the smoke rising into the air as a result, any onlookers would think the robbers had gotten away and were now making good tracks downtown. But as it turns out, while the tires continued to tear away at the road's hard surface, the vehicle wasn't budging an inch.

This was because Gohan had speedily teleported behind the car and was now holding it by its rear bumper, a cheerful smile on his face as he watched the wheels of the truck wear out. Humming a cheerful tune while the desperate men attempted to figure out why they weren't moving, the blonde Saiyan then decided that they'd had enough fun for one day and moved to restrain them.

Effortlessly lifting the getaway vehicle into the air with one hand, startling the poor robbers, he then shook it like a person would a can of soda, allowing the contents of the truck to bounce around for a few good seconds before he set it back to the floor. By the time the car was back on the tarmac, all of the occupants in the seats were out cold and drooling; the act of shaking them so violently having knocked them out.

Hands on his hips, the boy nodded in acknowledgement of his victory before then turning to the entrance to the bank, where he saw Videl standing there with a couple of the bandits slung over her shoulders.

When her eyes met his, the girl beamed happily, "Thanks for the assist… Gold Fighter." She allowed the young male's title to roll off of her tongue in a mischievous tone of voice, earning a wide grin from the transformed Saiyan.

"Anytime, Miss Satan." Bowing graciously, he then gave her an inquisitive stare, "Need a hand rounding them up?"

"No thanks. I got this," the tomboy replied, grinning at the young man before nodding in his direction. "You've got other things to worry about, remember?"

"Oh. Right. First day. I have a meeting with the principal," Gohan hissed, quickly slapping the side of his head for his sudden memory lapse. "I'll see you in class, yeah?"

"Yeah," Videl exclaimed, nodding back to the boy in acknowledgement. "Good luck."
With one final salute, the Super Saiyan then vanished in a blur of movement, shocking all of the civilians scattered throughout the area. When the police units finally showed up seconds later, pulling up alongside the bank, the people that'd been watching safely from a distance started to move in, prompting a couple of the officers to close off the area and keep everybody back.

During which time Videl continued to stare off in the direction her boyfriend had disappeared in. Knowing he'd just popped around the corner to collect his stuff, the raven haired girl smiled to herself as her eyes sparkled with delight. Though she was thrilled at having downed an entire crew of armed bandits without the slightest bit of effort whatsoever, she was even more pleased to know that the boy she'd known for seven years was finally going to be attending the same school as her.

Even as the officers who arrived on the scene approached her and began thanking her for her hard work, all Videl could think about as she addressed the men was what the day was going to be like with Gohan in her class.

"I hope you're ready, Gohan... because today is going to be amazing," the crime fighter thought with excitement burning in her gaze.

OOO

(Sometime later)

Upon handing the crooks responsible for the bank job over to the police and informing the officers of the events that'd transpired, Videl then moved right into getting her affairs in order and heading off to school. Deciding to fly there, the girl easily made it across town to the enormous block that was her school. No matter how many times she passed over that area of the city the raven haired teen couldn't help but marvel at how big the place actually was.

Orange Star High was one of the most well-known education institutes in the state, being best known for its affordability, efficiency, and graduating with classes filled with high achievers. The main building where all of the main classrooms were situated was a large four story complex with a wide entrance and the school's name imprinted on the front. Surrounding it were the estate's lavish grounds and footpaths leading to other areas of the estate. To the right of the building sat a baseball field and to its left stood a massive warehouse that served as the tech center for its woodshop classes. Behind that you had a track and field oval with a soccer pitch in the center, a swimming pool next to that, and the performing arts center to its left.

Needless to say, the state spared no expense in giving the students the ideal environment they needed to receive the best education they could afford. It was the reason why Videl and her friends were attending this school, and it was partly the reason why Gohan had decided to enroll in it as well.

Heart still swelling with excitement, the now off-duty Videl descended to the city streets just outside of her academy and dropped down onto its footpath. As soon as she touched down, she dashed in through the front gates, greeting everyone she passed, and rushing up the steps. Heck, she was so jacked for the day that she nearly forgot to pick up her stuff from her locker before continuing the rest of the way to class.

She also made sure to pull into the girl's bathroom to change her shirt, due to the fact that the one she started the day with was full of bullet holes.

By the time she arrived at her room, about two thirds of the students were already in their seats. With a few minutes left to kill, the girl headed up to her isle, shimmied her way into the middle and planted her posterior against the edge of her desk.
As expected, her childhood friend Erasa and her school friend Sharpener, a tall guy with long blonde hair and the word 'jock' written all over him from his purple vest right down to his jeans, were already there and waiting in their seats. When the raven haired crime fighter inserted herself between them, she set her hands on the desk behind her and waited for their responses.

When her eyes panned over her friend's spotless condition, Erasa immediately noticed the state of her hair and boots and, after processing the image for several seconds, rested her chin against her hand. "Let me guess… bank robbery?"

"Yep," Videl chirped, waving a few locks out of her face before grinning down at the blonde. "Satan City Trust branch in the downtown area. Want to take a shot at the number of crooks involved."

The girl in the green tube top smirked at the challenge. "There were eight robbers in total. Six of them stormed the building while two of them were waiting in the truck outside. You took down the first guys easily, while the 'Gold Fighter' went after the other two and played peppershaker with their getaway car." Taking a moment to check her nails, Erasa answered her friend's amused expression with a reason for her fantastic insight into that morning's events. "News travels fast over Spacebook, Vi. As long as I'm logged on, you can't drop a pen anywhere in the city without me knowing about it."

Videl shook her head at her cheekily grinning classmate, "Sometimes I forget how much of a Class-A sleuth you actually are." When she saw the girl poke out her tongue, the tomboy smiled, "Seriously. You'd make an excellent detective. How about trying out for an internship over at the station?"

"Thanks, but no thanks," Erasa giggled. "I'm not interested in that cloak and dagger stuff. I mean, dealing with all those creeps around town, going down dirty alleyways, and the paperwork? Yuck. I think I'll pass on that." Bringing up both hands to her cheeks and looking ahead of her with a dreamy look falling over her face, the cheerful young girl smiled. "I'm into… other stuff."

"What? You mean the Gold Fighter?" Sharpener asked, slipping his hands behind his head as he glanced across at his fellow blonde. When he saw the girls glance in his direction, the boy chuckled in amusement, "Come on, Erasa; enough with the fantasies already. Can't you think about doing something more constructive with your time rather than just dreaming about some blonde superhero that fights crime with Videl?"

The blue-eyed teen grinned, "I could… but it's all everyone's talking about right now." She then turned her gaze back to her raven haired classmate, "Videl and the Gold Fighter; the top two crime fighters in Satan City."

Videl rolled her eyes at the dazzling gaze Erasa shot at her, "Come on. We're not that popular."

"Are you kidding me? You two are the biggest names to hit the news channels since your old man won the World Martial Arts Tournament for the second time in a row." The teen then raised a fist. "Forget about the singers and the movie stars of our generation. You and super-hunk are on the front cover of every single newspaper and homepage across the world."

Breathing out an exasperated sigh, the tomboy then scratched her head, "As if being the daughter of the 'Champ' wasn't bad enough already." She'd just gotten over being the third wheel to her old man. But now, thanks to her outstanding work as a defender of truth and justice in Satan City's enforcement agency, she was quickly becoming a celebrity all her own.

Heck. And all she was doing was trying to make this town a better place.
"Ugh. It can get so frustrating sometimes."

"Well at least you're making a difference out there." Giggling when she saw the look on her friend's face, Erasa folded her arms in front and leaned back in her seat. "The fact that I know both you and golden locks makes it even better. I mean, between you and-"

Realizing quickly where her friend was going, Videl's hair bristled in alarm, "Hey! Erasa!"
Stopping the girl's exclamations dead, the crime fighter then shot her a look and hissed, "Remember what we talked about last week… you know… back at my place?"

"Huh?" Blinking a couple of times in confusion, Erasa then gasped when she realized where she was going and clapped a hand over her mouth. "Oh. Right. S-Sorry, Vi." Her flustered response earned a puzzled glance from Sharpener.

Looking between the serious teen and the nervous one a couple of times prompted the blonde man to raise an eyebrow. "Am I missing something here? What are you two hiding?"

"Nothing to get your jockstrap in a twist, Sharp," the voice of a newcomer cut in from the side, drawing everyone's attention to the stairs. The group turned just in time to see the brown haired, glasses wearing form of Touya stop alongside them, where he then proceeded to grin in his classmate's direction. "The thing you got to learn about girls it not to pry into their personal affairs. Believe me, I know."

"Touya. Last minute, as usual," Sharpener chuckled, while taking note of the fact the guy still had his books under his arm. "This is the hundredth time you made it by the skin of your teeth."

Videl shot the boy an amused look, "What was the holdup this time?" She then pointed at him warningly, "And don't skimp out on the excuses."

The athletic man waved away the poster girl's sly tone and responded with a sheepish smile, "I stopped by Yukie's place so that we could walk to school together and ended up making a couple of stops along the way to grab some lunch. Once we got to her clubroom, I got caught up in a conversation with her volleyball team and spent about twenty minutes chatting with them about last night's game. I gotta say; those girls really love their sports."

"Uh-huh," Videl nodded, before then sparing a glance in Erasa's direction to see the blonde stifling a laugh. "And… how many times has he said that in the last two weeks?"

"This will make it the third time he's said that," the blonde chirped back, looking up momentarily to take stock of her count.

"Third time? Wow," the tomboy replied sarcastically while throwing a shit-eating grin at her other friend from middle-school. "You always tell such compelling stories, Touya. How on earth do you do it?"

"First of all, it's not that easy, okay," the teenager replied playfully, adjusting his glasses while shooting the Champ's daughter a look, which earned a flippant wave in return. "You girls always make it so damn difficult to please, even on good days."

"You know it," Erasa answered in a sing-song voice.

"Cut me some slack already. You don't see me harassing you about your tardiness every morning."

"That's because you're the only one who shows up late, Touya-kun," the blonde spoke up again, offering the boy a grin while he shifted the books under his arm. "And because you're an easy
Taking note of his fellow sportsman's appearance, an intently listening Sharpener then grinned smugly, "Speaking of which, what's going on with your outfit?" When everyone's eyes panned over the brown haired male, they saw he was not only wearing a pair of white beach shorts, but also a green fluorescent top with the words 'Same Same' on the front. The group was willing to bet it said 'But Different' on the back. The fact that he was also wearing blue Converses was also quite noticeable. "Who are you supposed to be? Top or bottoms? Stern yet sensual skipper of the S.S Clean-Shaven?"

"Ha ha ha," Touya forcibly laughed at Sharpener's quip while at the same time casually ignoring the sniggers from Videl, Erasa and a large amount of his fellow classmates. The boy then pointed two fingers at his eyes before jabbing them towards the blonde, before slowly walking back down the steps. "Watch your back, buddy. If karma's taught us anything is that sooner or later you're going to get yours."

Sharpener saluted in return, "I'll see you on the pitch tomorrow during second period then!"

"It's a date!"

When she was done laughing, Videl shook her head, "I certainly hope not. Yukie would be very upset if it is."

As soon as Touya ambled to his seat, the bell for the start of class went, signaling all students in the complex to move to their desks. By the time the class's math teacher, a man in a blue suit with thin spectacles and silver hair, marched in through the doorway, every single teenager in the room was at their desks and ready to start the first lesson. Videl was among the last to slip into her chair, where she set her hands in front of her and proceeded to wait with an eager smile in play. As soon as she'd gotten comfortable, her lecturer had stopped beside the speaker's plinth and sat his notepad on the counter next to him.

Clearing his throat and listening to the silence perforating the room, the director began his scheduled announcements. "Good morning, class. I'm glad to see that all of you've managed to get out of bed to attend this morning's lectures. That's exactly the kind of commitment this school is expecting of you." Adjusting his thin-rimmed classes, the old professor then panned over the sea of still weary faces. "As you all probably know from last week, we have a new student joining us today that is actually serious about his education. I hope you'll all use this opportunity to welcome him into the folds of our community." He then turned his attention towards the entrance. "That's your cue, my boy."

When the class's focus shifted over to the door, most of those in attendance were expecting some ordinary bloke or gal to come slinking in following the professor's spirited introduction. Due to his exposition of how this new student was passionate about learning, the majority of the class pictured some kid in some long sleeved white shirt, black vest or red pants to ease his way in; someone of the nerdy variety. All across the board, the excitement at receiving a new student and the general vigor in the room was considerably lacking.

But that all changed the moment the new guy stepped in through the archway and the backs of every single student in the room noticeably straightened at the sight of him. The freshman, as it turned out, was a complete opposite to the person that they were expecting. Instead of a skinny kid with glasses and an outfit that was stereotypical of his background, they saw a dashing, fit young man with an athletic build and short, spiky black hair, black pants, maroon vest, and a yellow Capsule Corp jacket and boots, the former of which was unzipped, amble into their midst with a smile on his face. Reflecting the air of someone who was both physically imposing and benevolent
in the same package, as soon as the teen stepped into view, he immediately began sizing up his
environment.

All in all, the boys in the class were surprised while the girls scattered across the hall were
swooned.

Raising a hand, the young Saiyan waved, "Hello. I'm Gohan. It's nice to meet you."

Just as Videl was about to wave back, she then cringed when she heard a squeal from her left and
looked over to see Erasa clenching her hands tightly. As soon as she stopped making noises, the
ditzy blonde then looked down at the boy with stars in her eyes. "Ooh... he looks so much cooler
than when I last saw him." Without even a shred of hesitation, the girl rose from her seat and
waved to him. "Hey, Gohaaan! Up here!"

While the hybrid warrior grinned, the elderly teacher scowled. "Miss Erasa, please! Control
yourself!" The man raised his hand in a safely manner, "In this school, we don't jump out of our
seats and call out across the room. It is highly disrespectful."

"R-Right. Sorry, sir," the blonde stammered, quickly sitting back down with a shade of pink
flashing across her cheeks. Her little outburst earned an amused look from her companions.

Upon administering swift discipline and regaining control of the room, the teacher then waited for
the newcomer to stand beside him before speaking up once again. "Gohan here achieved top marks
in all areas of his entrance exam; math, literacy, chemistry and physics. I'm sure many of you can
learn from his example." When a couple of jeers and whistles rang out across the hall, the director's
hair bristled. "Pipe down! While you're at it, I recommend that you all take the time to learn a little
more about common decency and good character." As soon as the room settled down, the professor
sighed and turned his attention back to the demi-Saiyan, gesturing up to the stands at the same
time. "Mr. Son, you can sit wherever you like."

The spiky haired hero smiled pleasantly, "Thank you, sir."

When the teacher moved over to his desk, Gohan headed straight for the stairs to his right. As soon
as he started his ascent, he immediately noticed the amount of interested stares he was receiving
from the young adults scattered throughout the classroom. A quiet murmuring started up amongst
the groups as they checked out the new kid, with the girls paying special attention to his backside
when he came in close.

On the way up, Gohan was greeted by the familiar face of Touya sitting at the end of the second
row. The demi-Saiyan was sure to give his friend a high five as soon as he passed, the two sharing
a typical salutation with one another before the demi-Saiyan directed his attention to the row where
Videl and Erasa were sitting. Arriving at the second to last row, Gohan quickly found himself in
front of his blonde haired friend, who stood up to face him.

Brushing some strands behind her ear, the girl in the green tube top beamed up at the strapping
young male in front of her. "Hi, Gohan. How are you doing?"

The demi-Saiyan smiled, "I'm okay, Erasa."

"Are you sure? Lime said that you got really hurt last week and had to miss out on your first day of
school," Erasa murmured, looking the teen over to assess his condition for herself. When she saw
nothing, she looked up at him with a hint of worry in her eyes. "You're not hurting anywhere, are
you?"
Touched by the girl's concern, Gohan shook his head, "No, I'm not in any pain. I'm actually feeling way better than before, which is awesome." He then grinned and scratched his cheek sheepishly. "I've always had a fast recovery time. I guess it's just one of the benefits of being such a nice guy, huh?"

Eyes and cheeks glowing in response, Erasa quickly ducked down and, reaching into her handbag, pulled out a little box wrapped up with a bow. When she stood up to face him again, she nervously held it out, "I'm sorry I wasn't able to come and visit earlier. Here." When Gohan gently took it from her, the girl slipped her hands behind her back and beamed. "A little get well present. I hope you like it."

Gohan's expression flickered with delight, "Awesome. Thanks a bunch, Erasa."

After sharing a warm smile with one another, the blonde then shuffled over so that Gohan could squeeze through. The blonde purposefully made sure there was barely enough room between them so that the handsome young teen could slide passed her, giving him a good-natured bump that prompted the half-Saiyan to nudge her back in a teasing fashion. When the blonde slipped back into her seat, the new kid on the block then turned his attention to the empty seat next to Videl.

As soon as he set his books on the table, the spiky haired warrior glanced across at his girlfriend and smiled.

When she returned it, the crime fighter then leant over and whispered in his ear. "That was an exciting start to the morning, wasn't it, Gohan?"

The Saiyan responded to her question with a smile. "You can say that again."

After elbowing him playfully in the side, the tomboy then turned her attention back to the front of the class where the elderly professor moved on with his lesson. In the trio's brief exchange of pleasantries, Sharpener looked across at them in confusion.

Baffled by the multiple personalities and relations he was witnessing, as well as the strangely chipper moods both Videl and Erasa were in, the blonde haired jock arched an eyebrow and turned away apprehensively. "Am I missing something here?"

OOO

(Sometime Later)

After Gohan's previous misconceptions in regards to what high school was really like in the big city, his first day attending the institute was actually turning out to be quite a blast. So far, in the two hours that had passed since entering the academy, there had been very little to no heckling, no paddle chases, no teasing, no rite-of-passage trials, and no harassment related abuse directed towards him whatsoever. In fact, from what he'd been able to witness, everyone seemed to be blown away by his presence, as he could sense the eyes of almost every single student glued onto his back wherever he went.

Whether this was a good thing or a bad thing he would reserve judgment on that later. But for now the hero of earth was just content with sharing the same classes as his girlfriend and her companions. Hopefully he would be able to carry on this streak throughout the rest of his tenure here at Orange Star High and make many fond memories.

Eventually the first period of the day came and went, and as soon as the bell rang at half past ten, all of the kids emptied out into the quads and hallways for recess. This was pretty much the cue
Gohan was waiting for ever since the first hour. The moment the isle he was sitting in began packing up for the break, he speedily headed out to his locker to grab his food.

He didn't go alone. Videl, Erasa, Sharpener and Touya also went with him, and joined the young man on the seats outside. It was here under a large cherry tree the demi-Saiyan unpacked his food and began helping himself to the intermediate snack his mother had prepared for him.

With everyone arranged comfortably around the table, the situation was primed and ready for conversation.

"So… how is it that you two girls know this guy?" the voice of Sharpener spoke up while looking across at the two females he'd known since middle school. "I mean, I'm guessing you three must be pretty close if you're already acting so chummy on the first day."

Videl, opening up a box of assorted vegetables, fruits and peanuts, smirked back at the curious jock in the purple singlet top. "Well… I've known Gohan for over seven years now, and Erasa has known him for around two. So, next to her, you could say that he's my second childhood friend."

Raising his hand as if he were in class, Touya also added his own name to the list, "And I met Gohan a few months after Erasa did. Just around the time I was starting out at this school."

"I see," Sharpener murmured, counting up the scores with his fingers before resting one of his big arms on top of the table. "You must have quite a bit of history together then, huh?"

Giggling a little, the blonde girl sitting on the other side of the demi-Saiyan leant against his arm and grinned up at the new kid. "You could say that."

Giving Erasa a bit of a look, Videl then redirected her focus to her other classmate and continued on with her exposition. "Gohan's… actually my martial arts teacher and training partner. He taught me most of everything I know today."

"This guy?" Sharpener asked incredulously, poking a thumb at the spiky haired male. When he saw the Saiyan and the crime fighter grin, with the city's number one idol also throwing the new student a fond look, the blonde sportsman dropped his arm and smirked. "Come on, Videl. Seriously? You're, like, the second strongest person on this planet. What can some kid from the mountains possibly teach you when you were practically born and raised on the stuff yourself?" He then gave the new guy a momentary smile, "No offense, dude."

Gohan shrugged, "None taken."

"Oh. Shoot. I don't think we've been introduced yet." Setting down his protein bar, Sharpener held his hand to the teen across from him. "The name's Sharpener. I'm also a friend of Videl's."

"Nice to meet you," Gohan replied, reaching out and gripping the boy's hand firmly. "I'm Gohan."

Withdrawing a second later, the jock whistled and shook his hand out, "Woot. That's some grip you've got there."

"Oh. Sorry about that. I didn't mean to-"

"Ah, don't be, man. I'm used to it. Being a friend of Videl's kind of requires you to have a bit of a strong arm if you're planning on shaking hands with her or her old man," Sharpener replied, waving off the kid's apology and smiling. "Growing up out in the sticks, tipping cattle and pushing plows must've really toughened you up. Does your family own a ranch up there or something?" It was this question that drew a series of chuckles from the girls as well as a light-hearted laugh from
"Not exactly. My family owns an estate, but we don't have a farm next to it or anything. Our place is more like a cottage out in the groves."

"Ah. So your family is one of those self-made ones, is it?"

"Yeah. In a way." The spiky haired hybrid rubbed the back of his head in that characteristic manner. "My dad set it up for us on his grandfather's property. Since we don't need much up there in the mountains, we've been able to hold it together pretty well over the years."

Sharpener grinned, "I haven't visited many places like that so I can't imagine what it must be like." He then tilted his head towards him inquisitively. "So if I heard the girls correctly, you do martial arts as well?"

"Uh-huh," Gohan nodded while grinning. "My entire family does martial arts. You... could say it's in my blood." More than that. It was in his genetics.

Hearing this answer drew a chuckle from the blonde across from him, "I can see why you and Videl get along so well. But considering who her dad is, I still find it hard to believe that she's been taking fighting lessons under you." He then gave the Saiyan a sincere shrug. "Sure, I guess you might have some sort of old-timey folksy-wisdom that she may not know much about when it comes to trading punches, but aside from that I just don't see her taking many sessions from anyone except her old man."

After hearing Sharpener's piece on the matter, Satan City's staple girl shook her head at the man before then casually picking at her fruit salad. "Just so you know, Sharpener, the world is a lot bigger than you think it is. There are other fighters out there that are way stronger than my dad."

The jock scoffed and shook his head, "I'll believe that when I see it."

Touya jabbed his fork in the jock's direction, "If you behave, maybe you will." Upon receiving an odd look from the sportsman, he then glanced across at the girls sitting alongside him. "Do you... think we should tell him?"

His question was quickly followed by a shake of the head from Videl and a cautionary glance from Gohan, "Not yet. Just let him stew for a little bit longer before easing him into it. If we try to tell him everything in one go his head might explode."

"Ah. Got yah," Touya exclaimed, giving them the 'O.K' sign.

Erasa, trying to finish her apple, glanced up at the demi-Saiyan cheerfully. While doing so, she ended up completely missing the confused look being thrown at her by their blonde haired gym junky. "When it comes to keeping big secrets, yours has to be the best one yet, Gohan."

The spiky haired fighter gave the girl a humorous look, "And you just love that stuff, don't you?"

"It's my number one fix," the blonde replied while winking. "Got any more juicy secrets you want to whisper to me? Huh? Maybe something to do with-"

"Now now, Erasa. Take it easy," Gohan said while waving a finger warningly at her when she leant in closer with that captivating smile of hers. "You know what happens when you hear too much gossip... what it does to you when you try to take it all in?"

"It starts to spill out. Yeah, yeah," the girl moaned, before huffing in disappointment and propping
her chin on her hand. Poking the table in front of her, Erasa then started absentmindedly drawing circles across the wood. "It's just that there are so many people in this school with so much to tell. Where do I even begin?"

Videl snickered at her friend's sulking. "How about hanging onto the eggs you've already bought for a little while and just bear with it for a couple more weeks?"

"Aww... but Vi..."

"No buts, Erasa. Behave. Otherwise I'm going to disown you," the raven haired girl threatened half-heartedly, despite the fact that she was also wearing a smile.

Exhaling deeply, the blonde then nodded in resignation, "Fine. I'll be good." This earned a pat on the head from Gohan, which prompted the cheerful teen to smile at him kindly.

Looking between the three in front of him, Sharpener blinked a few times in confusion and turned his attention to Touya sitting alongside him. "Okay... what exactly are they talking about? What's this big secret?"

Leisurely dining on his first period snack, the brown haired young male in glasses smiled, scrunching up his empty muesli bar wrapper and tossing it into the nearby bin. "You'll find out when you're old enough, Sharpie." This response drew a sour look from the man in the tight singlet. "This is something only grownups can talk about."

"Ugh. Tight-ass..."

"It's what you get for teasing me about my choice of clothing," the boy jabbed while throwing the guy a smirk. "If you take back your snide remarks, maybe I'll do you a favor and spill the beans on what these guys are hiding, right here, right now."

Staring back at Touya for several seconds in silence, Sharpener then looked over to see Gohan and the other girls listening to them intently from the sidelines. After taking in their collective expressions as well as the outfit the guy was still sporting, the blonde bit his teeth together in a brief moment of hard contemplation, before turning back to his recess.

"Nah. It's not worth it."

Touya smirked, "Hmph. Your loss." Deep down though, he was extremely disappointed.

With their parts said, the group returned to enjoying their post-opening period break. After several more minutes of conversation, in which the girls spent the entire time catching up with their favorite Saiyan, the bell to the institute soon rang, beckoning all students scattered across the campus. The tide of teenagers slowly flowed back into the main building, where Gohan and his companions quickly made their way to their next class. Along the way, the demi-Saiyan was approached by Videl, who began briefing him on their planned set of activities for the rest of the day.

You could say that the announcement she had to make came as quite a surprise to him.

"Club open day?"

"Yep. It's a day where all of the clubs in the school open their doors to new students who wish to try out for their organizations. It's basically a chance for all newcomers to hone their skills in whatever extracurricular field they choose," the raven haired girl explained to the boy as they stopped in the middle of the hallway. With the rest of their gang filing up behind them, the duo
gave each other their undivided attention. "If you have a career path in mind and want an extra push to get there, joining a club is one of your best options."

"Think of it as an association that provides specific activities that will help you in accomplishing your goals," Erasa chirped in from the sidelines, drawing Gohan's gaze over to the smiling girl. Lifting a hand, the blonde placed it proudly against her ample chest. "I plan on going to university to get my degree in International Studies."

"Really?" Gohan asked, looking across at the girl curiously before smiling. "You want to become a journalist?"

The girl nodded enthusiastically, "Uh-huh."

"That's an interesting career choice," Videl murmured, eyeing her friend incredulously with her arms folded over her chest. "I thought your parents wanted you to do accounting after you graduated from high school."

The blonde girl shrugged, "Let's just say I found a new calling in life. I talked it out with mum and dad and they both think it's a terrific idea. Besides…" She then beamed towards the demi-Saiyan standing next to her. "As long as what I do makes me happy, then nothing else matters. Right, Gohan?"

Her comment earned a fond glance from the newcomer from the countryside. "Yeah."

Erasa tilted her head at him and pressed her textbook firmly against her stomach. "It's only common sense."

"Well… I guess that explains why you've been so focused on doing media studies lately," Videl replied while folding her arms over her chest comfortably. "We can go have a look at all the clubs during afternoon period. Classes have been cancelled so that the students can go check out the venues spread out across the campus, so you're gonna love it."

"Oh, I bet I will," Gohan chuckled.

Stepping up to the spiky haired fighter, Sharpener placed a hand on his shoulder and spoke with him man to man. "You should definitely try your hand at some of the sporting clubs while we're showing you around. I'll swing you by a couple of them so you can check 'em out."

"Thanks. I appreciate that," the half-Saiyan replied sincerely.

While the blonde jock began leading the raven haired teen down the hall at a faster pace, telling him all about the martial arts clubs they had at this school as well as various other contact sports, Videl, Erasa and Touya hung back and watched the pair amble on.

With a bright smile on her face, the blonde girl leaned over and whispered to her friend, "He looks so happy."

"Yeah," Videl nodded. "Being surrounded by so many people his age, I figured he would be a lot more nervous than this. But he seems to be settling into the school quite well."

"That's no surprise," Erasa stated with a fond smile in play. "Gohan's a really friendly, out-going guy. The fact that he's getting along with Sharpener of all people says a lot about his character."

Touya chuckled while slipping his hands into his pockets, "Must be his magnetic personality."
"Whatever the case, I'm really looking forward to spending a lot more time with him," Erasa informed with a giggle, a response that quickly drew the crime fighter's attention to her blonde haired classmate. Hugging her books to her chest even more, the cheerful young girl turned to her friend and spoke to her with an excited tone of voice. "I've got a lot of stuff planned over the next couple of months… and I can't wait to get started." She then wasted no time in moving to catch up to the demi-Saiyan and the jock, with Touya following them close behind.

After hearing her friend's remark and considering her words carefully, the raven haired crime fighter stared after the group uneasily before jogging after her…

OOO

(An hour or so later)

The class the group had after recess was literature studies, something that Gohan found rather enjoyable whereas the rest of his peers simply paid lip service to everything the teacher had to say. It was only when the bell for the end of class period rang that all of the students were excused for the day and instructed to go explore the many clubs the institute had to offer. All presidents and current members were out prepping their venues, and all newcomers to the school as well as those still 'free' denizens of the community were looking forward to trying out some of the extracurricular services that were available.

Gohan was especially eager to get started, so much so that he was one of the first students from his room at the front door and ready for action. With his bag slung over his shoulder, the spiky haired teen waited for his friends to catch up before the more seasoned attendants of Orange Star High began leading him around the main building. With a list of all the clubs available on hand, it was clear that the young Saiyan warrior had plenty of options to choose from. The only question now was which club he would end up picking, if any, to express whatever creative genius he had.

There was only one problem…

"What exactly is my talent?" Gohan asked aloud, scratching his head as he stared down at the sheet of all the clubs and where they were located. As he, Videl, Erasa, Sharpener and Touya strolled by dozens of other students roaming the hallways with similar objectives in mind, the demi-Saiyan couldn't help but address his current problem with the other members of the band. "What do I want to do with my skills?"

You would think this far along in his life he would've picked something other than martial arts and scholarship as dreams to pursue. What did he want to do alongside his role as a defender of earth and after all of his education was done? It was a question that he was unable to address until now and it was beginning to bother him as the group filed down the hallway with labored footsteps.

"That all depends," Videl cut in, siding up next to her boyfriend and throwing him a warm smile when he directed his gaze towards her. "What kind of stuff do you do in your free time? What are your hobbies?"

"Hobbies?"

"Yeah. Stuff that you're good at," Touya spoke up, pulling up next to his taller friend along with an intently listening Erasa and Sharpener. "Why don't you list them off for us? Give us an idea as to what you can do?"

Placing his thumb and finger to his chin, Gohan began to think in stages. "Well… I'm good at math, literacy, science, chemistry, quantum physics…"
"Aside from all that," Sharpener cut in, shooting the guy an amused smirk. "Geezus, Einstein. What about something that you enjoy doing?"

Gohan threw the blonde a surprised look. "But…I do enjoy doing that stuff."

His answer had the jock stare blankly at him. "Seriously?"

Shaking her head at her boyfriend's innocent reply, Videl then stepped back into him and nudged him in the ribs. "How about something that'll get you outside of the classroom? Something that's fun and you're really passionate about?"

"Oh," the hybrid teen replied, with a grin forming across his lips. "I get it. Let's see…" Rubbing his chin once again, the spiky haired hero then began pulling ideas out of the air and arranging them accordingly. "I'm good at martial arts…"

"That one's a given. Go on," Videl encouraged with a bright look in play.

"I like fighting, running, swimming, weight-lifting, flying…"

Sharpener raised an eyebrow, "Wait. Flying?"

"Gesundheit," Touya interjected, smacking the teen Saiyan in the shoulder and drawing his attention. "Sorry, mate. Keep going."

Grinning sheepishly at his little yet inconsequential slip-of-the-tongue, Gohan did as instructed and continued, "I like baseball…"

"So generally a lot of sporty stuff? That's cool," Videl summarized with an understanding nod, before then pointing at the list in the teen's hand. "The clubs out by the track and field should be right up your alley." Those items were the less intense sporting activities. Hopefully her idol would be able to find something he enjoyed out there on the grass.

Stopping in his tracks so that the others did so as well, the half-Saiyan smiled and showed the rest of his group the document he was carrying. "How's this for an idea? Why don't we go check out all of the clubs closest to us first before heading outside to have a look at the venues on the ovals? That way we'll be able to cover all of the indoor groups before getting into the more spread out ones. What do you guys think?"

Seeing his friend's logic, Touya nodded, "Sounds like a plan."

"Alright. Let's do it," Erasa chirped, clenching her fist victoriously and thrusting it forward.

Completely psyched and beaming from ear to ear, the half-Saiyan was then taken by the hand by his friend Videl and dragged down the locker-lined corridor. When Erasa and Touya quickly followed after the pair, they left Sharpener standing in place and staring after them with a bewildered expression slapped across his mug. After they got about a few yards away from the stumped jock, the long haired sportsman raised a hand as if to ask a question.

"Wait… nobody else heard him say 'flying'?"

Realizing he was being left behind, the long haired man quickly kicked his body back into gear and chased after them.

OOO
From that point onwards, a lot of things happened to Gohan, Videl and their compatriots. Over the next couple of hours following the dismissal from class, the group began a thorough inspection of every single curricular group inside the main building. While dodging the traffic in the hallways and locating places on the map was an easy task, it was getting acquainted with some of these afterschool-hours groups that proved to be an even tougher challenge, especially for those unfamiliar with the activities being practiced by said organizations. This went double for the young man from out of town, who had now begun systematically crossing the various clubs off of his list one after the other as he, Erasa and the rest of their squad checked them out.

The first few were easy. The math club and the chess club needed no introduction, seeing as how they were widely known as the brains of the institute. Though Gohan was intrigued by the opportunities they had to offer, the rest of the members of his troop weren't, and were quick to pass off on them and drag their friend to some more exciting venues. The science labs were bustling with a whole bunch of students performing and displaying experiments for the public. The chemistry club in particular gave a fantastic demonstration on chemical metal embrittlement and the results of compound tampering. Those standing in the front row of that particular event ended up covered in yellow soot, which prompted Gohan and his escorts to leave before the next big miniature cataclysm took place.

The other clubs inside the building that the group swung by also included the visual arts club, the pottery club, the home etiquette club, the manga club, and the occult research club. After getting the shit scared out of them by the guys actually representing the latter branch of the school's dark underbelly, Videl then dragged Gohan off for lunch. Stomachs were quickly filled in the maid café setup on the second level, where all of them enjoyed several servings of tea and cakes. When the tastes of all members of their group had been satisfied, they decided to hit the road again.

Soon enough, the young Saiyan found himself standing outside the entrance to one of the club rooms closest to the library. Hands at his sides and an eyebrow raised, a smile slowly formed across the physically fit teen's lips as he read the banner that'd been hung up over the doorway advertising the name of the organization it was playing house to.

'The Calligraphy Club'

Saying it out loud under his breath a couple of times, the boy then took a step forward to enter said room, only to be speedily swarmed by Videl and Erasa when the group realized the guy had stopped a few doors back. Grabbing him by the arms, the two girls quickly dragged him away before his fingers could even touch the doorknob.

"Don't even think about it," the raven haired girl exclaimed.

Disappointment quickly falling over him, Gohan expressed his surprise with a groan, "Aww… b-but I…"

"Your handwriting is as good enough as it is, so let's keep moving, stud," Erasa said in a sing-song voice as they quickly rejoined Sharpener and Touya further up the corridor. "We've got a lot more places to check out before this day is through."

Hurriedly falling into step with the two males, the girls released the half-Saiyan from their custody and allowed him to walk on his own accord. As soon as he was dragged away from entering that particular classroom, which would've surely been a buzz kill for them, the slightly frazzled teen in the yellow leather jacket quickly popped out his checklist and crossed out the name of the club.

"I take it trying my hand at the other literary clubs is also out of the question, huh?" Gohan asked sadly.
"You're surrounded by enough books as it is," Erasa continued, a proud smile on her face at successfully deterring him from a possible spirit hazing target. "Our goal today is to get you out of that cold, unforgiving place and into the sunlight."

"And don't think for a second that we're going to let you choose something boring," Sharpener cut in from the side, with Touya quietly pushing his glasses up his nose in his characteristic manner.

Giving a half-smile at his friends' various remarks, the Saiyan warrior then looked over his sheet and crossed out several more names. By the time they passed the book club setup in the library and began heading down the stairs, Gohan noticed that they'd already covered around half of the organizations at the institute. With lunch having come and gone, that practically left them with the rest of the afternoon to go check out the other clubs. This was a realization that put a smile on his face.

"I think we can go have a look at the outside venues now," Gohan informed, dodging a student dressed as a fantasy character and glancing across at the expectant faces walking alongside him. "Unless there are a few more in here we may have missed?"

Scratching his cheek, Touya then began making a couple of random suggestions. "What about the home economics club?"

"Pft. Yeah right," Videl chuckled while giving the sporty kid a smirk. "Gohan will eat them out of house and home. Not to mention his cooking isn't exactly… A-grade material."

"Alright. How about… the performing arts club?"

Erasa's expression brightened, "Now there's an idea. How are your acting abilities, Gohan?"

Pausing in the middle of the hallway so that his friends gathered around him, the demi-Saiyan watched them all take up audience positions and fix all of their undivided attention upon him. Realizing he was going to have to give a demonstration of said capabilities, the young warrior took a deep breath, calmed his nerves, and, with a big smile in play, let it rip.

"Fear not, citizens! So long as I'm here, the cold, unforgiving clutches of evil shall never think about laying its hands upon this city, nor shall it ever know the feeling of true victory! I am the light in the darkness! The protector of the innocent! The embodiment of all that is good in this world! I am the all-powerful, the unstoppable, the indestructible, Great Saiyaman!" And he recited all of this with the cheesiest super-hero voice and the most unusual poses ever conceived by a human being.

His little outburst in the middle of the hallway had almost every single student present stop and stare at him in bewilderment. With silence choking the area, the young warrior waited for his audience's collective responses. After several seconds of waiting, a light cough suddenly rang out, followed by a sympathetic and half-hearted applause from a nearby female student, who then stopped when she realized nobody else was clapping.

Appearing completely taken aback, Touya looked away in embarrassment, Sharpener was absolutely mortified, and Videl and Erasa had to turn away to hide their snickering.

The blonde jock glared, "Gohan…"

"Yeah?"
"Don't ever… EVER… do that again."

Blinking innocently a few times, the boy's arms dropped from whatever Ginyu inspired pose he'd assumed right there and he pressed his fingers together, "O-Okay." As soon as he'd straightened up, the rest of the students standing in the hall began to move once again.

Running a hand down his face, Sharpener shook his head at the teenager, who was now rubbing his head shamefully. "It's settled. That was, without a doubt, the worst acting I'd ever seen in my entire life."

"There's no way in hell you'd be able to put on a cape and cowl, go out into the city streets, and fool anyone with… whatever it was that you just did there," Touya cut in, voicing his opinion on his classmate's script-reading chops.

"Really?" Cheeks glowing somewhat, the spiky haired young Saiyan glanced over at the two boys with the most disappointed air you'd ever see on him. "I thought I did pretty well."

Her giggling subsiding as she brushed a stray tear from her eye, Erasa stepped over to the downtrodden warrior and laid a hand upon his shoulder. "Gohan… I love you, but… even if I was drunk, high, tripping balls, and had both my eyes pulled out and locked away in jam jars, there's just no way any of that poor excuse for dancing will ever pass off as acceptable… even by superhero standards." She then patted said area she was gripping comfortingly. "I guess that also crosses the dance club off your list. Two birds with one stone, eh?"

Sighing, the previously deflated Saiyan then passed Videl and the others a small smile. "I suppose it's for the best. I kind of have two-left-feet anyway." He then shrugged in their direction. "Besides… I can always learn how to dance another time, right?"

"Yeah. Whatever you say, twinkle-toes," Sharpener joked, wrapping an arm around the guy and beginning to pull him down the hallway next to Erasa, who locked her own arms around Gohan's. "Now… how about we try something a little more manly?"

 Appearing genuinely curious at the proposition, the hybrid Saiyan blinked. "What exactly did you have in mind?"

Murmuring thoughtfully, Sharpener then grinned, "How about football?"

OOO

As soon as the group led Gohan to the first club outside of the main building, things started to get a little more interesting… for the normal kids anyway.

The first field the teen squad arrived at was the soccer field. It was here the young Saiyan was able to try his foot at kicking a ball for a team so to speak, which the players were more than happy to allow him to demonstrate his skills. The game started off quite well, where Videl and the others watched from the sidelines as some super talented kids were able to have a shot at going for a goal. But all of that changed when the black and white object was knocked in Gohan's direction and the warrior loaded his leg.

That one flick turned out to be his last and only tryout for the sport, where he took aim at the ball and ended up punting it clear across the countryside and onto the horizon. The instant the ball disappeared from sight, every single student turned their dumbstruck expressions towards Gohan, who was quickly hurried off the field by Videl and Touya. Once he had his regular shoes back on, the young Saiyan was speedily moved on to the next club, while at the same time dodging every
single question pitched at him from a pale-faced Sharpener.

Gohan then went and tried his hand at javelin. While he was slipping on a pair of shoes, his
girlfriend went over and reminded him to hold back on his strength as much as he could, so as to
not draw too much attention to himself. This seemed like a simple and easy request. But the instant
he made the pitch, the result turned out to be the same as the one he had when he tried out for both
the shot put and discus throws, and he ended up chucking all three items clear across the bleachers.
Gohan didn't really see much issue behind his rather stellar first attempts at a group of sporting
events that didn't involve fighting. It was only when the club presidents started lobbying him to
join them that Erasa and the others had to hastily pull the boy away from the oval so that he didn't
end up swamped.

The last thing they wanted was for wonder-boy to get scared away.

At least the day wasn't turning out to be a total loss. The experiences on the ovals allowed Videl to
learn more about her boyfriend then what she did previously; such as all of the stuff he was good at
and… all of the stuff that he was shit at.

In complete montage form, the group of four then dragged the newcomers firm behind over to
another tryout on the volleyball field. Though initially fearful of what kind of surprises awaited
them, Videl and Erasa gave permission to Gohan to give it a shot, mostly for the fact that he
appeared so happy. I mean, what else could they do?

There was no way they could turn down a handsome face like that.

The pair soon came to regret their decision to let the kid loose. As soon as the ball fell towards the
half-Saiyan's side of the court, a single slap was all that was needed to knock all of the air from the
ball and send it spiraling over the net. After a few graceful spins, the deflated mass of plastic then
flopped back down to the sand, where all of the players could only gawk in shock at how
effortlessly a single hit was able to put the ball out of commission. That was all the cue Videl
needed to quickly push her friend out of play and away from the arena.

Things were no better at the basketball club either…

Inside the sports center, lined up with the hoop hanging just a few feet away, Gohan stood in the
middle of the court, ball in hand and jacket zipped up tightly. The boy nervously weighed the
sphere in his palms as he stared up at the spot he was supposed to shoot the ball through. Now
though it seemed like he was being pressured by the crowd and wasn't responding too well to all
the attention, it wasn't his audience that had him anxious.

Videl, Erasa, Sharpener and Touya were also watching him from the bleachers, along with a
couple dozen other students, some of which had followed him down from the ovals to see what
else wonder boy had to offer. It was these students that fell under the notice of the group, which
then had the four of them hoping Gohan wouldn't attract any more attention then he already had.

Waiting patiently alongside him, the basketball club president, a tall red-haired young male
adorned in the team jersey and shorts with the name 'Taiga' stitched onto the back, smiled at the
spiky haired teenager and gestured for him to proceed. "Come on, kid. Don't be shy. Show me what
you've got."

Swallowing heavily, the demi-Saiyan grinned back at him nervously. "A-Alright." He then turned
back towards the basketball hoop, taking a few deep breaths to steady himself. Widening his
stance, he then narrowed his eyes on the square as sweat began to trickle down his head. "Okay
Gohan. Relax. Gentle… nice and gentle. Just a tiny bit of strength." Goal set, the teen was ready
Crouching ever so slightly, Gohan then raised the ball up and, with a gentle flick of his wrist, tossed the ball towards the ring…

This ended with the ball leaving his hands at several times the speed of sound, punching a hole through the backboard and the wall behind that. Immediately upon which Gohan froze in his throwing position, along with every other teenager in the hall.

Unfortunately it was the same result as before. The poor Saiyan got excited and lost control…

After seeing bits of the wall's plaster fall away, the club president turned to gawk at the new kid, who chuckled and casually swung his arms out of his stance.

Before he could stammer out some sort of an excuse, Erasa rushed in from the side and began pushing him off of the court and towards the exit. "Okay. That's it. Time to go. Thanks for the tryout, boys!" the blonde girl shouted in a hurried manner.

As Gohan was forced out the exit under the stunned gazes of the audience and the basketball team standing by the bleachers, he was quickly pursued by Videl, Sharpener, and finally Touya; the latter of whom turned around to grin across at their fellow students, and give them all a thumbs-up and an apology.

"Hey! How about that new chest workout? Huh? Does wonders for the arms, am I right? Heh-heh. Right?" the boy nervously spoke, backing up through the door. As soon as he was halfway through, he quickly turned heel and dashed after his friends.

With the entrance swinging closed behind him, the group not only left a completely stunned crowd in their wake, but about a thousand zeni worth of damage to the court…

OOO

A little while later and managing to duck and dodge all of their pursuers from the fields, Gohan, Videl, Erasa, Sharpener and Touya managed to make it over to the multipurpose workout buildings. It was here where they found the gyms situated not too far from the swimming pool and the very place where they intended to checkout a couple of the other clubs. Thanks to their convenient placing, the five of them didn't have to walk too far to get to whichever one of the half-dozen they wanted to go to afterwards.

However, despite their success at managing to evade the people that'd taken an interest in Gohan's ridiculous displays in strength, it was the fact that the demi-Saiyan was able to pull it off in the first place that had one of them completely stressed out. They were of course referring to one blonde haired Sharpener, who was still shaking his head in disbelief at what he'd witnessed at the basketball courts a little while earlier.

"What in the heck happened back there?" the man practically shouted as they entered the hall of their next objective.

Gohan, cringing a little at the volume in the blonde's voice, rubbed the back of his head nervously, "I'm honestly not too sure myself. Could've sworn I had it all under control."

Nudging the demi-Saiyan in the side, the raven haired girl strolling alongside him smirked. "Didn't I tell you to watch that throwing arm of yours?" she asked as their group moved down the well-lit, white hallway, avoiding a drinking fountain and a couple other students along the way.
"You did. But I just couldn't help it," the Saiyan replied exasperatedly, feeling a little bit flustered as he rubbed the side the girl had hit. Though it didn't hurt, it was just his way of showing emotional discomfort. "With so many people watching me, I may have gotten a tad too excited. That or I'd managed to get a dozen times stronger since the battle with Set."

"Ah. Well... that would explain a lot," Videl replied with an understanding nod. "I guess with every power boost you have, you need a few extra days of training to fully accommodate to the new levels. Looks like you're still having problems in that area."

"Yeah. It sure seems that way."

Giving the duo a strange look, Sharpener scratched his head, "What are you guys talking about?" He was then lightly punched in the shoulder from behind by an intently listening Touya.

"Nothing for you to worry about, Sharpie."

Grumbling at the playful jab and how it'd struck a tender spot, the blonde then focused his attention on their next destination, which just so happened to be through one of the many doorways lining the hall up ahead. Judging from the amount of chatter he could hear coming from the various archways, he guessed that their first stop was the first corner on their left.

"So... what are we going to be checking out now?" the blonde jock asked.

"We're going to have a look at the martial arts clubs," Erasa chirped, looking over the rest of her crew to see the apprehensive expression her fellow golden haired friend was currently giving. "Since we know how much Gohan and Videl love to fight, I think this is the perfect place for them to show their stuff."

"Sure. That sounds fine and dandy. But..." Sharpener winced as he shot a cautionary glance in the demi-Saiyan's direction, "Have you seen the crazy shit this kid has been pulling all afternoon? He chucked a basketball through a wall for crying out loud."

"I know. Crazy... right?" Touya said with a lighthearted chuckle as he placed a hand on the guy's shoulder. "You gotta love those chest workouts."

"What chest workouts? What are you tal-" Completely baffled by the weird crap coming in from left and right, the blonde jock shook his head and glared at his fellow athletes. "Do we really want this guy to join a club that has him fighting other people?" he asked worriedly. "I mean, don't get me wrong, I'm all for watching you guys kick ass in the ring. But honestly, having this power monster get into a fist fight... that might be a little bit too much."

"Don't worry, Sharpener. Of all the things Gohan is good at, fighting is definitely number one in his top three," Videl answered, putting her full confidence in the Saiyan's ability to handle himself in this particular field. When she exchanged a smile with the teen in the yellow jacket, all eyes returned to their less than optimistic teammate.

Breathing out a heavy sigh, Sharpener crossed his arms. "Alright. If you say so. Which club are you going to check out first?"

Tapping his chin and giving the room beside them a quick glance, Touya then raised a hand, "I'm guessing karate, maybe?"

"Karate?" Videl chuckled in amusement, "The Dane Cook of martial arts? No thanks." She then shared an amused look with Gohan.
Crossing his arms, the teen in glasses smirked, "Oh yeah? And which club are you a part of, Ms. Satan?"

"I'm a member of the Judo Club. Since they didn't have a krav maga club and the taekwondo club was a tad bit overcrowded, I had to settle for the next best thing," the tomboy stated with a proud grin, which she quickly turned on her trainer of many years. When she quickly recognized the inquisitive expression he took on, the young crime fighter shrugged. "Hey. I've got a life outside of police work too, yah know. It's not always car chases, homework and training every single day. Plus you can trust me to hold back against these guys."

Gohan raised both his hands defensively, "Don't worry. I know you can handle yourself." After backing down from the girl's wide grin, the boy then panned over his companions a second time and directed their attention towards the entrance. "This club here is the muay thai group. Next to that is the boxing club. We'll check them all out and, if they don't pan out like the others did, we'll move on to the next lot. Yeah?" When he saw the boys and girls nod in agreement, the teen then led the way into the room.

As soon as they entered the training chamber, they were immediately greeted by the sight of an entire crowd of students gathered around the ring. Baffled by the number of people in the gym, Gohan, Videl and the others quickly approached the stage to see what was going on. When they came across a student decked out in full kickboxing gear with a pair of gloves held tightly under his arm, Sharpener approached the guy and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Hey, man. What's going on here?"

The young man with short black hair and his eyes seemingly closed gave the jock a smirk, "New kid up in the ring trying out for the team. He's taking on the president and two other guys at the same time."

The long haired sportsman recoiled in surprise. "Three on one? Seriously?" He then turned his attention to the ring, where he then proceeded to watch the show.

Up on the canvas platform surrounded by red, white and blue ropes, the group saw a petite looking fellow, adorned in a sweat jacket and padded gear, including chest protection, going up against three other, much bigger guys wearing the same stuff. From the normal bystander's point of view, it looked like a suicide run for the one squaring off against the far more muscular looking combatants. But as the sparring match carried on, both Gohan and Videl realized that it was actually the three fighters who were out of their league.

Hopping on the spot with their guard up, the mysterious newcomer danced around the three kickboxing students when they rushed at him with a swift series of punches and kicks. Doing their best not to cross blows or get in the way of one another, the three had scattered across the canvas to try and corner the guy. They did so by coming at him from all sides, striking out at him with wicked roundhouse kicks and punches. An onslaught like this would seriously intimidate any ordinary practitioner and even result in having the stuffing beaten out of them.

However, the person not only avoided the trio's assaults effortlessly, he was even able to parry and block whatever blows they did manage to land. Even attacks that seemed like they were heavy didn't even throw the guy off balance. He simply pressed forward and continued to toy with the three males, all of whom were struggling to keep track of him.

Sharpener whistled when he saw the newcomer slip a kick and block a left hook, and quickly shuffle out of range when they chased after him. "Damn. This guy's got some serious skill."
"You can say that again," Touya agreed, folding his arms as he watched the display.

Most of the members of that audience were blown away, unable to comprehend how a new guy could keep up with the president and two of the club's most senior members. It was something that caught the attention of Gohan and Videl as well. But when they stretched out with their senses to see exactly who this mysterious youth was, both of them smiled when they discovered exactly who it was playing around up on that four-corner arena.

For the next few seconds the small fighter continued to evade the three boys, sticking to an incredibly defensive style as he allowed his opponents to burn out all of their energy. After avoiding a couple more hand blows and a kick, the newcomer then decided it was time to hit back, and did so in spectacular style.

When he dodged a right, he countered with a kick that sent his attacker flying into the ropes on the other end, which he bounced off of and face-planted the mat. After dispensing of the first, the newbie then avoided two blows from the club president and blocked a kick. Hit stopped, he then drove a hook across his face, which sent him crashing into the canvas. The instant the leader went down the third man came in swinging wildly, only to be met by a jumping knee from the novice, who took him down in a similar way to the first.

The moment all three students hit the floor and lay their motionless, the bell was rung, allowing the novice to stand victorious in center ring while the audience looked on in amazement.

Once the shock of the moment passed, the teenagers watching from the sidelines applauded the newcomer for their victory. The shared expression of elation allowed Gohan and the others to make their way to ring side, where they saw the young warrior in the head gear raise a glove in victory and slowly make their way over to the edge.

Touya laughed out joyously, "Bravo! Well done!"

"Wow. Who is that guy?" Erasa murmured, also clapping as she gave the petite fighter a curious once-over.

All of their questions were answered shortly. As soon as the new kid did his victory lap, he suddenly spotted the familiar faces of Gohan and Videl smiling from the sidelines. Upon doing their double-take, the person hastily removed the gloves from their hands and lifted their headgear free. This allowed their long brown hair to fall freely down their shoulders, and gave the audience an unobstructed view of the winner's identity.

It came as one hell of a wake-up call to a lot of the boys, particularly Sharpener, to see that the victor was actually a hot girl.

"Gohan-kun," the boxer exclaimed, quickly walking over to the ropes and leaning over the side, "You're here!"

"Hey, Lime. Great to see you," Gohan laughed, placing his hands on his hips as he gazed up at the girl. "Man. You really killed it out there. Nice work."

The farmer's girl giggled and nodded her appreciation under the waves of congratulations she was receiving from the other students. "Thanks. To be honest though, it wasn't that tough of a fight. I was just humoring these guys to make things a little more interesting."

"I'll bet," Videl snorted, sparing a glance around the girl and towards her opponents, who were now in the process of slowly regaining consciousness. When Gohan and Lime looked over at the
fallen males, they saw the other club members hop in to help them back to their feet. "If you'd actually hit them with all your strength, you could've put them in hospital…"

"Or worse," Lime finished, before then turning her attention back to her friends, especially the tall one with the spiky hair. "Anyway, I'm so happy to see that you're here." Taking a moment to wave at Touya and Erasa, a gesture which was cheerfully returned, she then pushed down the ropes and jumped over. "Sorry I didn't drop by earlier. I was too busy organizing things with the teacher and getting my assignments sorted that I wasn't able to come say hello." Landing on the ground directly in front of the two Z-fighters, she quickly rose to her feet and beamed their way. "Welcome to Orange Star High, Gohan."

"Thanks. That means a lot coming from you. This school is awesome," the demi-Saiyan replied with a fond smile, stepping forward so that he could share a hug with his friend. Upon sharing pleasantries up close, the boy then pulled away and looked the unscathed fighter over. "Having fun?"

"Tons," the girl immediately replied, before then nodding towards her crush. "And you? Checking out the clubs?"

"Yep. I already had a look at the ones outside," Gohan said while thumbing over his shoulder, "They… heh… didn't exactly pan out how I was expecting."

"You could say his heart was deviating more towards these ones then the other one," Videl chimed in, folding her arms as she gave her rival a confident smile. "With a little bit of help from us, of course. If things go well, maybe we can settle him into one of these groups."

Raising an eyebrow, the girl in the fighting gear looked across at the boy and, after analyzing his current state of dress, chuckled in response. "If that's what you want to do, then go ahead. But if you ask me, I think you're a little too overqualified for a sport like this."

Appearing sheepish, Gohan then tilted his head uneasily. "That may be true. Still, it wouldn't hurt to give it a try."

"I suppose," the teenager replied, sharing a fond look with her friend before then gesturing for him and the others to follow her. "Come on. I'll introduce you to the president… if he's done seeing stars, that is."

OOO

(Later that afternoon)

All in all, the last remaining hours of school turned out to be some of the most fun the group had spent at the institute. Aside from watching Gohan utterly dominate in the martial arts department when trying out for the assorted clubs, they were also able to go out and have a great time checking out the clubs around the warehouse and the swimming pool. In the end, the young Saiyan didn't end up picking a club right away, but he did put his name down for three; swimming, automotive, and boxing. Needless to say, the teen walked out of the school much more excited and invigorated than when he entered.

His exit from the stage was made that much more significant when he left the grounds with his friends.

Lime, who'd joined the group following her tryout at the muay thai club, breathed a sigh in relief, "Ugh. I'm pooped."
"Yeah. Man that was one hell of an afternoon," Touya groaned, stretching his arms over his head. "I could go for some tea right about now."

"Well, you're going to have to enjoy it without me. I'm heading home," Gohan exclaimed, pulling to a stop by the front gates and turning around to face the rest of his team.

Almost immediately he was met with disappointment.

"Aww. You can't hang out with us for a little while longer, Gohan?" Erasa asked, putting on a feigned look of hurt. She even willed her bottom lip to quiver slightly in the cutest way imaginable. "Don't you like us anymore?"

Chuckling when the blonde girl stepped towards him, the young warrior waved her down and looked back at her, "Come on, Erasa. Of course I like you guys. It's just that I made a promise to my little brother that I would play with him as soon as I'd finished all of my homework. Since I've got quite a bit of reading and writing to catch up on, the sooner I get back to Mount Paozu the better." He then grinned heartily at her. "I promise to hang out with you guys tomorrow though."

This drew a warm smile from the ever-excitable girl, "I'll hold you to it."

It was when he was sure he had his friend's undivided attention he then brought up his wrist and showed her the band of stones he was wearing. When the blonde girl spotted it, the warrior smiled. "And thanks so much for the gift, Erasa. I love it."

Surprised to see he was wearing it so soon and hearing his words of gratitude, Erasa blushed and looked away bashfully. "You're welcome…"

Nodding to the cheerful beauty when she glanced back at him, Gohan then clapped hands with Touya in a bro-like manner and bumped fists with Sharpener, the latter of who placed his hands on his hips and smiled at the newcomer. "It was nice meeting you, man. Hope the school wasn't too overbearing for yah."

The young Saiyan grinned, "I had a great time. And thanks so much for showing me around."

"No problem," the jock nodded, smiling respectfully at his fellow sportsman. "Looking forward to seeing which club you pick in the end. It better be a good one."

"Oh. It will be," the hybrid answered with a confident gleam in his eyes. He then turned his attention to Lime, whom he could see was beaming up at him as if he were the most interesting person in the world. Her expression earned a grin from the boy. "I'll see you tomorrow then?"

"Uh-huh," the brown haired girl nodded, wasting no time in throwing her arms around him in a hug and pulling away slowly. "Recess?"

"Table under the tree. In the quad. Right after the bell."

"Cool," the teenager chirped while stepping away, hands behind her back. "Say hi to your mum and Goten for me."

"I will," Gohan nodded, adjusting his bag and turning his attention to the raven haired girl standing next to him. When he saw her eyes snap to him intently, the hybrid grinned. "You were right. This is a great school."

"Right?" Videl chuckled, looking genuinely pleased with her assessment. "I know you're going to love it here. The teachers are great and so are the students."
"Yeah. I can already tell it's going to be a good year."

"It'll be even better if absolutely no apocalyptic threats come knocking on our front doors."

"You can say that again. Speaking of which… no calls today?"

The crime fighter shook her head and held up her wrist, which she used to flash her watch-slash-communicator, "Nope."

"Good. That means nothing bad happened while we were fooling around at the clubs. You'd be surprised how many messages you can miss while you're having so much fun."

"Or it could mean the police didn't need us jumping in to save the day. I'm not the only cop in the city you know… and neither is tall, dark, and ridiculously handsome alter ego," Videl winked, at the same time throwing the boy a mischievous smile. "Quite the interesting change, huh?"

Laughing a little at the girl's quip, the boy nodded. "Honestly, I think it's better if we don't get too involved. The rest of this city has gotta work too, yah know. They won't be able to rely on us all the time, especially when things get really busy," Gohan continued, seeing the girl snicker and scratch her nose bashfully. "At least a lot of other exciting things happened today."

"Let's just hope we can keep those 'exciting things' on the down-low from now on," the raven haired girl added. It was a response that had the young warrior in front of her nod his head in agreement. "Don't worry. If anything bad happens or if things get out of hand, I'll be sure to step in and help you out."

"Thanks a lot, Videl. Well…" Tugging at his strap, the half-Saiyan stepped forward and gave the raven haired young girl a warm smile, surprising her at how close he came. "I'd better head off. See you soon?"

Videl nodded, swallowing nervously under his charming smile, "Yeah. Real soon." It was at that moment, without any warning whatsoever, the two stepped towards each other and shared a kiss, with the taller of the two martial artists having to lean down slightly to meet his girlfriend halfway.

The show of affection was chaste and tender all in one. By the time the two separated seconds later, they were unaware of the stumped expressions on the faces of the teenagers standing around them. Before any of them could say anything or fully recover from the shock, Gohan waved them all goodbye and jogged down the road. Moments later, he was gone, turning a corner and disappearing from sight.

Cheeks red and a happy smile on her face, Videl sighed joyfully, brought her hands up, stretched, and began to walk. "I'll see you guys tomorrow," she said while waving over her shoulder.

As the girl walked away, a currently gaping Sharpener raised a hand and pointed in the two directions the young fighters had broken off in. "Did she jus-… are they…?"

"It certainly seems that way," Touya murmured, appearing just as stunned as the blonde.

Completely caught off guard by what she'd just witnessed, Erasa stared after Videl for several long seconds in disbelief. When her mind eventually processed the sight of the two raven haired teenagers kissing, the blonde recoiled, frowned, and gripped one of her arms tightly.

"What was that just now?" For some reason, watching her best friend and crush kiss each other right in front of her made her feel restless and uncomfortable inside. It was almost like her heart had twisted and caused the rest of
her body to shudder and freeze on its own accord.

Shaking her head to rid herself of that feeling, Erasa resolved to figure this out later as she then watched her childhood friend of many years amble away.

Lime meanwhile, out of view of the other teenagers, huffed slightly and allowed a smirk to form on her lips. Though she'd responded in a similar manner to the others following the pair's show of affection, her rate of recovery from said gesture was far more in tune.

"You'd better watch out, Videl… because I'm comin' for him as well."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: Another chapter with many more to come. We are able to see Gohan's first day at school and the aftermath of his tussle with Set, with some surprising twists.

The next few chapters are going to be more peacetime showing Gohan's life away from fighting. So far we're just warming down now so that we can focus more on his schooling and what else he and his friends get up to. I'm really excited for these next arcs. The club ideas I was inspired from watching Hyakko and Seitokai Yakuindomo. The martial arts clubs and Videl and Lime's membership to both judo and muay thai were also inspired from the latter show.

Hope to hear from you all soon.

IMPORTANT: To continue reading Dragonball Z: Legacies, skip the next chapter, as it is an alternate ending/epilogue to the story.
Epilogue - Gohan X Videl Ending

Author's Note: Hi all, ALP here again.

For all those who're just joining me, I've just needed to make some structural changes to my fanfiction and have transferred the one-shot After Story chapter of Videl over to here. Sure, it may mess up my chapter order, but this was something I've been thinking about adding to my story for a while, yet have been putting it off due to other commitments.

This Epilogue is part of my alternate endings plan I have going. This one-shot chapter in particular is the ending directed towards the readers of Dragonball Z: Legacies who read up to Chapter 22 of my story at the end of the God of Storms Arc, and is sticking solely to a Gohan/Videl ending. There will be more endings towards the end, but this is for those who've read up to Chapter 22 and just want to Gohan/Videl pairing, and not the others.

Basically this is an AU of Legacies where after Gohan beats Set, he carries on a relationship with Videl into peacetime and they end up as an official couple, leaving the rest up to the readers to decide. Short, sweet, and nothing more.

If you want a more complete ending or a different ending, you can continue reading Legacies. But for all those who want to stop, here you go. Hope you enjoy.

-----------

Dragonball Z

Legacies

Epilogue - Gohan X Videl

(A few weeks later)

"Mr. Son. Mr. Son? Excuse me?" the math teacher's voice echoed across the room and up the stands of approximately two dozen students, all of whom were listening to her attentively. "Are you still alive back there?" Her tone level and mood calm, the brown haired young woman in the sundress, Mio, waited patiently for a few seconds to see if the male scholar she was addressing would respond. When she got nothing and heard the snickering in her class start to ramp up, the educator pursed her lips cutely in annoyance and, taking a deep breath, spoke even louder. "MR. SON! HELLO?!"

Her yell effortlessly reaching the middle row and startling about half of the class who were sitting closest to her, she then watched in satisfaction as the person she was addressing sat bolt upright in his seat and gasped in surprise. His short, spiky locks all a mess and his jacket equally disheveled as he stared ahead of him with the most hilarious, groggy look of confusion on his face, the part-time hero of earth and first ranked student in the class glanced around in momentary paranoia, before then turning his gaze towards the front of the room.

The fact that he had a piece of paper plastered to his face as well as a whole bunch of pen writing on his cheek made his appearance all the more comical.

Looking past the amused faces of his peers and friends to the podium at the base of the room, he saw his teacher, arms folded over her chest and notepad held close to her, staring back at him with a triumphant expression in play. Upon realizing what must have happened and why everyone
was now staring at him, the teenage half-Saiyan in the yellow Capsule Corp jacket and wearing black pants cringed in embarrassment and blushed brightly.

Tapping her foot, the teacher spoke. "Sorry for yelling so loudly, Gohan-kun. But you looked so deep in thought back there that I was worried you'd passed out on us," Mio chirped, tilting her head and smiling warmly in his direction. "I hope you're feeling better."

"Uhh... y-yeah." the demi-Saiyan murmured intelligently, before then running a hand through his hair and allowing the piece of graph paper attached to his face to fall off. He then smiled and nodded in her direction. "Sorry about that, Ms. Hirasawa."

"That's alright," Mio replied with a beaming smile still in play. "Do you need to go to the nurse's office? Have a bit of a rest? I know you've been working extremely hard-"

"No, no. I'm alright," the half-Saiyan replied, clearing his throat and straightening up in his seat. Ignoring the few audible sniggers alongside him, he continued to address the teacher with the utmost respect and diligence. "I'll be fine."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, ma'am," Gohan answered with a firm nod, which earned a sad shake of the head from the person next to him. "Thank you for your concern."

"Alright then," the teacher chirped, satisfied with his reply as she then looked back down at her notepad. Using her finger to find exactly where she'd left off, the young woman then turned heel and continued to pace again, all the while reading her neatly arranged lecture notes to the class.

Her voice once again filled the room for the third time that session and gripped the attention of all those students who were present. As time went on and the woman began guiding her young flock through the processes involved with their current topic of advanced trigonometry, Gohan allowed a long sigh of relief to escape his lips. With the usual monotony and pacing of the atmosphere settling in, the young man then turned his attention to the teenagers who'd been stifling their laughter next to him during the little back-and-forth with his teacher, and focused his gaze upon the gaggle of misfits.

These people turned out to be the group of students he'd come to refer to as his closest and most trusted friends at Orange Star High; Sharpener, Touya, Erasa…

And his partner and teammate of many years, Videl Satan… the latter of whom was now grinning in his direction along with the others.

Being the most vocal of the four, the long-haired jock sitting comfortably in the middle of the row, craned his head forward and gave the boy a mischievous grin. "Welcome back to the land of the living."

"And about time too," the raven haired teen in the oversized white shirt and purple sleeves chuckled, resting her cheek against her knuckles and giving her instructor and companion a wry smile.

Immediately following up on their remarks, the cheery media student in the green halter top motioned forward as well and shot the demi-Saiyan a curious grin, "Did you have a nice sleep, Gohan-kun?"

"Ugh." Rubbing his eye on the back of his knuckle, the spiky haired male groaned and proceeded to massage his neck. "That all depends on your definition of nice." He then grunted when he
cocked his head to the side and clenched his jaw. "The surface was good, but the padding was too firm. I think I was lying on my head the wrong way."

Note to self: don't fall asleep in class again. Napping in such an upright position was not good for the back or muscles.

"You were pretty out of it, dude," Touya spoke up from his place, folding his arms and placing them on the table in front of him. "After you set your head down, we thought you'd just dropped your pencil and were leaning over to pick it up. But no. You ended up falling asleep right there on the wood, drooling all over your revision paper."

"It was hilarious," Sharpener exclaimed in a quiet voice, watching the demi-Saiyan groan and place a hand over his forehead in a mortified manner. "Ms. Hirasawa was calling out your name for like… two minutes straight before you decided to come around. If you'd actually started snoring while you were lying there, I bet she would've cracked a fit." If he was being brutally honest, he was certain he would've as well.

But that reaction was for another time and place.

Yawning a little after stretching out his arms and back, Gohan then looked across at his friends to see Videl staring at him with a sly look in her sky-blue eyes. The others were too, but the boy was so focused on exchanging smiles with his girlfriend that he barely even noticed them.

The demi-Saiyan chuckled, "What?"

The girl shrugged coyly. "Nothing… just… thinking about stuff."

"Stuff? Like what?"

"Like you," the raven haired girl replied instantly, reaching forward and poking him in the cheek. Her little gesture of affection drew a lighthearted laugh from the spiky haired boy, who then nudged her back playfully, enough to bump her into her blonde, childhood friend. The tomboy responded with an elbow of her own, before quickly settling down so that they didn't get called out by the teacher. "It's dangerous to fall asleep at your desk inside of a classroom… especially when there are a bunch of other kids sitting around you."

"Yeah. I kind of figured that," Gohan sighed while scratching his temple with his finger in a troubled way. "Not only is there a good chance to get busted by the lecturer, but everybody else takes notice of you as well."

"True. There is that. But there's also a bunch of other reasons why it's a bad idea to nod off while you're sitting next to someone in class… especially somebody you know. You just haven't figured it out yet," Videl hummed, looking away with a sneaky grin, at the same time her friends continued sparing furtive glances in their general direction. Erasa in particular was also struggling to hold in her breath, something that the demi-Saiyan finally noticed out of the corner of his eye. "Don't worry. I'm sure the answers will come to you sooner or later."

"Why don't you make it easier for me and tell me now, so that I don't have to find out later?" Gohan asked, craning his head to grin at the suspiciously acting teenager.

Shaking her hair and brushing some bangs out of her face, the crime fighter then threw her boyfriend an inquisitive glance. "Now that wouldn't be very fair, now would it?" She then began playing with her pen, twirling it about in an obvious and ostentatious manner. "Nor would it be any fun. You forget that I'm not the average, goody-two-shoes that you and your friends have made me
out to be. I'm the kind of girl that lives for the simple things… like indulging in various extracurricular activities, doing martial arts in my off-hours, fighting crime in my home city, and saving the world from evil aliens, demons and alike, while having as much fun along the way as possible." After saying this, she then gestured to him with her pen and jabbed it in his direction, "Get the point?"

"I think so." Gohan then threw her a quizzical stare. "In other words, you're just getting me back for all the times I'd beaten you down during our regular weekend sparring sessions. Is that it?"

Videl snickered, "Maa~ybe." She then looked ahead of her again, with a prideful and roguish air falling over her person. "I'll give you to the end of the lesson to figure it out. Perhaps by then you'll finally have your answer."

Finding her response both perplexing and curious, the hybrid then went about taking notes of the teacher's lecture. For the next several minutes after that, nothing important, disruptive or out of the ordinary took place. Just the usual drivel. The entire class stayed completely on course as their lecturer walked them through a couple more algebraic processes, before they were then instructed to go through the tasks themselves. It was during that time that Gohan eventually noticed the various looks of amusement he was receiving from the people around him and the stifled laughter from his friends to his right. Heck, even his teacher was looking in his direction strangely.

At first he didn't make anything of it.

But after a couple of minutes of hearing nothing but silence and the playful humming from his girlfriend sitting alongside him, the once dozing teenager then looked up, sighed, and shook his head in disapproval.

The answer he was looking for was sitting right in front of him… or more appropriately on him, in the form of a pen drawing across his right cheek.

"I have a dick on my face, don't I?"

His question echoed throughout the entire classroom like a mobile phone going off in church, a result that had Videl, Sharpener, Erasa and Touya crack up with fits of laughter.

**Note to self (2): Don't ever… EVER fall asleep in class.**

XXX

(At the end of the day)

Groaning as he banged his head monotonously against the locker on his left, Gohan then rested his cranium against the door frame and slowly glanced across at the person standing next to him. When his exhausted eyes fell upon the beautiful form of his girlfriend leaning against the line of storage units, with her arms folded and an amused gaze fixated upon him, the demi-Saiyan spoke in a tired, defeated tone of voice.

"That… was mean," the young hero of earth remarked.

Videl cheekily stuck her tongue out at him in response. "Sorry. I couldn't help myself." She then stood off of the metal wall and, as the remaining students in that corridor began to file out of the building and out into the wide, open world, the girl beamed fondly in the teen's direction. "It's just that you looked so cute and defenseless that I just had to draw on your face. You were practically begging for it."
"But did you have to use a black marker?" the demi-Saiyan asked, turning around to reveal his face was still covered in faded ink marks and scribbles. This didn't just include the male extremity sitting on his right cheek. Apparently, Videl had also taken the liberty of writing 'Stallion' across his forehead, and even drew a couple of tear drops and a flower next to his left eye. His entire complexion looked like a post-modern, new art masterpiece. "Did you know how long I spent trying to rub this stuff out in the bathroom? It took me five minutes to even get rid of the worst of it."

"Oh… stop whining, you lug. You can barely see it. Besides…” the girl then sprouted a joking grin, "It looks good on you."

This earned an immediate deadpanned expression from the boy. "Really?" He then pointed at his cheek. "I have a part of the male's anatomy on my face. How is that, in any way, good?"

The tomboy shrugged suggestively, "It brings out the color of your eyes?"

"Ha-ha," Gohan laughed sarcastically, letting his arm drop and another, miserable sigh escape him. When he saw his companion giggle and gaze fondly in his direction, he couldn't help but smile back at her and return her enthusiasm with some of his own.

No matter what he did, he just couldn't be mad at her. His heart wouldn't let him.

"Well then, I guess this means you've learned an important lesson today."

Raising his eyebrow was the demi-Saiyan's instinctive response. "Don't trust my girlfriend with a sharpie?"

The crime fighter smirked and wagged a finger at him, "Don't ever let your guard down, even in the classroom." She then paused for a moment to consider his words carefully, before grinning widely once more. "And yes. Don't trust me with a sharpie. Perhaps next time you'll think twice before you decide to stay up till two o'clock in the morning playing video games on a school day."

Grabbing his last book out of his locker, Gohan then shut the door and gave the teen a half-motivated smile. "I can't help it that I already know everything there is to know about mathematics. Any new information the teacher supposedly gives us is just boring revision work for me. Plus…” He then raised a finger in a defensive manner, "Zangya dared me."

The orange haired fighter had said that she could kick his ass on Bailo and so they decided to have a little tournament with the rest of the online community. Due to the obsessive nature that both the Hera and the half-Saiyan had in regards to competition, you could only imagine how things turned out in the end.

Rolling her eyes at her boyfriend, the girl then walked over to him and elbowed the teen in the arm, earning a wince from the hero due to the sharp nature of the blow. "No excuses, mister." Videl then pulled away and gazed firmly up at him. "Even if Zangya dared you, I think you would know better than to fall asleep during school hours and tune out of a lesson. As smart and clever a person as you are, it's still common courtesy to listen to your teachers… especially to someone as nice as Ms. Hirasawa."

The boy smiled sadly, "Yeah. Sorry."

Still beaming from ear to ear, the girl then nodded her head and straightened up, adjusting the straps of her backpack. "Apology accepted."

Feeling a sense of closure flood through him, the demi-Saiyan straightened his jacket and shared a
With Erasa having gone off to attend to her club activities, Lime doing the same thing, Sharpener heading off for home so that he could get a quick workout at the gym, and Touya excusing himself from the group early to walk his girlfriend Yukie home, this pretty much left the two Z-fighters all to themselves. After the hectic week they'd just had, hounded by both their friends and fans, while also having to endure their respective, agonizing training sessions, this moment of peace and serenity with one another was exactly what they needed.

"By the way… where did you want to go this Saturday? You said you wanted to do something with me, right?"

Videl's head then perked up at her boyfriend's words and she held a hand to him apologetically. "Ooh… sorry. I've got to cancel that."

"Huh?"

The tomboy took on an awkward smile, "Erasa said she wanted to go shopping with me, Yukie and Lime, and we haven't done that in ages. Girls day out. Lots of clothing" She then tilted her head his way. "You'll have to take a rain check."

Blinking in surprise, Gohan then gave his partner an understanding look and nodded affirmatively. "Alright then. If that's what the boss wants, then I guess there's nothing I can do about it."

Videl, grinning brightly, turned sideways to him, bumped the boy with her hip, and stuck her nose in the air. "That's right. Just be a man and take it." With a playful laugh, the girl then slipped her hands behind her back and jogged down the corridor towards the exit, stopping long enough to turn around and beam at her boyfriend.

Grinning right back at her, the half-Saiyan high school student slowly followed after her, falling behind the teen as she led the way out of the building.

XXX

The moment the pair set foot off of Orange Star High's grounds, both Gohan and Videl went on a wander of Satan City's streets. Deciding to take a more scenic route as opposed to their usual footpath, the young couple went on a detour around the neighborhoods of one of the metropolis's many suburban districts. They wasted no time in plotting a course in the opposite direction to where their entourage would normally roam and, side by side, headed towards the outskirts of the city.

They were glad that they chose this route, because the moment they hit the small roads, they were immediately overcome by the most radiant and welcoming feeling of liberation they could remember experiencing for a long time. The sun's rays breaking through the trees and scattering over the backdrop of houses around them, the pair enjoyed a pleasant stroll through the urban garden, taking in the sights and soaking in the light. It was while they were climbing a hill alongside an adjacent river and reserve, and listening to the birds singing in the foliage around them that the pair was soon able to fully appreciate the highlights and sounds of the manmade environment around them, and the pleasure of one another's company.

This went double for Gohan.

Over the last couple of years, the demi-Saiyan had tangled with a variety of powerful figures, including an alien freelancer wanting to claim and sell their planet on the intergalactic market, the
daughter of his childhood nemesis, a gargantuan alien monster from outer space, human criminals of different classes, colors and creeds, and just recently a vengeful Goddess of Storms, who wanted nothing more than to destroy everything in existence. Working together with his friends, family and teammates, they were able to beat them all one after the other, and come out of every scenario virtually unscathed. But the young warrior was positive that neither one of them would be standing where they were right now, if it wasn't for the bravery and determination of the young girl sharing the road next to him.

When Gohan looked across at the raven haired tomboy and saw her warm smile and sapphire blue eyes sparkling underneath the sun, he knew without a shadow of a doubt that everything he was today and everything he'd been able to accomplish, was because of her.

As it just so happens, Videl felt the exact same way about him. Years ago, she was just a troubled, teenage girl, struggling to get through a mundane, unfulfilling and lonely life filled with nothing but press and her father's unbearable ego. She wanted to break free of that life and make something of herself, to become someone other than what her last remaining parent had made her out to be. It was only her chance encounter with the boy next to her at the Intergalactic Martial Arts Tournament that allowed her that opportunity.

Through his gentle, guiding hand, Gohan was able to turn her from a closed-off, negative child into a strong, confident warrior, who could open her heart to other people rather than shut them out. He unlocked the gates for her and let down the bridge… and he did so without question.

Gohan meant everything to her and so much more, and she wasn't sure what her life would be like today without him.

Glancing in his direction, the raven haired girl beamed. "It sure has been stifling lately, huh?"

The demi-Saiyan walking alongside her nodded in agreement, "Yeah. We need to get out of the classroom more often."

It was then, as they were strolling down the footpath and passing under the scattered shadows of the trees, Videl stopped and turned towards her boyfriend. "Hey…" When the Saiyan's momentum ceased and he looked at her as well, he saw for himself the inquisitive stare she was giving him. "Do you think that… we're going to be okay?" He then saw him blink, the female crime fighter continued hastily. "I mean… do you think we're going to be alright protecting the planet from whatever comes at us next? After all the crap we had to go through with Set and her minions, there's bound to be a lot more powerful enemies like her out there. Looking back on what she could do…" She then glanced downwards in worry, "I think you can see where I'm coming from."

Hearing the girl loud and clear, a small smile appeared across Gohan's lips as he then nodded towards his partner. "Yeah." He then raised his hands and looked at them thoughtfully. "Set was too strong for any of us to deal with, both individually and as a group. Even now, two weeks after the fight, I don't think I'd be able to even touch her as I am. She was just way too much." He then narrowed his eyes and looked back on the memories of his battle with her, which zipped through his mind in montage. "Though I was able to beat her in the end and send her packing to the other side of the quadrant, all of that strength I had during the battle… it's all gone now… and I don't think it'll be coming back anytime soon." Despite his forlorn tone, when he looked at his girlfriend immediately afterwards, happiness appeared over his face once more. "Even if I've gotten a lot stronger since then, I'm nowhere near as strong as I was when I fought her."

His little insight into the situation put a curious glimmer in Videl's eye, "And… what does that mean?"
Gohan chuckled and rubbed the back of his head in his characteristic Son way. It was a gesture that had the girl's heart skip a beat, as the warm expression he took on was directed solely at her. "I think it means that if we keep at it and keep doing what we're doing... the earth, its people... and everyone that we care about are going to be alright." He then placed his hands on his hips and focused all his attention on the teen standing before him. "We've made it this far fighting together. If we continue training every day, getting stronger, and keep moving forward, I know there's nothing out there that will be able to stop us."

They did defeat a goddess after all... one of the strongest beings in the universe. That alone had to count for something.

A giggle soon followed his response and earned a curious blink from the demi-Saiyan. "That's a pretty cheesy thing to say... even for you," Videl laughed.

The spiky haired teen chuckled and scratched his now clean face with his finger in a bashful manner. "Yeah. That was a little bit corny... but there wasn't really any other way for me to put it. Besides... you were the one that asked me what I thought... and I gave you my answer."

Videl, finding a moment to interject, stepped a little closer to the teen and, placing her hands behind her back, gazed fondly up at his handsome face. "And what about us?" Her question drawing his full and complete attention to her, the raven haired crime fighter continued on boldly. "Do you think you and I will be alright?"

A little bit thrown by her sudden inquiry, Gohan quickly recovered and shot the girl a sincere smile. "Well... if a group of bank-robbing gangsters, a giant space monster and a million year old, all-powerful goddess wasn't able to tear us apart... then I doubt anything ever will." He then raised an eyebrow at her, watching as the girl swayed gently on the spot and waited for him to finish. "What do you think?"

A mischievous spark appearing in the corner of her eye, the raven haired teen then hopped a little closer and, with only an inch of space between them, stood up on her toes. "Perhaps this will answer your question."

A split second later, the girl pressed her lips against the boy's in a chaste and tender kiss. It was a gesture that was enthusiastically reciprocated by the boy, who leaned into the tomboy's show of affection just as she did. Hearts beating warmly as they embraced one another on that road, the pair remained that way for several long seconds. The sounds of the river flowing nearby and the birds in the air added more to the radiant atmosphere surrounding them, and made it feel like they were walking on air.

Then, once the pair separated moments later, Gohan looked down at Videl in surprise to see her cheeks were red and a warm, loving smile was pulled across her lips.

The young man beamed, "You beat me to it."

Giggling in a way that no other person outside of their group had seen before, the short-haired, female fighter giddily wrapped her arms around the Saiyan's and drew him closer. Once she was certain she had him, the girl laughed and playfully pulled her body towards his, her left arm curled around his right, leaving them standing side by side with one another. Pressing her cheek into Gohan's shoulder as they stepped into the sunlight, the happy couple walked on for a few more feet before stopping under the sun.

Eyes closed as she savored the warm feeling of her boyfriend's arm in hers, Videl then looked up
and gazed fondly in the Saiyan's direction. When she did, she pulled herself closer, physically expressing her true feelings towards him.

If that didn't get through to him, then the words she spoke moments later most certainly did.

"Gohan… I love you."

Heart skipping a beat and his smile widening even more so, the happy demi-Saiyan and his equally elated girlfriend turned their gazes towards the sky and up into the clouds.

Though neither of them had any idea what the future had in store for them, the two of them were confident that they would be able to get through it… together.

After all, as long as they had each other, then there was nothing they couldn't do…

THE END
Highschool Arc - Gods and Demons

Continuation from Chapter - First Day.

Author's Note: The story's continuation after the first Epilogue. It's an edit I've been wanting to include for a while but never got the chance to do so. Since this is a very long story, many would probably want to cut out about halfway through. I won't blame them if they do.

For all those just joining, this is a recent edit, which may have sent mixed signals for all those expecting the next chapter. Sorry if this may have inconvenienced some.

Anyway, moving on, this is the continuation of the Legacies storyline.

---

Dragonball Z

Legacies

Gods and Demons

(Meanwhile)

Light years away from planet earth, in a realm where only the truly privileged are permitted to reign, the most unusual of structures floated. Surrounded by dozens of moons and sitting beneath a golden glowing nebula, as if piercing the heavens themselves, the enormous pyramid that was the home of the God of Destruction floated in the cold vacuum of space. Its multi-layered transparent base, topped with sweeping fields and forests, and a massive tree almost as big as the oddly shaped world itself, which jutted into the clouds, stuck out of the formation like a sore thumb. The fact that its sheer size also camouflaged the countless buildings stacked across the naturally grown constructs meant this was the ideal training spot for the ruling deity and a perfect means to showcase his grand image.

After all, when one possessed strength capable of wiping out entire galaxies, one needed a secluded place to train and polish their skills.

However, at this point in time the primary denizen of this particular sanctuary was still asleep, leaving his training grounds open for the other resident of the floating pyramid to do as he pleased. Standing out in the fields stretched out across the pristine landscape surrounding Beerus’s temple, the teal-skinned man with the white curled hair that was his attendant, dressed in his distinguishable maroon robes, black cuirass with white and orange embellishments, and wielding the scepter characterized by the floating gem above its pommel, had taken up position near the lake at the top of the hill.

Able to see most of the lowlands making up this part of the region, the servant breathed in the fresh air and let out a relieved sigh.

"You seem to be in an awfully chipper mood today, Whis," a deep voice spoke up, drawing the attendant's gaze over to another part of the plain.

When Whis glanced over his shoulder, the martial arts master saw the large, muscular form of one of the other guardians of the universe standing nearby. Possessing a fighter's build with a thick,
chiseled upper body, big arms, and golden feathers covering its entirety, wearing plated boots, a white Shendyt wrapped around his waist held up by an obi, topped with a white nemes headdress, arm guards, golden bands and necklaces, and bearing the face of a falcon, the King of the Gods Ra held his post several yards back with a smile on his face and his arms crossed.

"Is it something you want to talk about?" the deity asked curiously as butterflies fluttered around him.

The every dutiful assistant chuckled, "You wouldn't happen to have been standing there this entire time waiting for me to say something, would you Ra?"

A shrug was the golden God's immediate response. "Nah, I've just been standing here for the past half-an-hour watching the birds dance across the meadows while the bush-tails nibbled on their acorns in the background." The falcon-headed deity then smirked at him. "Of course I'm waiting for you to say something about it! It's been driving me crazy all morning."

"He's right, you know," a third, soft voice chirped from above, drawing Whis and Ra's gaze upwards. As soon as their eyes turned towards the clouds, they spotted a petite figure floating just several feet above them.

Hovering on her back horizontal to the ground and dressed in flowing, pink silky robes that hugged at her luscious body, a shapely humanoid female with dark brown skin, pointy ears, and long, flowing blonde hair, and a figure that was the inspiration for countless artworks in history, drifted through the air with her hands behind her head. Legs crossed and the toes of one foot pointed towards the sky, the gorgeous elven woman sighed as she gently kicked the ether, at the same time feeling the pupils of the two males fix upon her.

"Ra's been restless the entire morning. I can literally feel his intensity. Perhaps you could indulge him a little and let him know what's on your mind," the cheerful poltergeist exclaimed, at the same time raising her hand up to check her finger nails. "His edginess is kind of throwing me off my mojo."

Picking up the exasperation in the woman's voice earned another laugh from the teacher. "Well, I'm afraid you're just going to have to be a little bit more patient with me, Ra... Aphrodite. Until your other fellow deities arrive, the vault containing all of my little secrets has been sealed off until further notice."

The blonde woman identified as the Goddess of Love pursed her lips and rolled over, resting her chin on her arms as she glared down at her host. "Party pooper..."

Huffing irritably, the falcon God looked away with a grunt. "Ugh. It better not be something petty, like a new dessert you discovered that you plan on sharing with us later this afternoon."

Whis smiled innocently, "You make that sound like it's a bad thing."

"While I admit the worm-sundae special from Proteous Five was extremely delicious, the fact that you dragged twelve of us to that diner just to have tea and cakes together was kind of strange." Not to mention unorthodox.

It was a good thing nobody in that small county restaurant realized that they were having dinner alongside a group of the most powerful warriors in the universe otherwise they would've had some serious problems. Granted not being able to sense their ki was a big advantage on their part, that didn't mean the Gods were completely anonymous from the public.
"Well, considering the amount of work we've been doing over the last thousand years and the fact
that we don't see each other very often, I just thought it would be nice for all of us to meet up for
the day and have a little bit of fun together," Whis explained to the royal fighter with a good-
natured smile on his face. "After all, the responsibilities of a guardian can be incredibly taxing on
the body and the mind. It's good to get out there in the galaxy and let off a little bit of steam."

Aphrodite, seeing the reason behind his explanations, nodded her head in agreement. "That, I can
agree. Making Love-Love arrows fifty-six hours a day, ninety eight days a fortnight can be such a pain…"

Shrugging a little, the falcon God then glanced across at his former master with a sour looking
scowl. "For the record, that bowling match we had back on that moon a thousand years back was
completely fixed. You and Artemis cheated on your last two turns."

The attendant, his back turned to the other two warriors, faked a gasp and turned to the deity with a
look of shock slapped across his face, "How could you say that? Artemis didn't cheat." He then
gave a very devilish smirk at the end, showing the falcon warrior that his astonishment was all an
act.

His bullshit meter going off the scale, Ra pointed at the man in triumph, "Ah-ha! So you admit it!"

Humming cheekily, Whis looked away from the man coyly, "What? I didn't say anything."

"I want my fifty gold daleons back! All of them!"

"Oh, I'm afraid that that's impossible. You see… I spent it all."

"What?" Ra shouted, his feathers bristling in outrage. "How? When?" His shouting had the
goddess floating above them laughing in amusement.

"I used my winnings to buy several boxes of those delightfully milky confections they were selling
at the front counter called marsh cakes. I'm sure you remember them; the little brown lathered
treats topped with cream and dallen berries. They were quite expensive too if my current shopping
bill is anything to go by, but so worth the extra expense."

Turning upside-down in midair, the laidback Aphrodite crossed her arms over her ample chest and
smirked. "It's true. Those cakes really are delicious." She then took on a thoughtful look. "Perhaps I
can pick some up for my subordinates on my way home."

Shoulders slumping as his once imposing image quickly deteriorated, the golden feathered warrior
brought his hand up and ran it down his face and beak. "Ugh. You're more gluttonous than
Dionysus back when he was the God of Festivities."

Whis giggled under his breath, "I'll take that as a compliment."

"Would you two stop arguing so loudly? I can hear you from the other side of the third moon," a
new voice suddenly spoke up, drawing the trio's attention over to a nearby tree.

When Whis, Aphrodite and Ra looked towards the top of a large dead wood with the thickest
branches cut down to form three ascending platforms, they saw a large man, about a head shorter
than the falcon deity, with long, flowing blonde hair, silver figure-hugging chainmail outlining his
muscular physique, silver and blue plated armor similar to a Viking's, with a fur lined collar and
boots, sitting there with a hammer held tightly in his grasp.

One leg hanging from the side and swinging back and forth above the ground, the irked looking
newcomer frowned. "I'm disappointed in you Ra. After all our years of fighting alongside one another, I always thought you were more composed than this. But it looks as though I may have overly misjudged your character."

The golden warrior grumbled and pointed at the armored fighter. "That's tough talk coming from the man who got his tail handed to him by Set in the first hour of the battle."

"She sucker punched me," the Norse God shot back with a dejected frown, "It was an unfair fight."

Aphrodite rolled her eyes as she turned back over and slowly floated down to the floor, "Yeah right."

Sensing a challenge, Ra smirked and placed his hands on his hips, "Whatever you say, sparky. Don't forget, I was there when it all happened. Just suck it up and admit that you're disappointed it was someone else that wound up defeating the God of Storms in the end and not you."

"Hence the reason why I'm visiting today," Thor spoke up while turning his gaze towards the white haired man standing on the hill. A smile formed on his face when his gaze met his, "Isn't that right, Master Whis?"

A nod quickly answered the warrior's question as the attendant held his post. "Any news from the others, Thor? Will the rest of the Gods be arriving soon?"

Reaching out with his senses, the blonde hammer wielder shook his head and slowly stood up from the edge he was sitting on. "I'm afraid that most of our kin are tending to other business and have been unable to answer your call. I suspect we will not be seeing them for another few days."

"Ugh, really?" the present goddess groaned as her bare feet gently padded along the ground. Hands on her hips, the dark elf then lightly kicked at the grass. "Damn…"

"Hmm. That's a shame," Whis murmured while turning his gaze towards the horizon. "And here I was hoping for a better turn out than this… what with the events that'd transpired recently. But I suppose if everybody else is too busy…"

Blinking a few times, the blonde man, who'd obviously been sleeping on the sidelines for the past hour or so, then pointed his hammer towards the lake. "What about that carapace gentleman over there?" His quick jab of the hammer had Ra, Aphrodite and Whis look towards the water banks at the bottom of the hill, where they immediately spotted a humanoid man covered in a hard exoskeleton that was light-green with black spots, had black plates on his shoulder, shins and chest areas, two black wings extending from his back, and two off-shooting sections of his cranium that pointed straight upwards.

Not only was his back turned to them, showing a pointed tail retracted under his wings, but his arms were also crossed and his attention was fixed upon the distant horizon.

"He's been staring across the lake and listening to us for some time," Thor informed the other two Gods.

The goddess standing alongside Ra tilted her head at him. "Yeah. I've been wondering about that guy too. Who is he anyway?"

Whis merely smiled at his fellow deity's inquiries. "Do not worry. That young fighter down there is a delegate from one of the neighboring universes… a denizen of Universe 13 I believe."

"Ah. Well that explains why I do not recognize him," the hammer wielder exclaimed, taking a
moment to analyze the foreigner before a smile formed on his face. Stroking his bristly beard, he then raised a hand in the air and waved. "Hello, friend!" When his shout reached the lakeside, he saw the carapace warrior turn to look in his direction. Thor then beckoned him over, "Why not come over here and join us? You must be pretty lonely over there!"

Blinking a couple of times, the green stranger breathed out a sigh and, turning around, slowly began to amble towards them.

Smiling at his success of coaxing the fighter over, Thor hopped down from his pedestal and landed on the grass at the base of the trunk. Walking over to where Ra and Aphrodite were standing, he met the armored insect-male halfway and extended a hand towards him. "I do not believe we've been introduced yet. I am Thor; Guardian of the Asgard System, first in line to the throne of Odin and the current God of Lightning."

Staring at the equally tall warrior and considering his hand for a second, the fighter from another universe slowly reached out and shook it, at the same time meeting the warrior's gaze.

"It's a pleasure."

Thor grinned back at the alien stranger in a respectful manner. "And who do I have the privilege of shaking hands with?"

Coming to stand next to his fellow deity, Ra chuckled and crossed his arms, at the same time gesturing to the newcomer. "This smartly dressed young man here is named Cell; the current God of War of Universe 13 and the successor of Guan Yu."

"God of War, you say?" Thor repeated in surprise. With his hand still firmly wrapped around the android's palm, the Norse warrior took a moment to consider the individual's title before an even more enthusiastic grin formed across his lips, "A most intriguing prospect. You and I must do battle some time, Master Cell. I believe a little joust to stretch the legs, strengthen our souls and empower our hearts is a terrific way to solidify a bond between two fellow warriors."

Raising an eyebrow at the gutsy and ever-confident Norse God, Aphrodite sighed and shook her head. The elven goddess even went so far as to place her hand upon her crown. "Men… always thinking with their fists…"

The armored warrior, hearing the thunder deity's proposition loud and clear, smirked confidently and nodded. "That's a very tempting offer. I'll consider it."

Feeling more invigorated than before, the armored fighter with the hammer then turned his attention towards Ra, at the same time releasing Cell's hand from his ludicrously strong grip. This was indicated by how the android ended up shaking his fingers out after their brief and spirited exchange of pleasantries.

"Visitors from other worlds? What's the occasion?"

Ra, a smile appearing on his beak, locked his gaze on Beerus's assistant, who was still standing at the top of his hill like a statue on the plain, "I'm sure you'll find out soon enough." His attention was then pulled towards the heavens above. "Ah. It seems that a couple more of our friends have finally arrived."

The moment everyone's eyes turned towards the sky, they suddenly saw a flicker of light appear in the distance, followed shortly by a flaming, golden comet that shot down through the clouds and crashed in the field directly beside them. The mass of energy struck the valley with a violent,
earthshaking tremor, blasting debris and dust into the air, and washing the cloud over the four individuals in the valley. As soon as the veil caused by the object's impact lifted, two new figures emerged from the mass.

The first was a humanoid woman with golden yellow skin and long brown hair. Shapely and fit in appearance, the woman wore Egyptian clothing similar in design to Ra's, complete with Shendyt and a white, folded sheet top, and golden braces and plates holding it all together. Along with a pair of multi-strapped sandals that ran up her legs, the woman also had on a golden-band crown with a red jade sitting in its center, with two eagle-like wings of red feathers growing down her arms, giving her a very majestic, angelic appearance.

The second was a human woman, only her outfit was a lot more outlandish and revealing than her companion's. Tall, about the same height as a Saiyan male, she was a tan-skinned, curvaceous young female with a very stoic, aloof expression that didn't at all detract from her attractiveness. She had cool blue eyes, straight black hair framing an enchanting face and cut into an asymmetrical bob style, with the front bangs reaching her shoulders. Her outfit was also unique, consisting of a scarf, elbow pads, gloves and a leather jacket, all black with shoulder pauldrons, which she wore over a black, thin ribbed, zip-up corset top with a long coat back and no front. This meant that her stomach below her midriff and pelvis was exposed, which showed that she was wearing a black lace thong. To round out her incredibly steamy outfit, she also had black lace leggings that went all the way up to her mid thigh area, black boots, golden bands on her arms, and the top part of her dress zipped open.

This exposed her sizable cleavage, which was just as ample as Rangiku Matsumoto's, made more pronounced in her incredibly tight top.

She also had golden eagle wings sewed over the front of her uniform and on the back of her jacket, showing that she was aligned with the woman she'd traveled here with.

When the attractive pair arrived at the spot the rest of the Gods were standing, the woman with the feathers greeted them with a smile. "Long time no see everyone."

Expression brightening at the sight of the alien woman, Aphrodite took a deep breath and dashed forward. She moved so quickly that the winged newcomer swore she teleported directly in front of her. "Isis!" Her cheer was matched by her hug, which she trapped the woman in and caused her to stumble back slightly. "You're here. I'm so glad."

"I missed you too, Di," the brown haired woman also spoke, pulling away from the slender girl to smile at her. "You look breathtaking, as usual."

"So do you. You got a new haircut. That's awesome," Aphrodite chirped, levitating off of the ground to float over to her friend's side as she continued walking along with her companion.

Once the new arrivals got close enough, the leader of the entourage acknowledged their arrival in his usual laidback manner. "It's good to see you," Ra spoke, nodding to the angel when she stopped in front of him. "How's your arm?"

The yellow-skinned woman chuckled as she flexed her right, spreading her feathers with a quick stretch, "Much better, especially after almost having it blown clean off. Thanks for asking."

"Set really did a number on you during our last battle. Most of us didn't think you were going to make it," Thor spoke, gesturing towards his comrade with a gentle smile of his own. "It brings me great joy to see that you're alive and well."
Eyes twinkling at the kind words spoken by the deities, the old but still remarkably young-looking goddess bowed to them and turned her attention to the voluptuous young woman standing behind her. When their attention turned to the raven haired girl, Isis gestured in her direction. "I don't think any of you have met my new student yet. This is Cleopatra. I'm training her to become my successor."

Upon being introduced to the group, the woman in black bowed in the direction of the Gods, receiving similar gestures in kind. When her presence was made known to everyone standing in the field, she then quietly straightened up and folded her arms, causing her chest to stick out even more.

Looking at the raven haired girl from the side and seeing how her promiscuous bust was almost bursting out of her top, Aphrodite took a moment to look down at her own. Pressing her hands against it, she then frowned and scowled enviously across at the girl.

The blonde goddess immediately became downtrodden and turned around, shoulders slumping as a raincloud appeared over her head. "Damn it…"

Ra tilted his head at the raven haired trainee when her emotionless gaze panned over them in a very analytical manner, "When did you pick her up?"

"About thirty thousand years ago… give or take a couple of years."

"Ah. A young goddess?" the falcon warrior said with an understanding nod. "She must be pretty talented for you to actually see fit to choose her as an apprentice. Eighty million years of serving as a guardian of this universe and in all that time you never showed even the slightest interest in taking on a student. What changed your mind?"

"Oh… a lot of things," the winged protector giggled, resting a hand on her hip as she watched the girl in black step away for some space. When she saw the youngster then proceed to watch the butterflies dance across the meadows to her right, Isis allowed a gentle smile to form. "Mostly because I believe it's getting to the point where it's time for me to hang it all up… to call it a day."

Perking up when she heard her friend's words, Aphrodite spun around and floated over to her, "R-Really?"

The winged-guardian nodded, "Yes."

"B-But…" the blonde stammered.

"You're still young. I'm sure that you have many more years left to give before the universe sees fit to grant you a safe and noble passage into retirement," Thor said, trying to convince her otherwise.

"Maybe. But in case things go awry, it brings me comfort to know that I have somebody to carry on my work, should something happen to me," the fighter replied, sharing with the warriors a warm look before glancing over to her protégé. "She's strong, compassionate and wise. I know she will serve this universe well." Upon receiving gestures of acknowledgement from the two males, her gaze then fell upon Whis, who she noticed was now walking towards them with his signature staff in hand. Isis brightened up when he finally stopped on the edge of the circle that they'd formed. "I received your message."

"I knew you would. Of all the Gods that existed in the early days of the universe, I could always count on you to make an appearance," the teal-skinned attendant replied with a bow of greeting. "The years have been kind to you, Isis. I'm glad you're alright."
"As am I, Whis," Isis replied, nodding to the man as soon as he rose up to full height. Once their exchange was made, she then took a moment to step back and count the heads that'd decided to show.

While she, Thor, Aphrodite and Ra stood next to one another, with Whis positioning himself as center speaker a few yards away, to their right the visitor from another universe had taken a few steps away and was once again standing out in the open. Cleopatra on the other hand had decided to take a spot a few meters behind Isis, and was now using that time to play with the butterflies that had decided to converge around her.

Heck, she even held out a finger for one to land on, which it did. It was a sight that brought a smile to the raven haired human, as well as a cheerful look to the winged deity's eyes.

"It seems that we are the only ones who've shown up," Isis remarked, glancing back into the semi-circle that she and the other Gods had formed. "That's a surprise."

"So far," Ra said, arms crossed and a serious look on his face. "Give the others another day or so. I'm positive that several more will come." His attention then shifted over to the teacher of the God of Destruction, who was now looking them over with a more professional air about his person.

"Are you going to tell us now why you decided to call all of us out here on such short notice?"

Lowering his head, the blue-skinned man's eyes flickered with seriousness as he raised his staff ever so slightly and tapped it into the ground. At first Thor, Aphrodite and Isis were confused as to why he did that. But after the chime of the scepter's contact echoed across the field like the ring of a mystical bell, the group then saw two silhouettes suddenly teleport into view behind the attendant, drawing their gazes over to them. The instant they appeared, the two Gods then realized that they weren't alone, and that there were two other warriors whom were visiting this temple.

As soon as their forms became tangible, the group saw a human male with spiky black hair, his face covered in multiple battle scars, wearing a red headband, black figure-hugging spandex, and black and green battle armor similar to those worn by the Saiyans, step into the light. He was soon followed by a second figure, an alien who was a couple heads shorter than him, with a white and purple carapace form, an incredibly effeminate appearance, sharp red eyes, and a long white tale waving behind him. Despite his form's diminutive size, it was sleep and imposing, and managed to convey an air of incredible power.

While the first one didn't seem like much to the group, the second one without a doubt had a couple of the Gods in the area turn a head. Furthermore, it was their appearance to the scene that had the visiting Cell look in their direction and stare at them with an intrigued gleam in his eye.

After stopping behind Whis and sharing a glance with one another, the two newcomers then turned their attention to the rest of the crowd as the teal-skinned man proceeded to speak.

"Just like our friend from Universe 13, the gentlemen you see behind me are also delegates from two of the neighboring realities. The warrior with the spiky black hair is designated Bardock; the God of Fury and representative of Universe 6. The man standing next to him with the long tail is Frieza; the God of Destruction and representative of Universe 9... a man I understand a couple of you are quite familiar with." Whis focused his attention on the central deities as the two visitors stepped closer, their arms crossed and moods set to tense. "I called these three here because of the precarious incident that had recently unfolded involving one of our own..."

Isis, well aware of what the overseer was referring to, frowned at what she expected was the discussion to come, "Set... right?"
The attendant nodded. "Due to circumstances that were beyond our control, the seal surrounding my former student's prison was broken and the God of Storms was allowed to run loose across the universe once again. She then quickly proceeded to try and destroy it. However, as I'm sure that all of you are aware, Set was promptly confronted and defeated by a warrior from the planet that she'd previously been imprisoned on, and her efforts to lay waste to the world were quickly thwarted."

Narrowing his eyes, the King of the Gods acknowledged the attendant's words with a nod. "This much we already know."

Eyes panning across his audience, Whis took a deep breath before continuing the recount. "Above all odds, the warrior was able to summon the power necessary to defeat the goddess Set and cast her off into the depths of space. At first I believed she'd been destroyed in the closing stages of the battle, but after checking in with King Yemma and taking a look through his records, no mention has been made of my former student passing through the check-in station."

The carapace visitor standing nearby threw the speaker a concerned look. "You're saying she wasn't destroyed?" Cell asked, earning a quick nod from Whis.

Thor, finding this news puzzling and quite troublesome, glared in the attendant's direction. "Can you locate her through your staff?"

Expression conveying defeat, the martial arts master shook his head. "That's the problem. I can't find a single trace of her. That tells me that she's either been incapacitated and does not wish to be found or something else is preventing me from locating her."

"That's odd. Usually you don't have any problems with finding anything through your all-seeing-eye technique," Ra commented, giving the attendant a puzzled stare. "Perhaps you're reading the airways wrong?"

Expression twisting slightly in thought, the blue-skinned guardian turned his gaze from the ground back up to his audience, whom was now currently scratching their heads over this newest mystery. "Whether or not my student survived the struggle is the least of my concerns right now. As long as she isn't stirring up trouble, then we don't need to make any efforts to pursue her. The reason I called you all here today is because of something far more serious. During the battle above earth, Set threatened to suck this entire universe into the space between spaces, taking everything and everyone with it. A move like that, I know, would've not only destroyed our world, but unleashed the terror that would've gone on to wipe out countless others…"

His announcement quickly entrapped the attentions of Ra, Aphrodite, Thor and Isis, all of whom looked at the man with a glimmer of concern on their faces. While the males looked surprised, the females appeared genuinely shaken.

"Surely you're not suggesting-" Isis began to speak, her tone reflecting a sense of fear.

"I am," Whis interjected, shooting a serious look in the winged-goddess's direction.

"No way." Ra narrowed his eyes as a bead of sweat trickled down the side of his face, "I doubt even Set would be stupid enough to allow such a thing to happen."

"She was there when we faced it the first time. Even with all her power, not even the goddess of storms came close to being a match for it," Aphrodite spoke up.
"She was blinded by both anger and ambition the moment she was released from the Nexus. Due to the mixture of emotions clouding her judgment, I have every reason to believe that she'd forgotten all about the monster that we fought and defeated all those years ago," the white haired man stated while his grip around his staff tightened nervously. "Had she succeeded in her endeavor, I have no doubt she would have inadvertently awakened the creature from its slumber."

The events that'd taken place during that battle had been more than enough to shake the man to his very core knowing how close their reality and many others had come so close to extinction.

Feeling that they were being kept out of the loop, Bardock, arms crossed, took a step forward and directed his attention towards the falcon deity. "What exactly are you guys talking about? What monster?"

For something to get even the guardians of this universe riled up, it stands to reason that whatever it was they were referring to should have the rest of them worried too. This became abundantly clear to all those standing in the area as the other two visitors from the neighboring universes focused all of their attention on their hosts and began listening to what they had to say.

Deciding to fill in the blanks, the falcon-faced God turned his attention to the newcomers and addressed them in kind. "The creature that we're referring to goes by many names. The inhabitants of the ancient planet of Gama called it Mictlantecuhtli. The people of Sura called it Erebus. Other races in the common tongue refer to it as Death Bringer. But the race who first encountered this entity in the early days of our universe called it Esdraelon, which translates to 'the one who will end all worlds'." Scowl becoming more serious, the man began recalling everything he knew on this matter, and began relaying it to their guests. "A primordial beast unlike anything you've ever encountered before, Esdraelon was a genetically engineered monster created by a group of aliens called the Charon, who were conducting illegal biological experiments to transform an alien child into the ultimate life form; one that was capable of surpassing even the Titans. The trials that they ran involved an infant child surviving on the harshest worlds imaginable, killing it and reviving it repeatedly, and forcing it to evolve regenerative abilities to adapt to its surroundings. Due to the horrid nature of its inception, the child eventually developed the mindset where its one and only instinct is to kill everything in its path, hence its name."

While Bardock found this information quite shocking, the white and purple alien standing beside him smirked at what the man had just said. "This beast sounds like an interesting pet. With his power, I bet he could do an entire afternoon's work for me and I wouldn't even have to lift a finger to help." He then shared a glance across at his fellow delegate, who threw a glare back at him. "Reminds me of how I did business back in the day."

Hearing Frieza's amused chuckle, Isis's gaze snapped in his direction. "You think this is a joke?" Her statement caused the lizard man to frown, which then prompted the woman to carry on the story in Ra's place. "This beast is a monster of the worst kind; the embodiment of all hatred and malice in the universe. It doesn't eat, it doesn't sleep, it doesn't age, and it feels no sense of compassion or mercy. It just kills, because it knows nothing else… because it has no choice." Ruffling her feathers, the woman stepped towards the center. "After decades of constant torture and torment at the hands of its creators, the beast eventually broke out of its confinement, murdered the scientists that gave it life, and destroyed the planet it was on with its bare hands, traveling to the next one in the debris and repeating the process over and over again."

"This monster was unstoppable," Thor interjected, shivering at when he remembered the strength and capabilities demonstrated by the ancient foe. "The creature's strength fed off of its rage… and its rage burned as hot as the brightest star. Its power grew in proportion to the strength of its opponent, meaning that it could learn and evolve while it was fighting. Decades of being killed and
brought back to life also gave this 'Death Bringer' creature the innate ability to resurrect itself on its own accord. It would then adapt to whatever caused its death in the first place, meaning it could not be killed the same way twice. It'd come back stronger than before every time it regenerated."

"It's the most powerful force of nature we ever encountered," Aphrodite explained, crossing her arms over her stomach and shivering when memories of their clash flashed through her head. "That thing's face still haunts my nightmares."

Narrowing his eyes, Cell glanced across at Ra, who shared a similar look of dread on his face. "What happened to it?"

The golden God took a deep breath and looked over at the carapace android. "The creature rampaged for many years and destroyed countless galaxies, threatening the balance of life in the universe. When it started encroaching upon our domains, the Gods of the universe decided to step in and stop it. Over thirty of us went in to fight it… but only fourteen of us made it out alive."

Bardock's eyes widened in shock, "It took thirty of you to kill this thing?"

The question prompted Ra to look across at the stunned visitors with a serious glare. "The God of War Ares and the Goddess of War Freyja sacrificed themselves to defeat it. They killed it and sealed its corpse inside of a crystalline prison, which we set on an infinite orbit around a distant star in a system that we could monitor from a safe distance."

Finding a problem in the warrior's story, Cell turned to him questioningly. "Why didn't you destroy its body or send it packing to another dimension?"

"The creature's body is indestructible. No matter what we tried, even when it was immobile and unresponsive, we could not destroy it," Whis spoke up, drawing everyone's attention to him as he brought his ever-trusted scepter around. "And we couldn't risk sealing it inside another dimension and breaking the prison Freyja gave her life to put it in. If, by chance, it suddenly fell through a subspace wormhole or struck a dimensional barrier, we ran the danger of dispelling the seal or sending the creature to another world, which is something we could not allow. By keeping it locked away in this universe, we have the ability to quarantine it, while at the same time spare the other worlds from its wrath." The blue-skinned warrior then threw a glance towards the other two delegates behind him. "This is the reason I called you here today. In case Set's rampage caused Esdraelon's prison to weaken, it is best that we take extra precautions to ensure that we can stop it, should it somehow manage to break free."

"Since there are so few of us left, we can use all the help we can get," Ra finished in place of the attendant.

Processing the words of their hosts, Bardock looked down at the grass for several moments in thought. With the weight of what'd just been said now pressing down on his shoulders, the battle-scarred Saiyan smiled and looked up. "What the heck? Since I've got nothing better to do, I'd be more than happy to lend your universe a hand. Even if it means I have to work with the scum of creation." He said this while shooting a look towards the lizard alien standing nearby. "The Frieza from my world was a monster and a tyrant. I'm glad our race was able to do away with you back when you tried to destroy our planet."

Tail waving behind him agitatedly, the deity from universe 9 also smirked, "The feelings are mutual, Saiyan. Before I was indoctrinated for the position of God of Destruction in my universe, I wasted no time in seeing your backward home planet was completely and utterly destroyed. I'm just surprised that neither of us has taken the opportunity to try and destroy one another over the matter. However… since I am a benevolent deity, and both of us have killed the other in our
respective spaces, I'd say that we are even on the karma scale. Yes?"

A chuckle and a nod answered the smug alien's inquiry, "Of course." Bardock then turned his gaze towards the other visitor to this universe, whom he could see was still standing separate from the rest of the group with an unflinching expression. "And you? What are your feelings on the matter?"

Cell, eyeing the rest of the group suspiciously, took a few seconds to consider his options. "I for one have no grudges or express any ill will towards either of you, even though my creator did design me with the sole purpose of defending my home planet from the likes of you. Since this Esdraelon presents a threat to all the universes and not just this one, I see no reason why I should decline the invitation to join this prestigious alliance." He then gave the deities of this universe a wide smirk. "A battle with this so-called destroyer of worlds presents somewhat of an interesting challenge to me. If worse comes to worse, I'll do my best to uphold my title as a God."

Clapping his hands together, Whis expressed a sense of joy at the delegates' unanimous responses. "Wonderful. Than we have an accord." He then gestured to the three warriors standing in the field. "Please… feel free to make yourselves at home. Lord Beerus is currently still asleep in his citadel, so you can take any one of his chambers for your stay-"

"I'm fine out here," the green android answered quickly, turning his back on the attendant with his arms firmly folded. Though his response did draw a few stares from the Gods standing nearby, the visitor paid them little to no mind and instead focused his attention on the horizon ahead.

"Very well," Whis chirped, while adjusting the blue hoop around his neck. "If that is your wish, then I see no reason to argue against it."

Tapping his finger against his bicep, a deeply contemplating Ra turned his gaze over to the attendant and gestured towards him inquisitively. "How is the status on our doomsday friend? Is he still stuck inside his little mobile home?"

Twirling his staff around and bringing the gem to the center, a rush of ki then ran down the stick and caused the crystal at the end to glow. A series of multiple energy-based polygons then sprung up and encompassed the area, drawing everyone's eyes to the sky above. It was there they saw a large bubble appear, giving them a clear view of the Solar System and the comet that was in orbit of the cluster. Whis was sure to zoom in on the celestial object in question, which could be seen trailing blue fire around planet earth's path.

"Still in transit, thankfully," the blue-skinned assistant said with a sigh of relief. After allowing the group a chance to inspect Hayley's Comet for themselves, he then deactivated his all-seeing-eye technique and withdrew his scepter. Returning it to his side, the man straightened his back and beamed around at all of the Gods. "If the system remains stable, then we won't have to worry about our apocalyptic problem breaking free and going on a killing spree of the neighboring systems."

"Good," Thor breathed out, tying his trusted hammer to his belt and placing a hand on his hip. "Very good."

After looking around at the relieved expressions on everyone's faces, Aphrodite and Isis shared a glance with one another before then fixing it upon their host.

"Just so we're clear, what was the name of the young warrior that defeated Set?" the winged-goddess asked curiously.

Waving her hair about, her pink-wearing companion cupped her hands together and smiled, "Was he handsome? Please tell me he was."
Chuckling at the enthusiastic inquisitions towards the other matter, Whis tapped the gem of his staff against his palm and analyzed it. "Well, first and foremost, he was not a God; just a mortal man. He was also quite fetching for a denizen of his world too, not surprising considering his lineage," Whis informed while looking around at his fellow deities. "The one who defeated Set was a martial artist gifted with incredible strength and talent… a half-Saiyan from earth named Son Gohan."

Initially the Gods didn't react beyond a surprised blink. However, the one who responded the most noticeably was Cleopatra, who'd previously been standing in the background staring off into the horizon. It was only when the name of the mysterious fighter who'd vanquished the goddess of tempests was mentioned that her interests were fully perked. The raven haired vixen's head snapped towards the center where, as her mind fully processed the speaker's words, her eyes widened and surprise appeared across her once impassive face.

This was quickly followed by a quiet whisper, "Did you say Gohan?"

Isis and the others quickly turned towards the formerly silent party, with the teacher giving her student a curious stare. "Cleo… you know this person?"

Shaking her head of her astonishment, the empress quickly set her sights on her instructor and briskly nodded. "Yes. Yes, I do." She then turned away, her expression once again tightening as she focused her eyes onto space in the direction of earth.

When they saw the goddess-in-training wasn't going to say any more on the matter, the crowd of powerful deities slowly returned their attention to the middle. Conversation quickly started up amongst them once again, with Ra and Thor expressing interest over this mysterious warrior and deciding to approach Whis about it, who was also graced by the presence of Bardock. Isis began chatting with Aphrodite, in which the two beauties proceeded to catch up on old times, and Cell and Frieza isolated themselves from the group.

While all this was going on, the raven haired Cleopatra, who had said and done very little to that point, then directed her astonished gaze towards the grass in thought. Raising her right hand, she flexed her fingers a couple of times, upon which she then clenched it into a fist and turned her gaze to the nebula above.

Eyes shining, the beautiful human goddess smiled.

"I've finally found you… Gohan-kun…"

(To be continued)
By the time the sun started to rise over the mountains, the sounds of battle had finally died out, and calm and tranquility had once again returned to the countryside. Now that the landscape was no longer being ravaged by violent tremors, explosions and the chorus of shouts that were the results of said conflict, the denizens of the forests and grasslands could finally emerge from their hiding places and groom themselves for the day ahead. The same went for the ones that were directly responsible for the ruckus that'd been carrying on since five, only they were going through it in an entirely different way.

Breathing a sigh of relief as steam wafted around him, Gohan sunk a little more into the drum his family often used for hot baths. Aside from being an ideal way to save money on their water bill by filling it up directly through the nearby river, it was also comfy, cozy, and served as an excellent place to scrub down following a vigorous morning of training.

The half-Saiyan could certainly agree on that last point as he allowed his sore body to go limp in the human-sized barrel. After spending the last couple of hours learning to control his newfound strength and his newest Super Saiyan transformation, which required an insane amount of effort to maintain, his muscles felt like they were about to burst.

"Ahh… this is heaven," Gohan groaned, eyes closed as he rested his head back against the edge of the metal cylinder. "Of all my favorite things in the world… this is definitely somewhere in my top ten."

Among the many others included training, fighting, assorted foods, and spending time with his loved ones during his off hours. The rest he could list off on a later date. But right now he was simply content with just floating weightlessly here in his pot of boiling water and let sweet, irresistible bliss take over.

The sensations were so overpowering that he almost lost all sense of time and place.

Breathing out a sigh of relief as he ran his hands up and down his arms to clean off the grime and tension, the young hybrid smiled as he gazed down at the water thoughtfully. "If I died right now, I would have no regrets…"

"Oh, I'm sure you might have some regrets," came the amused chuckle from his family's closest resident. "Try not to pass out while you're still in there. Don't forget, there are a few other people in this house who want to use that barrel too."

Looking up, Gohan found himself staring at the orange haired form of his most regular training partner. Decked out in a white bathrobe with a towel slung over her shoulder, the blue skinned Zangya threw the boy a cheerful smile as she watched him simmer away in the broth.

"Enjoying yourself?" the Hera asked.
A wide grin formed across the spiky haired boy's lips, "You could say that." Obviously he was. The expression he had been wearing before was so half-lidded and relaxed that it looked as though he was about to fall asleep. Thankfully his friend showed up just in time to stop that from happening. "It's so nice and quiet out here that it's so easy to get lost in your thoughts."

Chuckling at the man's laidback tone, the woman placed a hand on her hip and shifted her weight to one side. "Perhaps it also has something to do with the fact that you're taking a dip in something equivalent to a hot spring."

"There's that too."

Shaking her head, the alien woman smirked. "Speaking of which, are you going to be done soon? I have to get to work in about an hour and I've got a lot of hair to scrub out," Zangya informed, at the same time waving said locks about for the boy to take notice of. "You didn't exactly go easy on me while we were kicking each other across the valley the day before. My head is a complete wreck."

Realizing the actual amount of time he'd spent in that barrel, the boy quickly splashed his face and shook his hair out. "Ah. Yeah. Just give me a second." Wandering over to the girl's side of the drum and crossing his arms, he then rested against the tub's edge and smiled across at the patiently waiting female. "I really appreciate the spar this morning, Zangya. Thanks a bunch."

A warm smile quickly followed his words of gratitude. "Don't sweat it. Throwing down with you and the Green Man every morning is always a blast. It really helps get the blood pumping."

Gohan chuckled and cleaned out his ear with his finger. "The spars are also helping me tons with my control. The first and second stages are easy for me to keep up for extended periods of time, but staying in Super Saiyan 3 for longer than fifteen minutes… that's asking quite a lot."

"Give it another month or so. I'm sure you'll get used to it eventually," Zangya said with an encouraging smile. "You're one of the hardest working guys I know. If there's anyone who can pull this kind of crap off, it's going to be you."

Feeling his spirit and energies lift at his friend's confidence, the boy straightened up in the tub. "I'm glad to hear you say that." Upon looking the Z-fighter in the eye and sharing a smile with her, Gohan then gripped the sides of the cylinder and prepared to hoist himself out. "I think this weekend I'll pop over to say hi to my dad. After seeing my fight with Set and the amount of damage we caused, I know he's going to want to see what Super Saiyan 3 is like before giving it another shot. Knowing him as well as I do, I'm sure he's probably trying to figure it out for himself right now."

"I've seen the guy work. Your dad is crazy talented," the Hera remarked, tilting her head with an amused grin on her face. "I suppose that answers the question as to why you're so good as well."

"You know what they say: blood is thicker than water," Gohan recited, before then bending and hoisting himself up.

Upon realizing that the teen was coming out of the tub, Zangya freaked. She opened her mouth to protest, not wanting to see him in such a state so early, but the instant the boy leapt over the side and landed on the grass, the girl balked in shock.

At first the young Hera was expecting the boy to be buck naked, a sight that she admitted she wouldn't have any problems in seeing. But as it turned out, the lower part of the young man's body was clad in a pair of tight black swimming trunks, an item of clothing that concealed the most important parts of his person yet accentuated all the rest.
As she watched the teen stretch out to the morning sun and watched the water droplets roll down his toned body, the orange haired girl stiffened like a board as her eyes panned up and down his muscular physique. Having caught numerous glimpses of his frame on a number of occasions, the Hera had been driven to wonder what it'd be like to see the boy without any clothes on at all. The fact that she was attracted to both his personality and his dashing façade made her thoughts on the matter all the more impactful. It literally had her quivering on the inside.

Her past few nights of sleep had literally been dominated by nothing but thoughts and dreams of herself and Gohan entangled in situations that were a little bit more than friendly, which always made her wonder what the real deal was actually like.

Now that she was able to see what his body was actually like up close and personal, from his broad shoulders, to his chest, to his toned abs and to his gorgeous legs, Zangya could now say without a shadow of a doubt that he was all she imagined him to be and more. The shock of his athletic form and her proximity to it had her face light up, her body freeze, and her heart start pounding against the inside of her chest.

Running a hand through his gravity defying hair, Gohan lent down, tossed a couple more pieces of wood into the fire underneath, and smiled across at his friend. "The bath's all yours, Zangya."

Swallowing nervously, the girl murmured as her eyes darted over his majestic form. "Um… Gohan," she stammered.

"Yeah?"

"Why are you wearing shorts?" she asked, her eyes locking onto the black spandex outlining his pelvic area.

"Oh? These?" He then tugged at the waistband and released it with a snap. "I've decided to join the swimming club at school."

"Swimming club?" Zangya repeated, looking up at the ripped teen in surprise. "Really? That seems a little bit out of left field."

"Yeah. I had three to choose from and this one seemed like the most appropriate choice. Since boxing wouldn't exactly be fair on the other kids and because I'm already technically proficient at using tools and such thanks to my job, I thought I'd try out something a little more recreational. Who knows… it might even take me somewhere after I graduate."

Hearing what he had to say on the matter, the Hera smirked. "You being in a club focusing on any kind of physical activity wouldn't be fair on anyone. Period."

A chuckle of amusement came from the boy as he tentatively scratched his nose. "I know. But hey, at least I'm participating. I'll make sure to slow up for the other students and give them a chance to show their stuff. Make it more exciting for everyone." Gathering up his towel from the floor, he then began moving towards the orange haired girl, who sucked in a breath of air when he got real close.

However, unlike what Zangya was expecting from the moment, the boy then walked right past her, drawing her gaze around and to his back.

When the boy stopped, he glanced over his shoulder. "Now that I think about it, I might put my name down for the automotive club as well." He then saluted the girl and proceeded towards the door. "I'll see you after school, Zangya."
"Y-Yeah… see yah…" the girl murmured as her eyes strayed down to his backside, which was perfectly showcased in the tight swim trunks he was proudly sporting. Watching it as he ambled away from her at a casual pace caused Zangya's face to heat up some more as some very erotic thoughts started to worm their way into her subconscious.

So entranced by the sight of Gohan's toned ass, the Hera was unable to sense the presence of a familiar figure landing nearby. It was only until they spoke up several seconds later that her pilot light finally switched back on.

"What are you doing?"

Startled, Zangya spun around to see Paprika standing nearby with her arms crossed and a deadpanned expression fixed squarely upon her. When the blue-skinned fighter realized that their group's informal member had been standing there and watching her actions closely, the fighter's cheeks turned red and her mind fell into a panic.

"W-What? N-Nothing! Nothing! I'm not doing anything."

Unconvinced by the woman's stutter, the white haired Makyan raised an eyebrow. "It didn't look like you were doing nothing."

Gritting her teeth in frustration, the orange haired martial artist turned heel and marched towards the tub. "Look, I don't know how long you've been eavesdropping on our conversation, but I could care less about what you think I was doing. So just drop it, okay?" Grabbing her towel, the woman tossed it to the ground and proceeded to hastily undo the tie of her robe.

Watching the fuming Hera stomp towards the barrel and hearing her heated reply drew a grunt from the ever stoic Paprika. "Hmph. Whatever." She then watched the shapely fighter drop her bathrobe, leaving her standing nude in the morning air to stretch and flex her muscles. "Goten said he wanted me to come over and play today. Do you know where he is?"

Not even bothering to turn around, the naked Z-fighter pointed over her shoulder towards the building. "He's inside having breakfast with Chi-Chi."

"Ah." Acknowledging her directions, the scarf-wearing girl swiveled about and followed the same path Gohan had taken. "Thanks." It was just as she arrived at the steps of the building's front door the Makyan then heard the telltale splash of Zangya jumping into the barrel.

Breathing out a long sigh when she resurfaced, the Hera ran her hands through her hair and stretched. Her body quickly adjusting to the temperature, she then began to rub down her skin with her delicate hands, a chore that allowed her a moment of silence and a chance to meditate over her rampaging thoughts. Settling in, she hoped the hot water would settle her tempest of emotions and quell the fire burning in her chest.

But as the seconds ticked by, more and more explicit images of Gohan's half-naked form began to bleed into her mind, causing her stomach to tighten up and her face to get even hotter.

Whether it was the water or her own body's natural chemistry acting on its own accord Zangya didn't even know anymore. All she knew was that she was starting to feel really strange and, after wrapping her arms securely around her body and feeling her thighs press together, she attempted to drown her thoughts by submerging herself completely into the pot.

With only the top half of her head bobbing about on the surface, the Hera blew out a stream of bubbles in an exasperated manner.
"Damn it. Now I need a cold bath…"

As soon as she was done scrubbing down, the woman got out, wandered over to the nearby river, and jumped straight into it. She came back seconds later feeling like a million zeni…

	XXX

Over the next few days, Gohan spent the majority of his time settling into his six-to-seven hour a day attendance at high school, which had been cut and pasted right into his schedule. On first blush this seemed like a bit of an issue, where the demi-Saiyan wouldn't be able to do anything he would consider worthwhile or valuable. But as it turns out, him going to Orange Star High not only introduced a great deal more diversity into his day-to-day activities, it also gave him the shot at a normal life he'd always dreamed about. To put it in simple words, his first week was terrific.

In his hours spent during and outside of class, the demi-Saiyan's schedule bounced from doing subjects he already knew all about to meeting whole groups of new and interesting faces. Like at the start of his second day for example, the instant he walked in through the front gates of the campus, he was immediately set upon by a swath of the institute's numerous club presidents. Representing the track and field and martial arts clubs respectively, the group of elected officials attempted to get the newcomer to join their organizations, saying that he would 'be a big win for them' during the competition dates and that he had 'a ton of potential'. However, the boy politely declined each and every one of them, and they accepted his apologies with grace and form.

While a couple of them did give him a couple of days to think about it, the young warrior already had his heart set.

Throughout the rest of that day, Gohan used his time exploring the school as thoroughly as possible, getting a bead on his timetable, engaging in hushed conversations with his friends, and also getting used to the hundreds of eyes he could feel drilling into the back of his head and the whispers that came with them. As it turned out, word of his stellar and odd demonstrations at the various student organizations the other day had managed to filter out from their respective fields and across the network known all around as the gossip chain. Erasa, being a major player in that area, said to the young hero that his performances were a massive hit and that he'd become the hottest thing among the school's new arrivals.

As flattered as Gohan was to learn about this, a part of him was still a little bit ashamed and embarrassed at himself for allowing his various 'talents' to get out of hand. Despite the fact that he'd practically made a side-show of himself that entire afternoon, a lot of the kids seemed to think it was fantastic, and he was receiving a tidal wave of attention because of it. That's not even counting the fact that a lot of people were now hearing rumors about how he and Videl were officially an item.

Whether this was a good thing or not he would find out later. However, based on what Sharpener told him afterwards, after seeing how strong the young man was and who he was best friends with, he concluded that he wouldn't be having any problems with bullies. After a lot of the kids saw the ridiculous stunts he pulled, he'd be surprised if anyone tried anything to get on Gohan's bad side.

Videl had seen her boyfriend get mad before and she could say with absolute certainty that it never ended well for the antagonists… ever.

Aside from all the whispering and staring, as well as having a lot of the girls he came into close contact with ogling him, the days following were awesome for the half-Saiyan. While the bonds between him, Videl, Erasa, Lime and Touya grew that much stronger, Gohan also found a friend in Sharpener and a couple more in the students around the school. Though the blonde jock had come
off as a rogue and a really cocky sort of guy, Gohan grew to like and respect the sports star. He was able to learn a lot from him, particularly about how he interacted with a lot of the other blokes around the campus and with Touya. The banter they shared often involved a lot of insults, blatant expressions of innuendos and teasing, but at other times they were also able to share genuine conversations with one another.

Though they acted a lot more reserved around the girl members of their group, the two boys really let each other have it when outside of their circle. The young Saiyan took this as typical male, human teen interactions and something that friends often did with one another to keep the bonds between them strong. It sure worked well between the rowdy pair and, despite all of it, no feelings were hurt or genuine insults were made. It was really great.

Time spent in class was also an interesting experience. The primary status quo shared across the broader range of the institute was that everyone was to remain silent during lectures and kept busy during work minutes. For the most part, the students respected this code of practice and behaved smartly all throughout the lessons. But every once in a while this chain was broken, with the teachers often having to confront a couple of the students for their behavior. This was either in the capacity of restoring order to the classroom by administering swift discipline or sharing banter with the students during discussion periods. This fluctuated between teachers and Gohan observed these various interactions with both fascination and, at often times, amusement.

But the one other thing he found out during class time was, because of the structure some of the lecture theatres had, he was able to share whispered conversations with the kids next to him. Sometimes it was Erasa and Videl, and sometimes it was Sharpener and Touya. Either way, whenever the teacher was going through a longwinded presentation or the class was recording notes or doing work during study period, Gohan always found time to chat with the people next to him.

A couple of times they were caught, but none of them were penalized for it in the slightest. They only received warnings.

Putting aside the homework, the lectures, and the whispers, the young Saiyan's first week at school was great. At the end of every day he would hang out with his group, say farewell, head home, and give his family a brief retelling of what'd happened to him. And every time he hit the hay he would then think about what else would be in store for him tomorrow before nodding off.

XXX

(The following Monday)

The sound of the bell ringing throughout the school signaled the start of another exciting day and, as the students in Gohan's class slowly ambled to their seats, one particular person had decided to sprint up to his.

Slamming his books down on the table in front of him, a heavily panting Touya nearly collapsed into his seat while the rest of his peers slid into theirs. Swallowing a few times between breaths, the brown haired sweaty boy then looked up when he heard a chuckle next to him and saw Sharpener and the rest of his friends grinning smugly in his direction. Even Gohan, who had a text book opened up in front of him, was looking across at the teenager in the button-up shirt and shorts staring back at them.

After catching his breath, the young athlete gave them all the business, "What?"

"Barely made it again," Sharpener commented in a sing-song voice, which was hilarious to hear
"Why not give us some variety and actually be late for a change, Touya-kun?" Erasa asked while
grinning down the row towards the newcomer.

"That shouldn't be too difficult," the blonde jock continued, looking across at Videl and the others.
"On top of doing his hair and making it as messily perfect as possible, perhaps he should start
doing his nails as well. It'd do wonders for him at his next cheerleading practice or whatever sport
he's doing now."

Still breathing hard, Touya glared, "Fuck… (pant)… (pant)… you…" Straightening up from his
desk with a groan, the man then wiped the sweat from his brow and directed his ire on his fellow
battle ball teammate. The instant he did, a sly look quickly spread across his face. "And why are
you so early today, Sharpener? Forget to jerk yourself off this morning?"

The jock sitting next to him frowned at the question. When Touya started snickering, the jock,
sprouting a smile of his own, reached over and attempted to punch the brat in the arm, leading to a
playful fist fight in the row when the blonde threw a few jabs and his friend parried them easily.

"Ha-ha. Very funny," Sharpener exclaimed, laughing along with his classmate for a few more
shots. This led to Videl shaking her head at the duo and Gohan sharing a grin with Erasa.

However, when the demi-Saiyan's eyes met the bubbly girl's captivating blue ones, he suddenly
saw her stiffen and look away awkwardly, which had him pause in confusion.

Before his momentary balk could linger on into question, the class suddenly stirred when the
sliding doors making up the entrance to the room opened and a teacher ambled into their midst.
Her sudden appearance prompted all of the kids who were still standing to return to their chairs,
cutting Sharpener and Touya's horseplay short and ushering the late arrival into his seat. By the
time everyone was down, the lecturer was already by the desk with her books down and a stack of
papers in her hand.

"Looks like you made it with extra time to spare," Videl whispered towards her bespectacled
classmate sitting on the other side of Sharpener. "Lucky you…"

"You can say that again," the sporty kid exclaimed exhaustedly.

When the smartly dressed teacher, a woman with shoulder-length, silky brown hair, wearing a
yellow summer dress and a green sweater, turned to face the class, she placed the papers and her
hands in front of her and beamed warmly up at her students. "Good morning class. You probably
don't recognize seeing me around the school, but I was told by the principal that you all knew that I
would be coming in today." Her eyes twinkled with excitement when she looked upon the curious
stairs of her children. "My name is Mio Hirasawa. Starting from right now, I'm going to be your
new homeroom teacher. Since I just moved into the city last week, I've been unable to get
acquainted with the institute until only a couple of days ago." She then bowed to the students when
she saw that all of them had their eyes locked onto her. "I look forward to teaching all of you over
the next year to come."

An approving murmur started up amongst the students, with the girls whispering how pretty this
Mio lady was and the guys showing just as much interest in her good looks. Even the students up
in Gohan's row viewed the lecturer with great interest and satisfaction. The demi-Saiyan in
particular, upon setting his book aside, sensed a gentle and kind spirit emanating from the woman
and beamed just as brightly as she did when her gaze panned over the class.
Of course, while the student body was initially clamoring with excitement at having a new instructor, their whispers and chatter were soon silenced when the woman raised her hand to address them once again.

She did so by holding up the stack of papers in her hand. "Now… as much as I would like to take the time to get to know each and every one of you, I'm afraid we're a little bit strapped for time. Would anyone like to take a guess as to why I was late for class this morning?" the incredibly innocent sounding educator asked with a giggle.

The sight of the papers being waved about in the air had a couple of the students closest to her station slump their shoulders.

"Not a pop quiz," a girl's voice moaned out.

Mio, eyes closed and a sweet smile in play, nodded her head affirmatively, "That's right." And with that announcement, the entire class, sans Gohan and a couple of the other more intellectually competent kids, shared a collectively groan of despair. "Since I'm new here and will be taking on both your math and literature classes, I feel that the best way I can get to know all of you in the shortest amount of time is through a quick diagnostic assessment. So… let's see how much all of you have learned so far."

With the help of some able bodied students from the front row, the teacher was able to disperse the documents throughout the classroom and come up with a collection of appropriate markers for all of them to complete the questions by. Setting a start time at eight fifty-five and an end time at nine thirty-five, the new instructor then took up position behind the desk and allowed the kids free reign over the quiz. As soon as the second hand ticked over, the sounds of papers being turned over along with pencils scribbling across them soon became the most dominant sound in the room, letting Mio know that all of the kids had thrown themselves right into their work.

The quiz went off to a flying start for a majority of the students. Videl and Touya plowed through it at a comfortable pace, showing where they currently sat in the pecking order. Scoring above the averages, these two go-getters had no problems with the questions whatsoever. Sharpener on the other hand, being the least bookish member of the group, was sitting at his desk with his elbow propped up and his cheek in his hand, staring at the sheet as if he were trying to solve a rubix cube in his mind.

Gohan, as expected, finished his in record time and went on to reading from the textbook next to him. When Mio came up to his row and saw that the group's star pupil had finished, she happily took the paper away from him, gave the boy a pleasant smile, and moved on.

Or at least she would've if she didn't stop over Erasa along the way. When the kindly instructor curiously looked over the girl's shoulder and down at her sheet, she saw the poor blonde was still stuck on question one and was just staring at it with the most hilariously baffled expression you'd ever see on her.

Don't get anything wrong by this one observation. Erasa was a bright girl with good instincts and good grades. Though she wasn't exactly a brain, she wasn't an idiot either. She actually did really well in class when she applied herself and excelled in many of the areas she was passionate about. But… this time didn't count.

In fact she was feeling pretty miserable right now.

Expressing sympathy for the girl, the teacher leaned over and smiled. "Ten minutes left," she whispered, before ambling on, earning a frown from said girl.
Recognizing his friend's plight, Gohan lowered his book, leaned over and beamed fondly. "I can help you out if you're having problems."

Glancing up at the boy with a start, the short haired girl blinked a couple of times when she saw the young man's kind look fixed intently upon her. Blushing slightly at his proximity and at first hesitant in regards to his offer, Erasa then allowed her lips to tug upwards and looked back at the teen in a shy manner. "C-Could you?"

The compassionate teen nodded, "Sure." Making extra certain the teacher wasn't looking in their direction the young warrior discreetly edged over and proceeded to offer his friend some support. All the while, the blonde haired girl sitting beside him didn't dare look the boy in the eye.

Over the course of the next few minutes, all Erasa did was smile, nod, and thank the demi-Saiyan quietly for every question he was able to help her out with, while at the same time maintain the narrow proximity between them. None of the other students in the class even noticed, all except for Videl who, after seeing Gohan point across her girlfriend's page and see her respond to his directions in kind, reasoned that her crush was simply helping her out as a gesture between friends.

Though it did draw a momentary curious blink from the tomboy, the situation didn't alarm her in the least, and so she quickly returned to her own work.

Almost instantly after the crime fighter did so, Erasa, her head held low and her eyes shifting nervously from Gohan's face to her page, smiled warmly before glancing up at him. "So it's official, huh?" the girl whispered, "You've joined the swimming club?"

Stopping for a moment, the boy smiled. "Yep. I handed in all of my paperwork this morning. You're now looking at the newest registered member of the school's swimming team."

His answer to her innocent inquiries put a grin on the teen's face. "Awesome. I'm really looking forward to seeing you in the pool, Gohan-kun." That was the response she verbally gave him. However, it wasn't her full reply, as the remark that she thought of afterwards reverberated through her mind like an echo in a corridor. "Not to mention what you look like in your swim suit." The image of the obviously athletically fit boy clad in only a pair of figure-hugging trunks put a deep shade of red on the girl's cheeks and had her squirming with excitement.

"Thanks." Unaware of the visions rampaging through the girl's head, Gohan merely beamed back at his friend and nodded. "I'm looking forward to it too." He then saw Erasa smile back at him before returning her attention to her test sheet, prompting him to do so as well and continue with his hushed instruction.

Bringing up his right hand to point at the third question, he began explaining to his classmate how to come up with the answer for the equation splayed out across it. But just as he was whispering the steps to her, the blonde suddenly noticed on his wrist the gem stone bracelet she'd given him last week and, realizing he was still wearing it, smiled joyfully in his direction.

When the ten minutes of writing and checking time came and went, the teacher then told everyone to put their pencils down and proceeded to collect all of their sheets. Once all of the papers had been piled up onto her desk for checking, she then told them to carry on with the task they'd been assigned from last lesson and to continue drafting.

Needless to say, that'd been a real interesting start to the morning.
Over the course of that bright and cheerful day, the class got to know a little bit more about their new teacher. Apparently this Mio woman was born and raised in Central City where, after graduating with solid marks from university, found a career as a musician with her school friends. Over a period of a few years the group went on many tours together, playing at small gigs across the entire country. But after several months of B-grade success, the group eventually decided to settle down to find some more stable work. All of her friends found apartments here in Satan City, where they all went out and acquired new jobs befitting their education. Since her entire time at university had been spent getting her Bachelor's Degree in Education, Mio found a job as a teacher at different schools, with her latest one being here at Orange Star High.

You could say her knowledge in life was quite substantial. Even so, a couple of the kids still thought it was a little bit funny that they were learning from a young woman who became a teacher as Plan B.

Anyway, after first and second periods blew past, the students then retired to the grounds for lunch. After packing up her books, Erasa rose up from her chair and turned to Gohan, with the intent of asking him if he wanted to come down to the canteen with her to grab something. But just before she could speak, Videl had already grabbed Gohan by the arm and had begun dragging him out of the room down to their lockers, leaving the blonde standing in place with no answer. When she saw all of the others start to leave, the bubbly blonde gathered up her gear and started to make her way out of the room to the lockers as well.

A few short minutes later, after informing Touya and the others that she was going down to the cafeteria to grab some food, Erasa wound up shuffling down the footpath towards the school's main eatery. Her head down and eyes focused on her feet, the teen ignored all of the other kids rushing past her left and right, as her body automatically made its way towards the serving counter. It was only when she was halfway down the footpath outside that she was suddenly set upon by a familiar face. The tap on her shoulder drew her gaze upwards to see Lime jogging past wearing a white button-up shirt, leg warmers and a red skirt.

"Come on, Erasa! Quit dragging your feet! You're gonna miss out on all the good stuff!" the brown haired girl laughed as she ran ahead at considerable speed.

Blinking a couple of times, the blonde realized she was being challenged to a race and quickly chased after her. Unfortunately, due to being less physically fit than the rest of her compatriots, her brisk run quickly transformed into a struggle up hill. "Geez. Hold on a second, will yah?" the girl panted while jogging towards the end of the road.

Just before reaching the veranda where a whole bunch of students could be seen standing and waiting in line to be served, the farm girl skidded to a stop and looked back with a wide grin. When she saw Erasa putter to a stop a couple yards early and stagger the rest of the way over, a tad bit out of breath, Lime was then about to spout some quip about her friend needing to get out more. It was only when she noticed the downtrodden look worn upon the blonde's face that had her stop short any remarks on the matter.

Seeing her friend's eyes focused on the ground without the usual energy she was used to seeing in her, Lime turned to her out of concern. "Hey. Are you okay?" Her question had Erasa's eyes shoot up in surprise. "You seem a little bit upset, girl."

Blanching at the comment, the blonde quickly straightened her back and waved her hands frantically. "No, no… I'm fine. Don't worry about me." She then gave the junior a nervous smile. "I'm just a little bit tired today. That's all."
Hearing her stammered response, Lime paused for a moment to process the validity of her answer. However, not really able to gauge too much from it, she decided to let it go for the time being and nodded in understanding. "Okay. If you say so." She then waited for Erasa to walk over before falling in step with her, the pair slowly making their way over to the line at a casual pace. "It's just that I've noticed you've been acting a little less... I don't know... you for the last couple of days. I'm just a little bit worried."

"Ah, it's probably just a lack of sleep," the blonde informed with a shrug, giving her friend a wry smile at the end. "That's how it is sometimes at the start of a new term. Getting back into the swing of schooling after a two month break can be a real shock to the system, yah know."

"I see," Lime murmured. Watching her friend turn to look ahead of them, the brown haired fighter raised an eyebrow at her. Somehow she was still unconvinced by the girl's reasoning for her shallow mood. But as much as she wanted to pry into her about it, she didn't want to run the risk of upsetting the girl further and simply focused on the there and now, which was lining up to grab an oriental roll for lunch.

While Lime and Erasa chatted with each other in the canteen lineup, Gohan had taken Videl over to the swimming pool so that she could see the area he would be practicing in the next season. The walk across the campus was quick, a lot faster than they were expecting considering the amount of people that stepped up to them for an exclusive with the champ's daughter and the mysterious new kid. Upon politely brushing by the mixed groups of youngsters, the pair of Z-fighters soon arrived at the arena where the fifty meter pool sat glistening under the sun.

As expected, the place was mostly empty, save for a couple of students having lunch at the bleachers and a couple more camping around the blocks. The sight of the sweeping field of water and the sky reflected against its transparent surface brought smiles to the couple's faces.

Trotting out into the open with a wide smile on her face, Videl slipped her hands behind her back as she looked over the pool with delight and admiration. "Man. This is going to be so much different from the arenas we're used to competing in. On the canvas and out there on the field, it's always wild and chaotic... where our skills, strengths, and strategies are tested against another's."

"But out here, it's precise, straight-forward, and relies entirely on finesse and technique," Gohan finished, earning a quick look from his girlfriend. "That's based on my experience anyway." He then saw her take a step towards him and felt her elbow him in the abdominals.

"I was going to say fitness and speed, but I guess that works too," the crime fighter exclaimed while placing her hands on her hips. She then nodded up at him. "Think you can handle it?"

"What? The swimming, the competition or the crowds?"

"All three... in that order."

"Well, considering I can swim faster than a giant trout and have fought in front of a live audience many times before, if I take a few lessons to refine my techniques, I'm sure I'll be able to give them something to remember me by," Gohan replied, smiling brightly down at the girl as she tilted her head at him. "I just need to control my strength."

"You'd better," Videl said, looking at his handsome face with a smile. "Your body can cut through half a kilometer of water like a torpedo with a single push. If you use too much power your head will go through the end wall." The girl then brought up her left fist and jabbed him in the arm, earning a look from the teen. "This club might actually be good for you. You won't just be making friends and participating in competitions, but you'll also be able to focus on suppressing your
strength outside of fighting."

Gohan's grin widened. "I think you're right."

"Oh, I know I'm right," the tomboy replied with a cocky smile, turning to face him confidently with her eyes narrowed on his dashing façade. "The way you're going in your training, you need all the help you can get if you plan on competing evenly with the other kids. You don't want the same thing happening to you as the crap that happened last week."

The boy chuckled while scratching the back of his head. "People aren't going to forget about that, are they?"

"What? You chucking a discus over the bleachers and punching a hole through the backboard with nothing but a basketball? Nah, I'm sure everyone will forget about that in a couple of weeks."

The boy gave her a grin. "You're just humoring me now, aren't you?" He was then playfully pushed in the chest by the shorthaired girl, who leered at him smugly.

"Of course I am, you big lug," Videl giggled, until her expression hardened once again. "But seriously, you and I are going to need to put a lid on all of that superhuman stuff. It's a lot easier for me because I've spent most of my life being a normal human. You on the other hand were blasting holes through mountains since the age of four."

His own expression steeling, yet keeping his smile in play, the half-Saiyan gave his girlfriend an understanding nod. "Don't worry. I promise you that I'll do this right. You have my word."

"You're damn right I do," Videl said, smiling proudly as she then raised a finger and waved it at him warningly. "And you better not screw this up otherwise you're going to be in serious trouble."

"Really? I'm going to be in trouble?" the half-Saiyan asked with a mischievous glint flashing in his eye. It was a sight that was completely missed by his classmate, who continued to regard him with amusement. "Me?"

"That's right mister. And if you don't shape up before the competitions, I'm going to-EEK!" Videl suddenly shrieked when, without warning, her boyfriend swooped down and picked her up, hoisting her onto his shoulder like a sack of flour. "GOHAN! WHAT ARE YOU-?!

"Who's in trouble now, huh?" Gohan laughed, holding the girl by the waist and preventing her from escaping. "It's certainly not me. That's for sure." The area soon became filled with shrieks of laughter and giggles as the raven haired girl was quite literally treated like a ragdoll by her stronger crush.

"Hey! Put me down, you ass! Come on! Where do you…" the girl continued to laugh, not knowing what he had in store for her. However, when the boy began to walk, the raven haired teen's eyes widened when she realized where they were going and began slapping his back. "Oh no. No. No, no, no, no, no- Gohan! No. Don't you dare-"

"What's the matter, Videl? I thought you said I was the one that was going to be in trouble?"

"You will be in a minute if you don't put me down right now! Gohan!" Videl exclaimed, her face paling when she felt him mount the starting block at the very edge of the pool and take her waist in both hands. "Gohan! I'm warning you! If you even think about doing-AAAAAAH!" All of a sudden, the girl was thrown backwards and sent into a fit of laughter when her boyfriend held her by the ankles and dangled her above the water's surface. "You jerk! I'm so going to get you for this!" she cackled hysterically.
Gohan laughed as well as he suspended his girlfriend over the pool. "What are you gonna do now, Videl? Huh?"

Laughing at the top of her lungs, the raven haired girl attempted to fight back, but all she could do was flail uselessly. As the two of them messed around, with the demi-Saiyan reframing from dropping his girlfriend in the water, the pair's antics quickly drew the attention of all the students who were in the area. Though the sight of the champ's daughter giggling like a school girl baffled most of the kids there, what was even more shocking to them was who they saw was fooling around with her.

It was only when Gohan pulled Videl back and allowed her to straddle his chest that the pair was interrupted by the timely arrival of the swimming team captain. Looking over to the side, the two martial artists saw an athletic male about the same height as the demi-Saiyan with auburn hair, wearing a track suit and a white shirt underneath the jacket, stop beside them and smile in their direction.

"I see you two are having fun."

"Oh. Uh…" Stammering, Gohan quickly set his girlfriend to her feet and turned to face the male student, at the same time both he and Videl couldn't hide the shades of red that came over their faces. "Y-Yeah." Clearing his throat, the nervous warrior stepped towards the swimmer with his head held high. "Makoto, right?"

"Yep. Captain of Orange Star High's swimming team and the state champion in backstroke," the young man replied, extending his hand to the fit looking boy in the yellow jacket. "It's a pleasure to meet you. I take it you must be Gohan, the new kid?"

"Yeah." The teen nodded, reaching forward and shaking hands with the head of the institute's competitive swimmers. "The teacher at the front office told me to come and see you as soon as possible. That was immediately after I put the paperwork through with the principal."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that you'll be joining our troop for this year, Gohan-kun," the young man said, before relinquishing the Saiyan's hand and taking a step back. "Our team has been in a bit of a rut for the past couple of seasons. But with your help, I'm sure we'll be able to change that streak and start raking in some wins." He then turned his attention to the girl standing behind the new guy and smiled in her direction. "Ah… and you must be Videl Satan?"

A smile appeared on the tomboy's face as she nodded back to him, "Nice to meet you, Makoto."

Makoto bowed at her address, before then turning his attention to his team's newest recruit. "So… I understand you both came over to check the place out?" When he saw Gohan nod and his girlfriend loop her arms around his, the swimming team's captain smiled and waved for the pair to follow. "Come on. I'll show you around the lockers and get you up to speed with our planned schedule."

Arm in arm, Videl and her boyfriend followed the swimming team captain into the main building of the arena. For the rest of lunch period the pair spent exploring the place with Makoto acting as their tour guide, giving his club's newest protégé a rundown of their regiment while also making sure to cover all of the essential areas in that part of the campus. Not a second was wasted in silence.

Meanwhile, over on the baseball field, as a mixed crowd of male students were kicking a soccer ball in the background, Touya and Sharpener had taken up position over by the plates and were messing around with a bat and ball. With the glasses-wearing athlete posted by the fence, the kid swung the metallic pole back and forth all cool-style. At the same time, the gutsy sportsman
It was this little introduction he had going on that prompted his blonde haired friend to stare at him with a deadpanned expression.

"Number twenty three is up to bat," Touya exclaimed in an announcer's tone of voice as he gripped the stick with two hands and took a stance. "He's batting… four-twelve this year. He's undefeated at the plate and is looking to claim another big win as he prepares to score yet another homerun for the Satan City Demons." And his excited piece of dialogue just kept on going and going.

Deciding he'd had enough of hearing his friend's delusions of grandeur, Sharpener decided to switch out the baseball he was planning on throwing and picked up the net ball he had lying down next to it. With Touya's back turned as he warmed up his swing, the blonde quietly jogged over to him before, with a mighty heave, he chucked the bigger ball straight into his back.

The sphere smacked Touya in the shoulder blade and knocked him to the ground, earning a yelp from the teenager as he rolled clumsily onto his ass. His partner then ambled up to him with a cheeky grin, hands on his hips and a laugh escaping his throat.

"Stop talking to yourself man. You look like an idiot."

"Oh, you blonde jerk," Touya groaned, collecting up the netball as he steadily rose to his feet. "You think you're pretty funny, don't you? Come on… let's see what you've got." Tossing it between his hands as he straightened to full height, the glasses-wearing sportsman then took another stance and, bouncing the ball between his legs, started to circle the jock.

The pair danced around each other for a few seconds. After several seconds of face-off, the blonde then took off running in some random direction, with Touya in hot pursuit.

"Get back here!" the brown haired boy shouted, only to hear Sharpener's laughter echoing back towards him as he advanced. The instant he fell within range, Touya took the netball up in two hands and threw it into the retreating jock's back, knocking the sportsman flat onto his face.

The two boys continued their little game of dodge-ball, in which they spent the next several minutes chucking the ball at each other and knocking the stuffing out of their opponent. They continued this for the rest of lunch and when the bell finally rang, both Sharpener and Touya left the field covered in both dirt and bruises.

XXX

(Tuesday – Second Period)

Once again the students of Gohan's homeroom had found themselves carted off to another class, this time for a more relaxed session of education. As listed in their respective schedules, this was a home economics class and, after being given a rundown on the subject that they would be covering in this lesson as well as the procedures, the students were then divided up into pairs and sent off to complete their task by their teacher. The activity itself seemed like an incredibly simple process. But in truth, the students felt like they were a little out of their depth.

As per the routine that they'd established, Gohan's group had broken off into their respective pairings. The demi-Saiyan had taken a table alongside Videl, Touya had gone with Sharpener, and Erasa was paired up with another friend of hers from their homeroom. The five of them had taken up stations and stoves closest to one another, where they could see the ingredients up on the board and were able to run through it just as they were taught.
This was turning out some interesting results between each of the pairs as they diligently applied themselves to the roles chefs.

The meal for the day was tempura prawn with a side serving of string beans in oyster sauce and chicken rice. This seemed like a pinch with the right ingredients. But as soon as the timer started ticking, things started going awfully wrong for a lot of people across the board, ranging from instructional complications to messy cutting boards.

While most of the class was coping fairly well at their desks, some of the other less adept cooks weren't, chief among which were Gohan and Videl. Almost as soon as they got started, the two young warriors found themselves standing by their chopping board with their notes spread out between them, white aprons tied securely to their persons and puzzled looks slapped across their faces.

Scratching his head, the half-Saiyan glanced over at his girlfriend, who was huddled up close to him with a similarly bewitched expression in play. "Got any idea how this is supposed to work?"

The tomboy bit her bottom lip, "Uhh… nope. To be honest I'm just as unsure about this recipe as you are."

"Well it can't be as complicated as putting a drain pipe together or assembling a box of legos. As long as we have the instructions, I think this might turn out alright."

"The only difference is that we get to eat the thing we make afterwards," Videl murmured, squinting at the notes before turning to look up at the boy next to her. "It'd be pretty problematic for us if we miss a step and screw the whole thing up."

"I guess we better take extra care then," Gohan replied, switching on the stove before then pointing across at the plastic bowl next to them. "Get the flour, baking soda and corn starch ready. I'll pre-heat the wok and tend to the fire."

Clearing her throat, the raven haired girl placed a hand on her hip and gave her crush a funny look. "And what makes you think you're qualified to use this household appliance?"

The spiky haired young male blinked at the teen in surprise, staring at her in silence for several moments before opening his mouth. "Umm… I'm not?"

"Uh-huh. That's what I thought." Videl shook her head in amusement and, with a cool look on her face, rolled up her sleeves. "Step back, Mr. Hero. I'll be taking command of this ship." Nudging the boy aside, she then took hold of the wok and gathered up the cooking oils. "Remember the last time you tried to make something by following the instructions in a book? You nearly set the whole house on fire."

Giving a sheepish laugh at his friend's brief recount, the boy scratched the back of his head. "I got a little careless with the oil, that's all."

"Exactly. A task like this requires a delicate touch… something that I understand you're considerably lacking at the moment," the raven haired teen exclaimed cheerfully, at the same time smirking at her teammate. "You take care of the mixing and I'll take care of the cooking. That way we can split up the responsibilities and keep things from getting out of control. How does that sound?"

Acknowledging her instructions, Gohan beamed pleasantly and moved over to where his girlfriend had previously been standing. "Alright. We'll do it that way."
A very sneaky smile then popped up on the girl's angelic visage. "You don't have anything to say in your defense?"

"No. I trust you enough to be able to handle yourself," the Saiyan teenager answered with a wide grin, which quickly turned cheeky as he leaned in to whisper in her ear. "But just in case you overlook something and end up going full potato, I'll be here to help you out."

Clicking her tongue and narrowing her eyes, Videl then turned around and threw a few jabs into her boyfriend's arm. The hits she managed to connect landed hard and heavy. In spite of this, Gohan ended up laughing the last two blows off due to their playful execution. "You ass," the girl growled, grinning all the while as the boy held his hands up in a sign of surrender.

The pair's laughter filled the room, drawing the attention from several of the other students and a certain blonde haired girl stationed at the desk across from them. As the tomboy playfully threw punches at the demi-Saiyan, Erasa, adorned in the same apron as everybody else, watched the pair quietly from the sidelines with mixing bowl in hand. Able to hear and see their antics loud and clear, the cheerful blonde remained standing as still as a statue, with a curious look framed on her face that slowly transformed into a desponded one as she observed her two friends fooling around with each other from a distance.

When she saw Videl flick some baking soda at Gohan's top and watched the boy wiped the stuff that managed to get on her nose away with a tissue, all Erasa could think about was them and the demi-Saiyan messing about with her childhood friend.

As she did, it caused a knot to tighten in her chest, leaving her frozen in place.

"Gohan-kun…"

Unfortunately the girl wasn't given enough time to be alone with her thoughts. While her eyes remained fixated on the pair, the sound of her name being called soon drew her attention back over to her partner.

"Hey, Erasa," a girl with short brown hair, wearing a white shirt and a blue skirt spoke up, craning her head to look at her teammate's face. "Are you done mixing those ingredients yet?"

Realizing she was being addressed, the blonde looked over at her teammate with a start before shaking her head. "Oh… uhh…" Panicking a little, she then glanced down at the plastic bowl in one hand and the stirrer in the other. "S-Sorry, Nagisa. Not just yet. Just give me a few more seconds." She then continued mixing the ingredients as quickly as she could, making a damn mess of it in the process.

Looking across at her friend apprehensively, the girl carrying the bag full of prawns nodded in understanding and, sporting a small smile, turned back to their station. "Okay. Just make sure all of the ingredients and powders are blended together."

"Right-O."

As the two girls continued to work, Erasa couldn't help but spare a few furtive glances over at Gohan's table, where she saw the loving pair had stopped messing around long enough to get their affairs in order. Despite starting out late, the two Z-fighters were quickly getting back on track and catching up with the rest of their peers.

Over on Sharpener and Touya's station, things weren't going so great.

Due to the fact that both had little to no experience with cooking acceptable dishes, the pair of
sportsmen was struggling with some of the more remedial tasks. Stirring the ingredients ended up with both of them covered in batter and all of the chopping that they'd done so far had left an even bigger mess. All in all, their efforts weren't exactly yielding the tidiest results. But after about fifteen minutes of grinding and hardcore perseverance, the pair found themselves coming up to the final stages of cooking their prawns.

After failing to pick up a couple of the slippery sea creatures with his chopsticks a decent three times, Touya then prepared to put them over the wok and show them the fire. It was just as he was prepping his chopsticks for the dip that he was stopped by the timely concerns of his partner.

"Hang on a second. Are you sure the batter is ready to be used?" Sharpener asked with a worried look on his face as he stood directly beside his friend. Peering into the bowl, the blonde narrowed his eyes on the questionable mixture. "It looks a little bit stringy to me."

Eye twitching at having the man's voice blaring in his left ear, the glasses wearing teen turned on the taller kid with a growl, "Of course it's ready. I didn't spend the last ten minutes dumping crap into the base and mixing it all together for it not to be ready."

"Hey, I'm just asking. I was so busy trying to get the stove setup that I wasn't able to pay attention to what you were doing," the jock replied with an equally brash tone. "Geez. No need to get all snippy with me, darling."

A sour look crossed Touya's expression due to his partner's teasing jabs. "Let's just focus on getting this done." After speaking his part, the boy then dipped the prawn into the batter and, after lathering it about for a solid second, slowly pulled it out into the open. Hand held under it as the excess dripped into his palm, the young sportsman then turned his attention to the wok and the flames burning beneath it. "Okay… here we go."

Gritting his teeth together, Sharpener took a step forward. "Careful, man. Try not to splash the oil over the hot top."

"Oh, stop worrying, mum. I know what I'm doing," Touya stated, rolling his eyes before slowly approaching the wok. As soon as he was close enough, he then lowered the prawn into the mix…

Only to realize too little too late that there was too much oil in it. Misjudging the distance to the base of the wok, the prawn suddenly slipped out of his chopsticks and splattered hot oil onto his hand. A loud hissing sound was followed by a loud yelp from Touya as he stumbled back waving his arm, only to inadvertently bump into Sharpener and knock the man into the desk behind them. The blonde jock yelled out when he fell over, reaching out to try and grab hold of something. He ended up catching a chopping board and knocking half a cabbage flying into the air and, with almost perfect aim, into his partner's wok. The students scattered around the surrounding desks moved out of the splash zone just in time to watch the utensil catch fire, with the orange flames reaching halfway up to the ceiling. This drew a startled cry from everyone standing nearby and had everyone stop whatever it was they were doing.

Panic ensuing, the teacher quickly rushed over to the burning stove. "What the hell are you guys doing? Get the fire extinguisher!" the red haired woman in the chef's uniform shouted, pointing at the students who were just standing around and gawking.

"Don't worry! I got it! I got it!" a male voice came in from the side, moments before a student edged his way onto the scene with fire extinguisher in hand. Managing to step around Sharpener and Touya, both of whom were gawking from wherever they were lying or standing respectively, the attentive young man in the blue shirt and jeans blasted the fire with the red cylinder and put it
out. Moments later, the flames had been doused, leaving several surprised students in their wake and two stunned sportsmen with slightly singed bangs.

As the flames were snuffed out, Gohan and Videl stood watching from the sidelines over their own work, with the former sidestepping over to the bench out of concern. The young Saiyan ended up standing beside Erasa, a position that allowed the two of them to watch as the chaos over by the central cooking station was mended. Upon seeing white smoke rise from the wok in the wake of the extinguisher's use, the entire class breathed a collective sigh of relief knowing that the situation had been successfully averted.

"Alright students. The fire's been put out. No need to evacuate. Everyone back to their stations," the teacher announced and quickly ushered everyone away from the area.

Exhaling deeply, Gohan shared a look across at the blonde haired girl clutching the wooden spoon next to him. However, as soon as their eyes met and he tried to smile at her, Erasa suddenly stiffened, glanced in the opposite direction and quickly moved back over to her desk. This action had the demi-Saiyan recoil in surprise as he watched the teen return to work alongside her teammate.

Finding her reaction puzzling, the young warrior was about to follow her with a question, only to have his gaze turned around when he felt a tug on his sleeve. Looking down, he saw Videl looking up at him inquisitively.

"Is everything alright?" the raven haired girl asked while tilting her head up at her boyfriend.

Hearing her question loud and clear, the young man put on a smile and nodded, "Yeah. I'm fine."

Acknowledging his response, the crime fighter shared a fond look with her partner and returned to their desk. Gohan lagged behind a little, taking a moment to spare a glance back at Erasa. Concern filling his expression, the teen hesitantly moved to rejoin his partner and to continue on with their task.

XXX

(A few days later)

The inner workings of Capsule Corp were all abuzz with activity as the gravity room was currently dishing out its toughest session yet. With Goten and Trunks resting up in the observation room following their own grueling practice an hour or so earlier, they were able to get a good view of the current match being conducted by their seniors. Just like every other day before, this training regiment was just as captivating as the last ones.

Hanging over by one side of the room, adorned in black spandex shorts and a top that was cut to expose her midriff, Zangya was performing a one-handed handstand on her thumb and two fingers. Gritting her teeth as sweat trickled down her face and body, the Hera was currently putting herself through hell on earth as the force of over one thousand times gravity was weighing down on top of her. With her body maxing out her base power level, she was doing her best to keep herself steady, while at the same time doing push-ups on one arm and balancing what looked like a couple of anvils on her feet.

While she was doing her own workout, the two most powerful Saiyans on the planet were engaged in their own activity across the rest of the chamber. Both adorned in spandex shorts and training boots, Gohan and Vegeta were spending their time polishing their technique and power work across the floor space. Mixing it up from their previous spars, the demi-Saiyan was wearing large
metal bands on his forearms that Bulma had designed to increase his weight several times over and to make the task of fighting more difficult. The prince meanwhile had on a pair of weighted metal pads on his arms, which he was using to catch the boy's various punches and kicks.

Heavy and durable, these pads were made up of twenty percent adamantine, meaning that they were flexible enough to be bent yet strong enough to take a Saiyan's planet splitting punches. This made them exceptional training tools, especially since both of them were in Super Saiyan form and were battling against the elements at their absolute maximum.

Gritting his teeth and pouring sweat, the shortest of the two warriors backed away across the tiled surface at a staggered pace as his opponent drove a dozen more concussive blows into the metal blocks on his arms. "Come on, brat! Faster! Double jab and a right kick!" Vegeta shouted, taking the blows and checking the kick from the teenager as he staggered after him. "Good! Three punches here, switch kick and a low punch!" The hits rang out throughout the room like cannon fire, rattling the chamber to its core and prompting the full-blooded fighter to back away at a faster rate. "More power! Right and right hook!"

Yelling out with every punch, Gohan drove into the metal pads a combination of blows before driving a two consecutive kicks into his opponent, who caught them with the steel cushions effortlessly. After uncorking those attacks, the demi-Saiyan then jumped at the prince and dove at him with a downward elbow. This attack connected with a deafening shockwave, which he then followed up with a powerful roundhouse that Vegeta blocked and sent the royal sliding along the ground.

Wincing under the force, Vegeta looked up in time to see Gohan zigzag towards him at a ridiculous speed. Timing his approach, the man then jabbed out at him, forcing the boy to slip the blows and counter with a swinging elbow, slamming it into the metal block with a 'clang.' He threw a couple more elbows one after the other, driving them in with cutting force. Immediately after taking the kid's last elbow and body shot, the prince cocked his foot up and slammed a push kick into the teenager's stomach, sending Gohan crashing to the ground. When the hybrid rolled onto all fours, the prince rushed him with a kick.

"Is that the best you can do?!" Vegeta shouted, his golden aura blasting around him as he aimed the blow for his head.

Spitting out sweat that was rolling into his mouth, Gohan blocked the kick with his arm and lunged up, slamming two punches into the metal blockers, before being forced to block a series of hooks from the sides. When Vegeta threw a third hook though, the boy pivoted on the spot and slammed a kick into the man's ribs, drawing a yelp from his opponent and knocking him stumbling away.

Vegeta then leered at the teen after shaking his head of sweat. "That's more like it!" He then put up his guard when Gohan dashed towards him.

Ready for the assault, the shorter fighter threw a kick at the approaching teenager, forcing him to check it. But this didn't stop the demi-Saiyan from jumping at the man with a knee, which connected with one of the pads and had Vegeta stumbling backwards again. Instead of falling, the Saiyan lord spun back around and drove a hook into the boy's side, forcing him to block and counter with a series of punches to the metallic pads. When those hits landed, Gohan ended it with a step-in knee, which his training partner caught with the block and knocked the pair away from one another.

Stopping a few yards from one another, the two panting and battered warriors glared across at their adversary, their forms readying for another go. But just before they could rush in to confront each other for one final hurrah, the bell inside the chamber went off and the control system's voice

Almost immediately after the computer read the curtain procedures, the two Saiyans felt the weight lift from them in an instant and slowly stepped out of their fighting stances. The sensation also told Zangya that her session was over and, after performing one last rep, returned to her feet.

All three warriors stretching out, Gohan and Vegeta slowly removed the metal blocks wrapped around their arms and limped their way towards the door. With the demi-Saiyan unclipping the cuffs with a resounding hiss and the prince simply sliding his pads off, the two sweating and exhausted warriors breathed a collective sigh of relief as they unconsciously followed the Hera out of the room. When the equally beat woman met the pair at the exit, she grinned at them and held her hand up for a high-five.

"Good session, guys," she chirped, watching Vegeta walk passed without even giving her a second glance. Doing a double-take at practically being blown-off by the prick, she then received a congratulatory high-five from Gohan, who she shared a grin with before following him into the lockers. After stretching her fingers above her head and groaning in satisfaction, she threw the teen a smile and gestured towards his opponent. "You really gave his royal highness a pounding back there. Nice job."

Chuckling as he made his way to his steel top shelf, with the central bench dividing the pair from one another, the spiky haired hybrid smiled in the young woman's direction. "Okay. First of all: phrasing." When Zangya grinned lecherously in response, Gohan shook his head and blindly grabbed the towel hanging off of his door. "And second of all, I think we were both equally beating the crap out of each other."

A quick scoff from Vegeta pulled the pair's gaze down the line of lockers to see the royal standing by his shelf and using his towel to wipe himself down. "You wish, brat. I had you on the ropes the entire time," he then threw a smirk at the boy.

Feeling his Saiyan side acting up, Gohan returned the man's competitive expression with one of his own. "Hey, at least you weren't the one carrying the thousand ton weight bands on your arms and being forced to block everything being thrown at you. That pretty much gave you a handicap." He then held up the metallic cuff he was still holding before depositing it on the bench. Since it was programmed specifically to respond to the gravity room's settings, the normal weight of the brace had also been restored to it, making it a poultry two kilo. "I'll be sure to return the favor this afternoon."

"Hmph," the prince grunted before returning to wiping down his face.

Shaking her head at the pair, the orange haired woman quickly grabbed her towel, wiped her face down and turned to face the demi-Saiyan across from her. Her eyes running up and down his muscular back and broad shoulders, Zangya took a moment to savor the sight of his toned upper body until the Super Saiyan's attention fell upon her once again. "It's been a couple of weeks since I've had a pad session. Mind if I take a swing at you as well?"

"You want to share in my pain?" the young Saiyan asked, finding her request quite curious. When he saw the Hera nod her head affirmatively, the teen smiled. "Alright then. If that's what you want to do, then I'm not gonna stop you."

"Oh, trust me. You won't be able to," the woman grinned slyly while turning side on to the hybrid. At the same time, the girl bent her leg and struck a rather alluring pose, one which she hoped would catch Gohan's attention given her current state of dress. Sadly though, the boy simply smiled
at her as she gave her response. "After seeing what you were doing to Vegeta, I'm gonna use every opportunity I can to jump in and start beating the stuffing out of you as well."

Ecstatic to hear this, Gohan pointed at her confidently. "I accept that challenge."

"Goodie," Zangya exclaimed, wiping her arms down before tossing her towel back into her locker and saying in a sing-song voice, "This afternoon is going to be so much fu~un." She then did an about face and began sauntering towards the gravity room, making a show of waving her hips at the same time.

Vegeta seemed to take notice of this, his eyes darting between both Gohan and Zangya couple of times suspiciously. Noticing the oblivious smile on the boy's face and the flirtatious manner the orange haired woman was speaking to him with, the Saiyan male raised an eyebrow at their banter and slowly turned back to his locker. He did so at the exact same time Goten and Trunks rushed into the room and made a B-line straight for the GR.

"Hey, big brother!" Goten laughed, giggling as he and Trunks ran after Zangya. "It's our turn to train now! Second session!"

"Alright." Gohan smiled and watched as his younger sibling dashed past him, springing over the center bench in the process. "Good luck, little bro. You too, Trunks."

"Thanks, Gohan!" the lavender haired adolescent called back, before leaping at the retreating Hera's back. Unfortunately, the blue-skinned Z-fighter sensed the sneak attack and dodged it, taking a mock boxing stance and throwing a few playful punches at the youngster until Goten leapt onto her shoulders from behind.

The two little devils giggled as they latched onto Zangya, who laughed along with them as she staggered towards the training room's central control panel. Watching them from a distance, the hero of earth couldn't help but allow a cheerful smile to spread across his lips and a soft laugh to leave his heart.

Grabbing a bottle of water and sitting down on the bench directly behind him, the spiky haired defender of the planet took a moment to rest and recover. While doing so, and listening to his brother and friends preparing the gravity room for use, Gohan then sensed Vegeta sit down next to him and looked across to see his father's arch rival glaring ahead of him with a bottle of water of his own and his towel slung around his neck.

Remaining silent for several seconds, the full-blooded warrior took a deep breath and, after one last moment of consideration, glanced over at his most recent sparring partner. "I understand that you've chosen that buffoon Hercule's daughter to be your future mate and life-partner, is that correct?"

Caught off guard by the Saiyan's sudden question, the demi-Saiyan froze up for several moments before looking the man nervously in the eye. "Future mate? W-What do you mean by that?"

"Don't play games with me, brat. You know exactly what I mean," the flame haired warrior snapped with a slowly deepening scowl. "That Videl girl is incredibly fond of you, yes?"

Gohan swallowed anxiously, "Y-Yyeah?"

"And you're as attached to her as she is to you, am I right?"

"Yes. I like her a lot… no… I love her. More than you know," the teen replied immediately, his own frown becoming more pronounced as he glared right back at the alien male. "Where exactly
are you going with this?"

The prince continued to glare at the teenager for some time. After he was certain he'd instilled a feeling of uncertainty within his opposite, Vegeta's back straightened up and he began to speak. "It has recently been brought to my attention that there are a number of women in your life that have developed a bit of a healthy interest in you and, if my observations aren't deceiving me, you've taken quite a shine to them as well. And I'm not talking about some best-friend sideshow or an ordinary companionship here. These girls have become incredibly fond of you … and are growing more so by the day."

Hearing the Saiyan's words loud and clear had the spiky haired teen balk in shock. "Huh? H-How do you know?"

Vegeta turned his head away slightly, but kept his eyes fixed upon his sparring partner. He then allowed a small smirk to form across his lips. "Believe it or not, brat, but I've seen more than my fair share of this kind of crap over the years. Your case in particular is bringing me a great deal of amusement… and that doesn't happen to me very often." He then threw the boy a sly look, one that promised no ends of frustration for the hero of earth, before then directing his gaze towards the GR. When his and Gohan's eyes fixated upon Zangya playing around with the two kids, watching her laugh and mock spar with them in the white, dome-shaped room, the Saiyan prince nodded towards her. "She's a very attractive woman that one… tough… strong… laidback… I can see why you like her so much."

Visibly baffled by the man's statement, Gohan stared at the man with his eyes wide in shock, "Huh? Wait… I don't-"

"And she likes you a lot too," Vegeta interrupted, stopping the boy short and looking across at him with a steeled look. "Don't act coy and try to hide the fact that you find her character and physique appealing. It's humiliating… especially for a Saiyan. You like her more than you care to admit and I can see that as clear as day."

Staring right back into the prince's hard, charcoal eyes, Gohan swallowed nervously and looked away, his eyes becoming half-lidded. "I… I don't… know… what…" Sighing, the boy ran a frustrated hand through his sweaty hair and, after a few seconds of irritated contemplation, glanced back up at his group's second strongest member. "Why are you telling me all of this?"

Expression becoming more serious, Vegeta allowed for a few moments of silence to pass before an exhausted sigh escaped his lips. "Somewhere underneath this gruff exterior, there's a small, insignificant part of me that actually cares about you and your friends. I just don't show this side of myself very often, mostly because I can't be bothered." Taking a swig of his bottle of water created a brief pause in their conversation that enabled Gohan to process the man's words. After having his fill, the short fighter rose to his feet and, taking his towel with him, glared down at the boy intently. "Here's the thing runt… as you probably already know, the Saiyan race's most prevailing trait is our voracious nature. This includes the desire to fight, to grow stronger, and to find mates to help bear us a strong offspring. But because our occupation as planet conquerors became the most dominant aspect of our society, we never had the time or the luxury to spend pursuing other meaningless aspirations or practices. Marriage for example was a foreign concept to our race… or at least to most of us, and there was no official law or process on Vegeta regarding those kinds of rituals. Saiyans were allowed to take as many mates as they wanted… and they did. It was in our nature to do so and, considering the blood running through your veins; it's well within your nature too."

Gohan blinked as he stared up at the man, narrowing his eyes questioningly at the same time.
Staring back down at the stern looking teen for a few moments, the prince then turned around and focused his attention on the other side of the room, "A little something for you to think about while you're deciding who you want to spend the rest of your life with. Since I've told you this much, I suggest you find out what other females have selected you to be their potential mate… otherwise you're going to end up destroying whatever bonds you've managed to forge between yourself and them." He then started towards the shower, a smile tugging at the corner of his mouth as he looked back at his second rival. "Knowing the kind of person that you are, that's something I know you will never want to let happen. Try not to disappoint me." He then promptly left the room, leaving Gohan to stew over his thoughts.

Sensing the prince retreat into the showers and the door to the GR shut behind him gave the demi-Saiyan the perfect opportunity to think about his predicament. Thanks to the prince's timely advice, the boy had suddenly become aware of the fact that there were a bunch of girls in his life that were vying for his attention… and not in the conventional sense. He'd been completely oblivious to this detail for some time, but in the wake of his most recent conversation with the Saiyan royal, Gohan was now able to see the kind of debacle he was actually in.

He loved Videl and she loved him, without a doubt. She was the one person he could always look to for support and for guidance in times of great turmoil, and he valued her companionship above all others. She was also his closest companion and his closest friend. But there were others too whom he valued just as much; Zangya, Lime, Kana, Erasa… all of whom he cared just as much for and found himself being drawn towards by some unknown force. It was uncanny.

"I care deeply about all of them," Gohan thought, clenching his fists tightly as his mind revolved around the faces of all the girls whom he'd formed strong bonds with. It was this idea that had his brow narrow uncertainly. "But… how much do I care about them exactly? Videl is the only one I'm in love with and treasure the most, right? Yeah. That's it. That's definitely it. I love her and… and… her… alone…"

Without even realizing it, the seeds of doubt had been firmly implanted in his head.

Was Vegeta right? Did he care about the other girls more than as a friend? Were his latent instincts and desires as a Saiyan telling him that he wanted to develop his relationships like his father's rival said… to become more intimate with them? With Zangya, Lime and Kana? Were his inner demons telling him to act on his primal impulses? It certainly would strengthen the bonds that all of them shared, no question, but that also meant going down an avenue that was rife with fears and uncertainties.

Simply thinking about it had the young warrior blush a deep shade of red and shake his head furiously when less than appropriate thoughts of the other girls he knew started to flood into his mind. He then brought a hand up and slapped it against his skull.

"Damn it… that jerk just had to open his big mouth and say something…" Right up to this point Gohan had been perfectly fine being completely ignorant of the belief that most of the girls he knew liked him in a more-than-just-friends-way. Heck, he wasn't even doing anything to attract this kind of attention from them in the first place… at least not consciously. But now another part of him was starting to act up and it was beginning to make him think about all kinds of things he'd never even considered before.

While putting a plug on the rather inappropriate images starting to seep into his brain so as to preserve his sanity, the boy then looked up when he remembered something important.

It was something that'd been gnawing at the back of his head for the past few days but he'd been unable to acknowledge it properly. But now he could.
"Erasa's been acting really strange ever since I started at Orange Star High," the teen thought, his expression softening when the image of his friend entered his mind.

It was this new thought that allowed him to stem all others and focus his mind on something that wasn't tainted by 'darkness.'

Since the day he'd met her, Erasa had always come across as a bubbly, energetic girl who was always happy and full of life. She'd always been a shining beacon of light amongst their group, not just physically, but emotionally too. For the last two years Gohan had never seen her break this mold that she'd created for herself and had always referred to her with a smile. But in the past few weeks since he started high school with Videl, and his friends realized they were an item, the girl's character had taken a sudden and drastic shift.

Now she was acting more distant and less like the girl the teen had grown to know, and it worried him.

It was after hearing what Vegeta had to say that the demi-Saiyan came to the conclusion that he knew what was wrong with her.

Looking ahead of him and towards his locker, Gohan quickly spotted the gemstone wristband he'd received as a get-well present from the blonde sitting there on the shelf and, reaching forward, gently picked it up. Holding it in his palm and studying the aqua rocks carefully, Gohan began thinking about all of the good friends he'd made over the past seven years, particularly Erasa, and all the times he'd been able to spend with them.

All of them had shared so many great moments. As a group, they'd spent time at each other's houses, played games, went to see movies, went out on the town, and even spent days with one another individually. Gohan had found the blonde's company to be very enjoyable and always filled with activity. Whenever he saw Erasa and whenever they spent time together, the boy always had a smile on his face because her spirit was always alight and brimming with positive energy.

Perhaps this was why he found such intrigue in her as a person? In spite of all the trials and tribulations she'd faced in her life, she could still smile through it all, just like him.

After taking a minute to think about his blonde haired friend and how much she meant to him, Gohan then enclosed the bracelet in his fingers and looked up with a resolute expression coming into play.

"I'll go talk to her sometime later and find out what's bothering her. I want to try and fix this and go back to the way we were before." By doing so, he hoped he would be able to find out how she really felt about him and whether he'd be able to make things well between them again.

Hopefully…

After all, he didn't want one of his friends going around looking miserable for the rest of the year. It's what he felt was the right thing to do.

XXX

(A few days later)

It was the middle of the day on a Wednesday and the entirety of Gohan's class was out enjoying a nice day of physical activity. This wasn't a usual event either. For this particular second period the gym teacher had decided to let the class participate in a little bit of a game called battle ball, which was pretty much a jacked up version of rugby involving studded protective gear. The sole purpose
of the game was for one of the two opposing teams to get the ball from their side of the field to their opponent's side. If they could get the ball between the markers on the other side of the oval and touch the ground with it, then that was basically a point. How they got the ball to the other side was entirely up to them, just no crotch shots, kicking, punching or kneeing was allowed.

While the gym teacher allowed the girls to play on one side of the field to get a taste of the sport, the boys got the other side and, for the guys that followed this sport religiously, it was turning out to be a real blast. For the majority of their hour out on the pitch, the two opposing groups on the male half of the green were running the ball up and down the line. With testosterone and adrenaline running high, it was no wonder the display looked so chaotic from a distance. The gym teacher actually had to blow the whistle on them a fair few times when the males decided to get a little too rowdy. But all in all the entire class was having fun…

… for the most part.

So far Sharpener's team was on a ridiculous hot streak. Not only did his group have a much better idea of strategy, but he had a really strong battle back on his end. This, unsurprisingly, took the form of the innocent yet physically dominating embodiment of toughness known across the campus as Son Gohan, who was decked out in the exact same gear as everybody else and marching on the jock's orders with every wave.

For the majority of their class time the young Saiyan had remained in the background, hoping to go throughout the entire game unnoticed. However, the moment his blonde haired classmate assigned him the role of chief ball runner, the opposing team started getting massacred.

And here was a reason why.

With both teams formed up across from one another and assumed in sprinter's stances, hands placed firmly on the ground, the contestants were primed and ready for battle. Ball held firmly under him, Sharpener took sized up the opposing squad and readied himself for the off.

Looking left and right, making sure that everyone was in position, the blonde sportsman grinned, "Three, two, one… GO!" He then rolled the ball under him, allowing Touya to catch it and chuck it over to his far left. The instant the ball was loose, the two opposing teams went at each other like mad bulls, their shoulders crashing into one another as the enemy group attempted to force their way through the defensive line.

The ball soon dropped from the sky and landed in the waiting arms of Son Gohan, who could be seen standing on the edge of his team's formation looking as anxious as ever. A few seconds later, the grappling line his team had set up to tackle the other team was broken, and three of the larger boys from the enemy squad charged at him with the intent of burying his ass into the ground. They ran at the hybrid at full speed and tackled him shoulder first, one after the other with concussive force.

The moment they crashed into the demi-Saiyan though, it was almost like watching a bunch of kids trying to push over a tree. With the three males stacked up against one another, all Gohan did was stand there like he wasn't even doing a thing and looking down at his opponents, all the while listening to the trio of jocks as they growled into his chest and their feet dug into the grass. After a few seconds of staring, he then looked up to where Sharpener was now standing, the boy having dispatched the person he was grappling with and had now cleared the way forward.

"What are you doing, Gohan?!” the blonde shouted, waving towards the other side of the oval frantically, "Don't just stand there! Run!"
"Oh? Okay," the spiky haired Saiyan chirped. Almost instantly, the three male students pushing against the dark haired teenager were blown back and sent tumbling through the air almost like a bull had charged into them. As soon as they were airborne, Gohan began a brisk, effortless jog towards the other side of the green.

Both girl teams on the other half of the oval literally stopped and dropped whatever it was they were doing to watch the spectacle unfolding on the boy's side. From a distance, the entire female entourage had the pleasure of watching their class's top student Gohan run through an entire army of guys without the slightest bit of effort whatsoever. It was almost like seeing the Juggernaut take down an entire row of soldiers one after the other as he jogged down the oval and towards the end line, ball under his arm and a smile on his face. The sight of his dominance on the field drew a series of cheers and whistles from all the girls egging the half-Saiyan on, whereas the rest of his team simply stood back and watched in awe and amusement.

Sharpener especially pretty much phoned it in as he stood by with his hands on his hips and watched as his friend practically bulldoze his way to the enemy markers, "Geez… this guy is freakin' unbelievable." When he saw Gohan set the ball down behind the line and turn to face them, the blonde shook his head in disbelief. "I wouldn't be surprised if I found out that he ate steel every morning and crapped out tanks in the afternoon." He then raised a fist and cheered, "Way to go, man!"

Hearing the cheers and praise begin to rain down from his side of the field, the spiky haired teen beamed brightly and waved back at them.

On the other half of the oval, the girls were ecstatic. Up and down their end the entire female body could be heard whistling and cheering the boy on, congratulating him for a job well done. When he turned to smile in their direction, an even louder chorus of squeals followed, with Videl throwing her hand up to wave at her boyfriend.

"Lookin' good, Gohan!" the raven haired girl shouted, causing the young Saiyan to blush and rub the back of his head in his characteristic Son manner. Her grin widening as a result, Videl then looked towards Erasa, whom she knew was standing nearby and was currently watching the young Saiyan with an expression filled with wonder and admiration. "Did you see that? He was like a freight train out there."

Erasa, startled out of her dreamy-eyed daze, looked back at her friend and smiled nervously, "Y-Yeah. Gohan… he… he's really amazing."

Finding her stutter a little bit out of place, the young crime fighter then gave her friend a concerned look, "Hey. You okay, Erasa?"

"Huh?"

"I asked if you're okay?"

"Oh. I… I'm fine Videl," the blonde hurriedly replied while glancing the other way, "R-Really."

"Are you sure? You… seem a little bit distracted…"

"I'm probably just thirsty, that's all," the stuttering girl answered while attempting to clear her throat. Massaging it to indicate her parched condition, Erasa looked across at her classmate with a pained smile. "I've been running around so much the entire day that I haven't had the time to stop and grab a drink."
Though this was an obvious lie on the blonde's behalf, Videl bought it without a second thought and nodded to her friend in understanding.

"You should go sit down and rest your head a bit. Maybe that will help."

This seemed to cheer Erasa up as she responded to her friend's suggestion with an enthusiastic smile, "Good idea. I think I'll do that." Without the slightest bit of hesitation, the blonde quickly turned heel and headed off, completely missing the wave she received from Gohan.

When the demi-Saiyan tried to get the attention of his other friend, his hand lowered in surprise when he saw Erasa rush off towards the bleachers. Though it appeared she was going to sit down and catch her breath, the boy then saw her disappear around the bend and head in the direction of the wash room. This had him stare after the blonde for several moments with a confused glimmer in his eyes, only to be snapped out of his trance when a firm arm wrapped around his neck.

Looking to his left, he saw Touya had snuck up on him and was now patting his chest in a hearty gesture of congratulations. "That was a wicked run, dude. You just steam-rolled through those chumps. They didn't stand a chance."

Feeling himself being pulled along, Gohan's concerns over his retreating classmate were quickly swept away as a nervous grin returned to his face. "I tried my best to hold back. Really, I did."

"Su~ure you did," the brown haired sportsman chuckled, before then quietly dragging the Saiyan back towards their line. "I could tell you were having fun out there. Now come on. The teacher wants to debrief us."

And that's exactly what happened next. After the chipper young warrior was pulled back over to the center of the oval, Gohan was able to receive a few words of praise from the gym teacher for his incredible performance before the man then sent the boys and girls off to wash up after their hard day of play. Needless to say, after the amount of roughhousing that'd taken place on the patch of green over the course of their second period, a lot of the boys were in desperate need of a shower. So, pushing and gunning their way towards the change rooms, the demi-Saiyan took a moment to have a playful chat with Videl before they had to split to their respective locker rooms.

Once in there, things quickly settled down as the guys striped down and headed for the cubicles. As soon as the faucets started running, this left Gohan, Sharpener and Touya as a couple of the only males left standing in the locker room, decked out in towels.

After setting his clothes down on his shelf and shutting the door, the blonde jock turned and chucked a glance towards the new guy's back. "Geezus, man. No wonder you rule at everything sports related. You're fucking ripped."

Looking over his shoulder in surprise, the demi-Saiyan then realized that Sharpener was talking to him and, after doing a quick check of his appearance, grinned nervously at his classmates. "Really? Well… I wouldn't exactly say 'rule' at everything… more like… fail spectacularly."

The long-haired teen snickered as he swiveled around, placing his hands on his hips and showing off his own chiseled body. Compared to the demi-Saiyan's muscles though, his refined state was only second best. "That all depends on which end of the board you're standing on. It's your opinion against everybody else's. No matter which way you slice it, there's no denying the fact that you're one tough son of a bitch." He then gestured to his classmate when the martial artist turned to face him completely. "Most of the guys in the school would kill to have a body like that. I can imagine a lot of the girls would be lining up for a piece of that action too. Point is… I just don't see why you insist on hiding most of your figure underneath that jacket of yours."
Gohan grinned and scratched his cheek, at the same time propping a hand on his hip in an effort to act casual. "It's hard enough getting through the day with everyone whispering about the kind of superhuman feats I can pull during gym class. Needless to say… having every single boy and girl across campus talking about my body is a hassle I can probably do without."

A shrug was Sharpener's immediate response, "Whatever you say, dude. But just so you know, comes swimming season… I doubt that kind of secrecy is going to matter anymore."

Quickly realizing what the blonde was implying, Gohan's eyes widened in shock and he slapped himself in the forehead. "Ah, damn it! I completely forgot about that!"

The boy's exclamation had both Touya and Sharpener laugh out loud.

Folding up his glasses and propping them inside his locker, the brown haired teen slung an extra cloth over his shoulder and turned to face the young Saiyan. "Look on the bright side. At least you won't have to deck yourself out in long sleeved crap anymore. If you want my opinion, just forget about what everyone says about your body and your skills, and just role with it. I'm sure that whatever gossip gets out about you will pass in about a month or so…"

That sounded almost exactly like what Videl said to him before… only without the sarcasm.

Sighing as he ran a hand down his face, the demi-Saiyan placed both hands on his hips and nodded in consent. "I guess you're right…"

"Hey! Son!"

The sudden shout had the trio's attention snap down the line of lockers, where they quickly spotted a pair of big teenagers stomping towards them. Both still dressed in their sporting gear from earlier, the two males, one a really big guy about half a head taller than Gohan with an incredibly cut body and a bishonen haircut of black locks, and a second guy about the same height as the Saiyan, with a brown army cut and a cleft in his chin, stopped in front of the group and confronted the startled hybrid. Together, the two upset and roughed-up looking males glared hatefully at the spiky haired warrior as he stared right back at them, a little bit confused by their show of aggression and unflinching in their presence.

Trying to make himself look as big as possible, the black haired guy stepped towards the young man in the towel. "That was some stunt you pulled out there on the oval with the ball. You really made the rest of us look like a bunch of pussies."

"Uhh…" Gohan murmured, unsure of what to say as the slightly taller kid got right up into his face.

Sharpener, sensing the problem almost instantly, frowned and stepped forward in the demi-Saiyan's defense, placing a hand on the big guy's shoulder at the same time. "Hey, Jin. Come on man…" He then had his hand violently thrown off by his fellow jock, who shot the blonde a warning glare.

"Back off, Sharpener," the tall kid hissed, before turning his ire back towards the demi-Saiyan. "The boys and I don't appreciate being made fun of in front of the rest of the class, especially in the sport that most of us play competitively." He then took a step closer so that he was practically overshadowing the confused young man. "I think it's high time I teach this new kid a lesson and show him his place in the pecking order…"

Alarm bells going off, Touya stepped forward, only to be blocked off by Jin's friend and teammate
sticking his arm out. "Whoa, dude. Hang on a second… you really don't want to be doing that…" the sportsman spoke in a worried tone.

The teen with the army cut and firm jaw line smirked down at the towel-clad male. "Oh yeah? And why's that?"

"Well, for one, the guy you're trying to muscle is Videl Satan's boyfriend," Touya spoke up, earning a couple of scoffs from the two brutes.

"Like I'm supposed to be afraid of Videl's boy-toy," Jin snickered while still continuing to look down on the Saiyan.

Touya then nodded his head slowly. "And… since you probably don't know this, the guy standing in front of you also beat the same Videl Satan in the 25th Martial Arts Tournament's Junior Division." He then raised a finger and pointed it in the jock's direction. "That's a fact I would probably take serious note of before you start trying to get physical with him."

In typical fashion, the black haired jock snorted at the teen's warning and looked the towel-wearing Saiyan over. Despite the fact his body was composed entirely of rock hard muscles, the guy was obviously not impressed and simply waved whatever facts were told about the kid's capabilities out of the way. "What? This piss-pot?" All of a sudden, using a level of speed that seemed impossible for a lad of his strength and size, Jin then threw his hands up and slammed them into Gohan's chest, with the intent of shoving him into the lockers behind him.

However, the instant he made contact with the Saiyan, the battle ball captain unexpectedly ended up shoving himself back into a stumble, which had him look across at Gohan in momentary shock. It was almost like he'd just pushed off of a wall.

Sharpener, Touya and Jin's teammate looked across at the duo in bewilderment, with two of them wondering what was going to happen next while the latter appeared just as stunted as his companion.

Expression solidifying a little, Gohan raised a hand towards Jin when the boy straightened up and approached him a second time. "Hey, listen… I don't want any trouble, okay?"

The bigger boy frowned and moved past the boy's hand to glare down at him. "Too bad. You just got it." He then clenched his fists tightly. "You think that just because you're Videl Satan's boyfriend that you can go about doing whatever the hell you want? Well you're wrong! Out there on the oval, I'm the team captain. I'm the boss. That means I run the show and I make the rest of the boys look good."

"And I respect you a lot for that," Gohan continued to speak, his voice calm and level as he stared the fuming boy down without even a single twitch. "I apologize if I caused any problems for you and your teammates out there… and I'm sorry if I upset any of you. But if you're looking to settle any disagreements you may have with me with violence, then I'm telling you right now that it's not worth it and that you should walk away while you still have the chance."

Jin sneered, "Or what?"

Gohan frowned, "Or… you're going to regret your actions in the next ten seconds."

The bigger jock smirked. "That's tough talk coming from Videl Satan's bitch. It makes me even wonder why she even picked a pinhead like you. Or is that cow actually your bitch?"

Sharpener and Touya frowned at the boy's slight towards their friend and were about to step in to
defend her honor. But before they could even move an inch from their spots, their half-Saiyan friend beat them to it.

Before Jin could even flinch, Gohan suddenly hooked the collar of the jock's shirt with his index finger and lifted the boy into the air, holding him about a foot or so off the ground. The jock gasped and grabbed the teen's wrist in shock, clawing against the arm in an effort to free himself from his grasp. But try as he might, he could not shirk the steel column that was the crane now holding him up.

His friend Eita, reacting in alarm, rushed in to help and threw a punch at the Saiyan's head. But the boy ended up having his fist caught in midflight and twisted around, resulting in the boy being brought to his knees as his hand was rotated in the most uncomfortable direction imaginable. In a matter of seconds, Gohan had brought both jocks to heel and was literally holding both of them at his mercy.

The two boys standing on the sidelines could only look on in amazement as their spiky haired friend asserted himself as alpha right there in the locker room.

When Jin looked down, he saw through a pained expression the fury and outrage burning in Gohan's eyes. His charcoal irises set firmly upon the raven haired jock's, the demi-Saiyan blasted him with a suffocating wave of killing intent, enough to make the teen cease his struggling and have him gawking down at the hybrid in fear. From the way the warrior's eyes had narrowed and an eerie shadow had cast over them, he almost looked like he was going to rip the boy's head off.

But, through extreme discipline and patience, the teen Z-fighter reframed from doing so, and merely continued to hold the boy in the air with literally just his finger.

Taking a deep breath, Gohan began to speak. "I hate getting into senseless fights… mostly because I don't like the idea of hurting people by accident over something as trivial as pride or settling a score. That kind of stuff is meaningless," the Saiyan said, loud enough for everyone in the room to hear. After which, he then intensified his glare, so much so that he literally felt his suspended victim begin to tremble under his ire. "However, if you even think about calling Videl or any of my friends such vile names again… or if I catch even the tiniest breath that you've done so around this school, mark my words… I will break you. Understand?" The boy made sure to speak every word with enough malice and venom to make the blood inside the two males run cold.

On the verge of pissing himself with fright, Jin bit his lip and nodded. As soon as he saw the boy nod, Gohan released him and Eita from his hold, allowing the two to stagger away to nurse their bruises. They only looked back once to see the demi-Saiyan glare after them, before frantically disappearing round the corner to their lockers.

Rotating back around, Gohan fixed his attention on Sharpener and Touya, both of whom were shocked to see his expression had returned to normal and had now been replaced by a warm smile.

"So… showers?" the demi-Saiyan asked brightly.

Nodding dumbly, the two sportsmen quietly led the way into the other chamber. It was while they were ambling down the line of lockers that the blonde man fell in step with the young warrior of their group and, trading a couple furtive glances with him, grinned in Gohan's direction.

"Hey, man…"

"Yeah?"
"Remind me never to piss you off," Sharpener exclaimed with a hint of nervousness in his voice. The spiky haired young male smiled right back. "Sure thing, Sharpie."

OOO

(A little while later)

Due to their being a small number of cubicles in the shower room, Gohan had to wait a little while before he could actually use one of them to have a rinse. Even though he didn't end up breaking a single sweat out there on the field, he still managed to get some grass and dirt on him. This was mostly due to the other players attempting to tackle him when he went for the goals and had to plow through them all to get to where he was going. As trivial a matter as it was, this counted for only one of the two reasons why he wanted to have a shower.

By the time the demi-Saiyan got underneath a faucet and switched it on, he was among the last people left in the shower room. As he spent the next minute or so scrubbing down his hair, both Sharpener and Touya finished up with their washing up and headed back to the lockers to collect their things, leaving the teen alone in the white-tiled room with the stream of personal rain pattering down on him.

The silence perforating the area presented Gohan with the opportunity to contemplate over his second reason for being here. On the surface it may have seemed like just some sort of bogus excuse to take a shower, but the hot water actually helped to elevate some of the stress he had and meditate over the matter more thoroughly. If there was ever a time to stop and take an appropriate breather, this was it.

For the past few days Gohan had been trying to talk to Erasa alone. Though he did manage to catch her in with the group on a number of occasions, almost every time he tried to approach the blonde to speak with her on his own, she would just clam up and scamper off somewhere as fast as her legs could carry her. Now, while the Saiyan was used to seeing the girl running around with boundless energy, the fact that she was purposefully doing it to avoid talking to him was very off. Not only that, but the act of doing so was also disheartening and upsetting to the young Saiyan, as he found himself unable to talk to his friend like a best friend should.

"The situation is even worse than I thought," Gohan murmured in his head as he caught some water in his hands and splashed it across his face. Rubbing his cheeks vigorously under his palms, he then sighed and turned to stare up at the faucet, allowing its spray to wash over him from head to toe. "I wonder if I'll ever be able to talk to her normally again."

Maybe he could get Videl to speak with Erasa on his behalf and try to come to a solution between them.

No wait, if he did that, then he would have to tell her the reason why as well.

Not only would relaying the same stuff that Vegeta had told him to the raven haired beauty have the potential of pissing her off, but Gohan knew for a fact that he wouldn't be able to call her his girlfriend afterwards if she had any disagreements on the matter.

He was pretty damn sure she would have more than a few words to say regarding the issue… and none of them would be good.

Clenching a fist and knocking it against the wall, Gohan lowered his head under the shower and huffed. "No. This is something I need to do myself." Just like his girlfriend said, they each had their
own personal battles to fight.
For the demi-Saiyan, his was part alien and part human related. It was all a matter of finding the right entry point and following-through on it.

Deciding right then and there that he was going to resolve this debacle in his own way, the demi-Saiyan switched off the water and moved to leave the cubicle. However, the instant he turned around, the young defender of earth suddenly found himself staring face to face with a person he'd never seen before. His charcoal eyes fixating upon the enchanting emerald ones of the stranger, it took the hybrid a few milliseconds to realize that it was a girl standing in his way and was leaning in so close that their noses were practically touching.

The moment the boy faced her, the stranger smiled. "Hi."

Alarm bell going off, Gohan's eyes widened and his expression switched to one of shock. Then, before he could even react, the demi-Saiyan felt his body lift off the ground and slam into the tiled wall behind him. The force of impact caused the barrier to crack, drawing a pained wince from the teenager who then looked up to find he was now being pinned to the surface by the dark skinned girl with sparkling eyes.

Sizing up his attacker, the demi-Saiyan saw that the person confronting him was a beautiful young woman in her early twenties, with dark brown skin, long, wavy blonde hair that looked to be as smooth as silk, a pretty face, and a curvaceous figure all the women in the world would die for. On top of her glamorous, all-natural look, the woman also wore a pink dress cut to show off only the necessary amount of cleavage, which had a very Ancient Greek design to it and was made out of a material that was almost ethereal in nature. What's more, to make her appearance that much more striking, the girl looked like she had a golden glow surrounding her body, giving her the appearance of an angel.

However, taking note of her pointy ears, Gohan immediately backtracked on his initial review as he quickly identified his attacker as a Dark Elf of some sort.

There was no denying that she was beautiful… breathtaking in fact, but despite her bewitching good looks, the young Saiyan recognized an even bigger issue in the fact that she was crazy strong. Looking down at the deceptively delicate arm pressing him into the wall, the demi-Saiyan noticed that she was holding him down using only her index finger and, judging from the expression on her face, she wasn't even trying.

Acknowledging the potential danger, a grunt followed shortly by a blast of golden energy and blue currents of lightning kicking up inside the cubicle marked Gohan's sudden ascension to Super Saiyan 2. Bio-field crackling at full power, the blonde haired warrior grabbed the arm holding him down and attempted to push it away. But try as he might, the teen couldn't even budge it a millimeter. It was like trying to heave a steel pole.

"W-What the hell?" the young Saiyan growled.

Expression remaining unchanged, the cheerfully smiling angel grinned across at the boy as he attempted to remove her finger. "I wouldn't try breaking free if I were you. Right now I'm pressing down on you with the equivalent of two hundred quintillion tons of force."

Looking up at the woman in surprise, Gohan frowned, "I can easily push that much in Super Saiyan 3."

The woman then shrugged, "Then I would just press down even harder. The only reason I haven't
punched you through the wall yet is because I've erected a spatial barrier around us to stop you from doing so. Even if you somehow managed to break free, you won't be able to leave. Not without my permission." She then nodded to him challengingly. "So… do you still want to try and fight me?"

Allowing his aura to continue blasting around him for a few more seconds and continuing to glare at the strange woman, Gohan then conceded defeat and powered down. His hair turning back to normal, the now air dried warrior watched as the gorgeous blonde in front of him tilted her head and nodded.

"There. That's much better." Beaming, the woman's eyes then began moving up and down the teenager in front of her, analyzing him from head to toe.

It was by this time Gohan realized that he was still buck naked and, freaking out a little, attempted to cover himself. A quick glare from the woman though stopped him from doing so and the teen simply remained as he was, arms and legs splayed out with a deep shade of crimson on his cheeks as his attacker shamelessly checked out his goods.

Her eyes tracing every curve of the healthy young fighter's muscles, she then licked her lips when she went over his pelvic and abdominal regions, before a murmuring sound of approval emanated from her throat. "Mmm… yes… very nice." Her eyes then ran up his chest, then back up to his face, "Handsome, fit, healthy, with a fighter's body and a beautiful aura… yes, you are definitely the one I'm looking for." She then leaned forward some, enough so that her wicked gaze was able to bore into her prey and that her body was angled enough for the young man to be able to see down her top. Needless to say, her proximity to her victim easily had the boy's attention.

It was from her tone of voice and the closeness of the woman's face that Gohan's eyes suddenly widened a little in fright.

Oh God, was he going to be molested by this woman right here in the men's room? Granted it wouldn't be the worst way to go since she was ridiculously hot, about as hot as Zangya and Android 18 put together, but that was entirely beside the point. The thought of being taken advantage of by this woman and not being strong enough to mount even a heaven's chance of escape had Gohan gulp nervously and his knees start to buckle.

Damn it. He hadn't felt this helpless since the time he and his friends were fighting Frieza and things were getting incredibly dire. This though… this was a different kind of terror.

Noticing the teen's fearful look and pale skin drew a playful giggle from the gorgeous intruder. "There's no need to be afraid. I'm not going to jump you or anything like that. Although…" She then looked down. "Considering your endowment, you're making it incredibly hard not to." When she saw the teen's cheeks light up like a bulb, the blonde woman then grinned. "But seriously, I didn't travel billions of light-years across the universe from my home planet to inflict bodily harm on such a dashing young boy. I just wanted to check you out and to talk, that's all."

Swallowing apprehensively, Gohan stared back at the woman for a couple more seconds before narrowing his eyes, "What do you want to talk about?"

The stranger's eyes flickered with mischief, "Nothing important. Just stuff."

"Stuff?"

"Uh-huh. I mean… can't a goddess take a few minutes out of her daily schedule to come see one of her trillions of clients in person?" the woman asked before slowly removing her finger from his
chest. Upon releasing the young man from her hold, she then watched the Saiyan return to a normal standing position and massage the spot she'd been holding him, after which the woman slipped her hands behind her and beamed his way. "Sorry if I was a little bit too rough. I hope I didn't hurt you."

Gohan chuckled as he gazed across at the stranger. "Don't worry about it. If anything, you popping up out of nowhere to say hello shook me up more than the push did." Dusting down his chest, the still naked Saiyan then fixed a serious look upon the newcomer. After giving her a good once-over with his senses, a small smile quickly formed on his face. "So… would you mind telling me who you are? Since I can't sense your life force or any other abnormalities, I'm going to assume you must be some sort of deity?"

A giggle left the girl's lips as she took a step back. "You are correct." She then performed an elegant curtsy. "I am Aphrodite; the Goddess of Love and one of the primary entities representing the elements of Construction and Reconstruction in this universe. It is a real pleasure to meet you." Her eyes then fixed upon the young warrior's charcoal ones. "And I take it you must be Son Gohan, the one who defeated my former associate Set a few weeks ago."

The demi-Saiyan nodded, "Yeah, that's me." He then narrowed his eyes on the woman. "Are you here because you wanted to take stock of the person who killed her?"

Aphrodite gestured affirmatively, "Uh-huh."

The young fighter's expression became a little graver. "Then… does that mean you're also here for revenge?" His question drew a laugh from the goddess, who placed her hands on her hips and gazed across at the boy with interest.

"Of course not, silly. I already told you I didn't come here for that. Why would I trouble myself with such petty actions of violence? That would go against everything I stand for as the embodiment of compassion and kindness. Not to mention killing you certainly wouldn't benefit me in any way." Upon relaying this message to the young fighter and seeing relief flash across his face, the powerful woman then looked him in the eyes and took a slight step forward. "No. I'm here on personal business. Ever since I found out from my colleagues that it was a mortal warrior from this planet who defeated the most powerful goddess of our time, I've literally been dying to meet this mysterious figure in person. Now that I have, I can say without the slightest bit of hesitation that he was everything I imagined him to be and that he is indeed the one that defeated Set. Congratulations."

A little bit surprised by the woman's praise, Gohan massaged the back of his head in embarrassment and smiled bashfully at the young deity. "Uhh… thanks? I guess…"

The blonde chuckled and flicked her hair over her shoulder. "There's no need to be shy about it. You should be proud that you were able to best the God of Storms in combat. It's not every day that an ordinary martial artist from the physical plains can draw on the power necessary to defeat a deity of her class and stature… but then again… you're no ordinary warrior are you?" She then looked him over once again, causing the demi-Saiyan to blush at being shamelessly checked out a second time. "You have an incredible power dwelling deep inside your body that's unlike anything I've ever felt before. Considering you're half-Saiyan and half-human as well, that makes you and your abilities all the more special."

Gohan raised an eyebrow at the Elven woman curiously, "You can tell that I'm a half-breed?"

"I'm a goddess. It's my job to know these things. Plus… it was a friend who told me." She then playfully stuck her tongue out.
A chuckle quickly followed the goddess's flippant response. "Is me having the blood of two different species a problem for you?"

Answering his question with a warm smile, Aphrodite shook her head, "Not at all. Being a hybrid is nothing to be ashamed of. It just makes you more unique. You're the best of both your worlds, with the powers of a Saiyan and the spirit of a human all wrapped up in a single body."

Tilting his head, the hybrid smirked, "Not that I'm not pleased to be receiving such compliments from one of the universe's main guardians, I still don't understand why you decided to pop in now of all times to have a chat with me." He then frowned a little while gesturing around the small cubicle. "If you haven't figured it out by now, this isn't exactly the most convenient place to have a meeting. Nor do I imagine is it the most appropriate."

Aphrodite raised an eyebrow at the slightly flustered young male before leering. "Don't tell me a man of your impressive endowment is embarrassed to be seen naked by a member of the opposite sex?"

"Under normal or familial circumstances, no I'm not. But in front of strangers... it's honestly kind of weird. And can you please stop talking about my junk?" He then crossed his arms and looked across at the innocent looking woman with a frown. "For the Goddess of Love, you really don't have any concept of shame."

The deity looked at him cheekily. "You've seen my pictures in your earthling history books? It should be common knowledge among you and your kind that the deities of beauty and love are often depicted in the nude."

A deadpanned expression soon followed. "So I'll take that as a no?"

"Yep," Aphrodite exclaimed proudly before placing a hand on her hip. "Back home when I'm off duty, I usually take the time to train and frolic around the open fields in the buck. Helps elevate the stresses of a guardian." She then threw the boy a mischievous smile and, reaching up, began to slide one of the bands of her dress down her arm. "Since this is a bath house... perhaps I should do the sensible thing and-"

"NO! No-no! No! That's not necessary! Really!" Gohan practically shouted, slapping his hands over his face when he saw the woman's toga come down just a little bit. "Please, keep your clothes on!"

"Aww... but it's so hot and steamy in here-" the goddess teased.

"I said I'm fine thanks! One naked person is more than enough right now! We don't need a second one!" the demi-warrior continued, his face glowing red through his palms.

Grinning in amusement, the deity then slowly returned her band back to her shoulder and looked across at the frustrated warrior triumphantly. "The fact that you're peering through the gaps in your fingers to sneak a peek tells me everything I need to know about your character. You're a perfectly healthy young male with desires and interests befitting someone of your personality and station. That is excellent news." She then spared a third glance downwards, alerting Gohan to the 'big' problem that'd come up because of her actions. This forced him to try and conceal his body's natural response, which then drew an enthusiastic smile from Aphrodite. "Now then... how about we move on to business?"

The flushed warrior raised an eyebrow, "Business?"
"Uh-huh. Since you, Son Gohan, are personally responsible for averting what could've been a multi-universal catastrophe by defeating our former associate turned rogue, I believe a little reward for your actions is needed," Aphrodite informed while winking in his direction. She then turned her nose sideways when he shot her an inquisitive look. "Though it goes against protocol for me to reveal this kind of information to my clients, because of your good deeds and courage in the face of great adversity, I think I'll make an exception this one time."

Curious as ever, the half-breath warrior faced the goddess completely. "What kind of information do you have to share with me?"

Grinning at his inquiry, the deity then raised her fingers and clicked. In a puff of white smoke, the duo was soon joined by another male inside the cubicle. A dark elf just like Aphrodite, this young newcomer had combed-back white hair and pointy ears, was wearing a butler's uniform, and had on his back a pair of tiny angel wings. As peculiar as his uniform was, especially given the person the Saiyan was speaking with, Gohan didn't say a word as he saw the man turn his gaze towards the woman in the pink dress and bow.

The goddess smiled across at him, "Cupid."

"Yes, mistress?"

"Bring me the file on Son Gohan of planet earth, please."

The smartly dressed gentleman nodded, "As you wish." He then vanished in another puff of smoke.

For the next couple of seconds Gohan and Aphrodite stood there on the wet floor waiting quietly, with the demi-Saiyan having pretty much forgotten the fact that he was nude while the blonde woman checked her metaphorical watch. Once that time had ticked by, the dark elf runner returned to the scene in another puff of smoke, with a scroll held tightly between his gloves hands. Bowing to the goddess, he then held the item out to her.

"The document as you requested, my lady."

"Thank you darling," Aphrodite chirped, plucking it from the man's hands and watching him disappear with a quiet 'poof'. She then undid the latch of the parchment and grinned in the demi-Saiyan's direction. "The fairies go through millions of these a fortnight. We have a very efficient system."

"I see..." Gohan murmured as he watched the goddess open up the scroll.

"All of the old records of deceased clients have been stored away on computer. That makes sorting through the current paperwork that much easier. Not to mention if we suddenly had to convert all of this material to digital format, I would be putting over a billion people out of a job," the goddess informed, rolling her shoulders as she extended the length of sheet to take a look. "Erhm. Let's see... Son Gohan... age: eighteen... a little sketchy on those details, date of birth: May 18th, Age 757, height: 173 centimeters, weight: 61 kilograms... address..." Her reading then deteriorated into a series of inaudible mumbles, which then resulted in her eyes widening in success seconds later. "Ooh... here we go... love status."

"Love status?" Gohan balked, not really expecting her to get to that at the end of the list.

Nodding her head as her eyes scanned over the file, Aphrodite then made an approving sound and glanced over the parchment towards the Saiyan. "My, my... you really do get around, don't you? It
looks like you've got a bunch of girls after your heart… one… two…three… six so far? Wowza."

Baffled by this news, Gohan began counting on his fingers the girls that he knew and could identify off of the top of his head as the ones that had an interest in him. "Videl… Lime… Zangya… Kana… Erasa…" he whispered, searching his brain for a few seconds. He then blinked in surprise and looked across at the goddess in confusion. "Wait a second… those numbers don't add up."

"Well, you got all of them except for the sixth," Aphrodite said, looking over the names of the parchment intently before then giving the teen a cheeky smile. "I think I'll be keeping that last one a secret." Ignoring the odd look Gohan threw her, she then continued on without missing a beat. "The last guy I visited set the record for most lovers in history at eighty five. Don't know if you plan on going for that record but I seriously doubt you'll ever reach it. Ra clocked out at ten and Thor gave up at fifteen."

"Those names sound very familiar…" the young Saiyan whispered, recognizing them as the official titles belonging to other known deities.

Just how many of these guys were there?

"Anyway, back on track. The one that's managed to sink her teeth into you the deepest so far is this lovely young flower Videl Satan… a very beautiful girl with a strong spirit and a strong heart. She's incredibly fond of you. As it stands, you've managed to get to the first stage with her, openly declaring a romantic relationship with your friends … but, oh… and isn't this a delightful sundae with two delicious cherries on top…" She then gasped and held the scroll close to her chest. "I think that little fact is private… heh-heh."

When he realized what the goddess was implying with that line of reading, Gohan blushed to the roots of his hair and tried to hide his face from sight.

Humming cheerfully in an effort to bypass that little awkward moment, Aphrodite carried on with her breakdown of the document. "And isn't this interesting… the girls who refer to you as their closest friend are also deeply in love with you too… and you didn't need any of my help to make it so." She then grinned over at the intently listening young man. "I mostly work management, just keeping an eye on things to make sure there aren't any irregularities. I never get involved with casting the red strings of fate between people. My job is simply to ensure it continues to weave and unravel." After speaking her piece, she then shut the scroll up and beamed at the hero of earth. "It seems to me that you've laid the groundwork to leading a rich and happy life."

"S-So…" Gohan stammered, staring across at the woman anxiously, "You don't know who I'm going to end up with in the end?"

"That… I'm afraid is something you're going to have to find out for yourself. Though we Gods do have the ability to travel through and alter time and space, tempering with it is expressly forbidden amongst our kind," Aphrodite answered with a warm gaze. "Nothing is set in stone in this world, especially love. The act of expressing affection and fondness for one another can take many forms and was never meant to be tied down… bound inside of a cage. It was meant to be free and shared amongst all of creation. The bigger your heart is, the more love you can give and receive from others." She then reached up and placed her hand over chest, gently clenching her fingers around her dress. "My predecessor taught me that before she passed away… and I've been doing right by those words for the past eighty million years."

Hearing this caused a smile to tug across the young Saiyan's face, as he then gazed across at the woman kindly. "And you decided to play matchmaker with it, am I right?" His question drew a
giggle from the goddess, which had him shake his head. "Isn't that a blatant misuse of your powers?"

Aphrodite winked at him, "Didn't I tell you… I have nothing to do with that. Though I do like to tease the idea a little bit every now and then… and make things a little bit more challenging for the people." Taking the scroll and slipping it into the belt in her dress, the blonde woman breathed a sigh and cupped her hands behind her promptly. "Well. I'd better be off. I hope you put what you learned today to good use." She then turned around and was about to step out of the cubicle. However, just before she could leave, the goddess looked over her shoulder and grinned. "Oh yes, and here's a little something you may want to consider… frolicking is always fun, especially in the bedroom. It's something I hear you Saiyans are exceptionally good at. Though the experience is always a blast amongst couples, it gets really wild when a few others you like are involved. In your case, I would strongly recommend inviting these other young ladies who are fond of you along to share the reward," she said while pointing down at the scroll. Taking note of the teen's stumped reaction, the blonde woman then giggled and looked away. "Break a leg." She then vanished in a flash of pink smoke.

Staring at the space the goddess once stood, a full minute of silence passed for Gohan in which absolutely nothing happened. Hearing very little but the dripping of a faucet at the other end of the room, it took a certain amount of time and a lot of brain power before the boy's mind was finally made up. Once his processing was complete, the teen groaned and placed a hand against his temple, which he could feel was literally throbbing through the skin.

At least that's what it seemed like to him.

"Was I dreaming?" Gohan then pinched himself to check… an act which quickly had him yelp.

"Nope. I wasn't." He literally just had a house call from the Goddess of Love Aphrodite.

His life was just getting weirder and weirder by the day.

And of course there was the stuff that she had to say following her arrival.

In her wake, the mystical woman had imparted onto the young man genuine information he'd been made aware of by the Saiyan Prince. But now, thanks to her contribution to the subject, Gohan knew right then that what he previously thought was a possibility was now a fact. He'd attracted the attention of a whole bunch of girls, which he knew without question had the potential to disrupt the current relationships he'd already established with them.

Since Videl was his girlfriend now, this made his position in the center all the more worrisome.

How was he going to deal with it? Would he approach each of the girls who liked him to confirm for himself their feelings while simultaneously telling them he was off the market? Doing that would undoubtedly upset the girls and, for all intents and purposes, potentially destroy the bonds they'd established as friends, leading them down a road of loneliness and heartbreak. If anything, he wanted to try and preserve the current status quo and at the same time avoid traveling down that route as much as he could. That's what his inner conscience was telling him to do. However, if he left this alone, not only would it definitely cause more friction to build, but he doubted a smooth comeback from sudden fallout would be possible. No matter which way he looked, his choices were small, problematic and rampant with consequences.

Counting his cards, he knew right away that trying to maintain the current state of the affairs was not a viable option.

However, there was one other alternative he'd recently been led into considering that was
negotiable. Aphrodite suggested to him to form what could only be described as an alliance… a universal truce; to involve all of the other girls in his relationship with Videl to avoid a prolonged and hurtful conflict. It was a fantasy bet for sure, but after realizing how far down the line he'd already come, he now had this gut feeling that this supposedly untouchable dream he was imagining had somehow fallen within his reach.

His Saiyan genetics were burning… begging for him to try and pursue it, proving to the young warrior that the fierce alien race from Vegeta was indeed greedy by nature. They lived in sin and lived by the rules of sin. It was an irrefutable truth.

Would it be possible for him to talk this out with the girls and come to some sort of an arrangement with them? Was an agreement between them actually possible? On one hand all Gohan wanted to do was keep the peace and hold onto the ones he treasured most. This was the side of him choosing the selfless course of action. But on the other hand, a part of him wanted to act selfishly and to act on his impulses. It was an inner conflict that caused the boy's fists to clench and his brow to furrow tightly.

In a matter of moments, Gohan found his head was being filled with less than appropriate thoughts once again. This time though, they were not only coming to him in great quantity but were also far more pronounced. He imagined himself with Videl and Erasa in positions that were nowhere near decent, with a chorus of pleasure-filled moans echoing all around him as they ground up against his body in tandem. Lime and Zangya were there too, advancing on him with no clothing at all and their hungry eyes fixated solely upon his motionless form.

These images flashed through his head like a strobe, causing a deep shade of scarlet to light up his face that had the demi-Saiyan growl and slap a hand over his eyes. Running his palm down his façade, he then banged his fist against the wall next to him and glared down at the ground, noticing out of the corner of his eye that his other part had decided to react on account of his thoughts.

"What am I going to do?" he thought.

All of a sudden, Sharpener's voice echoed into the room.

"Hey, Gohan. We're heading down to the cafeteria to grab some coconut bread. You want to join us?" the jock asked as he ambled past the showers and halted just outside of the demi-Saiyan's cubicle. "What's taking you so lo-" He then stopped when he saw the spiky haired male and almost instantly looked away. "Ah, geez, man! What the hell are you doing standing there like that? Put it away!"

Snapping out of his trance, Gohan then realized that he was still naked and hastily reached for his towel. Wrapping it around him, the spiky haired young warrior grunted and looked across at his classmate apologetically, "Sorry, Sharpener. I must have zoned out for a second."

The blonde stared back at him with a sour look. "It's bad enough that you're in such perfect shape. What? Are you trying to make the rest of us guys look bad?"

"Not intentionally, no," Gohan replied with a sheepish grin, stepping out of the box while rubbing the back of his head.

Unconvinced by his response, the sportsman crossed his arms and stared at the Saiyan with a thoughtful expression in play. "What exactly were you doing in here anyway?"

Straightening up and placing his hands on his hips, the Saiyan chuckled, "You wouldn't believe me even if I told you."
Sensing a challenge, the jock smiled, "Try me."

Working out a summary in his head, Gohan took a deep breath and nodded. "Alright then. While I was taking a shower, Aphrodite, the Goddess of Love, popped into my cubicle, we wrestled for a little bit, had a chat, then she told me about the universal law of love, the number of girls who are in love with me, and suggested I invite them all out for a cup of coffee." He then finished by giving the teen an unflinching stare.

"..."

"..."

"..."

Several moments of silence passed in which the two boys did nothing but stare at one another. Once an appropriate amount of seconds had finally chugged by, an amused grin spread across Sharpener's lips before he barked out a laugh. He then clapped the muscular boy in the shoulder, earning nothing but the same deadpan stare from him as a result.

"Ha! That's a good one. Goddess of Love? Oh man, I'm writing that one down," the jock laughed, turning around and beginning to walk out. "Come on, lover boy. We're gonna miss the bell for lunch."

Staring after the blonde, Gohan smiled and shook his head. "I knew he wouldn't believe me."

Deciding to put a pin in his thoughts for the time being due to his stomach begging him to get some food, the demi-Saiyan adjusted his towel and followed the man out.

As he left the showers far behind, what Gohan didn't realize was that his life, from that point onwards, was about to get a whole lot more exciting…

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Character Biographies: (Since a few people have asked, I will now be periodically providing biographies for the OC characters that have shown up in my story)

Name: Kana

Race: Seirei

Gender: Female

Occupation: Mercenary/Inquisitor

Hair color: Glowing orange

Type: Light user

Age: Approximately 118

Home planet: Unknown

History: A humanoid alien recognized for her trademark glowing hair, Kana is a member of an ancient and powerful race of aliens called the Seirei. Preferring to keep mostly to themselves and very hard to come across outside of their home planet, her people originate from a world close to
the centre of the universe, and are one of the few alien races that existed around the time the cosmos came into existence. Possessing an incredibly strong life force, allowing them to live for hundreds to thousands of years without ever growing old, the people of Seirei have incredibly advanced technology and are born with the ability to manipulate light, allowing them to perform a variety of unique techniques. A freelancer and a wanderer, Kana is a part-time member of the Planet Trade Organization, the same group that Frieza and his family were a part of, and is assigned to the planet preservation branch. She's charged with the inquisition and acquisition of rare and valuable planets, in which her primary job is to determine whether or not the security of a world and its inhabitants were in good hands. This inevitably leads her to earth, in which she battles Gohan to the right to planet earth.

Unlike all of the other villains the Z-fighters have encountered in the past, Kana isn't inherently evil or cruel. In fact, she is a very kind, respectful and adventurous alien, with a strong desire to learn, see and experience new things. However, despite having visited multiple worlds in the past, she is incredibly direct and bold in her approaches, always sticking to a set system of codes and practices. This gives her a form of tunnel vision, which causes her to make mistakes. She also relies heavily on computers for a bulk of her information. Vegeta describes her as being an airhead. Oftentimes, she is unaware of a lot of the cultures of the worlds she visits, always wanders off without an escort, and is prone to jumping the gun without warning.

Since members of her race are very particular about their life partners, after their battle, Kana immediately selects Gohan to be her mate. Even though they are worlds apart, they still remain in close contact with one another and, as a result, her fondness towards the hybrid has grown considerably.

OOO

Name: Paprika
Race: Makyan
Gender: Female
Occupation: None
Hair color: White
Type: Brawler
Age: 17
Home Planet: Makyo Star

History: A member of the Makyan Race and daughter of Garlic Junior, Paprika comes to earth looking to take revenge on the one who blew up her home planet. Having been off world at the time of its destruction, she'd spent five years training to defeat and humiliate the one who destroyed her home and 'killed' her father.

A strong fighter from her race with a very cold personality and preferring to keep to herself most of the time, Paprika draws a lot of her power from the remains of her planet, which she'd embedded in her body in the form of crystals, to increase her strength and allow her to undergo their race's transformation to Super Makyan. It also provides her with a form of regeneration, making killing her an incredibly difficult task.

Though she still intends to defeat Gohan in battle, despite being severely outclassed, her time spent
hanging around the members of the Son family has allowed her to open up a little more and find a small sense of peace.
In a scene very reminiscent of the one he remembered being in a couple of weeks ago, Gohan breathed a heavenly sigh of relief as he felt his battle worn body sink further into the hot water of the barrel. With steam wafting around him like flames licking at his skin, the young man literally felt all the pings and pains of his muscles fade away as the boiling water washed against his flesh. Having added enough wood to last for up to fifteen minutes, the Saiyan had laid the groundwork for a long and enjoyable bath.

Of course, since it was the middle of the school week and it was early in the morning, he unfortunately didn't have time to stew for very long. Every minute that passed drew closer and closer to the next slot in his timetable, which meant that he couldn't stay in here for very long. But that didn't mean he couldn't enjoy it while he had the chance.

"I love the smell of herbs and hot water in the morning," Gohan whispered, reaching up to grab the towel folded atop his head. Upon peeling it away, he then dunked it in the water and massaged it against his cheek. A pleasant smile remained on his face when he eventually returned the towel to his crown. "The only thing that's missing from this picture is a sauna. Maybe I can go see Bulma about getting one for half-price later this week."

Being a close friend of the family, he was positive that he would be able to strike up a bargain with the president of the largest and most well-known company on the planet. Given their track record and history of working together, it wouldn't surprise him in the least if the woman lent him a temporary appliance to use at home for free.

In the midst of his meditation, the demi-Saiyan then looked up towards the sky in thought. "I wonder if I can get a portable hot spring as well."

"If it's anything like this then I say go for it," a new voice suddenly spoke up, drawing Gohan's gaze to the other side of the barrel to see the glowing haired, curvaceous form of Kana smiling back at him. Beaming from ear to ear as the steam of the hot water enveloped her, the space explorer then tilted her head and beamed across at her half-Saiyan crush, "Like with all physical activities, relaxation is an important if not vital part of the healing process. You'd be doing yourself a big favor by acquiring an appropriate facility to assist you in those needs."

"Oh, Hey there, Kana," Gohan exclaimed, at the same time smiling cheerfully at his friend from another galaxy. "Do you really think it's a good idea?"

The glowing alien shrugged, "From a conservative point of view, purchasing such equipment may initially seem like a big financial risk. But I'm positive that through careful planning, consideration, and monetary usage of said application over a period of a few months, the long term benefits greatly outweigh the short term expenditures."
Nodding his head in understanding, the boy then closed his eyes and rested his head against the edge of the tub. "You make a solid point. I'll talk it up with the family afterwards and see what they think about it. Thanks."

Kana giggled, "No problem. Always glad to help."

"…"

"…"

It was only a few seconds later that the half-Saiyan finally realized that the orange haired Seirei was soaking in the barrel with him and, eyes widening in shock, the teen recoiled in horror. "GAAAAAAAAH! KANA! W-What… What the heck are you doing in here?!!" The teen attempted to back up. But due to the confined space of the drum, the best the young warrior could do was stand up and throw his arms out. That didn't stop his face from turning red as well.

Kana, appearing completely oblivious of her actions, smiled back at the boy as the bubbles of the bath massaged her naked skin. "What does it look like? I'm taking a bath."

Gritting his teeth, the half-blooded adult shook his head. "That's beside the point! Can't you see I'm using it right now?"

"So? There's plenty of room for the two of us. What's the harm in sharing a household appliance with my life partner?"

"Life pa-… you still think I'm-?!"

"Of course. It's only customary that both mates partake in the same activity as one another in order to strengthen the bond between them," Kana replied, sitting up from the side of the drum and beginning to wade her way over to where Gohan was standing. The closer she got, the more alarmed the teen appeared and the more he attempted to lean away. "Do you not approve?"

"Well… I… I…" Just before he could form some sort of coherent rebuttal, the young Saiyan then heard someone clearing their throat nearby and turned to see who it was. When his eyes landed on the grass next to the bath, his face literally paled. "V-Videl?"

The tomboy, having shown up out of nowhere, was currently standing next to the makeshift tub with her arms crossed and adorned in her usual oversized pink and white T-shirts and spandex shorts. From the look on her face, the boy could tell she appeared irritated and was now directing all of that ire towards him. "And what exactly is going on here?" the girl asked, her eyes sharpening when she looked between the two warriors in front of her.

Swallowing nervously, Gohan hastily turned around and waved his hands in front of him frantically. "I… I can explain everything. You see… I was just sitting out here trying to relax after a long morning of training and then…well…” He then threw a few nervous glances over his shoulder towards the Seirei, who was still smiling right back at him from where she was floating. "Look, this is all just a big misunderstanding…"

"Oh, it's a big misunderstanding alright," the crime fighter snapped while tapping her finger against her bicep. Judging from her current expression, Videl was displaying all the signs of a person on the verge of exploding. Knowing what was to come, Gohan braced himself for the inevitable. "This has gone on long enough! How can you be sharing a bath with another girl…” Then, just when it appeared she was about to break out into a tirade of heated words, the fury once filling the girl's face quickly vanished and was shortly replaced by one of mischief and excitement, "And not
invite me along with you."

At that, Gohan's terrified expression quickly became one of bewilderment. "Uhh… what?"

With a playful giggle, Videl suddenly reached down and pulled both her t-shirts up over her head, leaving her standing in front of the barrel in nothing but her sports bra and shorts. "Geez. You're so inconsiderate, Gohan-kun. Did you honestly think that I was just going to stand by quietly and let the two of you have all the fun?" Before the demi-Saiyan could even begin to respond, the girl suddenly unclipped her bra and tossed it aside, causing his face to light up like a bulb. Upon seeing shock fill the boy's face, the blushing girl then gripped the waistband of her shorts and pulled both them and her underwear down in the most sensual way imaginable. When she finally kicked the last of her articles off of her feet, the incredibly fit and curvaceous girl was left standing out in the open in all her naked glory.

The sight of his girlfriend literally baring it all without even a moment's hesitation nearly had Gohan black out as a spurt of blood shot out of his nostril. He then clamped a hand over his orifice to stop the flow and proceeded to watch in utter disbelief as the short haired female seductively ambled her way over to the drum and placed her hands atop its rim. Videl then hoisted herself up, leaning forward so that her face was literally right in front of her boyfriend's, putting her in a position that allowed him to see her entire body from the most alluring pose imaginable.

The tone of her stomach, the perfectly round shape of her breasts swaying before him, and the curves making up her backside and legs, were all accentuated from her catlike stance.

A wicked look framed her face as the sapphire eyed temptress motioned forward and grinned at her baffled crush. "I want you, Gohan-kun. Let's do it together, right here… right now…"

"D-D-Do it?" Backing up under the leer of his surprisingly bold girlfriend, the demi-Saiyan then froze when he felt a pair of arms wrap around his neck and two firm yet plush 'pillows' press into his back. The chin resting into the crook of his neck followed by a sultry giggle filling his ears then had the spiky haired male glance fearfully to his left to see Kana smiling right back at him.

"There's no need to be shy," the Seirei whispered seductively as she blew on his ear, causing a pleasurable shiver to run up his spine. "All three of us can have our first times together. It'll be fun…"

"B-But Kana-?"

Grinning, the alien girl leaned in closer, an act that caused her generously large mounds to squish further into his muscular back. "I'm tired of waiting, Gohan-kun. I want you to give it to me."

Placing a hand against his chest, she then slowly ran it down his front. Moaning when her palm slid over his rock hard abs, she started venturing lower and lower, arriving at a place that had the teen's hair bristle and the woman lick her lips. "Let's procreate and make a strong, healthy child together…"

Without warning, the demi-Saiyan then felt another set of arms wrap around him from the other side. Looking ahead, he saw Videl pull her body towards him and press her ample chest firmly into his. The feeling of two sets of breasts sandwiching him from both sides caused Gohan's face to light up red and his body to tremble nervously.

Sly grin still in play, the human teenager spoke in the sulriest voice the Saiyan had ever heard from her, "I'm going to be your first, right Gohan? You'll have me and then you'll have her?" She leaned in closer, "Then both of us together?"
"I… I…"

"I can't take it anymore, Gohan-kun," Kana spoke up again, her voice laced with need as her cheeks flushed red. "Please… I need you…"

"I want you…"

"Gohan-kun…"

"Gohan."

Unable to take it anymore, Gohan let out a cry of fright and vanished in a golden flash, leaving the two girls floating in the barrel as he speedily grabbed his towel from the floor and rushed towards the door of his family home. Without even bothering to look back, the teen wrapped the cloth around his waist, barged into the house, and barreled his way into his room.

Shutting the door behind him, the flushed and exhausted boy leaned up against the barrier and panted heavily for breath. Running a hand through his still wet hair, he allowed for a few moments to get the wind back into his lungs and quiet his thundering heart rate before, with a slight stumble, he began to stagger his way over to his cupboard.

"W-What the heck was that all about?" Both his girlfriend and his best friend from out of town were acting so strangely; in a way he'd never seen them act before.

They had quite literally been on top of him and, not only were they both naked, but neither of them seemed to care in the least that all three of them were sharing the same bath together. What's more, the two girls had been making moves on him and saying stuff that sounded like both of them were in heat or something.

Unable to comprehend what was going on and how things spiraled out of control the way they did, the boy figured he should suit up and get the hell out of there before the pair of vixens decided to come chasing after him.

The last thing he wanted to do right now was get tangled up in a situation he had no experience in only an hour before the start of school. Though he didn't have any problems with exploring that kind of area with the two girls under more appropriate circumstances, especially with his girlfriend, the fact that both of them were coming on to him so strongly and quite literally from out of nowhere scared the living daylights out of him. He had to get some distance and figure this thing out before jumping into anything he was possibly going to regret sometime in the future.

So, throwing open the doors to his closet and peering inside, the teen began rummaging through his gear so that he could get dressed and head off to Kami's Lookout for some counseling. He was just about to grab his pants from the line too when, all of a sudden, another familiar voice suddenly filled the room.

"What are you doing, Gohan?" The question caused the teen to stiffen in surprise. Upon which the demi-Saiyan then spun around to see none other than Lime, wearing a red checkered, button up shirt, jean shorts, and her hair wrapped up into a ponytail, standing by the door with a warm smile pulled across her face.

Unable to explain why he didn't sense her presence until now, the demi-Saiyan gave a confused blink and straightened his posture, "L-Lime?"

The instant his eyes fell upon her, the girl shut the bedroom door behind her and leant up against it, a mischievous grin forming on her lips. "Oh dear. Has Gohan-kun been a bad boy? Did something
happen out there on the front lawn?"

Not sure where this was going, the spiky haired boy faced her and, scratching the back of his head anxiously, glanced away in thought. "W-Well... I'm not exactly sure, to be honest. Things were moving so fast that I didn't know what I was supposed to do. It was so weird." He then pointed over the girl's shoulder towards his door. "Did you see Videl and Kana while you were coming in? I think something might be wrong with them."

He meant that sincerely. His concern for his friends greatly outweighed any other need and desire. That was the kind of person that he was.

Giggling at the innocent question, the brown haired girl stood off of the door and began strolling towards the boy with an accentuated sway in her hips. "Oh, I wouldn't be worrying too much about them," the teen said while suddenly reaching up and removing her hair tie, allowing her long brown locks to flow freely down her shoulders. "To be honest, I'd rather you be more worried about me."

At first Gohan was confused by her words and her actions. But then, as she drew closer, the Saiyan's eyes widened in shock when he saw the girl suddenly undo the buttons of her shirt and open it up, revealing she wasn't wearing anything underneath.

The sight of her shirt being removed from her shoulders and her ample bosom bouncing free from its confines had the poor boy back right up into his cupboard when his childhood friend closed the last two feet of distance between them. The moment she came within range, Lime stopped directly in front of the boy and boldly pressed her chest into his stomach, pinning him to the closet door. As soon as she stopped, she placed her delicate hands against his sides and began running them up his firm torso.

The Saiyan literally trembled under her touch. "L-Lime? What's... what's gotten into you?"

A lustful smile formed across the girl's face as she ran her fingers over his rock hard abs before running them up his arms. "Why, isn't it obvious, Gohan? It's you." Her answer causing the teen to blanch, she then proceeded to elaborate on her words as a fond look fixated upon his startled expression. "All this time... you and I have been nothing more than the best of friends, always smiling and laughing together, hanging out and having a good time. But then... after all these years, my feelings for you changed... and all of a sudden... I found that I couldn't stop thinking about you." She then moaned slightly as she ran her hands down his chest and began marveling his toned upper body. The feeling of his warm skin prompted her to push her bare body into his and grind her clothed pelvis against his thigh. "You're so hot... I can't hold myself back anymore. I want you, Gohan. I want all of you." After admiring his build, she then looked up into his charcoal eyes and smiled. "I want to be your girlfriend, just like Videl... and I wouldn't mind sharing with her one bit... as long as I get to have a piece of you."

Her sultry words had the teen gulp and laugh nervously under her half-lidded stare. "W-What do you mean a piece of me?" His body was so worked up right now he could barely even think straight anymore, let alone comprehend simple lines of dialogue.

Grinning lecherously, the girl then looked down towards his hips. It was then the boy noticed the problem for him and, after spotting the tent formed in his towel, freaked out and tried to hide it. But with the girl pushing him further into the closet, the young Saiyan found himself incapable of performing any evasive tasks as the girl suddenly gripped his wrists and, guiding his hands down her hourglass waist, slipped them into her shorts and maneuvered them to her backside.

When she felt his hot palms pressing against her firm buttocks, the girl groaned and pushed her
body further against his. "I've been a bad girl, Gohan. Please… punish me…"

Feeling another nosebleed coming on as his face got even hotter, the demi-Saiyan tried to fight off the impulse to respond. But with every second that ticked by of feeling the girl's ample chest and hips grinding against his, that inner desire was becoming harder and harder to resist.

Lime, cheeks red and breathing coming out in hot, heavy pants, leaned up even further and closed in one his lips. "I love you… Gohan…"

She was only millimeters away from her goal and was about to move in for the kill. That was until Gohan suddenly felt the back of his closet disappear and his body fell through the wall of clothing. With a startled yelp, the half-Saiyan tumbled out the other side and fell flat on his ass, an event that had him cringe painfully and shake his head.

By the time he looked up, he suddenly found himself sitting in one of Orange Star High's many hallways, surrounded by lockers and doors on all sides, dressed in his usual outfit.

Blinking in confusion at his location and his state of dress, the startled teenager hurriedly stood up and looked around wildly. Reaching out with his senses, he attempted to find out where he was and figure out exactly what was happening to him, until he heard a series of distinct voices echoing around him.

"Gohan…"

"Gohan…"

"Gohan-kun…"

The moment he heard his name reverberating throughout the hallway, he knew right then and there that this wasn't a natural part of the setting. His entire situation was beginning to transform into a set from a cheap horror film and the ghosts that were so ingeniously incised into the main storyline were coming after him with a vengeance. What's more, the disembodied female vocals knew who he was by name and he had a distinct feeling he knew who each of them were. The fact that he could literally feel them breathing down his neck put him on edge.

Spinning around, the young fighter then started a brisk walk down the corridor, looking around nervously for an attack that was sure to come from a blind spot. He was right on the mark on that observation too.

While he was in the process of cautiously moving down the corridor and being bombarded from all sides by the collection of female whispers bouncing off of the walls, the teenager was suddenly grabbed by the arm and yanked into one of the adjacent rooms.

In the blink of an eye, Gohan found himself surrounded by darkness with his back pushed up against the wall. Dazed and confused, he then attempted to see through the blackness of his environment the identity of the person who'd grabbed him. When the light above him eventually switched on, the baffled hero then received one hell of a shock when he saw Erasa standing in front of him and pinning him against the wall. With her arms placed firmly on either side of his person and literally boxing him in, the young Saiyan also noticed that they were in the janitor's closet and surrounded by mops and brooms. This however turned out to be the least of his problems, as after doing a quick sweep of the cleaning equipment, he focused his nervous gaze upon his attacker.

"Erasa? What are y-?" His startled question was quickly silenced when the girl placed a finger to his lips and shushed him.
Grinning mischievously, the blonde haired girl, dressed in her usual green tube top and tight jeans, fixed all of her attention upon the stunned male. "Surprise." She then beamed at the demi-Saiyan when he gulped and straightened his back. "Hope I didn't scare you too much. I've been waiting for you to come by here."

"Huh?" the part-time crime fighter murmured, "Why?"

"Easy. I wanted to be alone with you... away from everybody else. I wanted a place where I would be able to talk to you in private and we wouldn't be interrupted," the chirpy girl answered, her eyes shimmering as she gazed up at the man backed up against the wall. "It's nice and cozy in here, don't you think?"

"Y-Yeah... I guess..."

"Nobody will be barging in here anytime soon... and I doubt any of our friends will be able to find us so easily. I think that gives us plenty of time to chill and hang out," Erasa continued, her expression turning sly as she regarded the boy with interest and intent, "Especially for what I have planned for us."

Not knowing what to say, Gohan smiled worriedly. "And what exactly is that?"

Continuing to hold her position, the blonde haired girl eased in a little bit closer and brought her hands down to his chest. Running them over his shirt, she could feel toned muscles jumping underneath her touch. It was a feeling that brought an excited gleam to her eye. "You may not know this yet, but... I really like you a lot, Gohan-kun. I've just been... too afraid to say anything because I was worried about getting between you and Videl. She's my best friend and... and so are you... and I didn't want to do anything that could risk ruining your relationship." She then smiled as she got even closer, sliding her leg in between his as her nose edged towards his. "But that doesn't matter anymore. My heart is screaming at me, begging for me to come to you... to be with you. I love you, Gohan... I've loved you for a long... long time..."

Blinking in shock, the demi-Saiyan's mouth opened and closed a few times, but no words came out. Upon which his back then straightened up and he regarded the young girl with an uneasy air and a warm look in his eye, "Erasa..."

Smiling, the girl's cheeks then heated up as she moved in ever so slightly. Her knee brushing up against his inner thigh as his leg rode up on the juncture between hers, she then took a deep breath and moved in so close that her breasts, strained tight against her top, pressed up against his chest. When her hands moved down his shirt, she then beamed up at him, "Your heart is racing, Gohan. I can feel it beating against your chest."

"Well... that's just because... I..." Not knowing how to finish his sentence, the boy mumbled out until no further words could be spoken.

A giggle shortly followed his nervous response, "That's okay. My heart is racing too... and my body feels so hot. Here... see for yourself." Grabbing one of his hands, she then led it up to her chest and slid it under his top, causing the boy to blush to the roots of his hair. When she felt the Saiyan squeeze her breast, the girl groaned and leaned in further. "I... I can't take it anymore... waiting on the sidelines." The girl then rubbed up against him, moaning even more as she wrapped her arms around his neck. "I want you, Gohan... I want you so bad." She then grinned when she ground her hips against his, "And I can tell... you want me too."

Hair standing more on end, Gohan freaked out when Erasa's lips drew closer and closer to his, her eyes glimmering with desire and excitement. When she came within two inches of him, to the point
where their breaths were mingling with each other, the demi-Saiyan was unable to do anything as the girl quickly edged away the last few centimeters between them.

"Take me… Gohan… I'm yours."

Shutting his eyes tightly, the young fighter braced himself for the inevitable. However, after several seconds of waiting and his lips feeling nothing, the boy then opened his lids and looked down in confusion. Much to his shock, he found he'd once again been transported to another place, only this time it was less familiar.

He was standing in an open, barren wasteland on a planet far out of reach of earth's space. His feet digging into a surface equivalent to the moon's, with millions of stars twinkling around him, the teen circled a few times in order to assess exactly where he was. His eyes panning over dozens of craters and hills on the horizon, Gohan then stopped and took a glance at his outfit. Upon plucking at his top, he quickly saw that he was adorned in his orange and blue gi, and that he was all decked out and ready for a fight.

Puzzled, he then set his eyes on a distance ridge and prepared to explore the uncharted wilderness. It was just as he was prepping himself for a quick flight that he caught the sight of a shadow moving in his peripherals; one that had him spin around in alarm. The moment he dropped into a fighting stance, the force of a thousand angry bulls suddenly crashed into his chest and knocked him to the ground, prompting him to look up and see what'd hit him.

He then swallowed his tongue when he saw the familiar red-haired and red furred form of the fox deity Set glaring back down at him. Wearing the same skirt and top she'd fought him in all those weeks ago, the sight of the woman's blood red eyes and fierce scowl had the boy grit his teeth in battle readiness. "You?!"

Her own eyes locked firmly upon the boy's, the goddess smirked. "I have you now, Gohan. There is no escape." Her tail waving aggressively behind her, the demi-Saiyan's immediate thought was that she was going to attack him and rip his throat out with her teeth. He readied himself for that inevitability, his fists clenching tightly in the sand and his energy beginning to gather in the pit of his stomach. "Your heart is mine…"

Gohan locked his jaw and prepared to land the first blow. But just as the two warriors were glaring daggers at one another, he suddenly saw his opponent's expression change and a sly smile slowly form across her lips.

"And so is your body."

The young warrior blinked. "Huh?" It was then he noticed another unexpected change in the scenery; the starry sky quickly being replaced by the walls of his bedroom and the surface he was currently laying on being switched to the blanket of his bed. "Huh?!" Another look around and Gohan then saw, much to his utter shock, that not only was he naked, but so was the vixen pinning him to the bed, her curvaceous figure hovering above him for his uncensored viewing pleasure. "HUH?!"

Not caring that she was now in the nude, the predatory goddess slowly leaned in till her toned body rubbed against that of the Saiyan's. The fur covering her chest and stomach brushed against his skin, causing a pleasurable chill to run up the teen's body.

Giving a moan of excitement, Set smiled down at the young hero seductively. "Make me yours, Gohan-kun. Ravage me…"
Eyes widened in shock, the demi-Saiyan shook his head, unable to believe what was happening to him as he felt the woman's breasts press against his pectorals. He shut his eyes and thought to himself that what he was seeing wasn't real. But when he opened them again moments later, he found that Set was now sharing the space above him with Videl, both of whom were naked and leering down at him like a pair of hungry lionesses ready to pounce.

One last look around and Gohan saw that Lime, Erasa and Kana were also on the bed, and all three of them were surrounding the boy and looking down at him with lust burning in their eyes. It was a sight that had the boy's stomach quiver. He was fashioned to the bed, held down by an unseen force and unable to move. This made him easy prey for the collection of beautiful women now moving in on him.

Their mischievous smiles filled his view as they all moved forward, converging on him like a pack of hungry carnivores. With him pinned to the bed by his girlfriend, despite all of his otherworldly strength, there was nothing he could do to get away. They had him.

"Gohan." They all whispered at once, their voices dripping with want and desire. It was a sound that caused Gohan's face to light up red and his body to freeze up.

Then, all at once, they swooped in and…

OOO

(Present – Night time)

Eyes widening in shock, Gohan's body suddenly leapt from his pillow with a yell of fright, causing his blanket to fly off of him and land on his waist. Sitting there as straight as a board, the boy then proceeded to stare through the cold darkness of his room, panting heavily with sweat trickling down his body. His charcoal eyes darted around in paranoia, looking through a hazy vision for the half a dozen women he thought had had him trapped and lying at their mercy. However, after several looks around his empty room and seeing nothing but his familiar cupboard, his familiar desk, and his school gear lying next to said desk, the frazzled teenager's stiffened body slowly relaxed as his brain finally came full circle.

Taking several deep gulps of air, the Saiyan's heart rate returned to normal and the boy unclenched his fists, which he'd formed in the sheets beneath him. Breathing in through his nose and out through his mouth calmed his nerves enough to enable Gohan to reach up and run a hand over his damp face.

"A dream… it was all a dream…" he whispered over and over again, unable to shake the images that'd been allowed to play in his mind like they were the real deal.

It wasn't a nightmare. Far from it. However, the onslaught of events that had taken place across the landscape of his dream had been so sudden and so intense that the boy had no idea how to respond to it. Everything that had happened over the course of that day just came out of nowhere and put him in the spotlight, confusing him and rattling him to his very core.

The whole situation involving all of the women in his life had had a profound effect on his psyche, his emotions, and his mentality.

His body had also suffered as a result of the experience, a sensation that he quickly acknowledged when he lifted the covers of his bed and saw that his friend was up and standing at attention. Shaking his head, the demi-Saiyan lowered his blanket and dropped his shoulders, exhaling a sigh of disappointment as he concluded the meaning behind his unconscious adventure.
Videl was no longer the only one dominating his dreams anymore. She had at one stage, but now, thanks to a series of extenuating circumstances, his mind was now being invaded by a collection of other females, most of whom he’d formed powerful attachments with. His fantasies, which were once tame, had now taken on a whole new meaning of perversion and changed his default setting from innocent to full-blown hormonal male teenager.

"I guess nothing is sacred anymore," Gohan thought in a disgruntled tone of voice as he stared down at the blanket now barely covering his hips. With his naked upper body exposed to the nightly air, the teen then looked down at his right hand and clenched it into a fist a few times, showing just how riled up he actually was. "I've become just like any other ordinary guy." Whether he should be happy about this or not he would reserve judgment on later.

Whatever the case was, the half-blooded warrior knew he had to put a dampener on these erotic dreams of his. If he was unable to keep them under control and suppress his body's natural impulses, then he was certain he would be seeing a lot of trouble in the future, namely in the area concerning his anatomy acting up on its own accord.

A couple hours of meditation under a waterfall should do the trick and get his garbled assortment of fantasies back on track.

"At least I know I'm not dreaming anymore," Gohan murmured, taking a moment to look on the bright side of not being chased across the galaxy by a swath of girls out for his genes anymore.

Finally, he was safe.

But just as he was getting comfortable with the idea that he'd escaped the claws of his dreams, the demi-Saiyan then heard the door to his bedroom open up and, looking over to his left, he saw the blue-skinned form of Zangya step into view. Dressed in a set of revealing purple lingerie that exposed her toned stomach and accentuated a great deal of her delicious cleavage, with her soft, curly orange hair all a mess, the tired looking Hera scratched her head and glared across at her training partner, whom she could see was now sitting up in his bed and gawking in her direction.

Leaning up against the frame in an inadvertently alluring pose, the woman scowled, "What's with all the screaming, Gohan? It's two in the friggin morning. Some people in this house are trying to sleep."

"..."

"..."

"..."

At first there was nothing but silence, as Zangya's firm scowl set upon the stunned and bewildered face of her half-Saiyan counterpart. But then, after several moments of baffled gaping, the woman then saw the teen's face flash bright red, his nose start to bleed, and then, after swaying on the spot a couple of times, collapsed into his bed like a sack of potatoes.

Surprised at the teen's sudden cave in, the concerned Hera tiptoed forward. "Uhh… Gohan?"
Moving over to the side of his bed, she then looked down at his sprawled out form to see the vacant look on his face and the blood trickling out of his nostril. "Gohan? Hey. Are you alright? Gohan? Gohan?"

Responding to her words as best as he could, all the unconscious demi-Saiyan could do was mumble a few incomprehensible lines of dialogue, which quickly prompted Zangya to sigh, smile,
and shake her head at the out cold hero of earth lying underneath the covers.

"Geez. What a lug."

Not the best look she remembered seeing on him, but at least he was asleep now.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: lol

Character Biographies:

Name: Sentinel

Race: Android

Gender: Male

Occupation: N/A

Hair Color: N/A

Type: Mobile weapon house/Nano Tech user

Age: 6

Home Planet: Earth

History: In an effort to try and rebuild Android 16 after his unfortunate end at the hands of Cell, Bulma works tirelessly day and night to reconstruct the automaton from the files she was able to download from the original during his repairs. When she is unable to recreate the consciousness the original Android 16 possessed that gave him his humanity, she leaves the office exhausted and spent. One night, a file from the copy of Android 16's memories is opened up and a dormant A.I starts absorbing files from the main computer at an alarming rate. Upon gaining sentience, it forcefully uploads itself into the unfinished body on the lab's table and, after seizing control over it, continues to rebuild itself. The A.I turns out to be the original programming Doctor Gero intended to install into Android 16 in his desire to kill Goku and conquer the world, before being switched out for the kind A.I that the Z-fighters came to associate with.

A complete opposite of the original Android 16, Sentinel is essentially the manifestation of all the malice and hatred Doctor Gero poured into his creations. Cold, calculating, ruthless, and wanting nothing more than to destroy and conquer everything, the android murders Doctor Briefs and attacks his family. It's only thanks to Vegeta's efforts that prevent the robot from going on a murderous rampage. However, the android manages to survive the encounter, and is now in hiding, plotting his next move.

OOO

Name: Zeru

Race: Aster

Gender: N/A

Occupation: N/A
Hair color: N/A

Type: Energy shields, beams, shock waves

Age: Over 120,000,000

Home Plant: None

History: Once referred to as the vessel of destruction, Zeru is an alien descended from an ancient race of giant creatures called Asters, which inhabited the furthest corners of the universe millions of years before the first Kais came into existence. Known for wandering between planets and galaxies, Asters were massive asteroid-sized animals that fed on the life energy of planets, leaving behind nothing but death and decay wherever they went. The people of the planet Sariel called this particular entity Zeru; which translates to 'Planet Eater' or 'Wandering Death' in their language, and was regarded by many as a God. But in truth, it's actually a veracious parasite, sucking entire planets dry of their nutrients and turning them into empty, lifeless husks. Once they've drank their fill of a world, they move on.

Thanks to feeding on planets its entire life, Zeru is incredibly powerful, possessing the energy of several celestial bodies in a single shell. Due to its primary source of food and incredibly high energy level, the creature has its own Magnetosphere and is capable of producing concentrated blasts, shockwaves and barriers, allowing it to deflect all forms of energy. It also has enormous ribbon-like appendages capable of cutting through entire planetoids, and can fire beams able to destroy threats as big as suns.
Miles away from any known metropolis or mega city, high up in the mountain ranges of a distant countryside, a very big project was currently underway. In the middle of the misty wastelands consisting of scattered patches of evergreen forests, an enormous research facility and a campsite had been set up on the edge of what looked to be a primitive village of mud houses and wooden roofs. Obviously having been very poor and outlandish at one stage, the villagers of Natade were right now enjoying a rise in tourism and increased economic fortune thanks to the arrival of their out-of-town visitors, the majority of which were workers adorned in blue trade uniforms aligned to the company who had decided to make their base here.

Despite their appearance, the workmen weren't apart of any small mining company anyone was aware of, which was surprising given the abundant amount of crystals that were growing out here. Although they were providing an income boom for the simple folk who lived in this part of the land, what they were really here for was something of far more value, which also explained the strong military presence. The main base of operations constructed several hundred yards away from the outskirt village was surrounded by a barbed wire fence, which served as the defensive perimeter for a series of mobile buildings, jet-copter pads and shipping containers. In it, the dozens of company staff on supply could be seen hauling all sorts of equipment from heavy machinery to minerals, which moved back and forth across the property at blazing speed.

Inside the buildings scattered around the site, you could imagine a maze of hallways and clean rooms filled with high-tech computers and scientists hard at work, studying the material being brought in from outside. The amount of information they were gathering from this location was simply outstanding.

But the interesting activity wasn't what was happening inside the base, but what was taking place outside the gates. Crawling up the side of the nearby mountain, a winding road had been constructed by the company all the way up to the peak of the gradually sloping edifice. It was here, a full kilometer away from the primary facility that the real grinding was taking place, and was currently under the occupation of hundreds of staff members digging away at the walls. With the help of drilling machines and an army of other vehicles, little by little the men moved tons of ice and rock away from the crater at the top of the mountain. Given the peculiar position of the hole, the rocky edifice could've easily been mistaken for a volcano. But it wasn't.

As to what they were searching for at the top of that mountain, nobody knew. All the villagers and the staff at the base of the hill were aware of was that they were moving tons of snow and earth from its peak, and they were obviously trying to get to somewhere from it.

The crater at the top of the mountain was surrounded by a hexagonal platform with cranes that helped in hauling out the material from the large pit being dug. There were guards stationed all along it and, at the bottom of the hole, there was a platoon's worth of men working hard with pick
axes and other equipment chopping away at the frozen walls. A platform along the walkway had also been built directly above the dig site for observational purposes.

It was here ambling along this metal road with guards stationed along either side of it, the mastermind of the project was on the prowl.

The individual in question was a smartly dressed, fit looking male in his late twenties, with combed back black hair, a goatee and a mustache, wearing a tailor made black and white suit, polished wing-tipped shoes, and dark gloves. He certainly cut an imposing figure compared to the private military he had standing guard over the walkway along the rails in full tactical gear and masks. This was mostly thanks to the way he was carrying himself, with his head held high and his hands linked behind his back.

While the well-dressed stranger certainly caught most of the spotlight, the person he was strolling down the boardwalk with was just as intimidating. Obviously the boss's main bodyguard, this man stood at about two heads taller than him, and was decked out in a full combat armor. Unlike conventional military armor though, this one was a large mechanized metal suit outfitted with sensors and vents, with a strange yellow glow between the gaps of the joints and plates. Though it looked bulky and incredibly heavy, it was incredibly sleek, had a very muscular appearance to it, and a thick protective collar around the base of the helmet, providing complete protection for the neck area. The design of the suit concealed an assortment of weaponry and also featured a built in jetpack and repulse system, with the entire ensemble being specially painted in green and black army camouflage.

The face of the person commanding this impressive suit, who had the full facial visor of his headgear pulled up, was a Polynesian male with tanned skin, a very gruff appearance, with a small scar above his right eye and another on the left corner of his mouth.

As the two walked slowly side-by-side down the gangway, with the mechanical suit making a noticeable clunking noise with every step, the head of the organization shot a quick glance towards his companion and smiled. "Vulcan… you seem unusually quiet today. What troubles occupy your thoughts?"

Realizing he was being spoken to, the armored man glanced down at his boss before looking ahead of him once again. "Kaiser… I do not wish to be impudent… but when you took me on as your right hand, you charged me with the complete and utter subjugation of this entire planet."

Reaching up to stroke his beard, the bearded leader smirked across at his bodyguard, "A most noble cause for one with such a troubled past, I'm sure."

"And I am thankful for my task," the soldier exclaimed. Stopping in his tracks, he then turned to face his boss, who also stopped with his hands still set firmly behind him. "But sir… you have me skulking ancient ruins, guarding dig sites and raiding military installations across the continent." A shrug of confusion quickly followed. "How does any of this help me accomplish my goal?"

Smile widening, the bearded leader stepped off of the walkway and onto a nearby platform overlooking the icy crater far below. "A war against the denizens of this earth will require a great deal more machines and resources than we can currently muster."

Frowning, the armored warrior clenched his fists and caused the gaps between the plating of his armor to light up, a white aura bursting up around him like a flame. Vulcan's sudden power up prompted all of the soldiers lining the rails behind him to stand at attention in a show of force.

"I will take what we have!" the bodyguard declared confidently.
"And leave us defenseless?" Kaiser asked, shooting a look back at his soldier before looking across the dig site with a smirk. "I admire your lust for battle, Vulcan. It's a trait that made you one of the best and most notorious soldiers in the royal military at one point in your life. But if we plan on taking control of the population and overthrowing the bumbling fools that govern this world some day, it's going to take a lot more than eagerness and determination to get the job done… especially against the ones that defend this planet and call it their home… the so-called 'guardians' of this terrestrial cesspool." When he sensed his bodyguard power down and the soldiers relax, the tie wearing leader frowned as he stared off onto the horizon. "I'm sure you know the individuals I'm referring to."

Vulcan narrowed his eyes when he realized who his boss was talking about, "The warriors that were responsible for defeating that abomination Cell all those years ago…?"

"As well as preventing a number of other calamities that took place before and after," the leader continued, lowering his head as his eyes panned over the massive hole in the ice beneath him. "Their strength and power far exceed that of any weapon that this planet's military can possibly produce… conventional weapons anyway. So in order to defeat them, we're going to need a lot of time, money and patience in order for any of our plans to succeed… three things that I just happen to have an abundance of." Raising a hand, he then clenched it into a fist and held it in front of him. "If my information on this site is correct, then this mountain that we stand upon holds the key to a power that is beyond anything any other individual on this planet possesses… enough to crush these super powered protectors quickly… and with ease."

Finding this information perplexing, the armored guard narrowed his eyes and stepped towards his master inquisitively. "But this land is empty and lifeless. It's just a barren wasteland."

A chuckle soon followed the man's statement as the boss glanced over his shoulder at him. "Haven't you heard the expression? Don't judge a book by its cover… Vulcan."

Before the bodyguard could question the company head further on that statement, a series of footsteps from behind drew their attention down the walkway to see a beautiful young woman with short purple hair, dressed in a suit, short-skirt and high heels, ambling towards them at a casual pace. The bodyguard, recognizing the smartly dressed female immediately, took a step back and allowed her passage through to the lookout. In a show of respect, the office woman acknowledged the security chief's presence with a silent nod of greeting before she continued her approach of her superior.

The mogul smiled when he saw his secretary cart to a stop in front of him, "Ah yes… Colonel Violet. What can I do for you?"

A smile formed on the woman's face as she bowed to her leader. "Sorry to disturb you, sir. But Kuze sent me up here to inform you that they've found it."

Not needing to be told twice, the boss quickly instructed his bodyguard and the former Colonel of the Red Ribbon Army to follow and, side by side, the trio made their way down the gangway and towards the heart of the dig site. By the time they arrived at the first level of the manmade crater, over by the edge of the chasm, the squad of high ranking officials spotted a dozen staff members gathered around a steel dais, directing the crane operator as he hoisted something large from the bottom of the hole. When the boss stopped at the edge of the crowd, he, his bodyguard and his secretary watched as the crane lifted an enormous block of ice from the earth and maneuvered it over to them.

As soon as it was placed in the center of the platform and the chains holding it up slackened, the staff backed away to allow the boss to move forward and inspect the artifact for himself. Their
shouting and excitement soon reduced to a quiet clamor of murmurs, as every able man and woman there looked on to see the dig site's backer and chief overseer approach the crystalline monolith and inspect the treasure.

Once he'd gotten close enough, Kaiser reached out with a hand and ran it over the cold surface. Brushing away the layer of frost allowed him to see inside the transparent block of ice, which revealed to be containing a larger than average man, with an incredibly fit and muscular build, long black spiky hair, wearing white pants, golden boots, a red sash, and golden bands and cuffs with green emerald gems decorating them, lying frozen in the heart of the monolith.

The sight of the seemingly dead warrior had Kaiser's eyes widen in awe and an excited smile form across his face. "Incredible. You've been asleep here all this time," he whispered.

Even his bodyguard and the dig site's security converging on the obelisk looked upon it with amazement and curiosity.

Brow furrowing, the boss then glanced across at the head of the dig crew, who he could see was standing nearby wearing an orange high visibility jacket and hardhat. "Where exactly did you find him?"

The manager, Kuze, stepped forward and gestured towards the crater he and his men had been working on. "The boys located his body two hundred feet below the mountain's surface. At first we thought he'd been lying buried here for over a hundred years, but after analyzing the ice cores we managed to fish out of the surrounding landscape, we realized that his body has actually been buried for around six. We suspect it was a flash flooding and a freak storm brought on by his sudden entry into earth's atmosphere that led to him being frozen in such perfect condition."

Turning back to look at the 'corpse' lying in the ice, Kaiser narrowed his eyes. "Did you find anything else while you were down there?"

Smirking, the head of the dig site then pointed to another platform nearby. "As a matter of fact… we did. We found what we believe to be his space craft lying not too far from where we located his body in the center of the fissure." When everyone's attention moved around the crystal block towards the other station, they saw a pod-like vessel half frozen in ice sitting there with the hatch opened up for all to see. "The specifications of the craft match those of the two pods that reportedly landed in East City thirteen years ago and the remains of the one we recovered from the wastelands a year before."

This information brought a big smile to Kaiser's face. After which he turned his attention back to the block of ice and regarded it with a small moniker of admiration and respect. "Then it is just as I suspected. This man is definitely a Saiyan." He then turned and nodded towards Colonel Violet, who in turn directed one of the nearby workmen holding what looked to be a life support box up onto the podium. When the man stood beside the monolith, he pressed the machine up against its surface and began to scan the inside of the icy cell.

While Kaiser's secretary stood quietly on the sidelines with a smile on her face, Vulcan, curious as ever, approached his boss with a deep frown in play. "Is this man anything like those four warriors that were present at the Cell Games, sir?"

Smile still worn proudly on his own mug, Kaiser looked down at his armored soldier with a sly glint in his eye. "He is." Gesturing towards the glacier, he then proceeded to elaborate further on the matter. "I've been monitoring these Saiyans for quite some time… observing their battles from a distance, recording them, and taking careful note of each of their abilities. It's no secret who these people are since they've made no real efforts to conceal themselves from the public. This is mostly
due to the fact that the people of this planet believe their abilities to be fictional and a mere 'trick of the light'. But this carelessness has allowed observant people like me to gather some very useful Intel on them." He then turned towards his two assistants, both of whom were standing side by side and were listening to him intently, along with everybody else in the area. "Through my contacts at Capsule Corp, I was able to learn the names and identities of every single one of the planet's super human defenders… a group the head of the corporation nicknamed the Z-fighters."

Violet, smirking widely, placed her hands on her hips and shared a glance with the hulking bodyguard next to her. "That's a pretty cheesy name," she remarked with a shrug, "Still, you have to give the woman points for creativity."

Expression remaining unchanged, the boss turned to look off to another part of the dig site in thought. "This group has been known to associate with Bulma Briefs on a regular basis. A handful of them also happen to be members of her family. Though there are several figures amongst their faction that interest me greatly, it is these Saiyans that concern me the most. I am absolutely fascinated by their power, their ability to wipe out entire planets and civilizations with a single breath… and their capacity to increase their strength to unprecedented levels." He then turned his attention to the block of ice and the figure resting inside of it. "I believe that this one here is another key piece in the puzzle to helping us unlock the secrets behind the gifts that these aliens possess and claiming them for ourselves."

There was a moment of pause, in which all of the workmen gathered around the block looked around at each other in confusion and scratched their heads. Vulcan and Colonel Violet however knew exactly where their leader was going with this and shared confident smirks with one another. It was then Kaiser raised a hand, placed it against the block of ice, and tilted his head. "However… I'm afraid that this one subject isn't going to be enough. The information from Bulma Briefs' personal files on this particular individual tells me that he is a corrupt sample… a tainted specimen. We're going to need a lot more information on the others if we even have a hope of understanding the full extent of their capabilities. Even a single drop of blood from every one of them isn't enough. I need more." Bringing his hand back and gripping his chin, the boss then turned his gaze skywards in contemplation. "There is one Saiyan in particular that's caught a great deal of my attention… the one that goes by the name of Son Gohan. He has displayed a rather unusual set of skills over the years unlike any of the others that I have on record." He quickly turned his attention towards his bodyguard, who straightened up when he realized his boss was looking at him. "He's taken Videl Satan under his wing as an apprentice and is currently attending school with her at Orange Star High. I would like for you, Vulcan, to go over to Satan City and to have a little chat with him."

A dark smirk formed across the armored man's face. "A little 'chat', boss?"

Slipping his hands behind him, the company magnet faced his assistant completely. "Yes. With your ability to command the God Buster Mark III armor, I have every bit of confidence that you'll be more than capable of defeating him." He then held a hand up and clenched it into a fist. "I want you to capture him… and bring him to me."

Vulcan raised an eyebrow. "Dead or alive?"

The question had Kaiser smirk, "Either or. I don't care how you do it. Break him if you have to. Just remember… no civilian casualties and no unnecessary destruction of property. Got it?"

Face becoming serious, Vulcan lowered his head and bowed in understanding. "It will be done." With that said, the intimidating figure then turned heel and marched his way out of the area.
Upon seeing the hulking warrior head off, the purple haired Violet narrowed her gaze and walked up to her boss, where she then came to stand beside him. As the rest of the staff in the area clamored, discussing the possible reasons why their company owner was so obsessed with these 'alien' people, the secretary faced the man with a stern look and a hard eye. "Do you think it was wise, sir? Sending Vulcan to confront the Gold Fighter of all people? You know what he's like when he gets riled up…"

Kaiser chuckled, "If he gets mad, he gets mad. As long as he gets to fight Son Gohan, pushes him to his absolute limits and gets me the information I need, I could care less about whether or not either of them come out of this alive. It's just one less problem for me to worry about." The man then turned his gaze towards the workman scanning the ice block and nodded in his direction. "How is our intergalactic friend?"

Removing the plug, the officer nodded to the mogul in response, "He's alive, sir… and in perfect hibernation."

"Good," Kaiser murmured before jabbing a finger at him, "Keep him in an induced coma and prep him for transport to my science branch in Central City. Make sure his body is kept completely frozen." Upon receiving a gesture of acknowledgement and watching the surrounding workers bring in portable freezers to keep the block intact, the leader then turned his attention back to his secretary to see her awaiting instructions. "Get me an update on our research & development labs in North City… and cancel all my appointments for the following week."

Violet nodded in understanding, "Of course, sir."

After giving the frozen body one last look, Kaiser tapped his finger a couple of times and turned to his office assistant once again. "And activate all of the other assets. Put them on standby and wait for my instructions."

"Yes, sir. Right away."

"Young man…"

Hearing the wheezy voice call out across the quad drew the corporation owner's gaze downwards to see an old man with long, shaggy brown hair, wrinkles, adorned in the robes of a villager and carrying a walking stick as support, approach the podium. He was also accompanied by several other similarly dressed men and a little girl with curly blonde hair and a sweet face around the age of seven. The elder stood at the head of the pack, asserting himself as the leader and identifying to the gentleman as the one to have spoken.

The black haired Kaiser smiled when the old timer ambled up the steps towards him. "Ah. Zalador. How can I be of service?"

Throwing the ice block standing beside the man a foul look, the village chief marched over to the billionaire and set a firm glare upon him. "So… did you find what you were looking for?"

"Why, yes I did," the industrial tycoon exclaimed while placing a hand over his chest in a humble gesture. "I very much appreciate you for allowing us to use your lands to dig for this treasure. It has been an honor and a privilege."

Narrowing his eyes on the smiling, respectful man, the village elder ground his teeth for a few seconds in careful thought. He then spared a few glances towards the glacier and the person that was sealed inside of it. After giving it a long, silent look over, and getting a feel for what this great artifact the man had ventured all this way out here to acquire, Zalador frowned and turned his gaze...
back towards the ambitious hunter.

"Though I greatly appreciate what you have done for my people, vanquishing the monster that's been terrorizing our countryside and bringing prosperity back to our village, there is still something of great importance I wish to tell you," the elder rasped in a serious tone of voice.

The blissfully grinning boss with the goatee nodded, "Feel free to speak your mind, sir. My ears are always open for good friends."

Taking a deep breath, Zalador tightened his grip around his cane and spoke. "Do not awaken whatever is sleeping inside that block." When he saw the businessman and his secretary blink in surprise, the elder frowned even deeper. "There are some things in this world that were never meant to see the light of day. That man trapped inside the glacier... he may very well be one of those things." Pulling back so that he stood side on to the smartly dressed billionaire, the village chief bowed in farewell. "You would do well to heed my warning." With his piece said, the elder then walked his way back down the steps and towards his family waiting on the sidelines.

Watching the village leader limp away, Kaiser narrowed his brow irritably before then slipping both hands behind his back once again. "Come, Violet." He then turned away and stepped off of the platform, closely followed by his secretary.

As they left the workers to conclude their business and a large truck was brought down into the ravine with portable freezers to be set up around the artifact for transport, deep inside the icy prison, no one seemed to notice the finger of the frozen man twitch. To accompany this small movement, a wisp of green energy also ran up the Saiyan's chest up to his face. Before anymore anomalies could take place, the diggers setting up the facility meant to move the monolith began blasting the monolith with ice, keeping it at a subzero temperature and whatever was trapped inside of it asleep.

They did so as per the instructions of their boss.

After what he'd found out about this individual from Bulma's personal files on the Z-fighters and their enemies, the last thing Kaiser wanted to do was wake the Legendary Super Saiyan Broly from his slumber.

XXX

(The very next day)

It was the end of second period and, like with every other day, the classes were heading out to have a spot of lunch. Normally around this time Gohan and his group would amble over to their usual spot under the tree, eat and share stories with one another as a unit. But on this particular occasion, the group had split up a little in order to tackle certain chores that they needed to address first before going outside to get some good Vitamin D and whatever else came with eating under the sun.

Sharpener had headed off to meet up with his fellow rugby club members for a meeting in their room and was going to have lunch with them. Lime also had some paperwork to fill in for her previous class, so this meant she wouldn't be seeing them today either. This left Gohan, Videl, Erasa and Touya as the only available members of the troop, the latter of whom had taken the liberty to lead the group down to his girlfriend's classroom to meet up with her. On the way there, the demi-Saiyan and his crime fighting partner had found themselves locked in a rather interesting discussion about what sounded like something from the science fiction genre.
In reality though, the spiky haired male in the black turtleneck top, the yellow CC vest and black pants was actually passing on his knowledge of what he learned about the Planet Trade Organization from Kana to his girlfriend. It was a conversation that easily bit and held the raven haired girl's attention, while simultaneously inviting the other two teenagers walking alongside them to listen in as well.

"So Frieza was an Emperor of only one part of space and not the entire universe?" Videl asked, looking up at her boyfriend curiously as they exited the classroom as a pair, with Touya and Erasa in front of them. "Didn't you say that he wouldn't stop bragging about how he was the most powerful and feared being in existence?"

The demi-Saiyan sighed and nodded his head in a sad manner. "Yeah, but if we're being completely honest here, his strength isn't exactly such a big milestone anymore. It was at one stage… but after all the crap we had to go through over the years… we've taken that bar and raised it several steps higher." He then looked up thoughtfully for a moment. "Make that several flights higher."

Videl smiled at her boyfriend's statement. "That just goes to show that any race, no matter how small and insignificant, has the potential to exceed their limits and become something great. Even us humans," the tomboy replied while smiling warmly in the teen's direction. "Anyway, so he was an evil galactic emperor, but not as big a one as he claimed he was?"

"It's actually a really complicated arrangement to explain," Gohan murmured, scratching the back of his head while holding his books tightly under his arm. "While it is true Frieza was an emperor and a leader in the Planet Trade Organization, he commanded only a small part of it, representing the destruction branch of the company and was a ruler of only one portion of space."

Videl chuckled at the boy's emphasis on small, "And we both know how big and terrifying space actually is."

Grinning, the spiky haired warrior then continued to speak, "Kana said it worked out like this. There are two main factions making up the Planet Trade Organization; the destruction branch and the construction branch. The organization as a whole encompasses a significant portion of the universe across the four main quadrants, the North, South, East and West, with the headquarters of the company residing somewhere in the core systems. In each quadrant there are regions of space ruled by representatives of the corporation, most of whom proclaim themselves as leaders within their respective areas. Frieza was one of these representatives and so was his brother, Cooler. Both of them proclaimed themselves as emperors of their portions of space, which was befitting their primary occupations."

"So… that kind of makes them like warlords?" the tomboy said while raising a finger in realization.

The demi-Saiyan grinned brightly, "Exactly. A lot of the representatives of the destruction branch of the organization are tyrants, even though the entire chain of command is run like a business. Some of them can be real monsters like Frieza and his family, but a lot of them can be open to reason."

"And what's Kana's deal? You said she was only a part-timer, right?" Videl asked, stepping a little closer to her boyfriend.

Gohan nodded in response, "She's a freelancer representing the faction of the construction branch, hired to help in the preservation of rare planets. The leaders of the corporation value her greatly due to her ability to transport planets digitally and safely from one part of space to another."
A giggle left Videl's lips as she gazed up at her boyfriend, "It's amazing the kinds of physics you can bend when you come from a race of light people from the center of the universe."

"Kind of reminds me of that sweet movie I watched last weekend with my girlfriend about this down-on-his-luck high school boy that meets a beautiful girl who turns out to be an alien from a far off world," Touya suddenly spoke up, slowly down to walk in step with the couple to trade pleasantries with them. "I recommend you guys watch it. It's called Falling from Orion."

After sharing a look with Videl, Gohan then raised an eyebrow towards the brown haired sportsman. "That's a pretty apt title."

"It also sounds like a pretty good movie too," the hybrid exclaimed, wrapping an arm around his girlfriend's waist to smile down at her. "We should check it out at my place this Saturday... just the two of us."

"Oh. Is that an invite I hear?" the raven haired beauty asked slyly, laying her head against the boy's chest. "That's awfully forward of you, Mr. Son."

"Well, I figured since we've been so busy with work and everything, I'd bring you over to my place so that we can spend some quality time together. Do you have a problem with that?" the young Saiyan asked with a grin.

Videl chuckled as she turned in his arm to wrap hers around his waist and hold her body close to him, "Not at all."

While the pair flirted away, walking a couple of paces in front of them Erasa was looking back at the duo with her books held close to her chest and a downturn in her expression. Upon seeing the raven haired girl lean up to peck the demi-Saiyan on the lips, the blonde teen felt a ping in her chest that caused her to look away and continue staring ahead of her. This allowed the journalist in training to hide the pained expression that came across her face and tighten her knuckles around her binder.

A minute of walking later and the group eventually arrived at another classroom, where the familiar, blue haired form of Touya's girlfriend could be seen waiting just outside the door. The teen was wearing a very trendy pair of jean, blue vans and a red top that exposed her midriff, and also had with her a packed lunch held securely under her arm. What was also noticeable, aside from the fact that she was tall, around the same height as her boyfriend, and cute, was that she was also an anthropomorphic doe, with light brown fur and green eyes. When she saw the group approaching her from her left, the girl smiled and waved.

"Yukie-chan," Touya exclaimed, jogging towards the girl to meet her half way.

The tomboyish looking female greeted her boyfriend with a hug, stepping away from him with a beaming look on her face, "I've got some awesome treats to share with you today. I made them last night."

"Same here," the boy replied, holding up his neatly packed bento for her to see. "Wanna split em' up like we did last time... or just pinch it from each other's boxes while trading small talk?"

Yukie giggled at his enthusiasm, "Whenever we do that I always end up stealing everything from you... and you end up going hungry."

The boy then playfully poked her in the nose, "That's because you're cheat... and you're scary tough. I can never beat you at anything." The girl responded by jabbing him in the chest, earning a
playful laugh from him.

"Dick," she giggled, knowing full well that she didn't mean it.

Gohan, Videl and Erasa hung back and watched the lovey-dovey couple make plans on how they were going to swap meals with one another. As sweet as it was to observe their interactions from the other pair's point of view, for the blonde standing next to them, all it did was bring a sadder frown to her face and an even more unpleasant feeling to her stomach. Sparing a glance across at the demi-Saiyan standing next to her and seeing him bring his girlfriend closer only caused Erasa's mood to plummet even more.

It was only when she watched the boy pinch Videl teasingly in the side and saw her slap him in the shoulder in kind, the tube-top wearing teen decided she'd had enough.

Sensing their friend beginning to walk away, Gohan and Videl quickly turned to stare after her, with the former speaking up out of worry. "Hey, Erasa. Are you okay?"

The blonde stopped, breathing out a sigh at the sound of the boy's voice. "He's so sweet." Turning to look back at the two couples, the girl in the green shirt threw them a weak smile and ran a hand through her golden locks. "I uhh… I actually just remembered… I need to go see my media teacher about that intern position over at the news station up town." She then pointed in the direction of said classroom and backed away anxiously. "I'll meet up with you guys in the next lesson, alright?"  

Upon seeing the nods of acknowledgement from a couple of her companions, Erasa then wasted no time in hitting the road and quickly marching off to her next destination.

Watching the girl leave prompted Touya and Yukie to share a confused look with one another and wonder what had gotten into her all of a sudden. After Gohan and Videl also traded expressions of concern and uncertainty, the spiky haired warrior then fixed his attention on the corridor his friend had retreated down and clenched his free hand into a fist.

OOO

Managing to get away from the group brought a small sense of relief back to the blonde haired beauty. She didn't know how much longer she would've been able to stand there alongside her classmates before her chest decided to split open. That was pretty much how fiercely her heart had been ramming away at her ribcage. It was unbearable.

That being said, even though she'd been able to clear out of there before something did end up breaking, Erasa still had to contend with an upset stomach and a mind filled with turbulent thoughts as she strolled down the corridors of the school to a meeting with a teacher that was purely fictional.

The reason why she'd left the area so suddenly was obvious. She just couldn't take being in the presence of her friends, all of whom had found themselves soul mates amongst one another; especially the one whom she herself had incredibly strong feelings for. Seeing Gohan and Videl fraternizing with each other in such a manner caused her stomach to tense up and her heart to beat heavily against the inside of her chest. Hell, even the boy alone was more than enough to send her head into a downward spin.

She wanted to be with him, to share affections with him like he did with Videl, and to let him know that he meant more to her than anyone else in the world, and him in kind. She wanted to experience the exact same things her friends were feeling, only she wanted them with a boy who was already shackled up with somebody else, and that person just happened to be her childhood friend.
As much as she loved Gohan, she didn't want to interfere with his and Videl's relationship. She loved them too much to ruin what they had with each other, all because she was selfishly pining after the raven haired girl's guy.

"But he's the kindest, gentlest, most handsome guy I've ever met," Erasa thought. At that exact same time, the face of said demi-Saiyan appeared in her head and caused her arms to tighten further around the books she was holding to her chest.

Finding some momentary comfort in the thought of actually sharing a moment with the hybrid in her mind, the blonde continued her autopilot stroll through the institute. She was then about to come up with some place to have her lunch in peace, but was suddenly interrupted from her train of thought when a familiar presence nearby caught her attention. Looking to her right, she suddenly spotted Gohan walking towards her from the nearby stairwell with a concerned look on his face and a hasty step characterizing each of his strides.

The appearance of her classmate and crush had the blonde stop, stare, and, after seeing the half-Saiyan coast to halt beside her, smile sadly in return. "It must be cool being able to teleport wherever you want. Out of all the super powers I would have, that one would definitely be in my top ten."

The demi-Saiyan tilted his head and beamed at the girl, "What would some of the other ten be?"

Giggling, the girl turned to her friend and began counting on her fingers. "The ability to shape shift and super strength." She then made a twisting gesture with her hands. "You wouldn't believe how tough it is to open jars with these fingers. Trust me; it's painful and annoying."

Sharing a chuckle with the blonde following her little impressionist performance, the raven haired boy allowed a moment of silence to pass between them. When his expression softened, the hybrid then spoke to the girl in the most sincere voice he had, "Listen Erasa... ever since I started out at this school, I've noticed you haven't been... acting your usual self. Every time I want to try and talk to you or hang out, you always either run off or turn your back on me like I'm going to hurt you or something. It's really upsetting seeing you like that. I'm really worried about you."

Stiffening a little, the teen quickly averted her gaze. "I... I don't know what..."

"Please, Erasa," the demi-Saiyan spoke while taking a step closer, watching the girl rub her arms timidly. "I want to be able to talk to you again like we were able to before. I want to try and make things right between us. Just... please... tell me what's wrong."

Gritting her teeth as she felt the concerned eyes of her crush boring into the side of her head, the chirpy blonde then took a deep breath of air. After trying her best to fend off his honest advances and prying stare, she then shook her head and looked up at the demi-Saiyan with a hard gaze. "I thought I'd be able to handle it... this warm feeling burning deep inside my chest that would act up whenever I saw you. I figured that it was just a phase that would pass after only a couple of days and leave me in peace. But I can't take it anymore." She then fixed the confused young man with an honest stare, one that had him balk a little at how intense it was. "For the last year I've had feelings for you, Gohan. I don't know how or when it started, but all I know is that after hanging out with you, getting to know you and your family, and seeing the kind and gentle person that you really are, I suddenly found myself falling for you... and there's nothing I could do about it."

Expression reflecting a small sense of surprise, the young Saiyan then slowly relaxed and gave the blonde teen a troubled look. "So it is true... you really do like me." And he literally had to have it shoved into his face from two different people for him to finally realize it.
Erasa's eyes shimmered as she looked into the charcoal ones of her friend. "I love you so much that my heart hurts every time I see you and Videl together. But as much as I want to be with you and have you all to myself, you two are my best friends. The last thing I want to do is get in the way of your relationship." When she spoke, her voice trembled and cracked. It was a good thing that the two of them were alone in this corner of the school otherwise they would be receiving quite a lot of questionable looks from the other students.

At first Gohan didn't know what to say. However, after standing there frozen in place and looking into the now tear strung eyes of the blonde in front of him, the demi-Saiyan bit his lip and moved forward to speak. "Erasa… I—"

"I think it would be better for all of us if we didn't talk for a while… at least… not until this thing between us has passed," Erasa said, closing her eyes and looking away from the demi-Saiyan, cutting him off from whatever he was going to say next. "I don't know how long it'll take… but I don't think we'll be able to see each other again. I'm… I'm sorry… Gohan."

"Wait… Erasa…" Before the shocked Saiyan could stop her, he suddenly saw the girl turn heel and run, dashing around the corner and out of sight. This left the spiky haired young male standing there with his hand outstretched and a dismayed look pulled across his face.

When he felt her presence fade, the hybrid then allowed his arm to drop and, in the midst of the moment, contemplated whether or not he should go after her. But after some careful thinking, he quickly opted against it. He didn't want to make the situation any worse than it already was.

Meanwhile, as the boy's eyes fell to the ground and his shoulders slumped in defeat, hiding at the end of lockers in the corridor Erasa had retreated down, Videl could be seen standing there with one hand at her side and the other held firmly over her chest. Her eyes staring ahead of her, the tomboy was unable to say a word thanks to the information she was able to take away from the pair's emotional conversation. After then seeing her blonde haired friend rush past her with tears streaming from her cheeks, the tomboy couldn't help but feel her own chest tighten up as she sensed her boyfriend kick at the floor before slugging his way back to where they'd left Touya and Yukie behind.

Even after he left, Videl remained exactly where she was, leaning against the side of the locker with her own head hung low.

OOO

(The afternoon)

The rest of that day saw Gohan's group short one person. Though Touya questioned the other two why Erasa had suddenly decided to sit in a different row to them that day, the demi-Saiyan said that things were 'complicated' between them, whereas the tomboy had chosen to remain quiet on the subject. In the end, the mood up in that middle row stayed cold and choppy for the entire duration of third period. When the hour eventually ticked over to quitting time and the end of school bell rang throughout the entire complex, the entire populace inside the institute spilled out of the classrooms and back out into the city streets.

Like with every other day since the start of term, Videl's group waited for the majority of the students to file out so that they could avoid the bulk of the traffic. It was as soon as the river of bodies was at its thinnest that she, Gohan and Touya took their time to collect their stuff, before joining their peers out on the main road. Though it took them a few minutes, the trio eventually found themselves outside the gate and on the footpath. Once there, the brown haired sportsman threw a smile at the couple behind him before gesturing a little ways down the road, where his
girlfriend Yukie could be seen standing with her white bag slung over her shoulder and waiting patiently for him.

"I'll be heading off now guys. See you tomorrow," the teen waved.

"Yeah. See yah, man," Gohan responded in kind, seconds before he and Videl watched the man turn around and jog down the footpath to meet up with his other half.

The pair smiled when they saw them reunite. But while the demi-Saiyan was caught up in seeing his friend off his girlfriend's attention suddenly snapped to the footpath on the other side of the road. It was there, strolling down the street with her head down and her hand gripping the strap of her bag, Videl saw Erasa making her long, lonely trip home, ignoring the other students passing her by and absentmindedly dodging the rest of the civilian traffic along the way.

Blinking in surprise, the raven haired girl's expression then steeled before she turned to look up at her partner. "I have to quickly go pick up something before heading home. I'll catch up with you on Scape tonight, okay?"

Returning his girlfriend's statement with a surprised look, the hybrid then nodded in understanding. "Oh. Alright. Do you need me to come with you?" Gohan asked before suddenly seeing his colleague in crime fighting dash across the tarmac.

Making sure there were no cars, Videl took a moment to turn around and jog backwards so that she could wave to her boyfriend. "Don't worry! I'll be fine!" With a hasty grin, she then skipped back around and sprinted away, leaving the young Saiyan behind with his hand awkwardly rising into the air to wave back at her.

Seeing the raven haired girl disappear around the corner impelled the half-blooded warrior to lower his hand and adjust his pack. Wondering what could be so important to drag his girlfriend away so suddenly, the spiky haired teen figured that Videl had to take care of business related to her and to her alone. If she'd needed his help in any way, then she would have asked for it beforehand. So, reasoning that his classmate and friend of many years had a handle on it, Gohan checked his watch, assessed the time, then gripped the strap of his backpack and vanished in a flash of golden light.

By the time the young Saiyan took flight back to his place, Erasa was already halfway down the main road around the bend. A miserable look drawn on her face as she crossed another set of lights, the girl was just about to pass by a flight of steps leading up to one of the city's monorail stations. It was here, beside an empty park and bench with a line of soda machines standing beside her that the girl then heard a series of rushing footsteps approaching. Turning around in panic, thinking she was about to be attacked, the blonde then breathed a sigh of relief when she saw it was Videl jogging towards her.

Slowing to a stop, the city's poster girl brushed back some locks of stray hair and smiled at her friend. "Yo."

"V-Videl? Wha—… What are you doing?"

"I'm following you home, of course," the raven haired teen exclaimed, placing her hands on her hips and shooting her friend a sly smirk. "What? Doesn't your best friend of many years have permission to stalk you wherever you go around the city?"

Finding her friend's words a little bit off, the surprised blonde's expression then became serious as she turned to confront her pursuer. Despite being known for being the most cheerful and harmless person in the school, in that one moment, the future reporter appeared quite intimidating.
Alright… cut the crap. Why are you really here?"

Sensing hostility growing in her voice, Videl's smile disappeared and a serious look set across her face. "You really want to know?" Shifting her weight to one side and folding her arms over her chest, the raven haired hero of the capital decided to skip all idle pretenses and went straight to business. "I heard what you said to Gohan back during lunch time when you decided to run off to see your teacher." When she saw the blonde's expression switch to one of shock, the tomboy knew right away that she landed right on the mark. "Remember… back in the corridor?"

Eyes widening, Erasa's gaze then snapped away and she cursed inwardly at being found out. After several seconds of trying to figure a way out of this, her attention then switched back to the crime fighter and the blonde sucked it up. "V-Videl… I… I didn't mean…" Gritting her teeth when she realized that was the wrong thing to lead off on, the blonde restarted her response. "You and Gohan are the two closest people in my life next to my own family. I didn't mean to fall in love with him. It just sort of… happened."

It was at hearing this that Videl's expression slowly changed to a more deflated one, a complete difference from the unshaken contours of before. She then nodded her head in acknowledgement of her friend's reply and lowered her head, "Yeah. Gohan has that kind of effect on people."

Looking her childhood friend dead in the eye, the journalist in training continued her tirade. "I mean, how could I not? He's smart, strong, kind, generous, fun-loving, down to earth, and between you and me, he's without a doubt the hottest guy I've ever laid eyes on." When she saw Videl raise an eyebrow at the enthusiasm she uttered that last bit with, the blonde clenched her hands tightly and stepped towards the crime fighter in a pleading manner. "But he's your boyfriend… and you're his girlfriend. I don't want to get between the two of you and break you guys up, and even if I did there's no way I would be able to. He loves you too damn much." She then looked away shamefacedly. "About as much as I love him…"

Her expression reflecting her downtrodden reaction to the girl's confessions, Videl clutched her own arms tensely and looked down at her feet for but a moment. Once she'd processed everything the blonde had told her, the tomboy then looked up at her friend and spoke. "Erasa…" When she saw the blonde's gaze switch to her, the raven haired girl's eyes wavered as she looked upon her with warmth and fondness. "I treasure you as a friend just as much as I love Gohan and… I know in his heart… that he cherishes you just as much as I do. Sure that sounds cheesy as hell, but knowing exactly the kind of person that he is, I know that the last thing he would want to happen is to lose a person who has become so close to him… someone who has touched his life in so many ways and respects just as much as he does everybody else. He would go to the ends of the world to protect those he cares about… and for that I am certain."

Staring at her friend silently as her mind stewed over her words, the blonde swallowed nervously and, turning to face her classmate head on, spoke in a raspy voice, "But Videl… even if that's true… aren't you worried about my feelings towards him?" She then shook her head in bewilderment. "Aren't you… afraid that I would just end up getting in the way of you two? Because I'm gonna be completely honest with you… even if I was to try to go back to the way things were between us… I don't think I'd be able to look him straight in the eye knowing how much I like him." She then brought her hands together and locked her fingers anxiously. "If you two weren't already together, I would definitely still be trying to go after him…"

Looking her friend in the eye, Videl allowed a small smile to grace her lips and rested her weight on her right leg. "You really like him that much?" When she saw Erasa nod her head vigorously, the raven haired fighter chuckled and brushed a few strands of hair behind her ear. It was a gesture that had the blonde raise an eyebrow at her strange reply. "It's funny, you know… ever since
Gohan and I became boyfriend and girlfriend, almost every single girl around us who's become 
close friends with him, suddenly wants to have a piece of him. Lime… Zangya… Kana… I'm 
telling you, the amount of attention he's receiving is mindboggling." When she saw the surprised 
blink her friend gave, the tomboy placed her hands on her hips and smirked. "What's more, every 
single one of the girls who's made a move on him so far likes him just as much as you do. Even 
though we're officially a couple, it's suddenly gotten so much harder to try and keep him all to 
myself. At the rate this is going… I don't think any of our friendships are going to last for very 
long. Things are going to get ugly."

The wide-eyed blonde's mouth opened in confusion. "Videl…?"

Taking a deep breath, the raven haired crime fighter then looked towards the sky and took on a 
noticeably distant stare. "You know, one of the girls who said that they're also in love with Gohan 
had a very interesting proposition. Since she comes from a society that allows life partners to take 
on multiple mates and not just one… she suggested to all of us that we share him."

This particular news had Erasa's eyes widen in shock and her face turn bright red. "Sh-Sh-Sh-Share 
him?"

Seeing the expression appear on her classmate's face brought a look of amusement to the crime 
fighter's, which was quickly followed by a lighthearted laugh. "I know. I had the exact same 
reaction… well… at least I think I did. It's all still a bit of a blur to me." Videl then shook her head 
to rid herself of that memory and held a hand out to her friend. "But as much as I hated the idea, 
after hearing how much you care about Gohan and seeing how broken up you were after your 
confession to him… I'm starting to think that maybe giving that sharing concept a try wouldn't be 
such a bad idea. I mean, he is an alien… and a ridiculously hot alien at that… and a lot of the rules 
that apply to us certainly don't apply to him or his friends." She then crossed her arms and looked 
at her friend, who was still in a bit of a bumbling mess. "The point is… I don't want to lose a good 
friend over such a senseless squabble… or any of my friends for that matter… especially someone 
I've cherished since primary school."

Staring across at the raven haired girl in bewilderment for a few moments, the blonde girl then bit 
her bottom lip and stepped towards the crime fighter wistfully. "You… Videl…I…"

The girl's hand then shot up quickly. "I said I'd think about it. That doesn't mean I'm completely 
sold on the idea." She then grinned across at her warmly. "What I want is to try and resolve this 
thing so that I don't have to see my friend go home in tears and never have to speak with her again. 
I'm certain Gohan doesn't want to see that happen either. So let's just… give the matter some time 
and we'll see how this works out in the end, okay?" Inwardly she admitted the whole thing might 
turn out to be a lot of fun.

I mean, this was her best friend and her boyfriend she was talking about, the latter of whom 
arguably being one of the most good-looking and selfless guys in the world. What was there not to 
like?

Gulping nervously, Erasa then nodded her head dumbly and, after taking a deep breath, allowed a 
small smile to reappear on her face. "A-Alright. We'll do that." Taking a few steps back, the blonde 
then started to turn around until a sudden thought came to her head. Sparing a quick look back at 
the tomboy, the girl in the green top then blushed and rubbed her hands together nervously. "Just… 
for the record…" Erasa then smiled in a shy manner. "I don't think sharing Gohan with you would 
be such a bad idea. I… think you're really cute as well, V."

Realizing exactly where that line of speak was going caused Videl to blush and wave a hand at the 
blonde, "Oh, get out of here, you horn dog!" This shout had Erasa giggle and continue down the
empty road on her accord, all the while the raven haired fighter pointed after her waringly. "I said I'd think about it! You hear me? I'd think about it!"

Laughing a little as she began to walk, the blonde stuck her tongue out at her classmate. "Don't go thinking about it for too long, okay, because I'm getting impatient!"

Videl rolled her eyes, "Oh, suddenly you're sounding so confident. Now do you see what happens when I give you an inch?" Seeing the teen wave goodbye from a few yards away had the crime fighter sigh and wave after her as well. After trading one last smile with each other, the raven haired beauty then began to walk away and set her own sights for home.

But then, just as Erasa turned her attention to the footpath ahead of her, she then stopped when she noticed something off about the air.

Able to see clearly down the street, with cars and people moving around in the background like the backdrop of a movie, she also noticed a peculiar shimmer breaking up the air just a couple feet in front of her. It was almost like rays of sunlight were refracting through a pane of glass that was moving, which had the blonde take a back step to see if she wasn't tripping.

It was only after taking that small step the blonde received the shock of her life when she unexpectedly felt a powerful grip around her neck before she was lifted off the ground by an unseen force. The sudden jerk caused her to drop her bag and let out a strangled gasp in fright as her windpipe was practically blocked by the invisible hand.

Seeing her friend suddenly get lifted off the floor had Videl recoil in disbelief. When she realized the girl was in trouble, the crime fighter quickly dropped into a fighting stance and glared ahead at the collection of air on the other side of the floating blonde. At the same time the champion of Satan City's police force took aim with her hand and focused her hardest glare on the ghost that'd taken her classmate captive.

Initially baffled by what was going on, Erasa then watched in horror as the invisible gleam in front of her faded and, in a scene taken straight out of the movie Predator, a massive armored figure suddenly appeared out of thin air; the large fingers of its right hand wrapped firmly around the girl's neck. His cloak disappearing in a blue flicker of pixels, a large mecha about the same height as Piccolo, with green and black army paint, leered at the girl through its four, yellow optical sensors.

The moment the invisibility lifted, the helmet opened up and revealed a dark skinned, scarred male adult in his early thirties, glaring threateningly at the blonde teenager.

"You will come with me," he hissed.

With Erasa clawing and kicking uselessly at the suit's massive arm, Videl cautiously eased off of the footpath and onto the road so that she could get a clear shot at the mech's pilot. However, due to the manner in which he was holding the girl in front of him, being able to shoot the prick without hitting her friend seemed like it was going to be impossible.

Almost immediately, a nervous sweat broke out on the crime fighter's face. Not only did she have a hostage situation unfolding directly in front of her, but for some odd reason she just could not fathom, she was unable to sense the man's presence at all. His ki signature was being blocked by that weird armor he was wearing.

Just who the hell was this guy?
Knowing that this wasn't the time to be asking petty questions, Videl began to focus her energy into her palms and widened her stance. "Why don't we put the girl down and talk about this woman to **freak**?" she called out to the unknown assailant, her hand held steady and crosshairs locked onto his face.

Eyes snapping towards the teenager curiously, Vulcan then saw the girl he recognized immediately as Hercule Satan's daughter, edge across the main road and ready herself for a fight. After considering her words and looking down at the blonde in his hand, a smirk then formed on his face and he nodded to the city's defender conceitedly. "As you wish." Helmet visor snapping back across his face, he then tossed the blonde girl aside and lunged for the tomboy.

Almost instantly Videl opened up on the mecha with a rapid fire chain of golden ki blasts, which shot towards the creep from both her hands at light speed. However, the moment her attacks struck the man's armor, instead of taking chunks of metal out of it or disintegrating the mecha outright, the beams either bounced uselessly off of the tough shell or got absorbed by the strange plating.

Feeling the blasts ricochet off of his suit prompted Vulcan to duck his head and, as he jogged towards his target, he reactivated his cloak. In just a few milliseconds, the hulking metal frame thundering towards the Z-fighter turned invisible and vanished into thin air. When Videl saw her last ki blast shoot down the street and hit nothing, her expression instantly became one of alarm and frustration.

Backing away slowly, the girl narrowed her eyes and attempted to spot any telltale traces of her target. Since she couldn't feel the guy's presence at all, she had to rely on her other senses to do the work. However, in spite of the armor's supposed weight and size, the tomboy couldn't detect even a single sliver of her opponent. It had her and all of the civilians who were watching the events from the pavement scratching their heads in confusion.

At first Videl had no idea where her opponent was. But then, just as she was thinking he'd taken off, she heard a sharp hiss and an electronic humming noise appear behind her, and spun around. Thrusting her right hand forward, she attempted to fire a blast at her invisible opponent, only to have her wrist grabbed and her palm pointed upwards, resulting in her missing with her ki blast. Attempting to pull free, the teen then saw her opponent reappear out of thin air holding her arm with his left and holding a red beam sword shaped like a machete in the other.

Eyes widening in fright, Videl slammed a kick into the mech's forward leg, hoping to crumple it like aluminum. But her blow, despite its tank crushing strength, bounced off of the durable limb like it was nothing, leaving it completely unscathed. Stunned, the girl then jumped back at the last second and slammed both her feet into the suit's chest, yanking her arm out of his grip and avoiding the upward swing of the mech's blade… or at least most of it.

In the end, the tip of the laser weapon sliced into her chest, sending a spray of blood into the air and knocking the strong girl to the ground.

As soon as her back hit the tarmac and began to slide, the raven haired fighter put both fingers to her forehead and, with a quick power up, aimed them at the armored suit with a yell. "**SPECIAL BEAM CANNON!**" A pink corkscrew beam then shot out from her fingertips, striking the approaching mech in the chest with a deafening thunderclap. However, instead of drilling straight through the armored warrior and leaving a big hole in its chest, the beam suddenly got absorbed into the suit, the gaps of which lit up with a golden glow as it literally sucked in all of the energy powering the attack.

Once Videl was done firing, the flash of light produced by her attack faded to reveal that the robot...
was still standing without a single scratch. The sight of its untouched front had the wounded girl's eyes widen in shock.

"What the fuck?"

A metallic chuckle left the mech's lips as it stomped towards her. "*Thanks for the power up.*" As soon as he was close enough, Vulcan raised his energy sword and prepared to run it through the teen to finish her off. The sight of the weapon had Videl raise her arms in defense and prepare to move.

But then, just as the armored warrior was swinging down in a stabbing motion, Erasa suddenly jumped in front of him. "STOP!" Arms out, the blonde stepped directly into the path of the blade, which immediately ceased momentum and had to the mechanized soldier glaring down at the teen in surprise.

Seeing her friend movie in between her and her opponent caused Videl to look up in bewilderment. "Erasa! What are you doing? Get out of here!" she shouted, waving for her classmate to run.

Ignoring her friend's call and knowing exactly what would happen if she did move, the brave blonde lowered her arms and glared right back at the intimidating cyborg in front of her, "I'll come quietly if you let her live."

Hearing her concession loud and clear, the mechanical man retracted his blade and sheathed it into the side holster of his leg plate. Straightening up, Vulcan then stomped forward, grabbed the girl by the stomach with his whole hand and, holding her lightly in his grip, proceeded to walk down the street. Passing by the fallen Videl, who was still struggling to get back to her feet due to the deep flesh wound across her front, the hulking machine stopped and glared down at her. When he saw the raven haired teen look back up at him with a fierce expression, the pilot frowned behind his helmet.

"*Nine o'clock, tomorrow morning. The Plaza. If you want to see the girl again in one piece, tell him to come alone.*" It was a warning that had the Champ's daughter frown and spit at his feet.

Message given, the civilians watching from the sidelines then watched fearfully as the mech, with his blonde captive in tow, activated his jetpack and, with a loud roar of its engines, took off into the sky and shot towards the horizon faster than a bullet. In a matter of moments, he was gone, and so was Erasa's ki signature.

Crying out as she gripped the wound across her chest, Videl rolled onto her side and, bringing her wrist watch around, pressed the quick-dial button on the side of the face.

Under any normal circumstances she would've called the cops. However, in this case, ordinary backup wasn't going to cut it. So, knowing exactly who she had to call, she brought the communicator up to her lips and, with a strained voice, spoke into it as calmly as she could.

"Gohan… Erasa's been kidnapped…"

*(TO BE CONTINUED)*

Author's Note: So, things are starting to go really bad now. Let's see how our heroes fair against this threat.

Power Levels:
Z-fighters:

Erasa – 5 riki
Videl – 18,000,000 riki
Gohan – 30,000,000 riki

Antagonists:

Kaiser – 120 riki
Colonel Violet – 120 riki
Vulcan – Unknown

Biographies:

Name: Set, God of Storms
Race: Dio-jin
Gender: Female
Occupation: God of Storms
Hair Color: Red
Type: Godly ki user/Telekinetic
Age: Approximately 80,000,000 years
Home Planet: Houndark

History: An incredibly powerful martial artist from the Dio-jin race, an anthropomorphic group of humanoid dogs, Set is a female warrior possessing incredible telekinetic and fighting skills, and is capable of unimaginable feats of physics bending abilities and strength.

Millions of years ago, when she was just a child, she was taken in by Whis as his apprentice to become the very first God of Storms. Viewed by the master martial artist as his most gifted and talented student, Set was a remarkable fighter with a knack for manipulating and controlling celestial energy, so much so that she could pass it on to others. When she was still young, Whis said to her that when she was old enough she would be able to take his place as teacher and chief guardian of their universe. However, when the oracle fish (seer) said that she wasn't destined to become his successor, Whis turned his attention to another student. Set felt betrayed, and over the many years she served as the God of Storms, her heart became filled with hate, jealousy, and resentment.

Thousands of years prior to the start of the series, around the time humankind was still in its infancy on earth, Set attempted to seize control of the universe, but was stopped by the Gods and Kais of the seventh universe. After a long and endless war with her fellow protectors of the cosmos, she was eventually sealed away inside the Nexus, an impenetrable prison inside a pyramid in Ancient Egret, as punishment for her crimes. In her solitude, Set's bitterness grew as she trained...
and meditated for over twenty thousand years, until she is later revived by her four minions.

When she encountered the Z-fighters, Set forced them to battle her servants. After Gohan and his friends emerged victorious, she offers them a chance to become her servants, but ends up fighting them instead. During the battle, she ends up mortally wounding Videl, a blunder that inadvertently causes Gohan to become enraged and assume a celestial form utilizing the Godly ki he unknowingly syphoned from her prison. The battle ends in her complete and utter defeat, and when she eventually regains consciousness on a distant planet, she winds up being taken prisoner by Varax to have her body broken down for its secrets.

OOO

Minions of Set – Four Dio-jin warriors that act as the main bodyguards of Set. Extremely loyal, relentless, and each possessing incredible power and skill, they are minor deities forced into the service of the God of Storms. They are so devoted to their master, that they are willing to do anything to see that her wishes are fulfilled. This is mostly out of fear of being killed by her hand. When they're released from their tomb, the group of four immediately go after the strongest power source on the planet, Gohan, to use his energy to free Set from her prison.
Gasping when she felt a surge of life flood through her entire body like a current of electricity, Videl sat bolt upright from the spot she was lying in shock. Due to the sudden nature of her awakening, her lightning fast movement startled the person who was helping her and caused them to take a really big step back for safety.

Blue sapphires darting about in paranoia, Videl expected to see her body still lying in the middle of a street in downtown Satan City. As it turns out, not only did she find herself surrounded by the familiar tiled surface of Kami's Lookout, but the faces of all her closest friends and martial arts instructors. These took the forms of Dende, Piccolo, Mr. Popo, and Gohan, the former of whom was sitting comfortably on her right-hand side.

After clearing the spots of grogginess from her eyes, the teenager groaned and squinted across at her boyfriend, who she saw had come to kneel alongside her.

"W-What happened?"

The demi-Saiyan smiled, "You passed out just a few seconds after I arrived. That attack you received across the chest must have shocked you a lot more than you initially thought." He then gestured to her top, which he could see had been sliced right through. When the crime fighter reached down and ran her finger over the cut and the now perfectly healed wound, Gohan continued without missing a beat. "However, your adrenaline rush kept you awake long enough for me to teleport to your position and get you out of there. It's a good thing you dodged whatever it was that hit you… otherwise you would have been in serious trouble."

A nod of understanding was the girl's immediate reply. "Damn it! This is literally the second time this has happened to me. I've really got to watch my back out there so that I don't have to go through this crap over and over." She then directed her gaze towards the earth's guardian and smiled warmly at the young Namekian. "Thanks, Dende."

The overseer of the planet beamed in response, "No worries. Always glad to help. I only wish I could do more."

"I'm sure you do more than enough for us," the raven haired girl remarked.

As the female Z-fighter inspected her wounds and thanked her boyfriend for saving her, she was then interrupted by the firm and commanding voice of the former overseer of the planet speaking up from the sidelines. "Now that you're feeling a whole lot better, do you mind telling us what the heck happened to you down there that almost ended with your body being cut in half?"

Blinking up at the serious looking Piccolo, the raven haired teen's brain quickly rewound the footage of her death-defying encounter with her assailant. As soon as her memories returned and
her processors kicked, Videl's gaze then switched over to her half-Saiyan schoolmate in panic, "Gohan… that guy that attacked me… he got Erasa."

Despite having heard this part already over his communicator, the hybrid's eyes narrowed gravely. "What guy? Who was he?"

"I… I don't know," the girl stammered, her expression becoming just as dark as she looked the boy square in the face. "He just showed up out of nowhere."

"Can you tell us what happened?" Piccolo asked, wanting to hear the story with his own ears in order to find out how things for Gohan's friend managed to spiral out of control so quickly.

Looking up at the rest of the group, it took Videl a couple of moments to get her flashes of events in order. The moment she did so, she then began a thorough retelling of her few-second skirmish in the middle of her city. "It was just several minutes after I left school. I followed Erasa into town and after I caught up with her beside the station, the two of us had a chat. When our conversation ended and we were about to go our separate ways, this freak in a giant metal suit literally appeared out of thin air and attacked us. After I tried to fight him off, he sliced open my chest with an energy sword, grabbed Erasa, and then took off with her to Kai knows where."

Looking up at the rest of the group, it took Videl a couple of moments to get her flashes of events in order. The moment she did so, she then began a thorough retelling of her few-second skirmish in the middle of her city. "It was just several minutes after I left school. I followed Erasa into town and after I caught up with her beside the station, the two of us had a chat. When our conversation ended and we were about to go our separate ways, this freak in a giant metal suit literally appeared out of thin air and attacked us. After I tried to fight him off, he sliced open my chest with an energy sword, grabbed Erasa, and then took off with her to Kai knows where."

"Can you tell us what happened?" Piccolo asked, wanting to hear the story with his own ears in order to find out how things for Gohan's friend managed to spiral out of control so quickly.

Sharing a look with Gohan, one that reflected extreme concern over the matter, the older Namekian then looked back at the teenager inquisitively. "You're one of the strongest people on this planet and probably the entire galaxy. How can some joker in body armor harm you?"

Videl scrunched her face up in thought. "This wasn't some ordinary costume or tactical gear that was thrown together by some loner in a backyard shed. The thing was tough… like… super-human tough. It looked like one of those big, military, Iron Man type mechs I remember reading in a comic book not too long ago. The tricks this thing could pull were unreal. Not only could it turn invisible and hide its movements, but it was also able to completely mask the ki signature of the man inside it. The creep who was piloting the thing looked like some scar-faced, ex-military jokey, but he knew exactly how to scrap using both stealth and close-quarters. So I think it's safe to say he was trained to operate it."

This information had Gohan bring a hand to his chin and rub it anxiously, "If it's anything like those robots Cooler brought with him when he attacked New Namek all those years ago, I think I can see why he was able to beat you. Those things were tough and hit like a train."

"That's not all," Videl interjected, surprising her boyfriend and drawing the attention of all the men standing beside her. "The suit also did something else I'd never seen before. Not only was it able to render all of my attacks useless, but when I tried to shoot it the suit absorbed every single one of my blasts. It's almost like they were sucked into it."

Eyes narrowing, Piccolo and Gohan looked at each other with beads of sweat appearing on their faces.

"That sounds just like…" the demi-Saiyan murmured.

"Yeah. Like the first two androids we encountered seven years ago," the Namekian finished with the bottom of his right eye twitching.

His student reflected a similar look of trouble, indicating how dark their situation had become. "But it seems like whoever designed the technology for this guy made some improvements."

Full-body energy absorption? The last enemies they encountered that could absorb energy blasts
had that capability confined to the palms of their hands and that trait was easily circumvented by chopping off said hands. From a fighter's point of view that was an extremely effective defense to have in combat. But from a hero's point of view… that meant nothing but bad news.

Videl, hearing this exchange of words loud and clear, looked towards her Saiyan boyfriend with an apprehensive frown. "Doctor Gero and Android 19#, right? Those were the androids you said were able to absorb energy and were able to move around without being detected." When she saw the nods from both senior fighters, the girl clenched her fists. "That would mean this guy must be incredibly dangerous."

"All we know thus far is that the suit this mercenary is using is extremely durable and can take energy blasts like a champ. As to how strong he is, we don't know," Gohan said, rising to his feet and turning his gaze towards the horizon. With his game-face fully set, his charcoal colored eyes burned fiercely against his whites with fury and intent. "But I'm going to find out."

Sensing the determination in her crush's voice, the still shaken crime fighter from Satan City stood up and faced him with her foot firmly on the ground. "He said he'll be in Satan City's Central Plaza at nine o'clock tomorrow morning, waiting for you. Since he's also got Erasa as a hostage and will likely be holding her at point, he'll be expecting you to come alone."

"Then that's exactly what I'll do," the demi-Saiyan said, glancing back at the group to see the concerned stares he was receiving from them. "I don't want her or any of you guys getting hurt… so I'll go along with this creep's demands, for the time being. If his tech's as good as I think it is then I don't think we'll be able to mount a successful rescue mission without him catching wind of us."

Even if they could suppress their energy, not only did they still run the risk of being picked up by whatever sensors the guy had installed in his armor, but Gohan wouldn't put it past this assassin to plan for an attempted snatch-and-grab maneuver.

After all, he was able to catch Videl, one of the sharpest fighters on the planet, completely off guard and knew exactly how to fight someone of her specialization and skill set. That screamed 'dangerous' on a number of different levels.

If he even smelled that there was someone else in the area, then there was the absolute possibility that he would straight up kill his prisoner. That was an eventuality Gohan wasn't going to let happen.

Piccolo stepped forward, "Are you sure you want to do this alone?"

Gohan nodded, looking back at his friends for a moment before a small smile graced his lips. "If anything goes wrong… you know where I'll be."

With her grip still firmly enclosed around the gash in her shirt, the raven haired crime fighter gave her boyfriend an understanding nod as her stare remained fixed on his person. "The two of us will be watching from a distance. In case things go south, we'll be there to help." She then spared a look up at the Namekian, who also gestured affirmatively and unfolded his arms as a sign that he was ready for action. "Erasa's my friend too. There's no way I'm going to let you carry the weight of this mission all on your own."

When he saw the two most active members of their team step forward and vocally announce their intent to support him, Gohan, with determination burning in his eyes, responded to their decisions with a smile and a nod of acknowledgement.

XXX
A cool silence stretched across the vast landscapes surrounding the outskirts of Satan City. This was also the case regarding the grounds of the capital's local power station. Here, with lights blazing over the entire property and illuminating the two large columns acting as the place's primary cooling towers, the most recognizable elements of the facility, a collection of workers could be seen waiting away the night performing various maintenance tasks and standard surveillance chores. Men wearing high visibility jackets and hardhats patrolled the grounds, with most of them inspecting the power lines and the main structures forming the major bulk the facility, checking on the conduits for their feedback.

It was all business as usual on the outside and so far no alarms had needed to be activated. This was also the situation involving the many workers inside, the majority of which were scattered throughout the main building and toiling away in the planet's many sectors. As this was a nuclear-type facility, you could expect there to be a lot of men and women on station overseeing the continued operation of the base and the dispersion of power across the region. With the amount of energy being outputted on an hourly basis, there was an equal amount of chance for a minor glitch in the system and catastrophic failure occurring on their watch.

However, since this industry was a direct product of Capsule Corporation and their line of high-tech, sustainable energy plants, confidence was good across the broader range of employees in reference to the station's reliability and ongoing performance. For the past twenty years, there had been no real technical issues, no emergencies, and no breakdowns. Since this was the current track record, most of the staff inside was spending their time doing whatever they could; catching up on their reading or just hanging out and chatting, while occasionally looking in on their stations to make sure that all was well with the numbers.

One security guard in particular was currently patrolling the inner workings of the facility around the main line. Flashlight in hand, the man with the mustache and the vest scanned the corners and shadows of the chamber, while also paying particular attention to the ceiling. Once he was certain the room was clear, he left to check out another area.

The instant he left the room, a figure who the guard had no idea had been present and had been crouching quietly in the corner, unexpectedly appeared out of thin air and approached the main terminal, which consisted of several metal boxes monitored by computers. Upon making sure the coast was clear, the massive army painted mech turned its attention to the main box with a chuckle, his yellow optical sensors flickering with mischief as it scanned the layout of the instrument.

Raising his hands, the ever stealthy Vulcan reached for the door and spoke in a metallic voice, "Hello, power line. Mind if a burrow a little bit of energy?" Grabbing the sides, he then effortlessly ripped the lid off of the large box and unveiled a big, transparent pipeline with blue energy running through it underneath. Tossing the door away with a loud 'clatter', he then cocked his hands back and took aim. "Don't mind if I do." He then thrust his hands through the glass, shattered it, and grabbed the metal wires underneath.

Almost instantly the entire room flashed red and a large humming sound rang throughout the chamber. A split second later, the sirens went off all across the power plant as bolts of liquid lightning shot out of the breach and began to strike the room. However, the expulsion of excess energy didn't last, as within mere moments of its exposure to the air, the power began getting sucked into Vulcan's metal suit, which proceeded to drain the electricity being produced by the plant at an alarming rate.

As all this was going down in his area, the intercoms set up around the facility blared to life and
began to shout over the emergency sirens. "Energy breach in Sector 7-E! Energy breach in Sector 7-E! Emergency protocols engage!" The moment the woman's voice spoke up, every single entrance in the room became sealed by large metallic doors. Each weighing about a ton, the black and yellow striped barriers slid shut with simultaneous, thunderous clangs. "Sector 7-E successfully quarantined!"

The nodes and gaps in his suit lighting up bright blue, electricity crackled and danced across his body. At first the transfer of power caused his armor to jerk and twitch, while also drawing a growl of effort from the user. But as the outflow of highly potent energy into his body intensified, his hearty exclamation of effort was replaced by a roar of laughter, before the man breathed a long sigh of relief. Leaning his head back, the human inside the mech huffed and groaned.

"This is amazing! The power!"

While the electricity and radiation continued to pour into his armor, and the workers at the station rushed around in an attempt to fix the problem, over in Satan City, every single light across the metropolis was tweaking out and flickering like mad. Entire blocks randomly went pitch black for a couple of seconds, moments before flashing back to life and repeating the process over and over for the next several minutes.

It was only when the men monitoring the stations at the terminals finally located the source of the problem that they quickly went about shutting down the station's engines and proceeded with the grueling task of isolating the breach. Unfortunately, thanks to Vulcan's grip on the main line and the rate at which he was draining the energy from the core, it made it incredibly difficult for the plant's operators to shut down and purge the system.

"Cut the main line to Sector 7! Now!" one of the officers at the control station shouted, flipping switches and turning knobs all across the board.

His colleague in the glasses shook his head furiously. "We can't! The receivers in that area aren't responding! Something's interfering with the system!"

"Then shut them all down! Run the overflow out through Sector 6 and 5, and flush the area!"

"I don't think the transformers will be able to handle that much power."

"Then activate the emergency lines!"

After several tries and with some forceful tampering of the system, they eventually succeeded in their task.

But by this point, the suit wearing human had managed to gather enough energy that he'd literally shortened the overall lifespan of the station's core.

The entire area surrounding Satan City went dark, with the town itself turning black and disappearing completely from satellite view. With the alarm inside the plant still going, the blazing red chamber Vulcan had found himself confined in then activated the fire suppression system, the pipelines above opening up and beginning to spew Halon gas into the area. By the time the room became flooded with smoke the mech pilot released his grip on the main line and took a big step back.

Amidst the lights that continued to flash like methodical strobes and the clouds bellowing through the air, the lines and gaps all over the soldier's body glowed blue and his four optical sensors blazed yellow. When he turned around and faced the doors isolating the chamber, a metallic
chuckle left his lips and a current of blue electricity ran up his now supercharged body.

With energy levels comparable to the sun pulsing through his armor, he knew right away that he was ready.

"I guess this'll do for now. Time to kill me a Saiyan."

XXX

(The very next morning)

Due to the unexpected meltdown at the power plant, the entire region encompassing Satan City experienced a full two hours of blackout and electrical difficulties. The workers at the station labored quickly to fix the issue, in that time leaving thousands of people in darkness. Though this wasn't much of a problem seeing as how most of population was asleep, this was extremely inconvenient for all those who were working the night shift, particularly the hospital and at other emergency departments. Fortunately the facilities were able to activate their backup generators to keep their various life-support systems running and their doors open. It being an incredibly vital part of the community, it made perfect sense that they had to be the ones most prepared for a situation like this.

By the time dawn eventually ticked over, the staff at the power plant was able to attend to the source of the power outage and make repairs to it. Electronics and technology were soon restored and by the time people started to get up for the day ahead, the city was once again running at full capacity. Though the workers were unable to figure out the exact cause of the explosion in their main power line due to the surveillance feeds being messed with prior to the disaster, the security at the station was still put on full alert. In case there was another energy surge, the staff made extra certain that they were ready to rush in and address the issue as efficiently as they could.

Thanks to being occupied up on Kami's Lookout making preparations for the battle ahead, the members of the Z-fighters Gohan, Videl and Piccolo, who had been brought to the attention of the mysterious armored assassin the previous afternoon, completely missed out on the blackout debacle. After all, regularly occurring human calamities were considered the least of the team's worries, as they were currently dealing with an even bigger issue in the form of a ki draining sociopath. The thought that the man was capable of absorbing different types of energy was completely lost on all of them as the demi-Saiyan and his teammates flew down to the capital in the final hour leading up to their fated meeting with their unknown quarry.

Landing on a distant tor on the outside of Satan City, Gohan, Piccolo and Videl went over the plan of attack one last time. After assuring his comrades that he would be okay, the young warrior, dressed in a white turtleneck and tight jeans, and assumed in his Super Saiyan form, took flight towards the center of the metropolis. Passing over traffic and crowds of people wandering aimlessly in the streets, the powered up young warrior soon arrived in the Central Plaza.

This particular landmark and tourist hotspot was designed into a miniature town square; a quad with a post-modern statue made of iron and resembling a person standing in the center, with enormous glass buildings, most of them five star shopping malls, surrounding the courtyard. Set in the heart of the wealthiest district within the city itself, there were dozens of people wandering around the place, enjoying breakfast at the local bars and having tea at the cafes setup alongside the shops. Since it was still early in the morning, the people had yet to clear off to their day jobs. The only plus-side was that the malls weren't flooded with customers yet. That wouldn't happen until sometime around ten.

Nevertheless, Gohan found the presence of people worrisome, and regarded them with both care
and caution. After landing on the edge of the square and having a quick look around, drawing a couple of bewildered gazes from those civilians who recognized him as the Gold Fighter, the young Super Saiyan then began to march. Sensing and seeing nothing for him to be concerned about at first, the teenager then started a more thorough scan of the area. He circled the plaza, patrolling the floor plan and keeping an eye out for any sign of his would-be adversary.

The man had called him out here for a fight. If it was a battle that he wanted, then the Saiyan was going to give it to him.

Taking note of the large clock setup against the side of one of the buildings and seeing the hand tick over to nine, Gohan stopped beside the plaza's central statue and waited. Silence dawned across the area for the focused and battle hardened warrior as his steel gaze narrowed on the massive shopping complexes in front of him. With people continuing to walk about and some even stopping to snap some photos of him, particularly a group of girls from a nearby private school, the entire scene drew to a suspenseful still, in which nothing but white noise filled the half-Saiyan's ears.

Then, moments later, a scream of fright broke the mold, followed immediately by a series of surprised gasps that instantly had Gohan's body snap around.

Gaze locking onto the glass shopping mall on the other side of the plaza, the demi-Saiyan then used super speed to approach the area the noises and exclamations were coming from. When he entered the mall via the open glass doors and skidded to a stop at the edge of the crowd gathered in the center hall, the young man quickly nudged his way to the front. When he managed to weave his way through the mob of civilians, the young warrior then recoiled in shock when he saw for himself the cause of the disturbance.

Sitting as the centerpiece for the mall's grand entrance, there was a large fountain with the statue of Venus positioned proudly in the center. Through the cascading water raining down from the cupid statues gathered above the goddess and into the shallow pool surrounding her, Gohan spotted a person bound, gagged, and standing conscious against the statue with their hands tied in front of them.

It wasn't just any person either.

"Erasa!" Gohan gasped, before quickly sprinting forward. Jumping over the wall, the boy landed directly in front of his friend in a heartbeat. When he saw the girl look up at him, the concerned Saiyan took a quick moment to assess her condition. He narrowed his eyes when he saw a strange metal collar with a blinking blue light wrapped around her neck. Gripping it between his fingers, he snapped it in two and was relieved to feel her ki come back into focus. "An energy suppressor?"

Seeing she hadn't been harmed in any way, with another quick tug he snapped the ropes holding her to the statue, freeing her from the marble pillar. "Are you alright?" He then reached up to remove the gag.

The instant he pulled it away, Erasa shook her head and looked up, only for her eyes to widen in horror a split second later. "LOOK OUT!"

Spinning around, Gohan immediately spotted a red energy blade being guided by an unknown force and flying straight at him like an arrow. The sight of it approaching causing him to react in alarm, he speedily pushed Erasa out of the way and ducked at the last second, avoiding the blow that would have impaled his skull.

The instant he dropped, the energy sword buried itself into the side of the statue where it stopped. Instinctively, the young half-Saiyan then lunged towards the air and drove an elbow into whatever
was attacking him. It came as no surprise when he felt his arm slam into something solid and heard a loud grunt. This was shortly followed by his invisible opponent dematerializing out of thin air as his active camouflage dissipated and his body was sent stumbling away, sword still firmly in hand.

Lying in the fountain water, Erasa looked back to see a now visible Vulcan staggering away, with Gohan standing bravely in place with his elbow jabbed forward.

The moment the giant mech appeared and attacked, the crowds of people flocking to the fountain quickly took flight, scattering across the plaza and out onto the streets, screaming in fear.

Upon hitting his opponent, the demi-Saiyan leapt out of the fountain and tumbled along the ground in an evasive maneuver, leaping to his feet and spinning around to properly face his assailant. When he did, he saw the massive, hulking mech, which stood at the exact same height as Piccolo, stomping towards him with his yellow optical sensors flaring brightly. Narrowing his eyes the young warrior threw up his left hand and fired a powerful *Kiai* right into the machine's chest. The repulsive shockwave slammed into Vulcan head on and managed to slow him down, jerking him to a momentary halt. Despite this, the soldier kept right on coming, bringing up his sword and, using speed the Z-fighter didn't expect, lunged forward and swung for his head.

Gohan slipped it, avoiding the decapitating strike and prepared for another blast. But the mech swung at him a second time with an upward blow, which clipped the Super Saiyan in the shoulder. Grunting at the glancing blow, the young warrior gritted his teeth and rushed forward. Diving in close to stop Vulcan from using his weapon, he tackled the armored suit in the stomach and sent him into the ground, slamming the man's back into the fountain wall and crushing it under his weight.

Seemingly dazing the pilot, Gohan kept it pinned to the floor with his full body. When the giant robot turned its head to look in his direction, the demi-Saiyan backhanded it with his fist, stunning him, before grabbing its arm and slamming it repeatedly into the floor, forcing it to release its sword. The weapon flew out of his grip and landed outside the fountain's pool, just a few feet from where Erasa was now standing out in the open.

Giving an audible growl, the mech suddenly reached over with its free arm, grabbed Gohan's waist with its gigantic hand, and threw him to the floor next to him. As soon as he had the Saiyan on his back, Vulcan cocked his right fist behind him and slammed it into the teen's stomach, caving him into the floor. The blow landed with a deafening thunderclap, drawing a cry of pain from the demi-Saiyan and causing him to spit up blood as a result of the rib crushing blow. The teen then ended up grabbing the stomach area that was hit with both hands, rolling over in agony while the giant armored suit lumbered to its feet.

After rising to full height, Vulcan stomped around and smirked down at the fallen warrior. *"Like the rest of your kin; you lack discipline and imagination. Pathetic."* With the Gold Fighter still on the ground, the pilot reached down and grabbed the teen by the head. After turning his face towards him to get a good look at his cringing mug, the mech then turned, aimed out the entrance of the shopping complex, and chucked the boy straight out into the plaza.

Gohan's body was sent flying through the wall of glass, where he proceeded to bounce several times across the square and eventually slam into the building on the other side. His impact was marked by a shattering of glass and a cloud of dust, which shot out of the store he'd ended up flying into like a miniature explosion.

Seeing her friend get taken down brought a terrified look to Erasa's face. '"Gohan!"

The sight of the boy's crash landing drew a chuckle from Vulcan, who then stomped after him and
out of the ruined mall. Not caring as he broke down the rest of the door frame and began cracking the tiles at his feet under every footstep, the giant armored suit made a terrifying impression on his audience as they ran screaming past him in panic. Now that explosions were taking place across the plaza, no one wanted to be within even a mile of this bout. Only those who'd heard of the Gold Fighter's legendary exploits and were bold enough to want to stay, held their ground and kept their distance.

While marching across the now slightly battered square toward the other side, the armored warrior smirked. "After everything I heard about you Saiyans, I figured that you would be a lot tougher than this. But I guess I was wrong."

A few seconds after he said this, he suddenly saw the hole in the café's wall explode outwards in a shower of rubble and debris, which blocked out his view of the ground floor of the structure for several moments. Stopping in his tracks, Vulcan narrowed his gaze upon the anomaly as his scanners honed in on the center. A split second later, he saw the cloud of dust clear and his adversary come floating out of the shop. Battered yet standing upright and proud, Gohan's golden aura blazed around him like a hurricane, with currents of blue electricity surrounding him, and his hair elongated and standing on end, accompanied by a single bang beating over his forehead as opposed to his previous two.

Blinking at the sight of the teen glaring daggers in his direction, the pilot inside the suit chuckled and rolled his shoulders. "Oh? Did I say something to piss you off?" The numbers on his helmet then echoed out in a series of notable beeps, giving the Vulcan a display of his adversary's power level. "3000 roentgens? Not bad." He then sneered confidently. "Still... it's not enough."

Gohan landed firmly on the ground safely outside the café and scowled at his foul smiling opponent. "That's some impressive tech you've got there." He then nodded at the man inquisitively. "Mind telling me where you got it from?"

The warrior straightened his back, lifted his hand and waved it through the air in a condescending manner. "I'm glad you asked that because I wanted to... take this time to reveal all of my dirty secrets." All of a sudden, Vulcan thrust said hand forward and unleashed a powerful red beam of liquid energy from his fingers.

Balking in shock, Gohan reacted defensively and dodged to the right, the blast clipping his arm on the way past so that it punched a hole through the building behind him. Briefly looking back and then towards the burn caused by the glancing shot, the Super Saiyan 2 snapped his gaze back around to see his opponent hold up both his hands and begin lobbing similar red blasts his way. The bolt sized attacks flew at the demi-warrior faster than light, threatening to tear him apart. Holding his ground, the Saiyan powered up so that his aura surrounded him protectively and he began deflecting the shots one after the other. The attacks bounced into the sky, scattering across the countryside and landing safely out of harm's reach.

As another volley of blasts flew his way, Gohan advanced, blocking them with his hands and forearms with expert precision. Vulcan meanwhile started to edge around the area, firing shot after shot with terrifying accuracy, all targeting the boy in front of him. It was after marching through another volley of red death that the half-Saiyan eventually came within a few yards of his enemy, who stopped moving around the perimeter of the square when he found himself backed into a corner.

The moment his target got close, the armored warrior took flight, the jets on his back and boots firing up and propelling him into the sky at ridiculous speeds. As he climbed, Vulcan unleashed another volley of continuous energy blasts down at the Saiyan, who defended against them while
at the same time stopping them from hitting the plaza.

Vulcan ascended to about twenty stories above the city streets, where he then produced a cluster of barrels from his gauntlet and unleashed several energy blasts upon his target at the exact same time. The sight of the approaching rain of energy beams forced Gohan to dive out of the way, resulting in the attack striking the square and decimating half of it in a fiery explosion. This allowed the mech pilot to maneuver behind a nearby skyscraper, where he took cover as the demi-Saiyan rolled back to his feet.

Leaping into a stance, the still powered up warrior gritted his teeth and watched the area of sky his foe had disappeared in with a hard glare. His reaction to the salvo was mostly out of frustration at how troublesome this guy was already proving to be.

Despite his looks, this mech pilot mercenary was a lot more powerful than Gohan initially gave him credit for. Due to the fact he couldn't sense his bloody energy signature the demi-Saiyan wasn't able to gauge exactly how strong he was. What's more, his attacks were powerful, damnably fast, and deceptively precise.

A single misfire and he risked accidentally taking out one of the surrounding buildings or nuking this entire area.

The fact that this assassin was fighting him in such a densely populated area meant that Gohan couldn't use any big moves against him without risking the civilians. He was keeping it confined to this space, which was honestly putting a lot of pressure on the seasoned Z-fighter.

Hell, he couldn't use any big moves anyway due to the guy's ability to absorb energy attacks. Since a lot of his strongest techniques involved blasts, this pretty much cut his ability to fight effectively by half.

While his eyes scanned the clouds, Gohan suddenly spotted a flash of light from the top of the nearby skyscraper, followed instantly by a massive red energy blast that was sent rocketing towards him. Sensing just how much power it possessed, Gohan cocked back his right hand and, thrusting it forward, unleashed an even more powerful golden blast towards it. Their attacks collided above the city streets in a colossal, sphere-shaped explosion, one that rocked the buildings around them and rattled windows for miles. The people on the ground cried out in terror when the shockwave caused by the calamity hit them from above.

With the fire in the sky slowly starting to dissipate, the demi-Saiyan's eyes cut through the smoke in search of his opponent. When he saw the cloud break and his opponent come diving down at him feet first, his jets roaring loudly, the Super Saiyan 2 leapt into the air and, with a growl of effort, slammed two feet into the mech's stomach. The blow knocked Vulcan out of the sky and sent the armored suit plummeting to the ground, which he hit with a loud bang. Bouncing once off of the concrete and cracking it, Vulcan quickly rolled to his feet and hopped up onto one knee, just in time to see Gohan dive down at him with a second kick.

The armored warrior lifted up his arm and blocked it, the impact of which echoed across the quad like an artillery round. He then blocked a right hook and parried a left body shot while still on his knee, but was unable to deflect the right roundhouse kick that crashed into his helmet. The hit was loud and the force of impact was even greater, sending the armored mech onto his back several yards away. The instant Vulcan went down Gohan dove at him and buried a knee into his stomach with earth splitting force, smashing a crater into the floor around them.

Pinning his opponent, the demi-Saiyan then grabbed the unit by his metallic collar and began driving punches into the mech's helmet one after the other at blinding speed. Yelling out with every
hit, the young warrior drove his blows into his target's skull like a piston, shaking the earth around them and causing every single building within ten miles of their position to rattle under the sheer force of the assault. The citizens of Satan City thought they were experiencing a freak earthquake of some kind, when in reality it was just the planet crushing blows of the Super Saiyan 2 attempting to bury his opponent into the ground.

Feeling the earth ripple violently under the blows, a closely watching Erasa, who was standing safely on the edge of the plaza behind a bollard, raised her still bound hands and shouted. "Get him, Gohan! Beat his metal ass!"

It looked as though he was on the verge of pulverizing his adversary into dust. But just as the half-Saiyan warrior was loading up for yet another power shot, the teen suddenly saw the front visor of the helmet around the optical sensors open up. When the plates slid away, Gohan then saw his assailant's face emerge from the confines of his head protection, scarred, gritted, yet completely unscathed.

With barely a scratch on his armor or his skin, the calm and collected Vulcan smirked up at his Saiyan foe and spoke in an arrogant tone of voice, "Is that all you've got?"

Gritting his teeth, Gohan powered up and prepared to hit him while his real face was exposed. Faster than the Saiyan could react though, the armored suit's chest suddenly opened up, revealing the barrel of a large cannon. Then, in the blink of an eye, the hidden weapon fired a titanic red blast straight into the teen's stomach, which detonated with terrifying volume and power, and sent the boy flying off of his opponent and bouncing across the court like a ragdoll.

After a two second flight, the winded demi-Saiyan righted himself and landed firmly against the side of a café wall, crouched against it, and then launched himself at his opponent. In that time, the mech managed to shut his helmet and leap to his feet with surprising flexibility, just in time to see his target flying at him with a swinging right overhand.

Throwing both arms up, the mech blocked the punch, but the force of the attack was so great it broke open his guard and sent him skidding back along the floor for several feet. After Vulcan forced himself to a stop, he then rushed at his opponent with a hook, which Gohan blocked and locked under his arm. The demi-Saiyan then blocked a left punch from his foe, catching his wrist, holding it, and trapping the mech in his iron grip. But just when the Z-fighter thought he had him, the pilot reared back his head and slammed it into Gohan's face, hitting him square in the forehead with a loud 'crack' and forcing the boy to let go. The force of the unexpected hit sent the young warrior flying back a few yards to land hard on the concrete floor, which he slid across before flipping backwards onto his feet.

Taking a stance once again, Gohan gritted his teeth and began powering up to Super Saiyan 3 to finish this prick off. As big a risk it was to max out in the middle of a public area, the young warrior knew that he was quickly running low on options. He had to try and finish this now, and with as little damage as possible. When his aura burst up around him and he began focusing his energy through his muscles, he was all set for the big jump. However, as his aura tore into the ground and his bio-field crackled around him like a storm, Gohan then looked up with a start when he noticed a big problem.

"Hang on... something's wrong."

For some reason the Saiyan couldn't explain, his energy levels had dropped to a ridiculously low level. His current reading was registering far below par and his muscles felt like they had just been injected with several hundred pounds of lead, preventing him from ascending to the third level. It was a clear sign of both ki exhaustion and fatigue.
When he first arrived at this city he was in peak physical condition and his power was well over a hundred percent. But now…

Snapping out of his befuddled state when he remembered his current position, Gohan instead cupped his hands beside him and prepared to throw another *Kiai* at his opponent. The moment his form locked however, his armored opponent had already taken flight and was now rocketing towards him at bullet speed.

While approaching his target, Vulcan suddenly raised his right gauntlet and fired a metal cord towards the demi-Saiyan, the whip-like projectile wrapping around his target's wrists and binding them together. When he flew past the young warrior, he yanked Gohan off his feet and proceeded to drag him across the plaza surface. Flying over the rubble, the armored warrior swung the teenager into the ground floor of a second shopping center, smashing him through windows and walls all along the way. The demi-Saiyan grunted when his body crashed through a vast assortment of barriers and obstacles, as well completely decimating an entire row of cafes one after the other.

Eventually though, Gohan became fed up with being dragged around like a sack of potatoes and, with his body covered in a new collection of bruises and scratches, rolled onto his feet and yanked back on the cord wrapped around his wrists. Using all the strength he could muster, Gohan managed to jerk the mech's flight to a halt, drawing the attention of his opponent and resulting in a vicious tug of war match.

His thrusters blasting away in an attempt to get the boy off the ground, Vulcan growled when he couldn't budge his opponent one bit. So, taking aim with his left gauntlet, he fired a cluster of rockets towards his enemy.

Spotting the incoming salvo, the teen powered up and snapped the cord with a quick pull, before jumping out of the way at the last second to avoid the wave of projectiles. The missiles detonated against the plaza floor and took a decent chunk out of the nearby mall, flooding the air with glass and smoke. When Gohan landed on the other side of the ruined square, he saw the rest of the rockets fired by his opponent flying towards him. Upon taking count of the homing weapons, with a quick swipe of his hand, the young warrior detonated them with a well-timed shockwave. The rockets went off one after the other in the direction his hand was thrown in a series of multiple explosions.

Gohan narrowed his eyes when he felt the force they went off with. *"Those rockets are more powerful than they look… very powerful and concentrated chemical explosions. I should avoid getting hit by those."*

Hearing a loud clank behind him, Gohan looked over his shoulder to see his opponent had landed on the other side of the plaza, dropped into a fighting stance. Spinning to face him, the Z-fighter suddenly saw the robot take aim at him with his fist a third time before, without warning, the pilot launched it at him at blinding speed.

Gohan, responding in alarm, ducked under the fist and watched it slam into the building behind him, demolishing it in spectacular fashion. The instant he avoided it, the Super Saiyan 2 powered up and, his aura exploding around him like wild fire, launched himself towards his quarry at full speed. Bathed in gold, the demi-Saiyan cocked his fist back and prepared to drive it straight through his target's chest while he was still assumed in a firing position.

"Let's see you block this!" Gohan roared, watching as rocket pods opened up on his target's shoulders, limbs, sides and chest, before launching another hail of high explosive projectiles in his direction. Plowing through the missiles effortlessly so that they either missed or detonated...
harmlessly against his aura, the young Z-warrior barreled towards the intimidating mech. Then, with a bellow of rage and effort, he threw a punch straight into the armored suit's chassis, intending to rip straight through it.

However, just as he was making his final approach, Gohan suddenly saw his opponent's form shimmer before, in a flicker of blue electricity, the mechanized suit vanished into thin air. The sight of his target turning invisible had the demi-Saiyan's eyes widen the moment he let his attack fly, only to hit nothing when he passed the very spot Vulcan had been standing. The miss caused Gohan to throw himself into a forward flip and slam his feet into the ground, slide to a stop and spin around. His aura still active, the teen glared in the direction his foe had previously been positioned before beginning to look around for any sign of him.

For the next couple of seconds Gohan attempted to track down his now invisible foe. But thanks to the suit's ability to completely mask its pilot's ki and presence, the demi-Saiyan couldn't find even a single sliver of it. However, this all changed moments later when, picking up a faint whirring sound on the breeze, the defensive hybrid suddenly felt the equivalent of a train being plowed across his face as his head was smacked painfully to the side. This punch was then promptly followed by a barrage of other punches flying in from all directions, an assault that literally had the teen's body lifted off the floor and knocked around through the air like a ball on a string. His invisible opponent took full advantage of the young man's confusion to assault his target and mercilessly beat the stuffing out of him at his own leisure.

After a couple of seconds of attacking the Saiyan, the phantom brawler's body reformed out of thin air and, with his free hand cocked back, slammed it into the teen's stomach and sent him flying through the plaza statue. Gohan bounced across the quad along with the remains of the monument for several dozen yards, managing to land on his feet and, taking aim, charged towards the mech at full speed. Aura blazing around him, the Saiyan slammed an elbow across his target's face in a running blow, a loud clang ringing out as he blew past the unit and knocked him backwards. Immediately after which Gohan then leapt after him a second time and landed two more blows across the pilot's face. He then kicked Vulcan in the temple area and attempted to nail him with a hook, only for the armored warrior to duck it and land a swift body shot in his side instead.

The blow slammed into Gohan's waist, dispelled his aura and crumpled the Super Saiyan to the ground, allowing Vulcan to grab him by the head and throw him into the floor a few yards away, punching a crater into the damaged tiles with an earthshaking tremor. While the boy was down, the mech marched over to him, simultaneously holding his stump of an arm out and retracting the missing fist he'd fired earlier from the rubble of the downed building. As soon as the gauntlet reattached to its limb and locked up, the mech loaded his arm and threw it down at his target.

On his hands and knees, Gohan spun around and fired another shockwave at the soldier, which slammed into Vulcan's chassis like a cannon shot. When he stumbled, it allowed the Ascended Saiyan to leap to his feet and drive a right cross into the soldier's face. A thunderclap rang out from the hit, which the Z-fighter prepared to follow with a left hook, only for the mech pilot to catch his arm with his massive hand and begin twisting his arm into submission.

Gohan, attempting to resist, heard his bones and muscles creak as his limb was twisted into an uncomfortable position, bringing him to his knees. The Super Saiyan 2 then growled and powered up, golden flames and blue electricity shooting up around him in an attempt to muscle his way out of the hold. But just when it seemed like he was about to break free, he suddenly saw his aura start to get sucked into his opponent's arm and felt his energy begin to leave his body at an alarming rate.

The nodes and channels all over its armor starting to glow a bright gold, the large mech's eyes
flared up as it continued forcing his foe towards the ground. At the same time, the pilot looked on with growing satisfaction as an expression of utter bewilderment and disbelief formed across his victim's face.

Hair reverting back to its original state as his Super Saiyan form dissipated, the now base form Gohan gasped as he continued to watch his aura flood into his opponent's suit like water down a drain and his strength gradually leave him. "W-What the hell?"

Having observed the entire fight from the safety of her fixture, Erasa, who initially believed her classmate was going to win the fight, was now looking on in fear as her friend was slowly brought to heel under his powerful enemy's grip. When she saw his golden form fade and his legs crumple under the weight of fatigue and exhaustion, her eyes widened in panic. "Oh no."

Vulcan, watching the numbers in his helmet skyrocket, gave a robotic chuckle as he continued to feel the boy's energy course into his suit and leaned in closer when his adversary dropped to both his knees. "Remarkable isn't it? The incredible feats we humans are capable of achieving with today's technology."

"All this time you thought you've been fighting smart and trying to break through my armor. But what you didn't realize was that with every blow you managed to land against me, I've been subtly siphoning off of your energy and steadily growing in strength."

Looking up in disbelief, the demi-Saiyan gasped in disbelief, "What?"

So that's why his attacks felt like they were slacking. The force behind them was being dissipated by the man's suit!

A sinister look flickered across the mech's visor. "This armor was designed with the ability to absorb energy, including the kinetic energy of punches, to augment the strength of the user. It doesn't matter how strong or how precise the blow is, whether it's a flick from a finger or a thermonuclear explosion at point blank range, the suit will simply nullify its force via the anti-vector field coating the surface and absorb the energy into its neutron core. That means the harder you fight against me, the stronger I get. Sure, it's expensive as hell and the technology is impossible to replicate, but as long as it gets the job done, I say it's worth every zeni." He then brought his fist up and began to load it, seeing his steadily weakening enemy glare up at him in anger. The look on his face drew a grunt and a menacing leer from the pilot. "Don't pass out on me just yet. We're just getting started. I know this isn't all you've got. Get mad. Show me what you can really do… Gold Fighter."

Gohan, gritting his teeth, caused his eyes to momentarily flicker turquoise. "You really don't want to do that."

This statement drew a laugh from the armored man. "Oh, I'm pretty sure I really do. Come on. Let's see that full power of yours."

The metal in his arm creaking as he drew it back like an arrow in a bow, Vulcan prepared to bury it into his stubborn enemy's face. But then, just as he was about to fire off his attack, Erasa, sneaking up behind the hulking suit of armor, pulled back the metal pole she was holding and slammed it over the back of the mech's head. The blow impacted against the soldier's helmet with a loud and hilarious 'clang' reminiscent of a bell being rung, which had the soldier stand there in nerve rattling silence before turning to look behind him.

When the suit's eyes fell upon her, the girl stood in place, staring back awkwardly at the robot as it
glared at her. Realizing a few moments later what she'd done, Erasa frowned and took another
stance, holding the frame of the window she'd picked up like a bat.

"You wanna fight? Bring it on, tin man!" the blonde shouted, narrowing her gaze upon the
intimidating machine.

Gaze hardening, the robot turned to her, brought his free arm up, and pointed it at her like a gun.
When Erasa saw an RPG pop out of the gauntlet, her eyes widened and she froze up.

But just before it could launch its rocket at its new target, a shadow suddenly fell over the mech
before Vulcan was unexpectedly struck across the face by a kick. The impact of the blow forcing
him to release Gohan from his hold, he was then sent flying across the plaza, sliding to a stop some
yards later and looking back to see that his attacker was none other than Videl Satan. He raven
haired defender of the city landed in front of her kneeling boyfriend and stood at her friend's
defense.

Blinking in surprise, the pilot then prepared to focus his attention on the strong newcomer, until a
second figure dropped down in front of him and began nailing him across the face with a blur of
punches. Deafening clangs ringing out, the mech staggered backwards through the ruined plaza as
Piccolo, cape and turban long gone, drove his strongest blows into the soldier as fast as he could.
His surprise attack stunned the pilot momentarily, forcing the mechanized enemy into a retreat as
he bore down on him with the fury of a Namekian warrior.

Yelling out as he plowed a kick into the mech's stomach, sending the hulking block of metal
skidding along the floor, Piccolo then looked back at the others with a glare filled with intensity
and desperation. "I'll hold him off! Help him!" He then went at the armored soldier a second time,
grabbing the machine man by the shoulders and pushing him back across the quad, straight into a
shopping mall and into a wall.

Nodding after she watched the green fighter cave in the complex in a shower of rubble and debris,
the girl reached into her pocket and, yanking out a Senzu bean, tossed it over to her boyfriend.
"Here!" When the demi-Saiyan caught it, he wasted no time tossing the herb into his mouth and
biting down. "Go Super Saiyan 3 and finish this sucker. Don't worry about any damages you make
to the city. They can be fixed."

Considering how dangerous their situation was becoming, the demi-Saiyan didn't have any reason
to argue. His opponent was just too strong for him to show any restraint and he acknowledged this
with a firm and understanding nod. "Right." He then looked across at Erasa to see if the girl was
alright.

When his eyes fell upon her, the blonde dropped the pole she was holding and brought her hands to
her chest. Blue eyes meeting his, she smiled encouragingly his way and nodded. "Go get him."

Acknowledging her words with a grin, the spiky haired teen then used a quick Kiai to break the
rope around her wrists, looked ahead of him, and allowed the Senzu bean he just ate to take effect.

As Gohan continued his speedy recovery, over on Piccolo's end, the Namekian's assault on the
mech had come to a screaming halt. After burying body blow after body blow into the armor with
murderous precision in an attempt to cripple it in some way, the green fighter was suddenly
punched across the face by the armored suit, picked up by the waist, and thrown to the ground like
a bag of rocks. When he struck the floor and punched a substantially large crater into the cement,
Vulcan then lifted his right foot and prepared to stomp him into the ground. But the Z-fighter, not
willing to give up yet, rolled out of the way and leapt to his feet. He then launched himself at the
mech a third time, only to see the robot lift its arm up and fire a red blast from his fingertips, which
struck the Namekian in the chest and sent the man barreling across the plaza.

Piccolo then collided with a nearby center, flying straight through the window and several stores inside it before eventually crash landing in the clothing department.

Taking aim at the building with the same hand, the pilot of the mech prepared to disintegrate the structure along with his opponent as a red sphere of energy formed in front of his palm. However, just moments before he was fully charged, Videl suddenly teleported in front of him and kicked his arm skywards, causing him to misfire and send the ball of light hurtling into the atmosphere. The attack detonated with the force of a nuke safely above the city, yet still managed to shake the countryside with the explosion it generated.

After redirecting his blast, the raven haired girl drove a punch into the mech's side, hitting it with a loud 'clang' but failing to damage it. She then ducked a swing from one of its massive arms before hiking off of his forward leg and running up the robot's chest. She then used its face as a springboard and, after slamming a foot into its mask, back flipped away. As soon as she landed safely a few feet in front of the hulking metal suit, she then brought both hands up for a **Kiai**, only for the mech to thrust its hand forward and unleash a torrent of red lightning at her. The blast of electricity sent the girl flying back to the floor, where the bolts of energy proceeded to fry her.

Screaming out at the top of her lungs as electricity coursed through her entire body, all Videl could do was writhe and flail uselessly as the mech advanced upon her.

Vulcan chuckled as he continued bombarding Satan City's poster girl with red lightning. "**Want some more?**" He then brought his other hand forward and took aim.

But then, just before he could fire a second stream of lightning at the girl, he suddenly heard a sonic boom ahead of him before something fast and powerful slammed into his chest, knocking him into one of the still standing shopping complexes and pushing him straight through its many walls. Barrier after barrier was blown apart as the metal soldier was plowed through the structure at terrifying speed, where he eventually exploded out the other end and onto the main highway. As soon as he was clear of the building, the mech was promptly kicked down the street and sent bouncing across the road, before coming to a grinding stop on his hands and knees.

The people on the street who saw the explosion and the one responsible for it tumble onto the highway, destroying several parked cars in the process, panicked and ran for it. Once again, only those bold enough and curious enough chose to stay, wanting to watch the conflict that was now starting up in the middle of their fair city.

Rising to his feet and shaking his head, the slightly stunned Vulcan looked up to see his previous opponent Gohan standing at the other end assumed in his Ascended Saiyan form. His body bathed in a golden glow with bolts of blue electricity running up and down his frame, he looked as awe striking and fresh as the minute he started out in this fight.

Nevertheless, the sight of the ethereal-looking Saiyan drew a dark chuckle from the mercenary as he rose up to full height once more. "**Seriously? This again? Don't you realize that no matter how hard you try, you're never going to be able to beat me?**"

Scowling unpleasingly, the now well and truly infuriated young man spat venomously at his opponent. "We'll see." Then, clenching his fists tightly, the boy focused his energy and, with a bellow of rage and a flash of blinding light, his aura exploded off of him like wildfire and his short, blonde spiky hair grew down to his waist. At the same time, his eyebrows vanished into his forehead and his form bulked up, showcasing a considerable increase in power. Energy
skyrocketing as a result, the conclusion to his transformation was marked by a flash of lightning and a shockwave that punched a massive crater into the road beneath him, startling the observing civilians and cracking the nearby structures. The hurricane wind also generated by the boy's power up damn near knocked all the people and the surrounding buildings over.

Shielding himself from the blazing gale and looking back at his opponent to witness his drastic transformation, Vulcan narrowed his eyes when the numbers on his visor went through the roof. A smirk then slowly pulled across his lips when the readings stabilized. "So... this is the power you've been hiding from me? I'm not impressed." When he saw the Super Saiyan 3's frown deepen, the robotic man raised his head and sneered. "Although... now that I think about it, your hair would look pretty good sitting on the wall next to all my old army relics. Perhaps once I kill you and take your body back to my boss for study, I think I'll bring your head home with me as a trophy. Your friends' heads too."

It was a split second later that Vulcan soon realized that that probably wasn't the best thing for him to say.

Before the soldier could even blink, Gohan eyes widened into an expression of pure rage and, with enough force that he literally caused the space and matter around him to distort through a visible ripple, fired a full-body shockwave at the armored warrior. The attack slammed into Vulcan's frame with such power it split the earth around him and knocked him stumbling away like he just tripped over something. The instant he was thrown off balance, the glowing warrior dashed over to a nearby range rover, picked it up by the front bumper, and hurled it at the mech with the speed of a meteorite. Vulcan barely had enough time to throw his hands forward and catch it before it rammed into him like a locomotive, causing him to skid back a few feet.

At first he thought he'd blocked the attack. But the instant his hands stopped the vehicle, Gohan's fist suddenly crashed through the car and slammed into Vulcan's face, sending him hurtling down the road along with the remains of the four-wheel drive as it was practically disintegrated by the punch. The mech bounced several times before eventually throwing its feet back and digging them into the tarmac, forcing its pilot to a stop. However, the instant his momentum ceased, the soldier saw his opponent come blazing towards him in the form of a golden comet, which crashed into his chest, lifted him off the ground, and sent him flying down the main road.

Traveling faster than light, Gohan grabbed his opponent by the visor and, with a roar of effort, slammed the back of his head into the road and began to drag him through the cement. The pair tore a trench down Fifth Avenue like a bolt of lightning, sending rubble, debris and parked cars flying in all directions. Eventually, after feeling his skull rattle against the inside of his helmet for a solid few seconds, Vulcan then kicked his opponent in the stomach and sent him flipping through the air, ceasing his own momentum and allowing him to coast to a gentle stop. The demi-Saiyan meanwhile, his aura dissipating, spun through the air and landed against the side of a nearby skyscraper, which he crouched down upon and glared towards his grounded adversary.

When Vulcan jumped out of the hole he'd formed with his body, the man wasted no time igniting his boosters and shooting up at his stationary target. The soldier swung at the boy with a punch in an effort to deck him through the wall, only to be backhanded when the young warrior effortlessly dodged and struck him with an attack that sent him spinning towards another tower. While he was in midflight, Gohan took aim at him and fired a second *Kiai*, slamming it into his back and sending him spiraling into the twenty-eighth floor of an office building.

Gohan then flew after him through the hole the mech had formed, blasting past the ruined office cubicles and towards the wall on the other side of the room. When he teleported into view and skidded to a stop, eyes fixed ahead of him, he was suddenly blindsided by his adversary coming up
on his right and nailing him across the back with an enormous desk, the item shattering and sending him spinning across the room. Crashing through dozens of large computer terminals and towers, the demi-Saiyan ended up rolling along the floor of the department and jumping to his feet. When he did, he was quickly set upon by Vulcan charging in and hammering away at his body with merciless blows.

The man's punches crashed into his guard again and again, smacking him left and right as they battled fiercely across the office, breaking through cubicles and smashing desks to pieces as if they were nothing but confetti. After blasting through another wall like it wasn't even there, Vulcan got behind Gohan and trapped him in a head lock, only to receive a swift elbow to the stomach that had him stagger away. The pair then swung at each other with a punch that connected with a deafening thunderclap and disintegrated everything within five feet of them from the shockwave. When their fists bounced off of each other, the Super Saiyan 3 dove in and tackled his opponent, blasting him through more walls and finally out the window.

Gohan forced his opponent into the sky above the city. Once he reached a high enough altitude, he detached from his foe, locked his hands above his head, and drove a hammer blow right into the mech's body. A shockwave rang out as Vulcan was sent plummeting into a construction site, where his metallic body smashed through every floor and railing of the building that was under construction. The steel frames snapped and crashed all the way down to ground floor, where the armored soldier impacted with an earthshaking tremor.

When the man eventually struggled to his feet from the crater he'd formed, he then looked up to see support beams from the structure raining down on him and hastily leapt out of the way as they cascaded around him. Jumping to his feet safely outside of the building's area, he was then struck by his Super Saiyan opponent teleporting directly beside him and nailing him in the face with a kick, lifting him off the floor and sending him shooting into a pile of building equipment lying on the edge of the worksite.

Upon landing that blow and dropping to his feet, Gohan, with electricity running up and down his golden form, panted as he felt his energy levels take another serious hit.

"Fighting in Super Saiyan 3 even for three minutes against this guy is really taking it out of me," the demi-Saiyan thought, dropping into a stance when he saw the cloud of dust his opponent had formed fade and his hulking form rise up from the heap of decimated building equipment. "But I'm not giving up. Not yet! That suit can only take so much punishment, and I'm not going to stop until either it breaks or I break!"

Right now the guy was getting closer and closer to his level the more attacks he took and the more energy he absorbed. At the rate this was going, Gohan knew without a shadow of a doubt that he would be fighting someone on par with his level of strength and speed, a prospect that he was not looking forward to. After all, from the amount of ki the suit had already absorbed, the Z-fighter was pretty certain the guy already had an insanely dangerous amount of energy coursing through his system. Perhaps if he kept at it and continued laying into the guy with everything he had, something was bound to give way sooner or later.

The hybrid's first strategy to beat his opponent with purely physical attacks and shockwaves had failed. He even tried targeting the mech's joints and vital areas to exploit any structural weak points it may have, but that didn't work either. The machine was just too tough and the metal was too durable, probably made of the same adamantite material Bulma infused into her Gravity Room designs.

Now Gohan was working a different strategy and, if his hypothesis was correct and if he timed it
right, he was positive he would be able to make it work.

Powering up with a yell of rage, the Super Saiyan 3 allowed his aura to flare around him before blasting towards his opponent. When Vulcan saw his enemy approaching, he quickly reached around, grabbed a nearby metal beam, and swung it through the air like a bat. The soldier managed to smack the approaching demi-warrior in the side and send him hurtling through the air towards a nearby crane.

Slowing his ascent, Gohan gritted his teeth and struck out with his arm, slicing through the crane's chain hanging next to him and catching the wrecking ball as it fell. Taking it up in both hands, the blonde dove towards his target and, performing an impressive aerial flip, threw the wrecking ball straight down at the mech. The armored suit threw its hands up defensively and ended up getting crushed underneath the plummeting metal sphere, which nailed him into the ground with an earsplitting thunderclap.

Upon burying his foe, Gohan skillfully landed behind the impact zone of the wrecking ball, where he quickly gripped hold of the chain in both hands and yanked the metal sphere out of the ground. Then, spinning it through the air with a yell, he swung the object back towards his opponent in a wide arc, catching Vulcan in the middle of standing up and slamming his makeshift kusarigama into him, sending the armored man blasting into the air.

Igniting his rockets to stop his flight after the wicked hit, the mech leveled out in midair. Looking down to see the demi-Saiyan swinging the several ton wrecking ball above him like a lasso, the soldier cursed inside his helmet and fired a liquid beam from his finger. He managed to strike the chain while Gohan was spinning it above him, causing it to snap and fly up towards the soldier. Then, ducking under the airborne sphere with a quick aerial maneuver, Vulcan caught the chain and, with a yell of his own, chucked it back at his target.

The Saiyan instinctively spun on the ground and nailed the wrecking ball in the side with a roundhouse kick, sending it blasting into the incomplete building and knocking down an entire section of it. Almost as soon as he deflected it, Gohan received a kick to the face that sent him blasting across the property, through the metal fence, and straight into a parked truck. Caving in the side of the mover like it was nothing but crate paper, the blonde shook his head to rid himself of the stars he was seeing and, spotting his opponent appear above the construction site, turned his attention over to a parked sedan. Getting an idea, the hybrid teleported over to the vehicle, slammed his fists into its side, ripped it in half and, while holding the two halves with his bare hands, cracked them together like a pair of boxing gloves.

Vulcan responded to his opponent's challenge by opening up the thrusters on his suit and diving down at him. Growling when he saw the mech rocketing towards him, Gohan charged at his opponent in kind, yelling out when they met in the center of the main road and swung at each other with their respective attacks.

Having the longer reach and the greater speed, the demi-Saiyan easily drew first blood. A loud clang rang out when he slammed a right cross into Vulcan's body, smashing the car against him and causing the armored man to recoil in shock. Gohan then proceeded to slam the two halves of the sedan into his opponent over and over again, hitting him with wild hooks and punches as bits of car and shockwaves filled the air. The car's horn also beeped comically with every hit, adding an extra sound effect to the tremors being generated by their battle.

The manner in which the Z-fighter struck down his opponent was like a person wielding two enormous sledgehammers, which he used to nail his enemy repeatedly until both halves of the car disintegrated under the punishment, leaving the soldier winded on the ground.
With his opponent kneeling in front of him, Gohan drew back his right fist for a blow that would more than likely put the armored suit in the ground. However, as lightning crackled around his forearm and the demi-Saiyan swung in, Vulcan suddenly jumped off the ground and slammed a palm into the teen's open chest, sending the boy blasting down the main road to crash into the tarmac eight blocks away. His impact caused a geyser of dust and rubble to shoot into the air. The people surrounding that area screamed and ran for it as the entire suburb was bombarded by debris.

Rockets propelling him above the buildings once again, Vulcan held out both his arms and quickly produced two mini-guns from his wrist gauntlets. As soon as they popped into view, they then began spraying a hail of red, bullet-shaped energy blasts towards his target lying in the fissure just down the road. The entire area was soon subjected to a scene reminiscent of an artillery barrage as the entire street was hammered by the rain of powerful attacks. The mech pilot continued to decimate that part of the town with a grin on his face and as the cloud of smoke rose higher into the sky, the damage to the city steadily mounted.

Feeling his skin start to sear under the heat of the attacks raining down on him, with his arms bearing the brunt of the assault, the battered Gohan gritted his teeth and glared through the flashes and hellfire. Struggling to his feet under the force of compressed meteorites crashing into him en masse, the demi-Saiyan gave a guttural growl before, bringing his right hand back, began to gather all of the remaining energy he could muster. His golden aura kicking up around him and repelling a majority of the bombardment, he then conjured up his electric bio-field and compressed it into his palm.

Finally, after feeling he'd gathered all the energy he needed, the Super Saiyan 3 threw his hand forward and unleashed the mother of all elemental attacks upon his enemy.

"RAIKA HOKEN!" Howling in rage, a current of blue lightning exploded from Gohan's body, cutting through the hail of energy blasts and shooting straight towards his mechanized opponent. The bolts crashed into Vulcan's frame with a tidal wave of planet-destructive power, engulfing the soldier and sending him further up into the sky as chain after chain of super charged lightning spears erupted from the demi-Saiyan in a chorus of deafening thunderclaps that echoed across the countryside, accompanied by a string of concussive shockwaves.

People screamed and ducked for cover when lightning filled the sky, as if the deities themselves had grown tired of waiting and, opening up heaven's doors, decided to bring the wrath of Kami down upon them in the most terrifying manner imaginable.

The sheer amount of power from the attack caused the earth to tremble and bursts of excess lightning to blast outwards at an alarming rate. There was so much of it in fact that any bolts that didn't impact their target directly, shot through the atmosphere and up into space. The blasts reached as far as Mars' orbit, despite not being intentionally hurled that far and traveling based solely on their momentum. What Gohan was really aiming for was his mechanized opponent, who he was determined to incinerate or destroy in one go. But as lightning continued to stream out of his body like water through a burst dam, the demi-Saiyan could only watch in utter bewilderment as the mech took each and every one of his attacks head-on and absorbed them.

Body shining like a bulb and his arms crossed over his face, Vulcan floated there beneath the clouds as his opponent mercilessly hammered him with lightning. The flashes created by each individual strike were so intense and so bright that the man flinched from every shot that struck his customized suit. If he were a normal fighter, a barrage like this would've disintegrated him on the first shot. But thanks to his armor's ability to absorb energy, the man was able to withstand the planet destructive attacks of his foe, who was now putting everything he had into this move in an attempt to bring him down.
As the counter in his helmet continued to climb with every roentgen of energy his suit absorbed, the soldier piloting the mech smirked. "This kid is hilarious. Does he seriously think he can bring me down with this level of attack? What an idiot." Guard lowering, Vulcan decided to wait out the storm until his opponent lost steam and passed out.

But just when the pilot was about to settle in for a short pause, he suddenly saw his target vanish in a teleport before reappearing in a golden flash directly in front of him. Caught completely off guard by his speed, Vulcan was then tackled in the stomach by his opponent ramming an elbow into his gut at full speed. The blow sent him hurtling up into the sky, where he was quickly pursued by the enraged Saiyan. Shockwaves reverberated throughout the atmosphere when Gohan began driving his strongest blows into his target in a vicious combo, yelling out with every punch and kick that struck the mech's chassis. During the assault, the ridiculously durable suit retaliated with a few of its own punches and hooks, only to have them deflected and countered respectfully.

Soon enough, Gohan had managed to punch and kick his opponent well up into the clouds. It was here, after reaching the very edge of the stratosphere itself, the demi-Saiyan teleported behind his foe and, with a mighty roar, buried a hammer blow into Vulcan's back. The attack struck with a tremendous thunderclap and sent the suit plummeting to the earth below. After a few seconds of uncontrolled descent, the armored suit then landed smack-bang in the middle of Satan City. His metal body slammed into the middle of the main road with a terrifying crash, which sent a cloud of dust and debris blasting into the air like a geyser. The people in the area literally had to leap out of the way to avoid the object and the rubble it sent flying in all directions following its collision with the earth.

The moment the dust settled in the wake of the calamity, Gohan landed beside the fissure with a gentle tap. Still assumed in his Super Saiyan 3 form and looking somewhat drained, the battered and burnt young warrior scanned around for a few seconds for any sign of his foe.

"Alright... where are you?" Stepping forward, he decided to go check out the center of the crater. By this point in time, the people who were in the area at the time of the disaster decided to approach the scene out of curiosity, wanting to see exactly what was going on.

However, just as Gohan was beginning to think he'd finally killed his opponent, the teen suddenly felt his arms lock together and his body lift off of the floor on its own accord. Gasping in shock, he attempted to fight against the vice-like grip that wrapped around his form, only to then look up when he saw a flicker of blue light before his invisible opponent appeared out of thin air.

Dropping his active camouflage, Vulcan, his helmet visor broken in half and revealing a portion of his bruised face, sneered at the demi-Saiyan, who he now had trapped in a bear hug. The boy attempted to fight against him, but despite his flailing, the man kept a firm grip on the spiky haired boy and locked his hands around his wrists, making sure escape was impossible.

"That was a good effort. You actually managed to damage my armor," the mercenary exclaimed in an amused tone of voice. Tightening his grip and crushing his opponent further into his chest, the soldier elicited a yelp of pain from the hybrid and let out a cold chuckle. "That last attack really caught me by surprise. I honestly thought you were going to kill me for a second. But it's going to take a lot more that savagery to beat someone of my caliber, boy. I'm far too good to be put down by a few love taps."

Gritting his teeth as the sounds of muscles popping and bones crunching filled the air, Gohan managed to hold back a cry of pain before smirking at his foe. "Don't bite off more... than you can… chew."

The pilot laughed and tightened his grip a little bit more. "If you're trying to act cool by bluffing
your way out of this situation, you can forget it. Now that I've got my hands on you, there's no way in hell that you're going to be able to break free. In just a few seconds, I will have absorbed all of your power… and there won't be a single creature on this planet that will be able to stop me."

Feeling his energy begin to get sucked into the man's suit had the Super Saiyan 3 grin just a little bit wider as the pressure around him increased even more. "You think… you can handle it…?"

Vulcan grinned, "Oh, I know I can."

"Fine then… take it!" Gohan hissed, his energy starting to climb as a golden glow began to radiate off of his body. At first the pilot looked at his foe in confusion as electricity and energy began to waft off of him, even though he was still continuing to drain it. Then, almost as soon as the anomaly took place, the demi-Saiyan took a deep breath and, with his eyes widening, let out a bellow of rage, "TAKE IT AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAALLLL!!"

A blinding light then filled the area when Gohan's aura blasted around him with the intensity of the sun, blue chains of lightning shooting out that soon began to get sucked into the mech. Vulcan literally recoiled in shock as an enormous tidal wave of energy rammed into his armor and began to course through his system, pouring into him all at once and causing the nodes in his protective gear to fly off the scale. Numbers blared and warning alarms went off as, little by little, every single storage chamber started to fill to the brim, with the main hub on the suit's back beginning to crackle and sparkle when the young Saiyan proceeded to force all of the power in his body into his opponent's.

People watching from a safe distance shielded their eyes and ducked for cover as the equivalent to a cyclone made landfall on downtown Satan City. Gale force winds lifted cars off of the streets and sent them tumbling down roads, with people left and right having to hang on for dear life to stop flying off with the rest of the traffic. Those that were inside nearby buildings also had to hold in their lunches as every single skyscraper and office structure was rocked from side to side by the repulsive forces blasting out from the heart of the squall. It was an event that carried on for several long minutes, as the defender of earth and the local hero of the capital continued to battle his adversary in the most intense tug-of-war match that part of the world had ever seen.

Energy blasting off of him in torrents and a scream of agony continuing to echo out, Gohan continued pushing energy into his adversary, who was now struggling to hold his ground as well as all the power he now had coursing through his suit's wiring. The heat at the center of their clash was intense, incinerating the ground beneath them and causing an enormous crater to form between the buildings. They were only fortunate it remained confined to that area, because both fighters highly doubted they could take a couple of skyscrapers collapsing on top of them when they were locked in such a delicate state.

But there was nothing at all delicate about a portable black hole sucking in several galaxies worth of energy into it and holding the rest of it at bay. At the rate this clash was going, it was only a matter of time before one of them reached their limit.

Several seconds later, one of them did.

The numbers in his suit peaking, Vulcan's armor soon reached the point where it could no longer take on anymore energy. Vents hissing loudly in an effort to expel the heat being produced by the high influx of ki, the portable neutron reactor built into the back of the suit finally achieved critical mass. With a loud 'crack' and a flash of light, the unit containing the miniature celestial body combusted and unleashed its payload with terrifying force.
The back of the armored mech exploded with orange fire, before a golden beam of light enveloped both warriors and shot straight up into the sky. This thick beam flared, crackled and burned brightly as it rocketed past the planet’s atmosphere and traveled through the depths of space for several minutes. Eventually, the center of the anomaly went up in a second flash of light and sent both figures blasting away with a thunderclap, landing half a kilometer away from one another.

When the dust from the chaos eventually faded sometime later, it revealed Gohan, dropped back to his normal form, lying at the foot of a set of stairs in a fissure of his own making. His shirt gone and his form covered in various burns and cuts, the young warrior panted exhaustedly as sweat poured down his ripped frame. Groaning, the demi-Saiyan coughed and sputtered a couple of times, and attempted to sit up. But thanks to the amount of energy he'd sacrificed in his battle with his mechanized foe, he was incapable of even wiggling his toes.

His muscles were numb and all his strength was gone.

"Ugh… I guess… this is what I get for… following-through on stupid plans," Gohan muttered to himself, at the same time trying to get some movement back into his limbs.

His attempts at a speedy recovery were actually coming along quite well. After only a few seconds, the boy was soon able to wiggle his pinky finger a little… and nothing else. This being the result of his hard efforts, the teen then proceeded to restore order to the rest of his frame. Unfortunately, he was unable to do so when he suddenly heard the distinct clunking of approaching footsteps and looked up to see his armored adversary lumber into view through the mist shrouding the area.

The plates of his armor sporting various scratches and burns as if he'd just been run through a blender, with an entire side portion and arm charred black, Vulcan's heavyset form ground to a stop in front of his exhausted victim. Suit sparking in an irregular manner, the shaken and scarred soldier sitting inside the unit growled and, lifting one of his enormous metal boots up, slammed it into the teen's stomach. The impact caused a loud 'crack' and drew a pained cry from the demi-Saiyan, who clawed at the ground as the pilot proceeded to crush him.

Taking a deep breath, while simultaneously ignoring the freshly made burn marks visible on the exposed parts of his face, the now notably pissed of soldier sneered at his quarry, who lay helpless beneath his heel. "I can certainly agree with you on that. It was definitely a stupid plan."

Gasping for air, Gohan gritted his teeth and, slowly and painfully, smirked up at the battered warrior. "But it worked… didn't it?"

"Oh, yes. It most certainly did." A grin then tugged at the corner of Vulcan's mouth as he reached for his belt and drew the handle of a new weapon. It was one that'd been concealed by his leg waist plate. "You destroyed my suit's neutron core; an incredible feat for a man of your background." As soon as he had the device in his grip, Vulcan struck it and revealed it to be another red energy blade about the size of a dagger, which he then brandished at the wounded Saiyan's face. "But you did so at great cost… and now you've lost." He then loaded up the weapon and took aim, watching the twisted expression on his opponent's face contort into more pain as he ground his foot further into the teen's ribcage. "Victory is mine."

Unwilling to give in just yet, Gohan, mustering up all the strength and fortitude that he could, chuckled weakly, "Congratulations."

Vulcan snorted at his half-assed response. "Any last words before I carve out your heart?"

Taking a few deep breaths in an effort to suppress the pain, the demi-Saiyan then looked his opponent square in his one visible eye. Then, after glancing down at the dagger a couple of times
and taking note of its unique composition, looked up at the soldier inquisitively, "That blade… how sharp is it?"

Raising an eyebrow at his rather odd choice of last words, the soldier considered his inquiry for a moment. Being a proud soldier and figuring he could honor this last question with an answer, the man reluctantly gave the boy the information he wanted. "The blade is made out of laser-induced plasma outfitted to a magnetic stabilizer, and powered by hellion crystals. It's sharp enough to cut through almost any substance."

Gohan then smiled in a relieved manner, baffling his opponent with the mischievous glint in his tired eyes. "Good to know. Thanks."

Just before Vulcan could question what his opponent meant by that laidback reply, a sharp hiss followed by a loud 'squelch' filled the air when a red blade suddenly shot out of the left side of the mech's chest. The appearance of the energy blade caused the soldier to stiffen suddenly and gasp in shock as the section of plating the weapon stuck out of burned and sizzled. This prompted the pilot to drop his dagger and stumble away, revealing to his opponent that he'd been stabbed right through the back by the machete he'd dropped earlier all the way to the front.

And the person responsible for doing so turned out to be the raven haired prodigal daughter of Satan City herself. Standing there with her hair all a mess and holding her arm tightly, the tired and beaten-looking Videl smirked at the gasping soldier as he dropped to his knees before then collapsing onto his back, his energy sword still sticking out of him like a skewer through meat.

As he lay there with his organs failing one by one, the short-haired crime fighter stepped up to the stricken fighter and spoke in a loud voice, "And for the record… I would've kicked your ass the first time if Erasa hadn't stopped me."

She said that just seconds before blood came gargling out of Vulcan's mouth and his head finally lolled to the side. His final resting place ended up being the stairs directly beside the crater Gohan was lying in, the latter of whom was now staring across at his opponent with a serious look on his face and an unflinching gaze.

When the half-Saiyan eventually looked back at his girlfriend, and saw both Piccolo and Erasa standing behind her with varying levels of tiredness, the demi-Saiyan then let out a long breath of air and gave an exclamation of sheer relief. "Woo. Man… that was close." He then threw his girlfriend a cheerful and victorious grin. "Thanks, Videl."

The crime fighter smiled back, "It's what I'm here for." Plucking another Senzu bean out of her pocket, she then tossed it towards him and watched the boy catch it in his mouth.

Biting down and swallowing a couple chews later, Gohan soon felt life return to his body and slowly got back to his feet. Dusting his pants down and feeling crumbs of concrete fall out of his spiky black hair when he shook it out, he then turned to face Videl and shared a grin with her.

"You managed to find his sword?"

"Yeah. I just saw it lying out there in the open glowing like a flare. Since the guy was practically walking through everything we were throwing at him and was absorbing all of our attacks, I decided to take a chance," the raven haired fighter replied with a shrug. She then looked down at the man's lifeless body with a rather disturbed look in play. "Guess this would make this my first win."

"And a big one at that. The guy would've killed me if you hadn't shown up at the last second and
stabbed him," Gohan said with a grateful look on his face. "That's twice you've saved my life."

Shooting him a warm smile, Videl then gestured over her shoulder. "If I'm not mistaken, I believe you owe her one as well."

Curious, the demi-Saiyan then turned his attention to Erasa to see the girl was standing nearby and looking at him in awe. As people started to spill into their area and return to the streets, the hybrid slowly moved towards his blonde haired friend. The moment she got a full frontal view of his bare upper body, the bubbly teenage blinkered in astonishment and took her time in looking him over, admiring him in his full, chiseled glory.

"Whoa." Thank goodness she had the right sense of mind not to drool.

Rolling her eyes, Videl crossed her arms and looked at her friend in amusement. "Really? Now?"

Hearing her friend's exclamation, Erasa quickly scrubbed her head of her stupor and grinned sheepishly at her classmate. "Sorry. Just… enjoying the view." While Piccolo was busy minding his own business in the background, figuring that this was a conversation he didn't need to get involved in, the blonde girl quickly looked back up at Gohan and, with a cheerful grin framing her pretty face, stared at the boy with a happy glimmer in her eye. "You came to rescue me."

The demi-Saiyan beamed, "Not just me..." He nodded toward his girlfriend and his mentor of many years. "All three of us did..."

"And we'd do it again in a heartbeat," Videl added from the sidelines, hands still comfortably crossed.

Smiling around at her closest companions, the blonde bowed her head to each of them and stepped towards Gohan with her hands behind her back. "Thank you. Really. I owe you two everything..."

"Hey. There's no need for that. To be completely honest, I'm the one that should be thanking you," the demi-Saiyan remarked, placing his hands on his hips and looking down at Erasa with his usual, cheerful disposition. "If you didn't come up behind the guy and whammed him over the head with that pole, I probably wouldn't even be standing here talking to you right now."

Erasa giggled and gazed fondly at her best friend. "Don't be so modest. You're the one that did all the heavy lifting." Not to mention the grinding and the iron punching. That fight was just monstrous.

Now she could see why he was the one that actually beat Cell. The stuff that he did in that battle was out of this world.

"True. But it's the way the heavy lifting is done that really counts. I had way too many close calls in that fight to call this any kind of a win for me. There was no way I could've won against this guy fighting on my own." He added to this by sparing a quick glance down at Vulcan's corpse, which lay sprawled out under the morning sun.

"So it was a team effort then?"

Gohan nodded affirmatively, "Oh yeah. A lot of our hardest fights were won through teamwork." He quickly spared a glance over at Videl and Piccolo, both of whom also shared a similar look with him. Upon which the teen gazed back at his inquisitive classmate, "That and a lot of luck. That's why I think I'm right in saying that I owe you big time for distracting the guy before he could put a fist-shaped hole through my head."
Raising an eyebrow at his reasoning, the blonde then spared the boy an amused expression. "How about this? Since you saved my life and I saved your life, I'll call it even between us if you do me one little favor."

Her sudden offer for parlay had the demi-Saiyan give his merry friend a curious once over. "What... kind of favor?"

At that, a sly smile formed across the girl's face. "Hold still."

Just before Gohan could say anything or throw a question her way, he then froze when the blonde suddenly stepped towards him and, leaning up on her tippy-toes, kissed him full on the lips. It was a gesture of affection that not only had the warrior teenager blush to the roots of his hair, but it also have a shiver run up his back when Erasa promptly wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed her lips in further.

Then, after several moments of awkward and tender silence, she then peeled away to find a very startled Gohan staring back at her, his eyes wide and face practically glowing. The sight of his deer-caught-in-the-headlights look drew a playful laugh from the girl and had her step away with a victorious spring in her step.

"Oh yeah. I think we're even now," Erasa said, her own cheeks glowing as she stared up at her stunned crush. "What do you think?"

"Uhh..." Gohan didn't know what to say. He was so stumped and shocked by the girl's actions that his tongue seemed to have been stricken with rigor mortis.

Just as he was in the process of recovering though, the pair then heard someone clearing their throat next to them and turned to see Videl standing by with her arms crossed and a deep frown on her face. When the demi-Saiyan saw his girlfriend tapping her foot at him, his face almost instantly turned from red to white and the young man started freaking out. Piccolo meanwhile, remained an abstract observer, looking upon the scene with a raised eyebrow and a moderate degree of interest, as his student was just now going through what he could only describe as a human-related crisis.

"Oh Kami... Videl... I uh... uhh... I can explain!" the demi-Saiyan exclaimed in panic, whereas Erasa remained completely calm, despite the boy's obvious distress and her other friend's expression of irritation.

After glaring across at the pair for a solid minute, the young crime fighter then uncrossed her arms, marched over to her boyfriend and, after looking him square in his terrified eyes, smirked and shot a look at her blonde classmate. "Erasa... didn't I just say to you yesterday to be patient while I took a couple of weeks to think about it?"

The blonde then gave the crime fighter a sweet smile and replied in a cheeky voice, "Think about what, Videl?"

"About whether or not I was interested in sharing him," the tomboy replied, quickly hopping over to stand beside her boyfriend and, wrapping her arms tightly around his, pulled the hunk of a male towards her. By this point in time, Gohan was so perplexed by what was going on that he was looking between the two girls as if they were both about to chop his head off. He also had the most innocent look of confusion they'd ever seen on him, making approaching the lug all the more tempting. "Right now, Gohan is my boyfriend. That means we're officially a couple. And if you think I'm going to let my childhood friend take him away from me so easily, you're sadly mistaken."

Not only did she say this in an overly challenging tone, but she also grinned confidently and winked in her friend's direction.
At first puzzled by her friend's declarations, Erasa then responded to her subtle message with a grin of her own and, taking appropriate action, moved towards the demi-Saiyan and latched onto his other arm. Gohan soon found himself sandwiched between both girls and was unable to stop the shade of red returning to his face, as he could now feel their ample chests pressing into his forearms.

In that one moment, he couldn't have been more confused and more bewildered even if he tried.

"Oh? And do you think I'm going to give up on him so easily? Well, think again, sister," Erasa shot back at her friend, grinning across at the crime fighter to meet her challenging glare head-on. "When I set my eyes on something, I'm in it to win it. There's no way I'm going down without a fight."

"Really? You think you can win Gohan's heart from me?"

"I don't think I can... I know I can," the blonde responded with a smirk, electricity crackling between the two classmates as their blue eyes locked on to one another. "Let the best woman win."

"Bring it on," Videl replied, similar auras forming around the pair that had the demi-Saiyan between them shiver.

Sweating up a storm as he looked between his girlfriend and his best friend, the spiky haired warrior swallowed nervously while a rather awkward thought passed through his head. Despite having gone through the worst hell imaginable, he couldn't help but dawn on this situation for a moment as the two teenagers played tug-of-war with his arms. "This is almost like that dream I had a couple of days ago," Gohan murmured as the pair's grips tightened around him and their breasts squished further against his arm.

He tried his best to ignore them. But in spite of his terrific fortitude, he just couldn't.

Looking down at his girlfriend, the demi-Saiyan gave the raven haired crime fighter a nervous stare. "Uhh... can I ask you why you're not angry with me right now... or why you're not trying to kill me? What's going on between you two?"

Videl quickly gave her boyfriend a smirk, "This is between me and Erasa, Gohan-kun. This has nothing to do with you."

"Yeah. Keep your cute nose out of this," the blonde girl also added with a nod.

The boy chuckled nervously. "I seriously doubt that..."

After what'd just happened a couple minutes prior, you could see his concerns. His anxious comment had Videl and Erasa give him mischievous grins, and left him feeling more uncomfortable than ever before.

Before the trio could get too wrapped up in their personal affairs, Piccolo, who was now shaking his head at the ridiculous scene, stepped forward and cleared his throat. "As entertaining as it is to watch you three kids bicker back and forth, I think we should focus our attention on the more pressing issue of where the hell this guy came from and why he attacked us." When he drew the group's attention over to him, he then directed his gaze towards the pilot lying in the battered hunk of metal at their feet. With the blade still lodged in his back and sticking out of his chest, the Namekian frowned. "We've fought against people enhanced by earthling technology before, but nothing as advanced as this. This man was able to take on a Super Saiyan 3 and still have enough energy to stand."
That was a feat no other fighter had been able to accomplish, even their worst enemies. While the androids had been ridiculously powerful at one stage, this man was able to trounce them all through a new level of tech that was considerably more advanced than anything they'd ever come across.

It was this realization and this thought that had Gohan and Videl frown apprehensively.

As the damaged suit sizzled away, the female crime fighter moved away from her boyfriend and looked up at him. "What do you think? Could this guy have something to do with the androids?"

The young Saiyan shook his head, at the same time Erasa also stepped away to gaze worryingly at the soldier's corpse. "No. This guy is part of something else. The way he fought and came after me was way different to anything I was expecting. He knew how to take us on and he exploited all of our weaknesses with ease."

Gulping, the blonde next to the demi-Saiyan looked towards him as well. "Is there a chance he's working with someone?"

This was a question Gohan was easily able to answer and he did so with a troubled air in his person. "While we were fighting, he mentioned something about bringing me back to his 'boss'. That means he's taking orders from somebody who's obviously developed an unhealthy interest in our group." He then looked between both girls standing on either side of him before directing his gaze towards Piccolo. "I have no idea who it could be, but until we get to the bottom of this I think we should keep our eyes and ears open, and tread a little more carefully from now on."

The Namekian warrior nodded. "I agree."

Videl then crossed her arms and glared at their kebab of an opponent. "We should take this guy to Bulma's... see if she can figure out where this guy's tech came from and discover who's really behind this."

That was a suggestion both Gohan and Piccolo could easily get onboard with. So then, just as civilians starting pouring back into the streets and began approaching the spot where the final showdown between the Z-fighters and the unknown assailant took place, the demi-Saiyan grabbed hold of his friends and their corpse, and vanished in a flash of golden light. By the time the authorities arrived on the scene and the residents of that part of town got close enough to see the very spot the battle had ended, the heroes were long gone... as was their quarry.

XXX

(Later that day)

It was late afternoon over in Central City, the crowned capital of the mainland. Across the vast, sweeping metropolis making up the downtown area of the planet's largest known kingdom, situated in the center of the office district, there stood an enormous tower closely resembling the design of the World Financial Center. Posed as one of the tallest structures in the region, able to see the Northern edge of the city right down to the South, this monolith of mankind represented a symbol of prosperity and peace in the community, as well as the heart of the corporation that made up one of the many superpowers of the world.

This was, of course, the international conglomerate known as Talos Industries, the rival company of Capsule Corp and the brainchild of one of the smartest men in the world. At the very top of the tower, underneath the letters making up the name of the production giant, sat the main office and the command center of the business. And in that office, positioned directly in front of the window,
the head of the corporation could be seen standing, his hands behind his back, and his eyes set firmly on the horizon beyond.

Poised within the spotless and incredibly spacious work area, with a red carpeted floor, mahogany walls and glass ceiling, the black-and-white suit wearing Kaiser was simmering the day away in the usual manner. Lost in thought and silent contemplation, the head of the company remained seemingly oblivious to everything going on around him. He didn't even move an inch when the automatic doors to his four-hundred meter square room opened and his secretary, Colonel Violet, dressed in a fashionable purple suit and skirt, sauntered in with a notepad in hand.

When she came within a few feet of his desk, the woman waited for a moment to see if her meditating boss would acknowledge her. After he didn't, she then spoke up. "Uh… boss… I have some news that you may want to-" She then stopped when she saw him raise his finger, causing her to cringe. "Oh… sorry."

Several seconds later, Kaiser lowered his hand, pulled out a transparent notepad, and typed into the program that was currently on display. "Take this down to Medical R&D… Hawker's branch." He then turned around and held out the portable computer for the woman to take, which she did after strolling over to him.

"What were you working on? Cure for cancer?"

"Close. Acquired Immunodeficiency Disorder." When he saw the ex-military officer take it from him, the scientific genius smiled and looked away. "Have Hawker patent it and slow the formula to a crawl. Make it a lifelong treatment."

Violet looked at him with a smirk. "Cold as ever, aren't you?"

"That's how it is in the real world. Stuff like this can't simply be handed out to people on a silver platter… they need to be earned. People have to learn to take more responsibility with their lives and to tread through this world with caution."

After hearing her boss say this, the purple haired woman remained silent for several moments before looking down at her notebook. "Anyway boss, the news on the battle in Satan City you wanted to-"

"Beautiful, isn't it?" Kaiser suddenly interrupted a second time, raising his hand and gesturing out the window. When his secretary looked up to see him staring out across the sunset bathed environment, the manager of the office proceeded to elaborate on his own question. "Not too long ago, this entire city was subjected to the worst tyranny ever witnessed by man and saw a great portion of it transformed into a smoking crater by the wrath of the mighty King Piccolo. It was only thanks to my company's diligent efforts and my charity that Central City was able to return to its former glory, and the King's Palace was fully restored. Times were tough back then, but after years of hard work and persistence, the population of this country managed to get back to its feet." He then shook his head in mild amazement. "It's ironic isn't it… how greedy people can be despite living in such marvelous splendor. They've grown fat and comfortable with their snug little lives-"

"Vulcan is dead, sir."

"…"

"…"

"…"
There was a long, cold silence that filled the room, one that had Violet shuffle uncomfortable on the spot as she waited for her boss's reaction. Due to the true nature and general intent made known by her employer, she had every right to fear what was to come. It was only after a couple of minutes she soon got her answer and it damn near frightened her out of her skin.

The man with the goatee turned to glance over his shoulder with a frown. "Do we have the footage from the battle?"

Swallowing nervously, Colonel Violet nodded. "Yes, sir. The recordings we got from the satellites and the surveillance cameras on site captured every moment of his battle. We even received the complete feedback from Vulcan's suit before it shut down and deleted all information."

"I assume his body has now fallen into the hands of the Z-fighters?"

"Bulma Briefs is looking it over as we speak."

"Good," Kaiser replied, breathing a sigh of relief as he then turned to smile out his window. "Even if she does delve into the suit's memory banks, she won't find anything in it that will trace it back to us. There are far too many channels for her to navigate through and too many dead ends. I made sure that all information pertaining to Vulcan and his connection to our organization has been wiped clean from the system."

Tapping her fingers, the purple haired, former Red Ribbon Army commander straightened up. "Would you like me to donate his finances and personal effects to charity?"

"Yes. I think that would be very nice," Kaiser chirped, strumming his fingers as he kept them linked behind him. "His retirement fund is quite substantial, after all. Always good to boost the morale of the common folk." He then waved over his shoulder. "See to it that his apartment is destroyed, as well as any and all other sensitive information regarding his involvement with us."

The woman bowed. "As you wish, sir." The secretary then turned heel and left the room, her stride matching the same vigor she used to enter the hundredth floor office.

The instant he heard the door close behind Colonel Violet a few seconds later, Kaiser remained standing in place for some time, before a foul grin formed across his face. As the sun fully set over the horizon, leaving an eerie orange glow hanging in the sky and in its place, the mogul and billionaire business owner chuckled and closed his eyes.

"Everything is going exactly as planned…"

(To be continued)

Author's Note: Another chapter and another turning point in the story. If you thought things were going well for the Z-fighters before, well… they're about to get a whole lot worse.

I thought **Vulcan** was a really cool villain. Not only does he have a beefed up version of Android 19 and Android 20's Energy Absorption technique and can do it with his whole body like **Super Android 17**, but he can cloak himself with invisibility like that guy Goku and his friends fought years ago, uses rockets and other weapons like those 'Tuffle' soldiers from **Dragonball Z: Multiverse**, and beam weapons. His Energy Absorption technique isn't like Super 17s, since Super 17 can absorb as much energy as he wants without overloading, but the same weakness Super 17 had doesn't apply to him. His main weakness was storage capacity, which his suit did not have, and the fact his suit couldn't nullify his own weapons. There's also a bunch of other weaknesses.
associated with this type of armor, but those will be explored much later in the story.

Basically Vulcan's character is an improved version of the old Android concept. Like Meta Cooler, he steals energy from living organisms and such to fuel his power cells, and can become stronger and stronger the more he fights. Vulcan's Neutron Star core is also the same the Geti Star that Cooler uses as a home base and stores most of his power, only it has a greater capacity and is contained inside his suit. Just like Cooler, even Vulcan had a limit as to how much energy he could absorb. This is basically taking existing ideas from the Dragonball Z universe, modifying them, and applying them to the story. I'm also taking some design inspiration from other series' like Marvel, Cowboy Beebop, Gurren Lagann, Kill la Kill, and a host of other awesome animations and anime.

This chapter also marked one of the many occasions Gohan actually lost a straight-up fight. Why don't we pull up a tally to check his score?

**Gohan's Fighting Record:**

Gohan (SSJ) vs. Zangya, Bujin and Bido - (Loss)

Gohan (SSJ) vs. Bojack (Round 1) – (Loss)

Gohan (SSJ2) vs. Bojack, Zangya and Bujin (Round 2) – (Win)

Gohan (SSJ) and Z-fighters vs Kana (Round 1) – (Loss)

Gohan (SSJ2) vs Kana (Round 2) – (Win)

Gohan (SSJ) vs Paprika – (Win)

Gohan vs Videl – (Win)

Gohan (SSJ), Zangya and Videl vs Zeru (Round 1) – (Loss)

Gohan (SSJ2) and Z-fighters vs Zeru (Round 2) – (Win)

Gohan (SSJ2) and Piccolo vs Minions of Set – (Loss)

Gohan (SSJ2) and Z-fighters vs Set (Round 1) – (Loss)

Gohan (SSJG3) vs Set – (Win)

Gohan (SSJ2) vs Aphrodite – (Loss) lol

Gohan (SSJ2) vs Vulcan – (Loss)

Gohan (SSJ3) vs Vulcan – (Loss)

I think that pretty much covers it for Legacies so far. A couple of fights he's won under his own power, a few enemies he fought that he couldn't hope to beat on his own, and a handful of losses. You don't have to die to actually lose a fight; it's the quality of your fight and what you do in it that really counts. Hope you all enjoyed the chapter and stay tuned for more chaos to come.
Phantom Enemy Arc - The End

Dragonball Z

Legacies

The End…

(15 Years in the Future)

Orbiting the solar system in the third place from the sun, an eerily familiar planet continued its infinite lapping of the region. Looking at it from a distance, this world lacked any and all life. Its surface was blackened, covered in volcanic fissures and cracks stretching from the northern hemisphere to the southern hemisphere, and its atmosphere was clogged up with smoke and hurricane-like storms. On first glance it seemed like some random planet in another galaxy or star cluster that was practically uninhabitable. But in reality, this planet, which possessed the exact same weight, makeup and consistency as the earth, was in fact the earth.

The only problem was that, unlike the earth of the present, this one looked as though the apocalypse had finally come and laid its claim upon its inhabitants.

Across the once lush, green landscapes and ocean covered floors of this futuristic dystopia, death and decay dominated the surface of every continent. Volcanoes, crevices and barren wastelands stretched as far as the eye could see in all directions, and in the city ruins where large populations of people once lived peacefully with one another, sleek, steel factories, cooling stacks and skyscrapers resembling enormous computer terminals towered above the ruins, symbolizing the current empire in control of this part of space. The best way to describe this new world was post-nuclear fallout, where the skies had turned black with smog, the air had become toxic, and the humans that once existed as the guiding lights of the world had all but lost to the machines.

In actuality… this illustration couldn't have been any closer to the truth even if it tried. The thunder and lightning that reverberated across the countryside only seemed to accentuate this fact.

Beneath the beating heart of the steel, industrial centers dotting the surface of the world and the metropolis formerly known as West City, in the bowels of the earth where enormous sewer systems weaved around in an endless labyrinth, a figure was currently on the run.

Dashing down one of the concrete tunnels at Flash-like speeds, the tiny figure's silhouette flickered past the few remaining lights still illuminating a path through the maze. Her footsteps clapping against the mud covered floor and splashing through the occasional puddle, the mysterious runner then skidded to a stop at a fork in her road. Amidst the low rumblings and tremors reverberating around her from the surface above, the figure's face revealed itself from the shadows to be a young, thirteen year old girl with short black hair trimmed to a shoulder-length bob cut, with a pretty face and charcoal black eyes. She also had on her a pair of martial arts boots, a red and blue gi with a blue belt tied firmly around her waist, and a very familiar power-pole strapped to her person, which sat alongside a khaki backpack.

Appearing both battered and scuffed from whatever adventure she was returning from, the muddy girl panted as she took a moment to catch her breath. All of a sudden, the post-apocalyptic adolescent then looked behind her in alarm when she heard a distant whirring noise and a loud clanging of pipes. Upon hearing the sound echoing off of the walls, the raven haired runner then took flight down the tunnel to her right and continued making her way across the city via its hidden
highway.

Her sprint through the maze carried on for several more minutes. The sounds of distant explosions could still be heard booming throughout the labyrinth despite its size and scale, and were made even more pronounced in the various pockets of intersections and flood ways the girl entered, which were now barren and empty. After traversing through seemingly endless miles of dried up passages and pipes the girl soon happened upon a large, rusty iron door, which had been built at the end of a long corridor.

Stopping in front of it, she banged against the side and waited. Moments later, the door opened up with a loud creak, and the familiar, lavender haired form of one of her closest friends and allies stepped into view.

He was also one of the only family members she had left.

Looking to be in his late twenties with most of his hair tied back into a ponytail, wearing combat boots, black pants, a maroon turtleneck, scarf, a brown trench coat with a fur collar, and a katana hanging at his side, the now adult Trunks looked down at the new arrival in surprise. "Pan? What's going on? What ha-"

"No time to explain," the girl said loudly, pushing past the Saiyan and jogging down the brick-lined hallway with speed and purpose. When the hybrid warrior shut the iron gates behind them, he quickly followed after her. "They know where we are and they're on their way."

Looking startled at the news, the lavender haired boy quickly fell in step with her as they ran towards the main room built just down the tunnel. "How many?"

"Too many to count. Enough to invade an entire star system."

Frowning at the news, the demi-Saiyan with the sword looked ahead of him as they closed in on the archway. "Then he must be serious this time."

"We've been a thorn in his side for over ten years now. Frankly I'm not surprised he's coming after us with everything he's got," Pan replied without a single hitch or stammer in her voice. Despite how scary the situation sounded, the young fighter knew that this was no time to clam up. They all needed to be strong, now more than ever… even in the face of overwhelming odds.

When the pair finally exited the corridor and into the central room of their home, the raven haired girl stopped and looked back at her senior. "Do you think he'll be there with them?"

"Most likely," Trunks murmured, nudging past her and heading down the metal steps. "Knowing the kind of scumbag he is, there's no way in hell he's going to miss the opportunity to finish us off himself. Especially since we now hold the key to destroying him once and for all." He then stopped at the base and looked up at his comrade with a serious look in play. "You have it, right?"

Hiking down the rest of the flight, the girl frowned at him as she passed. "Of course I do. What? You think we went all that way out into no-man's-land to come back empty handed?"

The lavender haired man smirked back at her. "Just checking." After seeing her saunter on, the older Saiyan followed.

As expected of an underground, secret base, the facility had everything it was supposed to have. The central room in particular was a large, round chamber with archways leading and connecting to a whole bunch of other tunnels, making this a convergence point for over a dozen pipelines. The interior of the room was constructed out of bricks, with walkways and stairs crisscrossing the space
and leading to different levels. Since this also served as a home for the people that lived here, not
only were there a couple of worn out couches, cupboards and cots set up in the living area on one
side, there was also a rundown kitchen area and a small wreck room.

The majority of the place was filled with computers, monitors, Tesla coils, and all other manner of
scientific equipment, most of which was state of the art, whereas a good other percentage of it
looked salvaged. This included pipes, wiring, cooling equipment, and some of the processing
towers. There also appeared to be a couple of reactors set up against the side of the chamber,
including a particle accelerator and a massive workshop equipped for heavy duty maintenance on
vehicle-sized machinery.

It was here where the rest of their group was currently stationed.

Gathered around the workshop's central control panel, there stood three figures. One of them,
standing in the middle of their formation and working away at the board, was a woman in her mid-
fifties yet still looking incredibly young, with long blue hair tied into a ponytail, wearing combat
boots, tattered jeans, a white shirt, yellow Capsule Corp vest, and a red ascot.

The person standing next to her and also typing into the keys of the computer was a fit-looking,
middle-aged man wearing a black suit, with slicked-back black hair, and a mustache and goatee.
Though his outfit was completely out of place, considering the time and setting they were in, he
seemed completely unaffected by the harshness of the world around him. His uniform, in contrast
to his compatriots, was completely spotless.

The third person standing guard alongside the diligently working pair was another beautiful young
woman with shoulder-length black hair in a hime-cut, wearing army camouflage pants, combat
boots, an orange singlet that exposed her toned midriff, and an RAF jacket. Despite how turbulent
the earth had become and the exhaustion that racked her body, the female fighter still looked as
beautiful and vibrant as ever. She was currently leaning against the control board of the work
station and was watching the pair of scientists toiling away, but as soon as she sensed the two
youngsters approaching them from the stairway, she looked across at them and stood off of the
panel.

Her eyes instantly landing on the woman in the pilot jacket, Pan's expression lit up and she rushed
over to her, "Mum!"

"Pan," the thirty-odd year old female replied, sighing in relief when the adolescent leapt into her
arms and hugged her tightly. Returning it while simultaneously patting the child on the head, Videl
then set her daughter to her feet and looked at her with concern. "Your energy signature
disappeared. We were all worried sick about you. What happened?"

"Sorry, mum." The child frowned as she stared up at her parent. "We ran into some trouble."

"Trouble?" Drawn to the attention of the hybrid Saiyan, the blue haired woman at the control
panel, Bulma Briefs, turned to face the Son's daughter with a serious gaze. "What kind of trouble?"
She then had a quick look around. When all she saw was Trunks ambling down the stairs after the
newcomer, her face slowly formed into one reflecting dread. "Where's Paprika?"

Expression falling, Pan looked away from the women staring at her and shook her head. "She…
didn't make it." It was this announcement that had everyone standing in the area freeze and their
moods plummet. After several moments of silence passed, the child then looked back at Bulma
with her eyes gleaming with hurt and loss. "When we broke into the master control's mainframe, an
entire squadron of drones was waiting for us… including one of the android's generals. Paprika
held them off long enough for me to get away from there, and killed the commander by sucking
both herself and it into the Dead Zone.”

The quiet in the room carried on for some time after that, in which all the people present used the next few minutes to recover from the shock of learning that another of their closest friends had been lost. They paid their respects to her.

When one of the distant rumbles eventually echoed into their midst and broke the ice, the group was soon joined by two more figures walking in from the other side of the chamber. Their presences shaking them out of their trances, the team standing by the computer terminal looked across the workspace to see the familiar form of Zangya, adorned in white shorts, yellow boots, a white singlet top and blue vest, step into view. She was also accompanied by a second figure, a much younger girl around the same age as Pan, with a fair complexion, red hair similar in style to her mother's, wearing an orange singlet top, dark blue spandex shorts, yellow boots and wrist guards, and a long purple scarf. She also had a machete sheathed onto her back and a combat knife belted to the same bandoleer at the front.

As soon as she appeared, the Hera, arms folded, looked around at her teammates sternly and with great purpose. "We can still save her." When she saw she had their full and undivided attention, she then directed her gaze over to the workstation, where the machine all their hopes were resting on was currently parked and waiting for launch. "Save her and the rest of the universe. As long as we still have breath in our bodies and strength in our legs, there's still a chance we can win this thing."

The vehicle she was referring to of course was the ever familiar, single-seated time machine she remembered Mirai Trunks traveling in all those years ago. However, unlike that particular model, this version of the yellow time capsule was larger and, aside from having a sleeker design, had some extra additions melded into the surface. It was this very medium that Bulma… that everyone gathered in that room… had all their last remaining prayers and expectations resting in its seats.

Bulma, hearing her friend's words loud and clear, steeled her jaw and nodded affirmatively. "That's right. Once we send you kids back into the past, we'll be able to make sure none of this ever happens and change things to the way they're supposed to be. This war, our friends' deaths, this hell of a world... we'll be able to reverse it all." She then turned back to where Videl was standing and set her eyes on the girl's daughter. "Did you manage to get the data we need to finish the omega cycle?"

"Yes. We got it all," Pan replied, quickly jogging over to the woman and handing her the USB, "The final piece to the puzzle."

"Excellent," Bulma exclaimed, taking it from the girl and quickly rushing back over to the computer. Stopping beside the man in the suit, the blue haired woman handed it to him. "Can you make this work?"

Looking like he hadn't aged a day, the suit-wearing gentleman, who was none other than former Talos Industries leader Kaiser, looked in the woman's direction and quickly took the device from her. "Of course I can. Who do you think you're talking to?" He smiled when he held the USB between his fingers. "I did say this was the last one, didn't I?" Wasting no time in plugging it in, the man's fingers then flew across the board and began typing into the computer at blinding speeds. The screens in front of him flickered with thousands upon thousands of lines of code, which zipped past at the exact same rate Kaiser's fingers danced over the screen. After several tense seconds of watching the man tap away, a series of beeps rang out as the segments of code were then arranged into a 3D rubix cube of information. A green text soon appeared over it reading 'complete', upon which the machines in the corner of the room started to buzz with life.

A few hisses and clanks later and a large terminal was suddenly ejected from the side of the block
in the form of a drawer. When the panel appeared, Bulma marched over to it and removed the contents from the case, which turned out to be six vials of a grey, swirling liquid. The sediment inside the small tubes looping and swirling about at random, the blue haired woman quickly moved over to where the others were standing and held out two of them to her compatriots.

"They're finished," Bulma informed, watching Pan walk forward and stop just a few feet from her. Kaiser, looking on from his station, smiled at the raven haired child when she analyzed the items curiously. "Thanks to the information you and Paprika were able to steal over the last six months, the two of us were finally able to complete the weapon that will allow us to destroy the abomination plaguing our universe once and for all, and save trillions of lives in the process." He then gestured towards the tubes in question. "These nano-machines Bulma developed are specially designed for the sole purpose of killing the A.I they've been programmed to target, by shutting him out of all other electronic and mechanical interfaces, thereby confining him to a single body and rendering his transfer capabilities inoperable."

"If these get into his system, there's no way he'll be able to eject them and there's no way he'll be able to escape. All you have to do after that is destroy his body and his brain, and make sure there isn't a single piece of him remaining," Bulma added. When she saw the young Saiyan child in front of her nod in understanding, the scientist then placed two of the vials into her waiting hands, before beaming warmly in her direction. "Just stab him with this and let the nano-machines do their job. The rest will be up to you and Eva." She nodded towards the long haired teen standing next to Zangya, who stood at attention upon being addressed.

Blinking as she glanced down at the vials in her hands, the thirteen year old Pan thought about them for a good long moment. Upon which she then looked across at her mother and martial arts teacher. "But… why us? Can't you or Trunks go back in the time machine and do it?"

The lavender haired adult folded his arms and stared back at his student seriously. "We've talked about this. It has to be you two. No one else is more qualified."

"That's not true. You, mum and Zangya are so much more powerful than us and have way more experience. Any one of you guys would be able to do this easily."

It was at the girl's questioning that Bulma once again spoke up. "It's not because they don't want to go… it's because they can't go, Pan." Placing two of the other vials into Eva's steady hands, the blue haired scientist turned to stare across at the young Saiyan with a solemn expression in play. "The reason we're sending you and Eva back to destroy the cyborg before he can achieve full power is to make sure this future never happens. Not in this reality… or any other reality. To do this, we've programmed the time machine to travel along this universe's time stream and to go back to the year before any of this started."

"I ran the calculations myself," Kaiser spoke up, drawing the teenager's attention over to him as he continued typing into the computer. Looking from the screen to the yellow Capsule Corp pod positioned on the production room floor, the suit-wearing gentleman then glanced over at the girl with a frown. "The vehicle has been uploaded with the coordinates and data necessary to make the jump down our reality's continuum, thereby enabling us to change this future and to make sure it never transpires. The only problem with this paradox is that if two bodies from the same time stream but from different time periods were to meet in the exact same era, the resulting contact could cause a cosmic shockwave that could tear this universe apart and destroy all of creation."

The man then looked up at the stunned face of the young Pan and shrugged her way. "Not that it would be that bad of an outcome considering our current circumstances, but I would prefer avoiding that anomaly from taking place as much as possible."
While Pan was quite literally stunned by this information, Zangya's daughter, Eva, who was listening carefully from the sidelines, then narrowed her eyes on their former enemy in confusion. "But… didn't a Trunks from another future do that many years ago?" she asked while looking across at Bulma, who glanced back at the child inquisitively. "Videl told me and sis this story when we were both younger. A Trunks from a different future journeyed back to a time and place where he was still just a baby, and ended up fighting with you against Cell, the androids and Bojack, and the universe didn't fall apart then."

"That's because he came from an alternate timeline, sweetheart. An alternate universe," Bulma answered, looking the red haired girl in her crystal blue eyes to see her lurch a little in surprise. "The Trunks from that reality came to our world with the intent of warning us about the android threat and preventing the events in his future from ever happening. The me from the same timeline was able to create a machine that allowed him to do so. The only problem was that the me from his world didn't take the multiverse theory into account."

"The multiverse theory, or meta-universe paradox if you will, is the theory that there are multiple, parallel universes out there; each and every one of them branching out from the exact same starting point, yet each one following its own unique path," Kaiser interjected, focusing his attention on the group around him as the discussion progressed. "With every choice and action we make, we literally create a new world. History branches along two lines, creating one universe where we made the choice and a second where we didn't. That's the secret to creation; billions of people, making billions of choices, creating infinite universes… some so similar to each other you can spend a lifetime searching for any distinction… and others so radically different that they defy comprehension." He then tapped his nose at the kids with a half-smile in play. "And that's where the biggest complication with time travel lies."

"If the me from Mirai Trunks' time had wanted to alter their timeline and change their future, she would've needed to take into account the formulas necessary to maintain linear travel along a single continuum, so as to not break through the Coulomb and space-time barriers," Bulma informed with a grave look on her face. "Though she succeeded in solving the decoherence problem, she wasn't able to account for the slip-space imbalance. In the end, the Trunks from the future that we met ended up crossing over from his branch to another world altogether and back again. Hell, the Trunks that fought alongside us during the android crisis could've been a completely different warrior from the one that we met when Goku returned from space three years prior. It's a real pain in the butt to get around trying to solve this problem. Only the Gods would know how to travel through time without intruding on any of the other continuums."

"But where the Bulma from the alternate universe overlooked this fact, we did not. Thanks to the information Whis was able to give to us, I was able to perfect the space-time algorithm that will allow us to alter the time stream of our universe and change it for the better," Kaiser informed, pressing two more keys on the control panel and causing all the machines in the area to start humming loudly. A few seconds later, the pipes connected to the yellow time machine expelled steam before disconnecting, signaling the completion of his programming. Grinning triumphantly, the man in the neatly pressed suit turned to his colleagues with a look of excitement on his face. "That should do it then. We are finally 'go' for launch."

As Bulma quickly jogged over to the capsule to make sure all the cables were removed, Zangya crouched down in front of her daughter and, seeing the red haired girl look up from the vials she was holding, placed her hands on her shoulders and smiled warmly at her.

"You're ready for this, firecracker. I know you are," the orange haired adult whispered. She then brought her hands up to the teen's cheeks and cupped them, tenderly rubbing her thumbs against them. When the girl's eyes shimmered, Zangya's did too. "Make me proud."
Tears starting to form at the corners, Eva nodded. Clutching the vials close to her, she beamed. "I will mum… I promise."

Holding back tears of her own, the alien mother sniffed and ran a hand through her daughter's beautiful red hair, before then attempting to straighten up her scarf. "Maybe when you go back… if you're lucky… you'll be able to meet your father… and see the great man that he was back then. Just… be careful… and look after your sister." When Eva nodded, the two of them then shared a hug, with the Hera being sure to kiss her daughter on the cheek. "Love you."

"I love you too."

As they said their final goodbyes to one another and Videl approached her daughter to do the same, there was suddenly a loud rumble that shook the room that they were standing in. The anomaly forcing all of them to look around in alarm when dust and granite cascaded from the ceiling above, the troop then stretched out with their senses in order to determine the exact cause of the quake. After a few more low rumbles suddenly echoed into the chamber, the scientists then shared a look with one another and frowned.

"He's here," Kaiser informed.

"Then we don't have much time," Bulma said, hopping off of the top of the capsule and quickly marching over to another terminal. She then pointed across at her colleague and barked orders at him. "Make sure those coordinates are double-locked and checked and the fuel cells in the craft are fully charged. I'll handle the rest." She then marched over to the wall and, grabbing hold of two levers standing side by side, slammed them down, causing a loud hum to reverberate throughout the room and a massive surge of power to flood into the controls. The inventor then stood back and looked across at her allies. "No sense in tip-toeing around anymore." When her eyes fell on Pan, the Brief's mother nodded while clenching her fists tightly. "It's time to go."

Staring back at the woman for several tense seconds, the child, holding the vials closely to her chest, then looked up at her mother to see Videl kneel down in front of her. "I… I can't do this…" Pan whimpered, her eyes shimmering as she looked at her family pleadingly. "I can't do this, mum. I can't leave you here on your own."

Seeing her daughter was starting to crumble, the raven haired former crime fighter smiled warmly and brought a hand up to the girl's hair. As she stroked it, she whispered soothingly to her. "Shh, shh… it's alright, Pan. It's alright." She then took her child by the shoulder and squeezed it reassuringly. "You can do this."

The girl shook her head fiercely. "No. I can't."

"Yes, you can. Don't say that to yourself."

"But you'll die," the girl cried, tears starting to fall from her eyes as she looked back at her mother, who continued to smile at her. "I… I don't want to leave you here alone." Sniffling for a few moments, Pan gritted her teeth and pressed her cheek into her mother's hand when she continued to comfort her. "Why? Why does it have to be like this?"

Beaming brightly, Videl then pulled her daughter into her arms and hugged her tightly. After the girl sobbed freely into her shoulder for a full minute and her trembling ceased, the raven haired woman slowly moved away and, running a hand through her daughter's black locks again, beamed encouragingly in her direction. "Listen to me, Pan." When she saw the child wipe away tears on the back of her wristband, the mother continued, "You and Eva are the daughters of Son Gohan… the strongest, bravest, and greatest hero the earth has ever known." She then placed a hand over the
center of her daughter's chest and pressed her palm into it. "You two have the same blood that ran through his veins. Not only do you possess his strength and his spirit, but also his ability to do amazing things." When she saw her daughter stare at her with wide eyes, the mother beamed. "There's no way that either of you will fail... for that I am certain."

As the pair gazed at each other, they were soon joined by Zangya and Eva. The Hera knelt down alongside them as well, and looked both children squarely in the eyes. "Your father sacrificed his life believing he'd saved the world. He and Sandra both. But now it's up to you two to finish what he started... and save the future."

When Pan and Eva looked into the eyes of their respective parents, the duo then glanced at each other. After sharing an understanding nod with one another, they then pocketed the vials that they were holding and, upon making sure that they were secure, the teary-eyed daughter of Videl then leapt into her mother's arms for one last hug.

"I love you, mum."
"I love you too, sweet heart."

The daughter was sure to kiss her mum on the cheek just as the parent did. Once a long embrace was shared, the pair then separated and the adults stood up, turning around to see Bulma, Kaiser and Trunks were all watching and waiting for them patiently.

Gazes locking, the man in the suit gestured towards the time capsule and spoke in a serious tone. "We've got to move."

Acknowledging the scientist's words, the two daughters rushed past their mothers and sprang up into the pod. Landing at the top and along its edge, the pair then slid into the two pilot seats built into the center. When Pan buckled in, Eva looked over the side and smiled down at the group gathered at the base of launch pad.

"Good luck, you guys. Give em' hell," the redhead shouted, earning warm smiles from Bulma and Kaiser.

When Zangya walked over to the edge of the platform with Videl, she looked up at her daughter and scowled at her. "Hey. Language."

Cringing a little and smiling sheepishly in a very Son Gohan way, the half-Hera, half-Saiyan beamed and sat back into the capsule as well. As she started to buckle up just as her teammate did, Pan peered over the side and waved, before then setting her sights on her friend and teacher. "Don't wait up. We won't be gone long."

Trunks, smiling under his long, lavender hair, saluted the girls and looked on as they began to prep the machine for travel.

Just as they were taught, the young, two-person team began running pre-flight checks. After Eva checked the control panel for irregularities inside the capsule and Pan made sure they had everything they needed, especially the vials, the pair then looked up when they heard someone clamber up the side of the craft. They then saw Bulma's head pop into view and the woman prop herself on the rim of the vehicle's cockpit. Once she was up there, she then looked the pair in the eyes and spoke to them seriously.

"Listen carefully to me you two. We're sending you back several months before the 26th World Martial Arts Tournament. That's where all of this chaos started. We can't send you back any further
due to all the inter-dimensional turbulence that was taking place during that period involving all of
the Gods. The computer can't quantify the information to travel beyond that time. But that's far
enough," the blue haired woman explained, before narrowing her eyes on the pair. "When you
arrive, find the place where the cyborg is hiding outside of North City, inject him with the nano-

virus, and destroy him."

Pan and Eva, their expressions hardened, nodded to the woman affirmatively.

"We will," the red haired girl said. "You can count on us."

Bulma then raised a finger and pointed at each of them. "We've told you everything you need to
know about the events that transpired back then. Whatever you do, try not to cross paths with any
of the Z-fighters, or you run the risk of sending the timeline spiraling completely out of control. No
matter what happens and no matter how bad any of their battles get, stay as hidden from them as
possible." When the duo in the pod stared back at her firmly, the blue haired scientist smiled and
patted them on the shoulders. "And good luck."

Seeing the pair had heard her words loud and clear, the scientist wasted no time in hopping down
from the pod and watching the children engage the capsule's hatch. The glass dome closing over
the girls, the Z-fighters standing in the room then took a step back and looked on as the pair
activated the machine, just as planned. A loud humming soon emanating from the vehicle's engine,
a transparent bubble of energy then formed around the pod and lit up the entire cavern.

With the final stages of launch drawing closer and closer, Pan and Eva then looked down from
their perches in their seats to see their friends and family gazing back at them. Taking note of the
eyes of their mothers staring lovingly and hopefully in their direction, filled with tears of sadness
and joy, the two children waved, with the raven haired youngster pressing a hand against the glass
to try and reach through to her parent. In a final farewell, the two mothers waved back, just
moments before the capsule's frame lit up with a brilliant golden glow and it vanished in a pop,
slipping away with a crack of light.

The instant the machine disappeared, the winds died down and so did the sound, leaving behind a
cold, empty space.

As soon as she saw the time machine disappear, a stray tear fell from Videl's eye, which she then
brushed away. "Goodbye…"

With final waves and wishes made, Kaiser wasted no time in shutting off the central control panel
and ejecting the cables from the platform. Once that was done, he hurried over to another terminal
sitting against the wall, a route that immediately drew the attention of the others. When he stopped
directly in front of the towers, he then opened up a panel in the side of one of them and began
typing into the computer pad. Code given, he then pressed the 'start' button and activated the
countdown timer, which began from one hour mark and started counting down to zero.

Nodding at the successful unlocking of the device, Kaiser then shut the panel and turned to his
friends. "The Clean-Slate Initiative has been activated. We just need to hold them off for an hour so
that the Quantum Eigenstein Device can reach full power."

Smirking at the news, Zangya then brought her hands up and slammed a fist into her open palm.
"That's more than enough time for us to get out there and let off ten years worth of built-up stress."

"Ugh. Here we go again." Her statement had Bulma roll her eyes and place a hand on her hip. "It's
always fighting with you girls, day-in and day-out. Why can't you talk about something more
interesting that we can all get into, like calculus, hair styles, or celebrities?"
"Hey, when you have a mad, killer robot out there destroying the world, assimilating everything in sight and reprogramming it so that it fits into his vision of a perfect society, let's see you try to go on a day without throwing a punch. But I'm sure you already know all about this," Videl exclaimed, pulling a couple of fingerless gloves from her pockets and slipping them on. As soon as they were yanked down tightly, she then turned to her fellow mother and beamed in her direction. "Zangya... it's been fun."

The Hera gazed fondly at her, "Likewise, babe." She then leaned towards the raven haired girl and gave her a chaste, tender kiss on the lips, which she gladly reciprocated.

Upon sharing that small gesture of affection, the group then moved in to discuss their next plan of action, until a second shockwave unexpectedly shook the area around them. The violent tremor causing them to stumble, the group stopped and set their eyes on the wall on the far side of the room. Loud metallic thuds and grinding echoing from the back, the group of mixed warriors of planet earth watched and waited with serious expressions in play as a low hum began reverberating off of the walls.

The noise growing louder and louder as the source of the disturbance drew ever closer, Trunks responded to the approaching danger by gripping the sword at his side and Kaiser drew his sidearm, which revealed to be a high-tech Luger pistol with a glowing blue discharger. As soon as the man cocked back the slider of his weapon and took aim, there was another violent tremor, followed by a clashing sound of thunder. This was shortly outdone by the entire far side of the wall shifting, as both it and the entire ceiling above them was ripped away like a lid on a can of sardines.

A flash of light soon blasted the room, temporarily blinding the group standing in the workspace. When their eyes eventually adjusted to the atmosphere, Trunks, Bulma, Videl, Zangya, and Kaiser looked up in shock to see the black sky of the outside world swirling above them, streaks of lightning crisscrossing the heavens, and the skeletal frame of the ruins of West City towering over them.

Debris and rubble falling around them as their hidden, underground base was quite literally brought to the surface, the group then looked up at the silhouette of the figure responsible for the demolition of their headquarters. Though at first unable to see him due to the spotlights beating down on their position, the team was soon given a full view of their enemy when he dropped from his altitude and landed on the ridgeline above them, several yards in front.

Over the last fifteen years, the enemy that they had come to identify as the greatest threat of their time had steadily transformed his body from a clunky, rigid science project, into a highly versatile killing machine equipped with the latest technology and software. The last time they encountered this particular foe prior to the great chaos at the 26th World Martial Arts Tournament, he'd modified his original body into a machine made ideally for large-scale war. But after that incident, his form had not only been heavily upgraded, but he'd also undergone a horrifying transformation. It was one that they'd come to familiarize over the past decade and in that time, destruction, ruin and enslavement spread across all four quadrants of the cosmos.

It was a form and face that they all detested, and one that brought a sneer from Videl as she lowered her body into a fighting stance.

"Majin Buu."

The entity that they were now facing was a figure that was a head taller than Piccolo, yet had a body that was far more imposing. Sleek and muscular, the person had incredibly smooth, silver skin that reflected the light, and was almost metallic in nature. Possessing eyes that were dark with
red irises and black pupils, the man, entity or whatever you wanted to call it, had a chiseled facial structure similar to Cell's, including the same ear formations. But instead of having a pointy crown, the man had a tentacle protruding from his head that was long and went right down his back to his waist. On top of the muscular physique, the individual wore a pair of black arm bracelets with golden trim, golden boots with black shin guards similar to the arm gauntlets, and a white pair of pants held up by a black belt, which had the letter 'M' etched onto the front. The figure also wore a black vest with armored plates, and looked like it was welded to the skin.

Furthermore, his entire body had very strange veins running over it, which looked very much like circuit wiring on a microchip.

As soon as he heard the Z-fighter's shout and saw the group's enraged gazes fixated upon him, the tentacle-headed figure smirked.

"I'd appreciate it if you didn't address me with that old moniker. It's insulting," the entity spoke in a deep, robotic voice that was laced with both a condescending tone and malice. When he watched the rest of the figures assume defensive stances, the metal abomination sneered and lifted his nose at them. "If it isn't too much trouble, I'd prefer it if you called me by my chosen name… Sentinel." He then shrugged at them when he saw their eyes narrow even more. "Or… maybe I would like to be called Majin Buu; the great terror of the universe. Either way, it doesn't matter to me."

"Oh, put a sock in it, banana-head," Zangya spat, focusing all of her ire on the smirking robot while sliding into a wider position. "Don't you get tired of listening to yourself talk?"

"You came here to kill us, right?" Trunks asked, holding his sword tightly in his grip. "Well, what are you waiting for? Give it your best shot!"

The silver entity, still smirking confidently, waved his hands in front of him and tilted his head at his targets. "Now, now, there's no need to rush. I just got here. Since it's been such a long time since any of us last ran into one another, I'd very much like to use this opportunity to catch up and swap a few stories of what happened over the last few years. Seriously, I've got some killer tales to tell." He then crossed his arms and chuckled. "Oh, did I mention that I now control a majority of the universe?"

"Pft. Like hell you do," Videl shot back at the twisted abomination, the latter of who raised an eyebrow at the human. "Not while we're still breathing and are able to do something about it!"

Eyes twinkling with mischief, the mutated android leered menacingly. "My, it seems the spirit of the old guard hasn't waned at all in my presence here. But I guess I should expect nothing less from one of the only remaining Z-fighters to survive their initial encounter with me." He then nodded down at the group when he also spotted Kaiser and Bulma. "And what do you know… my old parent and her rival in economics are still strutting about too." His attention quickly switched over to the blue haired scientist, whom he regarded with great interest. "How's dad?"

Reflecting nothing but malice in her own gaze, the woman glared at the metal prick. "You tell me, you gelatinized freak. You're the one who killed him!"

Eyes twinkling with mischief, the mutated android leered menacingly. "My, it seems the spirit of the old guard hasn't waned at all in my presence here. But I guess I should expect nothing less from one of the only remaining Z-fighters to survive their initial encounter with me." He then nodded down at the group when he also spotted Kaiser and Bulma. "And what do you know… my old parent and her rival in economics are still strutting about too." His attention quickly switched over to the blue haired scientist, whom he regarded with great interest. "How's dad?"

The android appeared shocked and placed a hand over his chest in emphasis of this fact, "Killed him? You think I killed." Emitting a fake gasp, the metal warrior then grinned and gestured over to his right. "Why… your husband is right over here."
All of a sudden, the group's gazes turned to the rest of the ridgeline to suddenly see several more figures drop down from the sky and land in front of them. As soon as their forms straightened up and steadied under the series of spotlights, the team looked on in horror when they noticed not only Vegeta, dressed in his blue spandex uniform, white gloves and boots, standing next to the android, but Goku, Piccolo, a teenage Goten adorned in a blue gi with orange belt and wrist bands, and…

"Goren," Videl gasped, her hands covering her mouth when she recognized her eleven-year-old son standing alongside his uncle. Decked out in an orange and blue gi characteristic of the Son family, he not only had a flatter style of haircut to Goku's, but it was shorter and more combed, and he also had his name imprinted on the left breast of his gi. From her position, he looked just like what she remembered he looked like two years ago.

It was the sight of her son that not only brought a look of horror to the woman's face, but had everyone in that hole snarl in disgust.

Unlike the friends and family they'd come to know, Bulma and the others noticed that the figures standing on the crest were different to what they'd come to remember. Though all of them looked exactly like their old teammates, with the same expressions, build and outward appearances, their skin had taken on a darker, greyer, and metallic tone, which was especially noticeable on the bodies of the Saiyans. Their eyes had also inherited a reddish coloration, which glowed and pierced the darkness of the world they now lived in.

From the surviving Z-fighters' points of view, it was like they were facing down their worst nightmare. And it was…

The manic android with the tentacle-head leered at his quarry cowering in the open sewer before him. "All of your friends and family are still very much alive and well. I just made some…" He then waved his hand in circles in front of him, thinking up the right word to use. When it came to him, his grin widened, "Improvements…"

"You fucking monster!" Videl all but shrieked, glaring hatefully at the robot as tears streamed down her cheeks. "You robbed their graves and defiled their bodies!"

"You didn't improve them!" Trunks shouted with a growl in his voice, "You absorbed their corpses and transformed them into your own personal slaves!" This was accentuated when the serious expressions on the tyrant's captives darkened and their eyes flared red, showing how deeply ensnared they were by their leader's will. "That isn't life! That's living death!"

"There are no slaves here, little Trunks. Nor is there any kind of death," the android abomination exclaimed, uncrossing his arms fully and spreading them. As lightning struck the ground behind his position, the metallic entity not only looked the part of the villain, but he embodied the role in its entirety. It was a sight that would have spread terror through his audience were they not already blinded by rage. "There is only ME! In this world… in this universe, I am the law… I am the creator… and I am the one that decides the fate of all things." Sentinel's grin widened tenfold as his eyes burned with excitement. "In this world…"

"We… are… one," Goku, Vegeta, Piccolo, Goten and Goren spoke up in perfect yet haunting synchronization. "Together, we are…"

The android's eyes shimmered menacingly as his menacing grin widened, "Sentinel Buu."

While the rest of the Z-fighters stood around glaring up at the entourage before them, Kaiser, who was listening intently from the sidelines, groaned in annoyance and rolled his eyes.
"I can't stand listening to this shit."

Without warning, the man then raised his gun, pointed it at the creep above them, and fired a powerful blue blast from his pistol with a loud 'bang.'

The shot left the barrel at ridiculous speed and struck Sentinel in the head, taking it clean off and disintegrating it. Initially, the group inside the cavern thought the prick was done and that his presence was no more. However, unsurprisingly, the team then looked on as the mad deity's head reformed out of grey particles and come together in the form of a blob of fluid. This blob reformed above the rest of the still standing body, before taking the shape of the head that'd previously been shot off.

"You know… it's a damn shame I wasn't able to absorb Gohan or Sandra back when they were in their prime… those two would have been the defining pieces to my Saiyan collection. Oh well. I'm sure they're happy wherever they are, tumbling endlessly through oblivion." Groaning as his complexion solidified, the android smirked at his would-be assassin, who continued to glare up at him without a single tweak in his expression. "I don't understand why you lot are so uncomfortable with the idea of joining with me." Sentinel then raised a hand towards them in a gesture of 'good faith' and began appealing to the team's sense of reason. "You five are the last remaining free souls on this planet AND this entire quadrant. Everything that exists and contains some form of power in this world has been assimilated into my very being. There are no wars and there are no conflicts anywhere in the cosmos. There is only peace."

"No there isn't," Zangya retorted while watching the android lower his hand. "There is only the illusion of peace… one that you forced onto every single person across the cosmos."

"Even so, you cannot deny the results," Sentinel spoke, smile remaining as he then gestured across at the Z-fighters he'd recreated and were standing on his right flank. "Can't you see how happy your friends are?"

When the good guys turned to look over their former allies, they saw smiles appear on their faces before hearing each of them speak in turn.

"It's alright guys," Goku chirped in his familiar, cheerful tone, stepping forward and extending a hand towards them. "Honestly. Sentinel doesn't mean you any harm…"

"He only wishes to bring peace to the universe," Piccolo informed, arms still crossed as he stared down at the group. "It's true. We've seen it."

"Come join us and achieve greatness," Vegeta spoke, wearing his characteristic smirk despite the fact his eyes were glowing blood red. "Become one with Sentinel and you can have everything you ever wanted. Power… immortality… ultimate knowledge… love… you can have it all."

"There isn't anything to be afraid of, Trunks," the teenage Goten spoke, flicking a bang of his short, spiky hair out of the way to grin down at his best friend, who was still glaring revoltingly at him. "Come on. It's so much fun up here with everybody else. Really."

Goren, wearing an innocent smile that his father was best known for, also stepped further up the ridge and beamed at his mother. "I miss you, mum." He raised a hand to her as well and gestured for her to come up. "Please… stop this senseless fighting and join us." Arms widening, he then gave the impression of wanting a hug, one that had the raven haired woman grit her teeth painfully. "I want us all to be a family again… you and sister both."
At first not knowing what to say, the members of the Z-fighters held their ground and watched all of their friends extend their hands towards them in perfect sync. It was after exchanging nervous glances with one another and silently contemplating what to do, their silence was then broken by a growl from one of their own. Looking in the direction of said person, they saw Videl had both her fists clenched and, with tears streaming down her cheeks, barked up at the android and his army of zombified, android slaves.

"There's no way in hell we're ever joining you!" Videl roared, taking several more steps forward and showing just how serious she actually was. "You're just a crazy, hypocritical scumbag! This world, the lives you've stolen and the lives you control, they're all just one, big, fucking lie! Everything you do and say is a lie!" She then jabbed a fist at him. "If you think we're going to shake hands with you and become your slaves, then you've got another thing coming to you! Do you hear me?!!"

Blinking in surprise at the woman's hearty rebuffing of his offer, the android stood there staring down at her and the rest of her colleagues, who seemed to regain their courage and set into proper fighting stances once again.

After a moment of silent contemplation, Sentinel brought a hand to his face and ran his palm down it in an exhausted manner. He then sighed in disappointment, "Ugh... I hate it when negotiations go sour." Without even the slightest bit of hesitation, the android suddenly pointed a hand down at the group and unleashed a powerful red blast from his hand, which rocketed towards them like a comet and threatened to incinerate them in one go.

But just as the group reacted defensively to the approaching energy attack, a shadow suddenly landed in front of them and blocked the blast. At least... that's what it looked like.

In a stunning turn of events that Sentinel did not expect, as indicated by the stunned expression on his and his slaves' faces, he saw his red energy wave shrink down and get sucked into the person that'd jumped in front of it. The area remained bathed in a bright red light for several seconds, until it vanished completely and revealed the culprit responsible for the unexpected dispelling of the attack.

Standing at the defense of the surprised group of surviving Z-fighters, an incredibly tall man with sharp blue eyes, a pointed nose and chin, long black hair that grew down past his shoulders, could be seen kneeling in front of the group with his hands extended towards the sky. Wearing navy-blue boots, tight blue jeans held up by brown suspenders resembling bandoleers, a tight, navy-blue shirt outlining a toned, muscular body with holes cut into the shoulder areas, golden arm bands, fingerless blue gloves, an orange scarf and golden earrings, the newcomer cut an imposing, and surprisingly familiar image.

The palms on his hands also had pink nodes inserted into them, very similar to the ones Android 19 and Android 20 had, which he'd obviously used to absorb the blast's power. What's more, engraved in his belt, he had the letter 'Z' imprinted for all to see, a symbol that was very distinct and recognizable.

When he rose up from the ground where he'd taken that blast, the stranger showed his face to the maniacal conqueror above.

The sight of the figure had Bulma and the others react in delight.

"Seventeen! You're here," Trunks exclaimed, feeling relief wash over him as one of their most trusted allies had finally returned.
Sparing a glance at his friends, the raven haired former antagonist beamed. "Sup guys." He then turned his glare towards the cliff, where his eyes then narrowed on the collection of fighters before him. "Sorry I'm late. I got a little caught up over in the Andromeda system dealing with this prick's armies. The number of factories he's got is insane."

Kaiser chuckled as he felt relief wash through him as well. "As long as you're here to help us, then I'm not complaining."

Recognizing the man's face purely from memory, Sentinel then allowed his stunned expression to transform into one of amusement. Straightening up to appear more dignified, the metal man greeted the newcomer cheerfully. "Ah… Android 17… I wasn't expecting you to show up here. I guess I was a little too preoccupied with looking for the vermin hiding out on this rock to pay any attention to you." He then placed his hands on his hips and looked down at his fellow android with a grin. "How's sis doing? Is she still around?"

Upon speaking that question and seeing the glare thrown back at him, the mutant android snapped his fingers and exclaimed in surprise. "Oh, wait. How could I forget? I absorbed her and her family a long time ago. Silly me." After shaking his head, the silver figure then beamed at the raven haired hero. "After taking in over one trillion souls into your body, you kind of lose track of those who are really closest to you. Anyway… how are you doing these days, brother? Still fighting the good fight?"

Super 17, tensing up at the mention of his sister, sneered at the abomination. "Don't call me brother, you silver-plated freak. You and I are in no way related."

"On the contrary… the two of us were created by the same master, and were struck from the same mold in the same room. The only difference between us is that we were born out of different mediums, which really does make us siblings in a sick and twisted kind of way," Sentinel chirped, folding his arms as he looked the tall figure up and down. After getting a good bead on his makeup and drastically changed appearance, the silver God then exhaled a dark chuckle. "But it seems as though fate has put us on opposing paths. I noticed you've also made some improvements to yourself over the last several years." He then gestured to the man curiously. "Tell me… is your juiced up state a result of you fusing bodies with that bumbling Mark II, Android 16 counterpart Bulma created after my inception?"

The raven haired automatron nodded with a proud smirk. "Yeah. Thanks to her and Kaiser, I was able to join forces with my brother to become strong enough to fight you and your infinite army of mechanized slaves." Clenching his fists, Seventeen then slid into a stance and faced the terrifying looking creature head-on. "It was a tedious procedure, but it was worth the wait. Now that I'm here, I'm going to put a stop to your madness and take revenge on you for killing my family and destroying this planet!"

Hearing the man's declarations loud and clear had the smug looking villain tilt his head inquisitively. "An admirable objective. But I doubt you'll be able to accomplish much, even with this remarkable new form that you've achieved." The man then raised his head arrogantly. "Unlike you, I've long surpassed my limitations as a machine and transcended into the realm of the divine. My war with the Gods has spread to every corner of the cosmos and my sphere of influence continues to grow with every system I assimilate with my armies. I've already absorbed Beerus the Destroyer and Aphrodite the Compassionate into my consciousness… using their powers to fuel my factories. It won't be long now before the rest of their kin submit to my will."

At this, the black haired hero grinned. "That's quite the impressive record you've got there… even though most of your strength was achieved through petty theft and kidnapping. Care to put them to
the test?" He then waved for the delusional warrior to 'bring it on.'

Sentinel chuckled at the man's declaration. "Do you really think you can do it? Alright then. Enlighten me." Gesturing for his soldiers to back-off, which they did, the cyborg suddenly super-speeded down to the Z-fighter's level and landed on the other side of the room. Upon reappearing, the android cracked his neck and began to march forward. "It's been a while since I've had a decent, one-on-one competition with a warrior of equal speed and skill. I could use the challenge. Let's see how strong this new Android 17 has become." As he marched across the open space towards the group of heroes arranged in front of him, the silver warrior was all riled up for a good battle. But just as he was walking in their direction, he suddenly stopped when he sensed something was off and looked across at them in surprise. "Wait a second…" Sensors beeping audibly, his eyes then panned around the room in confusion. "I'm sensing an enormous build-up of energy. What is that?"

Before anymore questions could be asked, Kaiser, rushing over to the central panel, suddenly slammed a hand down on a large red button and activated another machine. The engines underground roaring to life, a series of loud clangs filled the air followed by a violent tremor. The anomaly causing Sentinel to back off a few steps, the android then proceeded to watch the floor in the center of the former, underground base open up, and the panels separate to reveal a hidden storage area.

An icy mist filtering out of the hole, a burst of pure green energy suddenly exploded out of the hole and rocketed into the air like a fire, alarming the enemy force and causing their leader to shield his eyes. The green aura blasting the sky for several moments in the form of a celestial pillar of light, it soon died down, leaving a cloud of ice hanging in the air around the breach in the floor. When Sentinel and the Z-fighters peered through the mist shrouding the area, they suddenly heard a low grunting noise and saw the silhouette of a massive figure rise up from the hole.

Metal clanging loudly as the steel chains and melted ice sticking to his body fell to the floor, the enormous entity that appeared stood before the two opposing sides, and turned his piercing gaze towards the silver android. As the smoke slowly lifted from the space, everyone in the area saw a massive man about the same size as the Hulk, with bulging muscles, spiky green hair that stood on end, wearing golden arm bands, boots, a necklace, a belt with gems welded into them, white pants, and a red cowl around his waist, rose before the automaton and fixed a hateful gaze upon him.

The sight of the man's white eyes and fearsome expression put a look of bewilderment on Sentinel's face. Then, when the giant narrowed said eyes and gave a low, animalistic snarl, the android's arms dropped and he looked at the figure in disbelief.

"Oh… fuck me dead…"

"RAAAAAAARAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!" the enormous figure bellowed, bringing back an arm before literally backhanding Sentinel into the far wall, smashing the android through several hundred meters of earth and stone.

The man's metal body disappearing in an explosion of dust, the Z-fighters could only look on in disbelief as the muscular giant of a man, Broly, dispatched his foe with a single swing and proceeded to rage out in the middle of the open room. Clenching his fists, the Legendary Super Saiyan reared his head and let out a mighty roar, his green aura exploding around him and punching a crater into the floor. The force of his power up nearly knocked everyone around him off their feet, leaving Videl and her friends gazing across at the Saiyan in disbelief.

Once he was done powering up and his aura had settled to a more controllable glow, the enraged
warrior looked around to see where he was. When his eyes spotted the android Z-fighters on the
cliff in front of him and the spiky haired Saiyan in the middle, the fury reflected in his eyes
increased tenfold.

"K-Kakaro~oot…” This was then followed up the ever-familiar howl.
"KAKAROOOOOOOOOOOT!"

His scream was only matched by the ferocity of his aura, which tore the ground apart before he
launched himself at the spiky haired, former hero of earth.

The android-modified Goku gritted his teeth when he saw the Legendary Super Saiyan charging at
him and, in response to the monster's charge, transformed to his maximum. His ascension to Super
Saiyan 3 being marked by a storm of blue lightning, a golden aura and his hair growing down his
back, the adult then took a defensive stance to counter the large behemoth's dash. Unfortunately for
him, the spiky haired warrior was unable to respond fast enough before he was tackled by the
hulking warrior and sent flying across the ruined metropolis in the arms of the psychopath.

Explosions in the distance and the sight of collapsing skyscrapers marked the path the pair
traveled, blasting through obstacle after obstacle out of the capital. When the pair vanished beyond
the sight of the Z-fighters standing in the crater, Bulma and Zangya spared awkward glances with
one another, as did Super 17 and Videl, before all four of them turned to look back at Kaiser.

The orange haired woman raised an eyebrow at him, "I was wondering when you were going to
unfreeze that Neanderthal."

A chuckle came from the man in the goatee as he took their surprised expressions in stride, "Well,
our world is coming to an end one way or another… might as well let the big man out to have some
fun." He then smirked across at the martial artist when she shook her head at him. "You know, not
too long ago, I was planning on using him to patent the Saiyan's powers and use them against your
group. But thanks to Sentinel's untimely arrival, all Broly and his biology ever amounted to was a
pipedream."

Videl gave the man a funny stare before smirking across at him, "Want to have a clear conscience
before you die?"

Cocking his pistol a second time, Kaiser made sure he had enough ammo before then taking his
sidearm into a two-handed grip, "More like I want to have a clear conscience before my journey
into the next universe… or hopefully my next incarnation. Either way, my soul is prepared." He
then frowned and nodded towards the ridgeline the Legendary Super Saiyan went blasting through,
where they could see the rest of Sentinel's soldiers and their former allies looking around in
confusion. "Broly is the only one that can take on someone of Goku's level. What about the rest of
them?"

Gazes snapping up to the confused, undead Z-fighters, Zangya then frowned and moved into line
next to Videl, who was also taking stock of the minions. "I'll take the green man. He and I have
some unfinished business." She leered when she saw Piccolo turn in their direction and drop into a
fighting stance. She then nodded back to her lover and best friend. "And you?"

Narrowing her eyes, Videl clenched her fists and steeled her jaw. "My son will be my opponent.
He's my responsibility and it's up to me to free him from that madman's control."

With the pair deciding their opponents and Super 17 stepping towards the hole his silver
counterpart had formed in the side of the base, Trunks then moved into arrangement and gripped
the sheath at his side.
"I'll take on my father. Next to Zangya, I'm the only one strong enough to—"

"No," Bulma's voice suddenly cut in as the blue-haired scientist moved to the edge of their line and set her glare on the zombified Vegeta. "He's my husband. As his wife, it's up to me to bust him out of this jam… and knock some much needed sense back into that thick head of his." Stretching her arm out to the side and sensing her son's apprehensive stare fixated upon her, the woman then smirked back at him deviously. "Don't worry. I won't hurt him… that badly." Without even needing to wait for an answer, the blue haired woman then stuck out her hand and directed it towards the rear of the workstation, away from the massive terminal Kaiser had activated the timer on and towards her gear. "Mobi! Deploy Saiyan Buster Armor Mark 52: Ex-wife!"

The instant she shouted her instruction, a large, cylinder-shaped cupboard wedged into the corner of the room suddenly rotated about and unveiled its contents, which then proceeded to fly out one after the other in a river of metallic parts. The yellow and silver pieces, propelled by individual thrusters, shot towards Bulma at blinding speeds and began attaching themselves to her body, one after the other. They hit her hard and fast, covering parts of her randomly in what looked like body armor. In a matter of seconds, the woman was covered in the first protective layer, which elevated her to Piccolo's height, before then having larger parts start to build. The individual components slammed into the metallic limbs, fusing with her first layer, building up like blocks, and providing extra protection.

Soon enough, Trunks, Videl and Zangya were soon standing alongside a robot the same size as Broly, bearing the yellow colors of the time machine, with silver and black plating making up the joints and flexible components. Though it did have a womanly shape and appearance to it, it was a very butch womanly appearance, which molded perfectly to Bulma's frame.

Her head still exposed around the enormous collar protecting her neck, the blue-haired woman narrowed her eyes on their Saiyan opponents and nodded. "Suit up guys." The mask of her battle armor then snapped shut and locked into place, the blue optical sensors lighting up and providing her with a perfect field of vision. "Let's rock."

At that command, Zangya, Videl and Trunks wasted no time in powering up as well.

Clenching her fists, the lavender haired Saiyan let out an impressive roar, his golden aura bursting up and shrouding him in an ethereal coat. The instant his energy appeared, his power level skyrocketed, followed by his spiky locks growing down his back and his eyebrows sinking into his forehead. His frame also bulking up considerably due to the sheer power being exerted from his body, the teenager achieved stability and held his form, which crackled with blue bolts of lightning and an electric field of glowing energy. In a matter of moments, his transformation to Super Saiyan 3 was complete.

Zangya followed suit, crying out at the top of her lungs and causing her vest to disintegrate. Her sleek, curvaceous frame developing muscle and increasing in height, the woman's skin not only turned a darker shade of green than what it normally was, but her hair also flashed dark red, spiked up, and golden bolts of energy began running up and down her form. These golden bolts streaked over her skin with her green aura, painting streaks in her hair, while also forming glowing sclera around her eyes, across her cheeks, and over her forehead. When her transformation to Super Hera 2 was complete, the woman relaxed and allowed her green aura to continue beating around her, with bolts of yellow lightning engulfing her form.

On her end, Videl also maxed out. Her white aura turning pink, the girl then let out a cry of pain as her skin shone and her hair stood on end. Purple bolts running up and down her body and tearing apart the ground, the woman then straightened up and, with a loud crack of thunder, her hair turned...
bright pink and continued to glow like it was transformed into pure energy. Radiating a constant glow, the woman allowed her aura to settle and, opening her eyes, revealed her blue sapphires had also turned a hot pink, and were burning furiously with her Super Terra form.

As soon as all three had transformed, they stood side-by-side, watching their enemy power up to maximum as well. While Piccolo's golden aura blasted around him and crackled with lightning, indicating his jump to full powered, Super Namekian state, Vegeta went Super Saiyan 3, and both Goten and Goren went straight to Super Saiyan 2, their auras kicking up around them like a storm.

The insane amount of power standing in one place caused the sky around them to distort and form into a swirling hurricane, sending bolts of lightning shooting down from the heavens to strike the earth.

Super 17, leading the pack and standing at the head of their formation, then watched the hole Sentinel had blasted through burst outwards in a shower of rubble and dust. When the cloud cleared several seconds later, it revealed a still alive and breathing android standing there with an infuriated expression on his face and oil trickling out of the corner of his mouth.

"Ugh… did someone catch the number of that bus?" Rubbing the bruise on his cheek where he'd gotten struck by the crazy Saiyan titan, the silver warrior then narrowed his eyes on the group as his sensors scanned the area. They then locked onto the mass of terminals and machinery in the far corner and, after taking a moment to analyze them, frowned when he recognized a large tower standing against the wall. "The massive energy signature is coming from that machine." He then shot a look towards Bulma and her team. "What exactly are you six planning?"

The blue-haired scientist smirked behind her armor's mask, "That's for us to know and for you to find out."

Finding nothing but displeasure from that response, the tentacle-headed abomination then raised a hand and flexed his fingers. "I've had enough of these stupid games!" Powering up with a grunt that caused his form to noticeably bulk up, the android then yanked on the air and generated a wind-like ripple through the space around him.

This was instantly followed by a powerful, magnetic force that suddenly grabbed hold of Super 17 and began pulling him towards the android at an alarming rate. The raven haired fighter growled as he attempted to resist the gravitational pull, using his ki to propel himself in the opposite direction, before his opponent suddenly threw his hand forward and unleashed a powerful shockwave towards the fused fighter. The repulsive force slammed into the long-haired automaton and sent him blasting past his group and into the rear wall, which he slammed into with a deafening 'crack'. Upon dropping to the ground and landing on all fours, the android glared up, charged up his energy, and leapt from the floor, propelling himself towards his battle-ready opponent at full speed.

Sentinel charged in as well, the pair colliding with one another in the air above the Z-fighter's base and landing concurrent blows with a terrifying shockwave. The pair circled as they climbed further into the sky, with the silver android reaching downwards, grabbing hold of a section of walkway with his tractor-beam abilities, and hurling it at Super 17. The raven haired warrior smacked it out of the way and fired a powerful golden blast at his counterpart in retaliation, drilling it into the android's chest and sending the tyrant blasting across the field and into the side of a ruined building.

The black-haired warrior pursued, rocketing towards the man's position with his fist cocked back. In return, the winded Sentinel looked up from his place against the tower and fired a powerful red
beam from his mouth, which slammed headlong into Android 17 and stopped him in his tracks. After pushing the warrior back a few yards, the silver warrior cut off the flow from his attack to watch the smoke clear and his target emerge perfectly unscathed.

Sensors beeping, Sentinel narrowed his eyes when he saw the red glow surrounding his opponent fade and noticed his energy signature increase via the numbers. Upon which the silver android embedded in the wall of the ruined building gave a sigh of annoyance, before the burn mark over his chest healed over via liquid metal.

"We'll be at this all day," Sentinel groaned, thrusting his hand forward and firing a lance of metal from his palm in the form of an extending spike.

Dodging it, Super 17 rocketed in his foe's direction with a yell and slammed a kick into the android's ribs, sending the metal freak blasting through every single wall of the building and several more buildings afterwards. The silver warrior's body continued traveling across the city for many kilometers, before his stunned form inevitably crashed into a deserted hillside on the outskirts of the metropolis, allowing his adversary to give chase and continue the battle at a safe distance.

It was Sentinel's opening attack that inevitably forced the rest of the Z-fighters into action and in a matter of seconds… all hell broke loose.

Everyone attacked at once.

Trunks, aura crackling brightly around him, launched himself from his spot and rocketed towards his best friend, who also flew at him in kind. However, when the pair opened up with simultaneous punches, it was the lavender haired warrior who landed first, as he held the advantage in both speed and power. The Super Saiyan 3's blow landed against Goten's skull with a deafening 'clap' as he sent his fellow warrior spiraling out of the hole and further into the city. Trunks gave chase, drawing his sword with the intent of slicing through his foe and ending their battle quickly. But just as he was gaining ground on the wounded android, he saw the spiky haired warrior power up and shoot off in another direction, trailing golden energy behind him. The lavender haired Saiyan pursued.

Kaiser opened up on the enemy group with his pistol, firing blue bolts of energy at the undead warriors. Piccolo and the others avoided them, with the Namekian charging down the goatee scientist with his fangs bared and a snarl leaving his lips. He was however intercepted by Zangya, who leapt straight off of the ground and buried a skyward kick into the green man's abdomen, knocking the warrior high into the clouds. As his form vanished into the atmosphere, Zangya powered up and, in the form of a green comet, rocketed after the man at full speed, breaking the sound barrier several times in the process.

Managing to stop high above the planet, Piccolo, cocking back his hand, thrust it forward and unleashed several orange blasts towards his approaching foe. The green bolt that was his target slipped through the rain, deflecting several of the shots at blinding speed and sending them streaking across the planet's surface. Then, after an impressive aerial display of lightning fast maneuvers and dodging blasts traveling faster than any projectile in existence, Zangya closed in on her opponent and slammed a punch into his guard. Her blow crashed into the former Z-fighter's arm with a thunderclap, causing a loud shockwave, which was followed up with several more when the pair began trading hits in a wicked display of speed and power.

Following a furious exchange of attacks, Piccolo then landed a kick into his opponent's solar plexus and knocked her back, and was about to follow-up with a punch until the Hera stuck her hand out and fired a blast into his chest, sending his body shooting across the sky.
The instant Zangya engaged the Namek, Bulma ignited her jets and rocketed towards her undead, android husband, tackling him just as he was pulling his fist back for a punch. The impact caused a countrywide tremor as the woman in the yellow mech armor held the man by the head, yanked it back, and then slammed it into the ground, which she proceeded to drag him through for the next three kilometers. After the Saiyan Prince had had enough of having his skull used to plow the roads, he then promptly kicked her suit in the stomach and sent the scientist flipping over him, releasing his head from her hold and allowing him to roll back onto his feet.

Landing several yards away on all fours, grinding to a stop across the tarmac, Bulma then stood up and, pointing both arms at her target, opened up a series of rocket pods and unleashed a salvo of missiles at her husband. The projectiles curled through the air at blazing speed and began bombarding the area in front of the Saiyan. Massive explosions then ripped down the street and struck Vegeta head-on, knocking the man flying off the ground and sending him into a ruined skyscraper, which collapsed under the force of his impact.

Bulma retracted the rocket pods as she watched the structure collapse on itself, sending dust and debris flying in all directions. Stomping forward and flexing the fingers of her ultimate weapon, the woman scanned the area for any sign of her opponent. It was only when a warning arrow lit up that had her gaze snap left she saw Vegeta appear out of thin air and slam a fist across her mask. The loud 'clang' that rang out was immediately followed by the mech being thrown off its feet and sent bounding down the main road. When Bulma eventually applied the airbrakes and flipped back into an upright position, she slammed her feet into the floor, skidded to a stop, and reengaged her thrusters.

"Alright, honey… if that's how you want to play!" She then blasted back down the main road towards the android at high speed, watching him throw up both hands and unleash a powerful golden blast. Seeing the attack approaching, the woman held up an arm and produced a solar panel, which allowed her to bounce the attack off of her and continue on unscathed. As soon as she reached her opponent, she kneed him in the face and sent him blasting into the buildings behind him, taking out an entire block with the speed of his flight.

As the buildings were in the process of cascading to the earth, a large explosion across the city then saw Vegeta's form flying up into the sky and suspending itself above the city. Sneering angrily, the man then took aim at his female opponent on ground level and powered up. Aura warping around him and accompanied by currents of lightning, the Super Saiyan 3 gathered energy into the palm of his hand before firing a powerful sphere of ki at the enormous mech. His **Big Bang Attack** shot towards Bulma like a meteorite and threatened to nuke the entire metropolis.

Having expected him to use that move, the scientist thrust her hand forward and caught the attack like a baseball. Then, cocking it over her shoulder, she chucked it back at her foe, the ball slamming into the prince's chest and detonating with colossal force. A sphere-shaped explosion large enough to incinerate the entire city went up inside the clouds, seemingly wiping out the Saiyan warrior in a golden inferno. Bulma knew better though and as soon as she saw the fire become replaced by smoke, she saw her mechanized husband cut his way out of the haze and dive in her direction like a bullet. His emergence from the smog had the woman grit her teeth and take a stance.

Videl on the other hand, while avoiding all of the other fighters crisscrossing the air to engage with their respective opponents, made a B-line straight for her son as he charged at her in kind, opening up with a wide punch. But the mother, anticipating the attack, expertly ducked her android boy's swing, caught his arm, and ended up tossing him across their base and straight into the far wall. The boy slammed into it hard, splitting the barrier and dropping to his hands and knees. Speedily getting to his feet, Goren spun around in time to see the glowing haired woman rush him and kick...
him square in the chest, sending the child blasting through the brick and earth behind him, and then into the sky. After practically punting the teen through several feet of stone and over a distance of several blocks, Videl huffed furiously and gave chase.

Flying after him in the form of a glowing pink bolt, the former crime-fighter then skidded to a halt in the air when she saw her target roll over and face her. Both holding their positions above the war torn metropolis, the humanoid fighter narrowed her eyes on her son to see him do the exact same thing, before he suddenly held up both his hands and unleashed a hail of blasts in her direction.

Dodging it with super speed, the nimble warrior darted through the barrage and eventually made her way to her son's position, stopping in front of him. When the teenager balked and attempted to hit her with a punch, she kneed him in the stomach, doubled him over, before driving a blow into his back and sending him into the city streets below. His crash was marked by a geyser-like explosion of dust and the area around him splintering like glass.

And from there, the Z-fighters' final battles dragged on…

XXX

Scampering across their exposed base's floor plans and walkways, Kaiser, armed with his trusted sidearm and his wits, was now taking on a new kind of enemy. The moment the Z-fighters took off and engaged one another in the most congested opening to a battle he'd ever seen, the genius found his position becoming swarmed by dozens upon dozens of androids. All of them resembling humans wearing tactical armored suits, each with glowing red eyes and possessing Cell-shaped heads with only a single horn on the right-hand side, the mechanical army bore down on the crater in a wave of silver, metallic death.

"Target the human! Target the human!"

"Engage!"

All of them outfitted with blasters and thrusters capable of sustained flight, the Human Class drones rained down on Kaiser from all sides. Opening fire on their target, they attempted to corral the man into a corner and kill him. However, showing surprising agility and dexterity, the man with the goatee avoided the initial hail of ki blasts and began taking them out one after the other with his supercharged sidearm.

Dodging a couple of red beams and watching several more of the metal men drop down from the sky and land around him, Kaiser cursed. "Damn these stupid robots. They just don't end!"

Like a champ, the man scaled the railing and picked the steel skeletons off one by one, preventing them from getting him or their base's machinery. After taking on a whole swath of them on the walkway and actually engaging one in hand-to-hand, ducking its swing and snapping its leg with a kick, he then leapt over the side and back onto ground floor. Barrel-rolling upon landing, Kaiser then sprinted over to one of his cupboards and kicked it open, where he then yanked out a submachine gun resembling an FN P-90. Cocking the slider, the scientist then spun about and mowed down an entire group of drones charging at him from the other side of the room, taking them out in a hail of blue blasts.

Dodging a series of red beams that were lobbed at him in retaliation, the man then dove for cover and continued his campaign. Rushing over to the workshop area, he picked off several more droids coming in from above, until one rushed up behind him and attempted to run him through with its arm. Sensing it, the man dodged it, spun around, and slammed the butt of his gun across its face with a 'clang'. He then drew his pistol and shot the stunned machine twice in the stomach, before
turning and using both guns on the swaths of robots converging on his position.

Things were going well on his end so far and it looked like he was going to get through this battle without a scratch. But then, after wiping out about eighty of the damn things, a squad on the ridgeline suddenly started getting clever, and fired at him from above. The rain of shots drew Kaiser's attention and he fired upon them with his P-90, unloading his weapon and wiping out an entire group of them, including several that were dropping in from the sky. However, one of the drones got lucky and, managing to creep out from around the corner, fired a blast into the man's chest while he was focusing on the ones attacking his flanks. The attack slammed into the human and knocked him straight into the wall, knocking the fire arms from his hands before his body crumpled to the ground.

The man ended up sprawled out on the floor, body smoking and his suit covered in dirt. Thinking he was down for good, the Sentinel drones drew in closer, their weapons still locked and sensors fixed upon their human target. Due to the way the man had been hit and the location of the wound, they were positive he was a goner. Even his life-signs had flat lined.

But then, just as a few of the robots had gathered around his body and were about to scrub him, Kaiser's eyes suddenly flew open and, with a quick, acrobatic spin, he kicked the feet out from under them. Grabbing one by the arm, he got it into a headlock and, grabbing the blaster on its arm, aimed it at its compatriots and forcefully fired at them. The blasts from the automaton wiped out a good portion of the enemy forces, allowing the human to snap the head off of the poor bugger he was holding and collect his sidearm. Once he had it, he ducked a jab from behind and tackled that robot to the ground.

Fingers around its neck, he then pointed the pistol at its forehead.

The drone's eyes flashed in alarm. "Illogical. Illogical-"

Kaiser smirked, "You're damn right, asshole." With his response made, he then shot the drone through the skull and, collecting his energy-based machinegun, continued his rampage against the invading automaton army.

Explosions racking the city from corner to corner, the chaos soon spilled out into the central park area, where a distant figure was sent crashing through several office buildings before punching a crater right in the heart of the dried up lakebed. Dust clouding the crash site, the meat projectile was soon followed by the golden glowing form of Trunks, who appeared hovering over the reserve covered in a few bruises and cuts, and sporting a now torn up coat. Eyebrow-less gaze fixed upon the ground beneath him, the Super Saiyan 3 then watched the screen fade to reveal his opponent standing slumped over in the fissure, with his right arm completely missing and his form covered in a wide assortment of bruises.

When he saw his old friend Goten turn his hateful glare towards him, with blood trickling out of his many open wounds and the cybernetic enhancements protruding from his flesh, Trunks smirked and shook his head at his old training partner and long-time, best friend. "You were never the kind of person to throw in the towel. No matter how much you got beaten down, you always found the strength to get back up." Turquoise eyes with dark pupils shimmering with unaccountable amounts of sadness, the Brief scientist's son brought his katana up, spun it, and pointed the tip of the blade in his foe's direction. "But in the years you've been gone... I've had plenty of time to train and surpass you. With this strength that I've achieved, I'll finally be able to beat you and end your suffering."
Growling, the android Goten launched himself from the crater and blasted towards his incredibly powerful foe with a swing of his one good arm. Jabbing out with his palm, the red-eyed Super Saiyan 2 fired a ki blast at Trunks in an attempt to take his head off, but the long-haired Super Saiyan dodged it and kicked him across the face. His blow crashed into his companion's cheek and knocked him spinning across the sky. For a moment, it seemed like the attack had done the trick.

But after flying for several hundred meters, trailing blood and engine fluid, the cybernetic Saiyan halted his body in midair and spun about. The second he did, he threw up his hand and fired a powerful, one-handed Kamehameha towards the Super Saiyan 3, intent on wiping him out or, at the very least, inflicting some small amount of damage to the obviously stronger fighter.

It happened in an instant. Trunks's form vanished and the blast streaked past his position, striking a distant mountain range and wiping it out in an enormous, dome-shaped explosion. The instant the blast went up, the demi-Saiyan reappeared in front of his opponent, who recoiled in shock and attempted to counter him with a blast to the face. But the android Super Saiyan was unable to follow-through on his retaliation, as the long-haired warrior used his katana to not only slice off his remaining arm, literally disarming him, but also sliced straight down at him, cutting him clean in two.

The look of shock that appeared on Goten's face remained as his body slowly split in midair in a manner very similar to Frieza's final moments. Then, just as he was in the process of separating, the ever efficient and agile warrior spun his sword around, kicked his friend in the stomach and, after sending his two halves flying, thrust his hand out at him and unleashed a powerful, gargantuan ki wave at his stunned, bifurcated body.

The golden attack engulfed Goten's form completely and disintegrated him, before the blast streaked up into the sky and left the planet in the form of an ethereal beam of light. It faded moments later, revealing a much more damaged city and Trunks floating in the very place his attack had been launched.

Frowning deeply, the man lowered his hand, gripped his sword firmly and then sheathed it back into his scabbard full samurai style. The instant the blade clicked, the Super Saiyan 3, with beads of sweat running down his face, breathed a sigh of relief.

"I'm sorry, Goten."

Hopefully now his friend could finally find a small semblance of peace.

Unfortunately for the lavender haired Saiyan, his battle wasn't over yet.

Several moments after the man uttered his heartfelt apology, a loud screeching sound had him spin around and shoot his gaze upwards. Eyes widening, the man threw up his arms a split second before he was suddenly smacked out of the sky by a massive fist and sent plummeting to the ground. After slamming into the earth and forming a huge crater in the city streets, the half-Saiyan quickly sat up and, spitting out the blood from his mouth and narrowing his eyes into a hard glare, looked in the direction the lightning fast blow had come from.

He was then immediately forced to dodge when another enormous attack came plummeting towards him from above. Jumping to the side and avoiding the colossal length of steel, Trunks made it just in time to watch it split the earth with a deafening thunderclap, the shockwave it caused prompting him to ascend to the top of a nearby skyscraper. Landing on the very tip of the spire, the demi-Saiyan then looked across the way to see not one, but twenty giant, humanoid robots stomping through the downtown metropolis and heading straight towards him, their wide red optical sensors glowing fiercely. Resembling enormous silver mechs designed in the
appearance of Samus Aran's armor, with each one easily towering over the buildings of the once
great city, the automatons also had two large, flat cables protruding from their backs. Acting like
tails and extensions of their bodies, these lengths of earth-cutting metal whipped through the air
like tendrils in a threatening manner.

The moment the Super Saiyan 3 spotted the hulking machines lumbering towards him, he then
watched as the giants were soon joined by an army of smaller, human-sized robots. Appearing as
beefed up, advanced models of the ones that were currently attacking Kaiser, adorned in armor
similar to knights and armed with battle lances, these soldiers suspended themselves in the sky
around the giant mechs and confronted the young warrior. They came together like a swarm of
bees and blocked out the horizon in a wall of blinking red lights.

As soon as the young man saw the army of a thousand plus mechanized soldiers emerge from the
smog and the skeleton of West City in front of him, the sword user gritted his teeth and gripped the
handle of his katana, ready for another fight.

As soon as he set himself into a stance with his fingers wrapped around his primary weapon,
Trunks powered up and stared down the enormous android army with a snarl. "Alright then! Bring
it on, you metal freaks!" Drawing his weapon with a crack of lightning, the man launched himself
from the tower and, while rocketing towards the army, opened up with a gargantuan blast of golden
energy.

The attack shot towards one of the giant metal warriors, who smacked it away with the back of its
arm. But the instant the titan knocked the attack into the sky, Trunks was instantly upon it, lunging
in with his sword.

"YAAAAAAAAAGGHH!"

XXX

Like the rest of her friends, Bulma was having problems of her own.

Over the last several years, the once leading representative in Research & Development had spent a
great deal of her time and effort exploring the concept of mechanized, personal armor for the
everyday human soldier. Ever since Gohan's battle with Vulcan back in Satan City, which saw a
large amount of the downtown area demolished, Bulma had invested an enormous amount of
energy into improving upon the idea and attempted to achieve the same results of the suit worn by
the vicious war dog. Though she was unable to replicate the neutron core design due to a
substantial lack of anti-trinity matter on the planet, which is often found on planets orbiting white
stars, the woman was able to come up with dozens of other impressive models.

She spearheaded this ambition with great enthusiasm and passion. After all, if Doctor Gero, an old,
half-crazed man operating on the bare minimum of equipment, could construct human automatons
as well as a biological abomination from a handful of cells, designed with the sole purpose to bring
down Super Saiyans capable of wiping out entire star systems, then why couldn't a billionaire
scientist with unlimited resources do the same thing?

Combining her knowledge on the androids built upon from years of study of their original blue-
prints brought to her by Mirai Trunks and Krillin, Capsule Corp's own robotic designs, her
recordings from the Z-fighters' multiple uses of the GR, space tech, and scientific genius, Bulma
was able to develop a chassis capable of taking on super-human monsters of various levels of
strength. Her last fifteen years had also given her a chance to improve on these designs and, using
the same material that was normally used in the Gravity Room to withstand blasts capable of
turning planets and stars into dust, create a suit that was durable and powerful enough to trade
blows with a Super Saiyan 3.

Unfortunately, going that extra mile to actually put down a Super Saiyan 3 was looking to be a bit of a long-shot.

Sporting several new scuffs and punch marks on her front chest plating, the yellow mech Bulma was piloting stomped forward down the main road, sensors scanning the area for any signs of her illusive foe. When the numbers on her visor started to rise and hone in on her target's signature, the scientist raised an arm and produced a rocket launcher from the machine's gauntlet. But just as she was in the process of finding her quarry, the wall of the building to her left suddenly exploded outwards and, flying through the cloud of debris, Vegeta reappeared and rammed into her with his shoulder.

The blow connected with a loud 'crack' and saw Bulma's mech sent hurtling down the street and straight through a couple of skyscrapers. After bursting out the side of the third one, the woman thrust her hands and feet forward and used the repulsors on her hands to stop. Airbrakes also assisting in this endeavor, the scientist leveled out and began to turn in the direction she'd come from. A split second later, she was suddenly slammed in the back by Vegeta super speeding into her blind spot and tackling her in the spine. The Super Saiyan 3 drove her straight into the highway, where she crashed and punched a massive crater into the surface of the tarmac.

As soon as she was pinned, Vegeta grabbed one of the armored suit's massive arms and, slamming his foot into the back of her shoulder, proceeded to pull it from its socket.

Plating crumbling and wires snapping little by little, the visor inside the robot's helmet began flashing warning lights in the pilot's face, who attempted to force herself back to her feet. Unfortunately, thanks to the hold the Saiyan had over her and the sheer amount of raw power he was exerting, the woman found the task of getting up to be next to impossible.

Starting to feel the strain herself, Bulma cursed. "From behind? Really, Vegeta?" Gritting her teeth as she then willed her suit to start sending emergency power to her arm and leg hydraulics, she began to fight back. Loud hissing echoing out as her suit started expelling steam from its joints and vents, Bulma slowly rose up as the Super Saiyan 3 pulled back further on her arm. "How many times... do I have to tell you?" the scientist growled, causing the android pinning her to the floor to balk in alarm when he saw the mech's hands form into fists. "Whenever we start getting rough..."

With barely any warning, her free arm unexpectedly rotated around and, utilizing the mech's double-jointed abilities, suddenly shot a punch straight into Vegeta's blind spot. The blow connected with the force of several thousand freight-trains charging down a single point, sending the prince blasting through the air and straight through several nearby buildings. After spinning through steel structures and apartment blocks for a couple of miles, the Saiyan hit the brakes and stopped in midair. It was just as he was turning around that the prince looked up in time to see the yellow mech piloted by his wife, dive down at him and bury a kick into his chest.

Following-through with her surprise attack, the woman slammed the short man into the earth with catastrophic force, punching a huge crater into the floor that sent a geyser of dust and rubble shooting into the sky. Then, when the cloud settled, it revealed Bulma pinning the Saiyan to the earth with her knee and hand, her suit working to apply even more weight to his chest.

Grinning underneath her mask, the slightly banged up Bulma chuckled as her husband writhed under her armored suit's grip.
"I'm the one that gets to be on top!"

Clawing at the woman's gauntlet, the android Vegeta growled and banged away at her limb for a few moments. In that time, the scientist then raised her damaged arm and, transforming the limb into a massive Vulcan gun, began unleashing bullets into the man's face at pointblank range. The Gatling gun poured thousands of rounds into the Super Saiyan 3, causing a series of loud clangs to ring out as the projectiles tore into his flesh. At first it almost seemed like this monstrous attack would effortlessly rip the prince's mug to pieces.

But just as Bulma was starting to get comfortable, Vegeta's hand suddenly snapped up, grabbed the gun, stopped it, and began to crush it. Snarling menacingly, the prince forced the woman's limb away and powered up, his aura springing protectively around him and producing a storm of lightning. In an effort to counter against it, the mech attempted to absorb the energy through special nodes in the chassis, but due to the vast quantity of power the android was exerting, it just couldn't hash it.

Especially when Vegeta suddenly went into full rage mode and, reaching up with his other hand, fired a big golden blast straight into the suit's chest. The attack exploded with concussive force and sent Bulma flying back to slam into the earth a split second later. Shaken, with one arm damaged and abdominal area burnt, the pilot then attempted to get up and reengage her adversary, only for the Super Saiyan 3 to leap straight at her and begin driving blows into her chest one after the other. The attacks impacted with devastating effect, tearing up the ground beneath the unit while Vegeta relentlessly hammered into its plating, denting it bit by bit.

The assault was so vicious it not only pushed the adamantine robot down the street, but also ripped a trench right across midtown. It was only after throwing a few counter blows to the fiercely fighting warrior Bulma then opened up a section in the chest area and fired a red blast straight into the man's face, knocking him into the sky. Once he was off, Bulma followed up with a missile, which popped up from her shoulder plating and rocketed after her target. The nuclear warhead connected with a thunderclap, unleashing a compressed blast that smashed Vegeta into another building and knocked it over.

As the building began to tip with the prince embedded firmly in its side, Bulma jumped up at him with the rocket boosters on her feet and dove at him with a punch. But Vegeta countered with a swift kick into her chest that knocked her into the building across the street. The situations quickly reversed when the Super Saiyan 3 dashed at the mech instead, opening up with a fierce assault that dragged up the side of the structure. Frame and glass shattering with every foot they covered, the pair traded blows one after the other until they reached the top, where Vegeta then caught a punch from the robot's damaged arm and, with a quick spin and a yell, drove a hand through it and cut the hand off.

The mech spun through the air until the airbrakes were applied, stopping it from flying off. Bulma once again faced her foe with a harsh glare, at the same time using that moment of reprieve to speedily eject the damaged arm attached to her suit and assess the rest of the damages.

"Okay… this isn't going very well," the woman thought, seeing her undead husband was still fit and willing to fight, while the stats on her armor weren't all that great. "He was always the most difficult man in the quadrant to handle. Even Goku had a hard time putting his ass down." This analysis of her situation then brought on the interesting question of how she was going to go about doing it herself.

He was too fast to outrun, too tough to knock out with hard punches, and too fit to turn this into an endurance match. Even if her own body could take it, she wasn't sure her suit would be able to.
There was only a certain amount of punches it could withstand before something important gave up.

She had to think of something, otherwise she was mincemeat.

Fortunately, the woman didn't need to think up a strategy for this particular debacle. The moment she set her suit into a battle ready position for one final showdown with the prince, a green blur suddenly dove down from the sky and slammed a kick into the back of the Super Saiyan's head. The attack knocked Vegeta plummeting to the streets below, which he impacted with the force of a small meteor. When Bulma looked to see the one responsible for catching her husband off guard, she saw Zangya floating there. Covered in cuts, bruises, and bleeding from the corner of her mouth, the Hera smirked in her direction.

"You okay?"

Sighing in relief, Bulma spoke up through her suit's intercom. "The suit's a little bit banged up, but I'm still in one piece. Vegeta was giving me a real pounding back there."

The red haired woman then frowned in her colleague's direction. "Okay, first of all; phrasing. And second of all... you wouldn't mind if I took him off your hands for a little while, would you?" She then glanced over her shoulder when she sensed another figure appear on the scene and saw Piccolo teleport into view a few yards behind her. Also covered in burns and bruises, the Namekian glared exhaustedly in her direction while the Hera looked right back at him with her unflinching gaze. "Neither one of us is getting out of this alive, anyway. So I'll hold them off while you go help Android 17... and make sure that silver Oscar-statue stays right here where we want him."

Eyes widening when she realized what the woman was saying, Bulma floated closer to her. "That's a one-way trip, Zangya. You can't possibly hope to take on both of them at once. They'll kill you."

Cracking a smile, the Hera glanced back at her friend and chuckled. "Well then... I guess this is the perfect time for me to find out exactly how useful I am to you guys." She then held a hand up to the scientist to stop her from saying anything else. "I don't want to hear it. Our universe is coming to an end and we're the only ones left to see it all happen. Hell... we were the ones that let it get this bad in the first place. Since it's our responsibility to set things right, what better way is there to go out of this alive, anyway. So I'll hold them off while you go help Android 17... and make sure that silver Oscar-statue stays right here where we want him."

Eyes widening when she realized what the woman was saying, Bulma floated closer to her. "That's a one-way trip, Zangya. You can't possibly hope to take on both of them at once. They'll kill you."

Cracking a smile, the Hera glanced back at her friend and chuckled. "Well then... I guess this is the perfect time for me to find out exactly how useful I am to you guys." She then held a hand up to the scientist to stop her from saying anything else. "I don't want to hear it. Our universe is coming to an end and we're the only ones left to see it all happen. Hell... we were the ones that let it get this bad in the first place. Since it's our responsibility to set things right, what better way is there to go out of this world then dying on my feet... fighting for my loved ones to the bitter end." Her smirk then widened when she glared right into the eyes of the mech, whom she knew concealed the face of a bewildered Bulma Briefs. "I think that's a fitting end for a person like me, don't you think?"

Swallowing nervously, the scientist spoke, "Zangya..."

Just as the red haired woman shared one last smile with her friend, she suddenly heard a loud explosion and looked down at the city in alarm. She then threw up her arms just in time to block a punch thrown by Vegeta, who rocketed up at her from the streets and slammed an attack into her with tremendous force. The prince, locking horns with the Hera, then proceeded to push the woman further up into the sky at an alarming rate, both warriors gritting their teeth and growling against one another as their auras burned brilliantly.

Almost as soon as Vegeta engaged Zangya in a grappling match, the Namekian floating in the background flew in as well, roaring out and throwing a punch at the woman's head. The Hera however, quick as ever, spun around and caught his fist, ending in her wrestling with both enemies.
as they spiraled through the sky. Receiving several knees in the side from Piccolo and grunting in pain from each hit, the woman Z-fighter then managed to kick the prince off of her and throw several retaliatory blows at the Namekian. Her attacks landed with a series of loud and painful sounding thuds, marking the beginning of a bloody and chaotic brawl between the redhead and the two androids.

Looking to see Bulma still flying in place, the bloody-mouthed Zangya tightened her jaw and screamed at her. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE! GAH!" Receiving a body shot to the stomach, she then smashed Piccolo in the jaw before turning to trade a couple of blows with Vegeta. "GO!" After a grueling exchange, in which she was elbowed mercilessly in the face, the woman powered up and shot off into the distance, while at the same time being pursued by the two incredibly strong, ex Z-fighters.

Seeing her friend and ally vanish into the distance with her opponents, Bulma steeled her expression and, resetting her coordinates, jetted off to another part of the city.

It was there, in that general direction, she hoped to find exactly what she was looking for…

XXX

(Some time later)

For the last remaining heroes fighting on planet earth, things quickly started going downhill.

While Kaiser continued blasting away at robots left and right on his end of the field, protecting what was left of their base, Broly's battle with the android Goku had become even more brutal, resulting in untold levels of destruction. Since the beginning of their final, decisive grudge match, the pair had wound up exchanging blows evenly with one another. Despite the fact that the Super Saiyan 3 android had the upper hand in speed, handwork, power and timing, the bulky, green haired warrior still had strength and durability on his side, which he was able to use to great effect. This allowed the psychopath to trade attacks with the longhaired man for quite a while and, even with all the damage he took from the amount of punches Goku landed on him, he persisted and pushed forward.

It soon became abundantly clear that the genocidal maniac wasn't going to be throwing in the towel anytime soon… or ever for that matter. Just like in their first encounter many years ago on New Planet Vegeta, as their battle raged on, Broly's power started to climb. Speed and strength increasing, as well as his rage, the Legendary Super Saiyan began hitting back against the former hero harder and harder, putting on quite a bit of damage on the smaller fighter.

Buildings and mountains leveled as the pair brawled. When Goku's body ended up crashing through an apartment block and was sent bouncing across a ruined expressway, Broly followed immediately afterwards. Tearing through the tarmac like it wasn't even there, the madman seized the Super Saiyan 3 by the face and, cackling loudly, drove the warrior into the ground and proceeded to drag him through it. After ripping across the concrete at high speed for well over a kilometer, knocking wrecked cars, trucks and buses out of the way at the same time, Goku then countered the man with a swift kick to the face.

Landing the blow hard and forcing the bulky warrior to let go, the android fighter quickly sprang away for breathing space.

Looking between the two, it was apparent the former hero had taken on far more damage than Broly had; the latter of who was still continuing to fight at full power while the former hero's energy levels were beginning to wane. Hoping to salvage some sort of an advantage, the cybernetic
Goku tried to make a hasty retreat. But much to his utter shock, the enraged warrior flew right on after him, growling loudly while his right fist loaded for another planet-splitting hit.

"KAKAROOOT!" the hulking warrior bellowed, roaring as he pitched a hook at his target. The Super Saiyan 3 avoided it and attempted to counter with a punch of his own. But his fist bounced harmlessly off of the man's side like he'd just hit a brick wall, an instant before he was handily backhanded by the Legendary Saiyan and sent spinning through the sky. Just like before, Broly tore after him with an angry yell. "RAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!"

The badly shaken ex-hero managed to apply the brakes in midflight just in time to take a defensive stance. Blood pouring out of his mouth and his many other open wounds, Goku then cupped his hands beside him and fired a *Kamehameha* at the approaching giant. Despite the amount of force he managed to put behind the attack, the monster of a Saiyan plowed right through the beam and slammed his fist across the warrior's face, knocking him into the streets and punching a massive crater into the ground.

Following up on his attack, Broly held his hand out and, charging a ball of green energy that caused an odd discoloration in the atmosphere around him, clenched his fingers around it and then pitched it straight down at the spot his opponent had crash-landed. The sphere of ki struck the human projectile's point of impact with the force of a miniature supernova. A green, dome-shaped blast engulfed the area, wiping out a great portion of downtown West City and filling the sky with a blinding, radioactive light. The Legendary Super Saiyan managed to compress all of that force to the one spot, holding back just enough to keep the entire continent and, by extension, the entire planet from splitting in two.

When the cloud of dust eventually faded from the inferno, it revealed the android Goku had reverted back to his base form and was lying sprawled out in the middle of the hole, his gi in tatters and his leg noticeably bent the wrong way. Gritting his teeth, the badly damaged warrior attempted to push himself up and crawl out of his grave, until his opponent suddenly dropped down from the sky and crashed into his spine with his knee. A loud 'crunch', a shockwave, and a scream of agony filled the air, before the grinning Broly grabbed his stricken opponent by the back of the head and lifted him into the air above him.

Powering up to maximum, his green aura twisting around his body, the Legendary Super Saiyan then grabbed Goku's waist and began to pull the two halves of his adversary in opposite directions. It was only a couple seconds later that a sickening crunch sound was quickly followed by Goku's head being ripped clean from his body by his old nemesis. The psychopath of a warrior cackled madly and tossed the hero's corpse away, before then holding his target's head high for all to see… namely him.

"HAHAHAHAHA!" Broly laughed, narrowing his eyes on his foe's disembodied person to see his dead eyes staring right back at him… or… more appropriately, up towards the sky.

However, the legendary warrior's celebration over his finally killing his nemesis was cut short when a powerful red blast suddenly slammed into his back and exploded harmlessly against his skin. Growling irritably, the hulking Saiyan tossed the head away and spun around, where he saw one of the giant, mountainous robots Trunks had been fighting, standing over him with a platoon of smaller units orbiting its head. When it then raised its hand up and produced a large cannon from its palm to fire at him, Broly narrowed his eyes and, with a yell of rage, powered up to maximum.

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!" His power multiplying once again, the Saiyan abomination then leapt from the ground and charged at the towering mech, dodging the blast it fired and tackling it in the chest. The man's collision with the titan was marked by a
thunderous clang as the giant android was sent stumbling back into a skyscraper, which it crashed into. With it pinned against the steel frame, the Legendary Super Saiyan then proceeded to rip into its chassis with his bare hands, disemboweling it of all its critical systems and wiring.

While all this was going on in the background, down on ground level just a block away from where the giant robot was being pulverized into the building by the hulking Saiyan, a sea of metal bodies had been unceremoniously laid out across the entire Southern side of the metropolis. Stretching as far as the eye could see, these metal skeletons and suits of armor had been blasted, smashed, ripped apart, and cut to pieces in a wide variety of different ways, transforming them from once proud, technological achievements into the brand new foundations of the dying West City. From an audience's perspective, it looked like a massive war between two armies had been fought to the last man, with absolutely no survivors; a poetic end to an epic struggle.

In reality though, this particular battle was still going on.

Trunks had no idea how many of these damn robots he'd managed to destroy. Jotting up his total count from the last half-hour of pumping iron, the young man figured he'd lost track around fifty thousand or so. Through economic use of his Super Saiyan powers and his energy, the young sword user was able to wipe out a decent chunk of the armed forces sent after him until there were only a handful of them left. However, the enemy that he and his friends were confronting was a relentless one, and soon enough, the man found himself set upon by wave upon wave of super-powered robot warriors of all shapes, models, and sizes, which came flying in from all four corners of the planet.

The resulting conflict in that part of town soon played host to the most brutal, man-machine carnage the earth had ever seen. At first it seemed like Trunks would emerge victorious, but as the fight carried on, his strength started to leave him… and so did his energy.

If the sheer numbers of enemies weren't bad enough, the fact that the vanguard type robots he was fighting were constructed out of a percentage of the universe's strongest metal, katchin, made his task of beating them even more challenging. This soon became apparent when a couple of the elite units got the drop on him and, after a squadron bombarded his position from above with a hail of blasts, they then ran him through with lances. He soon ended up with two spears in his back and one straight through his side, crippling his movements.

This didn't stop Trunks though, and the boy continued to fight. Several long minutes of hard cutting and explosions later, and the young man was soon on the ground, covered in cuts, burns, bruises, with his cut open, and three lances impaled in his back.

Having spent an enormous amount of energy mowing down over a dozen swarms of these robots, the demi-Saiyan had dropped from Super Saiyan 3 to 2, and had resulted to ground skirmishes. With one hand applying pressure to the massive gash in his waist and the other gripping his sword tightly, the exhausted young warrior held his ground and cut down every single robot that came his way. Covered in blood and losing even more by the second, Trunks's power level dropped like a stone in a lake, even as he cut another android in half and fired a blast at a second, wiping it out with a yell of effort.

Panting exhaustedly and stumbling backwards, the young man collapsed to his knee and gasped for air, at the same time burying the tip of his sword into the earth. He then gritted his teeth angrily and looked up through a squinted gaze, "No… not yet… I'm not giving up yet!" Even though the army of Sentinel drones wouldn't stop coming, the man was determined to finish this on a high note. With their entire universe on the line, this was the least he could do to ensure that their plan ran full circle.
Looking up to see an entire fleet of Sentinel's armies beginning to descend from space, the demi-Saiyan clenched his jaw, cocked his hand back, and launched a powerful, one-handed *Buster Beam* towards the atmosphere. The golden blast struck one of the approaching dreadnaught-class starships and wiped it out in a large, sphere-shaped explosion. The attack also ended up consuming many of the other squadrons, incinerating entire formations of silver craft group after group. With the airspace surrounding the earth transforming into orange hellfire as a result of the thermonuclear explosion, the exhausted Trunks continued focusing his attention on the drones charging at him from the ruins.

Lowering his hand from the sky, the man then spun around and fired another blast at an approaching robot, only to see it bounce off of its armored chest. Watching it lunge at him with its metal spear, Trunks quickly yanked his sword out of the ground and dodged. He then swung at it with his blade, slicing the droid's head off. Immediately upon taking it out, the Super Saiyan 2 then cried out when a blast struck him in the chest and knocked him back. A second robot rushed him from the front, forcing the adult to evade the thrust from its lance and run his sword through its stomach. It then threw a punch across his face, but he retaliated by slicing it clean in two.

Knees shaking, the lavender haired Saiyan spun on the spot and cut down two more drones sprinting at him from the sidelines, only to then be speared in the back a fourth time by another robot. Crying out in pain, Trunks spun around and rammed an elbow into the robot's face, before then slicing off its head. This allowed another opportunistic soldier to rush at him from the front and bury another lance into his stomach, taking advantage of his momentary weakness. Screaming in pain and chocking up blood, Trunks swung his sword up and cleaved the robot in two. His vision becoming blurrier by the second as bolts of pain racked his form, the young man then cocked his arm back and held his sword up defensively, just as a squad of drones flew in from all sides and buried their lances into his body.

The simultaneous impalement causing blood to splatter all over the floor, the Super Saiyan 2 yelled out one last time before, with a mighty swing of his sword, he cut through all five of the androids and wiped them out. Then, after swaying groggily on the spot, the young man fell over backwards and hit the ground with a dull thud, his limbs and body completely impaled by spears. Gasping for breath, Trunks gazed up at the smoggy sky hanging high above him, where he saw another fleet of Sentinel's robot army descend through the atmosphere and begin their reacquisition of the planet.

Energy plummeting as blood pooled around his pincushion body, the demi-Saiyan's eyes slowly shut as he uttered his last words. "Everyone… I'm… sorry…" Head lolling to the side, Trunk's reverted back to his base form and his life force finally dissipated.

XXX

(Elsewhere)

Looking just as roughed up as Trunks had before his collapse, Zangya stood in the center of a distant, open field clutching her left arm as her two opponents landed clumsily on either side of her at several yards apart. Eyes snapping between them in alarm, the red haired woman with golden sclera focused her energy and clenched her jaw tightly, knowing full well that she'd been cornered. When she saw the equally damaged Piccolo and Vegeta, minus one arm, power up and take aim at her central position, the beaten and bruised woman sucked in air and shut her eyes tightly.

Then, sensing their attacks start to build, the Hera acted.

Aura bursting up around her, the green woman spun around and, jabbing her right finger forward, fired a red beam at the Namekian. Her attack slammed into his chest, went straight through it, and
knocked him stumbling across the gravel, allowing the Z-fighter to spin back around, drop to her knee and fire a second shot at Vegeta. The beam struck the prince in the kneecap and took it out, dropping him to the ground and causing him to fire his blast sideways prematurely. The attack drew a grunt of pain from the Super Saiyan 3 and had him glare at the ground momentarily, until his gaze snapped upwards to see his opponent diving at him from above with a red energy sphere in her hand.

Letting out a mighty bellow, Zangya drove the blast right into the dead man's face, simultaneously avoiding his counter punch and knocking him onto his back. The attack engulfed Vegeta's entire head and fired right across the planet's surface, expanding and engulfing entire mountains before shooting out of the planet's atmosphere. When the attack faded, it revealed the Hera standing over her headless opponent at the starting point of an enormous, several hundred kilometer trench.

Panting heavily, the woman glared momentarily at her fallen opponent, with a half-assed victorious glimmer reflected in her eye. But just when it seemed like she'd won, Zangya suddenly spun around and, thrusting her finger out a third time, fired a red beam towards her original opponent. The exact same time she did, an orange, corkscrew beam slammed into her stomach and went straight through her, a split second before her attack went straight through Piccolo's head and caused the back of his skull to explode outwards.

Apparently the Namekian was able to recover fast enough from her quick-draw maneuver to get back to his feet and charge a full power Special Beam Cannon to launch at his adversary while her back was turned. This ended in both of them firing at the exact same time and hitting each other squarely in their vital points, with Piccolo's attack managing to drill right through Zangya's stomach while her finger beam took out his brain.

Eyes rolling into the back of his head, the stricken Namekian android fell flat onto his back while Zangya, with a massive hole formed in her chest, panted a few times before then collapsing to her knees. Slumping forward weakly, but managing to stay upright, the red haired woman relaxed and allowed whatever breaths she was able to manage to go steady. Her sclera vanishing and her hair turning back to orange as she reverted to her base form, the mother remained in place, with blood dripping from her open wound and lips.

After sitting there for a full minute and looking at the bodies of her two former comrades, the woman then choked out a pained laugh and turned her gaze towards the heavens. When she saw the smoke filling the atmosphere part and reveal the starry night beyond the earth for the briefest of moments, Zangya's eyes shimmered with tears and a sad smile gradually spread across her lips.

"I guess… this is it..." the Hera rasped, taking in one last breath as a tear then broke and trickled down her cheek. "Looks like… I won't be… seeing you again… after all… Eva… Gohan..."

She'd hoped above all for a chance to be able to embrace her family again for one last time before she passed. But as it turned out, the future had other plans for her.

Her energy levels finally depleting, the smiling warrior's life vanished, leaving her body kneeling in the middle of the war torn world that'd become her home, with her vacant gaze staring up towards the celestial plains above. Just like Trunks a few minutes before, Zangya died there that night; her form reflecting the virtuous spirit she'd cultivated over her many years on this planet, at the same time her soul passed into the netherworlds.

XXX

(Not too far away)
Videl's own battle with the android that was formerly her son had also come to a bloody end. Covered in scuffs, cuts, and various other wounds, the young mother stood over Goren's body as he lay there in the mud, a blast shot straight through his chest and a lifeless expression on his face. Her glowing pink hair fading back to its original, black coloration as she allowed her transformation to subside, the crime fighter then knelt down and took the boy's body into her arms.

Tears appearing in the corners of her crystal clear, sapphire eyes, the woman gently caressed her son and ran a thumb over his cheek. Brushing whatever muck and blood he had on him, like she often did when they were together, she then stared into the eleven year old's pale complexion. Far gone memories of a better time flashed through her mind and Videl was slowly reminded of all her greatest triumphs and failures of her short life. The one that stood out above them all just happened to be the one where, because of her weakness and inability to act, she'd allowed her son to fall victim to their enemy's strength. It was this knowledge and these decisive thoughts that caused the tears gathering in her eyes to finally break free and her face to scrunch up into one of pain, sorrow, and regret.

Sniffling as her hand ran through her boy's short hair, the woman then leant down and pressed her cheek into his mane, and hugged him to her in a hope of reviving him. But try as she might, no response came and no warmth was returned. Only cold and emptiness was her response.

"I'm sorry…" Videl whispered, sobbing as she rubbed the boy's head soothingly. "I'm so sorry…"

Oh, how she wished that none of this had ever happened. How she wished that it was her that could go back and stop all of this from happening. If there was even the smallest chance that her efforts would yield in some form of positive result, and could steer them away from this hellish future, then she would seize this moment and make it happen, no matter the cost.

However, she knew that this was not her fight to finish, at least… not on her own.

As the sounds of war raged on around her and she watched a fleet of Sentinel's ships descend towards her position, all Videl could do was form a small smile on her face and cradle her son's in her lap.

"Pan… I leave the rest to you…"

XXX

(Meanwhile)

"Super Flash Bomber!" Super Android 17 shouted as his fingertips stretched out and unleashed a torrent of golden energy blasts that went streaking across the sky like a rainbow. The miniature attacks curved along the atmosphere like missiles, wiping out a massive portion of Sentinel's Starfleet while the majority of the beams spanned the remainder of the earth's surface.

Their main target, Sentinel himself, ended up flying headlong into them.

Pursuing his foe to another part of the continent, the silver android looked up in alarm when he saw the golden attacks heading towards him and skidded to a stop in midflight. Crossing his arms over his face, the synthetic warrior then metaphorically held his ground as the energy bullets slammed into him and began tearing into his metallic flesh. Little by little, the golden attacks chipped away at his body and took big chunks out of his form, drawing a growl of pain from the silver warrior and prompting him to peer through his guard.

Realizing that the attack would not stop anytime soon, the abomination of an android then decided
to act and, with a brief moment of concentration, vanished in a golden flash of light.

Seeing his foe teleport away, Seventeen jerked upwards in alarm and cut off the energy to his attack. When he spun around, he saw his opponent emerge from his Instantaneous mode of travel and dive at him with a punch. Avoiding it, the long haired man began trading lightning fast, devastating blows with the automaton, watching as the tyrant's wounds regenerated at the exact same time their punches and kicks collided with one another. Both shouting with every blow as they streaked across the sky, the fused android then drove his boots into Sentinel's chest and kicked him away, allowing him to get some much needed space.

Flying backwards across the sky, the good android drew his hand back and swung it through the air, firing a spray of golden beams at his enemy. This shotgun attack flew towards Sentinel and bombarded him relentlessly, puncturing holes across his chest and torso. Riddled with holes and noticeably winded from the damage, the silver fighter glared up and, cracking open his mouth, unleashed a massive pink energy wave that charged towards the fused warrior with the intent of incinerating him in one shot.

However, Android 17 was ready for it, throwing out his hands and catching it, and promptly absorbing the mass of ki in the blink of an eye. The moment the blast was absorbed into his body, he then charged towards his foe with blinding speed and threw a kick across his opponent's face. The blow, enhanced by the newly absorbed spurt of energy, impacted with a deafening thunderclap, sending blood flying from Sentinel's mouth and the android himself spiraling across the heavens. As soon as he dispatched his foe, the Super Cyborg flew after him with the intent of reengaging.

Managing to halt his flight along its projected path, the dazed Sentinel then looked around and swung the tentacle atop his head forward. The instant the tip jabbed out, it unleashed a pink, electric beam towards his cyborg counterpart.

Knowing exactly what that attack was capable of, the approaching Seventeen activated a blue energy field and deflected it. When the electrical pulse bounced uselessly off of his shield, he continued his charge and buried a fist into his opponent's face, caving it in. When the blow landed and knocked Sentinel a few yards back, the fused automaton then teleported above him and drove a kick straight down onto the boss's head. The blow connected loudly and sent the silver, regenerating warrior towards the earth, which he slammed into with an earthshaking tremor and a geyser of debris.

The cloud of dust from his impact lifted high into the air and when it eventually settled, it revealed that the silver warlord had landed on the very outskirts of the ruined West City, where the majority of the fighting was now taking place.

Lying at the bottom of the crater covered in gashes and dirt, the stricken Sentinel groaned as his wounds slowly healed over. Adjusting his jaw and feeling the joints and tendons heal, the silver Oscar-statue of a man then looked up to see his opponent land on the edge of the crater and look down at him in disgust.

For a few seconds, Android 17 contemplated attacking the guy and punching him right into the center of the planet. But before he could make sense of any of his options, the cyborg fighter then heard a series of loud sonic booms and looked across at the nearby city in surprise. It was then he saw the fleet Sentinel had called upon land around the metropolis. Like a scene taken straight out of a sci-fi film, the silver army of battleships and destroyers descended into the ruins, with smaller, drone-like craft flying out to patrol the planet.

When the raven haired man looked upon the enormous army with displeasure, he then looked back
towards the leader of the armed forces and saw the android chuckle at him darkly.

Injuries finally healed, the still sprawled out Sentinel leered at his foe. "You know as well as I do what this means, Seventeen." The silver warrior lowered his head and cast a foreboding shadow across his gaze. "Your friends have failed... and I've won."

The fused android's glare hardened considerably as a gentle breeze whipped through his hair. "Not yet."

Smirking at his bravado, the silver plated android suddenly widened his eyes and spiked his energy, executing a move Seventeen did not expect. "Solar Flare!" A blinding flash of white light then exploded from the automaton's body, flickering like a strobe that had Android 17 take a big step back and shut his eyes.

Squinting through the haze of the technique, the long haired android then sensed his opponent thrust his hand forward as if to fire a blast, which prompted him to guard high with both arms to absorb it.

The instant he did however, a loud 'squelch' followed by a gasp of shock rang out. When the flashing light of the silver man's supplementary move faded seconds later, it revealed Sentinel had speedily leapt to his feet and, after morphing his arm into a spike similar to the T-1000, had run it straight through Super 17's stomach and out the other side. Now the teenage warrior found his body standing impaled against the taller man's limb like a piece of meat, a stunned look on his face and his arms held protectively in front of his face. This defensive maneuver had inadvertently left him wide open below the chest, allowing his foe the perfect opportunity to strike.

Grinning widely, Sentinel twisted his limb in the man's stomach and watched in satisfaction as he spat up blood. "I have now." Then, without a hint of hesitation or remorse, he removed the spike from the android's stomach and allowed Seventeen to stumble backwards in shock, clutching his gaping wound. His limb morphing back into a hand, the silver tyrant observed in quiet curiosity as his stricken enemy collapsed to his knees and attempted to stop the blood from flowing. "Earlier I noticed that your body was unable to defend itself from physical attacks while you're absorbing energy... a weakness Doctor Gero failed to scrub out of his models. You got careless."

Gritting his teeth, Super 17 looked up to glare hatefully at his foe. "Do you honestly think... I'm going to let... something like this... stop me?"

Sentinel shrugged, "Maybe? But that all depends on whether or not you'll be able to defend yourself from this." He then held his hand forward and began charging energy for a final blast. Sphere of ki forming, the silver android watched his enemy's expression twist into one of alarm. "Well Seventeen... it's been fun. But I'm afraid that our time together has sadly come to an end. Good bye." He then finished gathering energy and prepared to wipe his foe off of the face of the planet.

It was only when he was primed and ready to launch his finishing move at his wounded quarry, the silver warrior's sensors suddenly went off and his eyes snapped over his shoulder. At that exact moment, the metal monster of a conqueror slipped to the side just in time to dodge a swinging hook from Bulma, the mech-wearing woman attempting to impale him with some sort of needle she was holding in one of her massive gauntlets. The blow was barely avoided, but as a result, Sentinel had to cancel his final move on Seventeen, who collapsed onto his back when the raven haired fighter also had to avoid the woman blowing past them.

Applying the airbrakes, the blue haired heroine in the yellow armor halted her charge and spun...
around to see her target land a safe distance away. With a valiant cry of battle and a boost from her rockets, the scientist hurled herself at the silver warrior once again, striking out with the only arm she had left on her suit. This time though, when Sentinel avoided the blow, he also wound up grabbing the mech's arm, and tossing the unit over his shoulder and straight into the ground. The instant he slammed the machine into the floor with an earth splitting 'crack', he then slammed a foot into its chest and grabbed the top portion of the suit.

With a single, effortless pull, he ripped the entire top-half of the mech from the pilot, whose stunned face instantly revealed itself from underneath the shell. It was as soon as the protective helmet and armor was torn free from its host that Bulma tried one last time to jab the prick with her arm, only for Sentinel to catch her thrust with his hand and begin to slowly crush the limb under his powerful fingers. Unlike Vegeta before him, thanks to the Godly strength granted to him from years of absorbing people and integrating their minds and fighting styles into his software, he pushed back the limb without a single budge or twitch, allowing him to hold his would-be assailant at bay, and keep her pinned under his foot.

She was done.

The silver warrior smirked at the woman. "A fine effort. But you are a fool to think that I would fall for such an obvious sneak attack. I could sense you coming from a mile away."

Bulma, struggling to move her metal arm from the android's grasp, then threw a smirk up at her former creation. "Well… it was worth a shot."

Snorting at her attempt to act cool, Sentinel then raised a finger and pointed it towards her forehead. "Though I have no idea what you were trying to accomplish, it doesn't really matter now either way. As entertaining as your group has been to me over the last several years, I find that there's no more enjoyment to be had from you"

"Wait," Bulma exclaimed, looking the android in his blood-red eyes with a wry grin. "We could… always play twenty questions."

"Alright then. First question," the android replied with a smug grin. "Are you about to die?"

"… no," the scientist replied hesitantly.

"Uh-uh-uh," replied the silver abomination as the tip of his finger began to glow a hot orange, "No lying…"

At this, the blue haired woman pinned under the tyrant's heel, smirked. "Who says I'm lying?"

Baffled by her unusually calm response, the robot was then about to ask her what she meant by her retort when he felt a sharp sting in his back. Gasping in shock, Sentinel disengaged from his advantageous post and staggered away, reaching over his shoulder to pluck whatever it was that'd 'bit' him. When he opened his palm and looked down, he found a vial attached to a syringe sitting in his hand, which had his eyes widen before a sharp pain suddenly overcame his body. Crying out in agony and stumbling around like a drunk on a field day, the android's skin began to ripple, crawl and pump with varicose veins, which led to his horrified gaze landing on the person responsible for the stabbing.

He turned to find a very badly burnt but noticeably chipper looking Kaiser standing behind him with his hand extended. Having obviously tracked them down from the base where he'd been fighting, the man had been able to move swiftly and stealthily enough to get the drop on their
enemy, who obviously wasn't expecting someone with such an insignificant presence to strike a blow at him.

The sight of his smiling face and his empty, open palm was all the evidence the silver android needed to know that it was this particular individual that had driven the needle into his skin.

"W-What the fuck did you do…?" the android questioned in a pained voice, watching the human with the goatee step away expectantly. Upon analyzing his systems to find out what the hell kind of toxin he'd been hit with, which didn't make any since considering he was immune to practically everything, Sentinel's eyes then flared red when he found the exact result of the injection. "You shut me out?"

"That's right, you prick," Kaiser exclaimed while Bulma sat up from the ground nearby and came to stand alongside her ally. The former businessman then pointed across at the android. "Now you're unable to transfer your consciousness to another body. You're stuck like that. Permanently."

Clenching his jaw tightly, the silver android thrust a fist out and cursed them outright. '"So what? I'm the most powerful being in the entire universe! The alpha! The omega! I am the creator of an empire spanning four entire quadrants! Even if you knock out my transferring capabilities, I can still return to one of my factories and reverse whatever the hell you did to me!" That's what he thought anyway.

Following his little outburst, a sly smile formed across Bulma's face. "Not unless you're killed in the next fifty seconds."

Sentinel then balked. '"What?" The exact moment he uttered that question, his body was suddenly grabbed from behind in a powerful bear hug and his feet were lifted off of the ground, causing him to look over his shoulder in shock. When he did, he found himself caught in a stranglehold by a still alive and well Super Android 17, who was now holding onto the mad tyrant with all the strength he could muster. He even managed to pin his tentacle against the man's spine. The sight of the black haired adult had the silver fighter's eyes widen in disbelief. '"Y-You? What the hell are you doing?!""

The long haired automaton grinned, "What does it look like, bitch? I've got you… and now… you're not going anywhere."

Snarling, the silver warrior attempted to shake his way out of the man's arms, even throwing a few elbow strikes into his wounded stomach. But after several seconds of fruitless writhing, kicking and elbowing, the metallic android was unable to break loose. He then attempted to warp his body and teleport out of there, but thanks to the hold Android 17 had over him, he was incapable of even focusing his energy, as it was steadily being drained from his body.

"Oh, you miserable, long-haired punk! When I get out of this, I'm going to blow you and this entire miserable planet to nothing!" Sentinel roared, throwing his head back to try and hit the android in the nose, but missed every single time.

Seventeen chuckled and spoke sarcastically, "Sure. Whatever you say, little bro." He then looked across at Bulma and Kaiser to see both of them collapse to the ground and take a seat. Though their laidback actions baffled the silver man, it brought a smile of amusement to the fused android's face. "So… how long have we got?"

The blue haired scientist looked down at her mech's wrist and, sliding back the panel, saw the exact position of the countdown. "About… forty-five more seconds." She then looked back up at
her companions and sighed. "Might as well just sit back and enjoy the fireworks."

Eyes darting between the smirking group members, the android antagonist then shot a glare towards his 'mother'. "What the hell are you talking about? What's going on?!"

Grinning from ear-to-ear, Kaiser grinned at the confused tyrant and began to speak. "Since these are going to be your last few seconds as grand chancellor of the universe, I guess we can let you in on our little secret. You know that energy build up that you detected back at our headquarters?" Seeing the android's eyes narrow, the magnate chuckled. "That 'power' was actually coming from a specially designed bomb we had planted in the cellar. Its core is outfitted with a unique power source we were able to manufacture through the particle accelerator we had setup alongside it."

"Power source? What power source?"

Bulma shrugged, "A new type of matter composed entirely out of pure energy, which we call a 'God Particle'… a little something that Whis helped us in naming when we were assembling the quantum trigger system. When exposed to a powerful enough charge, this particular element can generate an explosion equivalent to a miniature Big Bang."

"We ran the calculations ourselves. The device has a successful utilization record of one point two-trillion simulated in one-actual. It is ready to fire… on demand," Kaiser nodded affirmatively with a proud look on his face.

"If our numbers are correct, the blast will produce a series of chain explosions that will stretch from one corner of the universe to the other, wiping out every single known galaxy until the entire cosmos has been completely sterilized of life, both synthetic and natural." She then looked across at her scientific partner. "It's an invention only two of the smartest, maddest people on the planet can possibly concoct… and something only the most desperate can ever think of putting into practice." She then shared a fist-bump with their group's former enemy, before they went back to staring at their current enemy, who was now gaping at them in horror. "I think you can guess what's going to happen in fifteen more seconds."

"No. NO! YOU CAN'T DO THAT!" Sentinel roared, thrashing even wildly against Android 17's hold in a final bid to break free. But try as he might, he was unable to budge. "If you do that, every single one of you will die!"

A grim smile forming, Bulma shared a nod with the android as she settled in for the final curtain. "A small sacrifice, but one that is well worth it, if it means wiping you from the pages of history…"

As Sentinel proceeded to continue struggling to break out of Seventeen's hold, the two scientists sat in deathly silence for several seconds. Then, as the second hand was about to reach zero, Kaiser looked up towards the clouds swirling high above and spoke.

"You know… if it's any consolation," the bearded man said while glancing across at Bulma,"This is going to be really… really painful for me."

Grinning a little, the blue haired scientist shook her head and smiled up towards the sky along with him. "Ah… shut up, you wuss."

Then… it happened.

From the center of West City, a blinding white light shot up into the sky, followed immediately by a deafening thunderclap that sent a catastrophic shockwave in all direction, and causing a visible ripple to shift across the fabric of reality. What came next was a blinding, dome of white light that
began expanding at an alarming rate, producing countless small explosions that grew larger and larger as it traveled outwards.

The first to go was Broly who, after tearing into another one of Sentinel's giant androids, turned his attention to the wall of approaching light. In typical madman fashion, he attempted to punch it. The Legendary Super Saiyan then vanished shortly afterwards with a final scream of his arch nemesis's name before his body was completely atomized. The wall of fire then engulfed Zangya, Vegeta and Piccolo's bodies, then Trunks, and then finally Videl. Continuing to cradle her dead son in her arms, the mother vanished inside the wall of light without a single cry or scream, her soul passing into the afterlife peacefully.

Sentinel, eyes widening in horror, tried one last fruitless attempt to wrestle his way out before the wall of energy washed over the group in the blink of an eye. The android's scream marked the deaths of all the remaining Z-fighters as he, Android 17, Bulma and Kaiser vanished into nothingness.

From the moon's orbit, the first explosion was seen as a tiny gleam on the darkest side of the planet. That light then grew and expanded until it engulfed over half of the world. Then, in spectacular fashion, thousands more explosions began ripping across the planet and then out into space. The world became engulfed in lightning and hellfire and then, within a matter of moments, so did the rest of the solar system, the Milky Way, and finally the rest of the quadrant…

XXX

(Present Day)

In a clearing inside of a dense forest not too far outside of Satan City, a flash and a loud hum suddenly shook the trees and startled a flock of birds from their roost. The cause of this anomaly quickly revealed itself to be the familiar, four-legged time capsule from the not too distant future, which floated down from the air to gently land in the middle of the patch of grass. Its engines slowly powering down the moment it touched the clearing, the top of the pod soon opened, allowing the two pilots working the controls to hop out and land on solid ground.

Quickly dusting themselves off and making sure they didn't leave anything behind, the two young teenagers then went about pocketing the time machine. Hitting the button underneath the panel on the outer side of the hull, Pan watched the vehicle vanish in a puff of white smoke and a Capsule drop to the ground from the cloud a moment later. Picking it up and slipping it into her bag, the raven haired child then had a quick scan of the area before jogging over to the tree line. She was completely oblivious to what was going on behind her.

"Come on, Eva. If we're going to stop that metal freak from constructing his army, we have to get to North City and find him as fast as we can," the young Saiyan chirped before turning her gaze back towards her partner and best friend. "Come on. The sooner we get this done, the be-" She then noticed the look on her half-sister's face and, looking at her wide eyes and pale complexion, slowly approached her. "Eva? What's wrong?" Receiving no immediate response, the worried girl jogged over to her. "Are you alright?"

When she reached out to try and grab her shoulder, Pan then saw the red-haired fighter look up at her robotically. As soon as their eyes met, the youngster wielding Goku's signature power pole then looked on in shock as tears started to run down Eva's face, and her voice spoke up in a croaky and broken manner.

"Th-They're gone…" Eva murmured, her pupils shimmering as the usually brave and calm
teenager sniffled with hurt. "I can sense it. They're... they're all gone. Mum... Videl... Bulma... th-they all just..." Gritting her teeth, the half-Hera, half-Saiyan reached up with her arm and sobbed into it, unable to contain her sorrow any longer than she could.

Not knowing how to respond, Pan remained silent for the longest time. Reaching up with her hand, she hesitated in making physical contact with her sister, as she didn't know how she was going to react. It was only after hearing the girl start to weep and seeing her tense up that the raven haired fighter acted, and placed a hand on Eva's shoulder, prompting the young Z-fighter to look up and meet her gaze. Videl's daughter then offered her a warm smile as the waterworks shimmered in her own eyes.

"We can save our tears for later. But right now, we have a job to do," Pan whispered, bracing her sister's shoulders tightly and shaking her ever so slightly, showing just how much she was hanging on both mentally and emotionally. "I won't be able to do this mission on my own... not without you, Eva. You're the toughest, bravest, and the strongest out of the two of us. If there's anyone that should be trying to shake some sense into someone when they lose it, it's gotta be you."

Hearing her sibling's words loud and clear, the red haired teen slowly nodded and quickly dried her face on her arm. "Y-You're right." As soon as she'd cleaned herself off and calmed down, she then looked up at her partner with a renewed look of determination. "Thanks."

Returning her gratefulness with a warm smile, Pan then straightened up, returned her hands to her sides, and looked around. "The time machine landed us outside of Satan City. That means we've got quite a ways to go to get to where Doctor Gero's lab is." She then turned to smile at her sister. "Come on. I'll race you there." She then began to gather her energy. But just before she could take off, she was suddenly grabbed by the shoulder and forcefully turned to face the redhead. A look of surprise immediately appeared on Pan's face. "Hey? What gives?"

"Don't you remember what Bulma said?" Eva hissed, stopping her half-sister from doing anything reckless. "Sentinel is still in hiding and building his army. That means he's monitoring every single super power on this planet from, dad's to Yamcha's, for any signs of unusual activity. If he even catches a whiff of someone strong approaching him, he's just going to bail out of there and head to another mountain. We have to do this quietly."

Pan, hearing her sister's words loud and clear, then narrowed her eyes on her. "Then what do you propose we do?"

Adjusting her bag, the red-haired half-Hera then walked around her sibling and proceeded towards the tree line. "We need to keep our power levels hidden and as suppressed as possible. That way we won't get picked up by any of his drones." She then glanced across at her teammate when she fell in step with her. "We're gonna have to get there on foot."

Breathing out in frustration, the raven haired girl groaned, "Alright then. If you say so."

As the pair proceeded to march into the forest and towards the nearest highway, where they hoped they would be able to barter some sort of transportation, the two of them took a moment to admire their scenery. Not used to seeing the earth so lush and full of life, with fauna and flora sitting everywhere they looked, the sisters figured they'd enjoy their time here before they continued on to the serious stages of their mission.

While jogging downhill, Pan then looked across at her partner in crime and gave her an inquisitive look. "Do you think dad would recognize us if he saw us?"

Pursing her lips thoughtfully, Eva shrugged. "I don't know. Mum said he was one of the densest
people in the galaxy. Even if we do happen to bump into him, I doubt he would be able to tell we are his daughters."

"Ugh…" Pan grunted, narrowing her eyes in annoyance. "I wonder what he's doing right now."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: Well then, if there are any readers out there keeping tabs on thins, then I think you'll be able to connect the dots and guess what happened to make the future so fucked up.

Contrary to what you may believe, a lot of freaky shit had gone on after the World Tournament, which we'll be getting into after the next few arcs. Fifteen years into the future, Gohan and Sandra are dead, all of the Z-fighters were absorbed by Super Buu, or Sentinel Buu if we're keeping score here, the earth is dead, the universe has been taken over by his infinite robot army, Beerus and a couple of other Gods were assimilated by Sentinel to power said army, and now everyone else is dead. Even Kaiser (he says while clearing his throat awkwardly).

It's a pretty grim future that not even our hero survives. I wonder how he gets killed. Hmm? Well, for all naysayers out there, even the heroes in my story die horribly and brutally. No mercy, I say. This coincides with my original intent that brings the heroes back to their roots, making them human, and showing that despite their strengths, there are still other opponents out there capable of killing them. No Godly foes here, just monsters.

This Future Ending that I'd concocted was solely inspired off of Dragonball Z and the History of Trunks Arc. In fact, everything that I've come up with in this story has been directly inspired off of DBZ related themes. I wouldn't have written them in if they didn't connect in some way to the lore.

Sentinel is one of the biggest threats the Z-fighters' have faced since the androids. Since he is basically one of Doctor Gero's androids, the story is harkening back to the time travel theme of the Cell Games, which has differed greatly for this particular future. Instead of Mirai Trunks traveling to the present timeline from an alternate reality, Pan and her sister Eva travel from the future and go directly back along their timeline. That means there are certain rules and guidelines they have to follow that govern this sort of thing.

There are a lot of things you can do with time travel in a story like this. The way that these two traveled back means that they're capable of changing their future unlike what Mirai Trunks did where his actions in the past didn't do anything to effect his world. Basically by the end of this arc, things will be so much different for Pan and Eva's future. However, that didn't stop the Z-fighters of the future from going down in flames and glory, basically destroying the entire universe to destroy Sentinel. They pretty much Halo'd space and sterilized every single quadrant the android had assimilated.

So what about the Z-fighters of the future? Well, from analyzing Vulcan's suit and combining it with Doctor Gero's technology, Bulma was able to create her own armored suits to fight in, meaning she's going to play a much bigger role in future events. She's pretty much my version of Tony Stark in the DBZ world.

Trunks trained to become a Super Saiyan 3, Kaiser joined their side to fight against Sentinel, and there's a lot of other stuff in there I'm sure you guys were able to pick up. Again, this is just another one of the multiple endings I have planned, so hold on to your horses, because there's going to be a lot of weird stuff that's going to happen.

Sentinel's army is also unique. Think of Meta Cooler and the Big Gete Star, only on a much larger
scale, in which he actually wins and ends up conquering all of space. In this story, Sentinel is pretty much a more terrifying version of Baby, where he was able to absorb the Z-fighters and a couple of the Gods, and is using them to fuel and create his robot army.

The robot army as well is made out of kachin, which Supreme Kai stated is the hardest known metal in the universe. What with his conquering millions of planets, he was able to discover the element and use it to create his armada of 'Coolers' or androids. Pretty freaky shit. The sheer number of androids he was able to create was able to beat all of the Z-fighters.

Anyhow, this gives you a much better idea of what's to come and how the future stories and arcs are interwoven together. Hope you're all looking forward to the next chapter.

Future Ending

**Survivors:**

Bulma
Kaiser
Trunks
Videl
Zangya
Pan (Videl and Gohan's daughter)
Eva (Zangya and Gohan's daughter)
Super Android 17 (fusion between Android 17 and Android 16)
xxx
Paprika (recently deceased)
Broly (unwilling ally)

**Enemies:**

Sentinel Buu (Z-fighters absorbed)
Android Goku
Android Vegeta
Android Piccolo
Android Goten
Android Goren (Videl and Gohan's son)
Inside the enormous, dome-shaped building that was the home and headquarters of the largest and most powerful Research & Development conglomerate in the world, the president was hard at work trying to resolve her group's latest debacle. This took the form of the hulking, busted up armored suit lying on the operating table in front of her, with its limbs and joints plugged with wires and its chest piece cracked open, allowing the scientist full access to its contents. Adorned in her white lab coat, working jeans and blue halter top, Bulma Briefs narrowed her eyes on her computer screen as she tapped away at the keys, allowing the automated eyes to do all the routine work for her, while she analyzed the specs up close.

She wasn't alone in the room either. Standing together and watching her in the background, the people responsible for bringing the body in with them were all arranged into a group directly behind her station. This included Gohan, Piccolo, Videl, Erasa, and a newly arrived Vegeta, the latter of who had just finished a routine workout in the Gravity Room earlier that morning. Obviously having sensed the battle from a distance, the flame-haired man had prematurely retired from his training session to come see what all the fuss was about when the Z-fighters' ki signatures appeared in his wife's workplace.

Needless to say, he had been rather surprised when he found out the exact cause of the atmospheric disturbance.

Narrowing his eyes as he stared down at the burnt and busted up army mech lying on the operating table, he then looked across at his teammates to see that all of them had tidied themselves up as best as they could following the fight, and had slipped on three respective sets of brand new clothing.

This was especially noticeable for Gohan, who had previously been short one T-shirt and a pant leg, both of which had been incinerated during his fight. But now he was back in full casual gear and looking just as troubled as the rest of them.

It didn't help that he was still looking a little bit grungy and busted up from his battle.

"So this was the thing that was responsible for causing all that ridiculous power fluctuations I could feel several hundred kilometers away," Vegeta muttered in his usual, gruff tone, "This walking pile of scrap metal?"

Gohan shot a hard glance at the man, "Trust me, it was a lot more impressive back then compared to what it is now."

Blinking at the teen's response, the Saiyan Prince then looked behind him at the other operating table, where he could see the deceased pilot of the mech lying underneath a white sheet. After getting a good look at the now dead human, who was being examined by a separate computer, Vegeta frowned and, looking back at the group, directed his next question towards his rival's son.
"And you're saying that it was a human inside this suit that actually forced you into using Super Saiyan 3?" the royal asked, still sounding incredibly unconvinced.

"He didn't exactly have much of a choice, Vegeta," Piccolo spoke up, also glaring across at the Saiyan when he scowled in their direction.

"The suit was able to absorb both energy attacks and physical attacks, meaning that whenever we landed a hit on him, he would simply nullify the force behind our blows and gain strength from them," Videl continued, giving her own two cents on the matter. When Vegeta glanced in her general direction, Erasa, who had met the Saiyan on a couple of occasions, slinked behind her friend a little due to how intimidating the prince was coming off. "It didn't help that he was built like a damn tank either. He practically strolled through everything we threw at him."

Vegeta blinked and focused back on the metal frame strewn across the desk, "So he had a modified version of the old androids' abilities to absorb energy, huh? That sounds fun." His voice was almost literally dripping with sarcasm, indicating how unappealing he found this information.

Absorbing energy from your opponent was such a cheap way to gain strength to win a battle. However, despite how vile and despicable the concept was, the Z-fighter still had to tip his hat to the person who developed that idea, since taking power away from an enemy to use as your own had the potential to give members of a weaker, inferior race the ability to match blows with someone far above their class. This soldier in the armored exo-suit was no exception.

"How bad was it, exactly?" Vegeta asked, giving Gohan and Piccolo an inquisitive glance.

Knowing exactly what he was asking, the demi-Saiyan took a deep breath and shook his head in a dejected manner. "Let's just say if Videl hadn't stabbed him in the back when she did… I wouldn't be standing here talking to any of you right now."

That was pretty much all that needed to be said to get his message across to the full-blooded alien. Once that piece was spoken, all the people in gathered together in that group then turned their attention to the hostess, who was currently finishing up her diagnosis on the suit.

Swallowing nervously on the sidelines while standing alongside her best friends and their compatriots, Erasa looked up at Gohan and spoke in a soft voice. "How are you feeling, Gohan?"

Acknowledging the girl's question, the demi-Saiyan smiled back down at her and nodded. "I'm fine, Erasa. Don't worry about me." In truth, he was more worried about her and her condition, and he tried to make that stand out in the look he had reflected in his gaze.

"Are you sure?" the blonde asked, stepping closer and, after slowly raising her hand, placed it against his shoulder. "That prick didn't go easy on you out there. The two of you completely wrecked one another across half of Satan City."

The young male responded with a bright and radiant grin, one that had the blonde's heart skip a beat. "I'm alright. Though I may not look it the way I am now, covered in dirt and crap, my friends and I have taken a whole lot worse in the past. Trust me." He then bowed his head to her kindly. "But thanks a lot for asking."

His gratitude towards the teen's consideration earned a balk from Erasa and a blush, which then led to the girl looking away and locking her hands in front of her in embarrassment. It was a reaction that was easily noticed by Videl, as well as the ever vigilant and battle ready Vegeta. However, instead of saying anything on the matter, the Saiyan Prince merely threw a glance in the hybrid's general direction, before quickly returning his sights to the computers in front of him and to the
The automated arms of the operating device ran over the entire suit, hitting it with beams of light that outlined its entire casing and burrowed deep into the heart of the armor. This incredibly meticulous and robotic routine continued on in the foreground, even when Bulma was done performing her tests and affirmed this by pulling away from the screen, breathing a heavy sigh as she watched the lines of data continue blazing away in the side window.

Sensing she was done, Gohan stepped forward with his hands on his hips and a firm expression in play. "Well? What's the scoop?"

Looking to see that every single person behind her was patiently waiting for an answer, the blue haired president of Capsule Corp crossed her arms and fixed her sights on the team of super-powered fighters. "I don't know what it is about your group and the rest of the universe, but you guys have a really interesting way of making new friends." She narrowed her eyes specifically on the strongest warriors there, coaxing looks of discomfort from each of his comrades. "And here I thought it was Goku that always attracted the unwanted attention. I stand corrected."

Her statement drew an indignant grunt from the Saiyan Prince. "Spare us the third degree, woman, and tell us what the hell this thing is and who sent it."

Frowning back at the man that was her husband, the blue haired company president huffed irritably while sticking her prominent chest out. "Hey, I may be one of the top five smartest people on the face of the planet, maybe even the smartest, but I'm no miracle worker… and I'm certainly no fortune teller." She then glanced back at the broken suit lying behind her and gave it an annoyed look as her computer continued its diagnosis, "Whoever designed this suit and put it on the guy lying on the gurney behind you, did a really good job making sure the software or any of the parts built to make the thing move couldn't be traced back to him."

Normally that would've been impossible. Just like the pieces of a car, which came straight out of the factory, the pieces could be tracked via the serial numbers and general craftsmanship. However, all of the bits and pieces of the suit were custom designed straight out of some random person's workshop. There was no groove, curve or cut that Bulma could identify, with absolutely no personal marks whatsoever. It was baffling.

Almost instantly, every single one of the Z-fighters standing in front of the woman frowned at this bit of news.

"I assume that that's a bad thing," Videl murmured, finding absolutely no joy or comfort from the scientist's statements.

"If by 'bad' you mean there's another mad scientist that's set his sights on the group and has put into motion some sort of evil plan for us, then yes. I'd say that's quite bad," Bulma replied with a firm nod of her head, turning to look at the group with her unshaken gaze. "The last time we dealt with someone that not only had the intellect, but also the means, skills, and the drive to create an artificial abomination capable of fighting and killing members of our team; Goku, Trunks, and a good portion of the earth's population ended up getting killed." She was of course referring to Doctor Gero and the spawn of his twisted genius. When she nodded over to the busted mech, the woman shook her head. "Whoever made this suit is no different from him."

Finding this news as troubling as every other flash item that they'd heard in the past, Piccolo narrowed his gaze further on the motionless robot before quickly shifting his gaze back to the woman tasked with examining it. "In other words… you weren't able to find out anything?"
His question put a smile on the scientist's face. "Even though I wasn't able to draw up a signature of the person who made this, I was still able to learn a great deal about the armor itself that I'm sure you guys will be interested to hear." Sliding back on her office chair, Bulma then dialed blindly into the touch pad she'd been working on and caused a hologram to jump up from the ceiling-built projector overhead.

A blue screen of light appeared before the team as the scientist began flicking through images like slides on a power point presentation. The team of fighters was soon presented with two sets of blueprints, followed by a third that was obviously a layout of the mangled suit of armor. The woman then posted them side-by-side, and zoomed in on each of them, allowing the gathering of warriors and visitors to get a good bead of what they were looking at.

Bulma looked at the hologram as she began to speak. "The suit is of hybrid design, combining elements from both the Red Ribbon Army mechs and the recent double-digit android models, all of which were designed and constructed by the late Doctor Gero." She then pointed at what the group suspected to be the blueprints for Eighteen's brother, which was splayed out across the digital canvas. "Notice how the nervous system of Android 17 mimics the wiring in the suit and the distinct similarities between their key components. Both the suit and the androids employ the exact same science in their respective frame constructions, allowing them to perform unbelievable superhuman feats of strength and agility. However, instead of implanting these components inside a living, human body, the chassis has been modified and adapted into a highly versatile, multi-purpose combat armor, which negates the need for extensive surgery and the use of cybernetic implants. That makes this a far more all-around and deadly killing machine that can be worn by anyone."

Tilting her head at the floating blueprints, Erasa frowned, "It all sounds like one big headache to me." It was a remark that earned nods of agreement from both Piccolo and Videl.

"That's not even the half of it. Not only does the suit enhance the strength and speed of the user just like the wireframe models used in the androids, but it also masks the life-force of the person it's surrounding and utilizes an advanced weapon system very similar in range to Android 16's," Bulma informed, moving her hand over the basic elements of the suit and enlarging them on the big screen. When she looked back at the group, her eyes reflected both amazement and concern. "The rockets and projectiles are loaded with a red mercury compound that creates an explosion similar in power to your energy blasts, which it can also fire from its hands, chest and feet. In addition to that, it's outfitted with an active camouflage system, allowing it to turn invisible at a moment's notice, as well as beam weapons capable of cutting through the densest materials, and jet pods that can be used for sudden bursts of speed and sustained flight."

Gohan chuckled in surprise and took another look at the battered mech. "That's a lot of high tech gear crammed into a single suit of metal. What the heck was powering all of that stuff?"

This question drew a smile from the woman. "That's actually the most interesting part. After analyzing the remains of the shattered core, I discovered traces of Struve particles along the surface of the heat shield, a substance that can only be found on planets orbiting new stars. By using the matter as a fuel target in the form of a concentrated pellet, the person was able to create a miniature fusion reactor that could generate an energy mass equivalent to a celestial body." She then pulled up a diagram of said power-core on screen, allowing the Z-fighters to see exactly what they were dealing with. "Judging from the elemental composition of the resulting radioactive dust, the energy source that was powering the suit was most likely a neutron star. The same core designed to maintain the solar sphere was also built to take in external energy and add it to its center, allowing it to increase its output and lifespan, which also explains why it was able to drain so much energy from you."
This news brought a smirk to Vegeta's face. "Hmph. Apparently it could only handle so much power before it eventually decided to pop like a water balloon." He then glanced across at Gohan, who also looked in the prince's direction. "I guess this will teach him never to underestimate a Super Saiyan."

While the two warriors interacted, Videl regarded the suit's power source with momentary suspicion. A few seconds later, she then looked across at the one spearheading their current lecture and issued her next question, "You said the material needed to power the suit came from a different planet, right? Well... how in the heck did the person who made this manage to get their hands on stuff that came from millions of light years away?"

A smile formed on Bulma's face, "That part's actually quite simple to explain. You see, the only reason we have Struve particles in our Solar System is due to the amount of space debris that drifts in from other galaxies. The meteorites that crash land on our planet sometimes come from other systems, and can carry all sorts of surprises with them, most notably rare and valuable elements." She then shrugged in their direction. "Modestly speaking, my father and I are two of the most gifted technicians on the continent. But since Struve particles are one of the rarest elements in the world, there's no way in hell I'll be able to replicate whatever technology went into making this without it."

"So in other words, whoever sent this guy after us knew it was going to be a one-shot deal, even if he failed?" Gohan asked with a gradually deepening frown, "That was a pretty big risk for such an outrageous play."

"A big risk that ultimately led to his defeat," Piccolo stated, his own expression set into a cold one as he watched Bulma scroll through an even longer batch of information. He then grunted and looked down at his students, seeing both the demi-Saiyan and Videl looking up at him. "Regardless of the outcome, this suit of armor was still unbelievably strong. I'm actually surprised it managed to take as much punishment as it did without breaking into a thousand pieces, especially when it was taking hits from a Super Saiyan of Gohan's level."

"That's because the person who made the armor infused the casing with the exact same metal used to make the androids and the surface of the gravity room," the blue haired scientist informed, allowing another schematic to pop up onto the hologram, showing the group the compounds in question. She then directed their attention towards a collection of loosely connected grey molecules. "This is a sample of the metal used in Android 16's original chassis. The alloy composing the frame underneath his artificial skin is made out of ten percent adamantine, the hardest and most versatile substance on the planet." She then pointed towards the image next to that one, which also consisted of molecules, only there were far more of them, with several of them stuck together. "And this is a sample of the metal used in the suit, showing an adamantine percentage of roughly twenty five percent. Even a slight difference in the quantity of adamantine used can have a dramatic affect on even the smallest plate of metal."

Her announcement earned a slight grimace from Gohan, who then proceeded to massage his knuckles from the sudden rush of phantom pains he received. "No wonder it felt like I was batting around a block of iron. That thing was literally built like a tank."

"Since adamantine is difficult to mold at high quantities due to the viscous nature of its raw state, it's normally combined with common alloys to enhance their strength and durability. It also allows for a reduction in material weight, making it ideal for military vehicles and prosthetics," Bulma said, typing away at her pad and shutting off the hologram. She then proceeded to analyze the formulas her computer was now bringing up for her, at the same time the Z-fighters waited patiently behind her. "I'm actually finding out quite a bit of fascinating things looking at the
spectrographs of this suit. Perhaps I can borrow some of the design elements used in its construction and build one or two of my own."

The Saiyan Prince looked at his wife oddly, while the rest of the troop appeared somewhat surprised. "You're not serious, are you?"

"Oh, I'm dead serious," Bulma exclaimed as an eager grin formed on her face and her eyes darted over the blueprints of her handheld device. "It's been forever since I've come across an idea for a project this exciting. I mean, sure, building robots to assist in manual labor and human services is one thing, but piloting a suit of armor that can give me super-strength? That's friggin' awesome!"

She then turned around and winked at the group, causing a nervous shiver to run through Gohan, Piccolo and Vegeta. "If I play this out right and use my time wisely, maybe I'll be able to make a mech strong enough to punt your sorry butts around the planet."

Gohan emitted a nervous chuckle and placed his hands on his hips, "Now there's a scary thought."

Videl also smiled uneasily, "No kidding. The world's most famous scientist kicking bad-guy ass in a mech? The idea was almost unheard of.

Almost…

Following their shared collection of remarks over the woman's preposterous sounding concept, the group of enamored Z-fighters continued to listen in as Bulma spouted some more plans and details regarding the suit she wanted to design. She even brought up some drafts she'd been able to come up with right there on the spot through her computer's assorted programming.

It was just as the brilliant young woman was panning over the many features of her first pick and was in the process of presenting them to her audience that the equable Gohan suddenly felt a cold and very unpleasant chill run up his back. It was a sensation that caused every strand of his hair to stand on end.

Puzzled by this involuntary reaction, the demi-Saiyan then looked over his shoulder in the direction the unusual current of electricity had come from.

It was there that he saw it.

Standing just a few paces behind him, bathed in shadow, he saw a very familiar person staring back at him. Adorned in all black, with traces of red and white trim and stylish embellishments, the figure was a very fit and curvaceous young woman around eighteen years old, with a patch strapped over her right eye, long, pale-blonde wavy hair that grew down her back, and was tied into a long ponytail. She was also sporting a noticeably revealing outfit, a low-cut neckline that went down below her naval, revealing a toned stomach and ample chest, giving the suit the appearance of a swimsuit. Along with a long, black cape that hung behind her waist, she was also wearing shin-high, black heeled boots, and a black wide-brim hat with a pointed tip, which had a tiny gold bell at the end of it. Overall, this strange looking person had the appearance of a witch, minus the broom, wand and cap, with a hat that was comically large for her head, about half her own size, but fit nice and snugly over her cranium nonetheless.

Aside from having perfectly smooth skin, as the half-Saiyan noticed above her skimpy outfit, the woman also had a fair complexion, grey sclera, and a blood red eye that shone brightly from beneath the shadow of her hat. It was when Gohan's gaze met hers and he saw the woman smile at him, his entire body unexpectedly seized up.

It was a sensation the demi-Saiyan couldn't describe. On one hand, the appearance of the
mysterious young woman surprised him, and even caused a momentary wave of serenity to flow through him. But the instant his charcoal stare met hers, all warmth, happiness, and strength in his body was swept away, and was replaced by the cold, iron grip of fear and terror. Looking into the eye of the shadowy figure, it was almost like all the power the young man once held was scared out of his body and sent running off into the distance, leaving him standing in place, with every bone in his body trembling uncontrollably. His breathing stopped when all his organs ceased functioning for the briefest of moments, leaving him in a state reminiscent of death.

The only time he could remember ever feeling this close to it was when he found himself in the vice of Bojack, multiplied exponentially by all the horrors and moments of sheer hopelessness he'd experienced over the course of his young life. The feeling now encasing his rigid body was stifling and suffocating, leaving him choking on words and bleeding sweat.

His mouth moved, attempting to utter words in a desperate attempt to warn his friends of the imminent danger standing behind them. He even tried to force his body into action through sheer willpower, but for some unexplained reason... he couldn't even get his finger to budge. Simply being captivated by the stranger's blood red eye, the demi-Saiyan had become powerless and unable to act under his own power. It was like the intruder's will had completely overpowered his and, with only the smallest of glances, now controlled his every thought and movement.

Unable to fight the sensation confining him to this space, all Gohan was able to do was gawk back at the person standing in the room in front of him. When he finally managed to get a good look at her face beyond her devil's gaze, the teen's mind instantly processed an identifiable profile of the figure.

There was a reason why this stranger seemed so familiar to him. Maybe it was because he'd known her for the past seven years and had become bonded to her through both happiness and grief. There was no way he could forget an angel like her; someone who gave him courage in his darkest times, who lifted him up whenever he was down, who gave him company and friendship, and whom he shared an invisible and unbreakable bond with.

Ironically enough, it was the image of this particular person that allowed the teen to free his body from the overpowering hold of the stranger and speak their name.

When his voice broke, all fears and feelings of doubt broke with it.

"Videl?"

In response, the witch standing behind him grinned menacingly.

...  
...
...
"Gohan?"
...
...
"Gohan?"

Letting out a gasp of shock as he was shaken out of his trance, the spiky haired half-Saiyan quickly
looked down to see his girlfriend was gripping his shirt and was tugging on it with a worried look on her face. It was this very expression and showcasing of emotions that immediately captured the dazed teen's attention, and had him swallow nervously.

Seeing her classmate finally respond to her calls, the concerned martial artist gave the boy an inquisitive nod. "Hey? Is everything alright?" The tone she spoke with emphasized her state of unease and care for her boyfriend.

Confused by the panicky expression on the girl's face, the surprised Gohan then glanced around at the others, and saw that Piccolo, Vegeta, Erasa and Bulma were all looking in his direction. Blinking at the reception, he then quickly looked back at the entity that he'd been staring at moments before, and had been filling his body with an overwhelming sensation of dread and alarm.

However, when his eyes landed on the spot he had been so focused on before, he found the shadowy figure had disappeared. The resulting discovery left him stunned and gaping like a startled mackerel, with beads of sweat trickling down his face.

It was only the feel of Videl's hand against his cheek that shocked the male back into reality and had him turn towards her once again.

When she got a good feel of the boy's temperature, Videl balked, "Whoa. Are you feeling okay, Gohan? Your skin's as cold as ice."

"And you're as white as a sheet," Erasa also spoke up observantly, having taken notice of the teen's state. Taking his arm in her hands, the blonde then pressed her knuckles against his forehead and narrowed her eyes. "Did you catch a cold? How many fingers am I holding up?" She then proceeded to make random numbers on her hand.

Recoiling a little at the attention he was now receiving, Gohan then asked the question that had his mind boggled and his focus knocked askew.

"Di-… Didn't you guys see that?" he asked, his voice all a stutter as he pointed towards the back of the room.

The Z-fighters, puzzled by his question, looked in the direction he was pointing. When they didn't see or sense anything in that general area, Piccolo and everyone else looked at the teen and gave him a strange look.

"See what?" Vegeta asked in his impatient tone of voice, while his arms were crossed firmly over his chest.

Blinking at his friends and companions, the half-Saiyan regarded the space a second time for a few moments. Upon which he then looked at Erasa and then at Videl, unable to comprehend what the problem was. "None of you… saw a person standing there?"

The crime fighter shook her head, "No. We… didn't see anyone."

"You were just staring across at an empty wall with a terrified look on your face," Erasa continued, her concern having failed to lift even for a moment as she addressed her crush. "We thought you were having a panic attack or something."

Leaning back in her seat, Bulma Briefs tilted her head at the teen and spoke, drawing his gaze over to her. "When you didn't say anything after I asked you how the armored suit fought in an enclosed space, we tried calling your name and shaking you several times to try and get your attention." She added to this by nodding towards Hercule's daughter, who was still clutching his shoulder like he
was her personal lifeline. "After you didn't respond for three minutes, I was about to have Vegeta come over and give it a try. Good thing you came too when you did, because I don't think he would've been as gentle as your classmates."

Hearing the woman's remarks put an anxious feeling in the pit of Gohan's stomach, which then prompted the young man to look around at the others, particularly the more experienced warriors of their gathering. "So you guys honestly didn't see or sense anything out of the ordinary?"

Piccolo shook his head at his student's question. "It's like your girlfriend said; there was nothing there brat. Only air and computers."

Grunting a little after getting a good look at his supplementary rival's face, Vegeta grunted and cocked an eyebrow in his direction. "Maybe you got hit one too many times in the head during your battle in the city this morning. You're probably feeling a little punch drunk and dehydrated."

Processing the things his comrades had to say to him, rebutting all of his questions regarding the mysterious girl, Gohan then took a deep breath and directed his gaze back towards the spot where the phantom had been standing moments before.

It was the strangest thing. Despite the fact that he was totally convinced that there had been a girl dressed in a witch's costume in the same room as them, all of his friends had failed to sense any intrusive or hostile spirits whatsoever. Hell, they had all just been standing three meters away from where she'd appeared and none of them had even heard her breathing. Even Piccolo, the supposedly sharpest member of their team, didn't detect her presence. It was this fact that filled Gohan with a sickening feeling of foreboding and made him wonder whether what he saw was real or not.

It sure as hell looked like it was real. There had been a genuine, living, breathing person with an ungodly power level standing directly behind them and breathing down their necks. The aura of killing intent she'd also been emitting had been so potent and so intense that it'd quite literally put the fear of Kai in the teen's heart, giving him the impression that he'd been staring down death herself.

Judging from the amount of sweat his t-shirt had also accumulated, it was safe to say that Gohan had never been more scared than he had just been in his entire life.

However, what prevented these same feelings from bursting forth a second time and overtaking his current train of thought came from yet another revelation, which suddenly popped up in the demi-Saiyan's mind. As Bulma proceeded to bring the group's attention back to her drawing board of ideas in constructing a new combat suit, the spiky haired fighter could only think about the blonde girl's face…

And why it looked so much like Videl's.

After a couple of minutes of contemplation and looking down at his girlfriend, who was vigilantly propped against his arm, all worries over his encounter were quickly swept under the rug. Chalking the entire experience up to just a bad migraine as a result of his early morning battle to the death, Gohan spared his training partner and classmate a smile. When he received one from her in kind after she beamed up at him and acknowledged his warm gaze, the demi-Saiyan massaged the back of his head and wrapped a protective arm around her shoulders.

"Maybe they're right. Must've just been my imagination," the young warrior thought as he proceeded to watch Bulma dash around the room and pluck random bits of hardware off of the desks to show her visitors. The scientist was obviously super excited about her project and after
witnessing what the mechanical abomination before them had been capable of firsthand, neither
one of them could blame her.

"I hate to interrupt while you're in the middle of an important brainstorming session, but shouldn't
we be trying to find out where this thing came from and who sent it?" Piccolo asked, arms still
folded and serious scowl slapped across his face. When the blue haired woman skidded to a stop
beside the operating table in the middle of the lab, the green-skinned warrior then nodded towards
the motionless suit in front of her. "While it's good that you were able to deconstruct this
impressive piece of equipment for its technology and capabilities, maybe now is as good a time as
any to be answering the question as to why it was built in the first place?"

Processing the man's words carefully, Bulma then straightened up and gave a nod. "Yeah. I guess
you're right." She then placed a thoughtful finger to her chin and tapped another against the table.
"Since I can't trace it through its parts or software, or find out anything about the guy that was
driving it, then what's our next option?"

Also getting in on the action, Videl pursed her lips and meekly raised a hand. "The dragon balls?"

Piccolo shook his head. "Not a good idea."

"We only use those for real emergencies, like when planets and populations have been unjustly
wiped out, or to help a person in need. Though using Shenron to wish for the mastermind's location
will definitely make things easier for us, I think it would be best that we save our wishes for a time
that we need them most," Gohan stated, looking down at his girlfriend with a warm smile. "You
never know when another crazy God, demon or alien will come out of the blue to wreck the place
for whatever grievances he or she may have suffered."

Considering his words earned an understanding nod from the girl. "Hm. Good point." Knowing the
kind of trouble the Z-fighters annually got into gave the demi-Saiyan's words credit where it was
due.

Vegeta, narrowing his eyes on the team, then focused on the world's strongest fighter. "Alright
then, so if we can't use the blasted dragon, then how do you expect us to find this cretin?"

After several moments of thought, Bulma's head perked up and she snapped her fingers in success.
"I know. We can go ask Baba for help. If she was able to find a dragon ball stuck inside an anti-
tracking box, then surely she's more than capable of tracking down the mastermind behind this
suit."

Remembering who the woman was referring too, Gohan grinned widely. "Oh yeah. Now there's an
idea."

"Baba?" Erasa murmured to herself, looking up at the half-Saiyan in confusion. Considering she'd
only met half of her friend's group, it was understandable why she would be the most in-the-dark
about their circumstances. "Who's that? A relative?"

"An old friend of ours who makes a living ferrying the dead between worlds and practicing
divination on the sidelines whenever she's not hosting private tournaments at her summer home,"
Bulma said, placing her hands on her hips and nodding towards the teenagers in front of her. "She's
pretty much a witch that travels around on top of a crystal ball."

The blonde city girl nodded, "Ah."

Folding her arms, Videl then took on a questioning look. "Alright then. So who gets the job of
going over to visit her?" She glanced towards the clock, before then turning to her boyfriend with a serious frown. "We're already late for our first two lessons. Any longer and we're going to get reprimanded by our homeroom teacher."

Piccolo grunted when he saw Gohan prepare to raise his hand to volunteer. "I'm sure we'll be able to find someone to go say hello to her." The look he gave his student quickly stopped the demi-Saiyan from acting and had him drop his arm resolutely.

"Preferably a person who's already met Baba on a previous occasion and isn't as busy as the rest of us," Bulma said in agreement.

Just as she was about to dial up a couple of names and put them out on the table, there was a sudden knock on the door followed by the entrance to the lab being opened. When the team looked in that direction, they saw the familiar, scar-faced form of Yamcha, sporting a new shortened haircut and a trimmed suit, come strolling into their midst. The sight of the gang put a smile on the martial artist's face as he waved at them in greeting.

"Hey guys. What's shakin'? I was just on my way over to my team's big game over in Pepper City and I was wondering if anyone wanted to come watch us play this Saturday." He then stopped dead in his tracks when he noticed the eyes of every single person in the room were glued onto him, creating a rather humorous moment of silence. The collection of stares had the yellow-suited baseball player balk in surprise. "Uhh... hi?" He then noticed the mech lying in the middle of the room and the corpse just a few feet from him. Staring at it for a couple of seconds, Yamcha then pointed at the soldier. "Who's the stiff?"

Sparing a glance amongst each other, everyone from Vegeta to Erasa smiled, before Bulma threw their visitor a mischievous smile.

"Why, good morning, Yamcha," The scientist then leant against the operating table in a nonchalant manner and set her eyes on her old fling. "Your timing couldn't be any more perfect. As it so happens... we've got a very important job for you to do."

The former mercenary and rising sports super star blinked in confusion. "What? A job?"

"Uh-huh... and just so you know... we won't be taking 'no' for an answer."

OOO

(Meanwhile)

Somewhere on the other side of the universe, on the pyramid shaped world known all around as the home of Beerus the Destroyer, a great battle was currently taking place. Well... that's what it looked like from a peon's perspective. From a celestial being's point of view, the fight that was being waged across the sweeping fields of the deity's homeland was just a friendly spar between two ridiculously powerful opponents.

A series of chain explosions ripping across the open valley marked the beginning of yet another volley attack, which was quickly revealed to have been thrown by the familiar, spotted-green and winged form of the biomechanical android Cell; the God of War from a neighboring universe. Gritting his teeth as he soared above the hillsides and the rising clouds of dust and smoke, the artificial warrior cocked back his hand and fired off another barrage of energy attacks, which scattered like a spray of pellets from a shotgun. The attacks bombarded the grasslands for miles, shaking the entire world and sending rubble flying in all directions.
The explosions ripped across the pristine landscape, chasing after its fast-moving target, which revealed itself from the cloud of debris to be the scantily clad Cleopatra, adorned in her revealing black garb, back-flipping from the blasts. When the attack eventually subsided, she ceased her momentum, slamming her feet into the ground and sliding to a stop. Looking up with a frown, the raven haired woman fixed her attention on the sky above and towards her opponent, only to see he had vanished.

Tracking him easily, the goddess's gaze snapped over her shoulder to see the android teleport into view, his two fingers held to his forehead.

Golden electricity crackling around his fingertips, Cell cocked his hand back and, with a loud yell, thrust them down towards his opponent. "Special Beam Cannon!" An orange corkscrew beam rocketed from his fingers and shot towards the woman several times faster than light.

But just when it seemed like it was going to hit her, the raven haired woman spun around and smacked it away with a timely roundhouse kick, sending it arcing into the distance. It then struck one of the moons orbiting the strangely-shaped world and impacted its surface, taking a massive chunk out of its side in an enormous, spherical explosion. When the blinding light of the blast faded, Cleopatra crouched down and sprang off of the valley floor, vanishing in a blur of movement. She moved so quickly she appeared directly behind her opponent in a heartbeat, drawing Cell's gaze around just in time to receive an axe kick to the spine. The blow landed with a deafening thunderclap and sent the android plummeting to the valley floor, drawing a yell of pain from him before his spiraling body slammed into the middle of the planetoid's lake with a splash.

The spray caused by Cell's crash landing in the lagoon reached the shoreline, where Whis and Isis could be seen standing side by side and watching the spar with great interest. A cheerful smile spread across his lips, the teal-skinned man with the white hair and staff murmured in satisfaction as the geyser formed by the android God's drop into the pond settled back into the pool. The winged-woman standing next to him had a similar look on her face, and nodded her head in an impressed manner.

Cleopatra held her position several hundred stories above the valley, watching as the cloud of condensation dispersed. When she saw the ripples in the lake vanish, a burst of water, followed instantly by a pink sphere of energy, suddenly shot out and rocketed towards the goddess. Responding in kind, the black haired woman cocked her hand back and, with a grunt of effort, fired a golden ball of energy at the approaching attack in a speedy counter. The two attacks intercepted one another in midair, detonating and generating a gargantuan explosion, which filled the sky with a blinding flash of white light.

When the sparks and fire generated by the colliding ki blasts faded, leaving a heavy plume hanging in the sky, Cleopatra then balked when she saw a hail of bullet-sized, orange spheres shoot up at her from the lake. Arcing through the sky in all directions, the multiple Dodon Ray shots converged on the goddess's position, prompting the raven haired beauty to load her arm and begin batting away the attacks one by one. Her arms blurred out as she smacked away the hail of bullets, yelling out with every hit while she sent the beams rocketing off-world and to scatter across the galaxy.

The attack faded shortly afterwards, leaving Cleopatra floating in the sky and glaring down at the fog hanging over the lake. Figuring her opponent was about to try something crafty again, she readied herself for a third attack, only to suddenly spin around when she heard a clap of thunder and looked up to see a bolt of blue lightning appear out of thin air.

Appearing in the blink of an eye, Thor, bathed in blue electricity and adorned in his Norse God
armor, complete with fur collar, gloves and boots, had his hammer drawn back and pointed towards the sky. The stone melee weapon crackling with a ludicrous amount of energy, the blonde haired Calvin Cline hunk gritted his teeth and, with a mighty bellow, thrust his hammer downwards in a glorified swing.

"DIVINE THUNDER DRUM!" The planet was soon rocked by the howl of a hurricane as a mass of blue lightning blasted from his weapon and shot towards the goddess in the form of an enormous sphere. The flashing ball, the size of a small moon, corkscrewed towards its target, literally blocking out most of the sky with its sheer mass and scale.

Gritting her teeth at the sight of the approaching attack, Cleopatra thrust her finger up and yelled out at the top of her lungs, firing a golden blast into the lightning ball. The powerful beam slammed into the compressed storm shot, burying into its front and locking the pair in an epic tug-of-war match. Eventually, after several seconds of battling one another in a test of power and will, the two blasts eventually gave way to a massive explosion, which filled the sky in a sphere of white, burning light.

The sight of the explosion had Whis make a sound of delight and clap his hands together in applause, even as the valley was rocked by a shockwave and a fierce blast of wind. "Well done. That is some superb maneuvering." He then turned his attention towards his companion, who was also smiling at the performance. "You have taught your student well, Isis. The way she coordinates herself in battle and uses her skills to trade blows with her opponents is of an incredibly high standard. You should be very proud her."

The dark skinned woman giggled and beamed back at her old friend. "I am. But even though she is incredibly talented and fulfils her role as a goddess well, she still has a long way to go before she can be considered strong enough to take my place."

"That's understandable. Your position is an esteemed one, and requires an incredible amount of self-discipline and understanding," Whis replied in a chirpy sounding voice. "Not to mention your level of experience is on equal terms with my own, something that very few beings in this universe have."

"And what of your disciple? Do you still have much to teach Lord Beerus in the ways of fighting?"

"Why, of course," the white haired sage chuckled, folding his arms and turning towards the sky to continue watching the battle unfold. "After all, life is a lesson that we are constantly practicing. Even though we claim to be the masters of a particular field, every single one of us is learning, seeing and experiencing new things every day. I myself, despite my overwhelming wealth of knowledge and wisdom, still have a great many things to learn about the secrets of the universe."

Isis giggled at his response. "That remains to be seen." She then threw him a curious look, one that matched the cheerfulness that was reflected on the attendant's expression. "It has been a few centuries since I last saw you getting surprised or worked up by something out of the ordinary. Maybe with some luck, I might actually be able to see that rare look of bewilderment on you once again."

A warm smile remained pasted on the master martial artist's face, even at the teasing grin the Goddess of Magic was giving him. As he continued to watch the battle being fought between Thor, Cleopatra and Cell in the sky above, and observed the trio as they began trading hits, a sudden ping of electricity unexpectedly shot through his head, causing him to recoil in shock and his gaze to snap over his shoulder in alarm.

The winged goddess Isis, also experiencing a similar ping, spun around and fixed her attention
across the grassy plains of Beerus's world, locking it upon the veil beyond the horizon and into the great beyond.

While the spar between the three deities continued behind them, the two master martial artists gawked into the distance, their eyes shimmering in disbelief and their limbs quivering with fright. For a moment the pair stood in absolute silence, ignoring the sounds of battle and the hum of the planet's environment around them. After a full minute passed them, in which neither of them said a thing, the two horrorstruck spectators swallowed nervously and attempted to hone in on whatever it was that caught their attention.

"Did you feel that?" Isis whispered, unable to tear her eyes away from the cosmos.

The teal-skinned man, catching his breath, nodded in response. "Yeah."

But what was it? That was the question.

Due to the sudden and intense nature of the energy spike, even with all their experience and near omnipotent capability, the pair of powerful deities had completely lost track of the source of the anomaly. The feedback from the surge had left them standing there, staring off into the distance, and wondering what could've possibly produced an energy signature that had them nearly shit themselves with panic.

It was only after several moments of due deliberation over the sensation that the ever knowledgeable Whis soon came up with an answer. It was one that had a look of displeasure and worry cross his face.

"Someone… or something very powerful… has entered our universe."

OOO

(Later that day)

After Bulma had told him the full story of what’d transpired earlier in Satan City, the scientist then wasted no time in giving the baffled Yamcha the job she had planned for him in a series of simple steps. Almost instantly after being given this most prestigious and important task, the mercenary began kicking up the shortest hissy-fit the Z-fighters had ever heard from him. He tried to argue that he had other important plans and was simply passing by, wondering if his friends had wanted to come watch his team play in the last game before their shot at the championships. This was shortly rebuffed moments later by simultaneous death stares thrown at him by Bulma, Piccolo and Vegeta respectively, which pretty much solidified the man's place in the pecking order.

With his attempts to defend his position shot to bits, the third longest standing member of the group quickly gathered up his gear and flew off to meet with Baba at her palace. Having ventured here previously during one of Goku's quests to collect the dragon balls, the former bandit touched down just outside the building's main entrance. Bypassing the half a dozen rich people already lined up there and waiting to see the fortune teller, the man went through the visitor's center, where he then proceeded to wait in the lobby.

"Man, is this what I get for being a nice guy?" Yamcha asked himself, wondering what possible circumstances could've led him to being made the messenger of their powerful group.

Could you blame him? Being pushed around by his ex-girlfriend, bullied by the other Z-fighters, and having his free time used up in a journey across the country to an old relative they barely saw anymore… it definitely gave the impression that the universe was being super unfair on him.
However, after thinking about it a little while longer, he did see why the group had decided to send him on this little trip. Over the years they'd been fighting together, the scar-faced man hadn't been able to contribute much in terms of support or combat, and was normally always the first to fall when the going got tough. Acting as a runner on behalf of the other members of the team was probably one of the only ways he was able to function as a productive representative of their faction.

Upon pondering over this revelation, the human warrior then scrunched his face up thoughtfully and gazed out one of the lobby's windows, "Hmm... maybe I should start training again... get back into fighting shape." Yamcha then looked down at his side and slapped his abdominals, where he could feel tight muscles tense up underneath his shirt. "Everybody else has been working hard to stay at the top of their game. Why shouldn't I?"

Maybe it's because he was lazy and enjoyed a simple life of mediocrity? Of course, knowing the kind of strength he possessed, he knew he would be doing all of his friends a disservice if he let all of the power that he had go to waste.

He then made a mental note that after this weekend's game he would start hitting the gyms again, and perhaps pay his old friend Tien a visit to see if he couldn't touch up on his fighting skills.

Just after making this small pact to himself following his internal argument, the man then suddenly had his attention drawn to the sound of a person's throat being cleared. When Yamcha looked across the room towards the entrance on the other side, the fighter saw the familiar, robe wearing form of Baba hover into view atop her crystal ball. The seemingly diminutive old woman peered up at him from underneath the rim of her witch's hat and took a moment to inspect her visitor. Once she was certain she knew who it was, the fortune teller smiled. "Ah. Yamcha. Long time no see."

The scar-faced man grinned, "Yeah. Long time. You're uhh... you're looking well." In other words, she looked like she hadn't changed one bit. What was up with that? "How has life been treating you?"

"Same old, same old. Business is good and so is the world. You also seem to be doing pretty well yourself, aye, Mr. Superstar," the woman exclaimed, floating further into the room to hover just a few feet in front of the man. Fingers laced together in front of her, the witch then looked him straight in the eyes and beamed in a mischievous manner. "Can I expect another easy win for you and your team this coming Saturday?"

Yamcha gave a chuckle at the twinkle he saw in Baba's eye. "Couldn't you find that out by looking into your crystal ball?"

Shrugging, the witch then hovered around the man and floated over to another end of the room. "I could. But... I don't like using the ball to discover the outcomes for every major sporting event. It takes the fun out of the game. Not to mention it spoils it for everybody else who appreciates the heart and thrill of a decent competition." After taking up position several feet away from the warrior, the fortune teller then spun around and smirked in his direction. "Wouldn't you hate it if you knew the outcome to everything just by taking a peek into a tiny glass sphere and seeing your future staring right back at you?"

Rubbing the back of his head, the human fighter grinned sheepishly at the floating witch, "Honestly, it all depends on the situation." He then chuckled as another thought crossed his mind. "If I really wanted to find out what the universe has planned for me ahead of time, there wouldn't be any surprises left. Nor would there be anything to look forward to. Though I'm sure it'd help me..."


heaps at the betting tables, everything that's made life as fun and exciting as it is today would be tossed away like a piece of wrapping paper."

"Hmph," the witch grunted as she leered at him, "And I take it you're not a gambling man?"

"I dabble in poker from time-to-time whenever I go out into the city with the boys. But aside from that, not really," Yamcha answered quickly, a half-smile coming into play. "I kind of developed this theory that whenever I end up betting big at the craps tables or at life itself, I always end up blowing it."

Nodding her head in understanding, the woman then turned to him with a smile. "The gift of good fortune varies from person to person. Though not everything is created by chance, there are still many actions in life that requires someone to roll the dice. You've just been getting bad numbers so far due to a series of unfortunate events."

"Tell me about it. If I'm not out there playing on the field and hitting home-runs for the Taitans, everything else I attempt just goes straight down the toilet," the Z-fighter sighed, looking down at his feet and rubbing the back of his head worriedly. "Even though we've had seven years of peace, with only one or two occasional upsets, I'm still finding it impossible to catch a break. Hell, I can't even find the right girl to settle down with."

Baba gazed across at him sympathetically, "Striking out at the bars and clubs?"

"More or less. I end up taking a good-looking dame out every once in a while, but after a couple of weeks we always end up falling out. It really sucks, you know?"

"Maybe you're just approaching them the wrong way," the fortune teller spoke, trying to offer the man some semblance of support.

The human warrior shrugged, "That or I have commitment issues."

"Stay strong. I'm sure a dashing young man like yourself will find someone eventually. After all, there are plenty of fish in the sea, and if it's not meant to be, it's not meant to be," Baba exclaimed, at the same time giving the warrior a cheerful smile. "Have a little more confidence in your actions, but don't come on too strongly. Try to speak from the gut rather than the heart, and let your instincts guide you. Just... give it some time, and I'm sure you'll find your soul mate sooner or later."

This seemed to bring a sense of hope to the baseball player's heart and, upon looking up at their group's less frequented companion, gave her a small grin. "Yeah. I suppose you're right." All he had to do was look at this thing positively. Every single one of the relationships he'd had in the past has been a test on his charm and fortitude as a man. He just needed to stick it out just a little while longer.

I mean, look at the rest of his group. Goku had Chi-Chi. Krillin had Android 18. Tien had Launch. Hell, even Gohan seemed to be having his own personal flings with the ladies if his little reunion with him back at CC with his two ridiculously attractive school mates was anything to go by. Hell. If the rest of his friends could do it, then so could he!

Upon giving him that boost of self-confidence, Yamcha soon remembered why he'd come all the way out here in the first place. Knowing this wasn't a personal call but one of business, the scar-faced baseball player cleared his throat and faced the fortune teller with a stern look. "Anyway, Baba. The reason I came by to see you today was to-"
"Help your friends out of another jam, yes?"

Finding his sentence completed for him, the man looked upon the woman with surprise. "Y-Yeah. H-How did you know?"

"I'm a fortune teller, darling. I make a living reading people's hearts and minds. Your needs especially are quite easy to decipher, especially considering it involves more than just yourself… but your friends as well," the witch replied, at the same time her expression became one of earnestness and understanding. "Since none of you youngsters have ever approached me asking for anything other than the fate of the world and the lives of other people, selfless requests are probably one of the only things I can expect to hear from you."

Hearing her reasoning loud and clear, the black haired former mercenary in the suit cleared his throat and addressed the older woman with a wide smile. "Alright. Since you already have an idea of what I'm going to ask, I think I can just give it to you straight then…"

The martial artist then proceeded to recount all of the events that occurred earlier that morning in Satan City between Son Gohan and his mysterious, armored attacker. Though he left out much of the details of the battle to sum it all up for the fortune teller, Yamcha made extra certain to highlight all of the important issues the young Saiyan had encountered in his fight, and emphasized how dangerous this foe had been. This gave credence to the assumption that the man responsible for pulling the strings in the shadows was an incredibly dangerous and sophisticated individual, one that was comparable to Doctor Gero back in the day.

Baba regarded Yamcha's words with seriousness and understanding. Realizing the fact that the world was once again facing another potential threat, the woman wasted no time in hopping off of her crystal ball and allowing it to float to the floor in front of her. The visiting martial artist straightened up, realizing that the elderly woman had every intention of helping him out with their group's debacle without question.

"So… you wish for me to locate and identify the person responsible for sending this armor-plated dog after you, is that right?" the fortune teller asked as she pulled back on her sleeves in a professional manner and stretched her neck.

The scar-faced man nodded affirmatively, "Yes. That's what Bulma said."

"Very well then. Because I'm doing this for some very close associates of mine and the son of an important client, I will waive the service charge and throw you a freebie," Baba chirped, clearing her throat as she began waving her hands over the glass sphere in front of her. While she did so, the surface of the reflection began to stir and her lips began to chant. "Spirits and souls of the shadow realms; show me where the darkness dwells. Tell me now. Tell me true. Show me what I ask of YOU!"

Feeling a sense of nostalgia wash over him from the woman's display, Yamcha then looked on as the crystal ball levitated off of the floor and started to flash an eerie green. The old witch also watched carefully as the device she used to tell people's fortunes and futures worked its magic, and waited with anticipation for a response. However, after several seconds of hovering, the ball suddenly began to crackle with violent blue electricity, and the center of the sphere began to fluctuate with a dark cloud. It was a sight that had both parties recoil in alarm.

"Hold on… something's not right," Baba murmured and leaned towards her trusted viewing orb.

Baffled by the strange anomaly, the small witch shuffled forward to see what the problem was. When her palms moved to hover over the glass, the woman then took a big step back in shock
when she suddenly saw the glowing blue eyes of a ferocious beast appear in the sphere. Bearing a white, scaly coat and the characteristics of a fearsome deity, the reptilian creature roared at the person attempting to peer into the icy mist, startling the fortune teller, before quickly fading away and bringing a veil of darkness back to the ball's core. Moments later, the green glow vanished, and the crystal orb floated back to the ground with a loud 'ping'.

Stunned by the lightshow, a nervous Yamcha gulped nervously and took a step forward. "What the heck just happened? Did you see something?"

Processing what she had just witnessed, a frown quickly formed across Baba's face and she turned her attention towards the man beside her. "I don't know how to tell you this, my boy, but the enemy that you and your friends have encountered is one crafty little devil."

"Huh?" the baseball player pulled back in confusion. "What do you mean by that?"

Baba then frowned at her crystal ball and began recalling everything she'd just witnessed. "The person you are attempting to find out is being shielded by some sort of powerful magic, which is preventing me from getting a lock onto his location." She then placed a hand to her chin and glared hard into the surface of her trusted fortune telling tool. "He must have predicted that someone might attempt to research him and figure out his identity, and had cast an anti-tracking spell over himself to deter anyone curious enough to do so."

"But… how is that even possible?" Yamcha asked, looking across at the elderly woman in confusion.

"Before the transmission cut out, I caught a glimpse of a creature's face… one that appeared both familiar and unfamiliar at the same time. It is an omen I fear will only bring more problems than solutions and will likely lead us down a very dark path… one that's riddled with death and terror. I'll need to investigate this further if I'm to figure out exactly what we're dealing with here."

Hearing the witch loud and clear, as well as receiving a stern glare from her as an immediately follow-up, the baseball player nodded his head slowly in acknowledgement and took a cautionary step back. "O-Okay." He then waited for a second before continuing to speak. "What should I tell Bulma and the others, then? You know they're going to be expecting an answer from me as soon as I get back."

"If worse comes to worse, tell them exactly what I told you. The enemy that's taken an interest in your group is an incredibly shrewd and dangerous individual… someone who threatens the very balance of peace and prosperity that all of you have worked so hard to achieve." The woman then turned around and fixed her attention upon the fighter, who she saw stiffen at the look in her eyes. "Heed my words well, young warrior. Powerful dark forces are at work here. You would be wise to prepare yourselves for what the future may bring."

And when Baba said it in that tone of voice, the human Z-fighter had every inclination of believing her.

OOO

(A week later)

"For the next upcoming house party, I think that we should play the 'I have never' game sometime after all the barbeque shit is done," Sharpener stated, looking down the aisle to see the rest of his friends looking back at him with their utmost attention, "You know… just to spice things up a little."
Since it was the middle of free-study period, midday on a Wednesday, this was the ideal time for any and all students to swap ideas and plans for upcoming assignments. As expected of the minority, a lot of the students in the class were using this time wisely to make up for lost time. However, for those who were ahead in their work or just couldn't be bothered doing any writing-based tasks, the members of the opposite group were using this period to interact with their friends.

And who else would capitalize on this moment then the blonde-haired jock that was known school-wide as one of the chattiest men in the institute.

Gohan, finding curiosity behind the topic, looked back at his friend over the heads of Videl and Erasa, both of whom were sitting between him and the sportsman, and were also listening intently to their classmate. "The 'I have never' game? What's that?" the teen asked.

Propping an arm on the desk and leaning forward, Sharpener threw the spiky haired teen a surprised look. "Are you serious? You've never heard of that drinking game before?"

When the Saiyan shook his head, Videl emitted a playful giggle and thumbed at her boyfriend with a sheepish smile in play. "He doesn't go out to parties that often. Believe me, I know."

Erasa nodded in agreement. "That's just the kind of person Gohan is, Sharpie: an innocent, down-to-earth country boy who has yet to taste the thrill of a real high schooler's life."

Blinking a couple of times at their collective remarks, the blonde haired jock decided to roll with it and continued on with his line of talk. "Anyway… the 'I have never' game is pretty much a drinking game you play around the table, where one person takes turns in saying 'I have never' something, and if the people have done the thing the person said they didn't do, they take a drink. We basically keep on playing until one of us passes out or throws up."

This then led to Erasa turning around to smile in the demi-Saiyan's direction, "It's a great way to kill some time… and to find out your closest friends' dirty little secrets."

Finding out the details of the game quickly brought a smile to the intently listening Gohan's face. "Sounds like a really fun game."

"You should give it a try. Though, just a fair warning to you, it isn't exactly a game for lightweights," Touya spoke up from the other side of the blonde jock, an act that drew everyone's attention towards the young male. When he found himself under the curious gazes of his compatriots, the glasses wearing sportsman grinned, "Just make sure you have something good to eat before downing any form of alcohol. It'll do well in softening the blow."

Nodding towards his friend and classmate, Sharpener then looked back at the others and continued on with his planned reading. "Basically you think up random stuff or stuff that you yourself haven't done. Like, for example; I've never bought anything in red suspenders. I've never driven twenty miles over the speed limit. Or I've never been on live television before." He then brought his hand up and waved it forward in a suggestive manner. "And basically if a guy is losing, he can always say 'I've never used a tampon'."

Videl thought about it for a second before then nodding in agreement, "For a bloke, I'd say that's a real winner."

"Yeah. No kidding," Erasa chuckled, shaking her head as she then went back to sketching happily in her workbook.

For several brief seconds of glorious silence, Gohan watched on as the chuckles and giggles slowly
faded with Sharpener's little joke in the wake of his informative talk. Not only had the teen learned something new from the conversation, but he was also given a greater understanding as to what one of his closest friends at school had planned for his upcoming bash. If he was to go up to Bulma, Krillin or Yamcha and ask them for a few suggestions as to what possible activities he could pull at this sort of gathering, he was certain he would get more than a handful of ideas. However, what he'd just heard over the course of the last couple of minutes had been more than enough to satisfy him.

He felt like he could go to sleep that night feeling just a little bit wiser.

As it turns out though, the line of dialogue between the five amigos had yet to be completed, as one other person at that table had something else interesting to share with them.

"I have," the voice of Touya suddenly interjected, a combination of words that slowly had everyone's eyes turn robotically in his direction.

Hell, even a few of the boys and girls sitting in the rows of desks around them looked towards the teen with looks of sheer bewilderment.

Blinking a couple of times as he stared at his friend, Sharpener then opened his mouth to speak. Hesitant at first, with no words being spoken at all, he then stared at the boy in disbelief and asked the question that was now on everyone's baffled minds, "You've… used a tampon?"

Nodding his head with pride, the brown haired teen then looked across at his other friends and watched them lean away from him ever so slightly. "Yeah. You know… for spillage." He then cracked a sickeningly cheerful smile.

Finding his very brief and straight forward response incredibly baffling, Videl gazed across at the sportsman with bemusement written all over her face. "Aw, mate… what?"

After the rest of the group's members started sharing strange looks with one another, they then watched as their proud classmate started making mopping gestures with his hand. "Well I had a bit of an accident over a cooker once, and-"

"Sorry, dude, but… this is just getting worse," Sharpener interrupted, looking at the man as if he were crazy.

"No, no. Hear me out," Touya interrupted, at the same time gesturing to a space in front of him as if he were tending to a pot. "When you're boiling something, I was doing something with milk in it and, you know, it boiled over, and it goes into that bit in the back where you can't get your finger in. Basically if you don't clean it out, it goes rancid and it smells, forever."

Erasa, waving her hands in front of her, stopped the teen before he could go any further. "So… let me get this straight. You used tampons to clean out a cooker?"

Finding an equal interest in the conversation, Videl leant across her desk and propped her chin on her elbow curiously. "Can I ask what brand it was?"

Making an 'ick' face, Sharpener then reeled the discussion back in his direction and jabbed a hand towards Touya, while at the same time directing all of his attention towards his half-Saiyan classmate. "And this is coming from a man who doesn't have OCD?" He then made several pointing gestures back towards the man next to him, who was now attempting to interrupt the blonde and was failing miserably. "He does have OCD."

"I do not," Touya said loudly, but was promptly shrugged off by his classmates.
The boy's efforts to prove his friends otherwise were thwarted by a quick and very pronounced smirk from Gohan, "You totally have OCD." This was supported by a brisk nod from his girlfriend, who was sitting comfortably alongside him.

"We can prove it too," Erasa cut in, holding out her arm and showing off the wristwatch that she currently had on her. It was a beautiful, silver Swiss with a brown leather strap holding the timepiece in place. "You know the bezel on a watch... and that little arrow thing here?" she asked while pointing at the red marker at the top of the ring. "If I have it..." She then turned it so that it was pointed over the six, "here. He's fine. But if I put it around..." The girl then offset the arrow ever so slightly, "there."

"It's like a powerful magnet," Videl whispered, before then proceeding to watch along with the others as the blonde girl then brandished the watch in Touya's direction. "He just can't resist it."

At first the young man in glasses didn't do anything and simply stared down at the girl's wrist being held out to him. But then, without warning, the silence of the classroom was broken by the teenager suddenly jumping out of his seat, catching the girl's arm, and his fingers moving to grip the bezel to rotate it back to its previous spot. His sudden movement drew a startled yelp from the girl in the desk behind him, at the same time the surrounding students and the boy's friends looked on with interest as Touya corrected his best friend's manually altered device.

The clicking of the bezel rang out when it was promptly returned to its previous state. "Get it back to the right position," Touya ordered, causing Videl, Erasa, Sharpener and Gohan to hold in fits of laughter as the young sportsman stopped cranking the ring. As soon as the arrow was back over the twelve, he released the girl and sat back down.

A giggling and thoroughly amused Erasa then showed everyone the now properly restored watch, before then giving her friend an incredulous grin. "You can't bear it if I don't have that arrow, can you?" she asked. As soon as she saw the teen plant his posterior back into his seat, she then cheekily and ever so slightly rotated the bezel out of place.

Touya, looking on irritably as the blonde also sat back down with her watch plainly in sight, then took a few deep breaths to steady his nerves before pointing across at his friends. "So another interesting thing about tampons is that..."

"I swear to Kai, you should be working in an infomercial or something," Videl groaned, shaking her head disbelievingly at the teen as he continued to smile in their direction.

"I'm half expecting you to be carrying these things around with you on a bandoleer across your chest," Gohan remarked, making gestures over and around his jacket to illustrate the appearance his friend should take under advisement. "You know, in a military sort of arrangement like Rambo... just in case."

Groaning at the smug looks and smirks his friends were giving him, Touya then tried one last time to defend his case. "It's a new application for an existing technology. When you think about it-"

"Touya. Touya," Erasa chuckled, at the same time holding out her watch for him to see. "Go away."

Shaking his head, the brown haired teen then breathed a sigh of defeat, collected his books and pens, and stood up. "I can't stand looking at that." Without another word, but with an amused smile on his face, the teen edged his way out of the aisle and began making his way down the stairs.
Under the watch of the entire class and the grins of his colleagues, the brown haired sportsman marched through the doorway and shut it loudly behind him.

It was after following him out of the room that Gohan and the others soon noticed their homeroom teacher was staring up at them from the front. Hands on her hips, the woman in the skinny jeans and maroon sweater threw the group of mischief-makers a look and raised an eyebrow at them. The expression drew a series of sheepish grins and prompted Erasa to sit back down, while the others awkwardly began rearranging material on their desks in a nonchalant manner.

"Care to tell us what that was all about?" Mio asked, gesturing to the rest of their peers, some of whom were still trying to get work done. "There'd better be a really good reason why you five troublemakers decided to interrupt my class's quiet time."

Sharpener, slicking back his hair, gestured in the direction their classmate had gone, "I'm not sure, Ms. Hirasawa. Some guys just can't handle studying, I guess."

"Uh-huh," the young adult replied in an unconvinced tone, before then holding two fingers up to her eyes and then pointing them in their direction, clearly saying that she would be watching them… the jock especially. Upon signing her warning, she then went back to pacing the rows of desks and helping out students in need of assistance.

As the class quickly returned to its business, with Sharpener taking the time to lean back in his seat and whisper to the guy in the row behind them, and Erasa slowly adjourning herself to the task of doodling in her textbook, Videl then leant to her side and bumped her head against Gohan's shoulder. The teen responded to the playful move with a look, which earned a warm grin from the crime fighter in kind.

After silently conveying to the girl that he was alright through their invisible bond, the pair then went back to work, while at the same time turning their once vocal conversation into a whispered one.

"So… when is your first swimming trial?" the raven haired girl asked curiously, a question that also had Erasa's head perk up and caused the blonde to lean over. Feeling her friend practically press into her shoulder to listen, Videl frowned and playfully pushed her away, earning a quiet giggle from the teen.

Sensing his girlfriend's eagerness, Gohan smiled, "Next Monday."

"Great."

OOO

(A week or so later)

It was the end of another hectic period and the beginning of another weekend, which gave hardworking men and women the chance to wind down and catch their breaths for the next repeat. This was especially good for one Son Gohan, who seemed to be getting a lot more stuff crammed into his schedule with each passing day. Taking into account the gradually increasing load as well as his personal training routine, it made sense why the young man had decided to relax on this particular Saturday by hanging out with his family; namely Goten, Lime, and Paprika, on the front lawn of their property.

Even Icarus, the family's pet dragon, was lying next to them on the grass, napping away under the warm rays of the sun.
Taking the opportunity to spend some time with his younger sibling as well as his closest neighbors, the teen had gathered up every single board game from the house and stacked it on the grass beside them. Because *Emissaries to Byzantium* was boring as shit and *Candyland* practically gave people cavities with every move they made, the group had opted to go for a spirited game of *Monopoly* to open their weekend morning, before then planning to move on to a joust in *Snakes and Ladders*, *Chinese Checkers*, and then *Age of Mythology* after that. Since the young Saiyan was limited to only a handful of games and they didn't want to waste their day away on the television, he aimed to make this stretch as long and as enjoyable as possible.

So far, out there under the warm, Mt. Paozu sun, things were going swimmingly for them… well… most of them at least.

"Four. One… two… three…WHAT? Oh, come on! Another hotel?" Gohan mock shouted while pointing down at the square he'd ended up on, which just so happened to be a hotel owned by Paprika, who grinned victoriously. "That's totally not fair!"

Icarus squawked in response, noticing his best friend's plight loud and clear.

"Hey, if you're going to spend the night here at *Paprika Lodgings*, Son, you're going to have to pay up," the Makyan wearing the long scarf exclaimed, gesturing for the teen to hand the cash over.

Grumbling as he pursed through his funds, the casually dressed Saiyan then handed the notes over to the girl, who began counting them along with the stacks of bills she'd already accumulated.

"Why is it that you decided to set up two hotels on Oxford Street instead of one? Is that even allowed in the rule book?"

"It's as they say with everything else in life; two hotels on one avenue are better than one. Why establish a business alongside a competitive organization when you can simply own the entire market and take advantage of the customers?" the woman continued with a cocky smile in play, licking her fingers so that it would make flicking through the money easier for her. "Flood the city streets with your chain of businesses and where are the peons going to go? You tell me."

Lime, who had come out here to visit her family for the weekend, shrugged her shoulders and beamed across at her demi-Saiyan crush happily. "She's got a point, you know."

After reaching the end of the bunch and calculating the sum total and the amount, the woman then looked up thoughtfully and rubbed her chin. "I'm pretty good at this human practice in capitalism. Maybe I should start my own chain of motels and restaurants, and see where that takes me."

Waiting around a few seconds, the white haired demon then shook her head and continued, "Or maybe it's just a lot more trouble than it's worth."

"Oh, trust me. It is," Lime replied, nodding towards the powerful woman with a half-smile in play. "Heck, even owning a single diner or hotel is mind numbing enough. Better to leave that kind of stuff to the professionals."

Goten, listening carefully to the conversation taking place between the adults, slumped his shoulders and gave the Makyan a disappointed look. "Aww… so… does that mean I won't get to eat Paprika burgers, ever?" the child asked with a groan.

Feeling for his little brother's displeasure, the older sibling, adorned in a white shirt and jeans, reached over and ruffled the kid's hair playfully. "Sorry. Maybe next time, little buddy."

The Makyan also gave the young boy a grin, drawing the demi-Saiyans' attention back to her, "I'll try to make you a special meat patty on rye later. How does that sound, runt?"
Upon processing the woman's words, a grin quickly reformed over Goten's face and the boy nodded his head enthusiastically. "That'll be great! Will you make it with onions?"

Paprika smiled, "Lots of them."

"Awesome! I love onions!"

Laughing at the kid's enthusiasm, Lime then lent back in the grass and placed her hand over her gut. "Man, can you guys stop talking about food. You're making me hungry."

"Same here," Gohan agreed, with his stomach actually giving an audible growl in support of this fact. Blushing a little at the looks he got from the two girls there, the adult half-Saiyan tried to shake off the awkwardness with his usual charm. "Whenever Goten gets started, so do I. It's kind of a weird trend we share with our dad." Another squawk from Icarus drew the teen's attention over to the pink dragon, who he gestured towards in agreement, "I know, right?"

A wash of sympathy for the young man prompted the brown haired high-schooler sitting nearby to reach over and pat the handsome young man on his broad shoulder, "Don't worry. We'll try to steer the topic away from food as much as possible." She then pulled away, cleared her throat, and holding a hand out to him. "As I understand it, I believe you still owe me a hundred and fifty from your last two stays at my lodgings."

The woman's remark drew another grumble from the demi-warrior as he reached down and pulled two notes from his pile, before then forking it over to his tax collector. "I swear... you guys are going to clean me out."

Not wanting to show her greatest rival any mercy, Paprika smirked at him. "If you want to survive in this day and age where industry is at an all-time high, you'd better start setting up shops, Son. Lots of them."

"Right," the teen grudgingly replied before then looking around the circle with a slightly more downtrodden visage. "Whose roll is it?"

"Mine! Mine!" Goten chirped excitedly, picking up the dice before then tossing it across the board, marking the beginning of yet another round of good-natured economic abuse.

While the four of them were messing around outdoors and catching up with one another, inside the Son household over in the kitchen, a certain orange haired Z-fighter was currently in the process of doing some much needed remedial exercises. Zangya, also deciding to take it easy this morning, had taken to cleaning the pots, pans, and whatever other dishes had been left out of the machine cycle in the sink. Treating this as a form of chore that she could easily lose herself in and transform into a therapeutic scrub down of her mentality, the woman had kindly taken this task off of Chi-Chi's hands while the raven haired mother went about doing some of the other jobs around the house, namely the laundry.

Even though this wasn't her scheduled day to do the dishes, as it was Goten's, the Hera, feeling overly generous and in need of something normal for a change, volunteered on behalf of the others so that they could go about doing other stuff. It was an offer that had put a smile on the Son woman's face and earned her a rather nice compliment from the Ox King's daughter about how she would make a fantastic wife someday. Though it did fill Zangya's head with some rather interesting thoughts, the blue skinned fighter was sure to dispel them as quickly as possible, so that she could concentrate on completing her task as thoroughly as possible.

Though she soon found herself daydreaming at the same time as she was cleaning the dishes, she
was at least conscious enough to be aware of exactly what she was doing. The Hera even spared a warm smile to the group of teenagers outside when she went to put one of the dry stacks in the nearby cupboard.

As perplexing as it was to see Paprika breaking bread with her arch nemesis and rival, someone who she vowed one day to eviscerate with a spoon, Zangya didn't make that big of a fuss over the scene for a few good reasons. One: it was peacetime. Two: the Makyan and her half-Saiyan counterpart had agreed to a temporary ceasefire. And three: Goten was with them. If there was anyone the pair didn't want to be seen fighting around, it was the young half-Saiyan that they'd both played a part in raising over the last seven years.

"You wouldn't think they were rivals when you see the two of them acting like that," Zangya chuckled, shaking her head when she saw Gohan's shoulders slump and Paprika stick her nose in the air victoriously. "They act more like a brother and sister than anything else."

And she knew how much Goten loved his brother and his multitude of older 'sisters.'

Since this was something not worth arguing over for semantic reasons, the Hera simply looked over the situation with a mild interest and went about carrying on with her job inside the household. After half an hour of working in the kitchen and tending to the sink, Zangya was soon moving on to her last pot and was looking forward to a nice, hot cup of tea afterwards. Collecting up the aluminum scrubber, she dunked the steel drum into the water and prepared to wipe it down like the others.

But just as she was in the midst of doing so, the woman then looked up when she sensed something off and set her sights on the window in front of her. As she gazed through the glass and towards the mountains on the horizon, she suddenly spotted a person in the reflection, standing directly behind her.

Though the sight of them initially surprised Zangya, when the Hera got a good look at the mysterious person, she saw that it was a girl a couple years younger than her with long, wavy blonde hair, wearing a revealing black, one-piece suit showing off a lot of cleavage, a cape, an eye patch, and a large witch's hat with a bell on the end. The appearance of the person had Zangya gasp in surprise, moments before her entire body unconsciously froze up and the woman found herself gaping at the reflection, a shock of electricity and terror running up her spine.

While she gawked at the reflection, the Hera saw the blonde girl look up from underneath the wide brim of her hat. Showing off her patch and the one, blood-red eye underneath, the witch then flashed Zangya a sinister smile, one that had a bead of sweat form on the woman's temple and caused an even more painful electric feeling to rush through her body.

Her expression showcasing a look of complete horror, it took the Z-fighter several moments of processing for normal mobility to return to her limbs. As soon as feeling gripped her limbs once again, Zangya then mustered all the strength she could to spin around and look towards the person that was standing directly over her shoulder.

However, the moment the thunderstruck Hera turned to face the intruder, she didn't see anything.

As it turns out, she was the only one standing in the kitchen.

Zangya panted as her eyes darted around in search of the phantom witch, cold sweat trickling down her face as she took a few steps out. In her search, the woman quickly thought back on the intruder's appearance.
Though having previously been overwhelmed with feelings of fright and terror she'd never experienced before in her life, on account of the amount of killing intent was being thrown her way, the woman was still able to bring up the image of the person responsible. Despite having changed her hair color and her uniform drastically, there was no doubt in Zangya's mind that the witch she saw in the reflection was…

"Okay, Videl. That was a really, really funny joke. Really appreciate it. But I think it's time for you to come out now, please," Zangya said loudly, trying to coax the witch out of hiding and into the open. "Videl?"

Had that actually been Videl? Well, after hanging out with the girl for over seven years, training with her, and becoming one of her closest friends and allies, she'd had more than enough time to become familiar with the teenager's face.

However, after stretching out her senses for the girl's signature, not only was the crime fighter nowhere inside the house, she wasn't in the same damn region. She was currently a hundred miles away in Satan City doing whatever it was she was doing, which tickled Zangya's funny bone in a very uncomfortable way.

How could she be here when she was clearly all the way over there? Unless she knew Instantaneous Movement, then any other theory the Hera had was shot to bits.

Finding the entire situation beyond troubling, Zangya decided to chalk up the ghostly encounter she'd just had as a hallucination brought on by sniffing too much detergent. Making a mental note to ask the Son mother to change whatever brand she was currently buying, the orange haired woman turned around to return to the sink…

Only to cry out in shock when she found Chi-Chi standing directly behind her carrying a basket of dry laundry.

The mother blinked in surprise when she literally saw her stay-in relative from another planet leap three meters away like a startled cat, with eyes wide as saucers and a look of horror on her face.

"Whoa. Zangya? Are you okay?"

Panting and clutching her chest tightly, the Hera gritted her teeth, slammed her foot into the ground, and jabbed a finger towards the woman, "You gave me… a heart attack!"

"What? What happened?" Chi-Chi asked, looking completely bewildered by the woman's current state. She then pointed over her shoulder. "I just finished taking down the laundry and came in to find you standing in the middle of the room staring at an empty wall. It was like you'd just seen a ghost or something."

Taking a few more deep breaths, the orange haired fighter processed the woman's words for a moment and then looked off to the side of the room. Considering the events that occurred in the last few seconds and then the preposterousness of the entire thing, Zangya took a deep breath and shook her head. "Maybe I did… maybe I didn't." She then groaned and placed a hand to her cranium. "Damn. I don't know what to think anymore. After all the shit I've seen…"

Smiling warmly at her houseguest, Chi-Chi then set the basket of laundry down on the table, walked up to the Hera, and extended her arms. "You've had a long week, sweetie. Relax." She then took the Hera by the shoulder and placed a hand over the alien's heart to monitor her condition. "Just take a deep breath and think happy thoughts. You're just worked up from all the running around you've been doing all week, that's all."
Taking the kind mother's words to heart, Zangya did as she was instructed and breathed deeply. After which a smile formed across her lips. "Yeah. I just need to loosen up a little."

"That's it," Chi-Chi chirped, returning the Hera's smile with one of her own. "Take it easy and don't think about anything else. Concentrate on getting some rest."

The Z-fighter smiled. "Thanks, Chi-Chi."

"Don't mention it."

Giving her a couple more comforting pats and some extra reassurance, the wife of Son Goku then allowed Zangya to return to the sink and finish up with the dishes. While the alien went about doing her thing and moved on to packing away the dry stuff, the raven haired martial artist behind her then began the process of sorting and folding the clothing she'd brought in. A melodic hum soon filled the air as the adult guardian flew through the material at a superwoman pace, demonstrating a level of skill and professionalism developed over years of practice. This was unsurprising to the Hera, as Zangya figured taking care of not one but three hungry Saiyans, two of which were completely abysmal to the art of cooking and cleaning, had to be one of the most trying experiences in history.

Offering her a silent applause, Zangya enjoyed the woman's melody while proceeding to wipe down and dry the pots and pans she'd been tasked with organizing. It was only after several minutes of filing through the assorted utensils that she soon found herself in conference with the Son mother once again. This time however, it was over a matter that all of them, including the members of their entire group, had been finding quite bothersome.

"So even Baba, the woman who can bring people back from the dead and see into the future, wasn't able to find out anything about the person who sent that man after my son?" Chi-Chi asked as she stopped folding a towel midway.

Plates clattering together as she piled them up, Zangya then looked towards the window and frowned deeply. "Gohan said so himself. After Yamcha told Bulma, Bulma told everybody else and then went about trying to fill in the blanks herself. Let's just say that neither one of them was very happy with the results."

"And… no one has been able to find out anything yet?"

Despite the woman's concerned sounding voice, all the Hera could do was shake her head sadly in response. "Bulma has run every test imaginable she could on the armor and the pilot that was driving it. Even Baba has been jumping from one side of the planet to the other looking for answers. But whenever they think they've found something good, it always leads them to another dead end." She then picked up the stack of plates and pushed it into the cupboard above her. "It's funny. Even though our group is made up of the most powerful and capable people in the quadrant, we're all getting migraines over a single human with absolutely no unique powers whatsoever."

Except that he could make weapons that made the androids look like windup toys and was smart enough to cause even the divination powers of the greatest fortune teller on the planet to malfunction.

Feeling nothing but bad vibes from that remark, Chi-Chi turned to look across at her friend and helper, "And Gohan isn't worried in the slightest, despite nearly being beaten half to death by that bastard in the mech?" You could tell how concerned she was from her tone alone.

She cared more about her children's safety and wellbeing than she did her own. This was a fact
that'd been made glaring apparent over the course of her entire married life thus far. Even though she was content that both her children were growing up strong and were living rich, fulfilling lives, she still felt some semblance of regret and woe over letting the two of them train and fight.

Despite the fact that she'd long since let such doubts go, she nevertheless felt similar feelings of foreboding arising from the potential danger this new, unknown enemy posed towards her family. This was magnified several times over when she learned that it was her oldest son that was specifically being targeted.

What kind of sick, twisted bastard would mark her child for dead with absolutely no cause or reason whatsoever? It was baffling.

Zangya, hearing the woman's worries loud and clear, gazed over her shoulder with a look of seriousness plastered on her face. "I think he's more worried about it than anybody else in our group. He's just really good at hiding it." She then looked across the room and narrowed her eyes thoughtfully. "Even though Gohan acts happy and seems like he's smiling, I think deep down in his gut… he's scared of who this enemy is and what plans he has in store for us."

Nodding in agreement, the mother quickly turned her attention back to her laundry. "My son made a promise to protect the earth and its people. It's been easy for him so far, since for the past seven years he knew exactly who his opponents were and could fight them evenly head to head. But this is the first time he and the others have run into an enemy who not only knows who they are and what they can do, but is also hiding and attacking from the shadows."

And that made them more dangerous than any other adversary they'd ever fought. After all, you couldn't defeat an enemy, let alone confront them, if you had no idea who the hell they were.

This remark drew a troubled sigh from the Hera, who then ran a hand through her orange locks and reached down to pick up one of the large pots in front of her. "At this rate, the next course of action will have to be to use the dragon balls to find out the identity of the puppet master behind the mech. And if that doesn't work… then we're just going to have to stick this out the old-fashioned way."

Hopefully, with some luck, they may not even have to use the dragon balls to figure out who their phantom adversary was. If they were patient enough and played this out right, perhaps their real opponent would make themselves known without the need for foresight and magic.

It was only an earthling after all. I mean… what enemy out there could possibly be worse than a single man on this planet?

OOO

(Meanwhile)

On the far side of the universe, outside of the four quadrants governed by both Otherworld and the Kais, there drifted a region of space divided from all the others. Overseen by neither one of the Gods and made up of a series of irregular and spiral galaxies, the residents of this wild and untamed domain carried on with their lives like every other world. However, unlike the four quadrants and the empires within them, the communities of this realm followed a completely different sort of banner, one that struck fear into the hearts of all those who knew the ruler's name.

Deep inside the expanse of stars and clusters, orbiting a bright, orange sun of an unknown system, an enormous fleet of around a hundred ships was stationed. Scattered throughout the area, yet staying within sight of the command vessel, the armada consisted of an assortment of triangle
shaped cruisers, each one estimated to be around 1,600 meters in length, with dark grey hulls,
enormous ion engines on the back, and bridges standing atop heavily fortified spires at the stern,
allowing for optimal visibility in all directions. Each vessel being designed for planetary invasions
and manned by crews of up to thirty thousand strong, these ships were also under the escort of
hundreds of smaller craft that were shaped like arrow heads, all of which were about the size your
average jet fighter.

Needless to say, it was an impressive display of military might and firepower.

However, the most outstanding vessel out of all the craft present there, was the commander's ship
itself. About fifteen times larger than any of the other battleships at a whopping 20,000 meters in
length, this monstrous dreadnaught not only looked the most heavily defended, but was also the
most heavily armed, with a crew of up to two hundred thousand, thirteen massive engines
propelling it through space, and what looked like a small city built across its top deck. It also had a
massive tower closest to the rear, with the captain's bridge allowing a grand view of the vessel, the
fleet, and the entirety of space itself.

The vessel cut through space like a knife, striking terror into the hearts of any civilization it
invaded. However, due to the random nature of the fleet's formation, it was plainly obvious that the
armada wasn't invading any planets or systems at this stage. In fact, they were currently on
standby, and listening out for any chatter that may interest the commander of this grand attack
force.

The leader could be identified by the insignia that he had inscribed on the hull of every single one
of his ships, which took the form of a black fist surrounded by a golden helix. It was the symbol of
his great empire.

Standing on the bridge of the command vessel in front of the triangle shaped windows, which
formed a wide arc around the entire room, the hulking, muscular form of the heavily armored,
grey-skinned tyrant Varax, could be seen gazing out into space. With his metallic, clawed hands
held firmly behind his back and his red eyes piercing the infinite night, the man not only looked
the part of a leader, but also a dangerous and imposing foe.

Behind him, across the floor plan of the vessel's helm, dozens of aliens dressed in officer's
uniforms could be seen manning the computers, all of whom were performing under the watch of
large, black, bipedal robots with red visors and attack gauntlets.

The platoon of aliens weren't any ordinary ones though. Far from it. While all of them resembled
races one would easily recognize in Frieza's and King Cold's army, all of the personnel walking
around the bridge had metallic parts and electronics jacked into their flesh, most of which took the
form of armor plating slapped over their clothes. This gave them the appearance of the most well
dressed Borg army you'd ever seen.

Their current states and appearances was all thanks to the generosity of their great master, who'd
not only experimented and modified all of them, but had forced them all into his servitude by
turning them into an army of obedient cyborgs.

It was an eerie sight, especially when all those with cybernetic eyes could be seen as glowing red
dots in the shadowy parts of the room.

While the personnel went about their business in monitoring the ship, the navy, and the system
they were currently stationed in, the boss and Commander in Chief of the fleet continued scanning
his quadrant; the Helix Realm. Overseeing its entirety with a keen eye and an open kind, the
cybernetic giant of an emperor twiddled his fingers expectantly, while also considering some of the
big plans he had in development in the deepest, darkest recesses of his mind. These schemes of his not only involved the rulers of the other quadrants, but the entirety of the universe itself. For someone of his power and capability, it meant no shortage of trouble for those who defended this reality and called it their home.

However, just as Varax was in the midst of his meditation and was about to arrive at an important juncture, a sudden jolt of electricity in the back of his mind had his head cock upwards and his eyes narrow. His red irises focusing on a distant star system far beyond his sight, an irritable growl soon left his throat as he then focused on the source of the disturbance.

"There it is again," he whispered in his gargling tone of voice.

For the second time that month, a powerful energy signature, unlike anything anyone had ever felt within their universe before, had once again appeared like a ghostly blip on the radar. Not only was it immense, but it was potent, pungent, and toxic, something he was certain even the Gods could feel from their respective home worlds. However, despite its overwhelming sensation and soul crushing quantity, no mortal on this plain of existence was able to detect it, save for only a handful that was capable of picking up celestial energy.

What's more, it didn't belong to a planet, a sun, or anything else along those lines. No. This energy signature belonged to a person.

"I sense… a presence…" Varax murmured, honing in on the very spot he sensed the signature originate from and had now vanished like mist on the wind, "A presence I… haven't felt since…"

It was after a couple more seconds of discreet observation and deliberation the alien's red eyes widened, before a dark smirk formed underneath the breathing apparatus covering the lower part of his face. "Ahh… it's her."

"The lost one from another universe…"

Just before he could fully comprehend the magnitude and excitement of his discovery, the sound of footsteps stopping behind him quickly ripped his attention away from the cosmos and towards the blue, diminutive alien now standing behind him.

It was the admiral of the fleet, as indicated by his white uniform and multi-colored badge on his chest.

"Excuse me, Lord Varax."

The giant alien sneered and turned, making a loud metallic stomp at the same time, "What is it?"

"Prisoner zero… she is… awake, sir," the admiral continued, his robotic voice all a treble despite it being completely monotone.

Knowing exactly what the officer meant by that statement, Varax allowed a grunt to leave his lips as he turned completely and began marching down the walkway. "Move the fleet to sector seventy two and continue monitoring the system for unusual activity. Notify me of any changes," the tyrant growled, at the same time he pushed past the much smaller man on his way down the gangway.

"Yes, master," the blue cyborg stammered, bowing to the warlord as the Korgoth stomped towards the exit.

All officers and personnel currently on that bridge, and working tirelessly away at the monitors, watched Varax leave with a terrified glimmer in their eyes. Even the robots standing guard at the
doors stiffened to attention when their boss walked past them. It was when he finally vacated the room completely that a semblance of peace quickly returned, allowing the admiral to take control of the situation and pick up where the rest of them had left off.

As for Varax, it didn't take long for the all-powerful alien tyrant to get where he was going. A quick trip in the elevator and a brisk stroll down the hall of hangar lined windows, all of which were filled with countless ships and mechs, and the commander soon arrived at the entrance to his laboratory. Safely secured behind a huge, thick set of metal doors, the man was able to access it simply by walking up to the sensors and allowing the computers to scan his signature. The instant it did, the doors opened and the lights that'd previously been switched off beyond the barrier flipped right back on. In a matter of moments, the room where the warlord conducted most of his personal business was back online and operating at full function.

Hemispherical in design, with a smooth, metallic surface all around, there were clear tanks of multiple-colored fluid set up against the walls beside various computer terminals and machines, with a single table in the center and a spotlight hanging over it. When the giant alien stomped passed it and towards the back wall, he soon unveiled another part of the chamber from the shadows, which looked like some sort of custom-made turbine hooked up to a bunch of monitors with a heavyset frame. In front of this massive and highly sophisticated engine, dangling several feet above the ground, were enormous restraining devices and, hanging between them with her arms and legs locked by the machine's arms, was the familiar, red-furred form of Set: the Goddess of Storms.

Still adorned in the uniform she'd been captured in with all her bits intact, the woman looked even worse than she had been coming out of her fight against Gohan. Not only was the goddess's fur all ruffled with burn marks visible all over, she also had multitudes of scars covering her front and back, giving her the appearance that she'd been whipped and tortured constantly for the past few months.

It didn't help that she had a series of syringes and drilling devices suspended all around her from the machine she was plugged into, and were all pointing in her direction. This gave credibility to the fact that she had bought the brunt of whatever horrific experiences the alien tyrant had subjected her to.

And, for the hundredth time that cycle, it appeared he was back to continue administering his good work.

Stopping in front of the crucified woman, with his eyes hovering perfectly level with her face on account of his ridiculous height, Varax watched as the broken fox woman's body twitched into life. A groan escaping her throat as she slowly regained consciousness, the bruised and beaten goddess then looked up at the alien, revealing a face covered in dried blood and one eye shut in pain.

When he saw that he had the woman's full and undivided attention, the giant grey alien in the respirator stared back at her for several moments before turning to his left. "You've certainly become quite obedient over the last few weeks." Varax then began walking towards the wall, his large, metallic legs making a loud 'whir' and 'clang' noise with every step. "The anti-energy binds are also doing a superb job at holding you in place. That means I don't have to exert any effort in keeping you on a leash."

Hearing his garbled voice loud and clear, the red haired vixen sneered. "Even if I could move… it wouldn't do me any good," Set groaned weakly.

Varax chuckled and, sparing a glance back at his prisoner, stopped beside one of his many computer terminals positioned against the wall. "I'm happy to hear that. You're finally starting to
understand the complete futility of your situation." Reaching out, the Korgoth typed into the key pad with his sharp fingers, causing a series of interconnecting, maze-like lights to spring up along the wall. This was immediately followed by a loud humming sound from the turbine that the goddess was jacked into, indicating something had been switched on. "I believe that that's my cue to start the next phase of my experiments."

The woman spat. "What the hell… are you planning?"

Turning his back on the deity and seemingly ignoring her, the alien continued tapping away at his computer screen for a few more seconds. Once he was done writing in the code, he then began to speak once again. "Being one of the longest living goddesses in history and one of the most knowledgeable and educated amongst your kin, you should know that there are three main super powers that govern this universe."

As his fingers danced away and the wall surrounding the chamber continued to light up one section after the other, the Korgoth spared a momentary glance back at the woman and smirked. "There are the Gods, both good and evil, who are charged with overseeing the balance of creation and destruction across the cosmos, and employ the services of the Kais and the Planet Trade Organization, to assist them with a majority of their labors. Then there are the Titans, the original deities who aided in the construction of our world, and are responsible for ensuring the laws that hold the universe together are protected, preserved, and maintained. And then, finally, there are the Dragons, capricious beings created from enormous masses of energy, and are considered forces of nature that can bend the laws of creation to their will. They represent the binding influence of spirit and power in the cosmos. This is the case for most of, if not all the universes in existence, as these factions are a constant across all of the known realities."

The alien then turned back to look at his computer and continued to type absently into the screen. "Some universes have all three, some only have one or two, and other worlds may have none at all. But in this world, all these elements come together like spokes on a wheel, working tirelessly to ensure the cycle of power keeps on turning." Varax then slapped his entire palm against the pad, ending the program and causing the rest of the nodes across his laboratory wall to light up. As soon as it did, the man glared back at the goddess, who he could see was hanging off of his every word. "I intend to break that wheel."

Set, gritting her teeth at the detestable tyrant's words, threw the man a hateful scowl. "And how pray tell… do you hope to accomplish that?"

Still conveying an air of confidence and superiority, the Korgoth turned to face the woman with his hands behind his back and a menacing gleam in his blood red eyes. "The Gods of this universe are recognized for their ability to manipulate the coveted form of energy known as Godly ki, which grants them unbelievable power and the ability to influence both time and space. It is the ultimate expression of overwhelming force." Varax then placed a hand over his armored chest and allowed the center piece to light up an eerie purple. This caused Set to recoil in pain when his negative ki began to flood the air and violently affect her energy. "My power however is different. Unlike you so-called Gods, my body represents the culmination of a lifetime of hard work and self-sacrifice. Millions of years of fighting, training, learning, and testing my limitations have allowed me to accomplish feats no other mortal has ever achieved before. My will and ambition is unyielding… and is the ultimate expression of individual perseverance."

Confusion racked the vixen as she remained drawn up between the machine's arms and glaring across at her captor. "Where exactly are you going with this?"
A grunt soon followed her question as Varax began to pace in a thoughtful and methodical manner. "Let me tell you a little story… one that I'm sure you've heard at least once before in passing. It's a tale about a little group of deities, and their battle against a deranged alchemist and one of the greatest threats ever seen by mortals." Stopping on one side of the lab, the alien looked up towards the ceiling and began his recount. "Long ago, about five million years before the age, a powerful wizard from the distant edge of the universe named Bibidi first appeared. With him he brought a terrible monster of his own creation, whose one and only purpose was to destroy. The name of that monster was Majin Buu."

Eyes widening a little at the announcement, the fox woman then looked up at the tyrant with an expression of surprise slapped across her face. "Wait a second… I've heard of that name before."

"I'd be surprised if you didn't," Varax remarked, turning around and continuing to pace around the room. "This creature had no feelings or conscience. He was designed as an instrument of fear and terror, with a single desire to eliminate all living things… and he was very good at it. With Majin Buu under his control, Bibidi set about the systematic destruction of all life in the cosmos. Hundreds of planets were reduced to rubble and entire galaxies were erased from existence. No force could withstand his evil power. Eventually… the creature's rampage drew the attention of the Kais, who rallied together in an attempt to stop the creature. One after the other they fell to the beast's might, attempting to repress his strength by allowing him to absorb them, until only one of them remained. In the end, their strategy to overwhelm the monster with their collective power and influence was successful. The last Supreme Kai then waited patiently until Buu was eventually sealed away by his master for his hibernation cycle, which gave the surviving deity the opportunity to kill Bibidi once and for all. The egg that contained the abomination, the creature that was responsible for bringing down an entire generation of Kais, was soon lost to the ages on an unknown, backwater planet."

Listening closely to the alien's story brought a grunt of annoyance from the dog woman, who continued to follow him around the room with her eyes. He had incredibly intimate knowledge of this story and with every word he spoke, Varax invoked a new memory from inside the woman, who had also heard of this tale many, many years ago. After he was done, Set soon remembered everything and narrowed her eyes on the Korgoth.

"Good riddance. The universe can do with one less wannabe God of Destruction. He was a nuisance and a pest. I'm glad that the Supreme Kai managed to stop him."

"This is the story that most people know as the origins of Majin Buu and the truth behind his legacy." Varax continued, the alien stopping in his tracks with his back turned to the goddess. At that moment, when the alien looked over his shoulder and glared across at his audience, a shiver of fright ran up Set's spine when she saw the look of deviousness reflected in his irises. "While a majority of it is true… it is not the full story." When the vixen witnessed the man's leer, she then watched as he turned to face her once more and began telling the next chapter. "Most of the people who are familiar with this recount believe that it was Bibidi who made the creature and set the beast loose upon the universe. But the truth is that the one called 'Majin Buu' was not created by him, at least… not the Bibidi everyone knew. You see… the original wizard who created Buu existed a hundred million years before the age, in a time when the universe was still young… as were the races and deities that inhabited it. The wizard that existed back then, who was also named Bibidi, was able to prolong his life through generations upon generations of clones, where each copy was raised as an offspring of the one before him, allowing the wizard to continue his lineage and develop his craft for over several millennia. The knowledge of how to summon the creature Majin Buu was also passed down through Bibidi's clones, allowing the magician to call upon the beast after every cycle."
"What an interesting fairytale," Set grumbled indignantly, her eyes narrowed firmly upon the man as he elaborated on the creature's history.

It was then Varax raised a finger in a pointing gesture. "But here is where it gets even more interesting. Since Majin Buu's one and only instinct was to destroy everything in his path, the next question you have to ask is... why was Majin Buu created in the first place?" When he saw the puzzled look come over the vixen's expression, the Korgoth lowered his arm and smirked. "What possible reason could a wizard, with no outstanding celestial powers, have to produce a monster with the sole purpose of wiping out all life in the cosmos, with no hopes of recreating it? Well... I'll tell you why. You see, over a hundred million years ago, an ambitious young genius from the planet Gon commissioned the maniacal wizard Bibidi to create a body for him that was not only capable of supernatural and regenerative powers, but was also immortal and able to change its shape to whatever it pleased at a moment's notice. It was an incredibly volatile process and the formulas behind it were ludicrously complicated, but the wizard accepted the challenge and promised the man a final product at the end of the season. The alchemist worked tirelessly day and night for decades creating this body, and when the time came for the great unveiling, the gifted magician's use had run its course... and so did his sanity. When the genius from Gon came by the alchemist's secret lab to collect his prize, the wizard turned his creation on him and blew the young warrior's body to kingdom come, before releasing the beast upon the universe." When the alien saw the goddess's eyes widen, a low chuckle left the hulking alien's lips. "Figured it out yet?"

"You were the one that hired Bibidi to create Majin Buu?"

The tyrant nodded his head affirmatively. "That's right." Turning his back on the woman, Varax then continued to speak. "I was a full, flesh and blood Korgoth back then, and even though I lacked the same great intellect and strength I have now, I still craved power and longevity. In order to make my ultimate dream of ruling the cosmos a reality, I gave Bibidi the rarest, most malleable element in the universe; a heap of pink matter that traveled between worlds, destroying and absorbing them in the form of an unconscious mass of fluid, and cycled between violent rampages and hibernation. This was Majin Buu's raw, untainted form; a substance with no name that existed since the beginning of the universe. I asked him to stabilize the agent and transform it into a perfect, immortal body that I could inhabit and live a long, eternal life. When I went to the wizard's place to claim what was rightfully mine after the procedure was completed, the retched alchemist attempted to kill me with the very entity I sought to own for myself." Varax growled at that last part as memories of that moment rushed through his head, prompting him to place a hand painfully to his temple. "In most universes where Majin Buu existed, I was killed by Bibidi, and my story in those alternate realities ended in the dark pits of his laboratory. But in other worlds, I managed to survive the unfortunate encounter... and spent the next million years in a healing tank, where I was slowly built and transformed into the cybernetic abomination you see standing before you." He then gestured to himself, showing the goddess his muscular form impaled by metallic prosthetic implants and robotic components. "Now that I'm back, I plan on making things right by reclaiming my lost property and taking my place as ruler of this cosmic cesspool by force."

Gritting her teeth angrily, Set thrashed against her binds, only to give up moments later when she didn't budge an inch. "Even if you do manage to get Majin Buu's body, there's no way in hell you'll be strong enough to conquer the universe! That freak alone wasn't enough to even warrant the attention of Whis and Beerus!"

Varax grunted at the woman's retort. "In order to stabilize the element, Bibidi wrapped the matter around the body of a child, enabling it to gain a form of semi-consciousness. In essence, what the wizard ended up creating was an artificial Magic God... a Demon... a Majin; the second most perfect organism in the universe, which could heal from any injury and change its shape to whatever it saw fit. When the Charon created Esdraelon, they foolishly made the mistake of giving
the creature too much free will, meaning the beast would never tire and never stop, no matter how much punishment it took. Not even I would be able to stop it. Bibidi however, modified Majin Buu's DNA by giving him an 'off' switch, allowing him to seal the creature away and put it into a forced state of hibernation if it became too unruly." Hands being held behind his back once again, the cyborg tyrant looked upon his prisoner with a smile. "I studied Bibidi's original notes on Majin Buu and learned everything there was to know about our creation. That means there are now only two people in the universe who know how to fully control the pink monstrosity and utilize its abilities to its fullest potential: me and the original Bibidi." He then raised his hand and clenched it into a fist. "Even if it takes me a thousand years to find it, once I reclaim Majin Buu, I will use his DNA to manufacture a perfect, immortal army, and use his powers to conquer all of creation. Once I do… nothing, not even the Titans or the Dragons, will be able to stop me."

When the goddess heard his declaration, all she felt at first was fear and terror. However, once she processed everything he had to say, the woman then allowed a sly grin to form across her lips. Even though she was chained up, defenseless, and practically at the tyrant's mercy, the strong-willed vixen couldn't help but get in one more shot at him.

"Good luck," Set wheezed in a ragged voice. "Like you said… Majin Buu's egg has been missing for over five million years. I doubt you'll be able to find it… even if you had another hundred million cycles… which I doubt you do."

Staring the woman down as she leered back at him, the bulky Korgoth with the respirator kept his fist held up for several tense seconds. Then, after processing the Dio-jin's words, the man lowered his arm and smirked, an expression that put a very uncomfortable feeling in Set's stomach. "You're right. I may never be able to find it. For all I know… it could be lost in the deepest recesses of space; drifting through the cosmos like an asteroid. But even if its location is unknown to me… that doesn't mean I can't move on with Plan B."

Doing an about face, the man then stomped his way over to the central table. It was here he reached down and pressed a button, allowing a panel from underneath to slide out. While his prisoner watched him wearily from where she was hanging, the man reached into the compartment and pulled something out.

"There are plenty of other life forms in the four quadrants that I can use to clone a slave army and use their powers for myself." Holding the device up nice and high, Varax then looked over his shoulder and leered at his prisoner. "If I plan on bringing down the Gods some day, I have to be as ready as I possibly can be to face them. And what better place to start then by finding out more about their weaknesses through the goddess that I have now?"

At first appearing confused, Set suddenly let out a scream of agony when a powerful current of electricity suddenly shot through her entire body. The turbine behind her humming loudly as it hit her with the charge of over a million volts, the woman's body lit up blue as her entire form was toasted from the inside-out by the surge of power. Once the current stopped, the red-haired vixen slumped forward and panted heavily.

Vision blurring out as she nearly lost consciousness, the woman then looked up when she heard Varax's footsteps approaching and saw his shadow appear in her line of sight.

"I was originally a scientist on my home world, tasked with advancing our technology and providing comfort for my people. Progress was made through a combination of trial and error, as well as continuous experimentation, hard work, and monitoring of all processes. That makes me a kind of doctor in a way; meticulously fiddling with his subjects to make sure everything went according to plan."
When Set eventually looked upon her captor, her eyes widened in horror when she saw he was carrying a laser powered scalpel; a device that surgeons often used in the hospital when cutting open patients. Seeing the tyrant brandishing it with one hand and a syringe in the other not only drew a whimper from the woman, but also had the vixen tremble on the spot. Smirking at the look of pure terror in the vixen's eyes, the cyborg emperor leered as he raised the tools. "And since I am a doctor… I think I will perform some surgery."

In a matter of moments, screams and howls of pain filled the entire ship from bow to stern, with Set's voice being loud enough for even the drones on the top levels of the bridge to hear. If the cyborg officers and the robots on the vessel's bridge could feel anything for real, there's no doubt that even they would be shivering at the cries being emanated by Varax's prisoner.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: Ugh. Poor Set. Even I wouldn't wish that fate upon my worst enemy.

Oh well, another chapter come and gone, and I hope you all enjoyed it. The story is finally getting into the thick of the plot and even more secrets are revealed. All of these events will culminate into a single, major event that will shake the entire planet earth and when that comes, a lot of shit is going to happen.

I took a lot of inspiration from a lot of anime and shows for this overall story, including but not limited to: One Piece, Doctor Who, Dragonball Z: Multiverse, Dragonball Z movies and games, Highschool DXD, Nocome, To Aru Majutsu no Index, Avengers, Baccano and Code Geass. Just to name a few.

There are really only three villains you have to remember over the next couple of arcs. There is Sentinel, who is doing a lot of secret shit somewhere in the mountains, Kaiser, who has his own plans for planet earth and is apparently protected by some powerful Dragon magic, and Varax, who is probably the most ruthless and dangerous one out here so far, is planning to conquer the universe.

After reading up on Majin Buu's history on the website, I noticed that a couple of changes have recently been made to his origin story, so I had to write it to fit into my project. Apparently Bibidi didn't create Majin Buu, per se, but Majin Buu has in fact been around since 'time immemorial', which is really strange since I was always under the impression that Bibidi created him. It basically shows the author has to meddle with everything in his own story, even though it's already been released for over a decade. Oh well, whatever makes him happy, I guess. Also, apparently Bibidi wasn't survived through his 'son' Babidi, but Babidi is in fact the genetic clone of Bibidi in the manga, which is also weird, but also makes sense now that I think about it.

Using the information I was able to take away from the website, I was able to implement it into the story to make it more interesting. The element that 'created' Majin Buu has been around since time immemorial (which is basically taking an overly generalized back story and narrowing it down into something that fits into the plot), and Varax actually commissioned the original Bibidi to give Majin Buu consciousness, all for the purpose of creating a perfect, immortal body to rule the universe.

I thought this was a really cool idea to use, and actually gives a reason as to why Bibidi 'resurrected' or 'created' Majin Buu in the first place, and why he couldn't control him properly; because Bibidi lost his shit and Buu is a reckless weapon.
Everything Varax is doing in this story is to grab power, and he basically experiments on life forms to get what he wants. If he gets his hands on Majin Buu, then shit is going to get a hell of a lot worse for the heroes.

But wait, in the last chapter, Sentinel had actually fused with Majin Buu and took over the universe. So that means something bad must have happened in the timeline that caused things to get so terrible for the Z-fighters.

Well, with Pan and Eva in the present, things might change for the better… or not.

Also, it appears Pan and Eva traveling back in time has also 'awakened' something else. Wonder what it could be. Just a little bit of foreshadowing for the final boss.

FANART UPDATE: Also, for all those curious to find out what some of the girl characters look like (Kana and Set) and the total number of girls included in the Harem aspect of the story, my friend has also done another comic page for me in the link I've provided in my profile. The page features all of the girls in Gohan's Harem so if you're interested to find out who they are, you can check out the link in my profile.

It's an awesome pic. Makes me laugh.

I also renamed the links to chapters with the arcs, so people know which arc they are currently on.

Next one coming soon I believe will be the Saiyan Invasion Arc.
Standing patiently outside the massive iron gates of the Satan residence with the light of the midday sun beating down on him from above, Gohan, adorned in a blue, long-sleeve thermal, a hooded blue vest, jeans and a pair of vans, looked down at his watch to see exactly where he was on time. Having already waited out here for a couple of minutes since making his call, the demi-Saiyan soon began to wonder whether the event that he and his close friend of many years had organized with one another was ever going to happen.

"Hmm… I wonder what's taking her so long?" the spiky haired hero thought out loud as he then spared the nearby mansion another look over. What with the way his feet had begun to chafe in his canvas made shoes, he couldn't help but wonder and worry about whether or not his girlfriend was okay.

However, his woes and concerns over the matter soon ebbed away moments later when, after a couple more minutes and a few patient taps of his foot, Gohan saw the double-doors to the mansion open. Straightening on the spot, the teen then moved into the archway of the resident's perimeter, where he watched with a warm smile on his face and a glint in his eye as his girlfriend trotted down the steps of her home and made a brisk jog out toward the entrance of her property. It didn't escape the teen's notice that the girl's father, dressed in his martial arts garb and a bathrobe over it, had also stopped by the door to see his daughter off.

When the poster girl of Satan City eventually skidded to a stop in front of her half-Saiyan sentry, the young man beamed down at her. "Hey, Videl."

"Hey, Gohan," the raven haired crime fighter, dressed in a yellow sweater and skirt, answered happily, at the same time slipping her hands behind her. "Sorry I took so long. I got a little bit caught up trying to decide what kind of shoes I should wear for our walk across town." Her remark had the demi-Saiyan look down and check her feet, where he saw a pair of lovely white sandals wrapped around her toes and ankles. His little inspection earned a bashful smile from the radiant angel as she lifted her heel in an uncharacteristically girlish manner. "Do you like them?"

"Yeah. I think they look great," Gohan replied, which earned a sigh of relief from his teammate as the Saiyan fixed his most delightful smile upon her. "They definitely match the colors of your jersey and skirt. But, more importantly, are they comfortable?"

Videl nodded enthusiastically. "Uh-huh."

"Good," the demi-Saiyan exclaimed, at the same time grinning brightly. When he received one from his girlfriend in kind, the warrior then looked over the girl's shoulder and waved across at her father. His greeting to the man with the mustache and afro was promptly returned with equal vigor, allowing the teen to rest at ease that the man of the house was at least approving of the situation.
Once looks of respect and understanding had been shared, Gohan then looked back at his girlfriend and smiled. "So… are you all set?"

"Well, that depends," Videl shrugged while holding her arms out. "I had no clue what the hell you had planned for today and didn't know what to bring with me. All I've got are my wallet, my phone, my keys, and the clothes on my back… and even now I think they may be a little bit wrong." She emphasized this by checking out her top's sleeves.

"What are you talking about? The stuff that you've got on right now is perfectly fine," Gohan said, grinning from ear to ear as he looked the angel over from head to toe. From her glowing smile to her fit figure adorned in that attractive ensemble of clothing, he couldn't have asked her for anything more. "In fact… you look absolutely stunning."

His comment earned a playful punch in the chest from the raven haired teen, "Oh, stop it."

"No. It's true," the Saiyan persisted with a warm, admiring look in play, "You're beautiful, Videl. The… most beautiful girl I've ever laid eyes on." Sure, it sounded cheesy as hell coming from him, but what else could he have said in that situation?

When it came to making statements like this, there was no way he couldn't stop himself from sounding all gushy. It was part of his honest, innocent schoolboy charm.

Feeling her heart skip a beat at her boyfriend's highly personalized review on her appearance and overall state of dress, the crime fighter then brushed some strands of hair behind her ear and averted her gaze. Her cheeks reddening with embarrassment, Videl then allowed a loving smile to form on her face as she spared a nervous glance back up at her amiable partner.

"I'll make sure you pay for that," Videl remarked, bringing her hand up to poke him in the arm. Her little jab tickling the demi-Saiyan and earning an even wider grin from him, the raven haired girl then giggled and latched onto his arm. The human Z-fighter instantly took a step closer to her crush so that she was pressed up against him. Once she was certain she had a hold of him, she spoke, "Alright then, Romeo. Where exactly did you plan on taking me this fine Saturday?"

"Oh… I was thinking the local aquarium first. You know, I hear they have a new dinosaur on display in one of their newest exhibits and have recently opened it up to the public. We should go over there and check it out," Gohan informed, at the same time tugging the girl towards him so that he too was leaning into her. When she fixed her fond gaze upon him, the demi-Saiyan felt his heartbeat quicken. "Then after that, I was thinking of shaking down the city a little with a long walk and 'an explore'. What do you think?"

Videl shrugged, "Works for me. Lead on."

With his girlfriend's limb secured in his, the demi-Saiyan wasted no time in walking her down the road and out of sight. As they strolled away, the pair of experienced fighters was overseen by the city's savior and namesake, who stood by the entrance to his home with his hands on his hips and a big smile on his face. Just before he watched them vanish around the corner, the Champ was soon joined by his butler Jenkins, who stood by his side with his hands behind him and a professional, stoic expression in play.

Exhaling deeply, Hercule smiled down at his assistant and commented out loud, "They grow up so fast, don't they?"

"If you ask me, sir, your daughter couldn't be in better hands," the butler replied, an agreeable smile forming on his lips too. "She absolutely adores that boy."
"Indeed," the Champ sniffed, before then puffing his chest out and grinning in his characteristic manner. "I just can't wait until he finally proposes to her. The strongest boy on this planet joining houses with my own… I'm telling you, it will be a day everyone will want to hear about!" Bringing his fist up, the martial arts champion shook it proudly and slammed it into his chest. "As soon as a date is set, I will waste no time or expense in making it the greatest wedding ceremony ever!"

The butler bowed his head courteously, "Whatever you feel is right, sir."

"There's nothing too good for my daughter!" the happy fighter shouted, before quickly turning heel and making his way back into the house. As soon as Hercule stomped away while continuing to spout all sorts of jolly nonsense about the preposterous ideas he had for his child's ceremony, Jenkins closed the doors behind them and followed after the father with a bounce in his step.

As for the young couple from Orange Star High, their day started off on a relaxed and noticeably chipper high note. From the Satan Residence, the pair shared a languid walk down to the nearby tram station, where the pair took the trolley to the marina. There, they soon found themselves at the entrance to the aquatic center and the aquarium next door. The facility being the same size as the city's main botanical garden and featuring an equally vast array of plant and animal life, both Gohan and Videl had a wonderful time exploring the various corridors and tanks the center had on display. One of their most enjoyable walks through the park definitely had to be the coral gardens, where the pair took their time strolling through a maze of glass hallways, which gave them a pristine view of what the underwater environment was like at the bottom of the ocean.

Though it'd been quite some time since Gohan had last gone for a trip to the bottom of the sea, with one of his most memorable excursions being with Krillin when the two of them were looking for a giant pearl for his ex, the demi-Saiyan was certain very little had changed about it. What with the recent visit by Zeru to their planet and its death leading to an increased abundance of all life and resources on the planet, the oceans of the earth were probably even more beautiful and healthy than they'd ever been in a long time.

The pair had a blast checking out all the aquarium life and indulging in a little game of tag through the passageways. A dutiful staff member made sure to stop them before their little game got out of hand, and the two Z-fighters went back to acting civil once more.

After their walk through the aquarium and a stop off at the souvenir store, where Gohan bought Videl a dolphin key ring and tried to get her a plushy from the claw-machine, but ended up failing, the duo then carried on to the nearby shopping mall. Here they had another walk about and stopped by at the food court, where the demi-Saiyan purchased a couple of crepes for them. He helped himself to an apple-crumble with ice cream and bought his girlfriend a wild berry one, with an assortment of over a dozen fruits, topped with whipped cream and cherries. The pair enjoyed their treats as they walked around the enormous complex of shops and stands, at the same time intermittently stealing bites of the other's treat. While Gohan put up a fuss that his girlfriend was eating too much of his, the crime fighter simply stuck her tongue out at him and let him have one extra bite of hers just to keep him tamed.

As they were nibbling and devouring their respective crepes, the duo went on a personalized tour of all the shops. Interested in the items that were on sale, both Gohan and Videl went for a little bit of window browsing, where they both took time in admiring the clothes and other accessories on display. Oftentimes the demi-Saiyan pulled them over to some of the shops that were catered towards women, where he attempted to curry his girlfriend's favor by checking out some handbags, belts and other goods that she might be interested in. While this did catch her attention briefly, the raven haired teen soon tore her well-meaning boyfriend away from those stores and dragged him over to the sports outlet places, which she found even more interesting. This went to show exactly
where her ideas and preferences sat in contrast to his, and the hero of earth made sure to allow his partner to lead him in this endeavor wherever she pleased.

She did show a surprising amount of interest in the swimsuit section. Though he pointed it out and his girlfriend brushed it off as him being paranoid, Gohan simply let the argument slide and continued to follow her like a diligent boyfriend should.

Their trek through the shopping mall soon led the pair to a Ferdinand brand clothing store, where the demi-Saiyan spent the next few minutes watching the crime fighter peruse through a wide selection of dresses and suits. When she found something she thought would definitely make the boy's head spin, the raven haired angel retired to the change rooms, upon which Gohan then stood patiently outside her door with her sandals in hand.

Almost immediately the girl hit a snag.

"Ugh. I don't understand it. Why is it that at every Silk Sheik and Dunstan outlet the girl clothes always have to be so complicated?" Videl cursed out loud while her boyfriend leant against the frame of the gate. "This goes on the outside… so this chord should go all the way through… right?"

Hands in his pockets, the spiky haired Saiyan looked over his shoulder and peered through the overlapping slits in the door, yet couldn't see jack-all. "Having problems?"

"No. I… I'm fine," the girl replied with a slightly frustrated undulation in her voice. "I can take care of this myself. Don't worry about me."

"Are you sure?" the warrior asked again for clarification.

"Positive. I'm a tough girl. I'm not afraid of a little challenge… ah! Crap…"

Her little break in confidence in the end shot down any value her dispute had. However, not wanting to point it out and earn her wrath as a consequence, all Gohan did was stand there quietly and shook his head in amusement.

For the next several minutes after that, the demi-Saiyan waited patiently for his partner to finish dressing and looked on as a few other customers went about checking out the contents of the store. It was only when he once again heard the struggled grunting sounds of his date through the barrier that his concerns were once again raised. Looking back through the gateway, the young man blinked a couple of times and tilted his head.

"Videl? Do you… want me to get somebody who can help you?" Gohan asked in earnest.

After a couple more muffled grunts, the raven haired teen on the other side of the door smirked and looked over her shoulder towards the visor. "If you're so worried about me, why don't you come in here and help me out?"

Hearing her question loud and clear, as well as the tone she spoke with, the young Saiyan blushed to the roots of his hair and looked away. "Uh. Th-That's okay. I… I'm fine out here."

"Really? I mean, it is you after all… and you are my date. I can trust you enough to let you hang around here while I'm in my underwear. Aren't you even a little bit curious about what your girlfriend wears underneath her regular clothes?"

"I'm not gonna lie, it has crossed my mind a few times," Gohan murmured a little under his usual volume, before his cheeks flushed red again and he spun towards the door. "B-But that's not the
"Hey," Videl suddenly interrupted, causing the demi-Saiyan to stop his train of thought, "Do you want to see what kind of underwear I'm wearing?" She then wasted no time in unhooking the latch on her door.

Alarm bells going off, the demi-Saiyan jumped in the way of the entrance, shut his eyes, held his arms out, and looked away in panic. "Wait! Don't do that!" His shout echoed throughout the entire store, startling a few of the customers and drawing the women's gazes in his direction.

At first the blushing Saiyan remained as he was, standing as still as a statue as he heard the fitting room door creak open. Moments later though, as he stood there shielding the gate as best as he could, he suddenly heard the sound of a playful giggle and cracked open an eye to see what the problem was. When he did, his expression then became one of shock and disbelief when he saw exactly what his girlfriend was wearing.

"I'm just messing with you," Videl chuckled, placing her hands on her hips as she saw her boyfriend's stunned gaze fixate upon her person. "So... what do you think?"

Gohan was at a loss for words. He initially hadn't thought much of the black dress his girlfriend had taken down to try on. Though it was designed specifically for formal occasions, it was tasteful and had a moderate feeling of elegance to it. It seemed like something he'd seen on several occasions on the television and reasoned that it was just another ordinary piece of clothing. Oh, how wrong he was.

The long, black silk dress hugged at his girlfriend's body like a sheet, accentuating every curve and every highlight of her form. Not only did it have a cut at the bottom, showing off her leg, the dress was also backless and hung off of her shoulders by two straps, with the front of her chest exposed by a low-cut neckline. It was also tied at the waist by a large front bow and, to complete its look, she also had on a long black shawl wrapped around her neck and draped over her arms.

Since the dress matched both her night black hair and her sapphire eyes, the girl looked just as stunning and radiant as a goddess at a party.

Swallowing nervously, Gohan attempted to slow his heart rate and keep his face from getting any redder. He then put a smile on his face and directed it towards his dazzling girlfriend. "You're gorgeous." When he saw the girl wrap her arms around her waist and throw him an inquisitive stare, the demi-Saiyan nodded affirmatively, "I mean it. You look amazing."

Feeling her own cheeks heat up, a loving smile formed across the girl's lips as she gazed back at the young warrior. "Good." She then turned away to hide her red cheeks.

It was clear she appreciated his comments, as well as the outfit she'd picked out, and in the end Gohan wound up buying her the dress. After that, the pair left the store and went on another explore of the district, where they pulled over at a bar and ordered a couple of smoothies. This was the very place where the pair decided to end their venture of the mall with a late lunch and share in some small talk. Once again, the demi-Saiyan donated his wallet to the cause, enabling them to enjoy a filling meal and a delightful beverage on the side.

Of all the many dates they'd been on in the past, after the recent string of chaos that'd engulfed their daily lives, this one had to be the most memorable outing yet.
As the sun drew into the late afternoon and the skies over Central City started to turn, beneath the enormous tower that stood as the symbol of the world famous Talos Industries, a sinister plot was slowly unfolding.

Through the metal plated, winding hallways that was the maze situated beneath the structure, with armored security guards and scientists patrolling the labyrinth, there sat an enormous chamber. Resembling a hangar, custom built to hold a large amount of equipment and machinery, this room represented one of the largest halls in the district, and was filled to the brim with a vast assortment of tech. This wasn't limited to aircraft and vehicles, but construction mechs and tanks, all of which were scattered throughout the room in an orderly fashion, and were being worked on by dozens of men.

All of the models on display here were prototypes and no two vehicles were the same. This was the floor where the creative minds of many designers and engineers came together to give birth to the future.

A few rooms over though, an area similar in design to this one had been setup away from the rest of the engineering labs. Serving as the brainchild and workstation for the boss of the company, this series of rooms and chambers was sectioned off from the main factory and, unlike the rest of the structure, was mostly empty. It was here, in a long corridor running alongside a secondary production hall, Kaiser Talos himself was standing and gazing through the window with a deep scowl on his face.

Through the clear glass of the observation deck, the object the world renowned genius was currently looking at was a craft very few had laid eyes on and one even fewer would recognize. However, for all those living out there in the cosmos and had existed around the time of the owner's reign, this saucer was of a very familiar shape and design. The white ship with yellow windows, black and purple embellishments, and white, crab-like landing gear, was none other than Cooler's spaceship, which had made landfall on earth many years ago and had since been abandoned due in part to its owner's timely demise. Bearing the exact same characteristics as both his father's and brother's vessels, the ship had fallen into the clutches of business owner Kaiser, who had ordered the vessel to be brought to his lab for study.

Already a great portion of the ship had been dismantled, with its interior having undergone analysis by both the owner of the company and a select few of his most loyal and trusted employees. Not only has the vessel served as the foundations for a lot of the company's many advances in technology, but it has also filled the role as a hobby that the boss often practiced in his downtime. Most of the days he didn't spend up in his office were spent down here in one of his many laboratories, where the boss could tinker for hours on end without interruption.

This vessel, among the many other artifacts and relics he'd dug up over the years, was one of the things he'd been fiddling with.

Hands behind his back, the man with the goatee murmured as he looked upon the spaceship and hull that'd brought terror to many across the galaxy. It was while he was facing it that flashes of a time long forgotten flickered through his mind, procuring images and memories of countless events throughout history that he'd witnessed. Too many to count and too fast to completely process, the man then frowned when the face of a familiar, white-scaled, blue-eyed beast appeared in his mind.

Mirroring the exact same creature that Baba saw in her crystal ball, this monster of nightmare towered over him with wings made of blue glass and armor tougher than any material in the known universe. The entity reared its head back and flashed its cold, fiery eyes upon its prey, spreading its
cape grandly and swinging its tail across the sky, cutting away the clouds with a single stroke.

The creature was in fact a dragon, a Western one to be precise, but as to what kind exactly was a mystery. Kaiser however knew… and the memories of this creature brought a big smile to his face.

"Has it really been that long?" the magnate thought quietly to himself.

Just before he could muse over this little snippet of history that was one of the first chapters in his life, the company owner was suddenly pulled away from his daydream by the arrival of his secretary. Craning his head around, Kaiser watched as Violet, adorned in her suit and skirt, coasted to a stop alongside him with her trusted notepad in hand. Typing away at the board, the woman with the purple hair then looked up and fixed a firm gaze upon her boss and mentor.

"The staff at the East City Research & Development branch has had another successful run with the Mark VI prototype particle generator," the woman informed, referring to her chief with the utmost reverence and respect. "No breakdowns or failures in the electromagnetic buffers to report."

Kaiser nodded in acknowledgement of this report, "Good. That means I was right to infuse the titanium casing with adamantine. What were the results?"

"Four positive, two negative. They were able to create another piece of dwarf star matter out of helium atoms they'd inserted into the machine. That makes three energy cores in the last eight months," the assistant continued, looking down at her pad and pulling up another window onto the screen. She then held out the electronic pad for the president to inspect. "Doctor Yura sent the formulas through to your computer about an hour ago. She said you'd want to take a look at them yourself."

Taking the pad from his messenger, the man with the goatee scrolled through the lines of a complex equation, which had been drawn up by one of his finest researchers. After reading through the entire subject and doing the math in his head, the boss of the company grunted and handed it back to the former army Colonel, who took it without question or hesitation. "Tell her to continue the research and that I will be monitoring her progress closely. What was the weight of the dwarf star material this time around?"

"Three point five kilograms, sir."

"Tell her to boost the generator up to fifty seven percent and start from phase one. Use the cross-section fusion reactor model as a medium and channel the energy through the conductors. That should focus up the power a little bit more."

Violet looked up in surprise. "Fifty seven? Are you sure that's wise? They've been running the machine at fifteen percent for the last month."

"It's fine, Violet," Kaiser replied, frowning as he continued to glare through the glass in front of him. "I ran the calculations in my head. Tell her to gradually increase the machine's output by one point seven percent every three seconds to keep the cooling towers and the circuits from overheating."

Swallowing nervously, the woman nodded and began typing into her pad, "Yes, sir."

"When she has successfully achieved several consistent results, I'll fly over to East City and oversee the last two stages of the procedure myself," Kaiser also informed with an excited smile in play.

His eagerness put a smile on Violet's face too, who then went on to jot down his last instructions.
"Understood."

The pair then stood side by side for several seconds in silence, with the head of the company listening as his assistant typed away into the pad and the sound of machinery and men hard at work continued to echo throughout the underground complex. After hearing a couple of security guards march past them and his secretary cease her activities, the man in the goatee then looked up and narrowed his eyes.

"What's the status on our half-Saiyan friend, Son Gohan? Do you have anything to report on him?"

Violet shook her head, "Not much has occurred in the last couple of weeks since his tussle with our operative in Satan City. Recently he stopped an airliner from crashing into the south side of the metropolis and foiled a bus hijacking along with his partner Videl Satan. But aside from these events, there have been no major changes or alternations made to his routine." She then looked across at her boss seriously. "His strength, though increasing little by little, has also remained relatively unchanged."

"That much I can expect," Kaiser murmured, a smirk slowly forming across his face.

"You should also be aware that Bulma Briefs is still trying to find out information about our dear friend Vulcan… as well as anything related to the person he was supposedly taking orders from," the assistant stated, causing her boss to murmur in understanding of this fact. "She's prying into every backdoor and source available to her and her connections. Aren't you a little bit worried that she might be getting too close to figuring out the truth?"

"Bulma Briefs and her associates can dig and dig as much as they please. They won't be able to find out anything… at least, not unless I want them to. I made extra sure of that. Even if they do find out that it was us that sent Vulcan after them, there isn't much they'll be able to do about it… not without inviting severe consequences," the boss said with an unchanging expression. After tapping his finger against his hand a couple of times, he then turned to his secretary and smiled. "Perhaps we can help steer away any suspicions towards us by hosting a couple of social events… to show the world that our company and its staff has nothing but the community's best interests at heart."

His remark had Violet tilt her head curiously. "What did you have in mind?"

"A trip to Satan City… where the head of Talos Industries will pay a surprise visit to a certain Orange Star high school to… inform the students of the many wondrous career opportunities that await them at the world renowned and respected industry supergiant, following their graduation. I'll make sure to highlight repeatedly in my speech the importance of education in our society and announce that I'll also be hosting an outdoor banquet to raise money for the country's many disadvantaged primary and secondary schools, in which all of them are invited to attend," Kaiser said, the excitement in his eyes growing as he turned his attention away from the spaceship in the hangar and began marching down the corridor. As his secretary moved in step with him, the bearded inventor and genius continued to inform his assistant of his plan. "A little charity event every now and then is always a good distraction for the press and any pesky inquisitors. Politicians do it all the time."

Nodding her head in understanding, the purple-haired assistant raised her pad and began to type. "I will have the boys arrange a venue in Satan City to host the dinner for the following week." She then looked across at the man curiously. "Would you like me to invite any of the King's staff?"

"Send out as many invitations as you see fit… but make sure that you invite the senators of the East District and Hercule Satan above all others. I have some land ownership agreements I wish to
discuss with them regarding my next big city project… and to use that bumbling fool as extra leverage over those money-laundering mongrels," Kaiser stated, while at the same time sparing a glance across at his helper. When he saw his secretary begin typing into her notepad, the man looked ahead of him again and smiled. "Tell them it will be an open bar. Drinks are on me."

Acknowledging his orders, Violet looked up at him once again. "And what of the school? Is there anything in particular you would like for me to arrange for your visit?"

"Oh, just the usual spiel; security, paperwork, slide shows, snacks. I'll have the principal announce my presence on stage, which I will then follow up with an invigorating speech, questions, a demonstration of our company's latest products, and then a quick mingle amongst the students," Kaiser said, beaming ahead of him as a sly smile formed across his face. "I would also like to meet with Satan City's poster girl Videl Satan, as well as her companion Son Gohan, so make extra certain that those two will be present at the reception. I have a little 'gift' I wish to give our half-Saiyan adversary… to apologize for all the trouble I've caused him and his friends thus far."

Hearing the man's tone shift when he said the word 'present' had Violet pause for a few moments. When she realized exactly what he meant by that, the woman narrowed her eyes on her boss. "What exactly do you plan to do once you meet him? Slip him some sort of nano-weapon… a bomb…?"

"Nothing so crass," the man answered as his head lifted a little, "And a bomb wouldn't do the job… not against someone like him."

Still not sure exactly what he intended to do, the woman frowned, "What about the other kids in the school? Aren't you worried you'll effect the rest of the population?"

Kaiser chuckled darkly and spared a glance down at his assistant, cutting her worried exclamations short. "My dear Violet. After all these years we've worked together, have I ever done anything for you to express any sort doubt in my actions?" The man then looked ahead of him once more and lowered his gaze. "Do not worry. I wouldn't dream of involving innocent bystanders and children in my personal affairs. I'm not that cold hearted. This business is between me and the Z-fighters… no one else." After passing the hangar and strolling further into the building, the company owner then relayed his next instructions. "Have our asset in West City on standby and ready to move in on my order."

Expression reflecting concern, the purple haired woman soon nodded in understanding and looked away, closing her eyes at the same time. "As you wish, sir."

It stood out as plain as day in Kaiser's mind.

Everyone, no matter how all-powerful they seemed, had a weakness… even the Gods.

XXX

(Several days later)

(Otherworld)

Across the sweeping, seemingly infinite skies of the heavens, orbiting high above the rainbow plains of one of the many worlds making up this part of space, everything that possessed physical form was as it should be; calm and peaceful. However, up on the Grand Kai's world, which orbited one of the many celestial bodies in this region, things had taken a startling turn for the residents of that world.

On the wide open valley making up the western half of the planet, the training regiments of every
warrior in that region was suddenly and violently interrupted by a shockwave, which was immediately followed up by an earthquake. The tremors being produced by this anomaly, which continued to grow more and more intense as the seconds ticked by, rattled the entire planet to its very core, disrupting the many routines of the fighters scattered across the grass, and scaring the daylights out of the many creatures living on that planet. Heck, even the Southern and Eastern Kais overseeing their students' sessions were startled out of their wits by the unexpected irregularity.

The reason and cause of this planet-wide quake, turned out to be none other than the planet's current Otherworld Champion Son Goku, who could be seen standing out in the middle of the grass with his feet spread, fists clenched, and his head thrown back in an unbroken, deafening scream. Golden aura blasting around him along with a chain of blue lightning shooting off of his body and blonde locks, the Super Saiyan 2 continued to yell out towards the heavenly cosmos as his energy levels skyrocketed, generating so much force that it caused not only the planet, but the vacuum of the dimension to tremble under his fury.

Freaking the hell out as he often did, King Kai shifted his weight forward as he was rocked back and forth by the typhoon that was being emanated from his star pupil. "Whoa! Goku! Goku! Take it easy! At this rate, you'll split the entire planet in two!" the blue-skinned deity shouted, unaware that his fellow Kai had fallen flat onto his ass.

Grunting, the West quadrant trainer with the monocle looked up from his spot in disbelief, unable to believe the feedback he was now receiving from his rival's student. "North! This man is crazy! What in the world is he doing?!"

Goku's energy blasted across the landscape in the form of a golden typhoon, which could be seen as ripples of dust drifting across the grass. These clouds effortlessly reached the people who were watching his display from the sidelines, most of whom were attempting to hold their ground and were gaping at the dead Z-fighter in awe. Not only were the man's trainer North King and competitor West Kai looking on from a safe distance, but so were Pikkon, Olibu, Chi-Chi, Goten, Videl, Zangya, and Gohan, the latter of whom had brought his family up here for a well-deserved visit.

While most of the group were standing on that spot gaping and hanging on for dear life, particularly the man's wife Chi-Chi, Gohan and Zangya remained as they were, looking on with their arms crossed and interested looks on their faces. The former of the two had a smile pulled across his mug as he silently observed his father power up, pushing himself to a state that only one other person in their group had managed to achieve.

The demi-Saiyan's mother was currently holding onto her youngest son, who'd anchored both of them to the ground, and Videl was shielding her face from the debris and dust blasting into her from up front. If the gale force winds weren't enough to knock them off balance, the violent trembling of the ground definitely did and, as the next several seconds rolled by, they felt Goku reach the final hurdle.

After a full minute of focusing his energy and pushing it into overdrive, with one last mighty howl of agony, Goku allowed his aura to explode off of him in the form of a brilliant supernova. This flash of light had everyone surrounding him wince in surprise, moments before the flash faded and revealed the man in all his Super Saiyan glory.

The result not only had Goten and Videl gaping, but the Kais and their students as well.

Blue lightning shooting off of his aura and carving trenches into the ground around him, the full-blooded Saiyan hero was now floating an inch above a small crater, his body noticeably bulked up and his form bathed in an ethereal glow. Furthermore, not only had his face become more chiseled
by the effects of his transformation, but his eyebrows had also vanished, leaving him with a very prominent brow, and his golden spiky hair had grown down to his waist, leaving a single bang beating over his forehead.

This didn't just give him a much more fearsome appearance. It'd also caused his energy to jump to a level that had all those in close proximity of him shaking and sweating in their boots.

"By the Gods," Olibu murmured, eyes widened and shimmering in awe as he gazed across at his training partner, "Are you feeling what I'm feeling, friend?"

"Yeah. It's unreal," Pikkon answered, trying not to look too shocked. "How in the world can he generate that much power?"

Wiping his face on a frilly handkerchief, the ruffled West Kai rose up from the grass and stared across at the glowing fighter with a deep frown. "He may have a lot of power, but that doesn't mean he can control it," the deity grumbled in his usual, snobbish tone of voice, before then dusting down the front of his tunic. "Kids these days… they have no respect for the old ways. It used to be about technique and skill, and focused solely on the aesthetics. But now it's all about who has the biggest muscles and who can blow up the most stuff."

Breathing a sigh of his own, the equally shaken North Kai nodded in agreement, "You can say that again, buddy."

Even though the amount of power radiating off of Goku was biblical enough to stun the entire planet, the blue-skinned deity was well past this stage of the process. After all, not only had he seen transformations like this more times than he could count, but he'd also seen this particular metamorphosis in another from his quadrant, and that person was standing only a few yards to his left.

Unable to believe what she was sensing either, Videl swallowed the saliva in her mouth nervously, "He… He did it. Goku actually did it."

"Wow," Goten exclaimed in amazement, also feeling completely overwhelmed by what he was sensing. "That is so awesome. Go dad!"

The fact that all of their clothing and hair was messed up by the gale made the impact of the scenario much more pronounced.

Upon feeling he'd finally achieved stability, the adult Saiyan looked across at his eldest and smirked in his direction. "Well? What do you think? Pretty cool, huh, son?"

Gohan, having also had to hold his ground at the closing stages of the man's transformation, grinned and nodded back at him, "Oh yeah. It looks great." He then placed his hands on his hips and tilted his head. "So this is what a Super Saiyan 3 looks like?"

"You have to admit, it's a hell of a lot different seeing the transformation on another person as opposed to transforming yourself, huh?" Zangya remarked, earning a nod of agreement from the demi-Saiyan standing next to her. She then looked at the boy and smiled. "Be honest with me. What does it feel like? Does it hurt?"

The young warrior chuckled, "Like a bitch." He was sure to say this as quietly as possible so that his mum or brother didn't catch wind of him. When he heard the Hera scoff, Gohan then took a few steps forward and nodded towards his father. "So… how was transforming for you, dad? Being dead with no actual muscles or limits to hold you back, it couldn't have been as bad for you as it
was for me when I jumped for the first time under my own power."

Aura still warping around him brightly and a spark of electricity running up his front, Goku raised an eyebrow. "You want the truth?" When he saw his son nod, the man shrugged, "It felt like my blood was on fire…" He then laughed and scratched the top of his head through his spikey locks in his typical, boyish manner, which looked really comedic in his transformed state. "That is… if I had any blood. It still hurt a lot though."

"Yeah. I could tell," Gohan said, smiling as he got a good bead on his father's power level. Even though he didn't have a live body, he could still sense energy clear as day up here. "So far I've transformed into a Super Saiyan 3 at least two dozen times now. Trust me. You'll get used to it."

Looking down at his arms, the man flexed his fingers and biceps. "And… does it get any easier?" Goku asked, drawing on his previous experiences with previous transformations. He looked up towards his son and quirked his brow. "I can tell how taxing this can be on the body, what with the amount of power that's currently being put out. The transformation itself was also brutal."

"It's just like with everything else. The more you train with it, the better you get," the demi-Saiyan answered, hands still on his hips as he threw his dad a cheeky grin. "And sooner or later, all of that hard work will pay off in the end."

The full-blooded Saiyan smiled, "So then… what happens now?" With the amount of energy burning through his veins, you could assume the man was pumped and ready for some action.

Sensing his father's eagerness for a scrap, Gohan took on a competitive look of his own and, hands still on his hips, cocked his neck to the side. "Since you can transform to a Super Saiyan 3, how about we take it for a test run?" Without even a moment of hesitation, the demi-Saiyan jumped straight to Super Saiyan 2, a power up that was marked by a loud 'bang' and a flash of light. Golden aura blasting around him with blue currents of electricity dancing across his skin, the blonde haired young man then brought his fists up, held them above his head and, focusing his energy, let out a loud yell of effort.

This was immediately followed by a second, even more powerful shockwave when his aura intensified and his energy skyrocketed. In the blink of an eye, his eyebrows vanished and his hair grew right down his back, whipping on the wind as he went straight to max power.

His own transformation, though not as intense as his father's, still put stunned looks on the faces of everyone who was watching. Even Chi-Chi held a hand over her mouth in shock.

"Oh, wow. They can both do that?" the mother murmured. Obviously, she was still getting used to the process of identifying the different forms of Super Saiyan and, this being one of the first times she'd seen the third level, you could understand her surprise. "That's amazing."

Goten, grinning widely, threw his fists out in a loud and gutsy cheer, "Yeah! Dad and big brother look so cool!"

Beads of sweat running down her temple, Zangya grinned nervously, "Yeah. They sure do." She then gulped a little and tapped her foot uneasily. "Not to mention scary. The amount of ki that was sitting in one place was unreal.

Not to mention inspiring. Looking at the father and son duo, the orange haired woman allowed her more positive emotions to take over and a warm smile to grace her lips. Watching her most regular training partner stand out in the middle of the valley and clad in an armor of gold, not only lifted her spirits, but also made her want to join him in the throngs of power as well.
Of course, she didn't have a transformation state that could reach the same level that he'd reached... at least... not yet.

"Maybe... if I keep working on it..." the orange haired woman thought to herself.

As the two Saiyans stood across from one another, sizing each other up and letting their transformations burn away, Gohan then glanced behind him and grinned at their audience. "Don't worry. This won't take long." He then turned to his girlfriend, who'd also started smiling again as she and the others gazed across at him. "I'd hang on to my seat though."

Hearing him clearly through the crackling of their auras, the teen nodded and, along with Goten and Chi-Chi, took a big step back.

Turning to stare at his father once again, the young Saiyan in the orange and blue gi grinned, "Ready whenever you are."

The former hero nodded and grinned at his boy. "You know... we should really start trying to dress a little bit differently from now on," the man said, pointing between their two identical transformed states, as well as their identical uniforms. "Given how much you and I look alike in this form, people might be finding it difficult to tell the two of us apart."

Looking at his dad's orange and blue gi, the same one he'd been wearing for the past seven years, Gohan chuckled and nodded in agreement, "Yeah. I suppose you're right."

"But that's something to worry about for another time," Goku declared, clenching his fists and bringing them up into a horse riding stance. "Come on.. Let's have some fun."

"Yeah." Without another word or a moment of hesitation, the smiling teenager's expression tightened and his aura blasted around him at a fiercer rate, causing blue chains of lightning to shoot off of him.

His old man reciprocating his actions, the pair of them then took off from their respective places and charged at each other faster than their audience could track. In the blink of an eye, the duo intercepted one another in the center, their fists slamming into their opponent's and locking the father and son in a knuckle-to-knuckle grappling match. The impact of their collision punching an enormous crater into the floor and producing a violent shockwave, the Saiyan fighters gritted their teeth and at each other. Their auras fused together into one at the proximity they'd reached, causing their cyclone of power to converge on a single point.

The Kais and the pair's families looked on in shock as a massive gale started blasting off of the martial artists and across the valley, forcing all of them, including Zangya, to cover their faces and hold their ground. Then, just as the pair's grappling match began reaching its climax, the two warriors suddenly vanished with a clap of thunder, their golden forms leaving the valley floor and shooting up into the sky.

In a matter of moments, the heavens above the Grand Kai's world became filled with the sound of battle, as shockwaves powerful enough to turn mountains into dust rippled through the clouds.

For the next half an hour, the father and son spent fighting it out across the celestial plains that was their battlefield. While every once in a while they brought it back down to ground level, causing a ludicrous amount of damage as a result, the combatants spent most of their time off world and inside the clouds making up Otherworld. However, despite their altitude, this didn't stop the force of their attacks from rattling the small training world beneath them, which soon drew the attention of the Grand Kai and the rest of the fighters currently on station there.
The rock star of a guardian, along with his associates and staff members, watched from the edge of the valley as the two Saiyans sparred above the estate, clashing fists and trading blows of near equal strength and speed.

Having never had such powerful martial artists on his front lawn before, you could see why the Grand Kai was so invested in their duel. His interest ranged from amazed to frightened, as every blow the two landed on one another shook the planet to its core. Their fight was so out of this world and so unnatural that the Kais feared one misfire would lead to the destruction of half the region.

But as the minutes passed and the duel raged on, the intensity of the fight faded away, and both father and son soon became exhausted from fatigue.

Training alone to master Super Saiyan 3 was one thing. But fighting in the form and taking on damage from an opponent of the same class was another.

Soon enough, both Goku and Gohan found themselves on ground zero once again, on their hands and knees, and panting heavily from the damages of the fight. Having taken more hits due to his son being the strongest out of the two of them, the father wiped the sweat from his brow and looked up from his position on the floor, where he saw the demi-Saiyan standing with his arms at his sides, and also looking a little bit puffed out. When the pair exchanged looks, the older combatant grinned widely and allowed his form to dissipate, leaving him kneeling in his base state.

"Not bad, son," the dad exclaimed, rising to his feet to place his hands on his hips, "Excellent form… and not a single wasted movement at all. Your defenses and parries have gotten so much bet-… whoa." The man then wobbled when his legs nearly buckled, prompting him to stumble forward and slam a foot into the ground. Gasping in relief, he then turned his gaze upwards and grinned sheepishly at his surprised son, his expression reflecting nothing but exhaustion. "Heh. That was close."

Looking even better than his father in terms of appearances, the less damaged young man grinned and also allowed his form to fade. Dropping to his first Super Saiyan state, the teen breathed out and ran a hand through his hair, ridding himself of the sheen of sweat that'd accumulated, "Watch out for that first step after powering down. It's a real doozy."

"No kidding. Geez. I nearly passed out for a second," Goku laughed, dusting his torn pants down and staggering forward. He hissed when his muscles screamed in protest, "Even as a dead man, I can still feel the aches and pains of overtraining like I did down on earth. Who would have guessed?"

Gohan raised an eyebrow at his comment, "I thought you couldn't get tired when you're dead."
Sure, his father had, in essence, become both immortal and ageless in his current form. Considering these facts, the young hybrid also fell under the assumption that a dead warrior didn't need sleep, rest, or any other necessities required to keep the body… well… 'alive'.

When the adult martial artist finally made his way over to where his oldest son was standing, Goku took a moment to catch his breath and smiled at his young scholar. "I may have a physical body to train with, but it still feels the same stitches and cramps it did when it had real blood flowing through it." He then jabbed the teen in the chest in a show of fatherly affection and good will. "But that's only on the surface. Even if my current body could take twenty four hours of nonstop training, there's no way my mind would be able to. I may be tough, but even a man like me still needs to lie down, close my eyes and recharge every few hours." He then grinned widely once again, "Why do you think I still eat so much?"
The demi-Saiyan shared in his dad's reverie, "Even in the afterlife your body still needs a Saiyan's
daily intake of food to keep on going."

"That's right. And it's just like I told you before; rest is an important part of a fighter's training. It's
what Master Roshi and Kami taught me when I was growing up. You can push yourself as much as
you like, but there's always a limit to how much you can put out in a series of sessions; both
mentally and physically. Sooner or later, you're going to need to slow down," Goku informed his
son, reminding him of one of the most crucial aspects he'd previously taught the teen about
fighting. When he saw his son's approving stare looking back at him, the older Saiyan folded his
arms and beamed. "There's no such thing as perfect strength. If you fight, you will always face
repercussions."

"I know dad," the young Super Saiyan said, meeting his dad's gaze before then looking over his
shoulder. "You told me that a long time ago." When they saw their family and friends watching
and waiting for them on the hill across the way, Gohan turned back around and nodded in that
direction. "Come on. I'm sure those guys want to find out how it all went out here."

"Yeah. And I think King Kai might want to have a word or two to say about our fight as well. Heh.
I'm definitely not looking forward to that lecture," Goku laughed nervously, patting his son on the
shoulder as they both began walking side by side across the plain. As they strolled, taking it slow
on account of one of them still being a little bit heavy footed from the spar, the father then looked
over at his son and frowned, "How goes the search for your enemy in hiding? Is he still causing
you problems?"

Hearing this question from his father, the young man shook his head and shared with him another
troubled glance. "It's been quiet so far and nothing bad has happened over the last several weeks,
but we still haven't found anything else about the guy. Heck, even Baba is coming up with nothing
and she's a real whiz at this kind of stuff."

Nodding in understanding, the worried parent looked ahead of him as well. "If a man is able to
shield himself from even Baba's magic, then it's safe to say that he is definitely no amateur.
Whoever he is… or whoever she is… there's no doubt they're going to be causing a lot of problems
in the future… especially if they're sending armored assassins after you." Feeling a troubled sweat
trickle down his face, Goku then looked across at his boy and gazed at him seriously. "Be careful
down there, son… and watch your back."

Gohan, processing his dad's words and sensing his concerns, nodded affirmatively, "Don't worry. I
will."

As they continued to march and drew closer and closer to their group of friends, the full-blooded
Saiyan couldn't help but spare a few furtive glances between them and his son. After a few more
looks, particularly towards the pair of women his boy had come to associate with over the years, a
mischievous smile soon formed, which then led to the teenager looking across at his father.

When he saw the older man grin, Gohan blinked, "Huh? What's up, dad?"

Leaning over, the spiky haired hero then spoke, "So… I see Zangya and Videl are looking nice and
happy today. Have you figured out which one you're going to marry yet?"

Almost instantly after hearing that question, the demi-Saiyan face planted the floor in shock and
slid across the earth for a few yards. When the dust eventually settled, Gohan then stood up, turned
to his father, and showed off the full-body skid mark that ran from the top of his head to the bottom
of his pant legs, and the bright red glow beating across his face.
"WHERE IN THE WORLD DID THAT COME FROM!!?" the teen shouted, clearly flustered at the outrageous inquisition.

Goku laughed in amusement and waved a hand in front of him defensively. "Hey now, come on, son. I'm only kidding."

Sometimes the demi-Saiyan wondered if that was true.

XXX

(That Monday)

It was midday during school period and the atmosphere at Orange Star High was buzzing with excitement. The corridors of the main building were filled to the brim with students all making their way down to the main hall, all of whom were expected to attend a very special ceremony. It was for this very reason why everyone was being so well-behaved, even the more disobedient ones. However, neither the affair nor the mood of the student body was going to stop the local gang of troublemakers, whom everyone affectionately referred to as Videl's Crew, from having a pleasant conversation on the way down to the big meet.

"Oh my God, this is going to be so great!" Erasa cheered brightly, the look in her eyes glowing as brightly as her hair. "I can't believe that we're all going to see the legendary Kaiser Talos give a speech at our school in person! Ooh, I can't wait!"

"Geez. Cool your jets, Erasa," Videl groaned, looking across at her friend with a slightly nervous expression in play. "If you keep carrying on like that, you're going to give yourself a heart attack."

Acting as though she didn't hear the girl's words at all, the blonde quickly turned to the city's poster girl with stars in her eyes. "Come on, Vi! How often do we get to see a real life, big time celebrity at our school?"

Touya, who was walking alongside his girlfriend Yuki, glanced across at the blonde with a half-smile in play. "Well, if we're being realistic here… pretty much every day. I mean…" He then gestured across at the raven haired crime fighter the bubbly reporter-in-training was speaking to. "We have the 24th Junior Division Martial Arts Champion and the daughter of Hercule Satan walking alongside us."

"Not to mention the 25th Junior Division Martial Arts Champion standing right next to her," Yuki also added, pointing to the demi-Saiyan whom their beloved poster girl was attached to the hip to. "That's two cards on the first draw."

"Not to mention those two cards also happen to be a pair," Sharpener interjected with an amused grin drawn across his lips. He then raised a finger, "The most famous pair in the school, I might add."

"Well. Yeah. We have these two, for sure," Erasa exclaimed, at the same time waving her hand flippantly in their direction. She then gestured to them in a grandiose manner, "But that's the thing. We all know these guys. They're not some well polished trophies that have been put on display in some case to be ogled at by the public… or just a couple of people we've randomly bumped into on the streets." She then wrapped her arm around Videl and hugged her in an affectionate, BFF manner, "They're our best friends and classmates; people we've developed an incredibly strong bond with. There's no way we can view them as anything else."

This remark earned a cheerful grin from Gohan and a warm smile from Videl, the latter of whom
hugged her friend back in response to her remarks. "Thanks, Erasa. That's really nice to hear from you."

The cheerful blonde nodded judiciously, "You're most welcome."

"But Touya does have a point. You guys aren't exactly novices when it comes to meeting famous people. In fact, you guys have shaken hands with a whole bunch of them in the past," Videl commented, at the same time unwrapping her friend's arm from around her neck to look across at the rest of their crew. "Why should Kaiser be any different from them?"

"She just likes meeting new people, that's all," Gohan answered, drawing the attention of his peers as he beamed at them in his characteristic manner. "It's just one of the many things she loves to do in her free time: chatting over the phone, making friends, hanging out with the ones she knows, going out to the shops, playing games… and keeping in touch with the latest trends, news, and gossip."

"Aww," Erasa exclaimed, reaching up to poke the handsome boy in the cheek, "You know me so well, country boy."

The demi-Saiyan grinned at her despite the girl's finger being pushed into his face. "That's because I've gotten to spend so much time with you, Videl and everybody else. Hell, I've been hanging out with you guys so much that knowing what each of your individual interests and quirks are has become second nature to me. Your fascination with celebrities and famous people is definitely at the top of that list."

Erasa giggled, pulled away, and put her hands behind her back. "Well, when you're studying to become a reporter some day, you've got to keep a close eye on all the big fish swimming around out there in the world."

Yuki chuckled as she shot the blonde an odd glance with her doe-eyes and doe smile, "There's an original excuse if I ever heard one."

"And an acceptable one at that," Touya finished, sharing a shrug with his anthropomorphic girlfriend. "Kaiser is a pretty famous guy and a big shot toy maker. We all know that."

"Pretty famous guy?" Eraser scoffed, looking across at the sportsman with a look that was a cross between amusement and disbelief. "You think a man as big and powerful as Kaiser is just 'pretty famous'?"

"Oh boy," Sharpener chuckled from the sidelines as he slipped his hands into his pockets, "Here it comes."

"Kaiser Talos is the owner and founder of the second largest research and development conglomerate in the world, Talos Industries, and is one of the wealthiest, powerful, and most generous billionaires alive. His work on quantum engineering, medicine and sustainable energy is unparalleled, and has led to some of the greatest innovations and discoveries in the history of the human race. It's no wonder his company is the only monopoly in the world that can compete with the likes of Capsule Corp," Erasa raved, filling the corridor with her exclamations that all of her friends leant an ear to hearing. Upon ranting over this topic with a flare and passion no one else could match, the blonde then waved her hand dismissively and added her last bit as a side note. "That's not even counting the fact that he's one of the top ten smartest people on the face of the planet and donates millions of zeni to charity, as well as unaccountable resources to helping the poor."
Hearing this drew a nod of acknowledgement from the demi-Saiyan walking with Videl under his arm. "Sounds like he's a very kind man. I wouldn't mind actually meeting him face to face."

"His efforts and donations have helped a lot of people across the country, and has rebuilt entire communities that'd been ravaged by sickness, famine and war," Yuki informed, beaming across at her friends with a smile. "Given his character and laundry list of accomplishments, I think your assessment on him is spot on."

"Well then, I guess we're going to find out for ourselves exactly what kind of a person he is when he finally gets up on stage," Videl stated, knowing for certain what a lot of celebrities were like when addressing the public. "His presentation today should be more than enough for us to get a feel for his character."

All those who were walking alongside the girl could agree with her statement. But as they continued marching along with the rest of the crowd, Gohan's head then perked up when he remembered something and he turned his attention towards Sharpener. This was where the demi-Saiyan put a big grin on his face and addressed the man in a very sly, very Bulma-like manner. "Speaking of breaking news in Orange Star High, there's another bit of gossip I'm sure a few of you might be interested in hearing…" He then shared this practiced look with Erasa. "You probably already know this, but our friend is no longer one of the most eligible bachelors on the premises anymore…"

Blinking a couple of times, the blonde teenager then realized what he was inferring and quickly turned to the jock. "That's right! Sharpener's got a girlfriend!"

At that, almost every single person walking in that formation made a simultaneous 'ooh' sound and looked in the direction of their physically adept classmate. In a matter of moments, they saw the teenager in question hunch over and form an expression that was easily akin to embarrassment for someone of his personality.

A few seconds later, Sharpener replied, "Alright. There's no need for that. It's nothing for any of you guys to be losing your heads over."

"Who is she?" Touya asked, completely ignoring his friend's remarks. "Is she cute?"

"What's her name?" Gohan asked. "Does she go to this school? If yes, what year level is she in?"

"Is she a human or a hybrid?" Yuki asked, leaning over her boyfriend to interrogate the blonde standing on the outside of their arrangement. "Is she a local?"

"Where did you meet her?" Videl asked next.

"Is she allergic to shellfish?" Touya asked a second time, drawing an odd look from most of the kids there, particularly Sharpener.

"What the hell kind of question is that?" the jock asked, earning a cheeky grin from the boy in glasses, who then shrugged at his friend. Shaking his head at the man's stupidity, the long-haired track star scratched his head and looked away. "Well… to answer your questions, Sena is a transfer student just in from Red Star Senior College on the other side of town, and is in the same year level as us. She's a red haired girl, really good looking, and has a spunky attitude to boot. Even though she's new, she's already made a name for herself on the fencing team."

"Oh. So she's a sporty type as well, huh?" Yuki asked, finding an interest in this information.

"Yeah, and not just in sword fighting either. She's also super good at judo and has won several
championships in middle school," Sharpener added proudly.

Lips turning upwards into a grin, Videl looked towards the ceiling with a grin, "I'm starting to like this girl already."

"I'll introduce her to you guys when we get down to the hall," Sharpener stated, looking more excited at the thought of getting his friends to meet the mysterious young woman who had managed to bury her claws into his heart. "Since I know how hospitable you guys can be, I know you numbskulls will hit it off with each other just fine."

"That sounds awesome," Erasa chirped, grinning across at her blushing friend to see him look back in her direction. "I really want see the kind of girl who was able to capture the heart of our romantically challenged sports superstar."

"I bet she's tough," Gohan commented, beaming at the blonde man to see him shrug while Videl and Erasa nodded in agreement. "If there's one thing I know about Sharpener, it's that he likes girls who can kick him in the backside."

The raven haired crime fighter leaning into his arm snickered, "He's one of those people who gets pleasure from pain."

"Hey! I object to that!" the jock spoke up, scowling at his thoroughly entertained classmates and companions. "What? You think I get my jollies from getting my ass beat?"

Sliding in on this exchange of friendly banter, Touya leaned forward and threw his fellow sportsman a sly grin at the same time the rest of his friends did. "I do."

"No one asked you!" the jock snapped, blushing in frustration and taking a swing at his rival, only to see him dodge and laugh.

While the two sportsmen grappled, with Yuki laughing on the sidelines, as Gohan, Videl and Erasa watched the scene unfold, the demi-Saiyan walking in between them suddenly lurched forward when someone stealthily jumped onto his back. Feeling a set of arms lock around his neck, the teen quickly looked over his shoulder in surprise to see the familiar, friendly face of Lime grinning back at him.

As soon as she straddled her friend, the teenager giggled, "Surprise, Gohan-kun!"

"Hey. Good morning, Lime," the hero laughed, not bothering to fight the girl as she held onto his shoulders nice and tight. "Where've you been hiding this whole time?"

"Oh, just a few lockers back… waiting for you to let your guard down," the brown haired girl replied, sticking her tongue out at him. "Now I've got you… and I ain't lettin' go."

Greeting each other in their usual, friendly manner, the young Saiyan allowed his fellow villager from the mountains to remain pasted to his spine, hanging off of his neck like a backpack. During that time, Videl and Erasa couldn't help but look upon the duo enviously as their schoolmate from another year level nuzzled their spiky haired idol. When she eventually hopped off of the warrior, relief and stability quickly returned to their ranks, and the group continued following the herd down to the hall where they would be receiving their school's visitor. Videl and Erasa were sure to secure their spots on either side of Gohan, and made doubly certain to huddle in close to him to prevent Lime from hogging all of the glory.

About halfway down the hall, Sharpener excused himself from the group to head off to the restroom, allowing his friends to carry on without him. Though this puzzled a few members of
their troop, namely Gohan and Lime, everybody else had a sneaking suspicion as to why their blonde haired friend disappeared so readily. The girls shared mischievous grins with one another, as they all knew the real reason why the boy had retreated so quickly.

He wanted to go meet up with his would-be, mystery girlfriend before introducing her to the rest of his friends. No doubt to warn them about their shenanigans.

When the group eventually arrived at the foyer where the presentation was set to be held, every one of them was surprised at the room they found waiting for them. Everywhere they looked across the center, from the stage to the seats, they saw security guards dressed in suits posted all over, with equipment and machinery built specifically by *Talos Industries* on display on numerous temporary stations. There were also banners with the company's logo inscribed on them hanging high up in the rafters, in a way that made this seem like a military rally or a presidential fundraiser.

After the troop eventually found their way to their seats directly in the center of the procession and watched as the rest of their peers followed shortly afterwards, they were able to get a full view and appreciation of the setup. Over the next several minutes following that, the boys and girls of the institute then waited patiently for the assembly to begin, and occupied themselves by admiring the various inventions and marvels spread out across the hall before them.

As Gohan, Videl, Lime and Erasa enjoyed a very spirited conversation about an upcoming gaming convention, and Touya and Yuki also busied themselves by talking about a place they could go to on their next date, the hall of three-hundred plus students was effectively silenced by the appearance of the district's overseer. Approaching the podium with her hands behind her back, the principal, an anthropomorphic Siberian tiger in a blue suit and skirt, stood before the school and locked eyes with the sea of teenagers. The moment she appeared, the hall went dead quiet and all of the students rose out of their seats in a show of respect.

"Good afternoon everyone," the woman greeted, her voice firm and amplified by the microphone in front of her. A smile also framed her rosy red lips. "I'm sure you're all very excited about this afternoon's assembly, because we have a very special and important guest joining us today. He is a man known all over the world for his big heart, his efforts in helping the disenfranchised, and his innovations in the fields of technology and medicine, which have provided aid and comfort for millions of people across the globe. His efforts have been an inspiration for many and a guiding light for more to follow, so be sure to give him a warm and well-deserved welcome to our ranks. Remember, all of you are representing *Orange Star High* school, so I expect each and every one of you to show the proper respect and civility you would show any new member and visitor to our community." Once she was certain she'd said her piece and that all of the students had heard her loud and clear, Ms. Valentine then took a step to the side and held her hand out towards the edge of the stage. "Now… without further ado, I would like all of you to welcome Sir Kaiser Talos!"

Almost immediately the entire hall erupted into rapturous applause as the big man himself marched up onto the stage from behind the adjacent curtain, where a couple of suit-wearing sentries could be seen standing guard.

The audience of teenagers cheered loudly and blew the man whistles as he waved to them. When he eventually arrived at the podium and gripped hold of the edges for a secure position, Gohan and Videl saw a person they just did not expect.

This Kaiser fellow was dressed in a suit and shoes, for sure. Though it was oriental in its design and had been neatly pressed for the occasion, this was nothing out of the ordinary for someone of his position and standing to wear. No. What surprised the demi-Saiyan and Videl most about the person when they saw him appear on stage, was the look he had on his face and the air he
conveyed when he took position behind the pedestal. He had all the bearings of a gentleman, and as he waved back at the people gathered in front of him, all of whom were cheering him on, the company owner smiled in an incredibly reserved and tame manner, and did his best to return their enthusiastic greetings with a thumbs-up and a V-sign. Hell, despite being a handsome devil, with slicked-back hair, and a tastefully trimmed mustache and beard, he didn't even try to wink at anyone or make a show of himself.

He came across as just some ordinary guy who needed to show his face to the public. It actually put a smile on Gohan and Videl's faces to see that.

"Thank you. Thank you, so much. You're all very kind," Kaiser exclaimed, waving his hands toward the crowd in a gesture for them to settle. "Please. Sit down." In a matter of moments, silence fell over the mass of onlookers, which was quickly followed by the entire collection of students sitting down at once. Upon hearing the last chair squeak into place as the crowd got comfortable inside the hall, the man in the suit beamed and nodded towards his audience in acknowledgement. "I have to say, it is a real honor, a privilege, and a pleasure to be standing up here on this stage, ready to give a speech to all of you young, hard working men and women. Looking across this sea of faces and seeing all of you smiling back at me, I see reflected in all of you virtuous spirits aspiring to make something of yourselves some day. If life has taught me anything about the human spirit, it is that ambition is the element that guides us along the path of righteousness and passion is the fuel that drives us forward, compelling us to reach our desired goals." Breaking off into a few seconds of pause, the man with the goatee then breathed a sigh of relief and tugged on his collar humorously. "Man… and the boys back at the lab said I couldn't give a good introduction. How about that?"

His question drew a collective laugh from the crowd, including Gohan and his friends, all of whom were listening intently. Hearing the man clear his throat and chuckle a few seconds later, they then watched as he gripped both sides of the plinth and, straightening his back, faced the crowd with a warm smile and a firm gaze.

"But all kidding aside, I'd like to take a moment to get a little bit more serious now," the bearded company owner began, before then raising his hand in a very Bill Clinton manner. "Many people believe life is easy and that we can coast through it without a care in the world. We've grown to think in our young lives that things are simply… handed over to us on a silver platter. Trophies… medals… commendations… awards… diplomas… jobs. Many of you may be thinking to yourselves that by kicking back and taking it easy that I can just be awarded on my presence and participation in any kind of event. While in some cases that is true, the hard fact of life is that there is no award for just being around. No one can achieve anything, even a basic cost of living allowance, by simply sitting around and not doing any work. That privilege has to be earned." Kaiser then steeled his face and gripped the podium tightly once again. "I am a man who came from humble beginnings… someone who started out life as a starry-eyed youngster from a far-off country town… with a dream of changing the world and making it a better place. To get to where I wanted to be, I worked hard, I studied hard, I listened to my teachers, and I strove to be the best that I could possibly be. And no matter what obstacles stood in my way, I overcame them with a combination of determination and perseverance."

When he noticed the number of approving and interested looks being directed at him from the many teenagers across the large hall, the man then stepped to the side of the podium and grabbed the microphone. Pushing back his hair and adjusting his collar, he then continued to address his eager audience with a smile on his face and enthusiasm in his voice.

"I believe that education is one of the most important aspects of our society and is a subject that is continuously being addressed by both governments and communities across the globe. My
schooling was what helped get me to where I am today, and I think that it is up to all of us, students, teachers, parents, businessmen, officials and politicians alike, to support our schools and to encourage our children's education in every possible way that we can," Kaiser informed, once again raising his fist and clenching it tightly, showing just how passionate he was about this position. When he heard a positive murmur start up amongst his audience, the man with the goatee then stepped further to the side and began making his way over to the edge of the stage. As soon as he did, he pulled out a clicker from his pocket and pressed it, causing the overhead screen to lower and the lights to dim, indicating the coming of a slideshow. "One of Talos Industries' main focuses is supporting schools, early development centers and child care institutes across the continent, to ensure that all children and young adults receive the best in quality education they can afford. To show you exactly what kind of provisions and programs we provide at my company, here is a little informational video that I'm sure all of you will find to be quite insightful…"

And so his presentation portion of the billionaire's speech began. He went on to talk about all of the extra-curricular opportunities and programs that his business provided for various schools across the world, as well as the numerous accomplishments he and his organization have achieved on the side of education. Following up on this, the man then went on to talk about the marvelous career paths that his corporation had in store for students aspiring to move up in the world, and presented them with a whole list of areas they could apply for at the end of their graduation, and the prerequisites that were necessary. He also informed them of scholarships for all those looking to study abroad in preparation for a higher tier position in his company.

These were all fine and dandy, but then he started getting into the real thick of the subject, and that was presenting all of the latest inventions his business had on the market. Not only did he show off a new type of aerial transport and a prototype engine powered solely on food scraps and rubbish, he also introduced to the kids a whole bunch of smaller inventions that have made lives across the world so much more convenient. This included a new type of phone rivaling one of Capsule Corp's latest models, an instant coffee heater, a blood transfusion machine that helped cure people of Hepatitis by switching out the fluids in their bodies, a new laptop with the latest software patches, and an instant plant grower.

Once all the displays were over and Kaiser returned to the stage, he once again emphasized the importance of education, before going on to say how he was hosting a charity banquet in a couple of weeks time. After all that was said and done, he thanked the audience for their attendance and received a standing ovation in return. Sometime afterwards, the teenagers in the foyer were dismissed by their principal for lunch, and while most of the people their vacated into the hallways, those who lagged behind were unexpectedly graced with the presence of the billionaire philanthropist himself, who came down from behind the stage to interact with his fans and supporters.

Gathering in the middle of the isle, Gohan, Videl and the others of their troop watched Kaiser from several yards away as he spoke with several of the students and shook hands with them. As he was setting up to have selfies taken with the girls, the demi-Saiyan smiled in the magnate's direction and nodded in approval.

"He seems like a really great guy," the spiky haired hero exclaimed. "He's calm, collected, he speaks highly of all of the people working at his company… and he's really approachable as well."

"The same can be said for a lot of other celebrities in the world," Videl added, her arms wrapped around Gohan's as she looked across at the billionaire along with her group. "The only difference here is that Kaiser is a businessman… not a rock star or an actor."

"Kaiser is regarded as one of the most powerful and influential people on the planet, who has
shaken hands with leaders and kings across dozens of nations from here to the West Coast. Though his company isn't as popular or as wide spread as Capsule Corp's, *Talos Industries* is definitely one of the most active, daring and intrepid in the service. It helps that they are being spearheaded by an equally bold director," Touya said with a proud smile in play. Folding his arms as he watched the kingpin of the corporation chat with the girls and boys gathered around him, the sportsman then glanced across at his girlfriend with a look of amazement. "Can you believe that he climbed the highest mountain in the world just to scout the perfect location for a space elevator?"

This was just a concept though. They were still working out all the details and design ideas, something that the boss wanted to share with the school as part of his post-graduate induction program.

The doe-girl Yuki smiled and shrugged, "I guess eccentric billionaire businessmen are like that sometimes… particularly if you've got enough money to buy out several cities at the same time, just to have all of the roads and highways redone with eighty percent fewer traffic lights."

"That's a really awesome way to reduce roadblocks and jams," Erasa remarked, smiling agreeably with Gohan and the others. "It makes it a heck of a lot easier to get to where I'm going."

"Especially since you still drive like a madwoman," Lime added with a teasing grin.

This earned a mock glare from the blonde standing across from her, "Shut it, Lime. You're no better at driving than I am."

"At least I haven't been pulled over yet for going ten miles over the speed limit." The brown haired girl flicked her nose towards Erasa in an all-knowing manner. "Remember that ride we took a few days ago?"

"That? That was just a cop pulling over random cars for inspection, that's all."

"Yeah. Sure. Just keep telling yourself that."

"Girls, please," Videl breathed exasperatedly as she held her hand out and glared between the two bickering friends. When she saw them stop but continue fuming at one another, the crime fighter continued, "If there's ever a time for you to be acting like a couple of kids… this isn't it."

She was so set in pushing the two tigresses apart that she missed the snickers from Touya and Yuki behind her.

Grinning down at the sight of his girlfriend breaking up the squabble, Gohan then looked back across at Kaiser to see the entrepreneur bid farewell to the people around him. Over the last forty five minutes they'd gotten to learn about this man's history, his skills, and his character, as well as learn about the ins-and-outs of the enormous company he ran. Though the demi-Saiyan already had intimidate knowledge of what the atmosphere of a world renowned corporation was like, along with how the staff and president went about doing their work, seeing another business owner outside of Bulma Briefs and hearing the ideas he had to share with them was a surprising breath of fresh air. At least in this case, the man didn't have to juggle responsibilities between dealing with a multi-billion zeni company and a full-blooded Saiyan Prince and a half-Saiyan child at the same time.

Before the group could continue voicing their opinions over the celebrity, they were suddenly caught completely off guard when the intrepid billionaire himself approached them. Ambling down the aisle accompanied by his secretary and bodyguards, the man in the goatee grinned when he set his sights on the teenagers in front of him and lifted his arms in amazement.
"Now this is a real honor," Kaiser exclaimed in an enthusiastic tone of voice, "I never expected to run into the daughter of the World Marital Arts Champion and Savior, Hercule Satan." Stopping directly in front of the girl in question, the man placed a hand over his chest and bowed to her in respect. "Ms Videl… it is a real pleasure to finally be able to meet you in person." The man then humbly extended a hand to her. "I've heard a great many things about you."

At first surprised by the company boss's friendly greeting, the baffled Videl quickly realized what was happening and, removing her arm from around Gohan, brushed her hand against her shirt before seizing the billionaire's palm. "The pleasure is all mine… sir?" She then balked a little when she felt her hand gently pulled towards the magnate and felt him kiss the back of her knuckles in a gentleman's greeting.

Upon doing so, Kaiser then looked up at her from his bent over position and smiled. "Everything they say about you is true. You truly are as fierce and as beautiful as they made you out to be in the news; the embodiment of femininity and virtue… a person who is doing everything in her power to make this world a better place."

Blinking a couple of times, the raven haired teen grinned nervously. "Oh… y-yeah. That… sort of sounds a bit like me."

Kaiser chuckled, continuing to hold her hand in his like a piece of valuable treasure. "There's no need to be so modest. A hero is allowed to acknowledge the praise given to them from the people they protect. It's all part and parcel, after all." The billionaire then beamed at her in a very charming manner. "I can imagine a radiant soul such as yourself would receive an enormous amount of gratitude, commendation and respect from the public, especially one that you so passionately defend."

Another anxious chuckle came from the girl standing in front of him. "Well, I do my best. But honestly, I don't do it for any kind of reward. I fight to protect the safety and wellbeing of Satan City and its citizens… because it's the right thing to do."

Unbeknownst to the raven haired crime fighter, Gohan, who was standing behind her and watching the man's interactions with his girlfriend, frowned a little at how close the guy was getting to her. Erasa too also shared a similar expression of distaste, but remained quiet and courteous as her friend continued to trade pleasantries with the pioneer and entrepreneur.

"And so it is," Kaiser nodded in agreement, placing his other hand on top of hers and shaking it eagerly. "You and the Gold Fighter have been doing a marvelous job at keeping the peace. My heart is moved to hear that we have such courageous and powerful individuals like the two of you putting their lives on the line for our world." He then turned his attention to the people standing behind her, inadvertently missing the scowls he was receiving from Gohan and Erasa, both of whom switched back to their respective neutral stares. Upon sizing them up, the man released his grip on Videl's hand and slipped his right into his pants pocket, allowing him to better scope out the girl's compatriots. "Oh? Are these young men and women friends of yours… or fans?"

Jolting back into reality, Videl nodded and, reversing to her boyfriend's side, gestured to each of her classmates in kind. "They're my friends, sir. Well… more like my best friends." She pointed to the demi-Saiyan next to her and then made her way down the row, "This here is Gohan, Erasa, Lime, Touya and Yuki. I've known all of them for a very long time now." When all of them waved or nodded to the man after their names were called out, the crime fighter went back to the first in line and beamed proudly. "But Gohan over here I've known the longest. He's my training partner and my boyfriend." She then turned around and gave the other girls a smug grin.

This earned envious glares from both Erasa and Lime, the latter of whom raised a fist and shook it
discreetly at the teenager.

Hearing this announcement drew a lighthearted laugh from Kaiser, "Is that so? How very interesting. I never expected the powerful Videl Satan to have her heart stolen away by a classmate of hers so readily." He then stepped towards the demi-Saiyan on the girl's left and looked him squarely in the eye. "But I suppose when you're young and in the prime of your life, stuff like this is to be expected. This boy does look to be quite the gentleman and a scholar." He then pulled his right hand out of his pocket and held it towards the spiky haired teen. "I'm sorry, it was… Gohan, right?"

"Oh? Yes. That's right," the demi-Saiyan replied, rubbing the back of his head with his left while cordially shaking hands with the celebrity with his right. "Son Gohan. Nice to meet you." The grip he formed around the man's limb was firm and tight.

"It's always a pleasure to shake hands with a person that has a good work ethic and a strong heart." When he saw the inquisitive look being given to him by the boy, Kaiser nodded to the link they'd formed with their arms and continued. "I can tell by the calluses on your hands. You are clearly a man who has seen his fair share of manual labor and strife over the course of his youth… toiling away at the fields, hitting the iron bag and working the metal at construction sites."

Gohan, as well as a couple other people there, were genuinely surprised by the man's spot-on analysis. "You could tell all that just by looking at my hands?"

"Why of course. Human physiology and psychology are two of my favorite hobbies," Kaiser replied with a firm nod of his head. "This world has been constructed and built up on the backs of hardworking men and women like yourself for centuries. I'm glad to be able to make the acquaintance of someone who still follows that old code of conduct, especially when they're a friend of the daughter of our planet's savior," Kaiser replied, disengaging from the handshake and slipping his right into his jacket pocket. "And I say that with the utmost sincerity." He then smiled across at the other faces standing around him. "This! This is exactly the kind of thing that I love to see; students of different backgrounds and classes coming together in the bonds of friendship, to learn and grow with one another side-by-side. Even without knowing any of you, I can see in the faces of every person present the will, the determination, and the desire to achieve something… to work and strive for a better future. Whether it's for the benefit of their friends, the benefit of themselves, or for the benefit of the world, it doesn't matter. Whatever the case may be, it always brings a warm smile to my face to know that wherever I go, there are people willing to make an effort to accomplish their dreams."

Gohan, feeling his spirit lift at the gentleman's tone, nodded to him in agreement, "A lot of people share the same vision of a world where they can work and live in peace, without the stress of conflict or misfortune." He then gave the man a shrug. "As long as we're willing to work together and keep pushing forward, I'm sure that with enough time and energy… anything is possible."

"Hard work has gotten us this far in life," Lime announced, drawing the group's gaze to her as she beamed up at the billionaire magnate and stood by her crush. "If you can get to where you are with good, old-fashioned perseverance and axel grease, then I think we can do it to."

A chuckle left the boss's lips as he looked at the group's smiling faces. "My, my. I see we have a couple of very optimistic dreamers in this bunch." After taking in their individual expressions, Kaiser then placed his hands on his hips and nodded. "Well, whatever your goals or aspirations may be, don't let somebody like me or anyone else, stand in your way. Just remember…” He then raised a finger and wagged it towards them, "there is a very fine line between need and desire. It is in a human's nature to want more out of life… and whether or not this nature is based off of good or
bad intentions, it doesn't matter. If a person should find themselves on the path to seeking prosperity, chances are that their dreams and ambitions will become corrupted by the vices of the world. The more a person gets, the more they will crave… which in turn will lead to greed and dishonor." Upon saying this to the group, he then spared one last glance in Gohan's direction and threw him a warm grin. "Be very careful. The world is full of danger and peril. As bright and as good as it may seem, there is always going to be darkness lurking around every corner."

Blinking at the man's remark, the demi-Saiyan quickly processed his words before giving a nod of understanding.

Once he was certain the teen had heard him, the boss of Talos Industries straightened his jacket, smiled, and looked back at his secretary. When he saw the purple haired woman adjust her glasses, the company owner spoke, "Well then, I suppose I'd better be off. Once again, it was a real pleasure meeting you all… and I hope to see each and every one of you at the banquet." Starting from Videl, the man once more shook hands with her, and proceeded to do so with the other teenagers behind Gohan. He made extra certain to kiss Erasa on the knuckles just as he did the girls before her, but when he did, he completely missed the hesitant and tentative expression that appeared on the blonde's face.

The moment he was through expressing his fondest farewells to the troop of youngsters, the boss directed his guards and his secretary to follow him. In a matter of seconds, the man vanished into the crowd on his way towards the exit. Almost as soon as he started to move, a whole collection of students from the assembly began following him out, with quite a few of them snapping pictures of the visiting entrepreneur on their phones.

As Kaiser's presence faded into the distance, Videl and the others watched on carefully for several moments as the population of the chamber thinned out. When the smiling raven haired girl felt his presence disappear entirely, she then turned to see how Gohan and the others had taken the situation. It came as somewhat of a surprise to her when she saw Gohan and Erasa were glaring in the man's direction, indicating something was wrong.

"Hey… guys?" the crime fighter spoke, informing Touya, Lime and Yuki of the issue with their companions. Holding up a hand, the martial artist stepped towards her boyfriend worriedly, "What's up? Why do you look so gloomy? Did something happen?"

"No. Nothing happened, Videl. It's just that… well," Gohan whispered, his troubled expression breaking out a single bead of sweat as he shook his head. "I want to tell you… but… I just… can't quite explain it."

"I can," Erasa spoke up, drawing the team's gazes towards her as the blonde made her remarks. "It's Kaiser. He may look like a really cool guy in the papers, magazine articles and the net, but there was something off about the way he was acting towards us that really didn't sit well with me. The way he smiled, the way he laughed and the way he talked to us… it just… all sounded so fake." It was the only word she could think of to describe what she picked up.

Lime blinked at the solemn expression on her friend's face, "Fake? You mean… nothing that he said to us was real?" She then saw the blonde nod.

Finding her words hard to swallow, Touya and Yuki shared looks with one another before turning back to their normally chipper and welcoming friend.

"Really? I didn't sense anything wrong with him," the boy with the glasses replied.

"Yeah. Me neither," his girlfriend also said.
However, while both of these youngsters had something to say in doubt towards the girl's observations, Lime didn't. Being Erasa's roommate and also her closest comrade next to Videl, the brown haired girl from the mountains frowned as she began mulling over the events prior to Kaiser's departure from their presence. As the seconds passed, her mind began to open up some more, and slowly but surely, she too started to see something was off about the man's character as well.

She just couldn't put a finger on what exactly that was…

"Are you sure, Erasa?" Videl asked, tilting her head at her friend inquisitively. "Maybe you were just looking at him from a weird angle. How could you tell?"

Shooting a serious look towards the sportsman and his doe-hybrid girlfriend, the blonde set her hands on her hips and looked towards her best friend with a frown. "I've studied cinema and film for years, Videl… and I've hung out with many different cliques over the course of three different schools. I've gotten so used to reading people's moods and expressions that it's gotten to the point that I can tell when someone is genuinely happy and when someone is playing bullshit with me… and this guy was playing us big time." When Videl and the others gave her a look, Erasa threw her arms at them. "Come on! You're one of the sharpest people in our school and you honestly couldn't see any of it? Just think about what he said to us for a second."

Processing the girl's question as well as her words, the raven haired fighter then did as she was instructed and thought about it for a moment, seconds before looking down with an intense scowl. When her mind played back the scenario for her again and again, an uncomfortable murmur left her lips. "Actually… now that you mention it, there was something creepy about the way he spoke to me and held my hand."

Despite how well meaning and sincere it came across, the thought of his gentlemanly gesture and the way he smiled at her afterwards caused a cold chill to run up her spine.

"You can say that again," Gohan spoke up, looking down at his girlfriend with a deep frown. "I didn't like how he was getting so chummy with you."

When she heard her crush's serious tone in regards to the matter, the poster girl of Satan City glanced up at the teen before a small grin formed across her face. "Oh… did I hear that right? Is my goody-two-shoes, innocent boyfriend from out of town feeling a little jealous at having another guy kiss my hand as a friendly 'hello'?"

The demi-Saiyan, balking a little, looked away with red in his cheeks and a nervous look on his face, "W-Well… a little bit… yeah."

This then led to Videl playfully poking him in the face, "You're sweet. Don't worry. There's no other guy on this planet that I'm interested in except you." She then looked over her shoulder and narrowed her eyes once again. "Anyway, it's not that a lot of other guys haven't done something like that before… public officials, businessmen from wealthy families, and politicians that my dad knows… but the way Kaiser came across to me was off par. He just… played it really well."

"Like a pro," Erasa remarked with a nod, before then looking across at her childhood friend with a serious look. "Believe me… I almost bought it for a second there. But then he started talking to you guys and, even though I could hear and see a person, all I could think was snake."

Her remarks brought on a few new thoughts and emotions to the demi-Saiyan and his compatriots. After dawning on this information for a little while longer and sharing somber looks with one another, they were then interrupted from their moment when the other member of their group
finally returned. Long blonde hair trailing behind him and across his broad, singlet-wearing shoulders, Sharpener ambled up to the group standing in the middle of the aisle all casual-like, accompanied by a girl with short, red hair that had a purple highlight on the forward bang, wearing a silver jersey over a tank top, a blue miniskirt, and shin-high black boots.

When he saw the troubled expressions worn on all of his friends, Gohan included, the confused sportsman blinked before glancing at the city's poster girl. "Did I miss something important?" He then thumbed over his shoulder, "Sorry, I got a little bit caught up back there. What happened?"

"Oh. Nothing much. We just had a little chat with billionaire Kaiser Talos," Touya answered, keeping his arm wrapped around his girlfriend as they greeted their classmate in the usual manner.

"He was a pretty cool guy, but Erasa, Gohan, and Videl seem to think otherwise," Yuki finished, while also sparing a nod towards the trio in question. "That basically sums up everything that happened in the last ten or so minutes."

Lime, hands in her pockets, then gestured towards the jock and his plus one. "What about you? What's been going on over on your end of the soccer pitch? And who's this?"

"Oh. Well…" Clearing his throat, the long haired jock then held out both his hands and framed the young woman with the highlight standing alongside him. "Let me introduce you guys to Sena. Sena… these guys are my friends, Videl, Gohan, Erasa, Yuki, Lime, and… such-and-such." He did this while waving a dismissive hand in Touya's general direction.

"Hey! Don't try to write me off as some side-character in your cheesy romance story! I'm standing right here!" the boy with the brown hair and glasses practically shouted, drawing the startled gazes of several other students in the area.

Completely disregarding his friend's exclamations, Sharpener blew him off with another hand wave, "Yeah, yeah. Whatever." He then spared a smile towards the redhead standing directly beside him. "They're the group I was telling you about earlier."

"Yeah. I kind of of figured that. I've seen you hanging around with these guys in the school's quad during recess and lunch," the newcomer, Sena, exclaimed, grinning from ear to ear as she moved forward and held her hand out to Erasa. "Great to finally bump into you fellas." She then took hold of and vigorously shook hands with the blonde girl, baffling her at the enthusiasm in her gesture.

The bubbly teen grinned nervously back at the tomboy, who soon relinquished her hand after nearly shaking the bones out of her body. "It's… great to run into you as well." After getting a good look at the newcomer beaming at her, Erasa then craned her head around and peered in her fellow blonde classmate's direction. "So? This is the girl that has managed to lure in and capture the great Sharpener's attention?"

"Indeed it is," the sportsman nodded.

"Hm. Not bad," Erasa chirped, stepping back, placing her chin between her thumb and finger, and giving Sena an approving once over. "Not bad at all." This in turn caused the tomboy to look back at her in confusion, before then blush when she felt the stares of several of the other teenagers begin boring into her from the sides.

Noticing the girl's plight, Videl stepped forward and waved her hands in front of them, "Come on you guys. Let's not scare the poor thing off in the first five minutes. We haven't even had the chance to get to know her yet." She then turned to the tomboy and nodded to her in greeting. "Don't mind, Erasa. She can be a little bit overbearing at times, but she's a great friend once you get
around her super-high moments and her general, all-around, bubbly personality."

"Ah. I don't mind," Sena replied quickly with a cheerful expression, at the same time sensing Sharpener step in from behind to stand protectively on her right flank. "Believe me. I get around a lot. Three years at Red Star Senior has allowed me to get used to her type."

"Good. Then I guess we can skip all of the hard stuff and move on to the easy stuff," Gohan spoke up, moving in as well to make his introductions, with Lime and the others at his side. He then raised his left hand in greeting, "Hey there. We're Sharpener's friends... otherwise known as Class 3-B's local misfits."

Sena giggled at that reference, particularly when she saw Videl and Erasa wave and pose in response to the self-proclaimed title. "So the legends have been told." She then spared a glance back at Sharpener, who grinned anxiously and scratched his cheek in an uneasy manner. After seeing the boy's look, the girl shrugged and stared back at the others. "But that doesn't matter. As long as you guys aren't against sneaking out at night and partying every once in a while then I've got nothing to complain about. I mean... what fun's a social life without a little bit of drama in it?"

This in turn drew a chuckle from Videl, who placed her hands on her hips. "Oh yeah. I think you're going to fit into our group just fine."

OOO

While the band of weirdoes held their customary welcoming ceremony for the new arrival to their group inside the hall, the hot topic of today's assembly was currently making his final farewell to the students of Orange Star High. About half an hour following the closing moments of his presentation, the kind yet oh-so-charming Kaiser, accompanied by his secretary, slipped into the limo waiting outside the school's gates and prepared himself for the trip back to his office. Rolling down the window and waving goodbye to his supporters, the man left the amorous crowd of a hundred teenagers with a screech of his vehicle's tires and a honk of his horn. His driver saw to the effect of the last two occurrences before the black, elongated luxury sedan drove down the main road and vanished around the corner.

After rolling the tinted window back up to where it belonged, the billionaire mogul in the suit breathed a sigh of relief and, unbuttoning his collar, crossed his legs and kicked back for the long ride ahead. "Man... now that was a chore-and-a-half. Even though I'm used to pulling all nighters and hauling paperwork, giving speeches at community events can be such a drag." Running a hand through his black locks, he then looked towards the mini-bar he had setup alongside the window and smirked. "Barkeep. Martini please. Painfully dry." He then watched the automated drink dispenser place a martini glass on the conveyer and begin mixing the ingredients for the beverage. After the flask was shaken by the robotic hands, the robot then emptied the alcohol out into the glass holder and placed a skewered olive into the drink. Once the martini was slid over to the man's position, Kaiser took up the glass, held it up with a joyous smile, and spoke in the most posh voice imaginable. "Ah, yes. Thank you, Nigel."

As Violet watched her eccentric boss sniff his beverage and swirl it gently in his hand, the former Red Ribbon Army Colonel then pulled up her notepad and, upon skimming over the notes of the day's procession and the timetable scribbled across the screen, glanced in his direction.

Taking a sip of his cocktail, Kaiser gasped in delight, "Ahh, there's nothing like a glass of cool gin to help wash away the woes of a long and exhausting day." He then rested an arm across the luxury seats behind him and spared a glance at his assistant, who was sitting just over from him on the neighboring seat. A grin then formed at the uncomfortable look on her face. "Come now, Violet. Why do you look so anxious? Relax a little and have a drink with me."
The purple haired woman in the suit and skirt nodded, "That sounds lovely, sir. But... uhh..."

"Hm? What is it?"

Removing the stylish spectacles she was wearing and slipping them into her left breast pocket, the short-haired woman gave her boss an inquisitive stare, "I'm just a little bit worried... about the exchange."

"The exchange? What do you... ooh..." Quickly realizing what the woman meant, Kaiser took on a far more sadistic expression as he set his martini glass on the stand next to him and held out his right hand. Palm facing up, the boss then gripped the end connected to his wrist and pinched, "You mean... this?" He then pulled off what Violet first mistook as a dead layer of skin, but was actually a transdermal patch designed to resemble human skin plastered to his palm, which he removed with a simple tug. Holding the band aid like piece in front of him, the boss grinned. "Beautiful? Isn't it? It worked like a charm."

Frowning at the piece of material as if it were something foul and unpleasant, Violet then turned back at her leader with a raised eyebrow. "Please tell me you didn't shake hands with the other children while you were wearing it."

"No. Of course not. I had it in my pants pocket the entire time," Kaiser replied, lowering the graft a little. "I only slipped it on the moment I had to shake hands with Son Gohan."

The woman blinked, "How does it work, exactly?"

"The weapon's design is actually quite ingenious. You see the epidermal layer of the patch works by injecting powerful microscopic toxins into the body via physical contact with the target. By coating the outer surface with the viral strain and attaching the nonlethal side to my skin, I can infect any person I want with a simple handshake," Kaiser explained, before then sparing the transdermal patch a smirk. "Basically, Son Gohan has approximately twenty four hours of blissful living before the full effects of the infection finally kick in."

As disgusting as it was to hear, Violet simply went along with the man's plan and nodded her head in understanding. "And... what about the other kids? How did you prevent the weapon from infecting them?"

"That part's simple to explain. I coated the inside of my jacket pocket with an anti-viral solution that nullifies the patch's lethal cargo, basically shutting off the weapon and rendering it harmless," Kaiser stated as he then spared a smug glance in Violet's direction. "You may have noticed I only shook the boy's hand once."

"I see," the woman murmured. After watching her boss scrunch up the transdermal patch and chucking it into the disposable unit beside him, the secretary gave the man one last, nervous look. "That's all it took, huh? And what poison did you decide to give him?"

"Oh... I gave him a small shot of subject HV-15 from the Central Branch's development sector... a little special something I cooked up just for this occasion."

Recognizing the number off by hard, the purple haired woman looked at the man in shock. "Isn't that-?"

"Uh-huh," Kaiser replied, not even bothering to acknowledge the horrified expression that appeared in his assistant's eyes. When he picked up his martini glass and took another sip, the man then stared down at the clear contents and grinned. "It's the disease that wiped out over a hundred
people seven years ago, slowly eating away at their strength and vitality until there was absolutely nothing left. Let's see how our young friend takes to it."

Violet, her expression becoming serious, closed her eyes and lowered her head in resolution, "Yes… sir."

Even though she obeyed every one of his orders without question, it didn't mean that she had to like all of them.

If there was ever a crueler way of killing ones adversary… her boss had just found it.

XXX

(That night)

It was dark out and all Gohan could see as he jogged through the blackness of his world was the stony path of the floor flying past him. Ignoring the fact that he couldn't see anything, the boy's panting filled the air as he attempted to reach the end of the stretch of road he was on, desperate for an exit. Though he had no idea how he got here or what'd transpired in the hours beforehand, all the young warrior knew was that he had to leave… and fast.

Seeing all sorts of lights flashing by him, the man in the orange and blue gi broke out into a sweat as he kept on running, not knowing where he was going but hoping he would get there soon. The cold was gripping and the atmosphere was foul, something that did not sit well with the boy at all and compelled him to move.

After several minutes of continuous sprinting and watching an aurora borealis blow past in a cyclone of colors, Gohan suddenly saw a bright light up ahead. Looking up in surprise, the young demi-Saiyan sped up his sprint and charged forward, determined to reach the end of the tunnel of darkness. He eventually spilled out of the void in a flash of blinding white, which ended in him stumbling to a stop atop a rocky plateau. Gasping in shock, the young man looked up when the haze of the stunning glow vanished and he found himself positioned on a wide expanse of grey earth, with the stars of space glittering in the skies all around him.

At first baffled by the sight of the cosmos, the young warrior looked around the area surrounding him momentarily to figure out exactly where he was. The ground was soft, barren, and had an incredibly dusty texture to it, and the land stretched out before him was dotted with hills, craters, and mounds. It was safe to say on this observation alone that he wasn't on any particular part of the earth, especially since the stars could be seen so clearly. Gohan then began to think that he'd ended up on some planet he'd never been to far outside of his galaxy. However, when he eventually turned to look in a particular part of space above the world he was on to assess exactly where he was, the spiky haired hero then spun around in alarm and his expression became one of abject horror and disbelief.

"N-No way."

Hanging in the sky high above him, he saw the unmistakable form of the planet Earth hovering in the vacuum just over the horizon line. But unlike the lush, green and blue ball he'd come to recognize as his home, the demi-Saiyan instead found himself staring at a planet with its oceans tainted red with blood, it's skies set alight by a raging hellfire, and its continents, which were once covered in pristine forests, splintered and cracked by the heat of the planet's core. This led the boy to the realization that he was standing on his planet's moon, looking up through space and towards his home, which had fallen victim to a foe whose identity he did not know.
To sum it all up, the earth had become an inferno… a world that'd been scorched by war and destruction.

Backing up with his face reflecting a clear expression of terror and incredulity, Gohan suddenly heard something behind him and turned. When he did, he was met with a sight he could only imagine in his worst nightmares.

The Z-fighters and all of his friends lying scattered across the barren field… dead.

Every single one of them was there. Krillin, battered and bleeding from a massive hole punched in his chest, was lying in the arms of his wife, Android 18, the latter of whom was hunched over with an arm missing and a hole blown through her chest as well. Android 17 was splayed out nearby, torn in half, lying near the burnt bodies of Tien, Yamcha and Chiaotzu. All three of them were covered in bullet-sized holes, indicating they'd been taken down by a hail of powerful energy beams and bullets.

Closer to the demi-Saiyan and away from the first area of carnage, Paprika was on her knees with her head was slumped forward; her body riddled with spears that was not only impaling the ground but also holding her corpse upright. Next to her lay Kana and Piccolo, both of whom had been nearly burnt beyond recognition and had their faces buried in the ground. Goten and Trunks, having suffered the least, had had their necks broken, and were lying side by side, staring across at the demi-Saiyan with lifeless eyes.

Vegeta soon followed them, the man looking as though he had put up one of the biggest fights of his life, as the entire right side of his body had been burnt black, and he had blood trickling out of his mouth. Next to him was Zangya, her body broken, covered in blast burns, and had a sword shoved clean through her chest, leaving her on her back and impaled to the floor.

The last of them was none other than Videl Satan, lying at the base of the hill, her form left burnt and battered with her hand resting across her stomach. It was the raven haired girl that eventually snapped Gohan back into reality and, with his expression still reflecting a look of pure horror, the boy stumbled towards the girl lying on the edge of the field, and immediately knelt down beside her.

Taking her head in his hand and wrapping the other one around her, Gohan attempted to rouse her from whatever slumber she was in. "Videl… Videl! Wake up. Wake up…" Seeing her head lull back in his grip coaxed a look of despair and desperation from the young warrior, who then brought his hand up to run across his girlfriend's face. What once was filled with color and life had now been replaced by the cold and paleness of death. "N-No. This… This can't be. How… did this happen?"

Sorrow starting to fill the boy's heart as he came to full understanding that all of his friends had died trying to save the earth, he was unexpectedly shocked out of his trance when he saw Videl choke up blood and heard her strangled coughs fill the air. Caught completely off guard, the half-Saiyan attempted to hold her in an elevated position as the teen gasped for air. When her sapphire eyes eventually blinked open, showing the bags and the stress of a terrible battle, Gohan then heard her speak.

"You… c-couldn't… save… us…"

Sadness and grief crossed Gohan's face when he saw his girlfriend's eyes stare back up at him, blood dribbling out of the corner of her mouth and her energy beginning to fade. He shook his
head, not wanting to believe that this… or any of it, was real.

"You… let us… all… down," Videl wheezed out once again, as tears of sadness and despair formed in her eyes. "You've let me… down… Gohan."

"No. I… I didn't know," the half-Saiyan whispered, attempting to come up with a reason for his absence and failure. But try as he might, he just could not hash an answer, mostly for a fact that he had no idea who'd done this or who his enemy was.

What monster could've destroyed their world and killed everyone he loved and swore to protect? Was it some alien from another galaxy? Another tyrant like Frieza or Bojack? Or was it an Android that had done it? A creature created by Doctor Gero or someone similar to him. The young Saiyan did not know.

However, just as his mind was filling with a rage of questions and emotions, and his heart slowly began to sink deeper into a pit of blackness, he suddenly saw Videl lower her head and her eyes become hidden by a veil of hair. At first the boy thought his girlfriend was finally slipping and clenched his eyes shut to stop the tears from flowing. A few sobs left his lips when he felt the girl's body go limp and her life-force vanish.

But then, when he looked back up at her moments later to see the results of what he directly blamed as a result of his actions, a startling transformation had place. In the blink of an eye, the girl's raven black hair had turned blonde and her entire state and appearance had changed dramatically. Her frown became replaced by a sickly smile and a black eye patch had formed over her right eye, while the left pupil had turned blood red. Furthermore, aside from her blonde locks having grown all the way down her back, her outfit had also been swapped out, becoming a single, revealing swimsuit with a cape and black, long boots. To complete the transformation, all the wounds and damages he'd been afflicted with, had all vanished, and an enormous witch's hat had formed on her head, transforming her into an entirely different person.

Before Gohan could even do anything, his once dead girlfriend had turned into the phantom he remembered seeing back at Capsule Corp all those days ago.

A look of stunned bewilderment filled the teen's tear strung eyes.

"V-Videl?"

He heard the blonde girl giggle and saw a grin form on her face. A split second later, a sharp pain suddenly shot through his body followed by a loud 'squelching' sound. Eyes widening in shock as his body froze up, the demi-Saiyan then looked down to see what had happened, and saw that the girl in his arms had run her hand through his chest and out his back, leaving him impaled on her arm.

In an instant, a wash of pain unlike anything Gohan had felt before, rushed through him like a bolt of electricity, drawing a scream of agony from the fallen defender of earth…

(End Dream)

OOO

Gasping in fright, Gohan sat up from his bed with a start, covered in sweat and eyes widened in horror. Panting heavily as beads of perspiration rolled down his face and skin, the demi-Saiyan stared ahead of him and towards his wall on the far end of the room, where he took a long moment to process everything that'd happened.
Initially believing he'd just been standing on the moon with a person's arm shoved through his chest, the boy's first instinct was to check the area on his pectorals for said wound to plug it up. When his hand patted over his breast bone and felt no hole, he then looked down to clarify for himself that it wasn't, truly there. Upon doing so, a sigh of relief then left him and he spent the next several seconds calming his mind and gathering his thoughts. His heart, which had once been beating like crazy, soon settled and allowed him to sit comfortably across his bedspread.

"A nightmare. It was just a nightmare…" Gohan whispered.

It'd been a while since he'd had one of those. The last bad one he remembered was back in the Hyperbolic Time Chamber when he saw Cell in his perfect form murder both his mother and Piccolo right before his very eyes, and that had been a traumatizing experience in itself. This recent one though took the cake as the most fucked-up dream he'd ever had thus far, leaving him to wonder whether it'd been a vision or just a hallucination brought on by indigestion.

Feeling his stomach give a bit of a ping, the demi-Saiyan, still covered in a bit of sweat, figured he should go and grab a drink to help cool himself down. So, upon hopping out of bed and adjusting his underwear, the demi-Saiyan in the skin tight black shorts went to the kitchen, fetched a glass of water, took a moment to survey the countryside beyond the window, and then, after finishing his drink, headed back to his room. On his way he made sure to check up on his brother's and Zangya's rooms, where he saw both family members sound asleep and respectively enjoying a pleasant dream.

Expressing momentary enviousness and smiling at their peaceful states, the teen quickly adjourned to his bed for some shut eye.

However, as the minutes passed and the restless boy found himself tossing and turning under the sheets, Gohan couldn't help rid this feeling that something was off. But, being the persistent character that he was, the half-Saiyan calmed his turbulent thoughts and tried to get some shut eye…

XXX

(Early Morning)

With the sun breaking through the condensation on the window and adding a comforting glow to the inside of the mountain home, the day at the Son residence was off to a fine start. Chi-Chi in particular was having a blast standing by her favorite spot at the kitchen desk, picking away at the stove and getting her children's breakfast ready. A gentle tune filled the air as she hummed to herself, showing the world how deeply she was engrossed in her task. With the steam wafting up from her frying pan as she finished off the last of the morsels to be added to her oldest son's lunch box, the mother made sure that he was all set for a long day ahead.

What with his studying, his training, and his extracurricular activities, the teen was currently undergoing what most would refer to as the busiest period of his young life. Knowing how much work the boy had on his plate, Chi-Chi knew she had to make a little bit extra for him so that he had enough food to sustain him throughout his bloated schedule.

The woman reasoned to herself that this was just going to be another ordinary day as she fixed up her son's carrier and added the finishing touches to the enormous Saiyan breakfast before her. But just as the mother was moving plates and dishes over to the center table, she then heard the shuffling of footsteps in front of her and looked to see who of the other residents of their home had woken up first. It came as a bit of a surprise when she saw Gohan, dressed in his school uniform, staring back at her.
Ordinarily she would have greeted him with a smile and a hug. But on this occasion, the parent appeared taken aback when she panned up the teen's form and got a good look at his face. "Gohan?"

"Morning, mum," the spiky haired teen yawned, at the same time slugging his way towards the table. Catching a whiff of egg in the air, the demi-Saiyan licked his lips. "Mmm. That smells good."

Disregarding his comment, Chi-Chi stepped towards him and extended her hand, "Never mind the food. Look at your face. Besides his hair looking even more messed up than usual, the woman couldn't help but notice the pale coloration in his cheeks as well as the fact that he had bags under his eyes. These were all the signs of insomnia, something that the mother would not dismiss lightly. "Did you sleep at all last night? What happened?"

"Oh, I just… well… I had a bad dream, is all. It's nothing for you to get worked up about," the boy replied, yawning as he pulled up a seat and, setting his school bag aside, shuffled into his spot. A smile remained plastered on him, even as his mother went about straightening his collar and hair. "Really, mum. I'm fine. You don't need to worry."

Pulling away when the boy fended her off with a couple waves of his hand, the mother placed a hand over her chest as she stared at her son uncertainly, "A-Are you sure?"

"Yes. I am," the demi-Saiyan replied, at the same time giving her the characteristic Son grin. "Can I eat now?"

Breathing a heavy sigh, the raven haired woman in the apron nodded and allowed the boy to begin his feast. Pulling up a plate, as well as a knife and fork, Gohan slowly got to work devouring the eggs and rice that'd been placed in front of him. His mother had even gone out of her way to make Eggs Benedict, which filled his nostrils with a scent that had his stomach hungering for more. But unlike what he did with other meals following vigorous training sessions, he was determined to savor every bite of this one.

While he was in the process of eating and his mother was just dealing out the last of the dishes, the pair were soon joined by Goten sprinting into the room and a still half-asleep Zangya shortly afterwards. Dressed in a purple, over-sized shirt and panties, the woman with orange hair yawned as she pulled up a chair alongside her sparring partner and watched Goten, who'd decided to sit across from her, gaze down at the meal in front of him with stars in his eyes.

"Food! Food!" the boy sang, before looking at Chi-Chi with a wide grin. "Thanks a lot, mum! You're the greatest!"

"You're most welcome, sweet heart," the raven haired woman gleefully replied, just in time to watch her youngest dive into his meal with great speed and vigor.

Ignoring the bits of food flying everywhere, Zangya slowly turned to the older male sitting at the table and, seeing him eating his own food at a languid pace, beamed in his direction.

"Morning, spike."

"Morning, Zangya," the boy greeted with a cheerful nod.

It was then the Hera noticed the look on his face and recoiled somewhat, "Geez, what the hell happened to you? Did you get any sleep last night?"

"Not really," the demi-Saiyan replied with a sheepish grin, "I wasn't able to get one in this time. 
But I'm pretty sure I'll be able to get to sleep after a good, long training session tonight."

Staring at him inquisitively for a moment, the blue-skinned woman then shrugged and cracked a smile. "Okay then. I think I'll be able to manage one of those after today's photo shoot." She then picked up a fork and poked it in his direction. "You'd better watch out though, because I will not be taking it easy on you. I'm going to grind you so hard that you'll be seeing triple by the time you pass out."

"Uhh… phrasing," Gohan immediately replied, clearing his throat before a wide, cocky grin crossed his lips, "And yes, I'll be looking forward to it."

As the pair smirked at one another, Goten, stopping for a moment when he heard the word "training," looked up from his scrambled eggs to gaze curiously at his older brother. "Can… I do some training with you as well, Gohan?"

The hero of earth beamed at the child and, reaching forward, ruffled his head playfully. "Of course you can, squirt. What kind of a sibling would I be if I didn't let my younger brother join in?" His exclamation drew a brilliant smile from the boy, who nodded his head enthusiastically before quickly moving back into his meal.

"Okay, you three. That's enough talking," Chi-Chi spoke up, interrupting the group from their banter as she brought up her own fork to begin digging into her serving. When she saw them all look at her, the mother chuckled, "You'd better eat up before your food gets cold. And Gohan…"

"Yeah, yeah. I know. School," the teen replied, at the same time returning his gaze to his dish. "Don't worry, mum. I won't be late."

And so, with any and all discussions quelled for the time being, the entire family adjourned to their morning tea. The home was quickly filled with the sounds of utensils scraping against plates as the four residents did away with the mother's bounty at their own pace. The first one to finish up was Gohan, who thanked Chi-Chi for a wonderful breakfast and proceeded to put the plates into the dishwasher. Once the machine was loaded with everything it could carry, he started it up, took his lunch, said good bye to his family, and then headed off for Satan City. All the while the teen wore a bright smile on his tired face, the latter of which he was hoping to fix up with a quick shot of coffee when he eventually got into town.

Kai knew he needed one right now more than anything…

OOO

(Later that Day)

(Second lesson)

Not many things happened at the start of school period. Being the first of their group in class, Videl and Erasa were able to share a pleasant conversation with one another over last night's literature homework until they were broken out of it by the timely arrival of their half-Saiyan crush. They initially questioned his exhausted appearance and the fact that he had a take-away cappuccino in his hand, but when he explained to them the situation and that it was all because of a bad dream, the pair let it slide and went back to talking about their upcoming assignments. As first period approached, the trio was soon joined by Sharpener and Touya, both of whom came into class bickering about the members of their favorite sports team. Any and all fist fights were promptly quelled by the arrival of their teacher, who then proceeded on with their lesson.
Things were relatively smooth sailing from that point onwards, with the only interruptions being a couple of kids having the nerve to talk in class and being called out by the lecturer. Justice was swiftly dealt by the class coordinator, allowing the rest of their peers to return to their activities and assignments. Eventually, the first couple of lessons came and went, and Videl's group was able to retire for quick spot of recess. Out on the quad, the group gathered together to share their snacks and swap stories, the main one being Gohan's many problems with learning how to use *Instantaneous Movement*. This story baffled Sharpener, because the guy had no idea what the hell the group was talking about. However, he soon reasoned that this may have had something to do with a television show he was a big fan of, and passed it off as 'geek stuff'.

After recess was over, the group returned to their homeroom for math, a field that they all knew Gohan would fly through and would end up sleeping at his desk in the first ten minutes. The session was off to a great start too, but by the fifteen minute mark, Erasa, Sharpener and the others noticed something off about the way their demi-Saiyan friend was acting. He was sitting in his seat in between Videl and Erasa and was doing his work, for sure. But he didn't seem like he was acting like his usual self.

As he sat there glaring down at his paper, Gohan couldn't shake this double-vision he was getting and attempted to correct it with a few shakes of his head. Not only was he having trouble reading the questions or his own writing, but he was also dripping with sweat, the air was stifling, he was having trouble breathing, and for some strange reason he could not fathom, he was also getting some serious pings in his chest.

All of these strange sensations had started at the end of recess. At first he chalked it up to a mild case of indigestion. But as the minutes passed and the teacher's lesson went on, the pain in his chest gradually became worse, and the heat in the classroom began to rise at an alarming rate. What's more, his hands had started to become clammy and his vision had begun to blur considerably, leaving him to wonder whether this also had something to do with the nightmare he had last night.

Unfortunately, any and all coherent thoughts that he had were soon swept away and replaced by delusions and nausea, and as he attempted to get his work done, the teen felt the pain in his chest get even worse.

Unable to ignore the ragged panting and fluctuating energy signature next to her any longer, Videl looked across at her boyfriend and, seeing sweat collecting in the collar of his shirt and dripping down his face, the girl instantly became concerned. "Gohan. Kai… are you alright?" Setting her pen aside, the girl quickly shuffled over and placed a hand on his shoulder. She then balked when she felt how damp it was.

Hearing her, the demi-Saiyan looked across at his girlfriend through a pained, half-lidded expression, and shook his head. "N-No… I… I don't know… what's wrong…" His speech was slurred and he was having trouble forming clear words due to the intense pain in his chest. When he felt another sharp ping, he cringed and, reaching up, grabbed his pectoral in pain.

Erasa, also seeing something was wrong, placed a hand over his chest and then reached up to lay once over his forehead. She was then alarmed when she felt the equivalent of an oven radiating against her palm. "Oh my Kami, you're burning up," the blonde whispered, looking across to see the equally concerned look on Videl's face staring back at her. When she saw Sharpener and Touya look up from their work, the girl stared back at her crush worriedly. "We need to get you to the nurse's office."

By the time Videl raised her hand, a lot of other students sitting around the group had become
aware of the commotion going on in the middle row, and began looking in to see what the heck was going on.

Mia, who was currently down in the front row, glanced up when she heard the odd noises going on in the stands. "Videl! Is everything okay? What's wrong with Mr. Son?"

"He's feeling really ill, Ms. Hirasawa. We think it's some kind of fever. Can we take him down to the office?"

Sensing the seriousness in the girl's voice, the brown haired teacher in the sundress nodded and proceeded to watch the city's poster girl and her friend help the boy out of his seat. "Of course. Please..." She and the rest of the room then looked on as Videl and Erasa passed the class genius over to Sharpener, who then helped his mate out of the isle.

Feeling how off temp the demi-Saiyan was even from just holding his arm over his shoulder, the blonde haired jock gritted his teeth as he attempted to keep the teen upright. "Whoa. Easy there, dude. Stay with me."

"You're going to be alright, Gohan," Videl whispered in encouragement, her voice wavering fearfully as her eyes reflected concern for her boyfriend's wellbeing. "We're going to get you some help."

Slumped over the pair's shoulders, the demi-Saiyan attempted to keep his body upright, using all of the strength he could muster. However, the instant he left the row with his right arm over Sharpener's shoulder and his left over Videl's, an even greater pain suddenly hit the teen, prompting him to grab his chest tightly. This in turn caused his girlfriend to lose her hold of him and the young warrior to lose balance. In the blink of an eye, the class watched in alarm and shock as Gohan went tumbling down the stairs, before winding up at the bottom and curling into a ball.

He then screamed in agony, leading the class to believe that he'd hurt something bad, which frightened and startled them considerably. However, this was not the case.

Horrified, Videl instantly sprang down the steps and wound up on her knees next to the boyfriend. She then attempted to turn him onto his back, but the teen fought and, gritting his teeth painfully, tried to get to his feet under his own power. It was only after several seconds of looking upon the boy and hearing him cry out in agony that the teacher and the class saw that he was gripping his chest with one hand, and had a look on his face that showed he was in absolute pain.

"Gohan! Gohan! Are you okay!" the terrified Videl cried out, moments before she was joined by Erasa and Sharpener, the former of whom placed a hand over her mouth fearfully when she saw the amount of agony the teen was in.

With the rest of the class rising to its feet, the homeroom teacher quickly rushed forward and waved away the other students that'd come down to surround the crippled Saiyan. "Get back! Give him some air!" She then knelt down next to Videl and placed a hand on the boy's back. "Gohan! Can you hear me? Are you alright?!"

In response, the teen shook his head. "No! It... It burns! It burns!" He added to this by gripping the area over his chest even tighter. "It... It's my chest..."

No one knew what to do. All the class could do was clamor and look on in terror as the teen screamed out in pain and curl up on the spot, all the while he was on his hands and knees. Several moments later, they suddenly saw a golden aura explode around him and blast upwards like a flame, alarming those standing closest to him. His hair also flashed blonde for several brief
seconds, before flickering back to normal a few times, indicating a subconscious transformation to Super Saiyan.

Moments later, the aura vanished, and Gohan collapsed to his side, still gripping his chest and panting heavily, gasping for air.

Placing a hand to his forehead and checking his pulse, the homeroom teacher Mia noticed how erratic and irregular it was, before then looking up at Videl and her friends in panic. "How long has he been like this?"

The raven haired girl, looking alarmed, shook her head. "Don't know. Ten… fifteen minutes now?"

"Symptoms? What are his symptoms?"

Erasa, removing her hand from her mouth, spoke up in a stammer, "Uhh… high temperature, high pulse, sweats, fatigue, fever, chest pains…" The last one was the most obvious.

"Did he show any signs of being ill earlier or say he was feeling off?"

"Well… he did say he didn't have a good sleep last night and came in looking like death."

"Nightmares?"

Thinking on it for a moment and looking at Erasa for a few seconds, Videl then looked back in alarm and spoke up, "He did mention having a nightmare that kept him awake."

This news filled the woman with a sense of dread and, still keeping a hand on Gohan's shoulder, looked down at the teenager with an anxious expression on her face. "I think I know what he has." When the teacher looked up at the girls kneeling in front of her and the rest of the students surrounding them, Mia frowned. "My friend's father experienced the exact same symptoms six years ago… before he died a few days later." When she saw the expressions on Videl, Erasa and the rest of their friends become more horrified, the teacher gave her final diagnosis.

"It's the heart virus."

OOO

(Later that afternoon)

Over in Talos Industry's company building in Satan City, in one of the large towers in the center of the metropolis, the boss of the company was currently having another meditative session up in his office. Standing behind his desk with his back to his chair and head held high, Kaiser could be seen gazing across the city and enjoying the sights of the people down below going about their daily business, and watching the clouds drift by overhead. Given that he didn't have much work to go on with or had completed all of the cases that he needed to finish for the day, this left him plenty of time to carry on with his own personal business.

But while he was in the midst of his brainstorming session, he suddenly heard the door to the office open up and heard the high heels of his secretary approaching him across the carpeted floor. When said footsteps stopped in front of his desk, the man with the mustache and beard craned his head to the side and spoke. "What's the scoop?"

Expression remaining unchanged as she held her notepad underneath her arm, Violet cleared her throat and answered in a clear and firm voice, "Our scanners intercepted an emergency call for an ambulance from Orange Star High School. They say that young Son Gohan has come down with
an incredibly severe case of heart pains and is going into cardiac arrest. It's safe to say that your plan to inject him with the weaponized heart virus has been a success."

"And... what's his current status?"

"Incapacitated. They say that Ms. Videl Satan has taken the boy to West City to receive medical treatment at Capsule Corp. My guess is that Bulma Briefs is going to administer the cure for the virus that she has stored in her medical labs."

At first remaining silent at this report, leaving his secretary in an uncomfortable silence and believing that her boss was irritated, Violet then saw the man smirk in the reflection of the window before looking over his shoulder. When his eyes landed upon her, the woman stiffened, and the head of the company spoke. "Good. Now that his body has succumbed to the debilitating effects of the virus, not only is our young half-Saiyan adversary going to be left incredibly defenseless, but weakened and vulnerable to attack. No doubt his friends are going to be standing guard over his bedside to try and prevent any further issues from arising. Due to the fact his father suffered from the exact same illness seven years ago, they will simply believe this to be a hereditary infection and won't think twice about an alternative source." The mogul then turned to smirk across at his assistant. "Inform our asset in West City, Agent Hasky, to infiltrate Capsule Corp within forty eight hours. I want her to locate Son Gohan..."

"...and kill him."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: Wow, this was a doozy of a chapter, and a surprising twist at the end. Hope you all liked it.

Romance at the beginning, drama all the way through, and a cliffhanger at the end. Man, this is getting exciting. And now Kaiser has hired Hasky from Goku's adventures in Dragonball to finish off Gohan. I wonder what changes she's gone through under his employment.

We'll soon see.

Anyway, hope to hear from all of you soon and hope you're all looking forward to the next update.

Character Biography

Name: Kaiser Talos

Race: Human/Neanderthal

Gender: Male

Occupation: Businessman/Philanthropist/Entrepreneur

Hair Color: Black

Type: Immortal Human/Strategist/Genius Inventor

Age: Approximately 100,000 years

Home Planet: Earth

History: A world renowned businessman, entrepreneur and industrialist, Kaiser is regarded by...
many as one of the wealthiest and most powerful men on the face of the planet. Possessing wealth and riches far more than any other person alive, save for Bulma Briefs, the man is famous for being the leading rival against Capsule Corp in design and technology. As the head of Talos Industries, most of his work is conducted behind a desk and, according to the press and celebrity magazine, Kaiser has made a reputation for himself as being an incredibly kind, generous, and charitable individual, with very few bad habits.

Despite his high standing in the public, his industry and name as one of the most prominent people on the planet serve as nothing but a front for his real activities, which are weapons designing, drug manufacturing, and a shady criminal enterprise. Despite doing good deeds with his company, and providing both aid and comfort for the poor and disenfranchised, Kaiser's true ambitions are total control over the world and all of mankind.

Over the course of his long life, the mogul has been able to accumulate a fortune greater than any in human history. This is due to the fact that he is immortal and has lived for approximately a hundred thousand years.

In his previous life, Kaiser was a hunter during the Stone Age period. While venturing outside of his village, the young warrior stumbled across a wounded dragon high up in the mountains. Unlike the dinosaurs and beasts that were living on earth at the time, this particular serpent was in fact the Great Vanishing Dragon, Valika; a member of a race that is considered one of the three great powers in the universe, and had been wounded in battle against his rival. Instead of killing it, Kaiser showed the creature mercy and the dragon granted the man the gift of eternal life, shielding him from death and every other form of magic. This has allowed Kaiser to evolve and live a thousand lifetimes, in which he assumed countless aliases.

Among the many occupations the mogul had taken up over the years, these have included porter, messenger, scientist, priest, emperor, writer, philosopher, prisoner, king, warlord, soldier, pilot, inventor, captain, sportsman, and adventurer. In his life, he has also crossed paths with and defeated a great many warriors with his intelligence alone; remaining the only human alive to have killed the demi-God Gilgamesh and defeated the mighty hero Hercules, both of whom were regarded as the most powerful mortals in the universe during their time.

Possessing a vast network of resources, spies and informants, as well as having an IQ well over 300, Kaiser is one of the top ten most informed and intelligent people on the planet. Fiercely competitive and devious, his vast experience has allowed him to engineer weapons and technology capable of subduing super humans and entities powerful enough to wipe out entire planets. However, because of his position in society, he doesn't perform his criminal activities directly or out in the open. Instead, he relies on mercenaries, warriors, and staff to do his dirty work for him, most of whom he views as expendable assets.

Because he fights using strategy, science, and underhanded tactics rather than brawn, he is one of the first villains the Z-fighters have encountered that they cannot defeat with their strength. Kaiser himself lacks any super human strength and ability, save for his smarts and his immortality. Considering he has defeated super humans in the past using only his mind, this places him in an entirely different league of his own.

Intelligent, shrewd, and vicious, with a goal of conquering all of mankind and destroying the Z-fighters, Kaiser is the most dangerous adversary Gohan and his friends have ever faced.

His name Kaiser Talos is a direct inspiration from the villain Keyser Soze from The Usual Suspects.
Phantom Enemy Arc - Assassin's Blade

Dragonball Z

Legacies

Assassin's Blade

(The very next day)

If there was one thing Bulma Briefs could say without the slightest bit of hesitation, it is that Capsule Corp's had its fair share of hard times. When it wasn't dealing with economic hardships, lawsuits, or disputes within the family, she was attempting to corral the shenanigans of the Z-fighters into a controlled state. While being the primary backer and close friend to a group of the most powerful group of super heroes on the planet had its share of benefits, such as personalized life insurance, safety and the thrill of adventure, it also had an equal balance of detriments. This included having to repair the damages made by her husband and son around the house and facing off against perils she did not agree to or expect.

However, while all of these had been merely inconveniences on her in the past, the situation she was currently faced with was most definitely not. Despite having pulled an all-nighter, the blue-haired woman didn't voice a single complaint as she went about checking the machines that were hooked up to their patient. Lab coat worn tightly around her shoulders and eyes focused completely on her monitor, the mother typed some keys into the program before then checking the feedback. Upon which she then looked down at the bed, where she saw Son Gohan lying unconscious, with two sets of IV and wires plugged into his arm, and an oxygen mask fastened to his face.

Needless to say, he looked to be in a seriously rough state. Aside from all the electronics and medical equipment plugged up to his frame, the boy was still sweating up a storm, his breathing was still coming out raggedly, and his right hand was also gripping his chest tightly, even though he was unconscious. There was not much Bulma could do about that, except make the boy as comfortable as possible, while she and the facility's doctors and physicians ran him through their procedures.

Because the heart virus was such a temperamental case and their study on it has been one of their top priorities since the events of seven years ago, you can understand the lengths that they'd had to go through to ensure his condition was stable.

As it turns out, the news of Gohan falling ill hadn't just been confined to his school. Not only was Bulma and Videl present in the room, but so were Vegeta and Trunks, both of whom had been torn away from their training sessions out of concern for the teenager's wellbeing, Chi-Chi, Goten, Piccolo, Zangya, Paprika, Lime and Erasa, the latter two had flown in from Satan City to see their friend.

This is not even counting Android 16, who was quietly standing against the back wall like a glorified robot sentry, blending in with the rest of the equipment.

While Piccolo and Paprika stood over by the entrance alongside the Prince of all Saiyans, looking upon the bed with seriousness in their eyes and worry in their hearts, the rest of the teenager's friends and family were sitting close by, waiting patiently for their companion to make her final diagnosis.
Since Bulma's primary field was in engineering and not medicine, she had another doctor with her overseeing the demi-Saiyan's status. The blue haired scientist made extra certain that she was in active communication with the man at all times.

All the events of the past several hours eventually led them here. Once the doctor was done checking the boy's condition through the machines, he spoke with his superior one last time and dismissed himself from the room. He passed the Z-fighters with a single, respectful nod of his head, before stepping through the door and disappearing down the hall, allowing the warriors to turn their attention to the woman in charge of the computers.

"Well… the good news is that his condition is finally stable," Bulma said, rolling around in her office chair to look across at her friends. When she saw relief pass over each of their faces, most notably across Chi-Chi and Videl's, the blue haired woman then took on a more calmed expression and gestured towards the Saiyan lying underneath the sheets. "Doctor Yusa said that once the debilitating effects of the virus wear off and he finally regains consciousness, Gohan will be as right as rain."

"Oh… that's good," Chi-Chi sighed, placing a heavy hand over her chest and looking down at her son's bed with red, shimmering eyes and a small smile on her lips. It was quite obvious that she'd been crying beforehand and, having managed to calm down with the help of her friends and family, was able to remain in the room without causing a ruckus. This was good for her son, who she knew needed all the rest he could possibly get in his current state. "Thank the Kais."

It was after hearing this that the Namekian standing over by the wall then narrowed his eyes upon the scientist and addressed her with a glare, "And? What's the bad news?"

Looking in Piccolo's direction, Bulma took a deep breath and a solemn expression became reflected in her gaze. "The bad news is that it's going to be a long haul." Typing into the keypad next to her, the woman then produced what looked like a set of complex molecular models and bacteria onto the screen next to her. "The viral strain that Gohan's been infected with is causing violent irregularities in his cardiac cycle, affecting the aortic and pulmonary valves, as well as the right atrium in his heart. His body attempted to expel the virus, but the infection spread so quickly that it shut down his immune system. The pain caused by the stress in his heart muscles was so intense that it put his body into shock."

"That much is to be expected," Vegeta spoke up from his post as he looked over the concerned faces of his compatriots. "The virus that attacked Kakarot put him out of commission for several days… leaving the rest of us to try and clean up his mess." He then looked away with a huff, "I just can't believe something as insignificant as a germ can affect warriors as strong as him and his son."

"Whether you are a Saiyan or human, the organs of both species are exactly identical to one another, meaning that the virus's affects on either body yield the same results. I know this because my father and I have been studying your biology for years now," Bulma informed, looking at the worried expressions of her friends anxiously. "Just like with Goku, the next few days are going to be incredibly rough for Gohan. He'll be having nightmares for the first couple of nights during the early stages of the disease, but will peter out when the antibiotics start taking effect. We just need to make sure we move him every few hours and ensure he receives the right amount of vitamins and supplements to hasten the recovery process."

Swallowing nervously, Erasa then tore her teary eyes away from the boy on the bed and looked up at the world famous scientist uneasily. "H-How exactly are you going to give him the medicine if he's unconscious?"

The blue haired woman reached up and tapped the IV feed next to her and the bottle of purple
solution that it was attached to. "Through this. The antiviral serum is set on an automatic drip sequence to inject the solution directly into his veins every five hours. This way we’ll be able to not only destroy the virus completely, but nullify the sediment gathering in his heart much faster than he would through ingesting the medicine. It will also assist his body in building up a strong enough immunity to the disease, as well as all other subsequent viral strains. After all, Saiyan biology allows members of their race to adapt and develop powerful antibacterial defenses and antibodies against any unwanted visitors, meaning the same infection won't work on them twice."

It was from the woman's little lecture that Lime picked up on something and, looking over at her, raised an eyebrow, "You mentioned a sediment? What exactly did you mean by that?"

Hesitant at first, the scientist then reached over to the desk and, grabbing up a vial, held it out in front of her. "I acquired this sample from my studies on the heart virus. The doctors over at the nearby hospital pumped this out of a patient's arteries surrounding his heart. They say that it's this build-up of viscous fluid that is causing the patient's random cardiac cycle failures and excruciating chest pains."

Chi-Chi almost fainted when she saw the black, sludge like substance swirling about inside the glass beaker being held up by her friend, which simultaneously elicited cringing expressions from Paprika and Vegeta respectively. Hell, the stuff that was sitting at the bottom of the cup almost looked like the tar you'd find in a swamp out in the countryside, something that definitely didn't instill any warm feelings in the Z-fighters' chests. In fact, it actually made them feel sick and nauseous looking at it, which was why Bulma was quick to hide the beaker well out of sight.

Once she slipped the vial back onto the rack and rotated it around, the woman then rose from her seat and, slipping her hands into her pockets, looked down at the boy lying restlessly under the sheets. "Well… we've done all we can. The rest is up to him now. I also contacted our company branch over in Satan City to dispatch a team over to Orange Star Highschool to vaccinate all of the students and teachers. Just in case the strain is contagious, no one else will get infected and we'll be able to eliminate the virus where it stands." She then turned her attention to the people in front of her and smiled. "I also recommend that the rest of you take the medicine as well… since all of you have been close to Gohan at the time he got it."

"It's for the best," Paprika murmured from where she was standing, gazing across at Gohan’s bed with her unchanging expression. Upon seeing him shift underneath the covers, sweat dripping down his face with the machines relaying back to them his condition, the white haired Makyan couldn't help but narrow her eyes and clench her fingers around her arm in discomfort.

It was obvious from her current expression that she did not approve of the sight, despite it involving the person she viewed as both an enemy and rival.

"I guess even the mightiest warrior can be brought down by something as trivial as a flu," the woman thought, at the same time looking on as Bulma moved away from the bed to stand further off to the side.

This signaled the Z-fighters closest to the demi-Saiyan to move forward. While Videl held her place sitting directly beside the boy's bed, hands on the edge and her terrified eyes fixated fully upon his form, Erasa and Lime also shuffled in closer, while Chi-Chi and Goten edged over to where Bulma had previously been positioned. As soon as she was within arm's reach of her oldest son, the mother's expression broke down and tears began pouring out of her eyes. In a single stroke, she reached forward and placed a hand upon her son's arm, at the same time the droplets of water fell from her cheeks to land on his sheet.

"Gohan… my baby…" she whispered under her breath, her words drawing the attention of her
youngest child up to her. Before she got too carried away, the mother brought out a handkerchief and quickly wiped her face down.

Standing beside Chi-Chi, Goten at first didn't know how to respond when he saw his mother begin to sob and sniffle. However, understanding that it as his big brother that was currently underneath the covers and out of commission, the child wisely chose to comfort his parent and, reaching up, gripped the sleeve of her kimono. The mother responded by taking her youngest child's hand and squeezing it gently, prompting Goten to move over to hug her.

"Is… Is Gohan going to be alright?" the child stammered, simultaneously trying to hold back his own tears.

Sniffling and holding her handkerchief up to her eye, Chi-Chi nodded affirmatively. "Yes. Of course he will, Goten. He… He's just resting now."

"O-Okay," the youngster murmured, while also holding back his own sob as his grip tightened around his mother's leg. "I… I really hope we wakes up soon. He promised… to play with me and Icarus when he got back from school."

While Goten leaned into his mother's leg and wiped away the moisture accumulating in his eyes into the fabric of her dress, Trunks, who'd also come to stand closer to Gohan's bed, looked at his friend worriedly. Summoning whatever hope and positive feelings that he could, he reached over and patted his playmate on the shoulder, and glanced across at the teenager he too viewed as an older sibling.

They were only some of the few. Videl on the other hand had also become overcome with emotion, gritting her teeth and clenching her fists around the sheets of Gohan's bed. When she reached forward and took his hand in hers, the raven haired girl couldn't help but allow a few sobs to break through her tough exterior, resulting in a stream of tears. "G-Gohan." She then leaned forward, looking as though she was about to fall out.

However, thanks to the timely interference of Erasa, who took her friend by the shoulders in a hug, she was quickly shaken out of it.

Looking across at her blonde friend, the crime fighter of Satan City saw the teen smile back at her and nod. "It's okay, Videl. Gohan will be okay. I know he will."

"He's the strongest in the whole universe. There… There's no way he'll let something like this stop him," Lime also spoke up with a slight stammer, voicing her support of the demi-Saiyan in question.

Sniffing a couple of times to clear her nose, the raven haired fighter took a deep breath and let it out. When the feelings of her classmates' words of confidence and hope finally flooded into her, the girl felt warmth return to her heart and she smiled back at her friends. "Yeah. You're right. There's no way he can be beaten by something like this." Quickly turning back to her boyfriend's cot, Videl's expression fixed upon him, and when she squeezed his hand comfortably, she swore she felt him squeeze back in kind. "The man is as stubborn as a mule and a million times stronger. There isn't a virus or an enemy in the world that can bring him down."

She knew her two best girl friends in school were doing their best to cheer her up. It would be nothing short of disservice to them and towards the boy she cherished with all her heart to simply shrug off their gestures of reassurance now. She was not that kind of person.

If there was anything Gohan had reinforced inside of her over the years, it was the will to never
give up. That was something she knew she couldn't do. So as she sat there beside the bed, with Erasa's arms around her, she slipped her other hand around the one she was already holding out to cup her boyfriend's hand. From that point onwards, Videl began to pray and mentally pass on her strength to the demi-Saiyan in an effort to support him.

Chi-Chi, noticing the girls huddled around the side of Gohan's sleeping area across from her, beamed and placed a hand over her chest. Their actions of good will and bearing also drew a slight smile from Piccolo, who returned to his serious stare shortly thereafter in favor of quietly watching the scene with Paprika as backup.

Vegeta would've been a part of that pairing too. However, while he was watching and listening to the teenagers fussing over the teen's state, he quickly noticed Zangya off to his left and the foibles currently enveloping her form. Normally he wouldn't have paid the orange haired woman any mind, figuring she could take care of herself. Unfortunately from his point of view, he was unable to ignore the sudden energy spike he sensed coming from the Hera or cutout the sound of muscles popping when the woman's fists clenched tightly at her sides.

When his glare fell upon her back, the Saiyan Prince saw that Zangya was trembling and staring down at Gohan's bed with a hard look in her eye. This wasn't out of any spite towards the girls crowding around the teen's resting area or anything related to their proximity. However, what Vegeta sensed emanating off of the woman was almost palpable and had him narrow his gaze upon the alien when he saw the look on the side of her face.

Though her expression showcased a stoic visage, in her eyes he saw the unmistakable signs of unshed tears reflecting pain, grief, anger, and fear.

Not wanting to address this openly in the presence of the others, the flame haired Saiyan simply remained where he was, arms folded across his chest and his attention fixed upon Gohan's bedspread.

The demi-Saiyan shifted underneath the sheets, his breathing ragged and brow creased in agony. When the boy gasped through his oxygen mask and his lips emitted a groan of discomfort, Videl quickly reached forward and placed her hand upon his forehead. The sudden contact of her skin against his suddenly seemed to ease his pains and, after stroking it a couple of times, his expression quickly relaxed.

Seeing the stricken boy respond to her gesture brought a smile to the crime fighter's face, whose eyes glowed as she gazed upon his sleeping mug.

"It'll be okay, Gohan. I'm here for you," she whispered.

For the past seven years the boy had risked life and limb to protect his family and friends, all in an effort to keep them safe. Well… now it was Videl's chance to return the favor.

XXX

(That afternoon)

Just a few clicks across town, situated between two towering complexes in the heart of the Entertainment District, there sat a very trendy looking pub with the name West McLaren inscribed over its entrance. Judging from its stylish layout and real-estate positioning, it was a very rich and upbeat looking establishment, with potted plants arranged according to the spirits of prosperity, an outdoor eating area under a red veranda, gold embellishments, and big windows giving indoor customers a clear view of the streets outside. All in all, the place simply glowed with wealth and
luxury, inviting anyone with money and time on their hands to spend their evening with a drink and a
good time.

It was here in this high-class, respectable business, with smartly dressed men and women scattered
throughout the interior of the complex, that a familiar figure could be seen sitting over by the bar
and living out her days of freedom in seemingly ignorant bliss.

The years of peace and tranquility had been extremely kind and munificently fortuitous for this
particular woman. Though she'd cut her bountiful blonde hair to a generous, shoulder-length height
and sharpened up her appearance to blend into her new crowd, the young angel of chaos looked as
fit, robust and healthy as the day she first stepped into the limelight of crime. This was back during
the time the Red Ribbon Army was in its prime and all the denizens of the planet were expecting
full-scale invasion from the power hungry forces.

The person in question of course was none other than the strong and beautiful Master Thief Hasky,
who was currently playing out her day out at the clubs as the centermost attraction at the bar.

Having previously been incarcerated due to her unfortunate encounter with Son Goku years prior,
the woman had gone through several notable changes over the past couple of decades. Aside from
still maintaining her blonde hair and bewitching good looks, the woman had lost her trademark
blue biker jumpsuit and swapped it in for a stunning red, sparkly dress that hugged at her curves
and accentuated her long, slender legs, with a backless feature that seemed to go on forever. Aside
from having much of her cleavage exposed due to a secondary deep neckline in her outfit, the
woman's curly hair was pulled back slightly, revealing a set of diamond earrings, as well as green
lining in her eyes and red lipstick outlining her supple mouth.

To complete her outlook, her green, emerald eyes could be seen gazing down into the cold glass of
scotch she was now swirling with her delicate fingers. Entranced by the cool liquid and ice sitting
inside the clear cup, the woman held it up and took a swig, downing it with a single motion. She
sighed when she felt the substance flood through her in a wash of heat, which warmed her stomach,
straightened her back, and made her toes curl.

"Ahh…Age 710… now that's what I call a good drink," the woman exclaimed in a silky smooth,
 posh, English tone of voice.

The bartender, a man wearing a black suit and a prominent mustache, with a martini glass and cloth
in hand, chuckled in amusement at the woman's compliment. "I can see you really love your
liquors, miss. Planning on drinking anymore tonight?" he asked, at the same time cleaning the
drinking glass he was carrying.

Setting her crystal glass down, the elegantly dressed Hasky ran a hand through her locks and
looked upon the worker with an enchanting smile. "That all depends. What else have you got for
me?"

"Well…" Clearing his throat, the bar runner turned to the rack of bottles behind him and looked
them over with a keen eye, "I've got a 700 Red Baron and a 690 John Walter, if those two names
tickle your fancy."

The blonde woman looked up in interest, "Oh. That last one sounds good. How much?"

"On the market, a bottle of that costs about fifty thousand zeni," the barkeep promptly and
enthusiastically informed, looking back at the former thief to see her grin widen.

Eyes twinkling with delight, Hasky pulled out a wad of cash from the juncture between her breasts
and, sensuously removing the clip with her teeth, slid it across the counter towards the barkeep. "I'll take it."

Her offering of money was retrieved without the slightest bit of hesitation. Hand shaking ever so slightly, the well-dressed customer service agent removed the bottle from the shelf and held it firmly between his hands. Being sure to wipe it down for the sake of appearances, the gentleman then placed the showpiece on the counter. Silently asking if she wanted a drink and earning a nod of approval, the man popped the top and, with a skilful dip, poured the woman a nice, cold glass. The scotch sloshed across the ice like a gentle current of gold water, unintentionally drawing the woman closer to the current.

As soon as it was about a few centimeters full, the man pulled away and watched as Hasky took up the glass and held it to her nose. Upon sniffing it, the golden locked woman took a sip and, allowing the liquid to wash over her tongue to analyze its taste and texture, swallowed it and exhaled in relief.

The shiver that ran up her spine drew a gentle groan from the master thief, "Now that's what I'm… talking about." Sheer, unbridled, unadulterated, ecstasy.

When the barkeep smiled and set the bottle down on the counter, he then moved on to carry out his business with the other customers. It was only upon leaving the woman to her affairs that Hasky's alone time at the club was suddenly interrupted by the arrival of an unknown figure. Dressed in a tailor-made suit, a man with slicked-back blonde hair edged up alongside the woman and stood beside her at attention, as if waiting for her to acknowledge his presence.

An annoyed look quickly forming across her face as she held the scotch glass to her lips, Hasky breathed an irritated huff and, after setting down her drink, glanced over her shoulder at the intruder. "Hey buddy, if you're looking for some action tonight, forget it. I've already blown off three other guys who thought it was a good idea to hit on me at this club and I'm not about to stop now. So beat it." She then picked up her beverage again and took another sip. After setting it down a second time and sensing the man still standing behind her, the woman frowned deeply and quickly turned to him. "Didn't you hear me? I said get lo-"

She blinked when she saw that the stranger looking down at her had on a pair of black sunglasses and was holding out a large, yellow envelope to her.

At first baffled by the fact that the guy would be wearing a set of shades indoors at this time in the evening, the woman instead chose to focus her attention on the package he was holding. Quickly recognizing the familiar seal slapped across its lining, Hasky spared the figure a couple of suspicious glances, before voluntarily taking the envelope from him. Upon relinquishing the item to its intended recipient, the man in the suit then wordlessly turned around and vanished into the crowd, no doubt heading for the exit.

Not at all put off by the shady delivery, the blonde woman took a momentary look at the letter. Weighing it in her hand and feeling there was an item of significance inside, she then popped open the seal and slid whatever the paper was holding into her hand. This turned out to be an incredibly thin and lightweight I-Pad, which was closely followed by a small ear bud, which dropped into her lap from the bottom of the letter. Curious, the woman picked it up, examined it, and pushed it into her ear.

Almost immediately after she engaged the device, a familiar voice spoke to her. 

"Enjoying yourself, Hasky?"
Recognizing the female on the other end instantly, the blonde woman chuckled and lent back against the bar, "You could say that. Aside from a few pig-headed males in black ties trying to put the moves on me, the night's been quite enjoyable so far."

"Oh, I'm sure it must be awful for you," the person replied sarcastically.

"Oh yeah. It's just dreadful. Absolutely dreadful. My afternoon of kicking back and having fun at the tables is completely ruined. Can't wait to get out of here," Hasky played along, not even bothering to hide the cheeky smirk that formed across her lips. After twirling her finger through one of her golden locks like a love-struck school girl, the master thief waited for a moment before then speaking to the earpiece once again. "But enough about my terrible, uneventful night on the town. What've you got for me this time, Violet?"

"We have a new assignment for you. Did you get the package I sent?"

"Duh. Of course I did. Would we be having this conversation if I didn't?" Holding up the computer pad, Hasky then absently tapped it with the pinky of her glass-holding-hand. After waiting for a few moments as the device's security nodes scanned her, she then watched the black screen light up with the glory of modern day technology. She then waited as the computer went through several hundred lines of code in the blink of an eye, before a folder with a single file opened up. "Who's the target?"

"Young male. Eighteen years old. Currently in hospital. The information in relation to the individual is in the files that we've provided."

"So… am I to assume this is going to be some sort of… conjugal visit? Because I'm going to tell you right now, if he's just some fat, nerd kid from the city who isn't in the least bit attractive, then I'm just gonna have to- oh, hello? Yummy," Hasky stopped midway when she saw the profile of the target in question pop up on screen, who just happened to be Son Gohan. Admiring the boy's handsome face and the contours of his muscular neck and shoulders for the next few seconds, the blonde thief then scrolled down the document when the information on the teen began presenting itself to her in short, snappy paragraphs of text. "That is one deep dish of man meat right there, if I do say so myself."

"Keep your panties on, Hasky. You're not going to sleep with him. The boss wants you to take him out-"

"To an all-night sleep-easy motel with no callers, I hope," the bodacious woman exclaimed while licking her lips.

"As in: kill him, you sex-crazed lunatic. Geez. Can you please take this seriously for just two minutes?"

Hasky giggled at the distress she sensed in her colleague's voice and shook her head, "I'm just messing with you, Vi. No need to get all bent out of shape." Scrolling through the info on the subject, the vixen of a criminal then nodded, "So who is this kid, anyway? What's he done to ruffle the boss's feathers?"

"I suppose this is where I tell you that you're going to find the specifications of this particular mission quite interesting. He's actually part of the same group that you encountered several years earlier when you were hired by Commander Red to retrieve the dragon balls for him. The Z-fighters," Violet finished with an assertive tone of voice. "Remember them?"
This bit of info drew an annoyed groan from the well-dressed maiden by the bar. Even with the priceless scotch in her hand, the news her colleague had to give left a very foul taste in her mouth. "You mean the group with the pig, the cat, the scar-faced rogue and the blue head harlot? Those guys?"

"The very same."

"Ugh. First King Piccolo, then Cell, and now this. Don't these guys ever take a break?"

"Once in a blue moon, I'm sure. But now they're back and they're stronger than ever. The boss wants to find out more about how they operate, so he wants you to go in and take out one of their key members. He's just recently been hospitalized with the heart virus and is taking a nap over at Capsule Corp… courtesy of your employer, master and long-term benefactor."

The blonde grunted at the tasteless proposal, while at the same time skimming over the information on her target. "That doesn't sound like fun at all… taking out some poor kid who can barely lift his head from his pillow. I hate going after sick targets. They don't put up any kind of a fight. Not to mention it's bad sport." She then raised her glass again to take another sip. "Don't know why Kaiser chose me and not one of his other lackeys to take care of something as easy as this."

"You were the number one candidate for the job… and the only person he can trust to follow-through with such a sensitive operation. Not only are you the best stealth agent under our payroll, but you're also Kaiser's most reliable asset, who already has innate experience in dealing with this group," Violet stated, before her tone took on a dramatic shift into seriousness. "I've got to warn you though; the Z-fighters are nothing like the children you fought with over twenty years ago. They've gotten much stronger since the days of the Red Ribbon Army… strong enough to wipe out the entire population of this planet a million times over."

The cool woman with the British accent smiled, "A terrifying group, to be sure."

"But that shouldn't be any kind of a problem for you… what with your mastery over the Mark V Babylon Armor the boss saw fit to assign you."

Hasky chuckled as she tugged on the hem of her dress, which suddenly gave an unnatural shimmer of gold. "Of course. There's not a person alive who can possibly hope to defeat me when I'm clothed in this remarkable piece of hardware. Heck, not even that monster Cell would be able to match my greatness. Master has practically transformed me from the number one thief to a bona fide goddess of destruction."

"Then I guess this assignment will be the perfect test for you… of both your infiltration skills and proficiency at using Kaiser's technology," Violet commented. Once she was certain that word got through, she then moved on to her final bit of information. "Your target is currently lying in the West Wing on the far side of the main complex under heavy guard by the security forces. You should have little problems slipping in, but I advise you proceed with extreme caution. Son Gohan has many powerful friends watching over him, including Vegeta and King Piccolo. You'll have to wait for an appropriate opening to slip in and snuff him out. All the information related to the mission has been uploaded into your tablet. Study it well."

The blonde woman smiled, "Unless the building has gone under extreme renovations over the last decade or so, then breaking in should be a piece of cake. Hell, I'd be able to do it even without the energy altering suit." She then drummed her fingers against her glass thoughtfully as she
considered yet another idea. "Still, I sure do hope I get a chance to fight one of these guys somewhere down the line. I'd really like to see what a member of the most powerful group of super heroes on the planet is really made of. It'd be a hell of a lot more fun than taking out some bedridden kid…"

Violet smirked on the other end of the line, "That 'kid' just so happens to be the son of Son Goku." This announcement from the purple haired secretary had Hasky freeze in surprise, a result that the attendant in contact with her clearly heard over the radio link. "You remember him, don't you? I believe he was the same kid who humiliated you twenty years ago and ended up sending you to prison for about half a decade?"

A deathly silence soon rolled over that part of the bar, setting the stage for an incredibly tense moment. It became so unnervingly quiet that the drone of the surrounding establishment soon wasn't registering on Hasky's radar at all, leaving her sitting there with the ice in her glass gradually melting in her grip. Violet actually began to wonder whether she'd accidentally broken her friend with her message.

However, after several seconds of inactivity, life soon returned to the club's setting with a deep breath from the blonde haired assassin. Upon inhaling deeply, the woman then set her glass of scotch down and, after looking down at the I-Pad, a menacing grin then formed across her lips. It was a smile that promised not only bad news to the Z-fighters, but a lot of pain to the person who would become the receiving end of her wrath.

"Really?" Snickering under her breath, Hasky then locked her foul gaze upon the screen of her computer and spent the next minute taking in the face of her target. "My, my… is it just me… or did this mission just get a whole lot more exciting?"

XXX

(Later that evening)

By the time the sun had begun to set, every single employee at Capsule Corp, save for the half a dozen on the nightshift crew, had retired for the evening. This meant that the halls of the main building were practically empty, which was good for one member of the Z-crew as he went about his merry way, marching through the corridors of his home with his hands in his pockets. Training boots clapping against the tiled floor and shoulders struck back, the dark haired form of Vegeta strolled along with his eyes set ahead and his thoughts focused on a number of different subjects. On the surface he appeared perfectly normal.

But in truth, the man had found himself troubled by the odd series of events that'd been occurring over the last month. First Satan City had been besieged by a human mercenary dressed in a mechanized suit of armor that was specifically designed to combat super beings and aliens of Super Saiyan class. Then Gohan spouts some nonsense about a phantom woman that'd just appeared out of nowhere to haunt the very room they'd all been standing in. And then, without any warning whatsoever, the same demi-Saiyan then falls prey to the very virus that his father had been plagued with years before.

In other words, it was simply baffling. For one, not only had this collection of circumstances occurred one after the other in succession, but they also didn't fit into Vegeta's knowledge of coming events. As far as he was concerned, his son Trunks, the one who'd came to them from the future all those years ago, didn't mention anything about a mechanical abomination, a phantom, or Gohan contracting the same virus his father had. In fact, the only member of their group to have
caught the disease was Kakarot. Though this was probably a result of the timeline skewing in a different direction or due to a set of completely unrelated actions, for things to get this far out of hand was just astonishing.

As hard as he tried, the Saiyan Prince just couldn't put his finger on it or the source that was causing all these anomalies.

Choosing to shelve these thoughts away for the time being, Vegeta decided to focus on getting to the kitchen to grab a coffee and some after dinner snacks. However, when he passed by the entrance to the Gravity Room, the man then noticed on the screen beside the door that the chamber was currently occupied. Curious as to who was using the chamber at this time since the design of the room's walls prevented ki from being picked up the prince moved over to it and went through the first door. Entering the locker room and passing through the aisle of steel cupboards, he quickly found himself at the porthole window of the blast door and looked in to see what was going on.

He then blinked when he saw that it was Zangya inside the dome-shaped chamber and gutting it out with the equipment. Dressed in a pair of black spandex shorts and singlet, the woman was positioned in the center of the floor space and glaring through the glowing red room towards the ceiling. Judging from the way her body was shaking, it looked as though she was currently under a lot of stress.

This was no surprise because when Vegeta took a peek at the control panel next to him, he saw that the room was set to over two thousand times earth's gravity. She was practically hitting the danger limits of the machine on an organic life form and what any person was capable of achieving in that kind of environment. Raising an eyebrow, he then looked in to see the orange haired female take a step forward and cock her hands to her sides.

Sweat falling off of her and hitting the ground with the force of anvils dropping from the sky, the powered up Hera gritted her teeth and took aim at the flying drones above her. They orbited her for several seconds, keeping their crosshairs locked firmly upon the woman's form. Then, after the sensor lights flashed between all of them, the drone floating behind the warrior a full story above her then lit up and fired a powerful golden sphere of energy down at her.

Reacting fast, the Hera spun around and smacked the attack away, sending it hurtling towards another drone. In the blink of an eye, the ki blast bounced off of an invisible force field that sprang up around the basketball-sized robot, which promptly sent the attack shooting towards a third. Once again the attack bounced off of the machine and flew towards another, and another, and continued to repeat the process over and over again, until the single ki blast was moving in a blur between all of the training bots, forming a glowing net above the Hera.

Zangya growled as her eyes darted after the energy attack, watching it rebound off of the floating metal orbs one after the other. A few seconds later, the attack, which had built up enough momentum between the robots to confuse any ordinary quarry, then shot towards her a second time, prompting the Hera to leap into the air and avoid it. The attack struck the ground, where it was absorbed by the energy resistant barrier above the tiled floors, preventing the attack from detonating and keeping the room intact.

With a yell of rage, the orange haired warrior thrust her hand forward and unleashed a powerful energy blast towards one of the robots, slamming it in its single eye and sending it flying into the far wall. The drone smashed into the barrier, exploding into a thousand pieces that scattered over the floor. Zangya then followed up with a blast behind her, only to watch the attack streak past her targets when they avoided it.

Responding quickly, the remaining six robots hovering around her then unleashed simultaneous
energy attacks in her direction, catching her in the middle of their formation. The energy balls converged on her position at light speed. But just when it seemed like the woman was about to be crushed by the synchronized force of their multiple shots, Zangya crossed her arms over her chest and produced a blue energy shield that jumped up around her like a bubble and stopped the attacks. The blasts burrowed into the film and began to compress it, threatening to break through. Then, just when it appeared the sphere would pop, Zangya threw her arms out and, with a mighty howl, dispelled the attacks with a full-body blast.

"HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

This counter took the form of a bright flash of light, which engulfed the surrounding drones and melted them under the sheer heat of the wave. The robots' lights flickered and flashed, giving off a warning sound as their hardware was toasted from the inside out. Several seconds later, a shockwave reverberated across the chamber that sent the metal spheres hurtling into the surrounding walls, bouncing off of them and scattering their remains all over the chamber.

Once the deed was done, the spent and exhausted Zangya hovered back down to the ground and stood in place, feeling the gravity continue hammering down on her like a weight. Sweat dribbling down her face in rivers, the Hera then prepared to move on to the next stage of the training regime, only for the light of the room to suddenly turn back to normal and an emergency siren to call out.


Hearing this announcement over the intercom quickly drew Zangya's attention towards the entrance. When her eyes fixed upon the door, she saw Vegeta standing there, with the blast proof gateway to the training hub closing behind him and sealing shut.

Blinking in surprise, the Hera looked across at her visitor uncertainly, "Oh. Hey, Vegeta. I… didn't know you were still hanging around here."

Arms folded over his chest, the prince frowned at the blue-skinned alien before then taking stock of the damages. After counting all of the robots lying in pieces in the training space, the man then grunted and looked back at the exhausted woman with his usual, disapproving scowl. "And what possible reason could I have to not hang around my own house… let alone my own Gravity Room?"

Scoffing, the sweat-covered and visibly battered Zangya then looked away with a frown, "None, actually. Geez. I keep forgetting that this is Bulma's place and not mine." She then clocked herself on the forehead, "Ugh. I'm such an idiot."

Brow creasing, Vegeta took a decisive few steps forward, "That's an assessment that both of us can agree on. However, all matters of self-examination aside, I notice that you were in the middle of a rather interesting training exercise."

Zangya then snapped up to glare at her visitor, watching as he approached the control panel standing in the center of the room. "Yeah? What of it?"

"Well… after seeing your little outburst against the woman's training probes, I thought to myself that you could use a proper, live training partner to shoot at; someone who can actually take your hits without falling to pieces in the first few seconds and hit back with just as much force."

Stopping beside the control tower and looking at the computer board, Vegeta then reached out with his hands and typed into the keys. After applying the appropriate settings, a loud clank followed by the hum of machinery echoed throughout the room once more, signaling the start of another round.

Upon seeing the computer accept the codes, the prince turned and faced his home's guest once again. "Do you still have the energy to take on a Saiyan elite? Or would you rather call it a night?"

Hearing the thrum of the turbines echoing all around as the room began diverting power Zangya then narrowed her eyes and faced the flame-haired man with a frown. Her fists were clenched and at the ready and, after a few moments of consideration, she relented. "Fine. I'll take you on."

This drew a nod from the serious warrior. "Good." Then, in a bright flash of golden light, the Saiyan Prince jumped straight to Super Saiyan 2, bolts of electricity running up his form and accompanying the fierce, celestial aura that now shrouded him.

Without needing to be told twice, Zangya also powered up and went right into her Super Hera form, her hair flashing blood red and her skin turning a shade of green. Her own aura blasted around her, matching the intensity of her opponent's as they both stood glaring each other down.

Several seconds later, the entire room turned red and the gravity engines activated. Both fighters lurched forward ever so slightly when they were both hit with the same gravitational pull of a black hole, causing them to grit their teeth and fix their most intense glares upon one another. As soon as the room's power and output stabilized, both Hera and Saiyan were primed for combat, and the stage was set for what was sure to be an explosive bout.

However, from Vegeta's perspective on the situation, it didn't look like one of them was intending to make this a long one.

With an angry snarl and a yell of rage, Zangya exploded from her spot and charged straight towards her opponent at full speed, her green aura blazing around her. She lunged at him with an overhand, watching the man parry her blow and slip away. She pursued with due haste, unleashing a barrage of punches and kicks on her opponent as he retreated across the tiled floor, yelling out with every blow. However, despite their great speed and strength, Vegeta's expression remained mostly calm as he avoided and knocked aside every attack launched by his opponent, allowing the alien warrior to chase him down.

After crossing fists with one another across the ground for some time, the Hera then threw a kick at her opponent, only for him to leap straight into the air and out of her reach. Zangya growled in frustration and chased after him, attempted to cut him off. She roared when she swung at him with hooks and upper cuts, trying to hit the man in the face, or any part of him that would earn a satisfying 'thump' from her knuckles. But when he successfully avoided all of her strikes without the slightest bit of effort, it only caused the woman to yell out with even more fury.

Dodging another series of punches, Vegeta then swung around the woman and nailed her in the cheek with a well-placed counter cross. It was after the blow landed Zangya spat venomously and, spinning in the direction the Saiyan had gone, the woman thrust her hand out and fired two quick ki blasts. She watched them streak after the man at great speed, only to see her opponent smash them away and promptly return fire. She evaded his retaliatory blast easily with a quick duck and charged in after him, swinging towards the man's face with a hook.

The Prince blocked it, but then received a powerful uppercut that knocked his head upwards and smacked some spit out of his mouth. Clearly caught by surprise, Vegeta gritted his teeth and retaliated with a swift roundhouse kick to the woman's side, knocking her out of the air and towards the ground. When the Hera landed, she quickly back flipped into a standing position, just in time to dodge a diving kick from her opponent when he chased after her. Seeing his foot slam into the floor then prompted Zangya to thrust her finger out and fire a red beam, which shot towards her target like a bullet.
Spotting the approaching attack, Vegeta calmly head slipped it while simultaneously pitching an energy ball at his opponent in an awkward, underarm throw. The ki blast curled upwards and slammed Zangya in the stomach hard, knocking the wind out of the woman's lungs as she was unceremoniously knocked into the air by sphere. Her back slammed into the wall of the gravity room, causing her to bounce off of it with a thunderous 'bang' and spin to the floor, where she landed painfully on her side. Coughing in shock as she remained on all fours, the woman gave another bellow of rage and, picking herself up, sprinted headlong towards her opponent.

She ran down Vegeta like an enraged bull, opening up with a vicious assault of punches. But despite the swiftness of her attacks, the Saiyan Prince avoided them easily, even when she was punching out at him with full force. In the midst of her continuous combo, her opponent waited patiently for an opening, before eventually slipping around a punch and nailing her in the stomach with a swift body blow. This attack stopped Zangya dead in her tracks and had the female spit up, before she eventually received a hook across the face, followed by a vicious kick. These two hits sent the Hera skidding across the floor and through the piles of scrap that were the remains of the training robots, before she eventually stopped several yards away.

Blood trickling from her mouth, the Hera shook her head and frowned deeply. When she fixed her glare upon her opponent, she then sneered loudly and vanished into super speed. Vegeta copied her and also disappeared, intending to outgun her.

For two minutes after that the air became filled with the sounds of shockwaves and fists making contact with bodies. Moving around the room at untraceable speeds, both Vegeta and Zangya darted after one another in the form of two unrecognizable blurs, which crisscrossed the training room floor and the air above the ground repeatedly. Their high speed battle meant that their maneuvers and actions were impossible to track, with the ultimate outcome of the battle remaining completely unknown. However, after another violent spurt of shockwaves filled the space and rattled the chamber's walls, the pair's battle soon came to an abrupt end when Zangya reappeared near the ceiling, her eyes darting around in paranoia, and her opponent nowhere in sight.

Almost immediately after she emerged from the speed zone, Vegeta teleported behind her and dove at her from above. Her response to his attack came far too late when the Saiyan Prince buried a knee into her stomach, before he cupped his hands in the air above him and dropped a hammer blow right into her back, sending the Hera spiraling to the ground. Zangya slammed into the floor with an earsplitting crack, leaving her lying sprawled out on the tiles with blood flying out of her mouth.

The moment she was grounded, her opponent landed alongside her stricken form, arms crossed and a disappointed look on his face.

The Prince of all Saiyans huffed, "It's over."

Groaning through her teeth and the various bruises covering her body, the red haired woman attempted to get back to her feet. "No. I'm not… done yet." Sitting up was a struggle, especially when she had the force of several thousand times earth's normal gravity weighing down on her. The woman breathed heavily when she then dug her nails into the ground. "Let's… go again."

"No."

"I'm telling you, I can keep going."

"Enough!" Vegeta, sporting a solitary bruise on his cheek and a bloody lip, turned his back on the stubborn woman and stomped over to the control panel. "This session is over." Pressing the big red button on the controls, the man promptly shut the gravity field off, the hum of the chamber's
engines dying down as normal environmental settings were once again restored. As soon as he felt the weight of the simulation lift, the Saiyan Prince turned his glare back to his opponent, who was breathing heavily from the short bout. "Hmph. Pathetic."

Zangya's head snapped towards the man when she heard his comment, "What?"

"Your form. It was all over the place. You barely even touched me once. Your attacks had little to no edge to them, your punches were sloppy, you had no flow in your movements whatsoever, and you barreled towards me head first like an idiot without even taking a second to think about your strategy or technique. To put it to you simply, your abilities in this round were revolting, a complete eyesore... utterly unfit for a warrior of your stature," Vegeta said straight out, eliciting a stunned look from the woman, who then looked towards the ground in disgrace. The Prince grunted at her desponded expression. "You should be ashamed of yourself."

Biting her tongue for but a moment, the red haired woman then sighed and closed her eyes, "I... I know that. I know."

Scoffing in disgust as the lights of the room returned to normal, the Prince then dropped out of his Super Saiyan 2 form and turned his back on the woman, who remained seated in a damsel position on the cold, hard floor. Keeping his eyes locked on the far wall, Vegeta then spoke. "Out of all the warriors on this planet, you are the only one besides the brat I view as being an equal to me in both skill and power, with the Namekian coming in at a close second." He then glanced over his shoulder to see Zangya sit up properly, before bringing her knees up to her chest to rest her chin behind. "Normally you would've put up a more decent fight compared to that pitiful excuse of a performance you just gave me. Care to explain yourself?"

Gritting her teeth and clenching her fists tightly around her legs, the red haired woman allowed her body to revert back to its base form. The strain of the battle and the expenditure of energy she had in her fight with the Saiyan instantly caught up with her. But through sheer force of will, Zangya was able to prevent it from upsetting her train of thought.

Glaring ahead of her, the Hera spoke in a quiet voice, "I just... have a lot on my mind right now."

"Like what?" Vegeta asked gruffly, turning around a bit more to glare down at his sparring partner. His question caused the alien girl's shoulders to jump. "Please. I'm all ears."

Turning her head away, the clearly upset Zangya exhaled sharply, "It doesn't matter. A guy as tough and unfeeling as you wouldn't understand."

The prince smirked, "You sound so sure about that."

"Just leave me alone, alright. What I'm thinking and what I'm feeling is none of your business," the Hera replied, unable to hide the annoyance in her voice from the arrogant smirk she could feel on her opponent's face. "It's nobody's business but my own."

"It certainly doesn't seem like that from where I'm standing."

"JUST GO AWAY!" Zangya finally snapped, spinning around and chucking one of the drone parts that'd been lying right next to her at the Saiyan.

Her outburst, though sudden and unexpected, was easily avoided by the prince when he simply moved his head to the side and heard the chunk of metal impact against the far wall. When it eventually clattered to the floor, Vegeta moved his head back into position and watched as his opponent's tear-filled eyes glared right back at him.
Unable to hold it in anymore, the orange haired woman on the ground brought her arm up and pressed her eyes into it, her body trembling as she began to weep. She sobbed freely into her skin, filling the once silent room with her cries of sadness and despair. Though her expression of grief didn't at all affect the Saiyan Prince, he certainly could not ignore her display and continued to look upon her silently and considerately.

After listening to her bawl for several seconds, the Saiyan Prince sighed and stepped towards the alien girl, his arms crossed and a serious glare still in play. "Anger for a warrior can be a very powerful weapon and a source of great strength in battle when put to the proper use. The problem with you is that your anger is misguided and unfocused. You have allowed it to get the better of you, to steer your actions and, as a result, it has clouded your judgment." He then raised his head when he heard the woman's sobbing subside and her trembling still. "From what I gather, all of this drama you're experiencing right now must have something to do with the brat."

Looking up from her arms, the Hera took a moment to catch her breath before, with tears still shimmering in her red, tired eyes, she began to speak. "Somebody did this to him," Zangya whispered, prompting Vegeta to raise an eyebrow at her. "Gohan and Videl being attacked on the streets by that armored freak, the mech having the exact same tech as Seventeen and Eighteen, Gohan being affected by the same heart virus his dad had… these aren't just coincidences. Someone very dangerous is hiding out there somewhere on this planet, watching us, and he wants Gohan dead." Her gaze then shot towards the Prince, whom she could see was staring back at her with as straight an expression she'd ever seen on him. "You can see it too, right?"

Remaining silent for but a moment, the flame haired man then grunted and looked away, turning his gaze towards the wall. "Yes. I can see it. I'm not blind."

Clenching her fists again, the orange haired fighter then glared ahead of her and snarled under her breath, "My best friend is in that room right now… suffering… dying. I just… can't bear seeing Gohan in so much pain. He doesn't deserve that… not someone as good and as kind as him." Tears started to roll down her cheeks as she spoke, which prompted her to shake her head and shut her eyes. "I only wish… I could do something to help him… make him feel better. But I can't. All I can do is just stand here uselessly, like an idiot…"

Expression becoming even tenser, the Saiyan then tapped his finger against his bicep impatiently and murmured. "There isn't anything more you or anyone else can do for him, except allow him to rest and let the medicine do its job. There's no need to stress over it." When he turned back to his fellow Z-fighter and saw Zangya still sitting there with her face pressed into her arm, the prince blinked a couple of times before grunting in acknowledgement of her current emotional state. "Especially you. You're angry right now because of what's happened to Gohan and because you feel powerless to help him… but you have no idea what to do with your rage and who to center it on. That's why your fighting skills were so terrible just now… because you were confused, scared, and unable to focus your emotions and accept the truth." Vegeta then narrowed his eyes even more as he broke down the woman's words and the secret that she was concealing. It was something he was able to figure out with just a single glance. "You're in love with him… aren't you?"

His question had Zangya look up with a start. Unable to contain her gasp, the Hera quickly looked over her shoulder and towards the Saiyan Prince, whom she could see was staring at her with his unflinching gaze. Eyes shimmering with her tears of grief, the woman attempted to speak, but no words came out.

Vegeta grunted at her bewildered gaze, "Don't bother trying to deny it. I can see it clearly on your face. You love that brat more than anything else in the world and its killing you keeping all of these feelings for him locked up inside, especially now that his life is in danger."
Cheeks turning bright red, the alien looked away hastily and gripped her legs even tighter, pressing her knees further into her chest. Trying to hide the stunned and embarrassed expression currently framing her visage, Zangya began forming a reason in an attempt to dispute the prince's wild allegations. However, after several minutes of silent contemplation and coming to terms with her whirlwind of thoughts, the woman bit her bottom lip and nodded her head meekly.

She couldn't deny it. Seven years of hanging around Gohan's home, as well as the demi-Saiyan's warm and welcoming presence, had finally taken its toll on her. The two of them had shared so many great times and experiences together that she'd more than just grown to appreciate his company. His innocent, country boy nature, his words of comfort and support, his virtuous spirit, his confidence in battle, and his charming smile, had all but captured her existence in its entirety. To put it in simple terms, the boy had opened his heart and his home to her, and in return she'd given hers to him. Despite all of her exhaustive defensive strategies and attempts to prevent her feelings from escalating too far, she couldn't help but fall for the boy with the spiky hair and boyish smile, who had long since become the most prominent figure in her life.

"He gave me the life I have now," Zangya said, speaking in the firmest and most sincere voice Vegeta had ever heard from her, "And I intend to protect his in return… no matter what it takes." She then nodded and allowed a small smile to tug at the corner of her mouth, as her true feelings were allowed to flow freely. "I love him."

Even though she'd admitted it in her head, the impact of her words still felt just as potent to her as the first time she even considered the notion. Her heartbeat quickened as a result of her confession and, curling up even more, the woman did the best she could to keep the heat out of her cheeks.

Smirking when he heard the woman speak her peace, Vegeta then turned away and chuckled, "To each his or her own, I suppose."

The Hera, taking a minute or two to cool off and catch her breath, then rose up from the floor and stretched her arms. Slapping herself in the cheeks a couple of times to clear her head of her daze, she then turned back to her sparring partner, whom she saw was now glaring over his shoulder and in her direction. After a quick stare-off with who many would regard as the most dangerous man on the face of the planet, the woman massaged her arm and left the room with a renewed spring in her step.

"Thanks, Vegeta," Zangya said as the Gravity Room door automatically opened in front of her.

Grumbling in his usual, dismissive tone, the Saiyan replied coolly, "I expect a much better fight from you tomorrow."

"Alright. What time?"

"Five A.M sharp… and just so you know, I don't like to be kept waiting."

His demand was returned by a half-assed wave from the Hera, who nodded at the same time she stepped through the exit. "Sure thing."

Zangya then disappeared into the locker room, leaving the Prince of all Saiyans standing in the center of the training space all by his lonesome to count up all the busted up drone parts carpeting the floor. The cleaning bot would be in later tonight to sweep up the mess, but until then the man was simply content with just standing there brooding, until it was time for him to turn in.

OOO
Over the course of the entire day, the Z-fighters had remained almost completely vigilant at Gohan's side, occupying their time between watching him, talking, and standing nearby, just to make sure everything was alright. On top of their periodic rotations in shifts, every once in a while the group would receive visits from the facility's main doctor, who would drop by the room every two hours to make sure the machines hooked up to the demi-Saiyan were still up and running, and that his condition was stable. But thanks to the presence of the teen's closest friends and family members, there was little to fear of any unwanted dramas or events unfolding. Having already dealt with a similar case seven years ago, you could say that a lot of them were already experienced in handling this sort of situation.

While Chi-Chi, Goten, Trunks, Vegeta, Paprika, and Bulma occasionally left the room to attend to business elsewhere and what not, the only ones who stayed were Videl and Piccolo, both of whom were making do with the environment available in the dimmed hospital room. The bedside lamp, the adjacent corridor, and the starry night sky beyond the window were the only sources of light the two of them had at their disposal, establishing a scene reminiscent of an old movie.

With the Namekian having rooted his feet to the floor in the corner of the chamber, his arms crossed and his eyes closed in silent meditation, the demi-Saiyan's girlfriend could be seen sitting by the teen's bed with her eyes fixated firmly upon his person. Not only was there an empty tray of food sitting on the table next to her, she also had a sheet laid across her shoulders for added warmth and her hands were wrapped around Gohan's in a gentle and comforting gesture. She'd maintained this position for a majority of her stay here, moving only to go to the toilet and to receive the vaccination from Bulma Briefs for the heart virus. Other than that, the girl hadn't done much else by way of activity and had resolved to remain as she was.

She wasn't alone in this department either.

Looking across the bed and toward the chairs positioned on the other side of the divan, Videl saw that Lime and Erasa were also present, and Goten was sitting comfortably on the former's lap. However, unlike the crime fighter, the journalist-in-training, the demi-Saiyan's younger brother, and his best friend from the mountains, had all fallen asleep at their stations. While the girl in the green halter top and jeans had assumed a very comfortable position lying across her crush's bedspread, her underclassman was sitting upright with the adolescent half-Saiyan cuddled up in her arms and a children's book opened up in front of them, which they'd both been reading together earlier that afternoon.

It was apparent to Videl that her two girl friends had tried to stay awake as long as they could. But thanks to all the stress and hysterics of the day, the pair found that they were unable to hack it, and so resigned themselves to collapsing wherever they were.

Smiling when she saw the trio snoring quietly alongside one another in the most adorable sight imaginable, Videl quietly grabbed up an extra blanket from the nearby desk. Unfurling it, she laid it over the two girls and the seven-year-old demi-Saiyan so that they wouldn't catch cold, and took a step back to survey the bed from a distance. The moment she did so, the poster girl then heard a gentle knock on the door and, turning around, watched as Zangya ambled on in through the entrance, dressed in a red jumper and jeans. When the young woman finally edged her way over to the raven haired fighter, she gave Gohan's bed a once over and glanced across at her friend.

"Is he doing okay?" she whispered.

Videl nodded, "Yeah. He moved around a few times and woke up once from a nightmare, but other than that he's been sleeping well."
This put a relieved look on the alien's face as she went back to assessing the teen's condition. "That's good. Hopefully the medicine will let him get a good night's sleep." After a few moments of contemplation and sparing a glance across at Piccolo, the Hera focused back on the human fighter and the weary look in her eyes. "And you? How are you coping?"

Adjusting the blanket over her shoulders, the crime fighter nodded and replied in a quiet voice, "I'm okay. Just hanging around and making sure Gohan's okay."

Smiling at her response, Zangya reached over and patted her on the shoulder, "You should get some rest. You've been up for two days straight. I'll keep an eye on him tonight."

The raven haired girl looked back at the female in surprise. "Are you sure? I mean… you haven't gotten any sleep for the last forty-eight hours either… and you sleep more than the rest of us combined."

An indifferent wave was her immediate response. "Ah, it's fine. My race can stay awake for weeks at a time and not even feel the slightest bit tipsy. I just do it because it feels good," Zangya replied, a confident smile on her face as she gazed back at her fellow martial arts partner. She then nodded in her direction and the exhausted expression on her face, "You on the other hand could use the break."

Videl then attempted to protest, "But…"

"Don't worry about it. Gohan won't be going anywhere. Just take a seat and kick your feet up for a few hours… give yourself time to cool off," the Hera said, being sure to offer the girl a reassuring once over.

Hearing and feeling the earnestness in her friend's voice, the raven haired girl swallowed whatever protests she had and responded with a beam of consent. However, just before she or Zangya could do or say anything more on the patter, the pair was suddenly startled out of their dazes when they felt a powerful energy signature approaching from up high.

Their gazes snapped towards the side of Gohan's bed at the exact same time Piccolo moved away from the wall, prompting the three of them to take fighting stances.

Even the previously immobile Android 16 reacted to the approaching life sign and, sticking his right arm out, he removed the gauntlet and produced a ki-powered Gatling cannon from underneath. "Intruder Detected. Proximity breached. Stand-by for engagement."

Seconds later, golden photons of light started to appear in the air and gather directly beside the hospital unit. The corporeal mass of energy speedily took shape and form and, once the shroud of matter had dispersed, it instantly revealed itself to be the familiar, plug-suit wearing form of Kana; the beautiful traveler from another galaxy. Glowing orange hair waving behind her as the nodes on her uniform died down, the star traveler's eyes darted about the room for a couple of moments before settling on the trio of fighters nearby.

When their gazes met, the Z-fighters relaxed, with the Namekian blinking at the woman in shock. "It's you?"

"Kana?" Zangya murmured, watching the Seirei glance about the area before her eyes fixated upon the bed.

Hearing the voices of the Z-fighters, Android 16 quickly deduced through his vocal processing system that the group knew this stranger. So, responding logically, the red-haired android retracted
his arm and reattached his hand, before quickly going into standby mode once again. However, unbeknownst to the others, the robotic man remained active and tuned in to the conversation that was sure to follow.

When she saw her close friend, crush, and former adversary lying underneath the covers, hooked up to what she assumed were health and life support monitors, the glowing freelancer gasped and moved towards him. "Gohan-kun." Dropping to her knees beside the teen, Kana attempted to reach out, but reframed from making contact, for fear she might trip something off that she shouldn't. Looking over the equipment and the tubes plugged into his arm, her gaze then snapped towards the others. "I-Is he-?

"Don't worry, he's alright," Videl spoke back in a whisper, walking over to where the Seirei was positioned along with Zangya. When the crime fighter stopped behind her, she then knelt down next to the bed as well. "He had a rough night and a bit, but the doctors say he's going to be fine."

Hearing this, Kana quickly looked back at the teen and, when her holographic scouter popped over her left eye, she scanned the demi-Saiyan for any anomalies. "Bit: Analyze Subject." Her onboard computer beeping in her ear as all sorts of numbers and images flashed in front of her, the Seirei remained fixated upon the teen for a full minute in silence. Once the scan was complete moments later, she recoiled in shock and, gently, reached out to touch the boy on the arm. "No. H-How… did this happen to him?"

"That's the question we've been trying to answer for the past several hours," Piccolo spoke, crossing his arms and looking down at his student with a frown. He then addressed the visitor with his serious scowl. "Do you know what he has?"

"He has a pulmonary irregularity caused by cellular degradation on the left side of his chest cavity around the primary circulatory organ. It's a rare illness that occurs solely in primate-based life forms across the cosmos, and causes intense pains, fevers, and a number of other symptoms in the affected subject," Kana answered, using the information she was able to take away from her analysis. Regarding the teen with consideration and concern for several seconds, she then looked back at the group and narrowed her eyes. "But how did he receive such an illness. The last time I was in contact with him, Gohan-kun was in perfect physical health, with a strong cardiac cycle. There wasn't a single trace of a viral strain in his system."

"Well… Bulma thinks it's a hereditary infection that he received from his dad," Videl informed. When she saw the demi-Saiyan under the covers shift and a pained expression come over him, the teen reached over and grasped the stricken boy by the hand. When her thumb rubbed against the back of his knuckles, the agonized Gohan relaxed, and he went back to breathing normally once more. "She said that the microbes could've been lying dormant inside of him for the last seven years and reacted to an unknown stimulate in the atmosphere."

Processing this bit of data, Kana quickly stood up and, hologram scouter appearing over her eye a second time, she scanned every single record she had on Son Gohan. Once her search was complete, the Seirei shook her head and looked back at Videl, who she could see was staring up at her. "Impossible. My computer would've detected any foreign anomalies in his body the moment I scanned him. Even dormant spores inside a living host wouldn't've been picked up by my computer." She then glared down at the demi-Saiyan suspiciously. "An ailment of this grade affects the host within thirty-six cycles of physical assimilation with the body's cells, so the chances that it's been lying dormant inside of him are slim to none. I don't think he received it from spores either, as I didn't detect any irregular particles in his lungs. He must've received this virus recently… probably when he came into contact with a possible carrier."
"That's what I think happened as well," Zangya said, her words drawing the gazes of the others standing around her. When they all looked in her direction, the Hera narrowed her eyes on the boy and spoke, "Gohan was perfectly fine before he came down with this. He only started acting funny when he headed off to school yesterday morning."

The Hera's knowledge on the matter had Kana and the others pause for a bit. As they began wondering how Gohan could've contracted something like this, conjuring up all sorts of possibilities from old bedding used formerly by his father when he was ill to possible wildlife he'd run into, the silence soon began to overwhelm them. After a great amount of time had passed, the members of the group slowly returned to their previous positions, with Piccolo backing up into his corner, Videl settling into her seat alongside Gohan, and Zangya picking her spot at the windowsill, which she leaned against with her arms folded.

"At any rate, there isn't anything more we can do, except wait for the medicine to run its course and the virus to pass," Videl informed, looking up towards her boyfriend with her eyes reflecting hope and positivity. "It's all up to him now."

"Gohan is as stubborn a man as they come. He won't let something like this keep him down for long," Zangya added from her place, a smile framing her lips when she saw Videl and Kana look back at her. She showed them nothing but certainty behind her words, at the same time her face radiated with the warmth of expectation. "I can guarantee that once he gets up, he will bounce back stronger than ever."

Kana didn't hesitate in agreeing with her fellow alien, her own expression reflecting warmth and conviction as she nodded in agreement, "You're right. After all, he is the man who defeated me in battle… and the only one I would cross the entire universe to stand beside."

The words of the two girls put a smile on Videl's face and instilled in her an unyielding flame, one that burned with both happiness and pride. She was delighted to hear how much faith her friends had in the man that she loved, while at the same time she was driven by the desire to fight for him. She was determined to spur Gohan on in his recovery and be the first person he saw when he finally opened his eyes once the infection had passed. It was what she wanted to do as both his teammate and his girlfriend.

After these words were spoken, the group returned to the silence and proceeded to wait out the night. True to her words, Videl soon fell asleep alongside the demi-Saiyan, her hand wrapped around his in a gesture of unbending support and affection. Kana also joined the raven haired beauty in defense, standing by the boy's bed right up against the wall in meditation, with her hair bellowing behind her on an invisible wind and her suit's lights set on a light glow that brought warmth to the room. It was like she'd become the group's own mobile heater.

The same went for Zangya in terms of the company she gave; the Z-fighter remaining seated on the windowsill, periodically looking between the night sky above and the demi-Saiyan sleeping peacefully on the bed, surrounded by the people he loved… and who loved him in kind.

"With all my heart, I swear… I won't let anything happen to you, Gohan," Zangya thought as she gazed upon Gohan's face, watching him turn and exhale softly. Simply seeing his face had the woman's heart skip a beat. "No matter what."

XXX

(Early morning)

Waking up at the crack of dawn to the sun's gentle glow breaking through a light overcast, Bulma
Briefs readied herself for the day ahead in the usual manner. After dealing with the ravenous appetite of her husband, who couldn't help but join her in the shower and 'rub her down' for an extra half hour following his awakening, and sending him down for an early breakfast, she then grabbed a cup of coffee from the lounge room and headed down to the hospital wing.

Passing by security guards and other employees just pulling in for the day shift, greeting each and every one of them in kind, the blue haired woman soon arrived at the room where her best friend's son was currently resting. Nudging her way through the door, she was quickly greeted by the uplifting sight of Videl, Lime, Erasa, Goten, Kana and Zangya, all scattered around the demi-Saiyan's room, dozing away. Though the latter of them was awake and watching over the teenager with an eagle eye, the rest of the team looked like they were all fast asleep, and enjoying whatever dreams the mercy of Morpheus had decided to bestow upon them.

Looking over into the corner of the room to her left, Bulma noticed that Piccolo was also present, head lowered and eyes closed in silent meditation. After counting up all of the heads that were currently sharing the same room together, the scientist cracked a smile and moved into the area. She made her way over to where Videl was lying and placed a hand on the girl's shoulder.

A few gentle shakes were enough to wake the crime fighter, who looked up through a drowsy expression and a wicked forming of bed hair to see what the problem was.

"Oh… Bulma," the girl murmured groggily in surprise.

"Hey there, sleepy," the woman greeted, her voice loud enough to lightly wake the two girls snoozing on the other side of the cot. "Had a good night?"

Stretching her neck and arm, the raven haired beauty groaned in relief, "Yeah. It was alright. I had a really good dream too." She then looked over at Gohan and after seeing he was still with them, snoring away through a slightly tense expression, she turned to the woman in the lab coat and gestured in her direction. "What's up?"

Smiling lightheartedly at the teen, the president of the company thumbed over her shoulder and towards the door, "You could use a little pick-me-up. Come on. Mum and the boys are making breakfast over in the hall." She then looked at the crime fighter's classmates, where she also saw Goten's head perk up from its place on Lime's shoulder. "If I'm being completely honest, all of you could use a little break from your watch. A little bit of bacon and egg should definitely help to lift your spirits."

The prospect of food instantly brought the youngest of their group around, who looked up from his position to beam across at his best friend's mum. "We're having bacon and eggs for breakfast?"

"Uh-huh. Mum's also making Eggs Benedict and Apple Risotto for all of our special guests, so feel free to help yourselves," Bulma replied with a warm smile.

"Yatta!" Goten cheered, immediately springing off of his neighbor's lap to scamper out the door.

Chuckling at the sight of the child's sudden burst of energy, Lime slowly rose up from her seat and massaged her shoulders, "Actually… some hot chocolate and porridge doesn't sound too bad right about now." After rolling her muscles and making sure her body was in a suitable condition, she then turned her attention to the patient's bed. "How's Gohan? Is he doing okay?"

"He's still out of it, but he's fine," Zangya answered, hopping off of the window sill to get blood back into her legs. "The medicine did a good job in making sure he had a comfortable night's sleep. He didn't have any nightmares at all." She then looked over at Videl, who was also rubbing her
eyes of the sandman's earlier visit. "I think it was all thanks to you, V."

The raven haired young woman in question smiled warmly in return.

A yawn emanated from Erasa's mouth followed by a cheery expression, "That's good." She then leaned over to gently pat the still sleeping demi-Saiyan on the arm, before turning towards her host and pointing sleepily out the door. "Is there a bathroom near the dining hall?"

Bulma nodded affirmatively, "Yes. Just down the corridor and to the left. You'll find the washroom facilities through the door on the far right."

"Thank you," the groggy blonde chirped, before slowly slogging her way out of the room. Swaying a little with every step, the girl in the green top was shortly followed by Lime, who assisted her friend in getting out the door without bumping into the frame.

Obviously both of them needed some R&R following their shift of the previous afternoon. Considering the positions they'd slept in, the duo weren't just sore, but also in need of a good wake-up.

After flicking back her hair and giving a well-deserved yawn, Bulma quickly turned her attention to Piccolo, who she could see was also awake and staring at them with his usual hard disposition. The scientist chuckled at his steely faced and waved reverently. "Hey, big guy. Wanna come down for a coffee with us? Even though it's not your favorite thing in the world, you really look like you could use with one."

Murmuring hesitantly to himself, the Namekian took a few seconds to think about her proposal. After running it through his head and performing a quick diagnosis on the patient, he then nodded and picked himself off of the plaster. "Why not? I think a glass of water should do me just fine."

He then slowly strolled over to the exit, where he was shortly joined by the scientist.

Bulma followed him out with due haste, but not before sparing one last glance back at the demi-Saiyan under the sheets and then towards the remaining three girls in the room. The president of the company nodded to them, before disappearing round the bend and down the corridor.

Fully revitalized from her sleep, Videl removed the blanket from around her shoulders and laid it over the chair. Looking in the direction of her second most frequent training partner, the poster girl of Satan City smiled and nodded. "Thanks... for last night."

Zangya nodded in acknowledgment of her gratitude, "Don't mention it."

Satisfied from her sleep, Videl then looked over at their other extraterrestrial companion, who she could see was also awake, alert, and standing there with her fiery glowing hair wafting behind her. She was also looking in her direction with the most innocent look of curiosity on her face.

Figuring the woman hadn't experienced much of earthling culture, the crime fighter gestured their guest to follow. "I'm sure you'd like to try out some of the food we humans like to eat around here for breakfast. You game, Kana?"

Eyes lighting up as much as her suit, the Seirei gave a light cheer and jogged over. "Yeah! I'm game. Lead the way." She then cheerfully followed the teenager out of the room. Heck, she was so excited about the idea of earthling food that she practically floated the rest of the way out of the hospital wing and down the hall.

This left Zangya as the only one left standing in that chamber. Gazing down at the demi-Saiyan from her place by the window, the orange haired woman slowly inched forward to stand by his
side, where she was able to clearly see the beads of sweat on his face and his expression twist a little in pain. When she heard him groan and saw him turn towards her, his fists opening and closing in response to his heart's spasms, the worried Hera acted quickly and, leaning forward, captured his hand in hers.

Squeezing it reassuringly, the orange haired fighter then slowly watched as Gohan's face relaxed and the pain slowly vanished from his expression. When she felt his grip loosen in hers, Zangya couldn't help but allow a loving smile form across her lips as her cheeks heated at the contact she was able to make with the teen.

She then released his hand, allowing the young male to turn over again. Being the caregiver that she was, the woman grabbed a dry cloth from nearby and wiped the sweat off of his face, making sure to clean him up so that none of his perspiration made him uncomfortable. Before she could do anything else to further her silent communication with the teen, a presence over by the door drew her attention across the room. There, leaning against the frame, she saw Vegeta standing with his arms folded and his warrior's gaze locked onto her.

His appearance didn't surprise the Hera at all, who set the towel down and turned to face him completely once she realized she was no longer alone.

The prince nodded to her and asked in an impatient tone of voice, "Well... are we going to do this or not?"

Smirking, Zangya disengaged from her post and marched towards the exit. "I was just spending some quality time with my friend. No need to give me the whole angry dad treatment, Veggie."

"Hmph. There'll be plenty of time for you to hang out with the brat once he's fully recovered. Right now, he can use some time to himself," Vegeta snapped, standing off of the wall to lead the way towards the Gravity Room.

Despite the man's agro state, the Hera didn't kick up any sort of fuss over it. Instead, she eagerly followed the Saiyan warrior from the resting area and out of the hospital wing. After the night she'd had standing guard over her crush, while simultaneously being left alone to her thoughts, Zangya was more than eager to partake in a little morning joust to ease her burning enthusiasm and restlessness. She had some ideas and stress that she needed to get off her chest, and what better way to work both out at the same time then by taking her frustrations out on Vegeta for an hour or so.

She had no intention of making the same mistakes she did yesterday. Today... she planned on getting a little bit back for herself.

Hopefully Gohan would be able to handle being alone for a little while without her. After all, both he and the rest of the gang were inside one of the safest buildings in the world, surrounded by the strongest people in the quadrant, as well as their closest friends and allies. What's more, the bedridden demi-Saiyan was receiving frequent visits from both the nursing staff and the main doctor on site, who walked in a little while after Zangya had left to double-check Gohan's condition, as well as to pull the curtains around his bed and the other units.

Needless to say, Gohan couldn't have been in better hands or in a higher class of facility.

What could possibly go wrong?

OOO
As the sun started to rise higher and higher into the sky behind the light veil of cloud cover, the gears inside the Capsule Corp main building that were its facilities and factory floor had begun to turn, as one after the other, members of the main crew began arriving for the morning rush. At around this time, the dining room inside the key structure had become the most occupied space in the entire estate, as a majority of the Z-fighters there had turned out for a serving of Mrs. Briefs' delicious breakfast. Videl, Goten, Chi-Chi, Lime and Piccolo were among the distinct few who'd come down to share in a quick meal, before they planned on returning to their previous stations to carry on whatever it was that they'd been doing beforehand.

With all this commotion going on over in the lounge, a little further up the corridor and away from the structure's main facilities, the Gravity Room was playing host to the likes of Vegeta and Zangya. Just like yesterday, the two of them were engaged in a vigorous spar inside the blast-proof, energy-proof simulation area, where they both took turns in beating the living daylights out of one another until one of them decided to call it quits. Unlike her reckless spat that took place in the late evening of the day beforehand, the orange haired Hera put up a much better fight against the Prince of all Saiyans, who in turn managed to get the workout he was expecting from the powerful Z-fighter.

The rest of their family and friends left the two of them to their own devices. Even Goten and Trunks were so occupied with their exquisite and bountiful breakfast that they completely disregarded the training session going on between their two seniors. They, like the rest of their peers, were perfectly content gorging on the offerings the woman of the house had so generously made for them.

So as the Briefs family and their staff gradually got themselves ready for a day of hard work and personal development, one other person that was not a part of their institute was also preparing for what she hoped was going to be an easy assignment.

Just outside Capsule Corp's main building, on the main road running adjacent to the world renowned corporation, a long white sedan operating on a hovering system pulled up to the curb directly alongside the estate's entrance. Engine revving as its pilot lowered the vehicle onto its landing pads, the side door directly behind the driver's seat opened up and deposited the passenger it was transporting onto the footpath. Showing a bit of leg as she pulled herself out of the vehicle, a young, beautiful, raven haired woman with a mole on her left cheek, wearing a white lab coat and a purple suit and skirt underneath, stood up alongside the car and scanned her surroundings.

Adjusting the pair of square spectacles she was also wearing, the enchanting woman then glanced back inside the car she'd stepped out of and nodded to her companions watching her.

"You boys can head on home. Don't wait up for me," the woman instructed.

The two men, who were also suited up and dressed neatly for the occasion, revealed themselves to be a middle-aged man wearing a driver's cap with a bit of a stubble on his chin and a male, anthropomorphic boar-man, with a single broken tusk and armed with an 12-Gauge auto loading shotgun. Both dressed in black and white suits, the woman's lackeys nodded back to their leader, who smirked confidently at them in kind.

"Will do, ma'am," the driver replied, at the same time tipping his hat to her while his hybrid-animal companion rotated in his seat to face the front. "Best of luck."

Shutting the door behind her, the raven haired woman then watched the car lift into the air and take off down the road at cruising speed. As soon as she saw it round the furthest corner, the fit
female in the doctor's garb made an about face and ambled towards Capsule Corp's main building.

Passing through the entrance with her hands in her pockets, the curvaceous female in glasses flashed the attendant behind the desk her company identification tag. When the woman sitting at the check-in station saw it, she waved the staff member on through, while also signaling the security guards and roots up ahead that she was one of theirs. As soon as she strolled by the two armed men and two security drones in uniform, the raven haired worker then began making her way through the complex, her stylish heels clapping against the tiled floor and echoing throughout the labyrinth of a science factory.

Completely ignoring the building's central garden in favor of the hallways, the visitor made her way to the far wing of the edifice, making her way up two flights of stairs and at the same time passing employees left and right. Being sure to salute the 'coworkers' she ended up crossing paths with, the woman then reached into her coat pocket and pulled out a touch phone from inside. Swiping it with her thumb, she then scrolled over the information she had waiting and ready for her, and double-checked the map that she had uploaded into the device. The GPS system gave her an ideal picture of the entire complex and worked out her location right down to the exact centimeter.

"Okay... I'm getting closer to the medical wing in the upper levels. I just need to get passed the big shots," the raven haired woman thought, knowing full well that even though she'd been able to get by the first lines of defense, there would be some question as to whether she was allowed access into the more restricted areas.

There was an incredibly strong possibility that the managerial staff at the corporation, most notably the heads of the board and the general founders of the corporation, would know the faces of all the workers that were allowed in that area. Since they were also looking after one of their own in this area of the building and were likely sectioning it off solely for the members of their group and organization, the security in the area would also be pretty tight. This meant that she would have to bump up her disguise if she intended to access this area.

It was a good thing she was perfectly equipped to handle the situation…

Not to mention it came as some stroke of luck when the woman passed by two of the people who just so happened to be mentioned in the list of individuals to be on the lookout for.

Coming down the same corridor, possibly on their way to one of the recreation rooms, the raven haired woman in the lab coat saw Lime and Erasa heading her way. Recognizing them as people who were associated with her target, the good doctor lowered her head and adjusted her spectacles as she moved around them. At the same time, the new arrival managed to catch wind of the conversation the two youngsters were having.

"Do you think we should let Sharpener and the others know what's going on over here?" Lime asked her blonde friend, nodding to the raven haired employee when they made eye contact. "I'm pretty sure they're just as worried about Gohan as we are."

"Yeah. I've been meaning to text them yesterday about Gohan's condition, but I've been so worried over how he's doing I just plain forgot," Erasa replied, while at the same time taking a look at her mobile. "The reception in this building is so funky. In one part I'm getting no bars at all, but as soon as I hit an area with windows, I suddenly have a full set. What is up with that?"

"It must have something to do with the way this building is designed. I think they made it this way so that we can't operate telecommunications devices around places where they either have patients or sensitive equipment lying around," the brown haired girl replied, shrugging at her
upperclassman in a slightly impressed manner. "If you ask me, I think that's a pretty useful system."

"Hm. You got a good point there," the chirpy blonde remarked, breathing a heavy sigh as she then looked at her friend in concern. "Are you sure it's okay to leave Gohan-kun alone? I mean… after hearing what Videl and Chi-Chi had to say about his dad and what happened to him… I… well… I think you know why I'm worrying so much."

It was this anxious segment in the girl's words that had Lime smile and pat her classmate on the arm, "It's alright, Erasa. I'm sure Gohan will be fine without us for a little while. Doctor Yusa said his condition has gotten better and that he just needs some space. Since he's taken him off the oxygen mask, I think the best thing we can do now is to not crowd around him and just give him some time to breathe."

Erasa smiled back at her friend in an agreeable manner. "Yeah. Gohan never really was comfortable around large crowds. I guess we can do what the doctor says and stay off guard duty for a bit."

"I think he was also getting a little bit edgy at the number of people who were hanging around his room," Lime added with a troubled look falling over her face. "The patients he normally works with on a daily basis probably don't have large groups of love-struck school girls and aliens sleeping in the same room as them."

"When you put it like that, I can see why he's…"

As their voices faded down the corridor, the raven haired doctor in the coat watched through her peripheral vision as the pair ambled out of sight and out of earshot. The moment they rounded the bend and the woman saw she was once again alone in the corridor, after checking to make sure there weren't any cameras, the doctor then focused on the path ahead and, with a wide grin on her face, suddenly underwent a startling transformation.

Her form shimmering like a mirage on the road, a ring of gold suddenly fell over her, encompassing her entire body and moving down towards the floor. As it descended over her frame, her bewitching, raven haired form was suddenly replaced by the golden locks and outfit of one of the two girls who'd walked passed her just a few seconds ago. By the time the golden ring reached her feet, her entire body had been transformed into an exact copy of Erasa, complete with her enchanting smile and glamorous blue eyes.

Black sandals clapping against the tiled floor, the newly transformed blonde imposter casually strolled down the hallway, without any further need to avoid security or any other curious onlookers. She merely nodded to the one or two staff members she passed on the way over to the medical wing, in which she also ended up traipsing by the corridor leading down to the dining hall. A few short minutes later, the teen doppelganger arrived at the entrance to what she quickly identified as the room containing Son Gohan.

Checking her map to confirm that she was in the right location, the blonde then waited outside for a moment, looking around to see if the area was clear. While she was waiting with her hands behind her back, the girl then saw the entrance to the room open and Doctor Yusa step through with his nose buried in his writing pad. When he looked up, he saw Erasa straighten up with a start and look back at him with a concerned expression.

"How is he, doc? Is Gohan alright?"

The man in the long white coat smiled warmly and nodded, "He's doing fine, miss. There are no
problems with the medicine and his heart rate has gone back down to normal. The patient’s just sleeping now."

Running a hand through her short, blonde hair and exhaling in relief, the teen gave the professional a meek smile. "Do you… think I can go in and see him?"

Considering it for a moment, Yusa nodded and stepped to the side, "If it's just you, then there shouldn't be any problems. Just make it quick… and try not to make too much noise when you're in there, alright? We don't want to wake him."

"Yes," Erasa nodded affirmatively, watching as the capable surgeon turned heel and left the room, heading predictably towards his office nearby. The girl waited until the man was well and truly out of sight and, after seeing his coat disappear around the corner, a serious look quickly overtook her cheerful disposition. Upon which she scanned the immediate block.

Over her eyes, a tiny hologram came up with the results: No other life signs detected.

Sensing no one, the blonde then peered inside to see if there were any of the notorious Z-fighters hiding around. But when she picked up no other ki signature on her radar, 'Erasa' then eased her way into the chamber and shut the door behind her.

Locking it for extra incentive and cutting out the light of the window-lit hallway behind her, the blonde girl strolled across the room and towards the bed concealed by the hospital curtains. Gently nudging them aside, the uninvited guest to the company quickly spotted her target lying unconscious under the sheets, plugged into an IV, with a slightly pained expression on his face.

Quietly approaching his side, the blonde then stood directly over his head, looking down at him from above like a hungry predator stalking a cornered mouse. Watching him breathe raggedly for several seconds and noticing the telltale signs of sweat trickle down his forehead, the blonde teenager then allowed an amused giggle to escape her sinister grin. As soon as she did, the same shimmering effect from earlier encompassed her entire body, followed by another golden ring that descended from her head to the balls of her feet.

Her true form soon revealed itself to be none other than Hasky. Unlike the beautiful dress she had on last night, the master thief and infiltrator was now adorned in a full-body, black jumpsuit that hugged at her curvaceous figure, starting from the tips of her toes and went right up to where the juncture of her jaw line met her neck.

This was no ordinary piece of clothing though. Despite its similar look to the spandex Vegeta wore on a daily basis, this skintight suit had a very metallic appearance to it and reflected the light in a manner reminiscent of a suit of armor. It looked as though it had a scaly texture to it as well, similar to what you would find on a chameleon or a reptile, only this blended in with the grayscale of the uniform. Her entire suit was covered in red neon lines that bent at perfect ninety degree angles, which bore a strong resemblance to cuneiform lettering and hieroglyphics. What's more, her forearms, wrists, feet, chest, upper back, and shoulders were shielded by golden plates of metal similar to the pieces on a knight's armor; only these were fitted to her body, ideal for flexible movement, and were sleek in their design.

It was an impressive piece of hardware. Based on its unique properties and futuristic design elements, it was obviously this jacked-up jumpsuit that gave the woman her unique shape shifting abilities.

Dropping the veil encasing her body, Hasky breathed a gentle sigh and flicked her hair back. "So… this is the boy that my boss has been so interested in lately? Hmm…” Tilting her head down at
him, the assassin clicked her tongue and grinned mischievously. "He certainly is a handsome young man. Given his build and fitness levels, I bet he'd do pretty well in the sack. If I'd met him out on the streets over on South Side I would have gladly asked him out for a drink. Such a waste."

Shaking her head sadly, the woman then raised her left hand into the air and concentrated for a moment. In the blink of an eye, photons of golden light gathered above her palm before forming into a spear of light. The sheen of energy faded shortly afterwards and, from the shroud of electrons, a golden lance, a Doru, dropped into her waiting hand. Gripping the three meter long weapon tightly, she pointed the bladed end down at the sleeping boy and aimed it directly over his chest.

An apologetic smile pulled across her lips. "Sorry about this, but my client has ordered me to take your life. Since I'm being paid an eight figure sum for the completion of this mission, I'm obligated to follow through on his request. It's nothing personal. Well…" A chuckle left her mouth, which quickly took on a sinister grin. "Maybe it is a little." Arm tightening and the red lines on her suit glowing menacingly, the woman cocked back the spear and thrust it downwards in a single, decisive swing. "Say hi to your dad for me, handsome."

A loud thud echoed throughout the room and it looked as though Gohan was as good as gone; perishing with a lance through his chest.

However, just when it seemed like she'd struck gold, Hasky blinked in surprise when she saw the end of her lance was hovering just an inch above the center of her target's chest, with the length of her weapon being held in the vice-like grip of an enormous hand. Baffled, she then tracked the hand to its arm and, following it up to its owner, she found herself confronted by the hulking form of Android 16, who'd dashed through the bed's curtains and reached out to stop the woman from killing the bedridden demi-Saiyan just in time.

Looking at the scene from a distance, Gohan was just an inch from having three meters of staff shoved through his heart.

Arm shaking as she attempted to push the spear through, Hasky continued to glare up at the hulking, red haired man with the Mohawk, who stared right back at her with an equally intense expression.

The woman clicked her tongue irritably when her weapon failed to budge. "You have a lot of nerve… jumping in and grabbing my lance without my permission. Who do you think you are?"

At first unable to believe her attack had been stopped by, the blonde then began wondering how on earth she could've missed such a big figure standing over by the wall. With that hair style and his heavyset build, there was no way her scanners could've missed him.

The answer soon came to her moments later when she realized that the 'person' standing directly alongside her was in fact a military cyborg, and that his presence did not register on any of her equipment.

This realization was made even more apparent when the demi-Saiyan's savior began to speak. "Your bio-signature has been suppressed by a particle-based spatial interference field being generated by a mark twenty one quantum interface device built into your suit's diaphragm. This enabled you to evade detection from the energy sensitive denizens of this household. Despite your attempt to circumvent the security stationed in this sector, your unauthorized entry into this space failed to take into account my presence in this facility. It is how I detected you and allowed me to interfere with your actions. A poor error in judgment would be the most logical answer."
After looking the man over, Hasky smirked. "I'm going to venture a guess that you're the Android 16 model Bulma Briefs has been building from Doctor Gero's blueprints over the last couple of years. I had no idea you were even in the room."

Seeming ignoring the woman's remarks, Android 16 frowned. "Your presence in this chamber and the formation of the weapon you currently have in your possession indicates you intend to harm this boy." The robotic giant then pulled the woman's lance away from Gohan's chest, a struggle that was marked by a noticeable trembling of their limbs as the assassin attempted to resist. "That is something I cannot allow. You are trespassing on private property. I must ask you to leave."

Fighting back against the robot's shockingly strong arm, the golden haired woman grinned, "And what if I said 'no'?"

Android 16's grip around her lance tightened, causing the metal to creak, "I will be forced to detain you… and your data link will be terminated."

"Would you like to try?" Hasky asked, narrowing her eyes challengingly on her foe as the lines on her suit started to glow again. "Because I'm going to tell you right now that you're in no way equipped to tackle somebody of my caliber. Your endoskeleton's design is seven years out of date… an obsolete model. If you think you can take me on and come out of this fight in one piece, then you may as well start taking yourself apart right now."

Processing the woman's words at computer speed, the cyborg stared at her in unnerving silence. A few seconds later, the cyborg frowned, "Are you refusing to stand down?"

Hasky grinned, "I think you and I both know the answer to that question, big boy."

Eyes flashing a dangerous red, Android 16 furrowed his brow and snarled with a metallic groan, "Response acknowledged. Commencing data link termination…"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: And so it begins.

How will the events unfold in the next chapter? Well, I guess you'll find out next week.

P.S: I'll come up with a profile for Hasky later. Since she is an anime-only character from Dragonball, you can guess a lot of things have happened to her since you last saw her. We'll see exactly how much has changed later onwards.

On a rather interesting side note, I'm finding out a lot of interesting things about Akira's work on Dragonball and Dragonball Z. The original concept of Dragonball was obviously inspired off of the famous Chinese tale of Journey to the West, but there are so many other movies that inspired several other concepts featured in the series. Kami's Lookout and the healing tanks on Frieza's ship are based off of Cloud City and the Bacta Tanks from Star Wars: The Empire Strikes Back respectively, Goku's origins and the fight scenes were influenced by the movies and comics of Superman, the androids of the Red Ribbon Army (including Sergeant Metallitron and Android 16) and the whole Cell Saga was heavily inspired off of The Terminator and T2: Judgement Day, Frieza's transformations and army are inspired by elements from Alien and the original Star Wars, and the Saiyan transformations to the Oozaru and the giant monsters take you back to the old King Kong and Godzilla movies.

These influences are really noticable throughout the series and I don't think that's a bad thing at all.
He's just paying homage to some really awesome media.
Phantom Enemy Arc - Love Conquers All

Author's Note: Fair warning to all of you, this is a ridiculously long chapter. I basically put two chapters into one here, so you may have a hard time chugging through it. I recommend regular breaks and plenty of hydration. Thank you.

I promise next chapter won't be so long.

Dragonball Z

Legacies

Love Conquers All

(Meanwhile)

Out in the hallways that circled around the main building and its central labs, the employees of Capsule Corp were going about their business as they normally would and performing whatever duties they'd been assigned for the hour. Two staff members in particular, a pair of security guards dressed in blue uniforms with the company logo sewn into their shoulder pads and hats, were presently ambling down the corridor toward the research wing on the far side. With one of the men carrying a cappuccino in his right hand and a magazine under his arm, it was safe to say that he'd just come on duty and was moving to his assigned station.

Engaged in conversation with his colleague, the officers were making good time on their walk through the facility. But then, just as they were about to turn off from their current point, an earth shaking tremor followed by a deafening 'bang' echoed throughout the hallway, the force of which threw both men stumbling forward. Spilling his coffee, the guard on the right slapped his hand against the wall for support and spun around, where he and his stunned partner saw a woman in a black jumpsuit lying underneath the window on the side of the hallway, surrounded by a pile of dry wall.

Shaking her head of the debris and pushing herself to her feet, the blonde woman groaned and looked up, where she saw the gaping hole she'd formed with her body. Needless to say, despite being sent flying through several offices and hallways, she was looking surprisingly chipper.

In fact you could say she was entertained. "Heh. Well now… that was fun."

"Freeze!"

The shout catching Hasky's attention, the woman quickly looked to her left to see two Capsule Corp security personnel pointing their pistols at her; tasers to be exact. When she saw they were both glaring at her and locked into firing stances, the blonde gave them a single look over before turning back to the hole she'd been thrown through.

It was obvious that despite having two firearms pointed in her direction, she wasn't interested in them in the slightest.

Irked that the woman was deliberately ignoring their instruction, the security guard with the bristly beard edged around and gritted his teeth. "Get down on the floor and put your hands behind your head!" Moving further to the front of the offender, the man switched the safety off and held the gun up higher. "Get down on the floor, now!" He added a step forward to his movements, hoping
that it would prompt the figure in the jumpsuit into responding. When this failed however and the
golden haired intruder failed to budge an inch, the officer glanced back at his friend and shouted,
"Okay. Drop her!"

Both men then fired their stun guns at her, hoping to take the woman down in one hit. However,
when the pins they launched struck the woman's suit and proceeded to electrocute her, Hasky
simply stood in place with barely a twitch. Even though she had over a thousand volts coursing
through her body, the blonde remained completely unfazed.

After several seconds of being zapped, the thief's eyes then snapped towards the two security
officers, who she saw recoil under her glare.

Freaking out, the pair then dropped their tasers and drew their Berettas. Loading them, both men
then proceeded to empty their clips on the woman, only to watch their bullets get disintegrated by
an invisible energy field surrounding her body. The projectiles burned up in a series of golden
flashes, just an inch above their intended target. When their side arms finally clicked on empty, the
security guards lowered said weapons and backed away fearfully.

Grunting at their pitiful attempts to stop her, two tiny spheres of energy appeared to hover on
Hasky's left-hand side, before they suddenly shot towards the two men and nailed them in the
stomachs. The projectiles knocked them off their feet and sent them tumbling down the corridor,
where they both ended up in unconscious heaps on the tiled floor.

"Mongrels," the blonde muttered. As soon as she'd handily dispatched the men, the intruder then
looked back towards the hole in the wall, just in time to see her attacker lumber his way into view.

Footsteps stomping along the ground, the man in the black spandex, green armor and boots,
knocked away the bits of wall that was blocking his path and forced his way through the gap. As
soon as he was in the hallway, Android 16 rose up to full height and, eyes fixing upon his target,
began to speak. "Hostile interface identified as Hasky Valentine. Wanted for five extreme counts of
suspected breaking and entering, three counts of grand theft auto, eighteen counts of assault, eleven
counts of destruction of property, three counts of impersonating an officer…"

Rolling her eyes, Hasky then frowned at her opponent, "Yeah. Sure. Whatever. Are you going to
read me my Miranda Rights too or are we going to fight?"

Fast forwarding on his target analysis, Android 16's eyes narrowed and he took another big step
forward. "Threat analysis: complete. Suspect assessment: armed and extremely dangerous. Use of
deadly force: authorized." Clenching his fists, the large man's body suddenly bulked up, his
muscles emitting a loud 'squelching' sound as they expanded widthwise. To accompany this sudden
alteration, not only did the cyborg's height increase with his body mass, his armor plating and
spandex also thickened when several more sections of armor popped out to cover his more vital
areas. Once his transformation was complete, the android's eyes flickered with an array of red
numbers. "Energy restrictors: deactivated. Total output set to one hundred percent. Activating
primary defense protocols. Now commencing termination of hostile links to Son Gohan."

Blinking in surprise at the android's jolt in size and stature, Hasky grinned broadly, "I stand
corrected. You might actually present a challenge to me after all." She then set herself into a
fighting stance against her newly modified adversary.

Android 16's frown deepened the moment the lights in his eyes stopped flashing. "Battle mode
locked and activated. You're going down, bitch!" Moving faster than the human eye could track
the enormous man lunged at the woman and struck down at her with a right overhand, intent on
either caving her head in or sending his target through the floor.
However, despite his sudden burst of speed, Android 16 ended up missing when his opponent's form blurred and darted off down the hall to his left. Grunting irritably, the giant cyborg gave chase, rushing after the blonde as she skidded to a stop several doors down the strip. As soon as Hasky stopped, the woman thrust her hand forward and fired a golden blast towards the android in an effort to blow a hole through his chassis. She then recoiled in shock when she saw her target plow through the attack effortlessly, a split second before he rammed his shoulder into her. The blow sent Hasky flying further down the corridor like she'd just been hit by a train.

"Interesting." She then frowned when she saw the armored warrior come thundering towards her, yelling out as he skidded to a stop directly in front of her position and chucked a left hook down at his target.

In a shocking display of movement and acrobatic ability, Hasky spun her legs in a windmill motion on the floor and, while avoiding the man's downward punch, simultaneously kicked him in the face. The blow slammed across the android's cheeks, sending spit flying out of his mouth, before the woman back flipped to her feet and assumed a fighting stance. After the red haired android stumbled to a stop, he then lunged forward with a right hook, only for his opponent to duck and land three consecutive body shots. The blows however bounced off of the cyborg's thick abdominals and armor, allowing Android 16 to throw a left uppercut at the assassin. Hasky managed to slip around the punch and, jumping up at the hulking robot, nailed him with a right cross.

The fist slammed into his face. But just when it seemed like she'd hurt him, the robot suddenly grabbed her arm with both hands, spun her, and smashed her into the side wall. Holding onto her as he plowed her through the plasterboard, unintentionally punching a new doorway to the lab, Android 16 then dragged her out of the wall and chucked her back down the corridor from whence they'd come.

Tucking her body up and spinning through the air to control her flight, Hasky quickly recovered from the toss and landed safely on her own two feet, sliding along the tiles to a stop. As soon as she did, the woman then glared ahead of her to see her opponent in a full on charge, his fists primed and ready to go. Not wishing to be pummeled into the floor, the blonde woman then smirked, which prompted the red lines on her suit to flash brightly. When they did, the assassin suddenly darted forward in a blur of movement, much faster than Android 16 was anticipating. He quickly received a front kick to the stomach, stopping his approach dead. After staggering away, he then swung at the woman with an uppercut, nailing her in the chin with a concussive blow.

However, despite seemingly knocking the woman off her feet, he suddenly saw Hasky's form flicker before vanishing, revealing itself to be a hologram. Caught completely off guard, the android was unable to respond in time when the real assassin slipped around him, wrapped her arms around his waist, and suplexed the giant of a robot into the floor behind them. The cyborg's impact with the floor head first was marked by a deafening artillery blast as an enormous crater was punched into the tiles, rattling the building, splintering the corridor and shattering every window in their area.
The two security guards watching nearby had to brace themselves to stop from being thrown about the hallway.

Almost instantly after putting the android on his back, Hasky flipped onto his chest like an acrobat and pinned his limbs to the floor. She then leered down at the stunned Sixteen like a cat, meeting his glare head on, before raising her right hand over her head. "You got in some good hits, big boy." A cloud of golden photons then formed above her, all of which came together and solidified into a gold Spartan sword. As soon as her fingers wrapped around it, the assassin took aim and grinned. "But I'm afraid your time is up."

Android 16 frowned, "Not while I'm still functioning."

"Whatever you say." Smirking, the woman then drew back and prepared to stab the android through the head. But just as she was swinging down, Hasky was unexpectedly kicked in the face and sent rocketing down the hallway, losing her weapon in the process. Bouncing across the floor and back onto her feet, the blonde skidded to a halt and looked up with a start, where she saw Videl standing in front of the downed Android 16 at his defense.

When the raven haired girl rose to full height, she shot the blonde woman a threatening glare.

"Who are you?" Videl practically shouted, continuing to mark the intruder down while Android 16 struggled to his feet. "What are you doing here?"

Flicking her hair back, Hasky chuckled, "Get lost, little girl. You have no idea who you're dealing with."

Baring her teeth with a snarl, the crime fighter quickly brought her hands up into a boxing stance. "I can say the same for you." She then nodded towards the woman threateningly and went into full police mode, "Put your hands on your head and get on the ground. Now!"

Scoffing, the master thief in the jumpsuit suddenly jumped up and, brandishing a finger at the girl like a gun, fired a golden bolt of energy in her direction. The blast shot towards Videl, who quickly slapped the projectile out the window and sprinted forward in a blur. Acting instinctively, Hasky continued shooting golden bullets of energy at the approaching girl, attempting to take her out. However, with a few head feints and body slips, Videl avoided every single one of them until she was directly in front of her quarry. With a loud yell, the raven haired warrior threw a big hook at her target, which the assassin promptly blocked.

Videl then kicked the woman in the leg and followed up with a knee, only for Hasky to check and block both blows respectively. After those attacks failed, the Z-fighter then ducked when the blonde chucked a hook at her head, which the crime fighter responded to with an uppercut. She successfully managed to get the thief to slip her head back and avoid it, allowing Videl to follow up with a left hook. Quick as ever though, the woman in the jumpsuit caught her wrist and held it tightly.

Gritting her teeth in frustration, Videl then threw a right cross with her free arm, but watched as the surprisingly quick intruder caught that as well.

Normally, against any other opponent, the spirited female fighter would've wrestled her way out of a grapple like this, no problem. However, the raven haired girl gave a surprised yelp when she suddenly saw the red lines on Hasky's suit light up and felt her body forced downwards as her opponent began to pressure her into a submissive position. Videl dropped to her knee as a result, growling in effort as her smirking adversary continued to push her towards the floor with an absurd amount of raw strength.
Struggling as she attempted to fight back, putting all the energy she could muster into their grapple, the raven haired teenager then looked down at the suit her opponent was wearing. "She's using this armor... to make her body stronger. Just like that other one."

It was this analysis alone that led Videl to one conclusion.

This one was working for the same man as that other prick that attacked them not too long ago.

Looking back up at the blonde, the young fighter choked out, "W-Who... are you... working for?"

"My, aren't you full of questions," Hasky hissed back through a wide grin, her green eyes twinkling with mischief. "Well... as much as I'd like to tell you, I'm afraid that that's a secret I'm going to have to take to my grave." Almost as soon as she said that, another cloud of golden photons gathered together over her shoulder and instantaneously formed into a golden spear, complete with fancy engravings and decorations, with the tip pointing straight down at Videl's head. The teen's eyes went wide in shock when she saw the weapon materialize out of thin air in front of her. It was a sight that brought an excited grin to Hasky's face, "Cheerio-"

"Rocket Punch!"

Head snapping up when she heard the shout, a loud thunderclap rang out when Hasky had a massive fist slam into her face, a blow that not only forced her to release Videl, but also sent her flying back with blood flying from her mouth.

Stunned, the raven haired crime fighter looked back to see the fist that'd been fired shoot back in the direction it'd come and watched it get caught by the free hand of Android 16. She then watched as the battered android with the bleeding lip shove his detached limb back into place, twist it, and lock it into its socket.

"Surprise attack: successful," Android 16 said, smiling across at the raven haired girl in front of him as he rose to full height. "Thank you for the assistance, Videl Satan."

Upon smiling gratefully at her savior, the poster girl of Satan City then snapped around to see Hasky roll backwards along the floor and jump to her feet. Despite being hit full on by the cyborg's piston of a punch and signature technique, the blonde not only had her head still attached to her neck, but she still looked to be in relatively good condition. The sight of her straightening up put a frown on the young Z-fighter's lips and had a bead of sweat run down the teen's temple.

"She's a tough one. Do you think we can beat her?" Videl asked.

Stomping forward to stand alongside the Z-fighter, the red haired cyborg with the Mohawk furrowed his brow thoughtfully. "My sensors indicate that this woman, Hasky, is using an extremely advanced energy-based combat suit to shield her body and increase her fighting power to an incredibly high level. It's also given her the ability to create hologram-based after images and form solid objects out of matter, such as swords and spears. Due to the sophisticated nature of the suit's design, I am unable to ascertain the full extent of her abilities."

This piece of information didn't sit too comfortably with the raven haired fighter. "Okay. So in other words... you don't know?"

After a moment of processing, Android 16 lowered his head, "By my calculations, the two of us alone should be able to deal a maximum amount of fifteen percent damage to her combat chassis, before she eventually decides to terminate us."

"Wow... you are just... a walking mountain of comfort, aren't you?" Videl remarked while rolling
The red haired cyborg smiled, "Affirmative."

His response had the teenager's eye twitch. "That wasn't a compliment."

Blood trickling down from the corner of her mouth, the female assassin reached up, wiped off the spillage on the back of her hand, and grinned menacingly. Calming herself down and recovering from the minor amount of damage, the human fighter widened her stance and chuckled, "Got another one in yah?" Before she could take anymore action against the two heroes, she suddenly heard the sounds of approaching footsteps and snapped her gaze over her shoulder. Looking down the corridor behind her, she quickly spotted Piccolo, Goten and Trunks skid to a stop several feet away from her, and was joined shortly afterwards by Chi-Chi and Bulma.

The three warriors, upon arriving on the scene, took fighting stances and set their crosshairs firmly on their intruder.

The moment Hasky spotted the newcomers, her eyes suddenly widened when she thought she saw a ghost. "Wait... is that...?" She shook her head and focused all of her attention on Goten, wondering if she was hallucinating or something. When she saw the boy was the spitting image of the kid she remembered fighting twenty years ago, the blonde woman frowned deeply and clenched her fist. "He must be Goku's other son... the younger brother to Son Gohan."

Oh, how she detested that face and the untold amounts of misery and humiliation it'd brought to her. It made her sick to her stomach just remembering how handily she'd been taken care of. *Her! The woman regarded as the greatest thief on the entire planet.*

Realizing she was cornered in that tight hallway, the blonde frowned and looked between her opponents carefully. It was then she spared a momentary glance at the world outside and, seeing the clouds beginning to part and the sun appear from behind them, a smirk quickly formed across her lips. Not willing to let the Z-fighters gang up on her in here, the woman crouched low and sprang out the window backwards, shattering the pane as she then dropped down to the property's front lawn. The warriors gathered in that hallway appeared bewildered at the woman's sudden retreat, before unanimously agreeing to give chase.

"Hey! Where is she going?" Goten shouted.

"Who cares? Let's get her!" his friend Trunks yelled, nudging his friend in the side and jumping out the window first.

Kicking themselves into gear, the rest of the fighting members of the crew leapt after the children one after the other, breaking the rest of the windows that were still intact. Chi-Chi and Bulma meanwhile rushed over to the sill and looked out the broken line of panels, where they then stood and proceeded to watch the battle that would unfold.

Hasky, unwilling to get cornered so easily, dashed across the grass to get away from the Z-warriors who were following close behind. She was making good progress to. But just as she was about to reach the fence circling the property, a series of golden flashes drew the thief's attention forward. Skidding to an abrupt stop, the blonde then watched as photons of light gathered on the lawn in front of her, which then formed into a person. A split second later, Kana materialized in front of the assassin, hands on her hips and a smirk on her face. Though this occurrence would've normally alarmed a normal person, Hasky merely stopped, frowned at the Seirei, and watched the newcomer
flick her fiery hair back over her shoulder.

"You can't leave now. You haven't seen the ending," the space traveler greeted in her usual, cheerful tone. Since she'd managed to intercept the target without any worries whatsoever, she was confident in both her victory and her position.

Narrowing her eyes and sparing a glance back over her shoulder at the group of Z-fighters now gathering a few yards behind her, Hasky straightened up and clenched her fists. The moment she did, the lines all over her suit lit up and radiated a menacing, radioactive red glow.

Just before Kana could question what she was doing, multiple clouds of golden photons gathered around the alien on all sides and rapidly formed into twelve separate bodies. When the light surrounding them faded, they revealed themselves to be twelve perfect clones of the blonde haired assassin facing down the Seirei, each looking exactly identical to the original. The sight of the multiple doppelgangers not only baffled the heroes, but it had the alien girl look around at them with a surprised glimmer in her gaze.

"Whoa! What the heck?" Videl exclaimed, shaking her head to see if she wasn't hallucinating.

"Is that… Tien's Multi-Form Technique?" Piccolo asked, before looking over the group of identical assassins warily. "No. This is something else..."

After glancing around at the crowd of blondes circling her, the orange haired woman from another world scoffed and looked back at who she suspected was the original Hasky standing in front of her. "This is supposed to scare me?" Kana asked, a wide grin forming across her face while she shrugged at her adversary. "They're just illusions."

All of a sudden, the clone standing on the alien's left cocked her fist back and decked the Seirei across the face with a painful 'crack.' Kana yelped in shock when the blow connected, a split second before she was set upon by all twelve of the clones, which began attacking her from all sides in a blur. Videl, Piccolo, Goten, Trunks and Android 16 then proceeded to watch as Kana was viciously assaulted by the platoon of doppelgangers, which nailed her from all sides with punches and kicks. When the Seirei attempted to evade and block them, she instead received several devastating attacks in return, the last hook sending her to the ground and causing blood to dribble out of her mouth.

Groaning while on her hands and knees, the dazed woman shook her head as the twelve clones formed another ring around her. "They do pack a wallop though." She then looked up at the copies in front of her with a glare.

One of the clones smirked, before the red lines on every single copy began to glow. A split second later, more photons of light gathered around the group and Kana quickly found herself surrounded by fifty more Hasky clones. The one standing closest to the Seirei, taking advantage of the moment, spoke up, "I can make light solid, chump." She then kicked the fiery haired girl in the face, sending Kana flying back across the grass, where she was almost instantly set upon by the army of copies.

The girl in the plug suit jumped to her feet and attempted to fend off the clones, even firing two simultaneous blasts in an effort to force them to back off. But the copies, quick as ever, evaded the attacks and rushed in, pummeling Kana from all sides. The alien traveler successfully managed to exchange blows and defend herself against the first few. However, as their numbers increased and the space she was using shrunk, she soon began receiving more and more hits to the body, resulting in her being dropped like a sack of flour. As soon as the woman was on her hands and knees, the army of Hasky clones rushed in and jumped on her, forming a dog pile on top of the poor girl.
While Kana was dealing with the contingent of assassins, outside of the gathering of blonde copies, a single Hasky stood watch with her hands on her hips. When this solitary doppelganger turned around, she shot a smile at the Z-fighters standing behind her and quickly rotated to face them completely. "Oh. Where are my manners? I almost forgot about you five." As the lines on her suit started to shine brightly once again, the entire field lit up, filling the sky with a brilliant, golden glow and causing the Z-fighters to shield their eyes from the glare.

Several tense moments later, the entire field in front of them was covered in hundreds of Hasky clones, all of whom were glaring menacingly across at the group of warriors. The Z-fighters all took a big step back at the sight of the clone army, the majority of which took fighting stances and readied themselves for combat.

"Holy Moly. How many of them are there?" Trunks exclaimed, blinking his wide eyes as he attempted to count the exact number of blondes he could see.

Eyes flickering with numbers, Android 16 took a split second to scan the crowd before his head lifted ever so slightly, "Exactly five hundred and eighty two replicas."

The lavender haired boy's eye twitched as his head snapped towards his mother's trusted helper and part-time babysitter. "I… was… KIDDING!"

Not having the faintest idea of what they were up against, Piccolo quickly looked across at the Capsule Corp cyborg in alarm, "Hey. Talk to us. Who the hell is this woman?"

Registering to the man's question, the giant, armored male with the Mohawk took a moment to process the inquiry before answering robotically, "Accessing criminal records. Target, first name: Hasky. Last name: Valentine. Primary occupation: mercenary. Formerly a Special Forces Captain of the Imperial Army, specializing in stealth, weaponry and close quarter combat. Suspect wanted internationally for a multitude of crimes, chief among which include burglary, destruction of property and grand theft auto. Disappeared from the limelight three years ago following a failed assassination attempt on President Tsukuda of the Republic of Mendel off the South Western Islands and presumed killed when the plane crashed."

Videl promptly cut the android off after taking a head count of the number of enemies they were now facing. "You've been scanning her suit since the start of the fight, right? Can you tell us how she's using those weird techniques?"

Focusing on one of the Haskys, the red haired machine answered the teen's question as thoroughly as he could, "The woman is wearing a specially designed combat suit constructed out of a double-woven, adamantine coating, and is being shielded by an incredibly strong particle field. After scanning her attack patterns and analyzing her photon constructs, I have discovered that the armor's design is allowing her to channel enormous quantities of energy and bend matter in the form of light, giving her the ability to create weapons, heat blasts, and clones. The same function also enables her to mask her presence and use an active-camouflage system that works doubly as a shape-shifting ability." Android 16's frown deepened even more so. "The technology being used in that suit is beyond anything I've ever encountered before. Not even Bulma Briefs possesses the resources to create a weapon of this grade."

Goten, not really understanding the android's dialogue, attempted to make sense of the news as best as he could. "She sounds like one of those really scary super villains I remember reading about in Trunks' comic books."

"Yeah… only this one is real," the boy's best friend remarked, at the same time scrunching his brow in annoyance, "And that really sucks for all of us."
This news had Piccolo click his tongue and glare across at the woman threateningly "That's just great. So not only are we dealing with a professional assassin, she's also being supercharged by a piece of custom made clothing that allows her to create her own private army at the snap of a finger."

Now why did that sound so familiar to him?

Flashes of their previous fight against Vulcan briefly shot through the Namekian's head, causing him to clench his fists irritably.

The sight of the multitude of opponents prompted the heroes gathered up on the lawn to take defensive stances. The original Hasky, who had her arms folded and was standing at the very front of the crowd, then gave a confident chuckle and gestured towards her opponents. "You didn't seriously think I was going to run, did you? As long as I'm outside, I have the advantage." She then turned to the groups of copies next to her, whom she gave an approving nod as soon as their eyes met. "Take them down."

Obeying their creator's instructions, the blonde army wasted no time in charging forward, giving a collective battle cry as they thundered towards the Capsule Corp's enormous estate and towards their enemy. Any and all civilians who were out and passing by the property became absolutely baffled by the sight of hundreds of doppelgangers making their charge across the front lawn. Even the employees and security inside the industry giant's main building had dropped everything they were doing to turn out and watch the spectacle taking place right outside their front door.

Seeing the thousands of blondes charging towards them forced the heroes into action. Piccolo, moving quickly, forcibly ripped his turban and cape off in one swipe, Goten and Trunks transformed into Super Saiyans, and Videl powered up to her maximum, her white aura bursting around her like a flame. As soon as they were set, including the hulking Android 16, the group of heroes then charged forward and met the oncoming storm with a furious opening assault.

The warriors of earth plowed through the crowd of copies in a blur, with the two young Super Saiyans leading the attack and blazing a path right into the formation, decimating swaths of clones in a single stroke. They only managed to carry this on for several seconds until they were jumped from all sides by a squad of blonde clones, forcing the child duo to take them on in hand-to-hand. Thanks to their diminutive figures and ridiculous agility, it made it difficult for the adult Hasky copies to effectively target them and take them out. However, they did have strength in numbers.

Sooner or later, one of them was bound to land a blow on the little imps.

The tide of battle for the other Z-fighters fighting it out across the enormous Capsule Corp estate began to change at each front. In a show of astounding brute force and power, Android 16 plowed through the copies like the Hulk himself, smashing each copy with megaton punches and batting them aside with no regards for their wellbeing whatsoever. Due to the fact that all of the copies were made out of bodies of light, they weren't actually living people. They were just dummies that acted like them and with that knowledge in mind, every single one of the heroes present were given all the motivation they needed to cut loose and give them hell, no matter how much bodily harm was inflicted.

Hell, the cyborg had gotten so into his role as the brawler in this situation that the red haired Sixteen handily caught one of the blonde assassins in his two gigantic hands and ripped her in half, watching in satisfaction as the woman exploded into a shower of golden dust. This was the fate that befell every single one of the doppelgangers that received too much damage, in which all of them either exploded into a cloud of smoke or vanished in a fiery explosion when ki blasts started to fly.
Bellowing at the top of his lungs, Piccolo unleashed an ass kicking of a lifetime when a whole platoon of Hasky copies attempted to surround him. The man knocked them away with a vicious combination of punches and kicks, and even evaded one of the clones who caught him in a full nelson by reaching over, grabbing her hair, and tossing her into another approaching doppelganger. When the two copies crashed into a crowd coming in from behind, causing a domino effect, the Namekian opened his mouth and unleashed a powerful blast at the stricken group. His attack engulfed an entire line of Haskys in a blazing inferno, one that reached the very edge of the highway running parallel to the property.

Gritting his teeth when he saw another wave coming in from the side, the green warrior took flight and avoided ending up at the bottom of a Hasky dog pile. He took to the skies above the city and drifted over the tops of the neighboring skyscrapers, hoping to get a better view of the situation. It was only when he suspended himself in the air that he received quite a surprise when he saw dozens of blonde clones flying after him, all of them shrouded in what appeared to be golden flames.

When Piccolo realized that they could pursue him wherever he went, the Namekian grinned and drew both his hands back, "Here's something for you to think about! Rapid Fire!" The man roared, before unleashing a continuous barrage of energy spheres towards the approaching swarm of doppelgangers.

The Hasky copies flying after the Namekian looked up just in time to see the rain of golden death plummeting towards them, before becoming engulfed in a series of brilliant explosions. Flashes of light filled the sky as Piccolo mercilessly bombarded them, the screams of the women becoming muffled by the thunderclaps that came with the combusting energy balls. The man didn't stop until the entire area of airspace was filled with a thick black cloud, which covered a great deal of the nearby buildings. When the smoke eventually lifted, Piccolo saw another wave of clones coming right at him from below, which put the man into defensive mode once again.

Down on ground level, as Android 16 was taking his opponents apart one by one, Videl was having her own game of tag just a few yards from the killing field. Kicking away opponents left and right, the raven haired teen was making superb use of her superior agility to strike down the onslaught of clones diving at her from all sides. Receiving a few hits of her own, the woman retaliated with a furious onslaught of punches, taking out an entire swath of clones and managed to jump out of the death circle that they'd formed. Powering up, Videl rocketed out of reach of the swarm and onto another part of the property.

Arriving at the main building, the teen fighter fought off a couple more copies that tried to cut her off, elbowing and kicking them out of her way. Once her path was clear, the human fighter sprinted up the side of the main building, while at the same time being pursued by over two dozen of Hasky's copies. When Videl reached the top of the dome structure and looked over her shoulder to see the clones inadvertently line themselves up, the raven haired girl slammed her feet into the roof, spun around, slid to a stop, and threw both hands forward.

When she did, a deafening roar left her hands in the form of an explosion of energy. "KAMEHAME-HAAAAA!" Two enormous blasts of blue ki gushed out of her palms, instantaneously engulfing the wave of attackers and those advancing along the lawn behind them when the attack expanded and flooded the front yard of Capsule Corp. The detonation that followed rocked the entire complex and neighborhood, startling the employees, as well as all the residents in the area.

All those Hasky clones that were standing closest to the heart of the explosion were almost instantly disintegrated. When the smoke cleared seconds later, it revealed an enormous trench had
been burnt across Capsule Corp's property and Videl standing proudly at its entry point.

As time ticked on minute by minute, the battle between the Z-fighter's and Hasky's powerful clone army continued. More explosions and shockwaves rang out across the lawn of the enormous estate, with trees and nearby buildings accidentally getting caught in the crossfire. Though the heroes of earth tried to avoid getting the rest of West City involved in their scuffle, they were unable to help let a few stray shots hit the distant buildings and countryside. Little by little, their conflict with the blonde assailant slowly, but surely, moved to encompass the rest of the nation.

The majority of the battle took place at the source of the outbreak, in other words ground zero. It was here, in the very heart of the conflict, Hasky could be seen standing with a smug look on her face and her arms folded comfortably across her chest. Watching as another platoon of clones met their end at the hands of her enemies the blonde woman quickly created another squad and sent them in to pick up the slack. Things were going well from her point of view and she continued to watch the fights play out with a thoroughly entertained look on her face.

But just as she was getting comfortable with the concept of being a spectator, a loud battle cry drew her attention over her shoulder, where she saw the enormous dog pile of clones she'd formed on top of Kana get incinerated in a brilliant flash of light. When the fire lifted and became replaced by a pillar of smoke, a golden bolt shot out of the crater formed by the blast and suspended itself in the sky above. When Hasky looked up, she saw the orange haired Seirei hovering high above her, looking a little bit roughed up but ultimately unharmed.

Snarling when she immediately spotted the original Hasky standing on the grass below, Kana chucked her hands forward and formed a concentrated sphere of energy, which pulsed with golden bolts of electricity shooting off of her. "STAR BURST!" She then launched the attack down at her target like an artillery round, the orb rocketing towards the woman at terrific speed.

In spite of the attack's size and speed, Hasky merely scoffed and nodded her head towards the approaching ball of ki. "Svalinn!" (Shield that deflects the Sun) In the blink of an eye, a golden cloud of dust formed directly above her before solidifying into an enormous Norse shield, about the size of a pagoda roof, with a sun crest on its front, which suspended itself protectively above its owner. The attack launched by Kana impacted the circular barrier with a metallic clang, but ended up disintegrating against its surface in a shower of sparks.

Recoiling in shock, Kana hurriedly fired three more of the exact same attack from her hands in rapid succession, shouting every time the blasts left her hands. The attacks, each carrying enough power to disintegrate an entire planet, rained down on Hasky with the intent of wiping her out. But every time the energy balls impacted against the plate of golden steel, they rebounded and dispelled with no effect whatsoever. The instant the attacks were stopped, the massive shield broke apart into a cloud of photons and instantaneously reformed into a golden spear, with lightning and wind engravings all along its shaft.

When the tip pointed directly up at Kana, the metal began to glow and funnel golden wind energy into a miniature cyclone around it. As soon as the air gathering started to reach critical mass, Hasky smirked and uttered her next incantation. "Gae Bolg!" (Spear of Mortal Pain) The Celtic spear then launched a powerful beam straight from its blade, which shot up towards Kana faster than a bolt of lightning.

The super fast attack caught the Seirei by surprise, first impacting her in the chest and knocking her spinning out of the sky, before continuing to travel off planet and across the solar system. It was only when the blast reached the approximate orbital distance of Neptune did its power finally recede and the attack finally faded, with the spear formed by the particles vanishing on the wind in
Kana, who'd been the primary target of the attack, crash landed on the lawn of Capsule Corp with an earthshaking bang and a shower of debris. Seeing the woman's collision with the ground brought a smirk to Hasky's face, only to have it vanish moments later when she sensed another presence teleport directly behind her. When she spun around, she saw Piccolo lunging at her with a punch, his eyes set firmly on her head. The blonde woman blinked in alarm as the Namekian dove at her, letting out a yell of effort as his knuckles cut towards her face.

All of a sudden, the momentum in Piccolo's attack vanished when his body unexpectedly jerked to a stop. Eyes widening in bewilderment, the man looked behind him to see a series of golden chains wrapped around his arms, chest and torso in a very web-like formation. Each of the golden lengths protruding from four energy spheres hovering about in the air, they held the green warrior firmly in place, before the warrior's eyes snapped back towards his opponent.

Her face hovering just a few inches from his, Hasky grinned. "You want to play, too? Very well. **Loeding!**" (First Chain of Fenrir)

Piccolo yelled out in shock when his body was then yanked backwards and tossed through the air, the chains of energy whipping him in circles through the sky several times. After making about fifteen turns, the chains then threw the former guardian high into the air and released him, sending him hurtling into the clouds and providing the blonde assassin the perfect target.

Thrusting her arm out and pointing her thumb, index finger and middle finger at the airborne Namekian, the woman smirked and spoke, "**Donar!**" (Thunder) In a flash, golden streams of lightning exploded from her fingers and struck the green warrior like a whip, engulfing him and burning him from head to toe. Piccolo cry of agony echoed for miles, before he was thrown across the city and into a distant skyscraper, which he impacted against and took out every single window on that floor.

After sending that nuisance packing, the blonde woman then turned her attention forward once again, where she saw a swath of her clones get cut down, and Goten and Trunks come blasting through them directly towards her.

"Leave Mr. Piccolo alone!" the former of the two shouted, his body covered in noticeable bruises and his eyes burning with fury. Both boys gave simultaneous battle cries as they rushed the assassin in front of them.

Seeing that the two of them were bathed in their Super Saiyan auras as they went at her at full speed, Hasky merely grunted and, using the same hand she'd wielded to cast her lightning attack at Piccolo, summoned a lance into her hand. The stylishly engraved Yari dropping into her palm, the woman cocked it over her shoulder and swung it through the air. The result was the blade at the end unleashing a golden wave of energy at the two children, the force being so great it not only ripped the ground in front of them asunder, it sent the youngsters barreling across the property, simultaneously decimating the remaining army of clones she had fighting on her behalf.

Android 16, in the midst of taking out another wave of them, ended up getting hit headlong by the lance's shockwave, and was sent barreling over the lawn under the hail of rubble.

Watching her effortless swing lay down a path of total destruction across Capsule Corp's doorstep, literally fracturing the earth with its effectiveness, Hasky then twirled the lance around and laid it across her neck. Drumming her fingers against the metal bar and inspecting her handiwork, Hasky then glanced upwards when she sensed another presence approaching and saw Videl diving straight down at her.
Yelling out, the girl struck at the blonde with the intent of burying her, only to hear a loud clang echo across the estate when her knuckles slammed into a transparent, golden bubble that jumped up around her target. The crime fighter of Satan City gritted her teeth at the way her attack was stopped, which earned a satisfied smirk from the assassin she was trying to beat up.

Without warning, Videl quickly vanished in a blur of speed and dropped down directly in front of her opponent. As soon as she did, she struck at Hasky with a roundhouse kick. She then watched in frustration as her foot slammed into the same shield, which completely deflected the force of her blow and sent the raven haired girl sliding back along the ground behind her. When it seemed like her attack had ended, the female crime fighter threw her hand forward and let loose a scattered ki blast. The five individual rounds curved through the air and converged on Hasky's position, only to bounce off of her light barrier one after the other.

Before Hasky could make a comment on the girl's seemingly pitiful attack, she suddenly sensed Kana teleport behind her and strike at her head. The blonde woman evaded the swift punch however, allowing the Seirei to overshot, which ended in the orange haired alien getting nailed in the back by the woman's staff when she spun it about. This sent the space traveler flying forward and into the ground, leading to the alien bouncing off of the ruined floor and back to her feet. Sliding to a stop, the plug-suit wearing visitor glared up from where she was crouched on all fours, her face covered in burns and bruises.

Videl's appearance looked no better than hers and, standing side by side, the two women faced off against the original Hasky with courage and annoyance radiating equally between them.

Catching her breath, Kana couldn't help but curse, "Damn it… this woman is powerful. No matter what we try or how fast we move, she's always waiting with a counter attack."

"Not only that, but it also seems like she's getting stronger," Videl added, at the same time hearing Goten and Trunks land behind them to join the fray. This then led to the raven haired girl looking across at them with a serious glare. "Listen. We won't be able to do anything unless we get passed her defenses, so I think the best course of action is to attack her from all sides at the same time. That way we can get through that barrier and stop her from using any of those weird weapons."

The Seirei narrowed her eyes, "Are you sure that will work?"

"I don't know, but we have to try something. She only seems to be able to summon one type of weapon at a time and all of them have a limited range. If we tag her with synchronized blows, there's no way she'll be able to block them all."

Considering the girl's words for a moment and looking across at their adversary, whom they could see was standing in the middle of the decimated landscape with her spear over her shoulder and a cocky smile on her face, Kana then clenched her fists and nodded. "Alright. Let's do it."

Her take off was all the signal Videl, Goten and Trunks needed to act as well, the three breaking off and darting in different directions. They formed up positions in a triangular formation around Hasky, who watched the group act with an intrigued look in play. When she turned her attention skywards, she saw Kana hovering above her with her arms outstretched and two golden energy spheres beginning to gather in her palms. Watching the woman charge up her attack for a few moments, she then looked throughout the rest of the sky to see Android 16 and Piccolo fall into line, with both warriors locking their crosshairs onto her and taking aim with what was to be their hardest hitting moves.
While the cyborg detached his arms and pointed the stumps down at her, the Namekian had his fingers pressed and locked together in front of him, and a ball of blazing white energy gathering between his palms that was flashing like a strobe. The same could be said for the other three fighters on ground level, the Super Saiyan children's auras flaring brightly and Videl bathed in her own white flame, her hands cupped at her side in an all too familiar stance.

Masses of ki gathering in their users' respective hands filled the area with a blinding light show, which dragged on for only a few seconds. Then, as soon as their blasts were fully charged, all six warriors unleashed their attacks at the exact same time.

Kana bellowed at the top of her lungs and threw her hands forward, "Block this! **STAR CRASHER!**" A deafening howl similar to that of the Final Flash then echoed across the sky as an enormous golden beam exploded from her palms and barreled towards the assassin down below.

At the same time, Videl and Goten fired off two **Kamehamehas** at the center, whereas Trunks rounded it out with his **Buster Cannon**. Joining the onslaught, Piccolo and Sixteen completed the simultaneous attacks with a **Light Grenade** and a **Hell's Flash** respectively, the attacks leaving them with a chorus of thunder claps. The barrage of multi-colored shots rained down on the blonde haired woman's position from different angles, who appeared quite impressed at the enormous output of energy she was witnessing. All of that changed though when her entire body was swiftly swallowed up by the blasts coming together and fusing into a single, white sphere. The individual beams continued to grind together so that the mass of light in the center grew until, the construct reached critical mass.

The sphere detonated with catastrophic force, sending a shockwave over the Capsule Corp main building and the rest of the neighborhood. All of West City shook under the terrifying force of the exploding attacks, startling the population and knocking entire groups of people off their feet. Screams rang out across the entire metropolis when people left and right thought that the entire country was being hit by an earthquake that could split the ground at any second. It soon came as a relief to all of them when the anomaly faded shortly thereafter, leaving a huge mushroom cloud of embers and smog hanging over the land of the worldwide conglomerate.

Standing or floating in the spots they'd wound up in, the group of Z-fighters took a few moments to survey the scene, panting heavily from the effort of their respective blasts. The only one who didn't appear exhausted was Android 16, who hid his fatigue behind a veil of uncertainty as he reattached his gauntlets to his arms and tightened them into place. His blue eyes narrowing, the cyborg then proceeded to scan the heart of the catastrophic explosion, looking over ground zero for any sign of their quarry.

For a moment, it seemed like their combined shots had worked. But when the smoke lifted a full minute later, Piccolo, Videl, Kana and everyone else in the area then looked on in disbelief when they saw their foe emerge from the cloud, standing in the center of a massive crater, completely unharmed.

The reason for that could be seen floating around her in the form of eight individual golden shields, all of which were held up in the directions the attacks had come from.

These weren't ordinary shields either. The circular steel barricades were all the exact same model of weapon; a perfectly formed plate of thin steel that glowed as brightly as the sun. The surface of each screen had the same texture, with the carving of a lotus flower and a helix ring stamped into all of them. However, the face of each plate had been polished to such a degree that if you were to look into them, you could literally see your reflection staring back at you. This was exactly what each of the Z-fighters in the area saw in the table-top sized disks.
Before they could do or say anything, their enemy, who was standing in the middle of the defensive formation with her spear held over her shoulder, grinned and opened her eyes to gaze up at her airborne targets.

The first person she looked at, Piccolo, would be the first to suffer the wrath of her counterattack.

"Yata no Kagami," (Eight Hand Mirror) the woman whispered.

The shield that'd been used to block the Namekian's attack flashed brightly, before the warrior's own Light Grenade came flying out of the mirror to strike the man in the chest. Piccolo's scream of agony filled the air when his blast exploded against his chest and sent him flying.

And that was only the beginning. Just before the other Z-fighters could try anything, the other mirrors that'd caught the attacks also flashed, and returned the group's blasts to their respective owners. Every single warrior standing or floating in that area was struck by the sum total force of their own techniques, exploding against them, knocking them off their feet, and sending them flying across Capsule Corp's property, trailing smoke.

But then, just when it seemed like all of them had been struck down, Videl and Trunks surprised them all by dodging the attacks flung at them and mounted a charge on the blonde woman. They flew at Hasky at full speed, avoiding the blasts that flew at them from the mirrors.

Seeing the two fighters approaching her at blazing speed, the assassin breathed a heavy sigh and, swishing a finger through the air, responded with an instant counter. "Dorni." (Second Chain of Fenrir) All of a sudden, golden chains materialized out of thin air and whipped across the lawn towards her attackers, catching them completely by surprise and snagging them in a net of golden metal. The interlocking cables wrapped around the two young warriors and bound them in a hot snare, which then suspended the pair several feet above the ground. The exact same thing happened to the other Z-fighters.

Before Kana, Android 16, Piccolo or Goten could even hit the ground the same golden chains appeared around their bodies and snapped tight, binding them in a similar manner to their friends. Crucified and prostrated in the sky around the blonde assassin, the group was quickly brought to heel before her might. Though Kana and Piccolo struggled, the duo was unable to break loose of their binds, which slowly brought them into Hasky's line of sight and allowed the woman to do a headcount of her opponents.

As soon as she saw that all of her targets were present and accounted for, the blonde grinned victoriously. "You are beaten. An impressive feat, considering I'm just an ordinary human, but understandable given the technology that I have in my possession," Hasky exclaimed arrogantly, at the same time whipping her hair back to bask in the aura of her achievement. When she saw the hateful glares of her targets staring back at her, she then nodded to each of them in descending order of preference. "Even I'm surprised at how easily I was able to dispose of all of you. Guess that entire year I spent training in the simulator to gain full control of this suit was worth the pain of fitting into it after all."

Gritting her teeth as she continued fighting against the chains holding her by her wrists, ankles and torso, Videl shouted across at their opponent. "You won't get away with this, you bitch!"

Chuckling when she heard the slight directed towards her, the thief glanced across at the trapped crime fighter and tilted her head. "Mongrels shouldn't talk to people of higher stature like that… especially a spoilt little princess like you, Ms. Satan." Turning towards the teen she was addressing, Hasky shook her head at her pitifully. "Did you honestly think you could take me out with a combined attack from different directions because you thought I could only summon one
weapon at a time? Well…” The lines on her suit glowing once again, Hasky then snapped her fingers, causing golden clouds of energy to gather directly in front of all eight of her trapped victim. A split second later, the masses of dust transformed into lances and swords, with their tips pointed directly at their targets. The weapons materializing right in front of their faces startled the Z-fighters, allowing Hasky to finish her sentence on a high note. "Unfortunately for all of you, that is most definitely not the case."

Gawking at the golden sword hovering right in front of him, a frightened Trunks then powered up and started thrashing about even more. It was only when the blade floated closer to him that the boy stopped his struggling and Hasky wagged her finger at him, making a 'tsk-tsk' sound as she did so.

"It's just like your android said…” Turning her attention to Piccolo and Kana, the blonde thief quickly took advantage of her superior position to brag, "My suit was designed with the ability to form solid objects out of matter in the form of light, allowing me to change my appearance, create duplicates of myself, and forge weapons of the highest grade and class. By programming the designs of legendary weapons into my armor and the incantations used to trigger them, my boss has granted me the ability to summon the tools of every single legendary warrior throughout history.” She then swung the spear she was holding around and slammed the tip into the ground, giving the Z-fighters an example of what she meant. "However, unlike the original owners of these weapons, my suit doesn't rely on ki to operate them. It's actually solar powered… drawn on rays of light from the sun; the purest energy source in the world." She then pointed towards the sky, pulling the group's attention to the ball of hydrogen they could see hovering in the center of their Solar System, and the very entity that their planet was now orbiting. "The more sun there is, the more energy I have at my disposal and the more I have to increase my power."

"So that's it," Piccolo thought, gritting his teeth irately when he glared down at the woman standing before them. "While we've been running around and fighting her army of clones, she's been siphoning energy off of the earth's sun, growing stronger and stronger as the battle progressed." It was simple physics. Her proficiency in combat all depended on the circumstances of their field and the quality of sunlight she received. That explained why she was unable to demonstrate all of these techniques indoors and why she deliberately took the battle outside. She'd strategically placed herself in the optimal position to use her abilities to their absolute fullest and, right now, she had them all trapped. "I hate to admit this… but I don't think any of us has a chance against her."

Smirking at the stunned and enraged expressions she saw, the blonde thief flicked her hair over her shoulder and beamed. "It's a fitting ability for someone like me… the one who is called the 'Greatest Thief in the World.' My power is so great I'm able to plunder the graves of the mightiest warriors across time and space.” Looking down at the spear she was holding and seeing it gleam under the light of the sun, the woman analyzed it for a couple of seconds and prodded its tip with her finger. When she was done, she then turned her attention to Goten, an action that had the boy recoil fearfully at the look in her eyes. "Oh well. Enough with the pointless monologue. I think it's time for all of you to die."

Thrusting her hand up, she caused all the weapons hanging in front of the Z-fighters to jerk into firing positions and the chains binding them to tighten. Pained winces quickly appeared on Videl and Goten's faces, at the same time prompting all of them to try one last time to break out of the web that had befallen them. However, thanks to the positioning of the chains and the amount of power coursing through them, it made escape for any member of their group next to impossible.

But then, just when it seemed like they were done for, Kana, narrowing her eyes on the woman in the center, suddenly vanished in a flash of golden light. Her unexpected teleportation startled the
thief long enough for the Seirei to attempt one last ambush on the woman by taking her from behind. Fist cocked back, the alien thrust it towards the back of her skull in an effort to take her out. Hasky even turned around in time to see the girl's knuckles flying towards her.

It seemed like a sure hit. However, just when her fist was only an inch from hitting its intended target, Kana was suddenly blindsided by a golden mace appearing out of thin air and nailing her in the side of the head. The counter attack struck her temple and sent the humanoid alien sliding across the ground at high speed. Digging a trench across the ruined lawn, the Seirei ended up lying sprawled out on her back with blood trickling down her face.

Coughing in pain, the female traveler then looked up. When she did, she saw a cluster of swords form above her head and aim directly down at her body.

Hasky, staring at her target from a distance, grinned and raised a tentative hand. "I believe I'll start with you. After I'm done, I'll take care of your friends and anybody else who thinks it's a good idea to stand against me. Then, once I've cleared this area of you retched mongrels, I'll go back to the hospital wing and kill Son Gohan."

"Like hell you will!"

Eyes widening at the shout, Hasky's eyes snapped upwards to see who the heck had suddenly decided to drop in on her party. The rest of the trapped Z-fighters looked up as well. When their eyes fixed upon the sky, they saw the unmistakable form of Paprika, assumed in her Super Makyan form, hovering in the clouds and glaring down at the blonde woman; her left fist held forward and her right palm drawn back to her side. Having apparently been watching the fight from a distance for the last couple of minutes, the young fighter had decided now was as good a time as any to jump in and interrupt the villain's party.

Needless to say everyone, especially Goten, was enthralled to see her.

"Paprika!" the demi-Saiyan child shouted, his eyes brimming with tears of joy.

Blinking as she stared up at the newcomer, Hasky frowned deeply. "Another one? Where in the world have you been hiding?"

Concentrating her energy as best as she could as her expression intensified, the white haired, green-skinned woman in her fully-powered state drew her arms back and shouted at her competitor. "How's this for an answer? Up… your… ASS! FU-RI-KA-KE-HAAAAAAAAAA!

Thrusting her right palm out and drawing her left fist back at the exact same time, a blinding flash of orange light filled the air and the entire neighborhood. While this seemed like the ultimate result of the woman's strike, what the light really originated from was the enormous blast that rocketed from her glowing body and was sent plummeting towards the blonde down below.

Sidetracked by the gargantuan attack descending towards her from up high, Hasky completely forgot about all her other opponents and focused entirely on the attack now falling towards her. Its blazing form caused her shadow to stretch out the closer it came and, as it approached, the blonde scoffed in amusement. After the display of power she'd seen from the Z-fighters thus far, she seriously doubted an attack of this level could do anything.

She smirked at the comet of an attack, completely confident at being able to deflect it with her spear, which she held up and jabbed towards the large mass of energy.

"Aww… that's adora-SHIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIT!" Hasky was promptly cut
off when the tsunami of an attack crashed right down on top of her with the force of a thousand suns. The attack swallowed her up and burrowed into the earth, causing a gargantuan shockwave that sent debris and dust flying in all directions.

The attack happened so fast and hit with such power that Hasky's lance was completely incinerated by the blast, which didn't do anything to slow it down.

What happened afterwards was instantaneous. The chains holding the Z-fighters dispelled, depositing the warriors on the ground. As soon as they all dropped to the floor, Goten, Trunks, Android 16 and Kana collapsed to their knees, while Videl and Piccolo stood upright and watched the orange blast their comrade had unleashed bury her target into the earth. When the burning light faded and the smoke quickly lifted from the blast, the group saw, to their astonishment, a massive, deep crater about fifty yards across in the perfect shape of a hand.

So the attack Paprika essentially fired at her opponent was a genuine, hand-shaped blast with enough force to slap a planet across its face. It certainly was the most creative attack they'd seen in recent years. There was no arguing that.

While the members of the group struggled to their feet and dusted themselves off from their respective thrashings, Paprika continued to glare down at the field from up high. Keeping her eyes pasted squarely on the palm-shaped fissure she'd formed in the earth, the white haired woman panted a few times and began gathering energy into her other hand. If there was a chance that her target had survived that hit, which there was, she wasn't going to let her catch her breath. She intended to bury her permanently, no matter what it took.

Speak of the devil, several seconds later, after the dust had faded…

"UPSTART, WHITE-HAIRED, BITCH!" Hasky roared as her golden form rocketed up the half-a-kilometer deep fissure and straight up towards her opponent.

Eyes widening in alarm, Paprika gritted her teeth and thrust her other hand forward, unleashing another flash of blinding orange light. "FURIKAKE-HAAAAAAAANAAAAAAA!" Her blasts left her hands with a sonic boom straight down into the fissure she'd formed, causing the entire crater to light up. The sheer speed and power behind her lightning fast blast not only funneled and filed out the edges of the hole, but also slammed headlong into the approaching blonde assassin and knocked her spinning straight back down into it.

Hasky's shocked cry of surprise bounced off of the walls of the depression as she was sent straight down to the bottom.

And so, a painful tug-of-war match between the two fighters ensued. While the Z-warriors surrounding the point of contact got to their feet, all of them were able to look on from a safe distance as Paprika continued to hammer the fissure with a constant string of blasts from her hands. She unleashed the beat down of a lifetime, repeatedly slamming planet splitting attacks into the exact same spot over and over again, not caring whether they were damaging her opponent, but making sure she stayed down there for as long as possible. Whenever she came up, the Makyan knocked her back in with mountain flattening force, rattling not only the blonde with her shots, but the countryside as well.

Gripping his shoulder painfully and feeling the hot winds of the resulting barrage wash over him, Goten, still in his Super Saiyan form, grinned and raised his fist towards his friend in victory. "YEAH! Go Paprika! Beat that woman!"

Blinking as she watched the demon woman continue letting off power shots, Kana shook her head
and murmured nervously, "She's not going to stop, is she?"

Hearing the question directed at him, Piccolo frowned, "No." And that was pretty much all he had to say on the matter.

Earth shaking with every blow it took, Hasky tried repeatedly to try and blast her way out of the crevice. She rocketed straight up, her form bathed in the golden glow of her suit's shield. But every time she tried to crawl her way back to the surface, another shot from her opponent would knock her back into the pit and down to the bottom. Though the attacks weren't doing any real damage to her, they were still strong enough to have Hasky's ears ringing and kept her from moving forward. The fact that they were coming in at a continuous rate was also pissing her off something fierce and she decided to let her opponent know in the only way she could.

Blasts still smashing into her like waves, Hasky screamed out at the top of her lungs. "UGH! STOP IT! AUGH!" Another blast knocked her down, only for the assassin to correct her fall and fly straight back up again. "STOP IIIIIIIIIIIIT!" A third blast dropped right on top of her immediately afterwards, hitting her with the force of a nuke and sending her spinning down into hell. "ANGRRYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!"

Lightning strikes continued raining down in rapid succession, shaking the planet and echoing across the countryside. With every flash, a clap of thunder sounded, with Paprika's cries of battle accompanying every blow.

"FU! RI! KA! KE! HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!" the Makyan bellowed, thrusting her hands forward and unleashing an attack on every syllable.

OOO

(Meanwhile…)

Across the continent to the East, in the mega city known all over the world as the one bearing the name of the planet's savior, the surface of Talos Industries' branch headquarters stood gleaming under the midday sun. As the streets outside the office building played host to the hustle and bustle of the common folk, deep inside the facility, a different kind of atmosphere had fallen over the head staff and leaders of the conglomerate.

This was most definitely the case for the corporation super giant's founder and owner, who could be seen sitting at his enormous desk looking down at its black surface with a thoughtful look on his face. Leaning back in his thousand zeni office chair and the towering support cushions, Kaiser Talos seemingly carried out his usual daily business of stock taking and number crunching. To any ordinary person or staff member who happened to walk in and see the man posted behind his station, they would immediately believe he was doing important paperwork for the company.

However, to those who were familiar with his everyday dealings and interests, this wasn't the case. Standing to the man's left, enveloped by the shadows of the office, Colonel Violet, dressed in her regular suit and skirt, with her hair pulled back into a tasteful top knot, was looking down at her boss's table with the same interest and focus as he was. Because it wasn't any ordinary documentation or work the man was conducting. They were actually watching a video of Hasky's battle with the Z-fighters.

Receiving different shots of the Capsule Corp property from completely different angles thanks to a series of super powerful, super tiny spy cams similar in design to Doctor Gero's surveillance drones, the pair were given an accurate, live-feed of the events unfolding over in West City.
Thanks to the quality of the tech at his disposal as well as the high definition provided by his desktop computer screen, he was able to keep up with every piece of action taking place.

On top of the computers processing the information and shelving the clips for future references, Kaiser himself was breaking down all of the data on the spot.

He was literally taking note of and processing the images in his head frame by frame and, with an electronic pen in hand, was tapping the interactive board that was the center of his desk with the end of it in a haunting, monotonous beat.

After getting a real joy watching the opening minutes of the fight take place inside the CC main building, he was now getting a real kick watching Hasky get her backside nailed into the ground by late newcomer Paprika. Seeing the blasts of energy engulf the woman over and over again, as well as listening to her cursing and screaming through the audio, all the businessman could do was snort and do his best not to fall into fits of laughter.

"AAAAAAAAAHH! BAAAAAAAAALLLLS!" Hasky's scream filled the office when she was hit by yet another ridiculously powerful, hand-shaped blast.

Her creative use of the male anatomy caused Violet to snicker in the background at how well-timed that was with the explosion.

The scene became so funny in fact that Kaiser eventually has to bark out a laugh. "Ha! Who needs the World Cup when I've got this championship gold mine right in front of me?" Deciding to get even more comfortable, the man kicked his feet up onto the desk, leant back, and slipped his hands behind his head. "Kai, I love my life."

OOO

(Back at Capsule Corp)

For the next two minutes, the group watched and listened in as Paprika administered swift and decisive discipline upon their foe. The blasts were coming in so aggressively with such consistency that the group was worried the Makyan might actually tunnel all the way through to the other side of the planet. She certainly had the strength and power to make that happen. But, thanks to her precise and almost perfect control with her technique, she was able to keep that from happening. Normally an excavation like this would've already struck lava, but the hearty young woman was doing so well at stopping herself short that no eruptions took place at all.

She was definitely on a roll today… and was letting off quite a bit of steam at the same time.

Eventually, her continuous barrage of energy blasts came to an end and Paprika stopped with her hands held out. Sweat pouring down her face and ragged breaths of air leaving her lungs, the woman kept both eyes forward and on the fissure, wondering to herself whether her adversary would try for the hundredth time in a row to break loose.

She'd stopped screaming and throwing curses at her a full minute ago. There was a good chance she'd probably been knocked out.

Catching her breath, the white haired demon woman then narrowed her eyes in an attempt to see whether her target was going to try for another run. Sights locked and her hand primed and ready to fire, all she needed now was someone to shoot at.

However, just as she was prepping herself for a second round…
"PAPRIKA! LOOK OUT!" a horrified Videl shouted at the top of her lungs.

Her warning came too little, too late. All of a sudden, the Makyan's eyes widened in shock when three separate sets of pain went shooting through her body in different directions, causing her to lurch forward and stop her attack dead. Blood flying out of her mouth as she began to fall, the white haired fighter then noticed that while she'd been preparing to hit her target in the hand-shaped fissure, three golden lances had materialized out of thin air in her blind spots and impaled her.

Now, not only had one of the staffs gone straight through her back and out her chest, a second had also gone through her collar and out her hip, and a third had gone through her side and out the other.

Baffled by the simultaneous hits, Paprika was unable to stop herself from dropping out of the sky like a duck. When she hit the ground, she landed directly in front of Piccolo and Goten, with the latter quickly rushing forward to her aid. He was soon joined by an equally concerned Trunks and Videl, both of whom rolled the demon girl over to assess the damage. Needless to say, it did not look good.

"Paprika!" Goten shouted, a terrified look on his face as he saw her spear-riddled body begin bleeding out all over the place. "Oh no."

"Whoa. That attack came out of nowhere," Trunks exclaimed, unable to believe what he'd just witnessed either.

A pained expression framing her face, the white haired fighter groaned and looked up. When she did, she saw through a blurred vision her favorite little demi-Saiyan in the world kneeling over her, as well as his friends standing in the background. The sight, though as messed up as it was, brought the woman some moniker of comfort as she lay there in a crumpled heap, with three large spears stamped with Roman engravings sticking through her body like she was some kind of voodoo doll.

"Ugh. This hurts… so much," the Makyan croaked out, obviously straining against the metal shafts piercing her lungs.

Not really wanting to touch her, in view of her current state, Trunks settled for staring down at the teen in worry. "Are you alright?"

Paprika's gaze slowly shifted to the inquisitive youngster. "Really? I have three spears… shoved through my chest and torso… and I'm bleeding all over the floor. Does it look like… I'm alright?"

The lavender haired youngster recoiled at the angry look in the woman's eyes, "N-No. Not really. Sorry."

Before the conversation could be taken any further, all the Z-fighters' gazes quickly snapped towards the crater.

The moment their sights locked onto the literal landmark, they saw the glowing form of Hasky rise up from the earth like a demon. Bearing a few scuff marks from the beating she'd taken at the hands of the Makyan, the blonde set her infuriated glare upon the team of Z-fighters several yards away from her. When she saw them form a defensive line in front of the fallen Paprika on the ruined yard of Capsule Corp, the female assassin in the cuneiform black suit folded her arms and huffed.

"Okay. I think I'm done. As fun as it's been watching you dogs run around like headless chickens…"
that little temper tantrum back there wasn't as enjoyable as I wanted it to be." She said the last bit with both spite and venom. Immediately upon doing so, the floating Hasky then lifted her right hand and wagged her finger through the air. When she did, the red lines on her suit began to glow. "Now it's mummy's turn to express some rage."

In the blink of an eye, the air floating directly behind Hasky became filled with a cloud of golden dust, the entirety of which came together to form a cluster of over a hundred bladed weapons and pointed in the Z-fighters' direction. The group scattered on the ground in the woman's line of sight gawked at the high volume of spears, swords and daggers that'd materialized around the assassin, literally forming a wall of floating death behind the woman. Even Piccolo and Android 16 expressed utter disbelief at the amount of blade works that'd now come into the picture, and one of them was barely emotional to begin with.

"Th-… That's impossible," Kana murmured, taking count of all the weapons she could see. From the amount of sweat now rolling down her face, you could tell that bad things were about to take place.

Hasky, grinning as the last of her plus one-hundred swords had formed, then took the same right hand from before and pointed it forward. "And… Blad Storm." Multiple flashes of light quickly filled the air as wave upon wave of deadly weapons were sent hurtling at the Z-fighters. The attack occurred almost instantaneously.

Piccolo, Kana, Videl, Goten, Trunks, Paprika and Android 16 barely had enough time to shield themselves before their entire position was bombarded by golden streaks of light, the earth and front area of Capsule Corp being ripped to shreds. The field around the troop went up in an inferno of multiple explosions from the sheer force of the weapons raining down on them, completely blocking out any and all view of the warriors in the heart of the barrage.

Though it seemed like the attack would end once all of the swords Hasky had created were used up, the reality was that every single time a spear or sword was sent flying, it was instantaneously replaced by another, different weapon, which was also let loose. This meant that the attack was not only immense, but also continuous. The result was the battlefield stricken front lawn of the Briefs' property suffering the brunt of the assault, with the barrage of swords even reaching the edge of the main building. All those watching from the windows literally had to duck and cover when the salvo of light-formed blades tore through the ground floor walls and ripped sizable holes in the main structure.

Even if they weren't the intended targets, there was no denying how effective and wide-spread the attack was.

When the barrage eventually ended at the behest of the user, the entire field revealed itself to be covered in bladed weaponry, all of which were sticking out of the scarred and uneven ground. A heavy cloud of dust and smoke hung over the battered front, which then slowly lifted to reveal the ultimate result of the torrent. What Hasky saw from where she was floating brought a wide, victorious smile to her face.

The Z-fighters she'd been fighting this entire time had been reduced to a broken down wreck. While Paprika still maintained the same amount of damage she'd received beforehand, those that'd taken the brunt of the assault in her place were in an equally terrible state. Goten and Trunks, both had reverted back to their base forms, were lying directly beside the woman, covered in scratches, burns, scars, and their respective gis torn to shreds. Their tops were nearly gone. Piccolo was standing in front of Videl, with two swords lodged in his torso, while the raven haired girl had a lance through her shoulder. The two of them were also covered in scratches and scars, and had
their clothes ripped in dozens of places. Kana and Android 16 on the other hand had been brought
to their knees, with the former's plug suit riddled with damage, and two daggers and a broadsword
embedded in her arms. The cyborg alongside her had a Spartan sword sticking out of his chest, a
spear through his waist, and an arrow lodged in his skull.

All in all, the group of heroes had survived by the skin of their teeth.

Coughing up purple blood, Piccolo then looked behind him at the others with one eye shut to stop
the cut along his brow from dripping into it. "Is… everybody alright?" he asked in a strained tone
of voice. "Speak up if you can."

Grabbing the ground tightly, a badly shaken up Videl looked up and choked, "More or less."

"Augh… swords… so many swords," Trunks muttered over and over under his breath, unable to
even comprehend how such an attack was physically possible. Even Goten was stunned, groaning
as he struggled to his knees and gripping the massive gash in his side, which had been caused by a
lance that'd come too close for comfort.

Looking across from where she was slumped over, Kana turned her attention to her cyborg
companion's head. When she saw the arrow lodged in the red haired man's cranium, the Seirei
cringed, "Whoa. Are you okay?"

Android 16, eyes flickering with random numbers, promptly diagnosed his condition. "My cranial
shell's integrity has been compromised and my secondary processing unit has received minor
damage. But I am fine." When a spark of electricity ran up the arrow and over his head, the stoic
robot's tone suddenly shifted drastically. "The temperature is currently twenty five degrees."

Not really knowing what to make of that last readout, the orange haired Seirei forced a smile, "If
you say so."

As they were talking, the group suddenly noticed all of the swords scattered across the desolated
grounds vanish into clouds of golden dust. Even the weapons impaling Paprika and the other
martial artists disappeared, leaving their forms riddled with holes and open wounds.

When the stricken and battered Z-fighters directed their glares towards their incredibly powerful
foe, they saw Hasky throw them one of her signature grins. Despite the battle scars riddling their
almost broken bodies, the woman had no intention of showing them any mercy whatsoever. "I
admire your ability to stand up after an attack like that. Your group is definitely made up of strong
stuff. However…" When she raised her right hand a second time, several more clouds of photons
accumulated behind her, from which another hundred or so blades took shape from the fumes. The
broad swords, katanas, lances, spears, and daggers pointed in the direction of the group, causing all
those in sight of the woman to shrink back in alarm. "I wonder how all of you will fair against
weapons of a higher class?"

Though the new collection of projectiles didn't seem any different from the last batch, every single
one of the swords and lances floating behind the blonde had been specially modified and crafted
for a final, devastating assault on her enemies. Unlike the models from before, the weapons in this
cluster were surrounded by a golden, ethereal shroud that had them all glistening brightly under the
sun. Despite the fact that all of the other tools beforehand had been incredibly well polished, these
blades were enchanted in nature and were made of a much denser material. In addition to the
engravings decorating their surfaces, they also had jagged edges and intricate curves in their molds,
allowing for deeper, cleaner cuts in their targets.

Even Piccolo noticed that these swords were different from the ones that'd cut them down before
and brought his fists up as high as he could in anticipation of the coming salvo.

These weapons weren't just created to intimidate; they were built with the express purpose of maiming and killing their targets.

Seeing the members of the troop in front of her brace themselves for her attack, the blonde assassin smirked and, without the slightest glimmer of hesitation, waved her hand towards them. "Ta-ta."

Once more, and hopefully for the last time that day, bright flashes of metal filled the area as the wall of seemingly infinite swords was sent flying at the Z-fighters all at once. Golden death rained down upon the team in a haze, the attack ripping the landscape apart and explosions of rubble and dust engulfing the defenseless heroes.

This time the main building of Capsule Corp was spared from the assault, as Hasky had deliberately aimed all of the blades away from it and squarely upon each of her targets. However, this concentrated and insanely accurate storm of attacks didn't stop a black cloud of smoke from rising into the sky, giving the impression that a nuke had just been set off in the middle of the city. When the rumbling from the bombardment eventually settled a full minute later, the veil of smog that blanketed the property lifted to reveal the battlefield underneath and the amount of damage that had been inflicted upon it. Even Bulma and Chi-Chi were astonished at how badly the property had been hit.

Confident in her victory, Hasky took a deep breath, smiled, and stood back to admire her handiwork. With the amount of swords she'd fired in that one barrage, she was positive that all of her opponents had been reduced to nothing.

"Ahh… there's no kill quite like over ki-" the woman began, before her words were promptly cut off the second she saw the dust settle.

Standing in the center of the sword covered battlefield, in a ring formed by the barrage of blades, two new figures suddenly emerged from the mist. Positioned at the front of their wounded compatriots, a transformed Vegeta and Zangya, both dressed in spandex uniforms, were glaring up towards the blonde floating several yards in front of them.

Given how instantaneous they'd moved to cut off the hail of swords from taking out their friends, you could see why Hasky appeared so surprised.

"Hey! What in the-? Where the hell did you two come from?" the assassin practically barked, her hair bristling in frustration at seeing her attack so successfully intercepted. She soon relaxed moments later when she recognized their faces. "Hang on a second… aren't they…?" Though the blonde and red hair threw her for a moment, after taking a closer look at the two of them, Hasky was able to work out the identities of the newcomers. It had the woman narrow her eyes irritably. "Their profiles were in the files Vi sent me: Vegeta and Zangya."

When they saw their opponent perform a double-take, the two fighters' expressions steeled. Vegeta's especially, and while the Super Saiyan 2 kept his eyes locked on the blonde woman, the Super Hera took that opportunity to look behind her and take stock of the others. As soon as her eyes panned over them, the alien woman nodded, "Is everyone okay."

Hand pressed against her abdomen, the stricken Makyan gritted her teeth and groaned, "That all depends… on your definition… of okay." She did her best to keep her blood from dripping all over the floor, but even with her rapid healing powers, she was still having a tough time keeping it all together.

"My head hurts," Trunks groaned.
"Mine too," Goten wheezed, trying his best to keep his balance when he finally got up. Blood running over his eye, the youngster glanced across at Android 16, who he could see was kneeling nearby with a hole in his temple. The spiky haired runt then pointed at him with a deadpanned expression, "Not as badly as his though…"

Sparks flying out of the crack in his skull, the cyborg's eyes slowly shifted over to Zangya, "My pain receptors have been shut down. Therefore, I am still…" His eyes then went blank for a couple of second and, after his body emitted a weird computer shut-down sound, he then started to speak in a woman's voice from the radio. "News just in from South City, pop star actress Mitsuki… Mitsuki… Mitsuki… Mitsuki…" After repeating that name a few times, the android's head perked up before speaking in a normal voice. "System error."

"For Kai's sakes, man," Videl exclaimed, glaring at the red head with a concerned look on her face, "Shut off for a few minutes. Get some rest."

"Command acknowledged," the giant robot replied, "Shutting down." A low hum then echoed off of his body as his eyes slowly closed and his head went limp. The cyborg then remained there on the ground, as still as a statue, on his knee, and with visible fractures all over his frame.

Now that their robotic companion was out for the count, but still thankfully in one piece, Zangya quickly turned her attention to the one responsible for this whole mess. "So I wasn't imagining things. Something actually was going on out here and we didn't know about it. Stupid energy shields," she muttered. After training her crosshairs on the blonde and giving her a decent once over, the red haired woman deepened her frown and, raising a fist, gave the group behind her a thumbs-up. "You guys take five. Vegeta and I can handle her."

"Go right ahead," Paprika coughed, before then rolling onto her back and turning her gaze towards the sky. "I'll be cheering you on… from the sidelines…" She was quickly joined by Goten and Trunks, both of whom took up protective positions around the spot she was lying. "Just… watch out for her weapons. They can get you from anywhere."

While Videl moved over to make sure Android 16 wouldn't fall apart on his own accord, Kana and Piccolo picked themselves up from the dirt and hobbled to the front, where they stood on either side of their teammates. Given that they were in better fighting condition then the rest of their friends, the wounded pair was determined to carry on the fight and faced off against their adversary with both scorn and vigor.

Vegeta, sparing a glance over at Piccolo, scoffed at the man's appearance and turned back towards the front. "You're a mess."

"And you're late," the Namekian replied, spitting the blood out of his mouth to continue the face-off with dignity. "Caught up training again?"

"Of course. You think I would cancel my routine for any little thing that just happens to drop by unexpectedly?"

"Let's just skip the pre-fight banter and focus on the problem in front of us," the former guardian interrupted with a serious scowl in play. "While I don't know about you, I'm sure this one isn't the kind of person who would waste time and energy standing around trying to decide what to do with her opponents."

Narrowing his eyes, the Saiyan nodded at the blonde hovering in front of them. "Who is this woman, anyway?"
"The big guy back there said her name was Hasky; a very dangerous and prolific thief," Kana stated, shrugging as she continued to regard their enemy with caution and care. "She broke into the building, snuck into the hospital wing, and the others chased her out. Apparently she was there to try and kill Gohan-kun while he was sleeping."

That last bit of info had Zangya's body freeze up and her eyes widen in shock. When her mind was done processing the freelancer's announcement, the red haired alien clenched her fists and ground her teeth in a manner that was clearly anger. Her gesture was so intense that the other heroes standing alongside her could literally hear her top and bottom jaws filing together. It did well in setting the mood for the future conflict to come.

"She's here… to kill Gohan?" the Hera whispered, trying to keep her breathing under control and her vision from going red. When she saw the smug smile of the blonde gazing back at her from her position above the field, the woman with the green complexion snarled and took a major step forward. "Over my dead body."

A grin tugged across Hasky's lips, "If you insist." When the lines of her suit lit up, the area behind her filled with golden clouds of energy, which instantaneously formed into eight long swords and spears, all of which turned and pointed in the group's direction. This then led to the assassin craning her head like a curious eagle and marking each of her targets individually. "Being a hard working, self-made woman, I enjoy a good joust every once in a while to break the monotony of a boring week. But as much as I love to deal a good thrashing to those who think it's a good idea to get in my way, if it interferes with my work and takes up too much of my time, I absolutely despise it. So… unless all of you want to walk through the pearly gates with swords and lances covering your bodies, I suggest you back off now."

Piccolo's and everybody else's glares, only seemed to intensify. "Not a chance." This prompted the other three warriors to slide into fighting stances, showing they had no inclination of breaking the line they'd formed.

This only coaxed a harsher leer from the blonde warrior, who then closed her eyes in satisfaction. "I was hoping you'd say that." Tilting her head upwards, Hasky then flashed her venomous green eyes towards her foes, causing the weapons floating behind her to rattle. "As a goddess of the new age, it is my duty to purify the world and administer swift justice upon those unfit to stand in my presence. Die on your feet… mongrels." Then, in a flash, she unleashed all eight of her weapons upon the Z-fighters.

The blades shot towards the group like bullets. The instant the first weapon struck the front of the pack a massive explosion rang out and filled the air with a towering fireball. The shockwave also generated by the bladed weapon impacting its targets also prompted Videl, Goten and Trunks to shield their faces from the debris, before the three of them looked towards the heart of the calamity in shock.

As soon as their eyes fixed upon the area, they saw the smoke clear and their four friends emerge from it unscathed. Initially they believed that all of them would've been impaled by the lightning fast attacks. But when the dust faded, it revealed Zangya standing further ahead of the others, with a blade in hand and her eyes glued firmly on the blonde in front of her. Needless to say, even Hasky appeared surprised to see her targets were still on their feet.

And there was a terrific reason why.

"W-What the heck just happened out there?" Videl asked, unable to deduce what'd just occurred due to how fast the scene had played out.
Paprika, lying flat out on her back but still able to watch the battle clearly from her position, smirked as her memory replayed the incident in full. "Since it was so fast… I'm not surprised you didn't catch it," the Makyan wheezed. "Zangya's movements were flawless. She dodged the first sword that came her way… and caught it as it flew over her. Then she used it to deflect the second one, before repeating the process… with the others.

Glancing down at the golden broadsword she'd snagged from the air and admiring the royal markings engraved upon its length and handle, Zangya then frowned and tossed it to the ground. As soon as it clattered to the floor, the blade broke apart into a cloud of dust and vanished, prompting Hasky to click her tongue irritably.

From the look on her face, the assassin was not pleased. Not in the slightest.

"How dare you lay your filthy hands upon my treasures…" The shadow across the assassin's eyes darkened considerably as her ire grew to an unprecedented level. "You must want to die really badly… DOGS!" she shrieked, eyes widening in rage as another cloud of gold gathered behind her and formed into a wall of fifty blades, all of which pointed directly down at the warriors positioned far below. "Just how long do you think your impudent thievery will keep you alive? Come… show me!"

Without needing any instruction, Vegeta, Piccolo and Kana quickly scattered, while Zangya stepped forward, cocked her hand back, and threw it towards her target, unleashing a powerful green ki blast at the woman. Her attack struck the hovering Hasky headlong and detonated with concussive force, filling the sky with fire and smoke. When the cloud began blanketed the area in a thick mist, it was quickly chopped away by a barrage of swords, which were sent shooting towards the grounded Hera and the wounded group of fighters behind her.

However, not planning on abandoning Videl and the others in their time of need, the red haired woman held her ground. Gnashing her teeth, Zangya threw her hands forward and caught two of the lances that'd been thrown her way. Despite grabbing them by their middles, the force they hit her with not only generated a sonic boom, they also sent her sliding back several yards along the ground. Feet digging into the ruined earth, the Z-fighter managed to stop just in front of Paprika, Goten and Trunks, all three of whom were gawking up at the female as she held the two lances she'd caught forward and assumed a defensive stance.

The rest of the swords soon came flying at the Hera at breakneck speed, prompting the female to step forward and begin smacking the weapons out of the air with the spears one after the other. Loud clangs and sparks echoed across the pitch when Zangya deflected the projectiles, sending them flying off in random directions. A couple of the swords struck some of the distant buildings in the city, smashing holes straight through them before exploding safely in the sky. The others struck other places around the Brief family property and detonated harmlessly, forming massive craters wherever they landed.

And still, Zangya kept up her vigorous defense. When one of the lances in her hand shattered after successfully blocking another claymore sent flying her way, the red haired Hera snarled, swung upwards with her remaining lance, and knocked an airborne battle axe towards the clouds. The weapon and the loosely held lance both spun into the sky, before dropping down seconds later to be caught by the alien woman. Expertly twirling the massive battle axe about half her size between her fingers, Zangya then used the heavy duty tool to smack a second one over her shoulder, sending it cork-screwing into a distant car park ten blocks away. The battle axe could be seen striking the sixth floor of the structure a full kilometer away, before detonating with enough force to level the entire building and disintegrate every single vehicle in that lot.
Slamming her newly acquired battle axe and lance into the earth, Zangya cracked her neck and took flight, aiming to draw her opponent's gaze away from the rest of her teammates. Videl, Goten, Trunks and Paprika remained where they were, and watched on carefully as the battle started to unfold.

Hasky, seeing her target vanish, narrowed her gaze on the sky before a smirk formed across her lips. "Interesting. You think that just because you've scattered yourselves you'll be able to confuse me? Well... you're wrong!" A wild grin quickly appearing on her face, she then turned her gaze upwards. Forming yet another cluster of swords and spears on her right flank, the woman sent them shooting up into the sky in a series of golden, streaking lights. The first couple of rounds shot off into the distance, whereas the second wave ended up being deflected in a shower of sparks when Vegeta's form suddenly materialized out of super speed.

Cloaked in his golden aura, the Super Saiyan 2 bit his teeth as he skillfully dodged the barrage of heavy weaponry homing after him. Kicking a lance towards the ground and deflecting a sword with his arm, the prince was suddenly clipped in the back of his shoulder by a yari and sent spinning to the ground. Yelling out as he fell, the warrior eventually corrected his fall and slammed his feet into the concrete of an open highway. As soon as he was up, Vegeta then sprinted forward in a blur of movement, avoiding the rain of golden weapons that began plunging down at him from the clouds above.

Occupying the flame haired warrior with her barrage, Hasky, maintaining her position hovering above the hand-shaped crater, then turned her gaze elsewhere when a brilliant light fell upon her. Looking to her left, a knight's shield formed in front of her, just in time to deflect a barrage of ki blasts sent flying at her from behind a distant building, which was under construction. After the shots ended, the woman then formed a column of broad swords, all of the same design, before sending them flying towards the unfinished and empty skyscraper. The blades cut the building to shreds, sending the remains cascading to the ground in a cloud of rubble and debris. This ended up driving the Z-fighter in hiding from behind it and prompted him to take flight into the sky above the plume.

White aura beating around him, the battle-scarred Piccolo placed two fingers to his forehead and, after charging his signature attack, thrust his fingers forward with a loud battle cry. "Special Beam Cannon!" The attack shot towards Hasky's position at an unbelievable speed and flooded the entire region in an orange glow.

Unimpressed by the approaching drill beam, the blonde woman simply summoned a large buster sword in front of her, gripped its handle, and swung the enormous blade through the air in an effortless, backhanded motion. The golden weapon intercepted the beam and cut it cleanly down the center, sending the two halves of the Namekian's strongest attack shooting off into the horizon behind her to strike a couple of mountains. The attacks detonated with the force of atomic bombs, disintegrating the edifices in separate, dome-shaped explosions and cleared the atmosphere of all cloud cover.

"Flash Storm!"

The instant Hasky deflected the beam attack, her eyes then snapped upwards to see a rain of millions of tiny energy spheres flying down at her from the heavens, and the source of the attack floating above them with her glowing orange hair wafting on the wind. Seeing the deadly rain of pellet shaped blasts hone in on her position, the blonde promptly held her hand out and produced an enormous, transparent crystal shield in the form of a lotus flower, which fanned out and took the energy bombardment head on. The salvo ripped into the shield and detonated en masse in rapid succession, splintering the barrier and causing it to crack. However, when the attack eventually...
ended, none of the energy pellets had managed to break through and the shield remained standing. It was a sight that brought nothing but astonishment to Kana's face.

Once she saw the attack wrap up, Hasky then willed the shield protecting her into a different shape, the petals closing in over one another before transforming into a lance with a drill-shaped head. When it began to spin on its axis, a compressed sphere of electrical energy formed at its tip. As soon as it reached critical mass, a stream of energy was then sent gushing out of the weapon and into the sky, forcing an alarmed Kana to teleport out of the way to avoid getting disintegrated by the blast that effortlessly shot out of earth's orbit.

While the spear's blast dissipated, the assassin's attention was then drawn over her shoulder when she heard yet another battle cry and saw Zangya flying at her from behind with a kick. Unsurprised, Hasky ducked under the blow and retaliated with an upward kick of her own, forcing the Hera to duck under it awkwardly and respond with a downward punch. The thief saw the blow coming and leapt over the woman in a fancy cartwheel. When Hasky found herself flipping over the surprised alien, the blonde forged a spear in her hand and thrust it down at her opponent, who managed to spin out of the way just in time to have the side of her singlet get torn by the blade.

Flying up and out of reach, Zangya huffed furiously and, loading her right arm, chucked it forward in an underhanded motion and pitched a powerful red energy sphere towards her foe. "Beauty Trigger!" The ball of light arced through the air and plummeted towards the woman, who was right in the middle of correcting herself following her aerial cartwheel. While her back was turned, the red sphere of energy fired by the Z-fighter impacted her spine and detonated with fantastic force, covering the area in a fiery, orange cloud.

At first Zangya thought her attack was successful. But just when the woman was in the process of watching the cloud of smog disperse, an eerie glow from above quickly drew her attention to the sky, where she saw her opponent floating several stories overhead with a spear in hand and its tip pointed straight down at her.

The moment the attack had finished charging, the woman then let loose a powerful golden beam at her target.

Reacting immediately, the Hera powered up and took flight, avoiding the attack when it struck the earth and, guided by its user, began chasing after her. The attack cut an enormous trench across the property and highway, disintegrating anything that got in its way. When it eventually pursued the woman up into the sky, the continuous beam sliced right through the city, burning through a dozen buildings, chopping a crane in half, the top off of a distant mountain, and then the clouds on the horizon.

Before she could continue shooting after her elusive foe as she ascended higher, Hasky then became aware of another attacker positioning himself behind her and shut off her spear. Spinning around, she snapped her glare into the atmosphere to see Vegeta, aura burning brightly around him, floating a safe distance away with his hand pointed straight down at her. The instant her eyes met his and locked onto his form as it radiated both energy and electricity, a powerful golden sphere quickly appeared in front of his palm. A split second later and with a yell of effort, the prince then fired the attack and sent it flying at the assassin at blinding speed.

Telegraphing its flight path, the blonde woman spun her lance about and, swinging it upwards in a single, graceful motion, smashed the man's Big Bang Attack into the clouds, where it detonated harmlessly out of reach. As soon as she deflected it, she spun her lance back around, jabbed it out, and fired a cluster of beams from the tip. These lightning fast attacks forced the Prince of Saiyan to dive out of the way in alarm, with the man giving a growl of frustration before he was struck in the
shoulder by one of the lights. This stray shot knocked him out of the sky and left him open for a follow up attack.

But just as Hasky was about to capitalize on that opening, her body suddenly froze up and her arms snapped together. Eyes widening in shock, the woman then attempted to jerk her way out of whatever the hell kind of snares had managed to bind her. After trying and failing to escape several times, the woman then glared over her shoulder, where she quickly spotted the cause of her sudden stoppage; Zangya, who had both her hands thrown forward and an intense glare fixated upon her.

"What?" At first unable to see what the problem was, Hasky soon noticed a shimmer of light hanging in the air between herself and her opponent. When she focused in on it, the blonde was then able to see that the Hera had her bound in energy wires, all of which were wrapped around her like fishing net and were keeping her from moving. She sneered when she looked back up at her opponent and spat in her direction. "You… insolent cur!"

The red head chuckled as her body trembled from the effort of keeping her opponent exactly where she was. "Sorry. But you're not going anywhere."

Hasky's eyes then shot back to the area directly in front of her. When she looked down, she suddenly saw light photons gather in front of her, a split second before Kana materialized directly in front of her, charging in with both hands held out. Golden spheres of energy glowing brilliantly in both palms, the fiery haired Seirei gave a loud battle cry and lunged up at the trapped woman, intent on taking her down with one hit.

"YOU'RE FINISHED! STAR-!"

A stunned look crossed Hasky's face as she watched her foe begin throwing her hands towards her in slow motion. The likelihood of it wiping her out was set at an instant high and, with the proximity between both attacker and target, it seemed like nothing was going to stop the blast from taking her out. But then, just when Kana's blast was milliseconds from being unleashed, two golden spears about four meters long dropped down from the skies and intercepted the attacking Seirei in the most brutal way imaginable. Like lightning, the two weapons struck the woman in the shoulders, colliding with a bone-crunching 'crack' and knocking the alien girl backwards.

Eyes widening in disbelief as the energy spheres in her hands vanished, Kana then looked on as the barely visible wires locking her opponent's arms together snapped and disintegrated. This ended with Zangya being thrown back when the tension was suddenly released, startling the Z-fighter and sending her flying several yards back. This pretty much freed Hasky from the confines of the barrier and, as soon as mobility was returned to her limbs, spun on the spot and landed a swift kick into Kana's stomach.

The blow smashed into the woman's sternum, knocking the wind out of the girl's lungs and sending the poor Seirei rocketing across the property at breakneck speed. Traveling quite a distance, Kana ended up bouncing over the entire Capsule Corp property before colliding shoulder first into the main building, where she ended up buried under a huge pile of frame and rubble.

Security and staff in the area were immediately on the scene to help, where they quickly found the Seirei unconscious under a massive section of wall, which they proceeded to pull off of her.

Upon dispersing the nuisance, Hasky quickly had to contend with yet another one when Piccolo decided to touch down directly behind her and go right for her neck with a quick pressure point strike. But the instant his hand chopped out, the Namekian's eyes widened when his blow passed straight through his foe. Moments later, the blonde's body became transparent, revealing it to be nothing but a hologram.
"Huh?"

Before Piccolo could respond accordingly to the sudden switch, a sharp pain suddenly hit his chest and the man gave a loud scream of agony. Gripping the blade sticking out of his stomach, he was suddenly lifted high into the air and held at the mercy of whatever it was that had gotten him from behind. After coughing up blood and biting down with his jaw in an effort to stop the pain, he slowly turned his head to look over his shoulder. When he did, he saw Hasky floating behind him, a single hand wrapped around the handle of an eleven foot, golden crested katana, which she'd used to effectively run through him and nail him to the sky.

"Surprise," Hasky said in a sing-song voice, before quickly glancing to her right. Without any warning or hesitation, the woman pivoted on the spot and threw her impaled quarry across the field. "Here! I think this is yours!" Almost a split second after Piccolo was thrown off of the sword, the Namekian's body slammed into something invisible and solid traveling through the air at incredible speed. As it turned out, that solid just happened to be the still active and fighting Vegeta, who gave a loud yell of shock when he ran headlong into his ally's back and was knocked out of the sky.

The force that they were hit with threw the two warriors barreling over the ruined grounds and into the earth, where they tumbled to a stop on a fresh patch of open lawn; not too far from the main building but away from the other wounded Z-fighters.

Videl and the others could only watch helplessly from a distance as the enemy responsible for taking them out floated to ground level and glared at the two stricken warriors.

While Vegeta struggled to his feet and Piccolo nursed the new wound in his chest, Hasky, taking a few steps forward, breathed a sigh of relief and raised a hand. As a gentle wind coursed over her armor clad form, she then focused her suit's power and began gathering energy for one last assault, while at the same time indulging her targets with some final words of 'comfort'.

"Imagine you were dying. Imagine you were afraid, a long way from home, and in terrible pain. But just when you thought it couldn't get any worse… you looked up… and saw the face of the devil herself." Hasky chuckled when she noticed the agonized expressions on her targets' faces craning in her direction. As soon as she knew she had their full and undivided attention, she then narrowed her eyes and spoke in a calm, yet menacing tone of voice, "Let these words be the last things you ever hear in this world." A cloud of gold formed behind her, which instantly solidified into a wall of around a hundred swords, lances, axes, arrows and daggers, all of which jerked towards the two warriors in front of her.

Vegeta and Piccolo, both still grounded, looked up at the formation of weapons in alarm. However, just before any of the tools could be fired, a figure dropped down from the skies and landed on the grass in front of them. Rising up from her position and flicking her red hair over her shoulder, Zangya made her presence known to all the warriors there as she came to the defense of her friends. Bringing her hands up and clenching them, the Hera faced off against the blonde assassin with a combination of pluck and verve. Manipulating the ki in her limbs enveloped her arms in a potent green glow, allowing her to protect them for the assault to come.

Frowning when she saw the Hera jump in her way, Hasky wasted no time in raising her hand and pointing her finger at the three Z-fighters. In the blink of an eye, over a dozen weapons were sent flying at them at several times the speed of light, with the intent of cutting the warriors down in a single stroke.

But the moment the weapons flew within range of their targets, loud clangs and bangs began echoing out when Zangya proceeded to smack the weapons out of the air with her arms, effectively
sending them shooting off in different directions. As soon as the barrage ended moments later, the Hera had successfully managed to bat away every single one of the swords, allowing her to exchange glares with her foe for a second time.

Hasky clicked her tongue in annoyance. "How dare you..." Taking that as her prompt, the thief conjured another cluster of weapons to replace the ones she'd fired. This meant the numbers increased from a hundred to two hundred, and more. Her ammunition effectively multiplying, the moment she saw her newest target take another stance, the blonde raised her hand and let loose another wave.

This time, instead of just a few weapons, she unleashed all of them.

A continuous stream of golden swords and lances began flying out of the wall behind her and towards the group of heroes in front of her. Their paths were straight and true, and the power behind each and every one of the blades was strong enough to pierce through a planet’s crust right down to the core. However, despite the sheer quantity of swords that was now being fired upon them, Zangya, mind open and senses sharpened to the point of needles, began deflecting the waves of deadly weapons in droves.

Her glowing arms moved in a blur in front of her as the Hera vigorously struck out at the projectiles, batting them aside in a spirited and sturdy defense. Sparks flew every time a blade or staff was knocked away, with a majority of them being sent spiraling off to the side to impale the ground elsewhere. Since the force of each of them was effectively being nullified by Zangya's accurate parries, the damage that the weapons dealt to the landscape was minimal, and they simply ended up landing uselessly away from their intended targets. Though their forms were much different from the ki blasts the Z-fighter was used to defending against, the woman treated each of the weapons being flung at her as if they were energy attacks, which allowed her to fend off the assault and protect the two men on the ground behind her.

Vegeta and Piccolo watched their teammate hold the line, slowly pushing themselves to their feet as the stream of weapons in flight began to increase.

It seemed like the Hera's efforts would eventually pay off. But then, right in the middle of the seemingly infinite wave of swords, the alien defender accidentally misjudged the speed of an approaching short-sword, and ended up getting clipped in the side as it passed. Zangya yelped in pain as a spurt of blood splattered across the grass behind her, effectively breaking her rhythm. When she tried to correct her stance, a Roman sword slashed across her left shoulder, causing a stinging pain to shoot through her and the woman to swing out blindly at the other projectiles flying her way. The two close shots left her struggling to stand and Hasky capitalized on that moment of weakness with extreme prejudice.

Eyes widening in an insane manner, the riled up Hasky giggled incessantly and, reaching behind her, gripped the handle of a large claymore materializing behind her. "Come on! Come on! You don't have any time to rest!" the blonde shouted, letting out a laugh as she hurled the massive sword and its companions straight towards Zangya's position.

Looking up in alarm when she noticed the streaks of gold flying towards her, the Hera attempted to cover up, crossing her arms over her face protectively. Another loud clang rang out followed by a cry of pain as the female Z-fighter was hit full-on by the barrage of swords and knocked off her feet. Slash-marks cut into her skin, the bloodied and battle damaged Zangya flew back several yards before crashing to the grass directly in front of Vegeta and Piccolo. While the pair of men assumed defensive stances, their colleague quickly sat up, looking back at her opponent through a cringing expression and blood trickling down her face from her hairline.
Chuckling when she saw her red haired target struggle to get back up, Hasky placed her hands on her hips and tilted her head. "The title of 'Master Thief' is considered an honor and a privilege in my line of work. It sets me apart from the everyday criminals, making all other burglars and lawbreakers obsolete. Well… I'm happy to say to all of you that, as of this very moment, the Z-fighters have also become obsolete… and a new hero of earth has been born."

The blonde then held her right hand out to the side with her palm facing upwards. The instant it was moved into position, the red lines on her suit started to glow a deep shade of scarlet. "My original plan was to go easy on all of you, beat you down, and complete my mission of assassinating Son Gohan while his friends were lying helplessly on the ground. However, since all of you have put up such a good fight, I think I'll honor your final moments by showing you exactly the kind of force you are up against."

Once again, a golden cloud of energy began to gather over her, which then formed into a sword. However, when the weapon eventually solidified and took shape, the sword that Zangya, Piccolo, Vegeta and the other Z-fighters watching from a distance saw was nothing that they were expecting.

In fact, the structure of the sword was far from any blade they'd ever laid eyes on.

What Hasky's fingers ended up curling around was a weapon unlike any sword currently in existence, and had a very jousting lance-like quality to it. The handle was crafted out of gold, with a warped pommel to strengthen the user's grip and allow for extra leverage. It also had a triple-layered, gold handle guard that spiraled upwards, with blue hieroglyphic markings all along the surface. These then moved up into the primary aspect of the weapon, the section of which deviated from the normal traits of an edged weapon. The "blade" itself and the tip of the sword, spun in a spiral shape, were dull. It had the shape of a cylindrical, cone pillar made up of three independently rotating segments. The design resembled the model of bedrock excavators used to drill underwater tunnels.

It was also blank and as black as the night sky. However, a second after the golden sword appeared in her grip, the entire sky above Hasky's position suddenly became filled with countless, glowing red jagged lines, which branched outwards from the tip of the sword like a tree, and completely eclipsed the atmosphere of the planet. Emitting a deafening sound of over a thousand birds and bats, the random red branches suddenly began retracting at light speed into the assassin's sword, giving the blade a brilliant red glow. When the light faded, the black, drill-shaped blade revealed itself to be covered in red cuneiform, all of which were random and spelled out into an unknown incantation around the weapon.

The moment the entity gained stability, every single ki-sensitive denizen in the area became stricken by what they felt.

A crushing presence fell over the countryside that left even the most powerful fighters in the group gaping like fish. Eyes widened in horror, Piccolo, Vegeta, Zangya, Videl, Goten, Trunks and Paprika looked on as Hasky lowered the weapon and, keeping its tip pointed skywards, watched as the individual components of the shaft began to rotate on the sword's axis.

If they were being completely honest… they weren't sure if that weapon could even be called a sword.

"W-What the fuck is that thing?" Vegeta stammered under his breath.

Piccolo, shaking his head as sweat rolled down his face, also voiced his concern, "I've… never sensed so much energy sitting in one place before. It… It's mindboggling." But was it really energy? That was the big question here.
Getting to her knees, Zangya also became petrified with fear as she felt the mass amounts of energy being generated by the weapon grow at an alarming rate. "What the hell kind of sword is that? I… I can't get a bead on its construction at all."

Not only was the weapon emitting so much energy that it felt like they were standing next to an infinitely exploding quasar, the weapon itself was also emitting an incredibly dark and foreboding presence. It was almost like the blade was alive and was somehow communicating with all of them, giving the team the impression that they were staring down some sort of divine spirit of vengeance. The words it spoke, though incomprehensible to the human ear, only whispered one thing.

Certain death.

Hasky, smirking widely, narrowed her eyes upon her targets. "Exterminate them… Ai!" The instant she uttered the name of her sword, the cuneiform lettering along the weapon's shaft began to glow and the drill-head started to spin at an unheard of speed. As it did, it began to emit a bright, red aura that whipped out in all directions, forming into a drill of energy that branched upwards like electricity, cutting the air and heating it to an almost unbearable degree.

Then, after the blade's spinning had gained enough momentum, it happened.

A deafening thunderclap echoed across all of West City as a massive shockwave of red ki exploded from the sword. This shockwave washed over the entire property of Capsule Corp like a tsunami, engulfing the Z-fighters and striking the main building with such force, it almost lifted the entire structure off of its foundations. The screams of all the people in that district were drowned out by the sheer volume and scale of the blast, which shot up into the sky and up into space in the form of a red vortex.

The tornado of celestial matter sliced away at the clouds, clearing the airspace over the metropolis and the country. A few seconds later, an explosion comparable to several supernovas confined to a single point lit up the front property of Capsule Corp in a white fireball that stretched up into the stratosphere. Any planes flying near the city were knocked out of the sky and sent plummeting to the earth below, while all those people standing in the heart of the cataclysm were instantaneously swallowed up by the blast and seemingly incinerated.

The explosion was so bright and so powerful that it could literally be seen from orbit.

When the dust settled over the city sometime later, carnage had been brought to the front steps of Capsule Corp.

The main building and the city itself remained mostly intact. However, in the midst of the chaos, a smoking, black crater had formed on the front lawn of the estate where grass, fences, and footpaths had previously been standing. Due to the insane amount of heat generated by the attack, a lot of the areas of earth inside the crater had been turned to glass, while the rest of the fissure was still radiating a hot orange and was smoldering under the midday sun. It was almost like a meteorite had made landfall right there in the heart of West City.

With the results of her attack revealing itself from underneath the veil of dust, Hasky, lowering her weapon, gave a loud gasp of ecstasy, at the same time a shade of red formed across her cheeks. She then brought her treasured sword close to her and pressed her cheek against its warm surface. "Oh… that was magnificent. Simply magnificent. The power that this sword gave off, the tingle that ran up my spine when it unleashed its fury… the sensation… is almost indescribable." When her eyes finally landed on the smoking pit that was her battlefield, she saw for herself exactly what'd happened to the group of intrepid and determined Z-fighters.
To put it in simple terms… they were beat. Across the crater to the blonde's left, she could see Videl lying unconscious beside the broken down Android 16, both of whom were covered in burns, scratches, ash, dirt, and had their clothing in tatters. Goten and Trunks were fairing no better, looking as though they'd both been put through a meat grinder made entirely out of fire and brimstone. Paprika on the other hand, who'd managed to summon the strength to jump in front of them at the last second, had her back charred by the blast and was lying unconscious at the feet of the two children. An incredible feat, considering she was barely hanging in there as it is.

And directly in front of the woman about a few yards away, at the very edge of the crater, Piccolo, Vegeta and Zangya, were also lying in three separate, broken heaps. The Namekian was on his back with his entire top disintegrated and the Prince of all Saiyans was on his side, reverted back to his base form and covered in second degree burns. The Hera too was on her stomach, with her face in the mud and her back covered in debris.

While Bulma, Chi-Chi, and the rest of the staff at Capsule Corp were all okay, save for several scratches and dirt marks, the majority of the heroes had all been taken out of commission. The two mothers, who were hanging over by the window supporting one another, could only watch on powerlessly as their enemy looked down upon the fallen with a menacing leer.

"Goten, no," the Son mother gasped, placing a hand over her mouth when she saw her boy had been knocked out.

"My Trunks," Bulma also murmured, unable to believe what was happening.

Bringing her sword down to her side as she took stock of her enemy's condition, Hasky gave a lighthearted chuckle. "You all finally understand the complete futility of the battle you'd just waged. Even with all your great strength and power… not a single one of you stood a chance against the terrifying might and ferocity of Ai." Upon mentioning the artifact's name, she quickly held her sword up and brandished its blade for all to see. "This is the legendary weapon once wielded by the demi-God Gilgamesh; the greatest hero of all time. It is a completely unique existence all its own… an artifact that was created before the concept of the 'sword' was ever conceived in the universe. You could say it was the origin of all blades currently in existence; one that is capable of emitting enough energy to cut through dimensions and destroy entire galaxies with a single swing." She then held it towards the sky and watched it disappear in a cloud of golden light. "Well… this is just a copy of the sword made from a fragment of the original. Compared to its template, it only has a fraction of the strength the real artifact once possessed. Nevertheless, you should feel honored to have been struck down by such a glorious weapon. I only ever use it against opponents who I deem worthy of its blade, but for your group… I made an exception."

It was a startling reveal. However, the impact of it was lost on her audience, due to the fact that all of them were either well out of earshot or had been knocked unconscious. However, thanks to her overwhelming victory against the Z-fighters, Hasky was more than happy to blab on and on about her favorite toy without any fear of reprisal. She was just that confident.

Waving her hair back, the barely scathed and still fresh assassin decided that enough was enough. "I guess that's it then. As brief as it was, it was still fun while it lasted." Stretching her neck and rubbing her palm against her shoulder, Hasky quickly turned her attention to Capsule Corp's main building and began strolling towards it, an act that had the people watching from inside shirk back in fear. "Guess it's time to go kill Son Gohan, collect my paycheck, and spend the next few weeks working on my tan at the beach. Enjoy whatever life you have left in you, boy, because it's about to be forfe-" She then stopped dead in her tracks.
Not because she was having second thoughts or anything. Far from it.

It was because her path was being blocked.

Standing up from where she was lying in the crater, covered in dirt, muck, ash and grime, a still conscious and fully transformed Zangya rose to her feet and stood before her foe with a hateful glare fixed squarely upon her. Panting heavily as smoke rose from her battered and almost broken body, the Hera slowly edged her way into the path of the blonde to cut her off. As soon as she did, the redhead was able to see the master thief look at her in disbelief. In doing so, the Z-fighter held her ground, her body slumped forward and her arms hanging limply from her shoulders.

After stepping into Hasky's path and eclipsing her view of the Capsule Corp headquarters, the Hera straightened up, took a deep breath, and faced her adversary with an unflinching gaze.

Hasky recoiled in shock, "You've got to be kidding me. How did you-" Frown deepening considerably, the blonde clicked her tongue and flicked her hair. "Well... you're certainly a persistent one, aren't you?"

Ignoring the woman's unintended compliment, Zangya clenched her fists and spoke, "As long as I have breath in my body, there is no way I'm going to let you or anyone else lay a finger on Gohan." Her brow furrowed even more as she shot the woman a wave of killing intent. "If you do... there's not a sword in the world that will stop me from ripping your head clean off of your shoulders. That I can promise you."

The alien's threats put an amused grin on Hasky's lips. "From the looks of it, I doubt your body will be able to survive even one more hit from me. Seriously... what can you possibly hope to accomplish in the sorry state that you're in? Huh? Nothing. That's what." She then craned her head and leered at the red head with a menacing air. "But... I suppose I can humor you for a little while longer. It's no skin off my ass. But as soon as I'm done playing around out here, I'm going to waltz into that building, carve out Son Gohan's heart... and show it to you. That way, not only will you be able to see how wrong you actually were, but also if you were able to live up to your promise. How does that sound?"

And that was when the world and the galaxy suddenly seemed to snap.

A clap of thunder rang out followed by a shockwave, one that was powerful enough to generate a visible ripple across the country's surface and almost knock Hasky off her feet.

The blonde haired assassin barely had enough time to steady herself before a second blast of wind crashed into her body and forced her to throw her arms up in defense. Gritting her teeth in shock, the master thief looked through the crack in her forearms to see a bright, green aura burning around her opponent's body, a formation that reached several stories into the sky and became enveloped in currents of gold lightning, which tore at the ground and shredded it like confetti.

Despite the ridiculous amount of noise being produced by the miniature super storm, above the howling winds, the thunder crashing, and the ground being ripped asunder around them, Hasky was still able to hear the bellowing cry from the person at the center of it. In a show of unfathomable rage and force, Zangya, with her fists clenched and her stance wide, threw her head back in a terrifying scream of agony. The action caused her aura to kick up at a much fiercer rate and the lightning that was surrounding her to shoot up into the clouds. Not only did this phenomenon cause the entire countryside to tremble violently and a cyclone to form overhead, but the light being generated by the Hera covered the entire metropolis in a blinding strobe, which had the blonde haired assassin as well as the rest of the audience shut their eyes in pain.
Sparks and embers also flew off of the alien's body, which wrapped around her in a cloak of sparkling flecks, which then led to a bright, white glow wrapping her form up like a cocoon.

Flustered by the shockwaves given off by the infuriated girl, Hasky did her best to hold her ground as the last of the fierce winds died down. When they finally did, the assassin looked back at her target to see what'd happened and her jaw slowly dropped at what she saw.

Standing in the heart of a pillar of green, transparent fire, a newly transformed Zangya emerged from the light. Not only had her skin taken on a darker shade of green, her curly red hair, which once floated behind her like a cloud, had turned spiky and now resembled the hair-styling of a Super Saiyan 3. Furthermore, not only did she have golden streaks in her hair, she also had golden sclera around her eyes, with a single streak across each of her cheeks, and a leaf-shaped one in the center of her forehead.

Her green aura had also become fiercer, blasting around her in an impressive and deadly inferno. When she opened her eyes moments later and fixed them squarely on her foe, a current of gold lightning shot across her body and struck the ground, marking the completion of her transformation.

Chi-Chi and Bulma, who were watching the scene from their second-story position, were gob smacked at what they'd just witnessed.

Even Hasky was initially overwhelmed by the sight of the transformation. However, after staring back at her opponent for a few moments in awe, a smile quickly returned to her face and the assassin grinned confidently. "Oh… it looks like you had another trick hidden up your sleeve, after all. Though the streaks and sclera are a nice touch, I don't see how spiking up your hair and adding some makeup will do you any good in a fight." Despite how intimidating Zangya looked, clad in her newly acquired form, the assassin standing several yards away wasn't swayed in the least, and simply conjured up another cloud of golden dust behind her. "As impressive a light show as it was, it was a sad and completely useless gesture." She then formed another wall of a dozen swords behind her and pointed them all directly at her opponent.

That was when it happened.

Her eyes widening sharply, Zangya suddenly summoned a row of twelve green energy spheres behind her, all of which materialized in a nano-second. The instant they appeared, they then shot forward one after the other at a ridiculous speed, streaking through the air and leaving trails of hot, green energy behind them. In a series of flashes, the energy balls struck the swords hovering in the air behind Hasky and shattered them, causing sparks to fly and loud clangs of metal against metal to ring out.

A split second later, it was over, and Hasky's eyes snapped behind her in alarm. When she saw her swords were all gone, she looked back at her opponent in shock.

"Wait… what the hell just happened?" the blonde thought. Shit, not even her built-in sensors were able to pick up what'd happened.

"When Bojack destroyed our home planet all those years ago, I thought my life had lost all meaning and purpose to it… that any and all dreams I may have had vanished with the other three billion members of my kind," Zangya's voice spoke up, drawing Hasky's full and undivided attention. When the assassin fixed her glare back onto her, the Hera, shrouded in a flame of green energy and golden lightning, narrowed her eyes and continued to speak. "I thought that I was destined to serve under him for the rest of eternity… to remain a slave to his will, with no hope of pursuing anything more. I did everything he asked of me out of fear of his power and the cruelty of
his wrath." She then clenched her fists tightly and lowered her head. "But then I met someone…
someone who not only had the strength to stand up to that monster, but someone who was able to
free me from the prison Bojack had formed around me… and gave me a chance to find meaning in
my existence… a reason to live. That person was someone who risked everything to open my eyes
to the world and unshackle the chains of my heart… and he became the most important person in
my life. It was only after all of that did I find my real reason for living."

Curious by the woman's speech, the blonde assassin cocked an eyebrow. "Really? And what would
that be?"

Zangya smiled, her eyes twinkling under the veil of her aura. "He made me realize that I could do
anything with my life… that I could chase any dream and any goal that I wanted, so long as I gave
it my all and had friends to support me every step of the way. I came to understand that as long as I
have people in my life to cherish and protect, they can give me the strength to make any dream I
had possible." She then took a step forward and, with a sudden burst of ki, allowed a current of
lightning to snap off of her and strike the ground next to Hasky, sending dust splattering over her
suit. "And I'll be damned if I'm going to let the one person who made me realize all of this get
killed by some blonde haired, wannabe goddess who relies on cheap tricks and thievery to gain
power!"

Eye twitching from hearing that little slight to her name, the assassin clenched her fists and
lowered her head at the woman. "Do you wish to test me… mongrel?"

The Hera grinned, "You claim that you are some divine being from another world? Well… if that's
the case, and you really are the genuine article, then I'll just surpass everything about you and take
you down. After all, if a mere human can become a goddess, then there's no reason why a Hera
can't!" When she saw her opponent's expression change to one of shock, Zangya slid into a wider
stance, clenched her fists tightly, and powered up, allowing her aura to explode off of her with a
clap of lightning.

The shockwave she generated sent a wave of dust in all directions, slamming it into the Capsule
Corp main building and rattling it, forcing all those inside to hold on for dear life. Chi-Chi and
Bulma literally cried out when they felt the floor above them crack, dropping dust and debris right
down on top of them. Furthermore, due to the sudden massive increase of ki in the area, Zangya's
actions were able to rouse the other Z-fighters from their individual states of unconsciousness.

From their places on the ground, Vegeta and Piccolo looked up to see what the heck was going on.
When they spotted their teammate standing several yards away, bathed in a green glow, and
noticed the drastic changes to her form and the enormous jump in her power level, all the two
wounded warriors could do was gawk and watch to see what would happen next.

Even Videl and Kana, both of whom had regained consciousness, were watching from a distance
with half-lidded gazes and amazement reflected in their eyes.

Once she was certain she had enough energy and had her crosshairs locked firmly upon her target,
Zangya, assumed in her Super Hera 2 form, cocked her body forward and leapt into action with an
explosive start.

"HERE I COME, MASTER THIEF HASKY!" the Z-fighter bellowed, launching herself from her
position with a deafening thunderclap and a roar of wind. She then barreled towards her opponent
in a blur of green light, tearing a path across the ruined property, "DO YOU HAVE ENOUGH
WEAPONS AT YOUR DISPOSAL?!"

Biting her teeth tightly, Hasky conjured up a katana and a claymore directly behind her. After
reaching for them, she grabbed both weapons and yanked them out of the air, their golden blades flashing under the rays of the sun as the red lines on her suit lit up with her fury.

"DON'T GET TOO CONFIDENT… MONGREL!" Hasky practically screamed back, before dashing forward and meeting Zangya in the center.

When the two lunged at one another, they collided in the center of the field with a flash of light and a sonic boom, with enough force to split the ground and cause the entire city to jump two feet into the air…

OOO

(Meanwhile…)

Hundreds of miles away from West City towards the North, in a town that was far out of reach of any of the major capitals on the continent, a pair of familiar figures was quietly making their way across the wilderness. Though they managed to blend into their environment and interact with the communities of this period to avoid drawing any suspicion, the two of them still found a way to stand out due to a couple of notable differences in their respective appearances.

For the past couple of weeks since arriving in this time plain, the young female duo, Pan and Eva, had done their best to adapt to their new and unfamiliar surroundings. After spending so many years fighting across a gradually worsening wasteland of rock and ash, which was also under the control of a universe conquering, psychopathic, magical, scientific monstrosity, you could imagine that coming to terms with an ordinary earthing life, in a time when none of that was happening, would be pretty difficult for a pair of adolescent girls. In spite of all their military and martial arts training, there were not many situations in their short lives that'd required them to fit into a world like this.

The last few days had actually seen the pair experience genuine communication with a person who wasn't one of their family members or close friends in their resistance group. As far as human contact went for them, speaking with their mothers, Kaiser, Bulma, and Trunks, was about as much talking as they got with human beings over any given amount of time, and they were pretty much all relatives to them.

However, being the strong-minded, savvy little fighters that they were, both Pan and Eva were able to meld well into their setting and assert themselves into the urban community. From that point onwards, after acquiring some new sets of clothing that didn't look like rags, tactical gear, or stuff that smelled like open sewer, they were able to go out into the world and explore a time that had since long been forgotten by them for close to a decade.

It was a real culture shock for the young martial artists to actually see trees, rivers that weren't boiling streams of lava, and food shops that weren't broken down or deserted, still intact and fully functioning. Thankfully the cash Bulma was able to lend them to purchase items in this time was still in circulation.

Anyway, after many days of traveling, the pair of tired youngsters had decided to stop off at this small, country town to have a bit of a rest. Using the time to explore the world that they'd never had a chance to see, the two children had taken to wandering the streets for most of that morning, before settling down at a café for a quick break. Ordering a couple of drinks and a pipping hot meal, the teenagers sat across from one another, and relished in the orange flavored shakes and spicy yakisoba. Since arriving in this time, this was probably the most delicious food they'd ever had in Kai knew how long.
The pair nearly cried at how tasty it was.

However, keeping it together and not letting their emotions get the better of them, both Pan and Eva spent an enjoyable midday, feasting on scrumptious treats and sauce-based food.

They were right in the middle of the best parts of their meals too, until the red haired girl with the pointy ears sensed something amiss in the air and looked up from her noodles in alarm. As soon as she did, her eyes then darted Westerly-wards, tracking the source of the anomaly back to its source. Her alarmed response was also detected by her sister Pan, who looked across at the Saiyan-Hera hybrid in concern.

"What is it, Eva?" the raven haired girl in the winter coat, boots and beanie asked.

Her sibling, dressed in a fur coat of her own, gloves and a winter beaver, blinked as she gazed across town and onto the horizon. Taking a few moments to analyze the disturbance and certify its origin, the red haired child from the future then balked when she realized exactly what the disturbance was.

"Th-That's mum… she's… transformed into her angelic form," Eva informed with a surprised tone of voice.

Pan, setting her chopsticks down, also looked up with a similar expression of surprise on her face. It didn't take her long to get a fix on the energy signature either. "You mean she's gone into her ascended form? Wow…" Even though she'd felt this energy signature many times before in the future, it still amazed her at how much power these higher level transformations actually possessed. Not to mention they were experiencing these instances of their parents as they were happening, making these moments even more monumental.

Though they weren't close to the scene, the impact of the ascension was still mindboggling in itself. The Kais up in Otherworld could probably feel the energy from this transformation as well as they could, and they were trillions of light years away… practically outside of the universe.

Looking down for a moment to think about what could be prompting her mother to transform to her high level state so soon, Eva then looked back at her sister with a frown, "She must be fighting Hasky-oneechan right now."

"You mean our kenjutsu master?" Pan asked, to which she was quickly graced with a nod from her sibling and teammate. When she ran this answer through her mind, the raven haired teen then clenched her fists on top of their table and frowned inwardly. "This was back when dad's group and Kaiser's company were still enemies with one another. That means Sentinel is still moving around and gathering resources." She then faced her sister with a troubled gaze. "We can't attack yet… not when the full copy of his programming is scattered across different interfaces."

Eva nodded in agreement, "Yeah. We have to wait until the right moment." Seconds later, she then craned her head back around and looked towards the horizon once more. When her eyes focused on the distant clouds, her expression became one of longing and forlorn, something that her sister was able to pick up even from her position.

Upon sensing the shift of concern in her sister's mood, Pan frowned and, reaching forward, poked her sibling in the arm. "I know what you're thinking. Remember what Bulma said? We can't interfere with any of dad's or mum's battles. Doing so will only give away our presence and send the timeline into a downward spiral, just like when Trunks came back from the future to warn dad and the others about the androids."
Staring back at her sister, the red haired hybrid gritted her teeth and clenched her fists as well. However, before her energy could start to rise in response to her frustrations, the adolescent calmed her senses and relaxed. Giving a sigh, she then nodded in understanding and focused her attention back onto her food.

"This is going to be a lot harder than I thought," the girl replied in a whisper.

It was a remark that Pan wholeheartedly agreed with, "No kidding."

After mulling over in uncomfortable silence for a minute or so, the two returned to their meal.

Even though they had the right sense of mind to maintain proper eating habits just like their parents taught them, they still possessed the diets of a female Saiyan in her youth. That was why they decided to order two to three more servings of food afterwards, before moving on to the next town and closer to their objective.

So much for not drawing attention to themselves.

OOO

(Back in West City)

The battle between Zangya and Hasky had dragged on for several minutes now, and in that time the two had been battling it out in one of the most vicious contests of strength the metropolis had ever seen. Ground had been shifted and cracked, buildings had been damaged and collapsed, and entire properties had been forced to withstand attacks with the ability to level whole mountains, all of which had missed their intended targets. Though only one or two bystanders had unintentionally gotten caught up in the crossfire and hurt, no other civilian casualties or deaths had been reported. That was surprising considering the level both warriors were fighting at.

However, there was a reasonable explanation for the lack of damage to the countryside. After realizing that their fight was leaving a lot of marks on the Capsule Corp estate and was slowly beginning to involve the rest of the community, Zangya wisely chose to take the battle elsewhere. During a particularly brutal exchange between the two warriors that saw them fly through a couple of skyscrapers and then onto a freeway, where they ended up trading a few hits, the Hera dragged her opponent out onto the ocean. Knowing that the water would help dampen the impact of a lot of their attacks and soften the blows to the earth a little, it was probably the most ideal location for a battle between two super-powered fighters to take place.

Dragging their battle several kilometers away from the mainland, as well as the coast brushing against the West capital, the Z-fighter was confident they would be able to fight it out here till their hearts were content and one of them had killed the other. After all, the Hera was more inclined on killing her foe rather than any other scenario taking place. So sucking up whatever remaining doubts or reluctances she had in using deadly force, the red haired angel with the golden streaks cranked up the output.

The blonde haired assassin meanwhile was having troubles of her own.

Though her battle with the Z-fighters had gotten off to a great start and she was able to control the pacing of the conflict throughout its duration, the moment she started crossing blades with the Hera, weird things started taking place. When she was dealing with the other warriors, her bladed weapons and beams had proven to be super effective against their fighting skills and tactics. Based on her understanding of their abilities, she knew the group of super powered fighters wasn't used to crossing fists with opponents who used excessive amounts of weaponry and preferred fighting in
close, hand-to-hand. While their use of blasts was impressive and well above par, they weren't experts at fighting at long range or with handicaps.

That was the basis of all warriors who practiced martial arts. The engagements were always within arms or legs reach, and rarely exceeded that distance. Utilizing her archery-inspired, long-range fighting style, Hasky was able to capitalize on their weaknesses and deal them incredibly painful defeats.

But now, as her fight with the newly empowered Zangya started to drag on, the master thief found herself struggling to deal the woman any damage. In fact, she was finding it incredibly hard to land any hits at all. Every time the blonde sent blasts or swords after her target, she would either deflect them or avoid them altogether, allowing them to hit the water or the surrounding islands without any effect, except causing a useless explosion. She even tried dropping them down on her from above, but even then her attacks were avoided.

However, while this occurred for only a minimal amount of time, the main issue she was currently experiencing was having her weapons knocked out before they even had a chance to fire. Whenever Hasky created a new cluster of swords or spears to launch at her opponent, the red haired Hera would simply take them out with those weird ki blasts floating behind her. While at first the assassin thought nothing of these attacks and would simply replace the swords that she lost, when it started happening repeatedly, the woman began to grow more and more annoyed and concerned.

What's more, these green ki blasts her opponent was using to counter her blades were orbiting around her body like little moons, protecting the Hera from attacks that came from blind spots. It was almost like they had a mind of their own.

More explosions ripped across the ocean surface as Hasky sent more swords flying after her opponent, who sprinted over the waves in a green blur. Golden streaks chased after her, impacting the water and detonating one after the other. When Zangya arced around after avoiding the barrage, she then rushed towards Hasky's position atop the water and picked up speed, causing several sonic booms to ring out as she effortlessly broke the sound barrier.

Narrowing her eyes, the blonde assassin raised her hand and, with a yell of effort, she fired a powerful golden blast from her hands. Her attack, which had enormous width and spread, struck the approaching Hera headlong, only to be deflected and sent up into the sky. It was there the blast detonated in an enormous sphere of white, sucking up the nearby clouds and dispelling the rest hovering over the region. The exploding attack then allowed Zangya to close the distance and charge her opponent, who responded by firing several more swords in her direction that honed in on her position a full kilometer away.

Just like before, the green spheres of ki orbiting the Super Hera shot forward and intercepted the swords, shattering them before they could reach their target. This enabled Zangya to leap off of the ocean's surface and into the troposphere, where she then took off as more swords and spears chased after her.

Using perfectly practiced aerial maneuvers, the woman effectively avoided all of the razor sharp projectiles when they attempted to cut her off. Once that was done, she took off down a straight line and picked up speed. When the spears attempted to follow her, the Hera spun around and nailed the weapons with a salvo of blasts, destroying all of the swords and allowing Zangya to drop down safely to the ocean's surface. The instant she hit the water and crouched down on top of it, another wall of golden blades was sent raining down at her, prompting the woman to look up and focus her ki. When she did, the remaining green spheres of energy orbiting her launched upwards
and cut off the descending swords, taking them out in a shower of sparks and shards of metal.

As soon as her counter was successful, Zangya rose to her feet and allowed another cluster of green energy spheres to begin orbiting her body protectively.

The sight of them had Hasky click her tongue and narrow her eyes in annoyance. "Why are this woman's energy attacks giving me so much trouble?"

To answer her question, the Hera standing several hundred meters out spoke, "You don't get it yet, do you?" Seeing the blonde look at her attentively, the Z-fighter continued to speak. "As perfect as your suit's abilities may seem from a distance, there are several major flaws in its design that I was able to spot while I was fighting you. Though you can upgrade the class of each individual weapon you create, their constructions are inflexible and can't be changed once they've been launched from their positions. That means they can be successfully countered with a ki blast of equal or greater strength. A person who is proficient enough at manipulating energy and using attacks at long distances can effectively neutralize each of your creations before they have a chance to be launched and, as it so happens, I'm the best in my group at molding energy with pinpoint precision." She emphasized this by gesturing to the green energy spheres orbiting her, which continued to do so even as she traded words with her adversary. "What's more, your attack patterns are too predictable. Since the weapons you create mostly travel in straight lines, I can simply avoid them or intercept them before they have a chance to hit their targets."

Spitting to the side, Hasky shook her head and shot the woman a threatening glare. "So what? Even if you've figured out the trick to my abilities, I can still cut you down with a full frontal assault!"

When she said that, another formation of lances and spears took shape behind her, and pointed directly at Zangya's position.

Upon seeing the woman summon another cluster of deadly weapons, the Hera smirked and shook her head sadly. "You know… at first I thought you were a really great warrior… someone who was dangerous and could pose a real threat to our group. But now that I look at you for what you really are, someone who talks big and uses insults and intimidation to put people down, all I can feel for you is pity." When she saw the blonde balk at her remark, Zangya pressed forward her advantage and leered. "You're just a reflection of my former self… a bully… a scared little girl who has to rely on technology and other people's accomplishments to give them power. Actually, now that I think about it, Master Thief Hasky is definitely a fitting title for someone like you. You're just like the weapons that you replicate and steal from other heroes… a tool that was made to be used by someone else."

This comment turned out to be the last straw for the blonde haired assassin. Gnashing her teeth in anger, Hasky narrowed her green eyes menacingly and snarled. "When I'm done with you… there won't be a single shred or bone shard left of your wretched, shit-talking, insolent corpse… YOU GREEN, DEMON WHORE!" With her rage climbing, the woman summoned a second golden cloud of energy behind her, which then formed into a wall of a hundred swords on top of the lances she already had. When these weapons took shape and solidified, they pointed at the Hera and launched themselves in her direction without hesitation.

Massive explosions engulfed the area of ocean where Zangya was standing, sending an enormous geyser of water into the sky. When the pillar eventually cascaded back into the sea, more and more blasts of water began shooting into the sky, accompanied by an occasional flash of fire and a burst of smoke.

Determined to kill her opponent, Hasky held her ground and began unleashing volley after volley of bladed weapons after her target. Keeping track of her with her eyes and her suit's inbuilt sensors,
the assassin continued producing more and more swords to replace the ones she launched. At first she managed to hold her place standing on top of the ocean, attacking her opponent at long range with her infinite string of light-based projectiles. But when Zangya retaliated with a barrage of her own, the blonde haired fighter was forced to abandon her station and back off.

Through the mist and steam produced by the heat of the blasts across the ocean, Hasky found herself glaring into a thick wall of perspiration. Expressing visible annoyance at the barrier, the moment she managed to touch back down onto the water's surface, Hasky formed an arc of swords in front of her and fired them into the steam, cutting it away under the sheer force of her attacks. She managed to clear much of the air space for her field of vision to improve, but her actions came a little too late when green blasts started rocketing at her from random spots in the fog, and flew towards her at breakneck speeds.

Seeing the lances of energy honing in on her spot, Hasky threw her right arm up and produced a cluster of circular shields, which effectively took the force of each of the attacks. The green beams exploded against the steel barriers, shattering them one after the other. When the barrage ceased, the blonde fighter produced another wall of spears behind her and let them fly once more, returning Zangya's fire with a round of her own. Her swords once again peppered the stretch of sea, filling the sky with blasts of water.

"Spark Laser!"

However, in the midst of her salvo, a red flash of light filled the cloud, followed by a heavy stream of red lightning that engulfed the entire ocean surface and flew towards the blonde assassin. Alarmed at the sight of the electrical energy charging towards her, Hasky took a big step back and thrust both hands forward. When her suit lit up, golden streams of electricity ran down her arms and shot off of her fingers. The torrent was just as powerful as the one heading towards her.

"Donar!"

The assassin's electrical attack flew from her palms to intercept Zangya's. In the blink of an eye, every single current and stream of the opposing bolts intercepted one another in midair and clashed in a terrifying display of power. The forces of nature had nothing on the display of raw, unbridled chaos, which not only covered a majority of the ocean, but also reached as far as the coastline. The cliffs and hillsides near West City fell under the duo's respective assaults, taking the force of the rebounding lightning streams, which tore into the earth and forests. Their attacks eventually started a small fire, which began to spread over the wilderness at an alarming rate.

When the lightning storm faded shortly thereafter, Hasky wasted no time in summoning a spear into her hand and, after spinning it around her body and arms, jabbed the tip forward and powered it up. The blade began to glow a hot yellow, with sparks of electricity and fire flying off of it. As soon as the staff had reached maximum potential, a powerful beam was then launched from it and sent screaming across the ocean, cutting a trench through the water. She then began guiding it, carving it across the marine to slice through an entire island. Upon seeing the isle go up in a fiery pillar of smoke, she then directed the beam into the sky, where her opponent could be seen retreating several kilometers away in the form of a green streak of light.

After gaining a high enough altitude where she could see her opponent as clear as day, the fully powered up Zangya cocked her hand back and thrust it forward. A red beam then shot from her finger and dove towards her target like a straight bolt of lightning, prompting Hasky to quickly maneuver her spear's attack to intercept it. The two blasts collided in midair and detonated with catastrophic force, engulfing the air above the ocean in an enormous, sphere-shaped blast that could've easily destroyed the planet. With the earth shaking under the force of the combusting
energy, the assassin down on the ocean surface watched the flames eventually subside and become replaced by smoke.

Almost instantly after the cloud emerged from the embers of the colliding attacks, green energy spheres began shooting through the smoke towards the woman. Recoiling in alarm, Hasky fired off a counter attack of her own in the form of golden spears, which streaked towards the approaching attacks and cut them off in a series of flashy fire bursts. Loud clangs filled the air once more, before a second large explosion ripped through the atmosphere, when the last ki blast hit the drill-shaped spear the assassin launched to break the salvo.

Losing sight of her target for a few moments, the blonde thief then spun around when her sensors picked up an energy signature approaching from behind. In retaliation, the woman forged another line of swords behind her and, like an artillery unit, launched them at the Hera when she saw her opponent's aura clad form sprinting over the ocean. Her swords and lances chased her in a continuous stream of attacks, peppering the sea with explosions. In the middle of the offensive, as the geysers of water continued to chase after her, Zangya formed another cluster of three green spheres over her shoulder. Once they were stable, the Z-fighter mentally willed them to life and launched them at her opponent's position two miles away while she continued to run from the barrage.

Instead of directly striking Hasky, the attacks hit the water around her instead, causing explosions of steam to fill the air. When the blasts eventually settled, they left a cloud of fog hanging around the woman, blocking her view of the battlefield.

Snarling in annoyance, Hasky attempted to reacquire her target through the mist. But just before she could do so, she was caught completely by surprise when she saw Zangya's form burst through the condensation and, held firmly in her right hand, a sword that was unlike any the human had seen before.

It wasn't any sword either. As a testament to her race, the Hera had managed to recreate the exact same weapon once used by her former teammate Gokuha through the Magic Materialization technique taught to her by Piccolo. With a gold, triangular handle guard, blue handle, and a long, thin blade, it was the primary weapon that was once used by the royal guard of her people.

Taking it into a single-handed grip, the red haired woman cocked it back and, with a loud battle cry, lunged at her foe with a downward swing.

Hasky barely had enough time to summon a second sword to counter it, conjuring up a claymore and blocking the weapon that slammed into her. The resulting collision caused a deafening clang and had the blonde skid back along the water for a few feet, before the duo found themselves locked in a heated grappling match.

Her suit glowing red with fury as it mustered all the strength it could to fight back against the powerful Z-fighter, Hasky then took up the lance in her other hand and attempted to spear her opponent through the stomach. But Zangya, already aware of the second weapon, caught it with her free hand and held it tightly, preventing the woman from doing anything more. This left both of them standing in place on the ocean surface, glaring at one another with a combination of hatred and disgust.

The master thief ground her teeth in frustration, "Impossible! I'm being... forced back... by an opponent like you?!

Eyes burning furiously, the red haired woman with the gold sclera stared right back at the human
as she slowly began to push her across the sea. With her superior strength granted to her by her new transformation, she began to press her advantage. "As long as you strike hard and fast… you'll be able to crush your opponents with ease. But if you cling too tightly to your techniques… and drag out the same motion over and over again… your skills become nothing but a novelty… and you leave yourself wide open!" She then grinned and pushed against Hasky's sword even further, causing the blonde to lean away in surprise. "You've shown your hand against me one too many times, Hasky! And now my attacks are ready and waiting… so I'm always one step AHEAD!"

With a cry of effort, the Hera drove her sword forward and shattered the blonde's claymore, forcing Hasky to release her hold on both.

Recoiling in disbelief, the assassin growled through her teeth, and in the blink of an eye, summoned more weapons to her hands. "D-Damn it!" Grabbing an axe and a katana out of thin air, she lashed out at her opponent feverishly, only to have her weapons deflected when the Hera swung back with her rapier and lance. "Why don't you… WHY DON'T YOU…" The Z-fighter destroyed both of the blonde's weapons and, when Hasky called upon another sword and struck down at her, Zangya ended up shattering the lance as well, sending sparks and metal flying everywhere. But Hasky didn't relent nor did she shirk, and continued to lash out in rage, "JUST DIE!"

When the woman swung down at her with another battle axe, the Hera gripped her rapier in two hands, swung upwards, and destroyed both weapons in an explosive collision. The instant they shattered, Zangya cocked her fist back and drove a punch straight into her opponent's face. The blow broke through the woman's bubble shield, connected with a thunderclap and punched a crater in the water straight down to the seabed thousands of feet below. Hasky meanwhile was sent flying backwards, where she ended up skidding along the water's surface, accompanied by the enormous wave caused by the punch.

Upon stopping her flight, the stunned assassin reached up with her hand, wiped her lips on her fingers, and looked down. When she saw the splatter of blood across her palm and tasted the telltale tang on her tongue, Hasky's hair bristled and she glared up at her adversary in rage. "You… HOW DARE YOU!" she barked loudly, before the red lines on her suit lit up and a cloud of gold formed behind her. The energy then transformed into two dozen swords and lances, which she aimed at her quarry. "I can't believe I have to go all out against a worthless piece of scum like you!" Without even a shred of regard or mercy, Hasky unleashed a wall of a thousand swords directly upon her opponent.

But Zangya was ready.

Summoning two green spheres of energy into her hands, the Hera forged them into a pair of long energy blades resembling knight swords. Their forms crackling like lightsabers, the woman lunged forward and, swinging both weapons through the air in a graceful and impressive display of skill, began deflecting the enormous projectiles one after the other. Her beamed weapons sliced through the salvo of lesser arms like knives through butter, shattering them and sending their sparks on the wind. Even when Hasky concentrated the barrage into a single river of swords in an effort to push the woman back and keep her at bay, it did her no good.

Shockwaves rang out after Zangya destroyed the last of the spears flung in her direction. When she saw her opponent create another wall, the Hera retaliated instantaneously, producing three dozen green spheres of energy behind her and sending them arcing into the sky. The streaks of green struck the clusters of swords, wiping out two thirds of them and stopping Hasky's attack dead.

With the air clear, the Z-fighters charged forward with a loud cry of battle, her aura springing up around her and sending golden currents of lightning shooting off in all directions.
Hasky recoiled in fright, quickly replacing the weapons she'd lost with a handful more and sending
them at her target.

Millisecond by millisecond Zangya advanced upon her foe, recreating another set of beam weapons
to take out the barrages of swords to clear her way. Despite their sheer numbers, the warrior was
undeterred. Not even the highest forms of lance could damage her and, with a combination of her
martial arts skills and her mastery over energy, she was able to avoid and repel them all. Another
cluster of green energy balls had formed into orbit around the Hera, allowing her to pepper her
opponent from a distance and open up her route.

Explosions ripped across the ocean from all the blasts and swords that were deflected. When the
effectiveness of the attacks spread to some of the nearby islands, the landforms were wiped out in a
series of fiery domes and eruptions, disintegrating them with ease.

Realizing that her opponent was getting closer and closer with every lap she made around her,
Hasky clenched her fists tightly and, deciding that she'd had enough, threw both her arms out wide.
"Don't push your luck, scum! DORNIIIIII!!" Golden chains then exploded off of her body in
arcs, cutting and slicing through the air towards the approaching Hera like bolts of lightning.

Seeing the net of chains heading towards her and threatening to block her path and catch her,
Zangya cocked her right hand up, formed a red disc of ki, and hurled it forward in a wide arc. The
monofilament attack expanded when she threw it, slamming into the chains and, after grinding
against them for a few seconds, sliced right through them. When the air cleared and the disc
continued traveling forward, the Hera unleashed a shotgun blast of energy from her hand, the tiny,
pellet spheres arcing through the air and converging on Hasky's position.

The blonde assassin, shocked at seeing her chains cut away so easily, ducked to avoid the energy
disc, but was unable to block the blasts that followed. The attacks hammered her body repeatedly,
knocking her a bit and causing her to stumble away. After regaining her balance and bearings,
Hasky looked up in time to see Zangya diving down at her with her fist, prompting the blonde to
take immediate action.

With a quick power up, the spandex wearing assassin sprang off of the ocean surface and shot
straight up into the sky. Her explosive movement caused the Hera to miss with her downward
swing and, following the woman's path up into the sky with her eyes, decided to give pursuit. The
defender of earth took flight with a sonic boom, sending a wave rippling out in all directions. In her
haste, the Hera left a trail of green energy in her wake as she rocketed after her quarry at full speed,
who only seemed to climb higher and higher the closer she got.

After ascending into the lower stratosphere and seeing her enemy was getting closer by the second,
Hasky decided she'd had enough playing around. As soon as she reached an appropriate height
above the clouds, the woman pointed her hand straight down at her approaching enemy and, seeing
her growing bigger in her crosshairs, summoned whatever energy she had at her disposal. In a
series of flashes that encompassed almost the entire face of the planet, a wall of over a thousand
curved energy blades suddenly formed around the woman to cover the troposphere. The instant the
clusters gained stability, they solidified into droplet-shaped daggers, all of which were trained and
ready to fire.

The instant her weapons had taken shape and her sights fixated upon her rival, Hasky sent forth her
attack in a single, unbroken wave. "YASAKANI NO MAGATAMA!" (Eight Shaku Curved Jewel)
A rain of metal gold shortly followed; the weapons cascading towards Zangya all at once and
filling the sky with a twinkling haze.
Despite the huge number of projectiles now raining down towards her, Zangya didn't hesitate in plowing right through them to keep on going. Powering up and shielding her arms in the same green energy she had before, the red haired alien smashed her way through the first strike, disintegrating the projectiles and scattering them on the wind. After that, she then began dodging and evading the rest of the falling daggers, occasionally smashing through several with her arms and lobbing energy spheres up at the ones that were out of reach.

She zigzagged left and right, dodging clusters and entire walls of daggers. After kicking off one of the daggers and punching her way through a fifth wave of weapons, Zangya picked up speed and attempted to push further. She blew past the blue of the sky and progressed higher into the black of the vacuum, leaving the earth far behind. But the higher she climbed, the fiercer Hasky's waves became, gradually increasing the difficulty of reaching the finishing line.

Eventually, the Hera's ascent into the atmosphere slowed down enough to give the blonde punisher an easier target. After she'd charged a strong enough attack behind her shield of infinite daggers, the assassin then dropped a powerful golden blast right on top of the Z-fighter.

The attack crashed into Zangya's aura with the force of a comet and, after a momentary tug-of-war match, the alien woman was sent plummeting back to the earth's surface thousands of feet below. Her form barreled through the clouds like a stone, shattering the sound barrier, while also throwing her completely off course. When the Hera spotted the mainland closing in through her petrifying tumble, the red haired martial artist stopped her fall short with a quick burst of ki, causing a loud 'thump' to echo out as she successfully halted herself in mid air.

Finding she was now suspended several hundred feet above West City and the noticeably battle-scarred Capsule Corp far below, the transformed Hera then turned her glare upwards and snarled when she sensed her opponent was still hanging up in the clouds.

She was probably waiting up there, catching her breath and planning her next move. Thankfully their battle over the ocean had spared the planet's inhabitants from being bombarded by their respective assaults. The rain of daggers had been thankfully dampened by the marine's surface, stopping them from doing any further damage to the planet. Though the fish certainly wouldn't think too kindly of their battle, Zangya was positive Mother Nature would forgive her for any other little discrepancies she caused the earth in this conflict.

The rest of the Z-fighters, still picking themselves up from the beating they'd received, watched the battle taking place from far below.

Meanwhile, high up in the clouds, Hasky was now all set to finish off her opponent with one last, decisive hit. Fists clenched and the red lights in her suit glowing brightly as they absorbed an enormous batch of energy from the sun, the blonde then held both hands out and began summoning an enormous quantity of ki. This took the form of a huge cloud of sparkling, golden light, which filled up the thermosphere and converged into a single point.

Drawn by a powerful magnetic force, the particles of light quickly came together into the form of an enormous pillar of energy, which solidified into a long sword of a unique design. Possessing a long silver blade of excellent quality, it also had blue runes inscribed along the weapon's length towards the handle, where three gems sat within an elegant crest of blue and gold. These flame designs then fed into the handle, which was made of blue overlapping plates and golden inscriptions. From a distance the sword was a spectacular, glistening piece of treasure.

The only difference between this artifact and the genuine article though, is that this one was roughly two thirds the size of the earth's moon and its tip was pointed straight down at the planet.
Grinning widely at finally conjuring up the enormous weapon in the vacuum of space, the blonde assassin pulled her hand back, took aim at her opponent, and prepared for launch. "I've had enough of this pointless battle! I'm ending this once and for all! Dodge this if you want to! But know that if you try to avoid it... the entire earth will be split in half!" Golden aura exploding around her as she telekinetically took hold of her massive weapon Hasky drew her arms back and, with a manic grin in play, let loose all her frustrations in one, titanic swing. "Let's see if you have the guts to stand up to this! CALIBURN FAAAAAAAAAAAALLLL!"

With a loud rumble, the woman dropped the sword straight down onto the planet, its blade piercing through the atmosphere and into the clouds. The speed it began to drop at caused its tip to burn through the layers of the earth's sky and, while sonic booms rocked the heavens, the gigantic blade descended towards West City.

Vegeta, Piccolo, Videl and all the other fighters who were conscious, looked up in horror when they saw the titan of a construction burst through the clouds. The sheer size, weight and girth of the weapon was tremendous, striking fear into the hearts of the defenders of earth, who were unable to do anything except watch as their inevitable death prepared to make landfall. Its approach caused the planet to tremble and, while the heroes held their ground, the population of West City scattered in terror.

The cries and screams of people fleeing the metropolis in an effort to escape the massive blade heading towards the mainland were drowned out by the atmospheric entry of the sword itself. Judging from the scale of the artifact, there was a one hundred percent chance that should it make contact with the earth, not only would all life be wiped out in a catastrophic shockwave, but the whole planet would be sliced in two.

Zangya however, who continued to hold her position directly below the plummeting monstrosity, had no inclination of letting any of that happen. In fact, she was already prepared with a response.

Green aura bursting around her along with a current of gold lightning, the woman cupped her hands at her sides and began focusing her energy into her palms. Her power skyrocketing while the tip of the blade continued its approach at an alarming rate, the Hera gnashed her teeth and, narrowing her sights on the metal giant, formed a pulsating blue sphere of light between her fingers.

If she was going to defend the earth, then she was going to do it with the very technique that Son Gohan taught her.

"Not a chance in hell! KAAA...MEEE...HAAA...MEEE..." Eyes flashing under the glow of her bio field, the woman drew her arms back and launched her hands forward with a sky splitting shockwave, "HAAAAAALAAAAAAALAAAAAAAALAAA!" A stream of blue energy exploded from her hands, gushing up towards the approaching sword like a missile. The roar of her attack's launch was joined by a series of sonic booms, which rippled through the sky and marked the path that her blast followed.

The woman's beam ascended into the heavens like an interplanetary lance, filling the atmosphere with a celestial glow. A few moments later though, just when it seemed like it would travel on forever, the tip of the Hera's blast then collided headlong with the gigantic sword. Their impact was marked by an earth shaking thunderclap, which sent a gale of wind blasting in all directions. The force produced by the sudden stop in momentum of both moves cracked the land and nearly knocked the buildings in West City toppling to the ground. The Z-fighters on the estate actually struggled to latch onto the earth to stop from being blown away as they were pelted by dust and debris.
Lightning and sparks filling the sky, the blast and the giant sword ground into each other like two opposing drill heads. All the energy being emitted by the energy pillar was effectively repelled and sent on the wind as it prevented the light-made forge from going any further. From the way it was being cut into by the sword and looking at how big it was compared to the Z-fighter's diminutive attack, there looked like a very real possibility that Zangya's beam would lose out. But as the sound of a thunderstorm continued to roll over the earth and the two attacks continued to push against one another, the Hera eventually had enough.

With a loud battle cry, the red haired alien unleashed all of the energy she'd built up and poured it straight into her attack. An even more powerful wave of energy rocketed out of her hands and rushed up the beam she was using to clash with her opponent's sword. When it eventually reached the tip a split second later, another loud 'crack' rang out as the hero's pillar of energy forced its way right through the sword. The sudden burst caused the tip of the titanic Caliburn to fracture.

Moments later, the blade shattered and the remains of the beam were swallowed up by a blast that expanded to the size of the moon, before thundering towards the blonde assassin in a wall of energy.

Eyes widening in horror, Hasky only had enough time to give out a single cry of terror before the Hera's attack slammed into her and pushed her up into the thermosphere. The beam of blue light continued to travel off world, effortlessly taking its human passenger with it and sent both of them careening towards the sun's position in the center of the solar system.

Moments later, the iridescent glow generated by the two warring attacks faded, and silence fell over the planet once more.

Rattled under the force of the tug-of-war match, the main structure of Capsule Corp stood crumbling as the center point of the epic clash. While the employees and spectators inside were doing their best to regain their bearings, the Z-fighters out on the lawn were already on their feet and limping from their places of rest. With Vegeta clutching his arm, Videl supporting Goten with her arms, and Piccolo slumped forward on his knees, the group of warriors looked up to see their newly transformed ally drop down from the sky and land in the center of the ruined grass.

Covered in a light sheen of sweat, breathing heavily, but still looking as radiant and battle ready as ever, the Hera locked her eyes firmly on the sky above. Rather than concern herself with the damages in her surroundings, the woman was more worried about the outcome of the fantastic duel she'd just had. What with the capabilities she witnessed Hasky pull during the entire course of their battle, it was clear to see why she still appeared so tense.

Zangya narrowed her eyes when her senses reached up into the atmosphere above earth, "It's not over yet…"

Sure enough, exactly five seconds after uttering those words, sonic booms echoed down from above, which was instantly followed by a bolt of gold light descending from the sky. This missile of photons crashed into the ground several yards in front of Zangya, where it quickly expelled the heat and flames enveloping it, and revealed a burnt and battered Hasky kneeling underneath. Upon rising up from the ground, the incredibly frazzled assassin huffed and focused all of her ire upon her foe.

Much to her scorn, the Hera wasn't intimidated by her return in the least.

Red lines glowing and golden sparks shooting off of her overly charged suit, Hasky conjured up another pair of swords behind her, which bled into the real world in a shimmer of light. While the Z-fighters looking on from a distance took a major step back in fear of another assault, Zangya simply held her ground and watched a smile form on her enemy's face.
"You know… I'm really glad I was able to have this fight. Do you want to know why?" the thief asked in a smug tone of voice, before craning her head towards her opponent. "What you did today was something no other person has ever done before… and that is making me want to kill someone more than anyone else I've ever met in my entire life. Seriously. That is an accomplishment worthy of the highest praise." Her leer increased considerably as she then decided to press a few buttons of her own. "I can expect no less from a woman who wants nothing more than to protect the man that she loves. Too bad that person will never, ever return those feelings to her… especially to a green, alien harlot like you."

Eyes widening and shoulders jerking upwards, Zangya felt the tension representing both her patience and her mental fortitude snap. The jab to her sense of self as well as to her heart was enough to prompt a series of flashbacks to pass through her mind. Images of days she'd spent with Gohan, training with him, eating with him, interacting with his family and loved ones, and seeing his smiling face beaming back at her as he lifted her up from a hard fall, on top of her enemy's uncorroborated slander, were more than enough to set her off.

With menacing snarl, the Hera suddenly stuck her arm out and summoned her race's triangle-guard rapier, which flashed into form and fell into her hand. As soon as her fingers wrapped around the handle, the woman took it into a duel grip, cranked it back, and lunged forward with a bellow of rage. "You… damn… BIIIIIIIIIIITCH!"

Grabbing her own swords out of the air, Hasky held their blades forward and, smirking wildly, charged towards her enemy in kind. "Let's finish this now… Z-FIGHTEEER!"

Meeting in the middle, the two females crashed into each other at full speed, their impact with one another generating a shockwave that cracked the ground and caused a loud 'clap' to echo across the entire city.

After grinding her rapier into the edges of her enemy's twin swords, Zangya then dragged her blade across and threw the woman off of her with a violent shove. Then, the moment she drew her weapon back over her shoulder, the Hera began hammering away at Hasky's blades without even the slightest bit of care or restraint.

Her aura burning around her in a terrifying inferno, the Hera pressed forward with her attack, ramming and smashing her weapon against the duel swords of her adversary in a blur of movement. Green flashes filled the area around them from the speed of the Z-fighter's strikes, all of which were accompanied by a chorus of loud clangs of metal banging against metal. At first Hasky seemed unaffected by the opening assault and held her ground firmly against the alien's relentless blows. But as the close-quarter melee dragged on and Zangya's energy began to climb higher and higher, the blonde started to back away under the pressure being placed upon her. The assassin held her swords up higher in an effort to stop her foe's rapier from hitting her directly. This did well in keeping her from getting cut.

But little by little, Zangya began to force her enemy into a hasty retreat. Her attacks, lacking any grace, form or choreography, smashed into the blonde's defenses without regard for the woman's wellbeing. Along with the ever increasing pressure of her attack, the Hera's ferocity and intensity escalated, enabling her to push her foe further across the grass at a faster pace. The tension was almost palpable and, as the Z-fighter pressed home her advantage, her rage and anger at the blonde grew to an unheard of height.

Hell. She became so caught up in her battering of her foe that the Super Hera didn't notice that her hands had started to bleed from how tightly she was gripping her sword. Even the Z-fighters watching the fight from a distance were baffled by how fiercely and determinedly their teammate
was driving her hits into her enemy. It was unreal.

Like the final, decisive spurt between Luke Skywalker and Darth Vader on the Death Star, the Hera hammered, smashed, bludgeoned, cracked, and pounded away at Hasky's defense, desperate to get through. Her speed and strength of her swings increased tenfold when a scream of fury left Zangya's lips, drowning out the sound of her sword knocking the blonde's swords about like a pair of training dummies. She continued to bellow out her war cry the further she pushed her opponent, the sparks of her blade setting fire to their surroundings and causing entire sections of ground to get chopped away under the force of her assault.

Her attack began reaching its climax and, under the blistering onslaught of strikes, a disturbed and bewildered Hasky was trying with all her might just to hang in there.

Arms going numb from blocking, the blonde woman choked out in disbelief, "Ah! Ugh! D-Damn it! There's just… augh… no way!" Noticing her cracking swords, the blonde felt her arms get thrown back when her opponent's bat-like swings crashed against her swords and nearly knocked her off her feet.

She attempted to regain her balance. But the moment the thief skidded to a stop, the blonde then looked up in panic when Zangya, yelling out at the top of her lungs, came barreling down at her with a heavy, downward swing of her rapier. Bringing her blades up, Hasky intercepted the blow, only for both her swords to shatter under the force of the strike that had her recoil in shock.

Seeing the shards of blade fly past her, Hasky gasped in horror. "To think that I'd…" Gritting her teeth, the woman stuck her right arm out and conjured a second weapon into her hand. 
"DURANDAL!" (Sword of the Paladin Roland)A giant claymore then appeared in her grip, which she took into a two-handed grip, blocked three more of her foe's swift strikes, and drew it back for a charge. Rage burned in her own eyes as she lunged towards her foe with a mighty roar, one that matched the anger of her foe. "… ever be defeated… BY THE LIKES OF YOU!"

Both women roared at the top of their lungs as they charged at each other. The moment they met in the center for the second time, the pair engaged in the fiercest and most violent clash of swords ever witnessed between two warriors on earth. Sparks and metal filled the air with every blow and, as the pair shook the planet with the violent strikes of their blades, Hasky couldn't help but belt out the same curse over and over again every time their blades connected.

It was brutal.

"Damn you! Damn you, damn you! Damn you, damn you, damn you, damn you! Damn you, damn you, damn you, damn you! Damn you, damn you, damn you, damn you!" Hasky shouted with every blow she landed, sparks and metal flying as the two warriors chipped away at their swords bit by bit. More flashes and clangs filled the air as Zangya kept pushing her, forcing the blonde to back step and, after several more powerful swings, their clash was brought to an end. "Damn you! DAMN YOU! DAMN YOOOUUUUUUUUUUUU!"

Their last swings saw their weapons crash across one another with a blinding flash of gold and green, throwing both fighters back under the force of the simultaneous hits. What resulted from that was the swords the two women were holding shattering in their hands, which sent the two stumbling away from one another.

Baffled and alarmed at seeing one of her strongest weapons fracture from the assault, Hasky quickly took action. To prevent her foe from getting the upper hand again, the blonde summoned another cluster of swords in the air directly above Zangya and sent all of the blades shooting down at her in a stream. The golden blades peppered the floor and forced the Hera backwards in a hasty
After evading the lightning fast rain of metalwork, the Hera pitched her hand forward and fired off a powerful red beam from her fingertip. While Hasky was able to produce a shield in time to deflect it, she only managed to divert the attack ever so slightly, as the majority of it pierced through the plating and struck her shoulder. The round hit her like a gunshot, sending the woman stumbling away and gripping the wound with an agonized yell. In response, the assassin held her hand out and formed a massive dome of swords and lances around Zangya's position, encircling the woman in a manner similar to Piccolo's *Hellzone Grenade* and preventing her from escaping.

The instant the wall of weapons materialized around the Hera, every single one of them converged on their target in a brilliant flash of light. Their impact with the ground caused a massive explosion, which rocked the estate, and sent rubble and dust hurtling into the sky.

At first attempting to spot her opponent through the thick of the smog, Hasky's gaze then shot upwards in alarm when her sensors located her target. It was there, hovering above the plume of smoke generated by her attack, the blonde spotted Zangya, with a green energy shield surrounding her and her menacing gaze locked squarely on her position. The second she spotted the wayward hero, the assassin wasted no time in producing a wall of swords and throwing every single one of them up at the red haired demon.

Powering up, Zangya dove straight down at her foe at full speed, breaking the sound barrier while simultaneously breaking through the barrage of swords. The field she generated around her deflected every single one of the spears and daggers her opponent lobbed up at her and, after performing a few aerial maneuvers to position herself accordingly, the red haired fighter brought her hand back and created a spinning red disk of energy above her palm, which gave off a loud, foreboding hum.

Hasky snarled in frustration when she saw her barrage of weapons wasn't working. So, opting to change tactics for one last hit, the woman once again threw her hand out and summoned her most powerful weapon. The cuneiform spire of *Ai* materialized next to her and, as soon as it gained form, the thief grabbed it, poured all her energy into it, and swung it forward in a stabbing motion to carve right through her opponent with a single swing.

"DISAPPEAR INTO OBLIVION! A-")

"LIKE HELL YOU WILL!" Zangya screamed before swinging straight down at her opponent.

In a flash of light and a sharp bang, the Hera dropped right down in front of her target and, with her red energy disk, sliced the woman's arm clean off. The hand that Hasky was using to swing the sword, remained firmly attached to the weapon's handle as it flew out of reach, leaving the blonde standing there, with blood flying out of the stump in her shoulder to splatter over her face and the ground.

Upon cutting the woman's link to her strongest weapon, Zangya quickly rose up, produced her race's signature sword for a third time, and turned her glare upon her foe, who was now stumbling away with anger burning in her gaze.

Teeth and fist clenched, the enraged Hasky hissed under her breath, "I'll give you this…" She then looked up and, seeing her opponent coming at her in slow motion, sent one final shout her way. "At this moment… you are the strongest!"

"YOU'RE FINISHED!" Bellowing out one last time, Zangya dove forward and drove her sword into her target.
It all happened in an instant. Stepping back, Hasky was hit square across the chest by the woman's rapier, which sent a spray of blood flying through the air and over the grass. Zangya, meanwhile, followed-through with her strike as far as she could go, sending her opponent flying backwards across the property to slide to a stop several yards away. When her momentum ceased, the Hera collapsed to her knee and remained locked in that position, breathing heavily and glaring at her enemy.

At first everyone thought it was over and that the assassin was beat. What with how clean the strike had landed, there was no way she could've survived. But then, when a few strangled coughs echoed across the property, all of the Z-fighters hanging in the background looked on in disbelief to see that Hasky was still on her feet, with her body slumped forward and a massive scar carved across her chest and suit.

Apparently she'd stepped back just far enough to avoid a fatal shot to her neck and vitals, allowing Zangya's sword to pass over her without killing her.

It was an amazing evasion and one that the Hera had to congratulate her enemy for pulling off. "Figures. You're a tough little bitch, aren't you?"

Blood dripping out of her various open wounds, the stricken Hasky growled, "This fight isn't done yet, scum. I've still got-"

"That's enough, Agent Hasky."

Everyone in the area froze when they heard the deep voice echo across the neighborhood, prompting the Z-fighters, Capsule Corp staff, and the assassin in question to look around in alarm. Expressions reflecting both surprise and alarm, Zangya and the rest of her group attempted to narrow down the source of the interruption. But as Videl, Bulma, Trunks, and everybody else quickly realized, it is that the sudden interference had in fact come from a series of loudspeakers…

However, this turned out to be the least of their concerns, because by the look on the blonde assailant's face, she knew who that altered voice belonged to, and she looked terrified. "B-Boss? Wh-What are you-?"

"I'm calling it in now, assassin. You've completed your mission and gave us a substantial amount of information to work with. But now I need you to return to base so that you can be properly debriefed," the voice continued, flooding the area with the deep echo of his commands.

At first shaken up to hear her employer speaking directly to her, the one-armed, battle damaged woman then turned to the sky and, with a desperate look on her face, spoke up in response. "B-But boss… just give me a few more minutes to finish the job! I know I can beat these guys if you just-"

The man on the other end of the line laughed, stopping the woman's pleading in its tracks. "Even if you had all your limbs intact, you are nowhere near strong enough to finish this fight. Even from the very beginning I knew you couldn't win. I sent you out there only as a test to see what the Z-fighters were capable of… and you performed that task beautifully. But now that you've lost an arm, depleted Ai's energy core and knocked out your armor's primary servos, it will take me a whole year to repair all of the damages you've taken." The man on the other end sounded as though he was losing patience and, after making this known, finished relaying his instructions to his nervous subordinate. "We will discuss your performance when you get back. Now return to
base. That's an order.'"

Hesitant at first, the woman eventually managed to get her anger, frustration and pride under control. After biting her tongue and breathing out in annoyance, the exhausted and thoroughly beaten blonde then turned her glare back to the Z-fighters. When she saw all of them get to their feet and a couple of them begin approaching her position with caution, she then shot a look back at her opponent.

When she saw the transformed Hera glaring back at her with equal exhaustion and hatred burning in her eyes, the thief quickly popped the question. "Your name is Zangya, right?"

The red haired alien with the sclera nodded, "Yeah."

"Hasky," the blonde shot back. Upon which she then narrowed her eyes and pointed across at the Z-fighter with her one remaining arm. "Remember that name well, mongrel, because even though you won this battle, the war isn't over between us. When I come back and you've gotten stronger, we will have our rematch… and when we do… I will be sure to kill you."

Hearing her loud and clear, Zangya's frown deepened and she nodded, 'I'll be waiting, bitch.'

Smirking, the blonde assassin raised the hand she'd used to point and thrust it towards the ground. This caused a blast of dust to envelop her and shoot into the air. When the cloud eventually settled moments later, it revealed the woman had disappeared. Whether she'd vanished through a teleport or fled the scene in the conventional manner nobody knew, since her energy signature was constantly masked. However, what the Z-fighters did know was that their battle with the intruder had finally come to an end… for the time being.

Upon seeing Hasky was now gone, Zangya allowed her head to drop and, with a sigh of relief, she reverted back to her base form.

Despite what the blonde had said to her, the Hera knew without a shadow of a doubt that she'd fought the good fight… and won.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: Good God that was a long chapter. I'll make a note not to make another one like it again.

I was planning on splitting this up into two, but since I want it out of the way fast, I figured I'd get the entire battle in one hit.

That's basically the formula in this story. The longer the fight, the stronger the opponent, and Hasky was strong.

Those of you who are savvy with anime will definitely know a lot of the references in this fight. If you've done your homework then I'd like to see what you guys know.

I'll make sure the next fight won't be so long. This was just a chore and a half. Even writing it was exhausting, despite how much fun I had. Hope you can forgive me for that.

Anyway, Zangya achieved her Super Hera 2 form and Hasky got her teeth kicked in. Kaiser is also having his own fun and games in the background, and is toying with his food rather than eating it. Guess that shows exactly where he stands in terms of character. He's an arrogant prick.
Next chapter is the start of the *Saiyan Invasion Arc*, and we shall have a wind down from all the fighting with a little break for the characters. They definitely deserve it, and so do you.

Hope to hear from all of you soon.

---

**Power Levels:**

**Z-Fighters**

Erasa – 5 riki

Bulma – 5 riki

Lime – 100 riki

Chi-Chi – 150 riki

Videl – 18,500,000 riki

xxx

Android 16#C – 35,000,000 riki

Android 16#C (Battle Mode) – 40,000,000 riki

xxx

Paprika – 28,000,000 riki

Paprika (Super Makyan) – 280,000,000 riki

xxx

Piccolo – 290,000,000 riki

xxx

Kana (Suppressed) – 25,000,000 riki

Kana (Full Power) – 480,000,000 riki

xxx

Vegeta – 29,000,000 riki

Vegeta (Super Saiyan) – 290,000,000 riki

Vegeta (Super Saiyan 2) – 490,000,000 riki

xxx

Zangya – 29,000,000 riki

Zangya (Full Power) – 290,000,000 riki

Zangya (Super Hera) – 490,000,000 riki
Zangya (Super Hera 2) – 1,490,000,000 riki

xxx

Gohan – 31,000,000 riki
Gohan (Super Saiyan) – 310,000,000 riki
Gohan (Super Saiyan 2) – 510,000,000 riki
Gohan (Super Saiyan 3) – 1,510,000,000 riki

xxx

**Kaiser's Organization**

Kaiser – 120 riki
Violet – 120 riki

xxx

Vulcan – 15,000,000 riki
Vulcan (After Videl fight) – 20,000,000 riki
Vulcan (After Absorbing Reactor Energy) – 400,000,000 riki
Vulcan (After Gohan fight – Round 1) – 800,000,000 riki
Vulcan (After Gohan fight – Round 2) – 1,600,000,000 riki
Vulcan (Limit) – 2,000,000,000 riki
Vulcan (After overloading) – 10,000,000 riki

xxx

Hasky (Indoor fight) – 42,000,000 riki
Hasky (After absorbing solar energy – Round 1) – 500,000,000 riki
Hasky (After absorbing solar energy – Round 2) – 900,000,000 riki
Hasky (Limit) – 1,400,000,000 riki

---

**Character Bios:**

Name: **Vulcan**

Race: Human

Gender: Male

Occupation: Bodyguard
Hair Color: Brown

Type: Mech Pilot/Energy Absorption/Weapon Specialist

Age: 40

Home Planet: Earth

History: Kaiser's right hand man and adjutant, this human male is an ex-military soldier, who was regarded as one of the best in the service. When a training accident led to his expulsion from the service, he quickly found a career under the billionaire as a mercenary. He went on to perform many missions for him under discretion and became his most trusted bodyguard. Fiercely loyal and determined to prove his worth, he is obsessed with fighting, and will take any mission that requires his combat skills. He is soon sent on a mission to capture Videl's friend Erasa in order to lure out the Gold Fighter. When he encounters them on the street, he badly wounds the Champ's daughter and takes Erasa to the market square for a face off.

When Gohan arrives, he fights him and ends up badly wounding the boy. Even at Super Saiyan 3, the young warrior is unable to overcome the man's tech to be able to absorb energy, and ends up having to fight him using materials from the street and hand-to-hand. After a long and gruelling match, the demi-Saiyan is eventually beaten to the point of being unable to move and, when Vulcan is about to kill him, Videl stabs the man in the back with his sword, finishing the soldier off once and for all.

A vicious fighter as a normal human, when confined to the armour Vulcan is capable of performing superhuman feats and attacks capable of worldwide destruction. The technology provided to him by Kaiser allows him to turn invisible, fly, fire super-charged projectiles, and absorb enormous amounts of energy. He is also able to take in the kinetic energy of punches, meaning that the more damage he receives, the stronger he will become. This allows him to fight and overcome fighters as powerful as a Super Saiyan, making him a formidable and dangerous adversary.

However, despite his suit's seamless invulnerability, it does have several major drawbacks. Due to its heavy duty design and size, the armour has trouble fitting into tight spaces and is quite cumbersome. Since it focuses more on defence over offensive capabilities, it sacrifices speed for durability, and has difficulty fighting against more agile opponents. Furthermore, the suit's abilities are also limited by the user's skill at handling it, meaning that if the pilot is unfamiliar with the controls it cannot be used to its full potential.

There is also a limit to how much energy it can absorb. Because its core is fashioned around a neutron star, a step up from the energy absorption cells used in Androids 19 and 20, it can hold several times more power than the cyborg models designed by Doctor Gero. However, if the suit takes in too much energy, the neutron star will lose form and detonate, expelling any excess power in a catastrophic explosion that will permanently damage the suit's mechanisms.

Despite these weaknesses, Vulcan was still able to give the Z-fighters an incredibly tough time and even nearly ended up killing his opponents. Not only was he able to effectively beat down Piccolo and Videl, two of the earth's strongest fighters, but he was also able to defeat a fully-powered Super Saiyan 3 Gohan… twice. He would've no doubt killed the half-Saiyan, were it not for the last second interferences from Videl and her friends.

OOO

Name: Master Thief Hasky
Race: Human
Gender: Female
Occupation: Thief/Mercenary/Assassin
Hair Color: Blonde
Type: Long Range/Weapon Specialist
Age: 38
Home Planet: Earth

History: Referred to as the greatest thief in human history, Hasky made a reputation for herself by breaking into places with the highest levels of security money could buy and leaving the scenes without a trace of her presence ever being there. The crime scenes she does leave evidence on are the ones she considers her crowning achievements, and intentionally lets the authorities know that it was her who'd committed the crime. This not only makes her the best thief, but also the proudest and most arrogant in the profession.

Possessing a background in the Special Forces as well as military espionage, Hasky retired from the army to pursue a career in burglary and crime. She became a mercenary, a person who sold her services to the highest bidder and worked on her own terms. Her most frequent client back in the day had been the leader of the Red Ribbon Army, Commander Red, in which she took on missions involving the theft of top secret documents and items of value to the rogue military. For the longest time, she had a flawless record and enjoyed a long streak of crimes without any mishaps or blunders. It was only when she eventually encountered Goku and his group that she suffered her first defeat and, when she wound up getting caught, spent the next ten years in prison.

In that time, the woman developed a deep-seated grudge against Son Goku and occupied her free periods learning new fighting techniques and working out. The environment of the penitentiary hardened her even more to the world and tweaked her personality in a number of different ways, turning her from a respectable, crafty thief, into a more violent woman with a nasty streak and a taste for excitement. Years later, she was eventually bailed out of prison by Kaiser Talos, who employed her as one of his lieutenants and a bodyguard in his company. After years of working for the corporation president, she, Kaiser and Violet developed a strong working relationship with one another, and she became the boss's second most trusted right-hand woman.

She spent the next many years working for Kaiser's company, performing various jobs and missions in secrecy under him. Her name soon started reappearing in numerous law enforcement agencies across the world, but just when it seemed like the master thief had returned to wreck havoc upon the world, she once again disappeared into obscurity. Her location remained unknown, until she was once again called into service by her boss for an assignment to assassinate the son of the person she despised most: Son Gohan.

Over the years she worked as an assistant at Talos Industries, Hasky was trained to use one of the boss's most powerful prototype combat suits: the Babylon Mark V Armour. Powered by the energy of the sun, this spandex suit was designed with the ability to bend and manipulate matter in the form of light, with its primary function being able to conjure melee weapons out of thin air. This allows Hasky to form solid objects out of light and even create live clones of herself, the number of which is determined by the amount of energy she commits to the technique. The cuneiforms grafted into the suit, though decorative in nature, are in fact runes of an unknown language arranged into a complex algorithm that allows the thief to forge copies of every single legendary
weapon throughout time and space. She does this by speaking incantations and the names of the weapons, which trigger the suit's programming.

Combining her light manipulating abilities with the cuneiform lettering, Hasky can conjure weapons almost instantaneously and at the most optimal positions. Using this ability to its fullest potential, she can produce weapons one at a time or multiple arms at once, and she can do so continuously depending on how much energy she has at her disposal. She can even hurl weapons at opponents in unbroken waves of attacks in such quantities and at such speeds that the sheer amount of blades can disintegrate her targets, leaving not a single shred of them left.

Among the legendary artifacts she can summon and have been programmed into her suit, many of them include:

**Svalinn** – A legendary shield in Norse mythology that stands before the sun

**Gae Bolg** – Also known as the *Spear of Mortal Pain*, it is the name of the spear belonging to the hero Cuchulainn in the Ulster Cycle of Irish Mythology. It was given to him by his martial arts teacher, the warrior woman Scathach, and its technique was taught only to him. It was made out of the bone of a sea monster.

**Loeding** – In Norse mythology, it was the name of the first chain that the Norse Gods used to try and bind the demon wolf Fenrir

**Dorni** – In the same context of Norse mythology, this was the name given to the second chain used to try and bind Fenrir and stop his rampage

**Donar** – The literal name for Thor, which translates to 'thunder', and allows the user to conjure up lightning as a weapon

**Yata no Kagami** – Translated as *Eight Hand Mirror*, it is one of the three legendary treasures from Japanese history

**Yasakani no Magatama** – Translated as *Eight Shaku Curved Jewel*, it is one of the three legendary treasures from Japanese history and is said to reside in one of three temples across the country

**Caliburn** – Named the *Golden Sword of the Victorious*, it is the title given to the holy sword from the old Welsh Legend that King Arthur of England pulled out of the stone and became the rightful ruler of his country

**Durendal** – Also named the *Sword of the Paladin Roland*, in history, is the sword belonging to Charlemagne's paladin Roland. The origin of the sword varies from different accounts. According to one legend, the sword was once owned by Hector of Troy and was given to Roland by Malagigi (although this is impossible since the blades used in Ancient Troy were made of bronze). According to one account, the original owner of the sword claimed that the blade was indestructible, as he'd tried and failed many times to destroy it in order to prevent it from falling into the hands of his enemies. When he failed, Roland hurled the sword into the side of a cliff in Rocamadour, France, where it would remain for hundreds of years, and serve as a point for many pilgrims searching for truth and enlightenment.

**Ai** – The sword owned by the legendary King and demi-God Gilgamesh, this sword represents the genesis of every single blade throughout history. Being the very first of its kind and coming into existence before the concept of the 'sword' was ever conceived in the universe; it is a singular
existence that allows the user to summon an untold amount of energy. It can cut through dimensions with but a thought, create black holes, and destroy galaxies. Though it was used by Gilgamesh as a last resort, Hasky uses it to show off her newfound powers and as a means of intimidating the Z-fighters. The sword itself is nameless, and was once described by Whis as the "only sword that does not exist in this world." It is something that does not appear in any modern legends, crystallized during the Age of Gods at the beginning of the universe. It is the primordial sword that is the actualization of the works of a titan recorded before life came into being, and it is that which divided the formless into a distinct heaven and earth in ancient times. It is a divine construct created by a titan unable to be replicated by any means, and its status as a unique existence means it cannot be reproduced in any way. Because the weapon Hasky wields was built around an original fragment that Kaiser owned, which broke off of its host thousands of years ago, it only possesses a fraction of the original weapon's power.

As invincible as her powers appear on the surface, Hasky's suit does have several major drawbacks and weaknesses. Chief among which is the amount of power it can store.

Due to the fact that she is using solar energy instead of her own energy to execute attacks, Hasky is extremely limited to the maximum amount of power the cells in the suit are able to maintain. A limiter has been built into the suit to stop the armour from overloading. There is a very real chance that if this limiter was removed and Hasky was allowed to receive more power from the sun than necessary, the amount of solar energy that can go into the suit could potentially eradicate and kill her.

Because she is only limited to a certain amount of energy at any given time, this means that Hasky can't increase her power beyond a given point. That means that whatever legendary weapon she summons using her light bending abilities only possesses a fraction of its original strength and power. This gives credence to the fact that the weapons she does conjure into form are only fakes and prototypes, and not the genuine articles.

Secondly, because the weapons she does conjure up and launch at opponents travel mostly in straight lines, this makes her attack patterns incredibly predictable. That means an energy user of equal skill and prowess can counter her attacks before she has a chance to fire them.

Since the suit is also the primary source of her abilities, Hasky's durability is determined mostly by the suit itself. If the suit receives the force of an attack it can't fully absorb through its shields, the damage reflects back onto the suit's user, meaning Hasky would receive a fraction of the damage.

Despite these weaknesses, Hasky is still a formidable opponent and, with her survival instincts and combat experiences, it makes her one of the Z-fighters' most powerful enemies. When she meets her first defeat at the hands of Zangya and is forced to retreat, the two of them instantly become rivals and arch enemies.
Sitting in the ruined center of the industrial district of West City, surrounded by news and engineer crews from all corners of the metropolis, the world's largest manufacturer of computers and technology was currently undergoing post-disaster control. The recent scuffle between the Z-fighters and their uninvited guest had rung the bell for all emergency services and departments across the capital, calling them into immediate action to fix all the damages that'd been caused. Though Capsule Corp had dispatched its numerous divisions to assist at the affected sites, its second biggest priority was fixing up their base of operations, which was where most of the problems had occurred.

Thanks to the newly formed protocols and provisions taken by the Briefs family in regards to world and city-wide destruction, it was reasonable to see why they were so well prepared for situations like this.

For the most extreme and outrageous individuals, they were probably used to having explosions and earthquakes shaking up the countryside around them. However, for most of the members of the Z-fighters, even after their many years of fighting planet destroying monsters, aliens and demons alike, there was no way they could get used to taking attacks that practically had their bones ringing from head to toe following every single bout. Hell, they may have been the toughest people in the quadrant, but it wasn't like they enjoyed getting their asses kicked. No one did.

This was made painfully obvious by the poor states the group's main fighters lying scattered throughout the hospital room where Gohan was still lying incapacitated.

On the one hand, Chi-Chi, Bulma, Lime and Erasa, all of whom had watched the entire fight from the sidelines, were in perfectly good condition. Because of this, they were actually able to help out with the heavy lifting once the actual battle was done and dusted, and their lives were no longer in mortal peril. Since there had been so many swords and blasts being thrown around, there was no way that four normal humans, whose fighting skills were way below the bar, were going to get involved in that kind of crossfire.

Sitting on the other side of the spectrum though, was every other person who was able to take the full force of a blow that could crack a planet in two, only they were in less pristine condition. Sure, Piccolo, Zangya, Paprika and Videl were up and about, but all of them were still sporting bruises, scratches and scuffs that could make a boxer jealous. The Namekian, adorned in a newly constructed uniform, still had burns and bruises riddling his body, with several, newly healed cuts crisscrossing his complexion. Positioned alongside him, Paprika was also on route to a fast recovery and, as a courtesy to the nurses at the facility, had only accepted bandages around her chest, neck and torso to cover her horrendous spear wounds. Though this did little in dulling the excruciating pain that she was in, she was surprisingly still able to hold it together.

Furthermore, while Zangya had both her hands bound from the burns and blisters inflicted upon her during the fight, along with a generous amount of first aid patches slapped across her cheeks,
shoulders and chest, the raven haired teen standing next to her directly beside Gohan's bed had her arm in a cast and bandages wrapped around both her legs. At least the poster girl of Satan City could count her lucky stars that she was still able to walk and had only taken a handful of flesh wounds.

Those who couldn't were bedridden. Trunks for example had collapsed from fatigue with his best friend Goten, and both of them were snoring away on one of the free beds with band aids and bandages covering their bodies. Kana was also lying under a set of covers nearby and was looking just as miserable as the others from all the injuries they'd sustained.

However, unlike a select few of them, she didn't have advanced healing and could only stare enviously at her two, fellow aliens, her shoulders wrapped tightly in bandages. Since she took two lances to the upper body, she couldn't move her arms any higher than her waist, which really hampered her abilities to move.

"I have to say… out of all the hits I've taken over the last hundred years… that one had to be the most painful…" the Seirei mumbled, drumming her fingers on the air as she looked down at her right shoulder to see how it was doing. "Man… this sucks… and I was hoping to go exploring as soon as I was conscious." It didn't escape anyone's notice that she was wearing a white hospital gown, with her damaged, interstellar plug-suit hanging from a hook on the nearby wall.

Hearing the girl loud and clear, the Namekian standing in the background grunted and glanced in her general direction, "It's the attacks that you don't see coming that hurt you the most. You were so focused on trying to take out the bad guy that you weren't able to sense her weapons coming in from above."

"Yeah. And I ended up getting skewered like Maho meat between two pikes, before being placed over a nice, hot plate of batter," Kana remarked, groaning as she let her head and glowing hair rest on the pillow behind her. "The only difference is that I haven't been barbequed."

"Give or take a couple of minutes and you probably would've been," Zangya spoke, keeping her eyes firmly pasted on Gohan's bed while the poor demi-Saiyan slept. With all the people currently stationed in the room, there was no need to question whether or not the boy was well-defended.

Because as soon as the fight outside between the Z-fighters and the blonde haired assassin had come to an end, once they were patched up, not a single one of them wasted any time in returning to the boy's room. It was their instincts as friends and fighters that pushed them into action, and compelled them to move over to their friend's side.

Paprika, hearing the whining of the glowing Seirei nearby, looked up from her post against the wall to glare at the stricken traveler, "Consider yourself lucky that you were only stabbed. At least you haven't had the pleasure of having most of your flesh burned off of your body, and some massive alien's arm the exact same weight and girth as a tree run through your spine and liver."

Her rather graphic description of her previous battle with the monster Zeru had Bulma, Chi-Chi, Erasa and Lime turn a sickly shade of white and look across at the demon girl in shock. "Let's see you try and bounce back from a beating like that, especially after most of your internal organs had been punctured."

"Oka~y. Too much information~" Erasa commented in a sing-song voice, while at the same time trying not to collapse from shock.

Sensing the teen's concern, the demon rolled her eyes, "I'm just trying to make a point."

"Which is what exactly?" Lime asked, glancing across at the white haired fighter with an odd look
in her eyes.

"That there are more painful things that can happen to you in a fight then just getting impaled?"

Videl, picking up on the line of conversation, looked over at the Makyan with a sympathetic smile, before then turning it towards Kana. When she saw the bandaged Seirei gazing back at her, the crime fighter shrugged, "Don't mind her. She's just a little bit sore because she got taken out of the fight so quickly." Her little teasing comment had the white haired girl grit her teeth and look away with a huff. Following it up with a sheepish laugh and a scratch of her head, the raven haired crime fighter continued to speak, "Of course, I got taken out at the very end of the first round, so I'm not exactly one to talk."

Waving her hand at the battered girl, Chi-Chi then beamed at her warmly, "You did your best, sweetie. No one should be expected to ask any more from you."

While everyone, sans Paprika and Piccolo, shared a round of joyous smiles and murmurs, Bulma quickly looked across the room from her post beside the bed. After taking stock of everyone's individual conditions, her eyes quickly fixated upon one particular individual, who she could see was standing defensively behind Videl, right by the demi-Saiyan's bedside. "The real hero for today though definitely has to be our resident golden girl Zangya." The blue haired woman nodded to the Hera when her gaze darted in her direction. "She really stepped up in that fight and showed to the world that a woman's fist can hurt just as much as any man's."

"Yeah... not to mention that when she gets pissed off, she gets really pissed off," Lime added with a mischievous grin.

When all the other people in the room nodded at that assessment, Erasa's head perked up from where she was standing and beamed at the former space pirate. "If it wasn't for her... everyone in this room would've been beaten or worse... and Gohan-kun would be dead right now." Rising up from where she was kneeling by the demi-Saiyan's bed, the chirpy girl quickly skipped around to where Zangya was and stood in front of her. Taking the woman's hands in hers with a happy giggle, the blonde squeezed them gratefully while her eyes shimmered with delight. "You were fantastic out there. Way to go, girl."

In a heartbeat, Erasa then hugged the startled Zangya, almost picking her up off of the floor with the strength she exerted. Thanks to this, and the combination of compliments and remarks flying around the room, the Hera's steel-like shell finally cracked and a deep shade of scarlet spread over her cheeks. Clearing her throat when the high school student finally set her back to the ground, the orange haired fighter looked back at her crew nervously.

"Th-Thank you." Grinning back at the bubbly blonde, whose face was getting a little too close for comfort, the Z-fighter then took a moment to catch her breath and calm her nerves. "That means a lot." When Erasa stepped away, Zangya then glanced around at the rest of her friends, whom she could see were viewing her with respect and admiration. It was then, after taking a moment to soak it in, the Hera decided to add her own opinion to the pool for the sake of transparency. "But I'm not the one you guys should be thanking. If Android 16 hadn't been in the room at the time that woman broke in, I don't think Gohan would be with us right now."

Hearing this, Videl's smile widened even further and, turning towards their hostess, directed her next question towards her. "How is the big, metal lug? Is he doing alright?"

Bulma quickly answered the teen's question with a smile, "He's fine. Right now dad's working on repairing the damages done to his CPU over in the computer lab. He should be up and running again in the next twenty four hours." She then chuckled and raised a finger to add a second piece to
that report. "He'll also be installing some new software and personality patches, so he'll be able to converse with you guys more articulately next time."

"Ah. That's good," Videl sighed, at the same time sharing a look with Piccolo and Zangya standing nearby. "It was getting hard talking to a toaster that could only speak in lines of computer dialogue."

The Hera nodded in agreement, "I'll say."

Piccolo, not really caring one way or another about the composites of human speech patterns in a robot, slowly turned his attention to the other beds. Passing by Kana, who was doing everything she could to pass the time, his gaze then landed on Goten and Trunks. Seeing the duo curled up on the single spread with the covers scrunched up in their hands as they snored away, the Namekian breathed a heavy sigh and closed his eyes. "It was a close one, but we managed to chase off that assassin and stop her from causing anymore damage." He then cracked an eye and peered at the others. "However, I doubt this will be the last time we see her. She'll be back."

His words in regards to their opponent put game expressions back onto the fighters' faces. While Paprika had remained relatively unchanged throughout the entire conversation so far, the sudden shift in mood was sensed by all and acknowledged by those who were the most willing to speak on the matter.

Sitting in the chair directly beside her oldest son's bed, Chi-Chi glanced over at Bulma with uncertainty reflected in her eyes. "Is there anything we can do? I mean… is there a chance that we can find out where that woman came from so that we can chase her down and stop this from going any further?"

Obviously she was concerned about the safety of her family. The proof was all in the tone of her voice and the fearful look in her eyes. She was scared and, at this point, she would take even the slightest of chances of putting an end to this chaos as quickly as possible.

Sadly though, Bulma could only shake her head at the woman. "I'm not sure, Chi-Chi." She then turned to the rest of their troop. "There really isn't much evidence for us to go on. All of the weapons and clones Hasky threw into battle against you guys dispelled after every time they were used or damaged. The only thing we did find on the property was her arm, which Zangya managed to slice off in the final moments of their fight." A shrug shortly followed her remark. "The computers down in the lab should be able to analyze the material and work out where it came from. But if it's anything like the guy Gohan fought before, I doubt we'll be able to get much. We already know who the woman is. We just don't know who she's working for."

A momentary silence then fell over the group, prompting a couple of them to shuffle about uncomfortably. The entire ordeal made all those who'd come across this roadblock before feel the same weight and emotions that they felt several weeks prior. The uncertainty of the situation had chests tighten and fists clench, as restlessness and fear spread between all of them.

However, there was something to be said from all this. From the doom and gloom of the news shared to them by the Capsule Corp president, Zangya had only one thing left to say.

"At least we accomplished one thing," the Hera whispered, drawing everyone's gazes towards the warrior as she glared right back at them. "We now know that Gohan getting the heart virus and being attacked by these assassins aren't just random occurrences. Someone is trying to kill him."

Piccolo nodded, along with many of the other fighters in the room, "The question now though… is who?"
It was a riddle that had the entire atmosphere inside the room go completely stagnant and all the Z-fighters scratching their heads. Out of the five billion plus people on the planet, who could possibly want one of their own dead?

OOO

(Meanwhile)

With the sun starting to set over the horizon, signaling the end of yet another long and tiring day, the population living on this side of the planet began the long and weary track home. Men and women alike signed off from work and left their respective places of business, looking forward to a relaxing afternoon. They'd earned their keep for the day and many of them had big plans for this last quarter of the day. The same could be said for the chief of Talos Industries who, as he stood in front of his office window looking out across the downtown metropolis of Satan City, was currently wrapping things up with one of his most trusted employees.

Inside the organized and high-tech office of the billionaire entrepreneur, Kaiser was rhythmically tapping his fingers against his knuckles, as he had both his hands placed behind his back. After giving the city in front of him his usual thousand-yard stare, he then breathed out a long, tired sigh and glanced behind him. Looking past his secretary Violet, who he spotted standing beside his desk, he set his sights squarely on the fresh out of battle Hasky positioned in the middle of the room.

From his place by the window, he proceeded to inspect the assassin's condition.

Needless to say, the woman had seen better days. Not only was her spandex armor a complete wreck, riddled with burn marks, fried circuits and tears all over, she was also missing her right arm, had dried-up blood running down her forehead, and a massive gash carved across her chest, which she had her arm tightly pressed over. All of these markings told the story of a battle that started off great, but then ended badly for the golden haired thief. The evidence was all on the expression she was currently wearing, which reflected nothing but disappointment and anxiousness. The former was from her failure in the mission and the latter was in regards to the person standing in front of her.

Even Violet sensed the blonde's distress and unease, but she hid her concerns beneath a veil of calm and seriousness.

After several seconds of tense silence, the air was broken by the stern, level voice of Kaiser. "Did you have fun out there… Hasky?" the man asked, in a tone that was almost akin to that of a father scolding his daughter for coming home after ten. "Remodeling Capsule Corp's front yard? Creating new skylines and office spaces across the entire industrial side of West City? Showing off the fantastic super powers of the suit I designed for you out of the goodness of my heart?"

Swallowing nervously, the blonde meekly lowered her head, "Sir… I… I can expl-

"Because after seeing your little spat against the Z-fighters, I believe I'm right in saying that you may have gotten a little bit carried away out there," the man interrupted, turning to face the woman fully. He then started a slow approach of post, bringing his hands around to hold out at either side. "Look at you. You're a mess… and you're missing an arm. By the Kais… if I hadn't intervened when I did, I doubt you would've been able to get out of that city as quickly as you did without those pesky Z-fighters running you down and finishing you off." Kaiser then stopped directly in front of her and, with the same pace he'd set, wrapped his arms around the woman in a warm hug. Closing his eyes, the man took a deep breath and rubbed her back comfortably. "I hope they didn't hurt you too badly."
Finding the hug incredibly discomforting due to the abnormal manner her boss had approached her, Hasky looked at the back of the mogul's head from her position against his shoulder for a few, tense moments. Then, with a great deal of hesitation, she replied. "N-No. They didn't… sir."

"Are you sure?" Kaiser whispered, inadvertently or advertently breathing on her ear, causing the blonde to shiver with uneasiness. "Are you absolutely sure?"

"Yes. I'm positive."

"Good. Good," the man sighed, finally releasing Hasky from his hold to take a step back. Smiling down at her in a very sagely way, the raven haired man with the goatee took a few seconds to place both hands on the thief's shoulders, dust her down, and inspect her state up close and personal. *Really* personal. "You are a head strong and intelligent woman Hasky… one who possesses a grace and spirit very few others can match. Losing you in such an insignificant scuffle would be equivalent to losing one of the world's most priceless treasures to a gang of delinquent children. Not even I could stomach the thought of such an event taking place." He then removed his hands and stepped away, beaming all the while as he and Hasky remained in the center of the carpet. "But here you are… safe and sound."

Hearing her boss's words loud and clear, the blonde haired thief rubbed her side anxiously and nodded, "Th-Thank you, sir."

"Your performance against the Z-fighters was, shall I say… exemplary. It's all thanks to your spectacular efforts and unshakeable loyalty to our cause that we were able to retrieve an enormous amount of useful data on the group's strongest fighters," Kaiser informed, placing his hands behind him again as he turned and strolled back over to his desk, only to stop short of it. "My theory on their increasing power was correct. Now it's time to move on to the next phase of our plan."

Raising an eyebrow at her boss's back, the incredibly wounded and exhausted thief looked down for a few moments. After stewing over her collection of jumbled thoughts, the infamous Hasky then took a cautionary step forward. "Forgive me, sir, but… what… exactly is our plan?" the blonde asked, incredibly terrified at how her employer would respond. Her fear only increased when she saw the man's finger stop tapping and heard an uncomfortable silence fall over the room. "You've… spent all this time having your best agents scouring the globe, gathering up information, breaking into factories… and stealing weapons and artifacts of all shapes and sizes." She then spared a furtive glance to Violet, who remained completely still and unshaken. Upon which she then looked back at her leader. "While all that is fun and all, you never really explained to me what that stuff is for."

It was the one question that'd been hanging over her head for a while now. What were her boss's plans? What were his intentions? What could he possibly want that would involve butting heads with the strongest warriors on the planet?

What was his ultimate goal?

Her curiosity drew the man's gaze back around to her. Peering over his shoulder, Kaiser narrowed his hard, unfeeling gaze carefully on the blonde's battered form.

Upon strongly considering her words and drinking in her apprehensive state, the bearded man smirked and exhaled sharply. "Why not? I don't see any harm in divulging a little bit of top secret information to one of my most trusted lieutenants. After all, you've done so much for the company over the last several years. I'd hate to keep you out of the loop now that we're closing in on the most important stages of our operations." Immediately after saying this, Kaiser turned to face his agent, pulled a remote out of his pocket, and jabbed it towards the wall to his left. The second he
pressed the button, a hologram of a large map suddenly jumped up a few feet away from him and projected a clear picture of a very familiar location. He then placed his hands behind him once again. "What do you see there, Hasky?"

Attention drawn towards the energy screen, the blonde analyzed it carefully before speaking in a slow voice. "I see… a map of the world… with all the countries and capital cities written on it." That's exactly what she noticed first. The hologram was projecting a fully unwrapped image of the planet earth.

The purpose of it being pulled up in the middle of the room soon revealed itself when Kaiser responded to her answer. He nodded towards the image astutely, "I see… enormous collections of rich, fertile land being blocked off from one another by borders and fences. I see dozens of countries and nations glaring each other down… distanced from one another by governments, religions and extremists of various opposing factions." His smile broadened when his eyes landed on his intently listening audience. "What the map is showing us, is a picture of a broken world locked in perpetual conflict with itself… fractured… separated… divided." When he saw confusion spread over the woman's face, Kaiser then held his arms out in excitement. "It's depressing, isn't it? How life has become so ugly and inconvenient. Here… let me "enhance it" for you." He then clicked the remote at the screen a second time.

All of a sudden, every single country and city on the map was erased and, in a shimmer of code and light, Hasky saw all the lands of the earth change to the same color, with a single capital city in the heart of the largest continent. Unlike a war map, which showed how many nations the axis powers had under their control by a shade of red, every single continent and nation on this one was entirely red.

The banner and flag that all the former countries were now flying belonged to that of Kaiser Talos's company.

A comfortable grin settled across the boss's lips. "For thousands of years, I've watched empires and kingdoms crumble all around me like sandcastles on a beach. I've seen nations and countries across seven different continents ravaged by sickness and despair, as men and women left and right dropped to the ground like flies. And I stood on the sidelines and looked on as the planet was ripped apart by hatred and grief, spearheaded by ideals forged in the minds of mad men and monsters. Sometimes they were one in the same." Raising his head ever so slightly, Kaiser instilled a sense of awe in his agent. "I've lived hundreds of lifetimes and sat in the shadows of countless figures. I was a priest to Ramesses the Second, a personal scribe to Hammurabi of Babylon, a general in Julius Caesar's army, caretaker to Peter the First of Russia, a counselor to warlord Genghis Khan, adjutant to Napoleon Bonaparte, advisor to Adolf Hitler, and a friend and ally to Alexander the Great." Kaiser then smiled and looked over his shoulder towards his battered audience of one. "I helped many of these great leaders in their quests to conquer the world… and only a handful of them ever succeeded. But now… I intend to take their dreams a step further."

Hasky, regarding the man's map a second time, then looked back at her boss nervously. "How exactly do you plan to do that, sir?"

Confidence brimming, the company owner turned to face the woman fully. "I'm glad you asked that, Hasky. You see, when Alexander the Great conquered the world during the Argead Dynasty, he was unable to lead his campaign any further than Ancient India due to a significant lack of resources, manpower and technology. Swords, shields, horses, and alchemy could only take him so far across the globe, and there were severe limitations to what we could actually accomplish with the army at his disposal. Even I was only able to govern the world for a limited amount of time during the prehistoric era, before greed and duplicity amongst my ranks caused a massive
breakdown in my kingdom's structure. However, now that we've reached an age where space travel and matter manipulation is now possible, I'll be able to carry out my plan to establish a new, one-thousand year world order; the greatest civilization to ever be conceived in human history." The man once again pointed at the hologram next to them. "That dream, which was once an impossibility, can now become a reality. It's all political physics, after all. Two super powers cannot possibly occupy the same space at the same time. One of them is bound to roll over for the other… or face inevitable destruction at the hands of the superior force."

"But… won't the rest of the world try to fight back?" Hasky asked, a little bit confused by her employer's explanations. "It's not like the people are just going to sit idly by and let you take over everything. They'll..."

"They'll..." Kaiser shrugged, "What?" When the blonde didn't say anything and simply looked back at her boss nervously, the company owner smiled and began counting on his fingers all of his recent accomplishments. "I have… advanced alien technology, thousands of years beyond what any person… what any nation, can throw at me, and all the science Doctor Gero used to create biomechanical abominations capable of conquering entire planets." The man then grinned and clenched his fists in a gung-ho pose. "BRING IT ON!" After seeing Hasky jump at his sudden shout, the boss beamed, relaxed, and nodded towards his friend. "The world can try and fight me. But one way or another, the people will fold… and the day that they do..." He then pointed his remote at the hologram, "the world will change for the better."

He then flicked the program to its next slide. Hasky then proceeded to watch from her place in the center of the room as the projection of the map zoomed in on the capital city of Kaiser's future empire. When she saw the massive parliament building that was to become his primary base of operations zoom into view, one that was easily reminiscent of Hitler's architectural vision for Nazi Berlin, she then saw it zoom in on the people scattered across the rally grounds. There, she saw all the men and women there were dressed in high-tech body armor, all of which were hybrid designs of both hers and Vulcan's suits. They were sleek, crammed with cutting edge weaponry and computer systems, and made the wearers appear more threatening than they normally would when wearing conventional tactical gear.

Not only did they all appear ready for battle, but they all bore the markings of Talos Industries' logos. It was a sight that not only prompted the blonde assassin to stare in awe, but also put smiles of excitement on both Kaiser's and Violet's faces.

While the wounded woman attempted to process all the information being thrown her way, Kaiser casually wandered over to his desk and, after typing a few keys into the touch screen on the corner, caused a special compartment built into the workspace to rise up next to him. When the steam settled after the hatch opened, he then reached into the box and pulled out a black, shiny brick of an unknown substance, which he then turned and showed to his servant.

Noticing the object in Kaiser's hand, the thief frowned. "What is that?"

The businessman chuckled. "Mind over muscle, Agent Hasky. Mind over muscle." He then raised the brick even higher and brandished it against the light. "This remarkable block of matter is a substance identified in the data banks of Cooler's Spaceship as katchin... a rare element that, if the bonds holding this brick together are anything to go by, makes this the strongest material in the known universe." He then lowered it and set it on the desk beside him with a light 'clink'. "In its raw, untainted form, it is brittle and easy to mold. But once it's been melted down and cooled, it becomes unbreakable. This extraordinary mineral will serve as the primary ingredient to helping me construct the ultimate weapon, which will allow me to seize power and control in a single night."
And he wasn't going to stop there. He was going to construct his entire elite force out of katchin. With a garrison of his most trusted men and women adorned in unbreakable, super-powered armor made out of the strongest metal, his military would become unstoppable.

Though this information had Hasky's spirit lift somewhat, the blonde then became aware of an important fact that'd been overlooked. When her mind eventually worked it out, she addressed her concerns with her boss promptly and clearly. "What about the Z-fighters? Obviously they're not just going to stand around and let you do whatever you want. Shouldn't you be trying to… kill them?"

Chuckling at the woman's inquiry, the corporation owner gazed across at the woman with a mischievous glint in his eye. "Trust me, Agent Hasky. The Z-fighters will eventually die… but only when I say so." He then slipped his hands behind his back and approached the woman slowly. "Keeping tabs on their progress from a distance will allow me to upgrade the combat algorithms of my armors to match their strengths accordingly. They'll also be able to mop up any more unseen problems that happen to drop by the earth unexpectedly… most notably world shattering disasters and monsters." Stopping just a few feet in front of the woman, Kaiser shrugged coyly. "Why should I waste valuable time and resources fighting alien invaders, petty criminals and demons when I can simply let their group do it for me?"

Hasky, cracking a weak smile, nodded in agreement. "That's… a really good strategy, sir."

"You think so?" the man asked while giving her a genuine smile.

"Yes. Letting them do all the heavy lifting while you potter around under their noses. That's… brilliant."

Kaiser then raised his arms and held them out in a conceited manner. "It's what I do. After all… I'm a high-functioning sociopath." He then turned side-on to the woman and, slipping his hands behind him once again, gazed upwards with intent burning in his eyes. "Once I finally establish my company as the greatest super power on earth and have the entire population in the palm of my hand, I will use the technology I managed to replicate from the remains of Lord Slug's spaceship to transform this planet into a mobile fortress. With it and the entire population clothed in my super-powered battle armors, I will begin a ten year campaign to take over, not just this galaxy, but the entire quadrant, establishing the first Intergalactic Human Empire." The leader then glanced across at the blonde and leered. "And with you, Violet, and the others standing by my side, nothing… not even the Gods, will be able to stop me."

Invigorated by his speech, the completely taken Hasky took a step forward and, still clutching the place where her arm used to be, spoke up in support of her boss. "If that is your dream, sir, then… I will do everything in my power to help you realize it."

Ears perking at the woman's declaration, the mogul turned to face the woman more completely and raised an eyebrow. "Really?"

The thief nodded her head vigorously, "Whatever you want, sir. I'll do anything."

Staring back at the injured woman seriously for a moment, Kaiser used that time to consider her words and analyze her condition. After several seconds of careful thinking, the man with the beard smiled and, giving his subordinate an affirmative nod, stared back at her with warmth and esteem flickering in his eyes. It was a sight that had Hasky blink in surprise, as she'd never seen such an emotion permeate from her employer before.

"I'm so glad to hear you say that. Thank you, Hasky."
Before the blonde could say anything more, a loud 'squelch' sound rang loudly throughout the office and a numbing pain shot through her body. Her muscles freezing in shock, Hasky's eyes widened in horror before her mouth choked up blood, which poured from her lips and dribbled down onto the carpet. The reason for this sudden occurrence quickly revealed itself to be a long blade sticking out of the part of her chest where her heart was. After remaining in place for several moments, the weapon was suddenly yanked out and the thief's body crumpled to the floor with a thud.

Hasky was dead.

The source of the weapon soon revealed itself from behind the woman. Appearing from the shadows, dressed in a Chinese martial arts outfit, was a young, teenage girl around eighteen years old, with an ox horns hairstyle and sharp blue eyes. Possessing a fair complexion and smooth skin, the girl had a very curvaceous figure that was notably muscular, giving her a very tomboyish appearance. Her overall appearance was strikingly similar to Chun Li’s, except the qipao she was wearing was red instead of blue, and she had brown boots instead of white. However, unlike a traditional martial artist, on top of her outfit she also had on metal platings protecting her upper arms, shoulders, neck and back, which provided her a form of defensive armor, yet allowed for optimal movement of the limbs and joints.

The blade she was holding was attached to her gauntlet, but was quickly retracted into the arm with a snap. She then lowered her limb and glared down at the blonde assassin.

Despite her sudden appearance in the office, neither Kaiser nor Violet was surprised. Hell, they didn't even flinch when they saw Hasky crash to the ground face first and begin forming a bloody red pool around her corpse. The woman's lifeless eyes and stunned face were more than enough to show that death had occurred almost instantaneously.

Funny how fragile the human body actually was when all its defenses were bypassed.

Viewing the newcomer curiously, the purple haired secretary looked between her boss and the assailant, before then nodding towards the stranger. "One of your other assets, I presume? Which one is this?"

"Oh. Sorry. Where are my manners?" Glancing back at his assistant, the billionaire mogul smirked and gestured towards their visitor courteously. "This fetching young lady you see standing before you is Chico. She's one of six young orphans that were brought in by the authorities several months before the arrival of the Saiyans Vegeta and Nappa over a decade ago. Based on the information I was able to obtain from the officers who rounded up her little group, I found out that Son Gohan had ended up in their company for a brief period of time after washing up on a nearby beach." He lowered his hand and continued his story. "I... 'adopted' the children and took all of them to my branch in South City to partake in one of my earlier training programs to create the perfect super soldier." He then looked up at the brown haired girl proudly to see the fighter in question glare at him. "I had my best men spend the next twelve years working on their gang, breaking them down mentally and rebuilding them from the ground up, until they were strong enough to be put through the conversion process." He then shrugged at the girl and smirked darkly. "Once they were old enough, I injected them with an experimental, self-replicating, nano-machine serum that was designed to convert the human skeletal system and internal organs into metal. Five of the six test subjects failed, as the nano mites ripped their bodies apart and destroyed their brains." A gesture towards the girl in front of him shortly followed. "The sixth one however... was a huge success."

"Ah," Violet replied while nodding in understanding. Inspecting the teen in the martial arts dress and armor plating, she then looked towards her boss curiously. "I knew you had some interesting
assets hiding out there. But you never really briefed me on this one."

"Well, I guess now you can consider yourself informed," the boss exclaimed, before then looking at the newcomer with a proud smile. When he saw the teen brush her fringe with the back of her hand, he continued to speak. "Chico here represents the culmination of a lifetime of hard work, self-sacrifice and scientific discovery. She is the embodiment of all of mankind's hopes and dreams for the future; a successful fusion between human and machine. It's a winning combination."

The brown haired teen in front of the duo smiled and bowed respectfully to the company founder. "In this world, only the strong and powerful are destined to survive, as it is the natural order of things. If you're unable to fight or fend for yourself, then you're as good as dead." Her eyes sparkled as she gazed admirably at her maker, whom she could see was gazing right back at her. Despite his recounting of her struggle, her expression continued to reflect nothing but blind devotion, loyalty, and fondness towards the maniacal genius. "You're the one who taught me that, master."

While the secretary raised an eyebrow at the way the teen said those words, Kaiser simply looked at his assistant and explained. "I called her in as part of my support crew to replace the members who've recently been lost. I'm going to need her to run a few errands for me while Hasky is being put through the cybernetic enhancement cycle." Glancing down at the blonde lying across the floor, the man then frowned at both her battered state and the blood pooling on the carpet. "Her Babylon armor, though cutting edge and robust, has too many faults and glitches in its design to be of any further use to me. The amount of energy she took in during her battle, even with the buffers in place, still managed to irradiate her cells and pollute the atmosphere. I'm going to have to can the old motor, remodel the photon pores, upgrade the processing units, and start the whole thing from scratch."

The inventor and billionaire planned on making her better than ever. Too bad Hasky was out of it to hear any of this.

After watching Chico back away to give her boss some room, as well as to stay out of reach of the pool of blood, Violet glanced across at Kaiser with an inquisitive look on her face. "What are you going to do about Son Gohan and his friends?"

The head of the company had his response ready and waiting for her, and answered with a smug grin. "Let the Z-fighters continue running around, playing heroes. With some luck, the next worldwide calamity that happens upon us might knock one or two of them down a peg… or maybe even take them out of the game for good. Given their current track record though, I seriously doubt that will happen." He then raised his hand and clenched it into a tight fist. Upon which, he began lifting one finger at a time in turn, "Constructing the ultimate weapon, destroying the Z-fighters, and assuming total dominion over the nations of the world. Instead of going through the long, costly process of attempting to achieve each of these goals one at a time over a spread of a few months, I intend to accomplish all of them in a single stroke."

Violet nodded to the man in approval. "Understood."

With one last glance at Hasky's body, the boss reached into his pocket, pulled out a cell phone, dialed into it, and held it up to his ear. Listening to it buzz for a moment, his head perked up when the receiver on the other end picked up. "Hello, security? Yes… could you send Doctor Kimura and a couple of his boys up to my office with a cryo freezer? I've got another volunteer for the android program to pick up. Uh-huh." After hearing the officer on the end respond, Kaiser then looked over the floor around the blonde and spoke again. "Oh yes. And send some boys up here to mop up the blood and change the carpets. I feel like… maroon today. Thanks." Closing up his
phone, Kaiser pocketed it and nodded towards his deceased agent. "I'll perform the operation on Hasky myself… make sure she gets the best hardware and software possible."

"Very good," the purple haired woman exclaimed, holding up her note pad and quickly typing into the screen, "I'll cancel your meetings for this evening and tomorrow."

Turning his back on the body, Kaiser then wandered back over to his window and, with his hands behind his back, continued to speak. "I'll also scrub Hasky's memories and modify them. Her time spent in prison twisted her view on the world and warped her personality… and her battle with the Z-fighters only made it worse. I'll give the woman some peace and forge some happy memories in place of the old ones." A warm smile spread across his lips when he sensed Violet move over to his desk and Chico move around to stand on his left hand side. With the teen gazing through the window just as he was, the boss was now content with waiting out the rest of the afternoon until his next appointment.

A minute later, the doors to his office opened and a group of doctors and workers came rushing in, dragging a large, human-sized freezer with them. While they hoisted Hasky's body into the compartment and began cleaning up the mess left behind in the brief scuffle, Kaiser continued to stare out the window, his mind plotting out the next stages of his plan.

Conquering the world took a lot of patience and planning. Taking it from a group of humans and aliens capable of laying waste to entire planets took a little bit more. Nevertheless, the idea of a challenge brought an excited glow to Kaiser's eyes.

XXX

(Over the next few days)

The battle that'd engulfed the industrial area of West City soon faded away with the media. With the officials in charge of the emergency departments wrapping everything up around the district, the authorities quickly wrote off the catastrophic, earth-rocking events as yet another one of those otherworldly calamities that periodically fell upon the communities of the earth every year. Considering how often this'd happened in the past and the amount of times cities and villages have been affected by them, you could understand why they were so laidback about the whole concept. All the same, acting swiftly under the directions of their multibillionaire benefactors at Capsule Corp, the people in charge of the city were quickly able to quarter off the affected areas and proceed with repairing their home town.

The Z-fighters on the other hand, had business of their own to conduct.

True to form, the staff at the corporate super giant was able to commit their best men and women to fixing all the damages done to the estate. The holes and craters were patched up and the main building itself was soon returned to a hundred percent operational capacity. Mr. Briefs was even able to put his robots to work in carrying out any extra duties around the property, while the rest of the human staff continued their jobs as normal.

Bulma meanwhile had gone back to tinkering; upgrading some of the old systems around the building, while also buffing up the security systems. Even though she had a stay-at-home super hero for a husband and a son who could function better than any guard with a gun when he wasn't messing around, she still felt the need to add some extra counter measures to her hallways. What with the enemy they'd recently encountered, you could understand her sudden desire to add some extra additions to her home.

Android 16 was soon back on his feet and more efficient than ever. With his help, the Briefs
family was able to complete all of their work on fixing the main building and then some, while at
the same time assigning him to a round the clock patrol of the estate. It was a role befitting
someone of his remarkable skill set.

With the massive android walking the hallways twenty four seven while every so often turning
over to the computer labs to power down for a few hours, everybody else quickly settled into their
usual stations. When Yajirobe eventually came around with a bag of Senzu Beans for his friends,
those who'd sustained heavy damages in their most recent battle were quickly put back to full
strength and health. For those who'd needed it most included Kana, who spent the next few days
happily exploring the mazes of Capsule Corp's primary facility, and Goten and Trunks, both of
who were back to running around and causing trouble, as per the norm.

Paprika had decided to stick around as well, but had opted to spend most of her time in the
building's main garden to meditate and spend time on her own. She would also take the time to
babysit the two munchkins whenever they were up and about, sparring with them and playing
games in the lavender haired boy's bedroom. Though it continuously frustrated the Makyan at how
often she lost at their devices, she still had the good graces to accept defeat and continue playing
like the sport she was. That's probably why the kids loved her so much.

Piccolo also went over to the garden to meditate every once in a while, but he spent most of the
time standing at attention in the corner of Gohan's room, watching over him. With his ability to
stay up for long periods of time and hold a position for days on end without rest, he made for one
of the best bodyguards in the business. His presence was also often overlooked, which made him
the ideal person to hang around his student's room without attracting too much attention.

Though Vegeta would sometimes drag the Namekian away for the occasional frustration-spar, it
was an annual request compared to how often he badgered Zangya for a fight. Ever since her stellar
performance against the blonde assassin, the flame-haired man wasted no second fighting with the
Hera to get himself up to speed. The orange haired demon accepted his spars gladly, but she spent
most of her free hours standing by Gohan's bed, keeping a close eye on him and making sure he
was alright.

Erasa and Lime had decided to stay at Capsule Corp as well, doing their schoolwork over the net,
while also checking in with Sharpener and the others to see how they were doing. They found a
room to share with Videl just a few doors down from where their half-Saiyan boyfriend was
sleeping, even though they spent sixty percent of the time holed up in his wing, and would often
drop over to his side to keep him company.

While all of this stuff was going on around Capsule Corp, the routine for the comatose half-Saiyan
remained completely unchanged. The boy didn't shirk or twitch in the slightest and continued
sleeping off the effects of the heart virus that were still coursing through his blood. Though Bulma
was positive her solution was successful in flushing the strain out of his system, the teen was still
unconscious and unable to respond beyond the occasional snore, yawn, or groan.

Videl often wondered if he was actually able to hear them at times. She also wondered what he
was dreaming about, as did the rest of the girls who spent their time chatting around him and
looking down at his serene mug.

That knowledge however, only belonged to the half-Saiyan himself and the people who were
inside his dreams.

XXX

(A week later)
Gohan had no idea how long he'd been wandering through the darkness. Time and space apparently didn't matter in this empty shell of a dimension as he strolled and sprinted across the endless void, his feet treading upon an invisible, nonexistent surface. As he did, the only sounds he could hear around him were his own breathing and the clapping of his shoes against the cold floor of the blackness beneath him. Though this world looked and felt incredibly familiar to him, something he'd explored many times in the past, the demi-Saiyan didn't stop to ponder over it.

All he knew was that he was wandering through the dream world created by his coma, which was caused by the heart virus in his system. So far, the ordeal had been pretty rough for the hybrid. He'd been in and out of horrendous nightmares and excruciating chest pains, but all of those brief experiences were replaced shortly afterwards by instances of peace and euphoria. He assumed it had something to do with the presence of his friends on the outside, whom he could sense and feel in the form of their faces appearing in his dreams. However, though their efforts and compassion were more than welcome, the state he was primarily experiencing in this dimension was periods of empty blackness and weird acid trips of swirling lights. These were the episodic effects brought on by the heart virus attacking his mind.

Ever since he'd gotten here, the warrior had only one purpose in mind, and that was to escape this spirit hazing hell. That's why he pushed forward, intent on seeking an end... any end that would allow him to break free from this confine. But as hard as he tried and as far as he looked, all he found was darkness waiting for him around every bend and curve. It not only brought to him great deal of disappointment, but misery and dread. For all he knew, there was absolutely no way out of this dark labyrinth, as everywhere he went all he could see was an empty black canvas, which sucked him in the further and further he traveled.

After what felt like an eternity of endless walking, the teen decided to stop and turned his gaze skywards. Head craned and arms dangling at his sides, the boy stood against the coldness of space, soaking in the vacuum of damnation that gripped at every inch of his flesh. His orange and blue gi remained wrapped protectively around him, providing him whatever warmth there was to be had in this place. However, despite it and his various attempts to lift his spirits, all Gohan felt was the overwhelming sensation of emptiness and defeat as he gazed further into the cosmos above, his very soul becoming swallowed up in the blank horizon.

Rocked to the core by the nothingness of it all, Gohan suddenly heard voices behind him and spun around. Caught completely by surprise, the demi-Saiyan quickly found himself staring down a scene that appeared all too familiar to him; an event that he'd experienced nightmares of many times before.

What he saw staring right back at him, was the same mountainous valley where he, Piccolo, Krillin, Tien, Chiaotzu and Yamcha had fought against Nappa and Vegeta over a decade ago. It was as if he'd been brought right back to where all of his battles had started and, lying scattered across the open and rugged terrain, he saw all of his friends with their faces in the dirt, broken and beaten, just as they had been at that fateful encounter.

Tien and Yamcha were dead, Chiaotzu was gone, Krillin was unconscious and, as Gohan's gaze passed over the battlefield, kneeling at the foot of a long trench and a large crater, he spotted his adolescent self positioned beside the burnt body of his best friend, Piccolo. The sight of his teacher's beaten down frame struggling to draw breath as he looked up at the child had the demi-Saiyan's heart stop as he proceeded to watch and listen to the scene replay right before his very eyes.
His own form wrecked and battered, a frightened and weakened Kid Gohan pushed against Piccolo's form in a desperate attempt to get the man to his feet. "No... please. Mr. Piccolo... don't go... please," the child begged, tears forming in the corners of his eyes as the Namekian breathed his last.

A smile forming across his lips, the green warrior whispered back to the child in a low voice, tired voice, "Good bye... my... friend." And with that last gasp of effort, the warrior's eyes closed and his head lolled to the side.

The instant Piccolo's life vanished the young Gohan threw his head back and cried out in despair, his voice echoing across the sky. It was a yell that drew the winded Krillin's gaze up from where he was lying and had the present teenage demi-Saiyan's heart pinch.

Gritting his teeth, the disembodied warrior from many years in the future swallowed to keep his own emotions from brimming and shook his head. The moment he did so, the adult Gohan's gaze then snapped down the length of the trench, where he saw the unmistakable form of Nappa marching towards the fallen duo and Vegeta watching haughtily from the sidelines.

As expected, the half-Saiyan watched his younger self cry out in rage and, clapping his hands over his forehead, unleashed a powerful *Masenko* towards his hulking opponent. He then watched as the bald Saiyan punched his attack away, sending it arcing towards a distant mountain where it impacted and incinerated the entire edifice in a flash of golden light. Though the attack was spectacular and impressive in its execution, it was ultimately a useless gesture of anger that only served to numb the elite warrior's arm. Nappa ended up laughing the technique off and continuing his march towards the defenseless child.

Watching the memory slowly unfold before him, the adult Gohan considered intervening. After all, with his current level of strength, he was more than capable of destroying the two Saiyans and putting an end to this nightmare. However, before such a thought could even be realized or fully processed by the half-Saiyan, he suddenly felt a presence materialize behind him. Torn away from seeing the vision through to the end by the sound of a tiny bell ringing, the spiky haired warrior's gazed snapped over his shoulder. The moment it did, he spotted the familiar, haunting figure of the curvaceous blonde witch with the eye patch, revealing one piece suit, and oversized pointy hat, glaring right back at him.

The chime had come from the tiny golden bell dangling off of the tip of the phantom girl's hat. Instantly entrapped by her appearance, Gohan faced the newcomer with an expression of awe and confusion. After gazing into her one red eye peering from beneath the wide brim of her headwear, he then whispered in a stunned voice, "It's you." Seeing her lower her head at his greeting, the young man continued to stare at the projection in deathly silence, completely ignoring the nightmare taking place behind him. It was until his eyes consciously narrowed that he then spoke, addressing the stranger with a hard, cold tone, "What are you doing here?"

The lengths of fabric curled around her body wafted on the breeze behind her as the blonde slowly turned and pointed in another direction.

When Gohan looked, he suddenly saw the surrounding, earth valley bleed away into darkness, before being replaced by another familiar setting. The blue sky, mountains and greenery were quickly overtaken by the aqua, plateau covered landscape of the former planet Namek. Blinking in surprise at the sudden swap in scenery, the demi-Saiyan took a moment to adjust to the light of the new world, before his gaze was drawn to a nearby valley. It was there his eyes widened when he once again saw his child self locked in combat, this time with the hulking form of Recoome of the Ginyu Force.
Despite suffering an insane amount of punishment from Vegeta in the previous round, the massive, humanoid-alien of Frieza's elite crew still had enough energy and dexterity to deliver the beat down of a lifetime upon the other remaining fighters. The sounds of battle rang out over the entire planet as the large man chased after his tiny opponent, smacking the five year old left and right across the valley. Though the young demi-Saiyan stood up to the man's assault and attempted to fight back as best as he could, his efforts were rendered completely useless as the powerful fighter walked through every single attack sent his way.

Dropping down to a safe distance, the battered, brave boy, bleeding from a concussive blow to the head, brought his hands back and, powering up, thrust them forward with a mighty roar.

"MASENKO!" His orange-purple blast exploded from his hands and shot towards Recoome at breakneck speeds.

However, much to the boy's dismay, he saw the orange haired fighter inhale deeply before blowing the beam of energy right back at his opponent. Gohan barely had enough time to dodge his own attack, leaping into the air to see it explode against the ground. But just as he was climbing to escape the fire generated by the blast, he was unable to respond in time when Recoome sped after him and intercepted him in midair with a well-placed chop to the back. The blow smashed into the poor child like a train, landing with a terrifying crack that sent the Z-fighter flying.

Adult Gohan continued to watch his younger self receive the man's attacks without mercy, right up to the point the five year old tried one last ditch effort to hit the hulking fighter. With a sickening crack, Recoome managed to jump over the tiny warrior and land a crushing kick to his neck. The force sent the kid flying across the grass to land on the ground with a dull thud, where he lay twitching and choking up blood. His life was hanging on the razor's edge.

Seeing the large fighter tower over him, ready to finish him off, Gohan then watched the scene change drastically once more. All of a sudden, the disembodied demi-Saiyan saw Goku, Piccolo, Krillin and his younger self standing on a tiny island in the middle of Namek's ocean in the minutes following his father dropping the Spirit Bomb on Frieza. His eyes moving upwards, he saw the alien tyrant himself standing at the top of the nearby ridge, glaring down at them hatefully, missing half of his tail, and covered in horrendous bruises and scratches.

In a matter of seconds, the white alien with the purple carapaces proceeded to cut down each of the demi-Saiyan's friends one after the other; first shooting Piccolo through the chest with a Death Beam and then propelling Krillin into the sky, where the poor Z-fighter exploded with a cry of terror. The sight brought shock and despair to the two Saiyans standing on the small scrap of land far below, with the event ultimately serving as the trigger to Goku's transformation to a Super Saiyan.

While all of this was going on, the older Gohan, just like his younger counterpart, could only watch helplessly from the sidelines as all of these events unfolded in rapid succession. Shortly thereafter, after seeing Krillin meet his end on Namek, the scene once again faded away and cut to another event a few years later.

This time the demi-Saiyan was shown a memory of his battle against Perfect Cell before his eventually transformation to Ascended Saiyan. The android was attacking him viciously, attempting to force the young warrior to unleash his so-called 'Hidden Power'. He chased and harassed the youngster without remorse or hesitation, before eventually catching the child in a bear hug and proceeding to crush him against his chest.

The teen Gohan's bloodcurdling scream filled the adult version's ears with the sounds of torment, drawing on several phantom pains from that terrible day that had the young male's bones ache.
Moments later, the adult Gohan then saw Android 16 dart down from the nearby plateau where the other Z-fighters were stationed and grabbed Cell from behind, in a brave attempt to finish the biological abomination with one last, kamikaze attack. But as the demi-Saiyan watching from his place several feet away predicted, he watched the tragic event play out in full as Perfect Cell snapped out of the android's grip and nailed the cyborg with a critical blast to the chest. The explosion sent the automaton's body scattering across the field, marking the first great casualty of that day.

Much to the young warrior's anguish, he then saw his old nemesis eject several miniature clones of himself to administer agonizing pain upon the rest of his friends. The Cell Juniors all leapt into action at the command of their father and proceeded to beat the living hell out of Goku and the heroes of earth. The maniacal android aimed to make them suffer in order to draw out the young warrior's power, before ultimately killing them.

Though it pained the older Gohan to watch this memory play out, he couldn't help but notice the one thing that stood out from all of the chaos and pain unfolding around him. He saw his younger self, kneeling uselessly on the ground behind the monster that was causing his friends to suffer. Despite his great strength and his gifts, the young half-Saiyan was still so weak and scared, unable to do anything with his powers to save his friends. It was only through the sacrifice of one of their own that he was soon able to achieve the resolve and the strength necessary to make a difference.

But before that, even when he did have the strength to do something of worth, Gohan had been too afraid, too unsure of himself, and too naïve to use it. This fateful battle with the android marked a major turning point in the child's life, giving the hybrid the drive and self-assurance to do something with his power.

It was the day that he stepped up and took on the mantel as protector of the earth.

The feelings and sensations the adult Gohan received from this particular battle were accentuated further by the death of his father, whom he watched spirit the self-destructive biological monster to King Kai's planet at the closing stages of the memory, sacrificing himself to protect the earth.

When the scene eventually faded to black for the fifth time, Gohan thought the ordeal was over. He glanced behind him towards the one-eyed witch, whom he could see was still staring at him with her unnerving smile in play. Just before he could question the reason for her presence here and the purpose of these memories, he heard the sounds of heavy panting and battle, and spun around in the direction he'd previously been staring. A split second later, the teenager saw another hallucination bleed into view and wash over him, dropping his body right into the heart of a new setting. Gohan quickly found himself standing in the middle of a dry, barren wasteland, surrounded by mountains and long stretches of empty countryside, which dominated the area for miles.

Almost instantly upon seeing the desert appear before him, the demi-Saiyan blinked at what he made out next.

In front of him, he spotted himself, or at least another version of himself, standing defensively over the beaten, battered body of a short, purple figure with a white Mohawk, earrings, and adorned in a posh Kai outfit of esteemed design. Initially baffled by who this person was Gohan then began inspecting the version of him that was protecting said figure. Looking him over, he saw a gutsy fighter dressed in a ruined, black spandex uniform with white gloves and boots, and assumed in his first Super Saiyan form. He was also bleeding from various battle wounds and was covered in bruises, making the disembodied Gohan wonder what monstrous force could've done that to him.

"Why... am I so damaged?" Gohan thought, shaking his head in confusion at the doppelganger standing several yards from him. "Did I... get attacked from behind or something? Why haven't I
"transformed into a Super Saiyan 2 or Super Saiyan 3 yet? What the hell's going on?" He just could not comprehend what this vision was, nor could he recall such a battle taking place.

His string of panicked questions was soon shut down when his gaze was drawn across the battlefield his beaten down doppelganger was thrust into. Following his glare, the real Gohan's eyes then fell upon a creature that literally had him do a double-take. On the other end of the field, he spotted a fat, pink, humanoid creature with a tentacle on its head, wearing golden boots, gloves, white diaper like pants, a vest, and a short purple cape, standing on one foot several dozen yards away. At first Gohan thought it was a giant, inflatable figure or a ball of some kind, but after giving it a second look over, the young Saiyan judged from its getup and appearance that the creature was some kind of repugnant demon.

The 'M' mark on its belt indicated that it was indeed a being of supernatural origins. That was his personal assessment at least.

Before he could delve further into his investigation, Gohan then proceeded to watch the pink blob of a creature standing on one foot begin cart-wheeling across the battlefield towards his battle-damaged counterpart. The creature giggled and laughed as it did so, before eventually rolling to a stop directly in front of him. It then turned and leered at the Saiyan's stunned double, laughing all the while.

Gohan then heard his doppelganger speak, with a voice expressing nothing but shock and disbelief.

"What is this thing? Its skin just absorbs everything I give him," the Super Saiyan whispered, openly expressing astonishment at how the monster was able to heal itself from a powerful kick it'd previously received to the face.

The fat, pink demon then grinned in a menacing way and brought its hands forward. "You a big pest! You leave!" it shouted in a squeaky, nasally voice, showcasing a clear sense of anger towards the Z-fighter with the vernacular of a child. Its energy began to skyrocket as it prepared to attack the blonde warrior, intent of ridding him of the nuisance once and for all.

A growl left the battered Gohan's voice, before the Super Saiyan leapt at the pink monstrosity with a loud battle cry.

It was a sight that alarmed the demi-Saiyan watching from the sidelines, who stepped forward with panic burning in his eyes. "YOU IDIOT!" However, before he could yell out any sort of warning to stop himself, the purple Kai lying on the ground beat him to it.

"WATCH OUT FOR HIS BLAST!"

The warning came too little, too late, as the pink demon thrust both hands forward and unleashed a powerful blue blast directly at the approaching Super Saiyan. The beam engulfed the young warrior, stopping him dead before reforming into an enormous sphere of energy that slammed the fighter up against its surface. The heat of the attack drew a scream of agony and terror from the battle damaged Gohan, before sending him rocketing across the valley and up into the sky, where the blast exploded and sent the half-Saiyan plummeting back down to earth.

As the scene chugged to its conclusion, all the real Gohan could do was stand there gawking in the direction his counterpart had been thrown. His gaze then snapped in the direction of the demon that'd beaten him and saw the fat, pink joke of a monster dancing merrily at sending the teen flying with barely any effort whatsoever.

While the creature danced, the only thought that ran through the demi-Saiyan's head was how he
could've let himself get beaten by such a pathetic attack? Why did he make such an amateur mistake, jumping into the monster's line of fire? Why wasn't he powered up to his maximum level? If he was Super Saiyan 3, there was no way he could've been taken down by such an obvious counter. In fact, the real Gohan was pretty sure he could've ripped that thing apart with a few well-placed hits and not waste any time with theatrics or needless heroism.

That being the case, why was he so weak in that vision to begin with? What'd happened to him that had him lose so much strength, sense and skill?

Before he could proceed to solving this riddle, he the scene once again changed and, a split second later, Gohan found himself standing on Kami's Lookout. At first bewildered by the sudden teleportation to the platform, the half-Saiyan then turned towards the edge and spotted most of his friends and family gathered out in the open. Clearly making out Piccolo at the head of the group, but seeing no Vegeta, Zangya or any of the other strong fighters in the area, he also noticed a tall, muscular, pink figure leering at them from the platform's ledge.

It took the demi-Saiyan a few moments of looking the creature over to realize that this menacing new face was in fact the same, fat monster that'd blasted his weakened doppelganger into the sky, only it seemed he'd gone through some sort of weird metamorphosis since that battle. He now looked like a legitimate killing machine; sleek, muscular, menacing, malicious, and even more powerful than before.

Dreading the events that were to come, Gohan looked on as the demon suddenly marched towards Piccolo. His approach caused the Namekian to freeze and stare up at the fiend in terror, sweat pouring down his face and his eyes wide in alarm.

"Time to kill," the demon with the tentacle on his head snarled, sending a chill down every Z-fighter's spine.

At first the demi-Saiyan thought the pink creature was going to kill his friend right there, on the spot, and stepped forward in panic. He was about to jump in to attack too, only to feel a firm tug on the back of his gi that stopped him dead in his tracks. When Gohan looked behind him, he saw the blonde witch with the eye-patch holding onto his top with her thumb and finger, keeping him from moving. Surprised by her sudden interference, the young warrior then stared ahead of him to see what was going to happen next.

All of a sudden, Gohan saw the pink monster raise his hand into the air and, in a flash of blinding light, began unleashing a torrent of pink energy blasts that arced down from the lookout and shot towards the planet below. The attacks rained down upon the earth like an unending river of death, trailing streaks of light that marked the path of the billions of ki attacks the monster was now letting loose into the atmosphere. The display was frightening, causing all those watching from the sidelines to take a big step back as the vortex of energy surrounding the entity continue spewing blasts out like there was no tomorrow.

However, the worst was yet to come.

The pink fiend wasn't just firing off all those shots as a trivial show of force or as a means of intimidating the heroes. Every single one of the blasts he was firing down at the earth was aimed at every single person living down on the ground. As the assault carried on, Gohan's expression twisted into one of horror when countless screams of terror suddenly filled his ears and his vision became plagued by the sight of all the innocent people of the world being cut down by the barrage of powerful energy attacks. The sight was as horrendous as he thought it was, the vision showing him people getting incinerated instantaneously left, right and center, by attacks capable of incinerating entire buildings with barely a tap.
However, what struck him the hardest was seeing Capsule Corp get shot to bits and the whole of Orange Star Highschool sterilized by the blind assault. He saw Sharpener, Touya and Erasa get struck down by the energy waves, their forms vanishing in a flash of fire and simultaneous cries of pain. He even saw Lime perish under the heat of the salvo, her scream of terror drowned out by the dozens of others around her.

The sight of his friends and the people he loved being killed drew panicked breaths of air from the demi-Saiyan and put tears in his eyes, which began to trickle down his cheeks without restraint. His heart burning, the teen then looked on as the vision slowly faded to black and was replaced by yet another, which made him wonder how much longer this torture was going to last.

Back on the courtyard of Kami's Lookout, he saw Krillin confronting the monster all by himself, while all the other members of the Z-fighters stood back.

"RUN!" the short fighter bellowed, a split second before taking off and charging the terrifying creature down.

Eyes widening while her arms were wrapped protectively around her daughter, Android 18 leapt forward in desperation, "KRILLIN! NO!" But it was too late.

The human warrior dashed towards the pink demon with a mighty bellow in a desperate attempt to take the creature out and buy his comrades time to escape. However, the moment the man struck at the villain with his fist, the entity's body suddenly liquefied and sprang into the sky, warping through the air and reforming above the Z-fighter when he flew past. As soon as Krillin missed, the creature threw his tentacle forward and fired a pink, electrical beam at the man. A scream left the warrior's lips when the field of energy engulfed him, before a puff of white smoke burst around his body.

Gohan watched closely as the cloud quickly vanished and a bar of chocolate dropped out of it, landing on the hard, tiled floor. The transformation was baffling, but the young martial artist quickly deduced that the attack was some form of twisted, yet incredibly powerful magic. Before he could fully comprehend the magnitude of the fiend they were up against, Gohan's expression became one of dismay and shock when he saw the pink monster begin targeting the rest of them.

"No! No, no, no, NO, NOOO!" Gohan shouted, his feet digging into the floor as he attempted to rush in and save his friends. Despite his best efforts though, he found legs rooted to the ground thanks to the ridiculous force holding him back. Glaring over his shoulder in panic, the demi-Saiyan gritted his teeth at the witch holding onto his gi and barked, "I HAVE TO SAVE THEM! PLEASE! LET ME GO!" He then attempted to fight his way out, but as hard as he tried, he could not wrench his way out of the woman's vice-like grip. "I CAN'T JUST STAND HERE AND WATCH THEM DIE! I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING! ANYTHING!" After failing several times to escape her hold, Gohan then looked back to see the next set of events.

To his utter shock and horror, the Saiyan watched as one after the other, the pink, tentacle-headed creature started transforming every single one of his friends into chocolate. Though it stunned Gohan to see all those closest to him meet the creature's twisted beam, the worst one came when he saw Videl get transformed into a piece of candy and heard her scream vanish with the others. The disembodied warrior attempted to break free one last time, his feet cracking the floor to try and get out of the girl's hold.

But he was too late. Seconds later, the teenager saw the smoke from the bombardment of electrical beams dissipate and, lying scattered across the floor, he saw his girlfriend and everybody else had been turned into treats.
Limbs shaking as tears streamed down his face, the demi-Saiyan looked on as the creature gathered up all of his comrades and proceeded to eat them. Gohan shook his head, unable to believe what he was witnessing as the scene slowly faded into darkness, with the final image being the pink monstrosity gobbling down the last of his friends.

His hands reached up to cover his face, as he knew he could not bear to watch any more. But when he pulled them away a moment later when he thought it was all over, he couldn't help but gasp in shock when he saw the faces of himself, Piccolo, Goten and Trunks, unconscious, and trapped in a series of cocoons made out of flesh, inside an enormous cave system of cobwebs and brain stems. The setting was like something taken straight out of a horror film, and he knew right then and there that he and his friends had met the greatest defeat of their lives.

However, this wasn't to be the last of the visions. As Gohan's resolve began to crumble, he saw the scene change once again. This time he was standing on a rocky shore, just several feet away from a pair of figures facing each other down, with the ocean waves crashing against the stones behind him. At first he didn't know who the people were due to how different they looked. But when the demi-Saiyan's eyes eventually focused on them, he found to his bewilderment Vegeta, dressed in a new design of armor and assumed in a bright blue, Super Saiyan form, standing over the battered body of Frieza, who was currently kneeling on the ground before him.

Looking at the two from his position, Gohan reasoned that both warriors had been locked in battle and that the two warriors appeared more powerful than ever before. He could tell just from the air surrounding them that they were now fighting in a league completely above any the demi-Saiyan could reach, and had just recently passed the climax point of their battle.

The sight of the alien tyrant kneeling before the Super Saiyan Prince was so gripping that Gohan completely disregarded the fact that Frieza had been brought back to life and that he was currently on earth. He also noticed himself and the rest of his friends standing on a nearby cliff, with his father lying defeated between them.

Just when he was about to ask what was going on, the disembodied Gohan suddenly heard Frieza speak.

"If I'm going down… I'M TAKING YOU ALL WITH ME!"

The Super Saiyan God Vegeta balked in shock, moments before the ground beneath him suddenly started to fracture and burn. As it turns out, Frieza, who had his hands placed firmly on the floor, had unleashed a powerful blast into the planet's crust so fast that the Prince had had no time to react to it. This resulted in the planet beginning to implode at an alarming rate and, after several tense seconds of mountains and oceans erupting into enormous, fiery columns of magma and rock, the entire world suddenly went up in a massive explosion.

Watching safely from the protective bubble of his dream, Gohan could only look on in disbelief as his home and all the people he loved vanished in a flash of fire. When the cataclysm ended shortly thereafter, all that remained of the earth was an asteroid field of rubble and rock, drifting aimlessly through the vacuum of space.

The sight shook the teen up so much that it literally brought him to his knees. Collapsing onto all fours, Gohan reeled forward and choked out several loud sobs, which rattled his bones and blurred his vision. His chest hurt and his head throbbed, giving his body the unmistakable sensation that he was about to throw up. However, this being a nightmare, the act of blowing chunks out in his mind would've been an incredibly redundant and arbitrary action, as he was merely a projection of his mental self. Nevertheless, the urge was overwhelmingly, and the boy did his very best to keep it together.
After all of the things he'd just seen play out before his very eyes, he found this to be an incredibly difficult act to accomplish.

He spent the next few minutes from that point onwards panting and sobbing, allowing his tears to flow free and hit the ground, where the droplets eventually faded to nothing. After feeling the sensations of defeat, grief and sorrow at the loss of his friends disappear, the boy slowly, but surely, glanced over his shoulder and towards the figure standing behind him. Eyes red from the tears he'd shed, Gohan saw the blonde witch staring down at him with an emotionless gaze in play.

Obviously she felt no pity for the teen's misery and simply allowed him to express his agony without any fear of consequence.

After taking a moment to catch his breath, Gohan whispered in a hoarse voice, "Are these… visions of the future?"

Immediately upon asking this question, the blonde phantom turned and looked in another direction. When the teen demi-Saiyan followed her gaze in confusion, he suddenly saw more visions begin playing out against the backdrop of blackness to his right. His eyes locked onto the ethereal screen as it started playing instances from the past, showing him multitudes of scenarios he'd never seen before.

He saw himself at the *Intergalactic Martial Arts Tournament* as a Super Saiyan 2, charging down both Bojack and Zangya. It was a scene he remembered as being one of the major stepping stones in his life and a moment where he set his closest and dearest friend on the path of redemption. However, he then received the shock of a lifetime when, as he watched the terrified female Hera back up, he suddenly saw her maniacal boss teleport behind her, push her forward and, without mercy or hesitation, unleashed a powerful blast right into her back. Her scream of terror filled the void as Zangya was incinerated in an instant, a sight that horrified the adult Gohan as he saw the blast that killed her shoot towards his younger doppelganger, who speedily avoided it.

Another vision flashed into view shortly thereafter, where he saw a young, eight year old Paprika on some far off, alien world, sitting in a dank, dingy alleyway of a backwater, garbage ridden city, with her knees brought up to her chest and arms wrapped tightly around them. The girl was sobbing and covered in muck and dirt, looking as though she'd recently been beaten, and had been living on the streets for a long time. The vision was one of loneliness and hurt, as she appeared both weak and helpless. Over the next few minutes afterwards, amidst the hustle and bustle of this forgotten market setting, it began to rain around the young Makyan, and she attempted to cover her arms in an effort to protect herself from the cold. She soon fell into a painful coughing fit and, dropping onto her side, her breathing eventually stilled and her eyes closed, presumably for the last time.

As this depressing vision slowly turned to black, leaving Gohan with a sickly feeling in the pit of his stomach, his dream soon came up with yet another premonition. This time it was on a different, futuristic planet with an orange sky and skyscrapers all around him. Almost instantly he spotted Kana, who was standing in the middle of the street surrounded by countless other members of her race, all of whom were looking up towards the sky in terror. What they saw hovering above them was a purple, cat-like alien of sorts wearing Egyptian clothing, accompanied by a blue-skinned man with white hair and holding a staff, a man who appeared eerily familiar to the demi-Saiyan.

From his place on the ground, the young warrior watched the cat alien raise his finger and, with an effortless flick of his finger, sent a tiny purple blast towards the city. Kana and her people were soon engulfed in a blinding flash of light, seconds before her entire planet was swallowed up by magma and hellfire. In the blink of an eye, the entire world was blown to kingdom come, along with her and a million other innocent lives.
A few more flashes of scenarios quickly passed across the screen, as the real Gohan saw many other scenarios and events transpire. He saw his father training in Otherworld, Vegeta piggybacking Trunks as a baby while Bulma and her family watched from behind, he saw himself cradling Goten when he was young, Krillin and Android 18 playing with their daughter in the sand, Piccolo meditating on the lookout, and various other sights that appeared familiar yet foreign to him at the same time.

After seeing dozens of visions flash through his mind, he then saw one last shot. It was an image of him in his room, as his twelve year old self, studying, and surrounded by books and worksheets of all kinds. He was dressed in casual clothing befitting someone pursuing the dream of a scholar and, as he worked, his mother came in to give him something to eat.

Gohan saw more of the same vision flicker in front of him. While his friends and family were doing things on the world outside, training, socializing and hanging out, the demi-Saiyan saw his dream-counterpart sitting behind his desk, cramming, sleeping there, and staying isolated from the rest of the world. This eventually led to him leaving the house for high school for his very first day, but instead of being dressed in the trendy clothes Gohan remembered wearing, he saw this version of him was dressed in a pair of concealing brown pants, a baggy, long-sleeved white shirt, and a black vest. He also looked skinny and pale; signs that indicated a person hadn't been outside much, was out of shape, and had been cooped up inside for days on end.

Initially the half-Saiyan didn't know what to make of this. However, after a minute of processing these images, Gohan's eyes widened in realization and his gaze snapped towards the blonde witch behind him.

It was then he spoke. "These… are visions from an alternate universe, aren't they? An alternate past and an alternate future?"

This much was obvious. Zangya being killed by Bojack, Kana and Paprika dying through extenuating circumstances meaning he and his friends never got the chance to meet them, an unfit version of himself losing to a fat, pink glob of chewing gum, his friends dying because he was unable to kill the creature, and Frieza being brought back to life and destroying the earth… all of these clues pointed to a universe where, instead of training and staying in shape, he got slack and weak, and important events in history had skewed ever so slightly off of the timeline that he knew.

His question towards the witch was soon answered by a firm nod from the phantom, which prompted Gohan to begin deciphering the meaning of everything he'd just witnessed.

"That world… all those terrible things that took place… my friends dying, me, Goten, Trunks and Piccolo being trapped in that prison, and Frieza destroying the earth… all those things happened because… I was too weak to protect them." Looking back at the vision where he saw his alternate self grinning back at him, with that stupid, naïve smile that hadn't seen a real battle in years, the warrior then spun back around and looked at the witch. "By not training and keeping up my strength… not only did I fail all of my friends and family… but I got every single one of them killed."

He should've saved them. No. He knew he could've saved them. If he'd continued to train, kept up his strength, and made an effort to uphold the mantel of his father, not only could he have prevented the earth from being destroyed, but he could've stopped his friends from meeting such a horrible end. He could've saved Zangya. He could've made a difference that brought Kana to him and changed Paprika's heart for the better. He could've destroyed that pink monster before he even had a chance to lay his hands on Krillin, Eighteen, his grandfather, Erasa, Lime, Videl and everybody else he cherished.
If he had been strong and had the courage to face his fears, no one would've had to suffer because of his weakness.

But in that alternate reality, he couldn't protect anyone, because he allowed his abilities and responsibilities to go to waste behind a desk, and they all suffered and died as a result.

The knowledge that he'd failed them in that reality brought a terrible pain to Gohan's heart, which had him reach up and clutch his chest tightly. The memories of all of his past battles and the horrors he'd faced… every single one of them came back and struck him down like a ball taking out a stack of pins, leaving him with a shockingly painful impression.

In these few, brief moments he spent lamenting on his past actions, Gohan was able to realize the full totality of all his failures. Even after his battle with Cell, very few things had changed. His fights with Nappa, Vegeta, the Ginyu Force, Lord Slug's army, Turles, Frieza, Cooler's Armored Squadron, the androids, Broly, Cell, Bojack, Zeru, and the human mercenary, all these tests he'd faced all amounted to one irrefutable outcome: his failure as a warrior and as a person. In every single one of those battles, he'd been unable to carry the weight of the hero… of the role that his father had willingly passed down to him. No matter what he did and no matter how much pain he took, he couldn't stop his friends from getting hurt or beat any of the monsters he'd faced without their help.

His father had fought and won countless battles under his own power. If he was supposed to have inherited the strength that his dad once held to make a difference in the universe, then why couldn't he do the same thing?

He may have been strong, but what was the point of having all that remarkable strength if his friends were still going to get thrown into harm's way?

The visions being shown to him of this alternate reality only confirmed his fears… that no matter what he did, he was doomed to fail.

Gritting his teeth and fighting off the stinging sensation in his heart as best as he could, the boy took a few deep breaths to try and relax. He tried anything… everything he could to quell the feelings of dread, defeat and hopelessness from overtaking him.

Eyes closed and expression calming, the teen used the next few moments to gather his thoughts. In that time, a warm sense began to creep over him like water and, looking up from where he was kneeling on the ground, he saw a bright light appear in front of him. When it flickered and expanded, figures began to emerge from the veil and reach out towards him, trying to communicate with him.

Feeling a warm hand press against his cheek, Gohan's eyes shimmered with surprise when he saw Videl, Zangya, Erasa, Lime, Kana, Piccolo, Vegeta, Krillin, Bulma, his brother, Trunks, Chi-Chi, and many other people appear, with the former two standing directly in front of him and lifting his chin up to look at them. Seeing them all gathered together under a bright, celestial glow, standing together as one, their eyes fixed firmly upon him, and smiles on most of their faces, the teen felt all the negative energy and exhaustion leave him.

When Videl and Zangya nodded to him with their reassuring smiles, his heart skipped a beat. Smiling, Gohan moved his cheek into the former's hand. Placing a gentle palm over the raven haired girl's, he took a deep breath and stood up. Feeling their strength lift him from the gutters of despair and loss, the Z-fighter kept his eyes locked forward for several seconds, before eventually turning to face the blonde witch standing behind him.
His eyes narrowed upon her when their gazes met. "All those battles I'd fought over the years… all the times I felt like the world was crashing down around me and I was powerless to help… all of that is in my past. This alternate world you're showing me…" He shook his head firmly, "It will never happen. Do you want to know why?" Fists clenching, Gohan glared the blonde witch down with all the confidence he could muster as he was propelled forward by the memory and image of his friends standing behind him. "Because I won't let it happen. I will continue getting stronger so that I can protect everyone that I love. Videl, Zangya, Goten, Piccolo, Erasa, Lime… no matter what it takes, I'll make sure nothing ever happens to them."

As he spoke, he saw the expression on the girl's face darken and her frown deepen. Despite the menacing aura she was emitting, the blonde witch with the eye patch continued to glare up at the young warrior as he said his piece. The situation quickly unfolded into a glaring contest, where both fighters continued to glare one another down without the slightest hitch in either of their domains. It seemed like the two of them had hit an impasse, in which neither one of them knew what to say or do next.

However, as the silence continued to permeate throughout the void that was Gohan's nightmare-slash-dream, the demi-Saiyan narrowed his stare even further and hissed. "Tell me… where exactly do you fit into all of this?" he asked in a low voice, with a tone that was both threatening and dangerous at the same time. "I couldn't see you in any of those visions and I don't recall ever meeting you before. So who are you… and how do you know me?"

At first the shorter female with the oversized witch's hat didn't appear to want to answer his question. Just like with a lot of other details that remained privy to the hybrid, it seemed as though she was probably going to hold out on revealing anything incriminating about her until she felt it was necessary. But just when Gohan felt like she was going to turn tail and run for it, the blonde surprised him by raising her hand and pointing to his left. Taking that as a directive, the half-Saiyan then turned and proceeded to watch as another viewing portal opened up nearby.

For what felt like the tenth time this cycle, another vision began to play. Again, it was an event the young warrior had not seen before… and one he figured was from an alternate universe.

He was on Kami's Lookout again, but this time he could see all of his friends standing there and looking around in confusion. He could see Bulma, Chi-Chi, the Ox-King, Master Roshi, Yamcha, Mr. Popo, Android 18, Krillin, their daughter Marron, Puar, and Oolong. Videl was also there, alive and well, bringing a sense of relief to the young warrior. However, he couldn't see him, Goten, Trunks, Piccolo or Vegeta anywhere in the area, which left several questions the teenager had unanswered.

Apparently confusion gripped the Z-fighters that were present there as well, as they gathered together to try and solve this bewitching riddle.

"We're alive?" Bulma asked, looking across to see Chi-Chi and everybody else form up alongside her. "How… can this be?"

"Did one of us do this?" Videl also spoke up, adjusting her blue T-shirt with the word 'Fight' emblazoned upon it, while also checking to make sure everything else was in one piece.

"Well… we're no longer ghosts. I guess that's a good thing," Chi-Chi remarked, while coming to stand alongside her son's girlfriend with her hands on her hips. She then began to survey the area as well. "But… where are the boys?"

"I don't see Goku, Gohan or anybody else around," Krillin added, scratching his head while watching his wife pick up their daughter. When the android ambled over, the short fighter quickly
shrugged. "To tell you the truth, I'm just as stumped as the rest of you guys."

"I remember training on the Grand Kai's world with you. But other than that, I've got nothing," Yamcha added, stopping alongside his fellow human fighters with a befuddled gaze in play.

"Somebody must have wished us back," Master Roshi's voice croaked in as he held his place beside Oolong and the others. Stroking his beard, the old master looked down and began processing his collective knowledge for a solution. "I don't sense the boys or Piccolo around… nor do I sense anyone else. So… if I was to guess as to who used the dragon balls to wish all of us back to life, my best bet would have to be-"

"It was me," a new voice suddenly interrupted.

When the Z-fighters and the incorporeal Gohan followed the exclamation back to its source, all of them got the shock of a lifetime when they saw the owner of the vocal chords standing nearby. Almost everyone on that lookout literally jumped back several feet in alarm, as the pink demon with the tentacle on his head, the white pants and the belt with the letter 'M' on it, was grinning right back at them with a smug expression in play.

The sight of the demon staring them down had the adult demi-Saiyan blink in astonishment, before he realized that the creature seemed a little bit different this time around. Unlike the previously muscular, humanoid form he'd taken on before, this one was much more defined and rounded out, as if a sculptor had gotten to work in filing him down to size. He seemed more human this time, with facial characteristics, a proper nose, and a much longer head-tentacle that extended down to his waist. He also had proper fingers, which made Gohan think that the demon had gone through yet another metamorphosis.

The name of the creature was revealed to him shortly thereafter, thanks to the terrified shouts of his friends.

"M-M-M-Majin Buu?!" Krillin shouted in alarm, "W-What… you… how are you still alive?"

Everyone else standing behind the short fighter, Videl, Mr. Popo and Puar included all had the exact same question hanging over their minds.

By the looks on their faces, they obviously weren't expecting their most dangerous enemy to date to be standing up there on the lookout with them.

A playful grin crossed the pink demon's face as he shrugged his shoulders at his befuddled former enemies. "That question should be obvious to answer." He then pointed at himself. "I won. Fair and square. Satisfied?"

Swallowing nervously, Videl shuffled forward with her hand placed timidly against her chest. "W-W-Where's Gohan?"

"And Goten?" Chi-Chi also asked, terror gripping her as she too moved forward with a terrified look in play, "Where are my boys?"

"Oh? Them?" Super Buu muttered before tilting his head and smiling back at the women. "Don't worry. I haven't hurt them. Goku, Gohan, Vegeta, Piccolo, Goten and Trunks are all alive and well inside of me." He then raised a hand and patted it against his stomach, an action that brought horrified looks to the Z-fighter's faces, as they all knew what his words entailed. "I absorbed them."

Pupils dilating and body falling into a trembling fit, a thunderstruck Videl soon felt her knees give
way, and she collapsed to the ground in shock. Her body going limp from her legs buckling unexpectedly, she stared across at the pink creature in disbelief, as if she was watching her entire world begin exploding in bullet time. "N-No... it... can't be..."

Seeing despair begin gripping the crowd of warriors, the pink demon sighed and began to speak to them in a sympathetic tone of voice. "If it's any consolation to you guys, your friends put up a really good fight." He then crossed his arms and looked over the Z-fighters slowly and cautiously. "However, I'm afraid you won't be seeing them anymore. I apologize, but that's the way it is and that's the way it's going to be." He then nodded upwards and gestured towards the sky. "I'll be leaving this planet now. I don't know when I'll be back, but I'll be sure to pop in every hundred years to make sure things are alright."

Coming from him, it must've sounded terrible. The Z-fighters certainly didn't find any comfort from the way he said any of that.

While Chi-Chi and the others were in the midst of grieving, Majin Buu's red eyes then landed on Bulma, whom he saw skirt back fearfully under his gaze. After staring at her for a few moments and getting a bead on her characteristics, the demon then tilted his head curiously. "Hmm... Bulma... you're really smart, aren't you; a woman with many interesting ideas and talents?" Before the bewildered woman could even have a chance of answering him, a pink length of goo suddenly shot out of the demon's stomach, grabbed up the blue haired scientist, wrapped her up, and sucked her back into Buu's gut.

In the blink of an eye, much to the horror of Gohan and the others, the creature had absorbed yet another member of their group.

"BULMA!" Yamcha shouted in alarm, rushing forward instinctively, only to stop dead in his tracks when he saw Majin Buu pat his stomach and sigh.

Checking himself out under the multiple glares of the Z-fighters, the demon made a murmuring sound of approval. "Huh. That's funny. Even though I can feel the difference in my intelligence, my body isn't physically changing anymore. Looks like it's finally become stable from all the specimens I've absorbed." Nodding in understanding, the demon then turned to the stunned group of heroes, grinned at them, and saluted in a very creepy, Goku-like way. "Well gang, I'll be off. Stay out of trouble." The demon then leapt off of the ground, floated high up into the sky, and took off into space at breakneck speed.

For the next few minutes after that, Gohan looked on from a distance as his friends remained silent and scattered across the surface of the lookout. Not knowing what to do or how to respond, the group of friends and broken families came together in tears, consoling one another over their respective losses.

However, the one who looked the most upset out of all of them besides Chi-Chi... was Videl.

Still kneeling on the ground, the teen's eyes were fixated on the horizon in front of her with a look of complete shock, speechlessness, and incredulity reflected in her gaze. Her mouth moving but no sounds coming out, tears poured down her cheeks in the form of tiny streams as her mind slowly took in the realization that Gohan, the boy that she'd fallen in love with and had the most impact on her life until now, was gone... forever... stolen away by a demon of evil and madness.

Unable to believe what she'd just heard and witnessed, the girl's head craned downwards and, without any hesitation, she began to cry and sob uncontrollably, her voice carrying across the entire Lookout.
Gohan felt his chest tighten painfully once more. Seeing the girl crying her heart out in the courtyard with no one to comfort her, made the demi-Saiyan want to punch through the invisible barrier between his dream world and that dimension, go over there, and give his girlfriend a big hug, and let her know that he was alright. He wanted so badly to jump through into her reality and console her that he almost completely forgot that he was dreaming.

The second he stepped forward though in an effort to reach the heartbroken Videl, he saw the world fade into blackness and become replaced by another. From the darkness, he found himself on the front lawn of Capsule Corp, with the sky above him black as night and an eerie golden light radiating from over his shoulder. Drawn to the feel of the mysterious glow, the half-Saiyan warrior and his tagalong turned to see what was causing the strange color alterations to their environment.

Gohan soon found the source of anomaly in the form of seven dragon balls and the enormous dragon Shenron hovering in the clouds high above them. Initially distracted by the serpent's immense form, he then followed his tail back down to ground level, where he saw a group of figures gathered underneath. He quickly identified the collection of strangers as the surviving members of the Briefs family, Krillin, Android 18, a slightly older version of Maroon, Yamcha, Tien, Chiaotzu, and Videl, all of whom were gathered in front of the mystical spheres.

It became apparent to the spiky haired hero that all of his friends looked a little bit older than before, including his girlfriend, whom he noticed was dressed in the outfit belonging to the Turtle Hermit School of martial arts. Piecing together what he already knew and what he was now seeing, he reasoned that Videl had spent the past few years studying under Master Roshi and the other Z-fighters to become a more active member of their group. She also looked to be the one responsible for gathering the dragon balls today, which then led him to wonder why?

He was sure the answer would be revealed soon enough.

"I have come to grant you two wishes. Tell me what they are so that I may go," Shenron's booming voice echoed across the property, startling any and all nearby onlookers who could see the creature from their homes, windows and the neighborhoods.

Gulping anxiously, Krillin quickly turned to where Videl was standing. "Are you… sure this is going to work?"

"We have to at least try," Tien commented from alongside his teammate, arms folded and a serious look in play. A smile soon formed across his lips, which he directed towards their raven haired fighter from Satan City, "Besides… she was the one who insistent on doing this. There's no way we can say no to her when she's so determined."

Clenching and unclenching her fists beneath the towering form of the dragon uneasily, Videl took a guarded step forward and fixed her best glare upon the beast's face. Once she was sure she had the serpent's attention, the girl spoke in a voice loud enough for everyone to hear. "Shenron… our friends Piccolo, Trunks, Vegeta, Gohan and his family are trapped inside the monster Majin Buu, who terrorized our planet several years ago. Can you please set them free and bring them back to earth?"

Murmuring uncomfortably, the dragon's eyes shone a bright red as his mind began making sense of the wish. After spending several moments seeing if this wish was actually possible, the serpent groaned before speaking, "No. This wish cannot be granted."

Appearing as stunned as the other members of her group, Videl stepped forward once again, "Why not? W-Why can't you do it?"
"I cannot remove their forms from the host's body, as doing so will cause the demon extensive physical and mental trauma, and will likely kill him."

Gritting her teeth in frustration as she glared up at the magical serpent, Videl stomped her foot into the ground. "I don't care whether that bastard Majin Buu lives or not!" the teen practically shouted, causing the men and women standing behind her to react in alarm. This was actually the first time any of them had actually seen someone lose their temper at the dragon for being unable to grant a wish. "Just get them out of there!"

An irritated growl left Shenron's lips as his eyes fixed upon the insolent girl. "Even if I could, I would still be unable to grant you this request. My magic is nowhere near powerful enough to break through Majin Buu's barrier, as his power far exceeds that of my creator's. I'm afraid his hold over your friends is too strong."

"What gives?" Videl barked, feeling Krillin's hand wrap around her arm in an attempt to pull her away. She threw him off of her and stepped towards the beast, determined to tear him a new one. "Everyone here said that you could grant any wish I ask! They said that you would be able to help me! WHY CAN'T YOU HELP ME SAVE GOHAN?! TELL ME!"

"ENOUGH!" the dragon shouted, his loud voice shaking the ground and cracking the earth, effectively silencing the raging girl. When he saw the teenager back down, panting from her courageous outburst with her friends hovering meekly in the background, Shenron continued to speak. "If you have any other wishes, speak them now."

Gritting her teeth after hearing the dragon's demands, Videl lowered her head and took a few deep breaths to compose herself. The other fighters behind her also spent the next minute or so considering any other wishes that they could ask the dragon. Since there were indeed only a handful of things they could do with the power at their disposal, they now needed to vote on which moves were actually viable.

However, before any of them could think of anything, Videl's head suddenly craned upwards and she faced the wishing dragon with a serious look on her face. After weighing all of the options she had on hand, there was really only one last thing she could do.

It was risky, but knowing exactly what was at stake here, she was determined to follow-through with it.

"If you can't do anything… then that means we have to try something to save our friends ourselves, right?" the teenager asked, her back straightening and ears listening eagerly for the serpent's response.

The dragon raised a brow in curiosity, "That's right? Does that question come with a wish?"

"It does. Two wishes… and I want to use both of them," Videl said, taking a deep breath before steeling herself for what was to come. Though she wondered how she ever came to this conclusion, she knew that this was not the time to be second guessing herself. She had to act now. "With my first wish, I want you to transport me to someone who can make me powerful enough to defeat Majin Buu and save Gohan!" When this wish echoed across the front lawn of the Capsule Corp property, all of the Z-fighters in the area looked across at the girl in bewilderment. Before any of them could speak up in protest, she then shouted her last request, "And my second wish… is to remain there and not come back until I've destroyed Majin Buu!" The instant she finished, the girl slowly looked over her shoulder and gave a sad smile to her friends. "Sorry guys."
Caught completely off guard by the girl's wishes, Yamcha rushed forward, "Wait… Videl! Y-You can't be serious?" Unfortunately, he didn't have a chance to get an answer.

"It shall be done," Shenron's voice boomed, his eyes lighting up the sky and a low growl escaping his throat, "Good luck."

Seconds later, the stunned Z-fighters and family members watched as Videl disappeared in a flash of blue light, leaving all of the heroes standing thunderstruck in their places. It was a scenario neither one of them could have expected and to come from their newest member, of all people. However, after thinking about all the things she'd lost and all the trouble she'd had to go through over the past few years, her reasons for executing such a gutsy decision started to receive a little more clarity.

Even Gohan was blown away by what he'd just witnessed and could only gawk in silence as the vision transported him to the very place where Videl had been sent by the dragon.

He soon found himself standing on the precipice of a cliff looking over a large valley of a pyramid shaped planet that had a massive tree growing out of its top. Aside from the beautiful foundations and the fantastic view, he also noticed a large temple embedded in the side of the edifice, giving credence to the fact that this place was inhabited.

Perplexed by the exotic location and the weirdness of the world's design, the teen spent the next few seconds looking around the place and drinking in all there was to see, until his eyes eventually pulled across to a particular spot on the rise.

There, poised before a tall, familiar blue figure with white hair, elegant robes and a celestial staff, he saw Videl looking up at him from the grass, her arms set firmly at her sides and her gi blowing on the wind. Moving in closer to listen to the conversation that was going on between them, the demi-Saiyan and his blonde haired escort stopped just a few yards away. From there, amidst the rustling of the lush fields of reeds, flowers and butterflies, they were able to hear every word being spoken between the two figures.

Drumming his fingers against his staff, the teal-skinned alien beamed curiously down at the determined looking girl, who'd come to this world only a few hours ago, "So… let me get this straight? You traveled all this way to this part of the universe, to ask me to train you and make you strong enough to defeat this… Majin Buu creature… in order to save the man that you love and all the other poor souls he has absorbed?" When he saw Videl nod in response, a big smile appeared on his face. "I must say, out of all the requests I've received to train people and make them my apprentices… this has to be the most straightforward and noble one I've heard yet." He then blushed a shade of scarlet and gave a delightful giggle, "It's so romantic."

Undeterred by the man's odd response and character, the raven haired girl dropped to her knees and bowed to him, in an attempt to appeal to his compassion. "Please, Master Whis." She prostrated herself before the alien, literally placing her forehead to the grass and shutting her eyes tightly. "Please. I know I may not be the most worthy, or the most powerful… or the most pure hearted person in the world, but I beg you… for the friend I have lost… please train me and make me strong enough to save him. It would be a great honor and a privilege to learn from you."

Even though she knew nothing about this person, she could tell right away that he was powerful and that he was the man that Shenron sent her to see. She knew it in her gut that he was the one.

Blinking in surprise at the girl's humble gesture and words, the alien with the staff momentarily averted his gaze out of bashfulness and astonishment. Using this time to dwell on her request, his eyes ran up the side of the distant temple where he knew his other student, Beerus, was fast asleep.
and undergoing his ridiculously long hibernation cycle. Considering he was alone on this world during his student's annual sleeping period and had nothing much else to do with his free time, the blue-skinned man gave a cheerful smile to the birds fluttering about and, after nodding his head in approval, turned to look back down at the human kneeling in front of him.

"Alright, young lady. I'll gladly train you," the man chirped, watching the girl's eyes snap up to him as a kind smile framed his face. "Though I don't know how long it will take, I promise I will make you strong enough so that not even the universe will stand in your way. How does that sound?"

Almost instantly, a radiant expression formed on Videl's face as a smile appeared on her lips and her head gave an enthusiastic nod of gratitude, "Yes! Thank you so much, sir."

From that point onwards, Gohan saw his girlfriend's life flash in front of his eyes. He saw the girl undergo a fierce training regiment under the life form known as Whis, engaging in vigorous sparring matches with him and undergoing countless hours of meditation to enhance her ability to manipulate energy. They were even joined by the same purple, humanoid cat alien the Saiyan remembered seeing destroy Kana's planet in a previous vision, who mixed up the routine from watching the girl's training from the sidelines and actually taking the time to train with the girl as well.

Though at the end of every session Gohan saw Videl walk away from her training battered and bruised, the gutsy, courageous young girl woke up the next morning stronger than ever and ready for another bout.

Between bone breaking physical exercises and endless hours of meditation, the demi-Saiyan also witnessed Videl undergo thorough book lessons under Whis in her off periods, learning how to control magic, physics, matter, time, and telekinesis. She even went through an unusual conversion ritual underneath one of the pyramid world's heavy waterfalls, where the demi-Saiyan saw his girlfriend walk into the lagoon with her short, raven black hair framing her face, and emerge from the lake with long, pale-blonde hair and a cloud of steam encasing her form.

In the end, Videl had transformed herself from an ordinary fighter, into an entirely different woman.

These visions soon bled away into darkness and were once more replaced by another. From it, Gohan guessed that a great many years had come and gone, as he saw his girlfriend had gone through yet another series of extreme changes. This time however, the situation he saw the teenager in was completely different to every other one he'd seen before.

He could see Videl, dressed in an outfit similar to Whis's, wielding a long, golden staff of an intricate and otherworldly design, standing on the surface of a moon in a far off galaxy, with her foot planted firmly on the chest of the monstrous, shape shifting demon Majin Buu. The stars burning from unaccountable amounts of damage and the landscape around them looking no better than the rest of the quadrant, the demi-Saiyan also noted that both fighters were bearing enormous amounts of battle damage. Not only was his girlfriend's outfit torn in several places and she was completely covered in burns and bruises, she also had a deep scar carved across her right eye, which was missing and bleeding profusely.

Buu on the other hand, was looking even worse than her. His body resembled a pile of beaten up goop on the ground, covered in burns, scars, with his head barely intact. He lay beneath the girl's boot, groaning and choking in agony, while the girl brandished the tip of her golden lance directly over where his brain would be.
From that sight alone, Gohan knew his girlfriend had won their battle.

Huffing angrily as the moon around them burned, the blonde fighter hissed, "You're finished, Majin Buu."

Choking up blood from his barely formed mouth, the entity known across the quadrant as Zen Buu grinned at the woman standing over him in an impressed and irritated manner. "Well played… Videl Satan. Well played." He nodded towards the fighter in acknowledgement of her great power and silently commended her for her victory. "I never would've thought… that my actions in this world… would eventually come back to bite me in the ass. And here I thought I'd become the most powerful force across all of creation." A shake of his head soon followed. "Oh, how wrong I was…"

Videl scowled, "You may have killed Whis and Beerus over a century ago, but there is no way you can kill what I am."

The demon leered, "And what would that be, my dear?"

Her glare only seemed to harden even further. "The legacy of all the innocent people you've wronged." Bringing her staff even closer while at the same time suppressing the gooey mass of her opponent with her powers, Videl sneered. "I've been waiting several hundred years for this moment… and now it has finally come. Release Gohan and the others now… and I just might let you go."

"Gohan and the others? Who are you talking about... ooh," Zen Buu stopped, shortly before a dark, foreboding smirk pulled across his confused face. "You mean the Saiyans I absorbed on earth a hundred thousand years ago, right?" When he saw the girl nod and brandish her staff even closer, his eyes narrowed menacingly. "Unfortunately for you... you're too late. Gohan and his family have all been assimilated into my body, meaning he and the others are no longer cocooned inside my brain... and no longer have physical form. His soul and personality have become molded with my own... lost in a sea of billions of other unique individuals... and I can't tell which one is which anymore." When he saw a look of shock cross over the girl's eyes, the demon cocked his head towards her apologetically. "You could've saved him several decades ago... but it looks like you came up short. Sorry." And he said it in the snidest way he possibly could. "No hard feelings?"

At first Videl remained frozen; her weapon poised and still holding the demon beneath her at bay. From the look in her eyes, you could see the sensations of shock and defeat slowly become realized in the flecks of her red eye. All her years of fighting and training to achieve the power necessary to defeat the universe's greatest threat, had all yielded nothing to her but a string of backbreaking trials and a total of zero accomplishments. The pains she'd experienced, the losses she'd witnessed, and the deaths she'd faced... not a single one of them had helped her one bit in achieving her goal. When her mind finally worked out that she'd lost Gohan for good and that there was absolutely no way that she could bring back the man that she loved, something inside of her suddenly snapped.

Without warning, Zen Buu unexpectedly found himself staring up in fear when he noticed the blonde's expression twist into one of pure rage, malice and hatred. A shadow falling over her blood-covered face, the one-eyed woman gave a deep snarl before, in a flash of golden light, she struck down at her defenseless opponent with a mighty cry of anguish and a deafening thunderclap, incinerating the demon with a single blow.

But Majin Buu wasn't the only thing she destroyed. In her anger, Videl generated an explosion so great and so powerful, it not only consumed the entire galaxy she was in, but burned and destroyed every single other galaxy in all directions. From his safe little bubble, Gohan looked on in abject disbelief as the entire universe lit up around him like a glorified fireworks display, burning hotter
than the brightest of quasars, before every single piece of matter in this reality was reduced to nothing but dust in a raging inferno. Then, after a full minute of listening to the collective screams of a countless number of dying worlds, the demi-Saiyan witnessed the entire universe vanish in the blink of an eye, with the wildfire extinguishing in a puff of smoke.

Soon… there was nothing. Of the billions of star systems, galaxies and quadrants making up the once vast reality, Gohan saw nothing but the endless vacuum of the howling stretching out all around him. It was a harrowing and disconcerting sight, knowing that every single planet in all of creation had been snuffed out just like that… and at the whim of a victim who served as the center of a great tragedy. It was actually kind of poetic.

After drifting through the blackness of the void for what seemed like an eternity, the demi-Saiyan eventually spotted the one life form that was left behind following the great calamity. Floating in the space of nothingness, which was all that remained of her world, he saw Videl curled up, with her face tucked into her knees and her eyes shut tightly against them, trying their best to hold back the tears that came streaming down her left cheek.

Her sobs and cries marked the passing of her world and, after seeing her form drift off into the endless horizon, the vision finally ended.

After seeing the entire sequence of events play out like a scene from a movie, Gohan's wide eyes slowly turned and landed on the blonde witch standing behind him. When he saw the mysterious girl glaring right back at him with her one red eye, the demi-Saiyan swallowed nervously and faced her completely.

With the memories of the vision still fresh in his mind, the teen knew the exact identity of the person he was now speaking with. He would have to be the world's biggest idiot to not know who it was.

"That… was your world, wasn't it?" the warrior whispered, stepping towards the phantom girl as she scowled right back at him. "When you lost the man that you loved… you sacrificed everything you had to try and get him back… friends… family… even your life. You fell to your knees and tortured yourself for decades… working yourself to the bone in order to gain the strength necessary to do what needed to be done. But just when you thought you would finally get to see him again… he was already gone… and there was no way for you to get him back." He then stopped in his tracks, his mind rewinding and replaying the events one last time. "In that world, I was defeated… and you went out to rescue me…"

After gazing down at the girl, the demi-Saiyan uttered the phantom's true name.

"Videl."

The blonde witch's eye narrowed even further upon the boy. When he took a step closer to her in an attempt to work away the gap between them, he saw the girl's glare on him harden and her fists clench. Taking that as a warning to keep his distance, Gohan held back for the time being and looked down at the teenager with a crestfallen expression.

Staring at her carefully, the boy glanced back in the direction the visions had previously been projected to him. After considering the images for a few moments, he quickly turned back to his visitor and began to speak again. "All those memories… they were from two different universes, weren't they? One where we all survived against Majin Buu and Frieza was brought back to life… and another where we were all absorbed by Majin Buu and you defeated him years later. You destroyed that previous universe and, if my guess is correct, moved on to another universe… and then another." He narrowed his eyes thoughtfully as he began figuring out what this meant. "For
you to know all of these things... to have witnessed them and to know exactly when each of these events took place... you must have relived them a thousand times over and crossed countless dimensions to get where you are now. Your grief drove you into a state of rage... and you exerted all of the energy you had fighting... trying to make things right."

Staring the blonde square in the eye, Gohan took a few moments to gather his thoughts. Once he was certain he'd arrived at an answer, the demi-Saiyan furrowed his brow and fixed a hard glare upon the witch.

"Tell me... how many universes did you destroy before you came to this one?"

The one-eyed girl didn't say anything at first, choosing to remain completely silent. However, after meeting the demi-Saiyan's glare and matching it over the course of a few seconds, the blonde craned her head towards him and replied in a low voice.

"Enough."

Reflecting a sense of surprise and hurt, the young Saiyan warrior slowly held a hand out to the girl in a sincere gesture of compassion. "I saw all the pain and loneliness you had to go through... and I'm really sorry for all the suffering that you had to endure because of me." He looked her squarely in the eye when he said this next part. "Please... let me help you, Videl."

The girl remained silent again, her one eye reflecting a momentary balk and hesitation in her mental state. However, just as Gohan was reaching out to take her hand, with nothing but the best of intentions of helping the blonde, the phantom suddenly thrust her arm forward and slammed her palm into the teen's chest. The impact was immense, causing a dull thud to ring out that not only knocked the wind out of the Saiyan's lungs, but sent him to the ground. Dropping onto his back with a heavy 'oof', the teen then looked up with a start to see the blonde witch step forward and stand over him.

Glaring down at the stunned warrior, the phantom girl spoke, "You can't help me. There isn't a person alive that can help me. I know this, because I saw it with my own eye. In every single universe I've visited, no matter how hard you tried and no matter how hard you fought... Son Gohan was always destined to fail." When she saw the look of bewilderment flash across the demi-Saiyan's face, the blonde witch slowly raised her arms and held them out. As soon as she did, a series of shadows manifested around her, all of which then transformed into silhouettes of all shapes and sizes. From his position on the ground, Gohan saw two large, hulking aliens and a handful of humanoid figures gather around the blonde, all of whom had their glowing red eyes fixated upon him. Though he couldn't identify any of them on sight, even if he could see their clothing and skin, it was still an incredibly intimidating picture.

Knowing she had the thunderstruck Saiyan's full and undivided attention, the phantom Videl spoke one last time, "This is your destiny. These people you see standing before you... they are the monsters that you and your friends will eventually face. You can try and fight them all you like, and you might actually win... but sooner or later... one of them is going to kill you." The witch then began backing up into the crowd of ghosts, all of which moved forward as she began fading into the darkness. "The day that they do, just like what's happened thousands of times before... your friends will suffer and die... and your world will end."

Hearing these words loud and clear, a stricken Gohan gritted his teeth and sprang off of the floor with a yell. "No! I won't let it happen!" Just as he was dashing towards the retreating female, he suddenly felt several arms grab him from behind and pull him back. Recoiling in shock, the Saiyan looked behind him to see a series of black hands attached to a collection of wraithlike figures begin pulling him back. Shocked at the strength they possessed, the demi-Saiyan fought back, trying with
all his might to break free. His ability to go Super Saiyan however was hampered by the foundations of his dream and, with every second that ticked by, he started to lose ground against the opposing forces. Yelling out in pain, he attempted to reach out for the fading blonde. "I'm not going to fail! Do you hear me, Videl?! I swear… no matter what anyone says or does… I will not fail! Not now… NOT EVER AGAIN! I will protect you, Zangya, Piccolo and everybody else! TO MY LAST BREATH IF I HAVE TO! I PROMISE!" His screams echoed across the surreal landscape, reverberating off of the invisible boundaries surrounding him.

Without warning, the army of phantom figures standing behind the blonde witch, each of whom were distinguishable from one another only by their size and outline, charged at the demi-Saiyan and struck out at him en masse. Covering up just in time with his arms, the teenage warrior managed to take their collection of blows, which impacted against him with a crack of thunder. The impact of the simultaneous hits was massive; with the force being so overwhelmingly powerful that it plowed Gohan into the arms holding him down and sent him flying back through the darkness of his nightmare.

Before he knew it, the stunned demi-Saiyan felt his body beginning to fall. Looking up through the blackness of the void and the haze of the attacks, he saw the Videl from another universe and the figures surrounding her fade away into the distance.

The teen gave one last yell of fright as he plummeted into the abyss below, shortly before a bright, white light engulfed him…

XXX

(Midnight)

Eyes flickering open, a bedridden and mentally shaken Gohan gave a light groan as his eyes adjusted to the light of his bedroom.

At least… he thought it was his bedroom.

Finding himself staring up at a pale white ceiling and a cluster of fluorescent lights, all of which had been switched off, the bewildered demi-Saiyan spent the next minute or so trying to figure out whether or not this world he was seeing was real. He felt life, electrical impulses, and odd sensations running up and down his body, letting him know that he was indeed conscious and able to comprehend what he was receiving through his senses.

However, after spending what felt like a decade wandering a surreal world, surrounded by illusions, sanity, madness, and fantasy, he found it quite difficult discerning if this was just another part of it. The truth soon revealed itself moments later when the previously comatose teenager looked down the length of his body and began taking in the sights. Aside from finding himself in a bed that was clearly in a hospital wing of some high-tech facility, the very first thing the demi-Saiyan saw the instant he fixed his gaze across the sheets, were all of his friends scattered around him.

To his left he saw Erasa, dressed in a set of cute pajamas, lying asleep atop one of the free beds on the far side, and Lime snoring away on the desk alongside him with the lamp turned on. Apparently the latter had fallen asleep doing homework and had refused to move from her station, even to get to a proper incline position, bless her heart. Judging from the pages lying underneath her head, she appeared to have been working on her calculus homework too.

Knowing that the processing parts of his brain were working just fine after working up the numbers, the dazed Gohan then looked over the rest of the room. He immediately spotted Piccolo
meditating in the corner, sitting cross-legged on the floor with his eyes closed and was so wrapped up in his activity that he didn't even notice the teen had regained consciousness. Not wishing to disturb the Namekian, the demi-Saiyan continued his scan of the area and soon spotted on his right-hand side Videl lying against the bed beside him, her hand wrapped around his and Zangya perched on the windowsill behind her. Both girls were fast asleep and, despite her awkward position, the Hera was using the frame of the viewing platform as a comforter.

After marveling at the fact that many of his closest friends were in the same room with him and were standing guard by his bedside, so to speak, Gohan quickly looked down at Videl to see the girl shift across the sheets and let out a gentle sigh. Feeling her hand tighten around his, the young half-Saiyan soon realized that he was well and truly awake, and that this was no longer a dream.

Unbeknownst to him however, standing atop a lamppost across from the Capsule Corp main building in full view of his window, the same blonde witch with the eye patch that'd invaded his dream could be seen watching his room carefully from a distance. Narrowing her one good eye on the people inside and seeing the demi-Saiyan slowly regain consciousness, the inter-dimensional traveler, with her bell jingling on the night air and outfit tails waving on the breeze, then turned her gaze towards the starry sky above and, without a moment's hesitation, vanished in a flash of golden light.

Analyzing the condition of his body and the bits and bolts holding it together, he felt no pain, no fatigue, and no weakness. The heart virus was completely gone. In fact, after taking another quick look down his frame, the demi-Saiyan felt even stronger and better than ever.

When his mind eventually got around to working this out, the newly revived Gohan allowed a warm smile to cross his lips, at the same time he gently squeezed Videl's hand in his. Seeing her respond unconsciously and her beautiful face turn towards him, the Z-fighter soon thought back to the dreams he'd experienced and the visions he'd witnessed. Upon recalling the identity of the mysterious phantom and allowing her words to percolate in his mind, the boy frowned deeply and, upon looking ahead of him, permitted a look of absolute certainty and confidence to forge his expression.

"I won't let you down," Gohan thought assuredly as his gaze landed on his girlfriend sleeping alongside him. Running his thumb over the back of her hand and seeing a smile tug at her lips, a sense of serenity and peace formed upon his. "I promise."

After all, nothing was set in stone in this world. His fate was what he made for himself and not something that was decided by anyone.

Whether he would live up to that promise though, would have to wait until tomorrow.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: Well that was fun. Onward and upward I suppose.

Basically Kaiser has plans to create a human empire while using the earth as a flying fortress and killed Hasky to turn her into an android. I think that's a pretty accurate direction in where this is going.

And Gohan experiences his last nightmare before waking up from the heart virus. This sequence is interesting, since it reveals basically who the person haunting him is, and establishes the fact that Gohan has failed in every single one of his battles. This gives our hero an opportunity to grow and change his fate, so we'll see how he carries that out in the future.
The story acknowledges the fact that there are multiple universes in motion. Not just counting the ones where God Frieza, Bardock and Cell came from and the ones from the Dragonball Z: Multiverse comic, but also the canon universe, or a universe like it, which this alternate Videl apparently visited during the Revival of F arc and probably destroyed. We don't know that. All we know at this point is that she's an inter-dimensional God who has seen a lot of shit, and has now set her sights on this universe, and will test it to see if it will be worth her time.

I wonder how things will go from here.
The sun was warm and the sky was clear, and all across West City the roads and buildings were glistening like well polished jewels sitting on top of a mantelpiece. The damages that'd been inflicted to the city during the Hasky crisis weren't very visible anymore and the estate that served as the frontline for the entire conflict was also looking better than ever. Maybe it was because the workers had done a bang-up job at patching things up this time. Maybe it was the way the light was reflecting off of the planet's surface like glass. Or maybe it was because the mood had shifted drastically from the last few days.

Whatever the case was, this morning felt much different from any other that'd come and gone before, and the entire planet could feel it. When the glow from over the horizon eventually fell over Capsule Corp and illuminated the windows of the facility, the sensations of warmth and life rang the alarm clocks for every single person sleeping peacefully throughout the main building.

Groaning when the sun beams danced across her face like dust over a river, Videl sat up from the bed she was lying on and rubbed her eyes. Giving a very lioness like yawn, she then squeezed the hand of the boy lying on the bed next to her, just to check and make sure he was alright. However, when her grip ended up clutching nothing but air and the fabric of the bed and her fingers attempted to seek out the hand they were supposed to be joined with, a jolt of alarm suddenly rushed through her.

"Gohan?" Looking up towards the pillows with a start, the raven haired fighter saw that the comforter the demi-Saiyan was supposed to be lying on was empty. At first thinking this was some sort of an illusion and shaking her head to clear the airways, when she looked back, she saw that the spread was still empty and the indent in the sheets was real.

Springing to her feet, the baffled Videl gasped in shock, "Gohan!" Her exclamation drew the attention of the meditating Piccolo and roused the dozing Hera on the windowsill, both of whom looked over to see their human companion looking around and appearing distressed. "Gohan! Damn it… where are you?"

Lime, having previously been enjoying a Gohan-orientated dream, sat up from her place atop the desk with a piece of paper glued to her face, where she then turned to stare groggily at her schoolmate. "What's with all the noise?" the brown haired teen mumbled.

"Did something happen, V?" Erasa also asked, sitting up from her bed with her arms wrapped tightly around a pillow.

Looking around at her friends, the startled Videl then turned to fix her gaze upon Zangya. "He's gone."

Her statement had the Hera look at the teen in alarm. "What?"

Seeing her friend hop off the sill, the raven haired girl quickly turned and dashed across the room.
"Gohan! He's gone!" She ripped back the curtains of one of the chamber's cubicles and looked from corner to corner. "I… I don't know where he is."

Also expressing surprise at the announcement, the former guardian of earth took a moment to settle his thoughts and, dropping out of his meditative state, dragged himself to his feet. "Calm down, runt," Piccolo cut in, at the same time stepping away from his spot to watch the frazzled student continue searching the chamber. "No one else entered the room and there aren't any signs of a struggle, so it's safe to say he probably got up sometime in the middle of the night to stretch his legs. He couldn't have gone far."

Still, this didn't answer the question as to how the brat was able to slip away right under their noses. What? Did he pick up some sort of new stealth mode while he was in a coma?

"Right. A Super Saiyan who can teleport between dimensions and travel great distances faster than the speed of light, couldn't have gone far," Zangya replied sarcastically, brushing her hair back and throwing the Namekian an irritating smirk, "Might want to reassess your points there."

The former guardian glared back at the woman for her comment, "Cut the crap and help us out here, would you?"

Rolling her eyes, Zangya then began a very relaxed walk towards the door, at the same time Erasa and Lime finally got to their feet to join what was expected to be an interesting hunt. "Relax, green man. It's not like this is the most difficult problem to work out. Gohan's been unconscious for about ten days now, and has barely had any food, drink, or sunshine, so there are only a few places he could've gone. It's either: A, the bathroom, B, the kitchen, C, outside, or D, the gravity room. Unless you want to pick all of the above and try to multiply yourself, I'm guessing he's gone to make himself a sandwich so I'll start with B, the kitchen." She then exited the room, passing a still confounded and shaken Videl.

Quickly regaining her senses, the raven haired fighter decided to follow up on Zangya's suggestions and dashed out of the room after her. Lime and Erasa also gave pursuit with the latter not really caring that she was still dressed in her PJs. After shaking off the sardonic remarks of his second most casual sparring partner, a grumbling Piccolo also joined the four women on a hunt across the billion-zeni facility, deciding to carry it out at his own labored pace.

Before the morning shift had even begun to roll in, the hallways were already clamoring with the bodies of dotting youngsters, all of whom were trying to find the owner of another. Zangya, Videl, Lime, Erasa and Piccolo searched high and low, splitting up so that they could cover more ground in separate locations. One of them cracked down the stalls of the nearby bathrooms, not really caring it was the male toilets or not. Another one visited the kitchens, while paying particular attention to the several pantries that were built on station to feed the hundreds of employees and one very anger-prone Saiyan Prince. The third member of their group searched the indoor gardens, being sure to check every tree and furrow, while a fourth member of the team, just for the heck of it, went searching all of the rooms she came across, one after the other, alphabetically… or whatever was convenient.

The key here was process of elimination and, if fortune favored the intelligent, then it was the wisest of them that would find the demi-Saiyan first. It certainly wasn't going to be Erasa, as the dutiful blonde, bless her heart, had gone out of her way in her investigation to leave no stone unturned… literally.

Case in point, while she was searching the lounge room, the pajama wearing teenager thought it was a good idea to sequentially check underneath each of the room's incredibly expensive couch cushions. Noticing Tama was asleep on top of one of the place holders the girl carefully picked up
the pillow and removed it, with Mr. Briefs’ cat still snoring peacefully across it.

Ignoring the kitten's wagging tail the bubbly teenager then peered into the couch, at the same time carefully holding the seat above her head. "You-hoo. Gohan? Are you there?"

Hey, as far as she knew he could've been anywhere. That was her logic anyway.

For the next twenty or so minutes the gang continued running about the facility, with the commotion even attracting the attention of Bulma Briefs. Stepping out of her room following a long and very comfortable sleep, she immediately noticed Lime running past her in a hurry, which snapped her out of her drowsy state and had the scientist stare after the girl in bewilderment. Before she could ask where the fire was at, the brown haired teen was gone, which prompted the woman to quickly follow after her out of curiosity.

As Piccolo looked around outside and Erasa turned her attention to the cafeteria, Videl moved her search to the training facilities built for the Saiyans of the establishment. Arriving in the familiar corridor of the gym department, the girl quickly jogged into the locker room, which she proceeded to search. Her investigation soon came to an end when she spotted Vegeta standing over by the GR door, leaning against the wall with his eyes closed and arms folded. Puzzled, the poster girl of Satan City approached him.

"Vegeta? What are you doing out here?" the girl asked.

Eyes cracking open, the prince grunted and nodded over his shoulder. "Take a guess."

Puzzled by his seemingly irate response, Videl jogged over to the viewing window to see what was going on. When she peered through, her eyes instantly lit up in astonishment when she saw Gohan, alive, well, and back on his feet, standing in the center of a ridiculously powerful gravity field, sparring with the company's training probes.

Darting through the glowing red air in a blur of motion, the half-Saiyan hero, dressed in a pair of training shoes and spandex blue shorts, dodged a series of powerful, highly concentrated beams sent flying his way by the spinning robots. His form flickered as he moved through the air at unheard of speeds, grinning to himself when he finally came within range of the probe floating at the highest point of the formation. When its sensors detected Gohan's approach, the orb-shaped robot fired another beam down at its evasive target, only for the hybrid to skillfully slip it and dart behind the probe. Cart-wheeling over in midair, the teenage warrior jabbed down with his fingers and hit the button on the machine's side, switching off the droid's weaponry and forcefully putting it in standby mode. The moment he did, he then went about doing the same to the rest of the training bots.

In record breaking time, the boy shot between the robots in a barely visible blur, effortlessly avoiding their attacks and striking their off switches one by one. He ended up moving so fast between the swarm of machines that every single one he ended up tapping wound up switched off at the exact same time. The moment he charged through the entire wave, he landed straight back down on ground level in a crouched position, eyes set ahead of him and a steeled look slapped across his face. When the wind finally settled from his light speed dash, the last of the probes beeped their final chorus before the entire room's lighting faded back to normal.

The sound of electronics and engines powering down signaled the end of the gravity simulation, allowing the half-Saiyan to rise up from the floor and face the ceiling without any strain on his person.

A sigh of relief soon escaped his lips as he felt the pings of his early morning session dissipate and
looked down at his hands in thought. "Even after being out of it for several days, I didn't lose a single step." He then clenched his fists tightly. "Actually… I think I've gotten even stronger than before. Kai, I love my Saiyan genetics."

He loved his alien metabolism, he loved his adaptability, he loved his superhuman strength, speed and reflexes, he loved staying up for consecutive nights without any drawbacks, and he especially enjoyed those full moon nights when his body got all tingly and his-

"Gohan!"

Having completely missed the sound of the gravity room door opening and the intercom informing him that the chamber was being accessed, the demi-Saiyan turned around just in time to see a wide-awake Videl rushing over to meet him. His surprise quickly becoming replaced by delight at the sight of his girlfriend, Gohan faced the approaching teen and opened his arms just in time to catch the laughing fighter when she leapt at him without pause or hesitation.

The two embraced, with the former comatose patient spinning the love of his life about while he held her comfortably above the tiled floor. They both smiled and spent the next few minutes enjoying one another's company, with neither caring that one of them was half-naked and covered in sweat. After the spirit hazing ordeal they'd had to go through over the last ten days, neither one of them cared how the other person was dressed, appeared or smelled. They were just happy to see each other again.

Once Gohan set Videl to her feet and the two gazed into each other's eyes, the elated crime fighter then shook her head at him in incredulity. "Idiot. Why didn't you wake me up to let me know that you were alright?"

The boy chuckled, "Honestly, I was really tempted to. But you just looked so peaceful lying across my bed with the moonlight bouncing off of your cheeks that I just couldn't bring myself to wake you." He then grinned cheekily and looked over his shoulder in a very sly manner. "Plus… there was this other girl that I really needed to see across town, so I decided to-ow!" He was cut off when Videl punched him in the chest.

A frown remained across her lips as she half-scolded, half-humored him. "Don't spoil it, you spiky haired jackass. While I'm not sure about you, I'm still trying to come to terms with the fact that you're all better now. Just give me a few moments to catch my breath before you start throwing wise cracks my way," the girl stated, giving him a foul smirk before wrapping her arms around his neck. A loving gleam then appeared in her eye following her gesture, which then gave way to the raven haired firecracker leaning closer to her boyfriend and rising up on her toes. "Geez. You really know how to give your family and friends a hard time without even knowing it. Getting sick, spazzing out in the middle of class, and ending up unconscious in a hospital wing with round-the-clock doctors and nightmares for over a week… honestly, you scared us half to death."

Gohan, feeling his chest flutter at the look he saw in the girl's irises, beamed warmly, "Sorry for making you worry so much for me, Videl." He then reached over and tucked some stray hairs behind her ear. "After all the trouble you and the others had to go through over the past several days, I promise I won't let anything like this happen again." He then placed a hand over her cheek and caressed it soothingly. "The last thing I want is to cause you anymore pain."

Her stare shimmering with joy and relief, the teenager's complexion noticeably brightened, "If that's the case, then I'll work extra hard to make sure you keep your promise."

The demi-Saiyan laughed a little, "Hey. That's supposed to be my line."
Videl grinned playfully in response, "Bite me." The next thing she knew, both of them had closed the one inch distance between them and locked lips in a tender kiss. Closing their eyes the instant they made contact, both teenagers then began gently clawing at one another for extra purchase, with the raven haired beauty moving her arms further around the Saiyan's neck while her boyfriend secured his grip around her waist. The embrace was sweet and affectionate, with both expressing all their pent up emotions from the past ten days into that one gesture.

While the two of them continued to make out in the middle of the training room floor, over by the GR's blast-proof entrance, several more figures made their appearance on the scene. Stepping into view of the archway, a calm looking Zangya along with a previously frantic Erasa and Lime, made their presences known to the two warriors inside.

Panting from an obviously brisk jog, the brown haired country girl gasped. "Hey! Any luck finding him in he-oh?" It was then she spotted her two best friends embroiled in what could easily be identified as a public display of affection, despite the fact that they'd started out alone. However, after quickly grasping the fact that Gohan had successfully been found and was obviously doing alright, Lime took a moment to relax and breathed a heavy sigh of relief. "Never mind."

"Has he… been training this entire time?" Erasa asked, shooting an inquisitive glance across at Vegeta, who was still leaning up against the adjacent wall.

When the prince stood off of it, the group was also joined by the still drowsy, pajama-wearing Bulma, who came strolling into the room curious to find out what was going on. The Saiyan royal grunted at the blonde's innocent question, "I woke up over an hour ago to get some extra training in before breakfast. But the instant I walked into the room, I saw that it was already being occupied by the brat."

"That would be a yes, then?" Erasa responded dryly, looking on as both the gruff fighter and his wife ambled over to accompany them.

"I didn't bother disturbing him, since I wanted to see what he could do after being out of commission for over a week," Vegeta said, leaning into the doorframe with his shoulder to watch Gohan and Videl continue their private performance. "As I expected, he hasn't lost a single bit of his strength."

Lime nodded in understanding, "That's good to know." No way they could they have the strongest man in the world going slack and potentially putting all of them in mortal peril. That would be terrible.

Confused as to that little assessment, the lithe blonde standing in the middle regarded the demi-Saiyan with interest, "But… didn't Gohan just have a really bad heart attack? How is that possible?" By her understanding, anyone who suffered from cardiovascular failure of that degree would've been bedridden for weeks and practically crippled.

"He's a Saiyan… well… half-Saiyan, really. Their genetics allow every member of their race to adapt and gain strength from whatever kind of damage done to them, whether it's from a vicious beating or a deadly virus," Bulma informed, crossing her arms and smiling into the center of the GR. "Since the strain Gohan was infected with was so potent, his immune system has gotten a massive kick-start and energy boost. That means his resistance to bacterial and viral infections has increased tenfold."

It was this news that drew a sense of utter amazement from the two school girls and a curious look from Zangya, the latter of whom then smiled brightly before quickly turning her attention back to the reason why all of them had come here.
The next minute passed by at a snail's pace. In that time, every single person watching from the sidelines wondered to themselves whether or not the two love birds were ever going to separate from their little exhibit. The display becoming more passionate by the second as the pair's hands started to roam all over one another, a couple of the female audience members started to fidget uncomfortably, as seeing the two in such a state slowly began feeding the hormone overloaded group some rather inappropriate ideas. This was most apparent in Erasa and Lime, both of whom looked on enviously as their girlfriend finished making up for lost time with her boyfriend.

A few seconds later and the pair eventually separated from their tender clinch, with Gohan and Videl ending the engagement with a gasp and a look into their opposite's eyes. When they finally realized they weren't alone anymore, the pair's gazes quickly snapped towards the training room's entrance, where they saw most of their friends watching them intently from the sidelines. Noticing the offbeat expressions they were wearing, the pair separated from one another and grinned sheepishly in their direction.

"Oh, hey guys. Good morning," Gohan greeted, at the same time Videl ran her fingers through her hair and looked away in a very girlie, very bashful manner. "Check it out. I'm all better now."

"You don't waste any time, do you, stud?" Rubbing her tired eye out, a grinning Bulma then looked upon the boy proudly. "Looks like that cure for the heart virus we managed to hash out from the sample we got from Trunks seven years ago worked like a charm." She then nodded towards her former patient probingly. "How's your chest? Have you got any aches and pains anywhere?"

Propping his hands on his hips, the demi-Saiyan shook his head. "Nope. Body's as tight as a drum." He emphasized this with a quick knock to his chest. "Not a cramp, stitch or sore muscle to report."

"What about lightheadedness? Are you feeling faint?"

"Flight check…" Gohan then flicked his bang of hair back and tested his form's natural equilibrium, "Pilot's good… so is the plane." His little gesture drew amused giggles from Erasa and Lime, both from his playful puns and the boyish grin he threw them at the end. "It's alright, Bulma. I'm fine."

His answer had the blue-haired scientist nod in relief, "Excellent. That's just what I wanted to hear."

Skipping over to the demi-Saiyan while he expressed his appreciation to the world renowned inventor, Erasa skidded to a stop in front of the boy and beamed at him. Taking a moment to admire his chiseled chest and broad shoulders up close, the blonde then spoke in a cheerful and happy voice, "We're so glad to see you're doing alright, Gohan. Your mum, your brother… everyone was worried sick about you." Sparing a glance over at her best friend of many years to see her beam back in kind, the girl in the pajamas turned her attention back to her crush. At which stage she then slipped her hands behind her and swayed nervously on the spot. "And… so was I."

Nodding his acknowledgement to Erasa's concerns, the spiky haired fighter placed a hand on her shoulder and gripped it reassuringly. "I know. I sensed all of you while I was sleeping… and I could tell how hard it must've been sitting there at my bedside, making sure that I made it through every night." He then lowered his head meekly. "I don't know how I'll be able to repay you… or know if you'll ever be able to forgive me… but-" All of sudden, Gohan was cut off when the blonde in front of him stood up on her toes and pecked him on the cheek, which she immediately followed up by pulling his face around to meet her gaze.

Smile firmly in play, the beautiful, kind-hearted teen nodded to him in earnest, "Apology accepted." Before the boy could mount any sort of reply, she then gave him a big, welcoming hug, which he immediately returned to let her know how much it meant to him. Feeling his warm
embrace envelop her like a blanket, Erasa sighed. "Great to have you back, nerd boy."

A chuckle followed the girl's teasing jab, "It's good to be back." When the teen finally released him, the adult hybrid was able to catch his breath. However, his moment of relief was to be short-lived, as Lime shoved her way to the front and, without warning, punched the Z-fighter squarely in the stomach. The unexpected blow damn near had Gohan double over and crash to his knees, as half the air in his body was literally knocked out of his lungs. Gasping and clutching the knuckle imprint in his abs, the Saiyan warrior then looked up to see the brown haired country girl glaring right at him. He grinned sheepishly when he noticed how mad she was. "Heh... hey, Lime."

"Don't you 'hey Lime' me, mister," the childhood friend scowled, before blamefully pointing at the dashing martial artist. "You've got a lot of nerve taking off like that and not letting us know you were cured. The five of us were looking all over the place for you."

Gohan, wincing at the volume in her voice, scratched the back of his head in his typical Son manner, "Sorry about that."

Lime grunted and folded her arms over her chest, "Unlike some of the other guys here, I'm not as forgiving as Videl and Erasa when it comes to stuff like this. People who suddenly get up and run away after being in serious, critical condition don't get a simple flyby from me. Tell me... how do you plan to make up for all the worry and trouble you've caused us over the last ten days?"

Wheezing slightly as he straightened up, the Saiyan then forced out another, weak smile, "Would you... like me to go over your math and literacy homework... and help you get started on your Ancient History report?"

Lime didn't say anything for the next few seconds as she tapped her foot against the tiled floor and carefully considered the teen's proposal of assistance. Taking into account all of the work she'd taken on over the past couple of weeks from school and the difficulty of the numeracy material she'd encountered, the brown haired farm girl then cracked a bright smile and extended her hand gleefully. "Deal." When Gohan reached out with his to take it, he suddenly had to brace himself when the girl ducked in and gave him a hug instead. Laughing a little at how enthusiastic she was about it, the demi-Saiyan felt both assurance and joy, as he knew that everything was going to be alright.

For some reason he felt a whole lot lighter. It was like a week's worth of stress and woes had been lifted clear off of his shoulders with the girls' affectionate gestures.

After all, he knew better than anyone that Lime didn't mean what she said earlier. Though she appeared mad on the surface, in reality it was just her acting out of worry for his health and safety. To put it in simple terms, she was just as relieved as everybody else that he was alright. She just had a different way of showing it.

When Lime eventually released the boy from her hold and stepped away, Gohan's gaze was then drawn towards his right due to the feeling of another set of eyes locked onto him. He then felt his insides jump a little when he saw Zangya was also staring at him intently, a serious glare drawn across her face and her arms crossed. Considering he was already receiving the usual thousand yard stare from Vegeta and had been ceremoniously punched in the solar plexus by Lime, he'd hate to think what the Hera would do to him if she was in any way pissed off.

The Saiyan held his ground, standing before the orange haired girl's ire with his arms at his sides and a pleasant look on his face. "I guess it's your turn to scold me for my insensitivity, huh?" He then sighed and closed his eyes, raising his hands ever so slightly. "Go ahead. Lay it on me. Just keep all the blows above the belt and below the hair line. It parts funny when it gets lumps."
Seeing the teen open up to her, Zangya then had a smile spread across her lips as a chuckle then escaped her lips. "Really? Keep it above the belt? That leaves out all the fun stuff." When the demi-Saiyan cracked an eye open to look across at her, the Hera then walked closer to him. "Don't worry, spike. I'm not going to beat you up." She then stopped a few feet in front of the teen and looked him right in the eye. "I'm just glad to see you're alive again. Not to mention you're looking fitter than ever."

"Well, it's a good thing I'm feeling fitter than ever too. It's a set," Gohan said, scratching his cheek with his finger and grinning nervously at the woman. "That's what I was able to figure out over the last hour, at least."

Returning his remarks with a fond look, Zangya then took a moment to check him out. Shamelessly admiring his sweat-covered body, from his big arms, to his broad chest and his tasty looking abs, the orange haired demon had to take a deep breath to maintain her composure. Clearing her throat when her breath hitched, the woman then flashed the barely dressed teen a delightful grin, "It's always good to get out and stretch your legs after being a vegetable for a certain period of time."

She then tilted her head at the Z-fighter curiously. "Speaking of which, did you happen to do any lifting while you were jumping around down here? Because you look great."

No. Better than great! He looked like a bona fide, professional athlete advertising the latest in men's undergarments.

It was hot.

Gohan then looked around the room they were in and shrugged, "Does over a thousand times gravity count? If it does… then yes." When he saw the woman's smile grow at his answer, the teen then stepped towards her and his gaze warmed. "Though I didn't see what was happening while I was unconscious, I was still able to feel everything that was going on around the place. You guys must've gone through hell to make sure that I was alright." He then nodded to the Hera gratefully. "Thanks for looking out for me, Zangya. I owe you everything."

Initially the Hera looked as though she was going to take the boy's compliments and words of appreciation calmly and collectedly, like she always did. However, with all the crap that'd gone on in the last ten days, combined with the teen's smile bombarding her at close range, Zangya couldn't stand it anymore. With a deep shade of red appearing in her cheeks, which prompted her to shake her head in frustration, the Z-fighter had had enough.

"Fuck it. Come here." Without even taking a moment to think about it, the orange haired beauty grabbed Gohan by the shoulders, pulled him in, and gave him a searing kiss right on the mouth.

It happened so fast that Gohan didn't even have time to gasp. The stunning sucker punch to the face had the Saiyan recipient freeze up in shock, as what felt like an electric current shot right through his body, leaving him standing there with a thunderstruck expression slapped across his mug and his back as stiff as a board. Feeling the woman's arms tighten around him as one hand moved to tangle with his hair while the other remained behind his neck and shoulder, the teen attempted to figure out why this was happening and how things suddenly ended up like this. But as Zangya deepened the kiss, all his thoughts on the matter were effectively dispelled and replaced by the unmistakable sensation of enjoyment.

The rest of the group though had different reactions.

Videl and Lime reacted in the typical gob-smacked manner, their jaws dropping and shoulders slumping in utter disbelief. Though they figured the alien woman definitely held a strong fondness for the teen hero, never in their young lives did they expect the female warrior to act on them so suddenly… and in front of the rest of their group no less. The result was shocking enough to put their heartbeats on hold and stop their breathing for a full minute.
The only exception to the group of beautiful girls currently gathered in that chamber who didn't act like the world was falling apart around them was Erasa. Though the reporter in training was initially stunted like the rest of her companions, the blonde, acting on her journalistic instincts, was quick to recover from her alarmed state, grin cheekily, pull out her smart phone, and snap a couple of pictures.

For documentary purposes, of course.

Dispelling her surprise at her own volition, Bulma, scratching the top of her head, allowed a wide smile to appear as she stood back and enjoyed the sight of Gohan's friends gaping at their boyfriend like a school of guppies. The only person who didn't seem remotely shocked by this development was Vegeta, with the prince merely looking away and exhaling in boredom.

Obviously the man had been expecting this event for some time now, which was why he appeared even more frustrated at how flabbergasted everyone was acting as opposed to incredulous.

After Zangya was done giving the half conscious Gohan mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, the woman slowly broke away from the teen and spent the next few seconds catching her breath. Once her body fully registered to the pounding in her chest, the fuzzy feeling in her stomach and the warm, pleasant glow radiating from her face, the Hera then rested her arms over the boy's shoulders and whispered, "You won't believe how long I've wanted to do that with you."

Gohan was, to put it in layman's terms, speechless. "Uh… guh…?" Those were pretty much the only two discernible sounds to leave his mouth.

Giggling at the baffled expression on her friend's face, Zangya flicked her hair around and playfully poked the boy on the nose. "What's the matter, Gohan? Alien-chick caught your tongue? Because it sure as hell felt like I did."

Biting down nervously at the woman's remarks as blood rushed to his face, the demi-Saiyan cleared his throat and smiled, "Well, umm… you could say that…" He then laughed a little at the end, making a sound that was a cross between pleased and terrified. "Then again, I probably may have swallowed it by accident… among a few other things."

Honestly, what was going on right now? Sure he knew Erasa and Kana had a thing for him, even though they were well aware of the fact that he and Videl was already a couple. It didn't even occur to the Saiyan that Zangya was also into him… at least, not in a profound sense.

This was probably because he was so preoccupied with not only building a relationship with Videl, but also working out a solution to compliment Erasa's feelings and dealing with the various conflicts that extended beyond his social calendar that he was unable to respond to other matters accordingly.

Well, sure, in his dreams he may have fantasized and teased the idea once… twice… several dozen times over a span of a couple of years, but he always chalked these occurrences up to growing pains and hormonal fluctuations. Even though the two of them got along with each other like best friends, spent most of their free time with one another, trained with each other, complimented each other, and lived in the same home across from the other's bedroom, that didn't mean any feelings could've developed between him and-

…

Stopping his train of thought on that little tidbit of information, Gohan quickly figured out how things ended up the way they had.
Memories of his talk with the not so delicate Vegeta and the wisdom given to him in confidence by the far more compassionate Aphrodite slowly began to return to him one chapter at a time. Once they did, the teen soon came to understand how deep this whole thing actually went.

He then swallowed anxiously, as he figured that he too had a similar connection and fondness for the Hera.

Seeing the boy's mind working like clockwork behind his startled gaze, Zangya giggled in amusement and tilted her head at the teen fondly. "It's funny, isn't it? Ever since you and I became best friends, the thought that I'd ever end up falling in love with you never crossed my mind. Since you were just a scrappy young kid and I was a former space mercenary on the path to redemption, the idea that I'd wind up forming a bond with someone like you was just some whacked-up pipedream." At that, her expression deepened and her gaze on the boy strengthened. "But it seems like that's no longer the case."

Taken aback by the woman's words and the look that she threw him, Gohan remained standing in place, staring back at her in surprise. Sensing the warmth and sincerity in her remarks, the teen felt his chest swell as he was effectively overwhelmed and disarmed by a tidal wave of emotions crashing down on him at once. When his mind was finally able to work out the key segments of information needed for him to fully grasp what she was saying, all he could do was take a deep breath and whisper, "Zangya…"

The Hera, pressing home her advantage, made sure that her next words rang clear and true with the man of her dreams. "I know this may seem a bit sudden for you… but… I just wanted to let you know how I really felt. Besides, since you already have Videl and the other girls competing for your heart…" She then beamed brilliantly at the teen, "What's one more?"

Hearing this little point of fact from the alien female he regarded as his closest friend, confidant and partner in crime, the teen then allowed a smile to cross his lips as a warm glow to fill his own face. "Hey, I-"

"WAIT JUST A DAMN SECOND HERE!" a loud scream suddenly bounced off of the walls, scaring the daylights out of the two warriors and drawing their gazes over to Videl, who they saw was staring at them with a red face and wide eyes. Having obviously recovered from her shock ahead of Lime and restarting her train of thought, it was now becoming glaringly apparent that she was in the middle of a ridiculous freak-out. "Where in the world did this come from?! Huh?! Who gave you permission to kiss Gohan?!

Blinking in confusion, Zangya slowly developed an intrigued gleam in her eye and, with a cheeky grin coming into play, wrapped her arms around the demi-Saiyan's neck, and clung to him possessively. "Come on, Videl. It's not that bad." She added to this by rubbing her cheek against the confused Saiyan's face affectionately, all in an effort to tease her friend. "All I was doing was letting off some steam and confessing my love for him. There's no reason for you to get all bent out of shape over something like this."

"Only if the person making the confession decides to make out with him first!" the raven haired fighter continued shouting, all the while her two girl friends and a couple of the other people behind her were grinning in amusement. Stomping up to the Hera, the human fighter then jabbed a finger at her in a lecturing manner, "Kissing comes after the confession, not the other way around!"

To the other people listening in on the conversation, this seemed like something that would be the least of her concerns.

"Says the person who made hers on the first date several days after they kissed," Zangya retorted
with a persistent, irritating smile.

"That's because we were in a very delicate and emotional stage in our relationship! We couldn't help it!" the flustered teen attempted to argue, yet failed miserably. "Plus it was during a time we were all recovering from a really tough battle!"

"Yeah? Well... so is this."

Becoming a little bit concerned, Gohan raised a hand to intervene, "Uh, girls?"

Growling as her cheeks glowed a hot red, Videl then grabbed hold of Gohan's arm and began shaking him, along with the Hera who was still firmly attached to him. "That doesn't matter!" the girl half-whined, half-cried. "As his partner and girlfriend, I simply can't accept this!"

While the demi-Saiyan's head was rattled from side to side, the highly amused Hera continued grinning like a Cheshire cat. "Why not? Gohan doesn't belong to you. In fact, he doesn't belong to anyone. He has the right to do whatever he wants, same as the rest of us." She then giggled and latched on even tighter to the boy in question, who was so besieged by what was happening that all he could do was panic and try to keep his head out of the line of fire.

Gohan's face then lit up like a thermometer when he felt Zangya hug him even more so. "Uhh... lady parts... touching places..." These were the only intelligent things he could say in regards to this crisis.

The two female warriors continued to ignore him.

"Besides, considering what's at stake here, I wouldn't mind messing around with you and the other girls if it means having a piece of him." Zangya then leaned towards the raven haired girl, giving the baffled teen a mischievous smile. "Why don't we take a few pages out of Kana's book and... 'explore' our options a little? What do you think?"

Blushing to the roots of her hair at the rather dirty comment, Videl gulped and leaned away from the alien girl, who was now coming in a little too close for her liking. "H-Huh?"

Zangya, deciding to take advantage of the situation, then winked at the stunned teenager playfully, "Hey, if it makes you feel any better, I think you're pretty cute too, V-chan."

Like the wire on a guitar string, the chord inside Videl's head representing the elements of sanity and restraint finally snapped, compelling the fighter from Satan City into immediate action. "THAT'S IT!" She then took a swing at the grinning Hera, who effortlessly dodged the punch and began a long and very joyous run around the room. The frustrated and embarrassed Videl, who was unable to do anything about the redness in her face, then started a merry chase of the orange haired woman, who merely laughed and cackled at the girl's efforts as the two of them proceeded to run laps around Gohan's position. "When I get a hold of you, I'm going to shave off both your eyebrows and mop the floor with your hair, you perverted, alien, demon-girl!"

"Whatever floats your boat," Zangya sang back. She was so confident in her ability to stay out of reach of the girl's terrifying fists that she was practically skipping as she ran, which only served to infuriate her friend even further. "Oh, Videl. I just love the way your skin sparkles when you sweat!"

"Shut up and stop running!"

"Make me!"
While Gohan had a little laugh at the odd display of bickering, over by the rest of the group, Erasa and Lime were watching the scene play out with great interest and amusement. Smiling away as the performance ticked on, the pair was then approached by the intently observing Bulma, who slid up alongside the country girl and whispered cheekily into her ear.

"I bet you can't wait for him to come around, huh?"

A sly grin formed across Lime's lips at the impish question. "Oh my Kai, you don't even know," she whispered in a mischievous and shameless manner. It was only a few seconds after she uttered her response that the brown haired teen realized what she'd just admitted and, looking up with a start, turned to Bulma with her hands over her mouth. "No, wait, I didn't say that! That's not what I meant!"

Laughing along with Erasa, the president of Capsule Corp looked across at Gohan and, after seeing Zangya and Videl lap him again, spoke up loud enough for him to hear. "Between the frisky tomboy, the childhood friend, the blonde bombshell, the hot demon girl with the long hair, and the cute alien traveler that glows in the dark, you've got a pretty nice harem, kid." She then winked at the demi-Saiyan, "I'm so jealous."

When Gohan chuckled nervously and rubbed the back of his head, a still present Vegeta groaned and looked away.

"Ugh. Give me a break," the Saiyan prince grumbled in annoyance.

And so the antics of the group opened up the gates to a brand new day, setting the stage for many more things to come. By the time the Z-fighters got around to stopping Videl from potentially maiming Zangya for her teasing jabs and Gohan was able to settle things between the pair, Piccolo, Kana and Paprika finally rocked up to the scene to join in on the festivities. After seeing Gohan was back on his feet and doing just fine, each of the newcomers that'd arrived at the GR walked over to express their relief and share in the celebrations, saying they were glad to see their friend was alright. This really only applied to the Seirei and the Namekian, the two of them hugging and patting him on the back respectively, whereas the boy's Mekyan rival merely nodded to him in a show of momentary respect.

In fact, the former of the trio was so happy to see Gohan was up and about that the moment she stepped into view and saw him speaking with Videl and Zangya, she practically threw herself at the boy.

"GOHAN-KUN!" the Seirei practically squealed, teleporting directly in front of her crush and knocking him flat onto the ground. The demi-Saiyan balked in bewilderment as the girl rubbed her cheek into his, nuzzling him with the affection only an excitable alien like her could express. "You're awake! You're awake! I'm so happy!"

Gasping under the woman's rather explosive gestures, the demi-Saiyan chuckled and placed his hands against her shoulders, "Th-That's great, Kana. I'm... really happy to see you too." He did his best not to blush at how close the woman was, since she was practically lying on top of him, but there were only so many things he could do at once.

Acting like a cat, the glowing haired woman relinquished her arms from around the teen's neck and beamed at the boy with a sparkle in her eyes, "So, so? Are you feeling all better now? Is the heart virus completely gone?"

"It definitely feels like it, yeah."
"Sweet." Hair flickering behind her like a flame, the excitable alien giggled and straddled the boy's waist, all the while completely ignoring the surprised looks on the rest of the gang's faces. "We really need to do something to make up for lost time. Wanna go out to Nimbus 5 or Zalu 1 to celebrate your recovery? My treat."

Hearing her spitfire question loud and clear, Gohan stared back at the girl nervously and spoke, "That would be awesome, Kana. But… I think… going up into space to party at an alien nightclub after just recovering from a virus might be a little too much for me right now. Maybe… next weekend or something?"

Deflating a little at the teen's response, Kana then exhaled and gave the boy a sincere look in kind, "Oh. Okay then." She then levitated off of the spiky haired warrior, while simultaneously helping him to his feet. "Given your race's biology, you're probably still a little winded from your ordeal. Better let you catch your breath first before doing anything too extreme. After all, you are an earthing before anything else."

"Yeah. It's a really nice thought though, Kana. I'll be sure to let you know the next time I'm available." It was then the cheerful alien once again caught him by surprise by playfully wrapping her arms around his neck and hanging off of him like a balloon, drawing a lighthearted chuckle from the teen.

Once all the commotion and talk over the teen's return to form had died down, the group soon retired from the Gravity Room floor and pulled into the dining hall for breakfast. Though Gohan took a couple of extra minutes to get to the rendezvous point due to an overwhelming need for a shower, all the members of the Son and Brief families soon found themselves sitting at the dining table, surrounded by their comrades and best friends, and sharing a meal together under the same roof. Mrs. Briefs even went to the trouble of cooking up something really special for her domicile's guests, in honor of this wondrous occasion. The Saiyans at the table certainly enjoyed the pancakes, waffles and the feast of egg based foods, which came to them by the truckload.

Needless to say, it was the best breakfast any of them could've asked for, and Gohan was glad to be able to share it with all the people that he treasured most in the world.

OOO

(Meanwhile)

High up in space, in an area well outside of earth's orbit, Halley's Comet could be seen drifting through the vacuum along its predestined course. Having remained completely undisturbed in its short orbital path of the Solar System, the astronomical object cut across the blackness like a brilliant knife sent by the Kais, leaving a trail of ice, rock and space dust with every parsec it managed to cover.

Seemingly acting as nothing more than one of the many pieces of debris blasting across the cosmos, it continued on its route between planets unhindered; with its ultimate destination unknown.

However, just as it was well on its way to making its next orbital pass, a shadowy figure from a distant world suddenly teleported directly into the giant rock's path. Revealing herself to be none other than Alter-Videl, the blonde witch from a now extinct universe, complete with oversized hat, eye patch, and black, skimpy, one-piece suit, the diminutive humanoid then summoned a large blue staff from out of nowhere, pointed it towards the approaching ball of rock and, without any effort whatsoever, stopped its flight with a psychic push. The comet slowed its course before stopping altogether, along with the debris floating around its hot, glowing form.
Scrutinizing the ball of fire and ice carefully, the one-eyed witch then narrowed her gaze upon its surface and, after sparing a curious glance to another part of the Solar System, quickly turned it back to the comet.

It was at that moment a bright glow began emanating from her eye as she visually began deconstructing the comet, right down to its very core. Upon several seconds of scanning the piece of debris, when her piercing red eye finally arrived at the flying object's heart, she found the very entity that she'd been searching for.

Sprawled out between the icicles and walls of the impenetrable diamond prison, Alter-Videl saw the unmistakable, eerie silhouette of a massive, muscular creature of ancient origins with grey, ivory skin, a long tail, claws, and bones protruding from several parts of its hulking body. Furthermore, on top of having a length of ghostly white hair hanging behind it, through the shadows of its face, the teenage phantom saw its eyes shoot open and stare right back at her, seemingly detecting her presence and revealing a pair of hollow, blood red eyes.

These weren't just the eyes of a monstrous animal. They were the eyes of raw, unbridled hatred, which burned hotter than the brightest quasar in reality.

The glow in her iris fading, the one-eyed witch frowned deeply at the monster now floating in her grasp. "The power contained inside this prison is far greater than any other element in existence; the embodiment of both rage and destruction. Not even the Gods of this world could completely destroy the entity sealed within this crystalline shell." Upon uttering these words, a very dark thought then crossed her mind, prompting an evil smirk to appear across her lips. "Let's put it to the test."

Through use of her blue staff, the one-eyed Alter-Videl conjured up a thick mist, which she manipulated with her lance and directed to the area directly alongside her. A split second later, the blonde in the skimpy suit created an exact duplicate of the comet she was now keeping at bay, with the same weight, girth, atomic composition and appearance to its predecessor.

Since she knew Whis's powers like the back of her hand, Videl knew exactly how to fool him and take advantage of his weaknesses. Using the same skills he taught her in her previous universe, she could effortlessly block his *Divination* abilities and put up an impenetrable cloak to her actions. This meant that even with his seemingly unlimited foresight, he wouldn't be able to tell that the comet containing the most powerful monster in existence had been rerouted.

As soon as the enchantress had finished creating the dummy object, the foreign fighter then floated out of the copy's way and sent the doppelganger meteor rocketing along Halley's previous course. Once the decoy had been set, she then turned her attention back to the original comet, which she continued to admire from a safe distance.

Her one eye then twinkled with obvious excitement, "You may stand against me, you may defy me, you may try to fight me… but in the end, Gohan… all of your efforts will lead you to one inevitable outcome… the complete and total destruction of your universe." She then brandished the giant rock like it was her greatest asset. "This beast will herald the end of this world, carrying my swift and terrible sword to every corner of the cosmos. Then, when the dust finally settles, the only thing living in this world… will be darkness." With one last inspection of the comet's specs, the floating woman then pointed her spear in another direction and sent the ball of fire hurtling towards the distant horizon. As she watched the glowing object fade away into the distance, her dark smile widened considerably. "Death is the fate of all things that exist in this reality… and it will be I, Orthros, who will guide its merciful hand across the eternal plains of creation."

One way or another, this world was going to meet its end, and the monster she'd just sent towards
the earth was going to make it happen. However, it wouldn't be a quick ceremony. The creature would bring death to all, one planet at a time, and there wasn't a single person in the universe that could stop it once it was unleashed…

Not even her.

After seeing the comet vanish along its assigned path, which would bring it into direct contact with the earth and deposit its lethal cargo gently upon its surface, the Videl from an alternate universe, Orthros, then turned her sights to another part of space. When her eye locked onto the stars hanging beyond her reach, a smirk once again spread across her lips.

"Let's see what happens from here."

Then, without a second thought, she vanished in a flash of blue light, teleporting to parts unknown.

As of this moment, her plan to upset the balance of this world had been set in motion.

XXX

(Two weeks later)

Timetables and schedules restored to their original settings, the Z-fighters quickly returned to the lives that they'd left behind in the days of the chaos surrounding their half-Saiyan compatriot. Though tensions and stress had been high over the course of that long week and a bit, things quickly calmed down for the fighting members of the troop, allowing all of them to go back to whatever it was they did best. You know… when they weren't saving the world from evil monsters and everything.

After celebrating Gohan's recovery, Kana returned to her star system to carry out her business as an interstellar negotiator, promising to visit the group again. Since she had such strong ties to the half-Saiyan hero of earth, there was no way they were going to lose her so easily.

While the Briefs family went back to dealing with their multi-billion-dollar corporation, Vegeta predictably went back to the Gravity Room, which was basically his second home. Feeling he was falling behind at an incredibly fast pace, the man was now more determined than ever to push himself to the same level that Gohan and Zangya had both reached. Knowing that a third form of Super Saiyan existed and that even his arch rival had managed to achieve it in his time spent in Otherworld, the prince was positive that he could reach it as well. That meant cranking up the training room to its highest settings possible and abusing the fuck out of his body to get the necessary results to achieving that strength. However, after seeing the trouble his rival's son had to go through pushing himself to accomplish that state, the man knew he had to find some other form of outlet to get there in his own way.

Gohan accomplished his through a combination of both rage and an alternative power source, while the teen's father, following his boy's example, had primal instincts and good, old-fashioned perseverance on his side. Based on that history of success, Vegeta reasoned with himself that if he was able to reach the first level of Super Saiyan his own way, then what was stopping him from finding a different route to gaining Super Saiyan 3?

A Saiyan's power was limitless, as far as he was concerned. That all depended on how much one could achieve in their lifetime.

With Vegeta spending most of his hours toiling away doing continuous pushups and situps, Piccolo was back up on the Lookout, switching times between meditating, giving lessons to the new
guardian of earth, and doing some planet watching just like the good old days. He tried testing out his advanced hearing by narrowing down the voices of all the normal people on the surface of his home world. But since there were so many families and local groups living in each of the many community pockets, and they all pretty much had the same ki signature as the next person, the man always found this task of focusing in on each individual to be a bit of a chore.

At least it gave him something to do when not stopping by Gohan's place for a visit.

Speaking of which, Chi-Chi, pleased to have all her children back under one roof and in one piece, was now going to great lengths to make sure that her oldest son was doing alright. Even though Bulma tested Gohan to be completely free of the heart virus strain, the mother, acting on fierce parental instincts, still felt the need to make sure that the demi-Saiyan was comfortable at home and had all the resources necessary to achieving a full recovery. Though at times it did feel like she was acting like one of her children had the flu and was going overboard with her treatments, nobody wanted to argue against her about it. After all, her chicken soups and herbal teas were amazing, and Gohan, Goten, and Zangya had nothing to complain about.

Aside from getting back to school about two weeks behind on work, Gohan was quickly able to make up for his absence in class. Though there were many apologies he needed to make to his friends and to the members on his swimming team, he was still able to get all of his affairs in order just in time for the competitions. He even made good on his promise to help Lime with her homework, which she was having quite a bit of trouble with. Furthermore, whenever he was not out in Satan City for school related purposes, he was back at home, training with his younger brother and his best friend, both of whom were glad to have him around again.

On this particular occasion, in the middle of the two week period, the residents had decided to live it up the only way they knew how.

A large explosion rocked the countryside surrounding the Son Household, sending a blast of dust high into the air and signaling the collision of the two strongest warriors on the planet. Their forms being thrown out of the cloud's radius, both Gohan and Zangya skidded to a halt, digging their feet into the ground to cut off their momentum. The instant they did, both warriors revealed to the world their ruined, dirt covered uniforms and their forms bathed in the glows of their respective transformations.

While Gohan had achieved a fully controlled Super Saiyan 2 state, his spiky golden hair waving above him and blue electricity running up and down his body, Zangya had gone for her first Super Hera transformation. Their auras gone due to the simultaneously hits they'd managed to land on one another, this left both warriors in a neutral state that allowed them to better hold their forms without exerting any excess energy. Those instances were reserved solely for when they needed either a boost in strength or speed in order to catch their opponents off guard. Nevertheless, both fighters looked as equally impressive as the other in their powered-up states and they weren't in the least bit afraid of showing it.

The only difference here was their overall difference in power, which quickly became apparent when the panting Hera acknowledged her opponent's strength with a grin. "Damn. You really are one tough son of a bitch. Aren't you even the least bit tired?"

The teenager on the other end of the field chuckled. "Just give me a couple more minutes and a few more shots to the head. I'm sure I'll conk out eventually," he teased with a straight face. Even though he did his best to hide it, the Saiyan's competitive nature was unable to suppress the smugness that was reflected in his grin.

"Oh, ha-ha. Very funny, wise guy." Zangya then stood back up and dropped into a new fighting
stance, arms held wide apart with her fingers curled into claws. "While you were lying around and wasting away under the sheets in the hospital wing, I was training with Vegeta to get my skills up and to work all the knots out of my system. Not to mention I've added a new transformation to my repertoire."

"So I've heard. I'm actually really curious to see what you can do with that new form of yours," Gohan replied in earnest, stepping forward with his right and taking a southpaw stance, which prompted his opponent to adjust the position of her hands once again. It'd once again reached a point where both fighters were now testing each other out from a distance, accommodating themselves for every time the other warrior changed styles. Since the two of them had such a diverse range of techniques under their belts, even the slightest alteration in combat performance meant a big difference in terms of the result. "Do you think you'll need it to bring this Super Saiyan down?"

Zangya smirked, "If push comes to shove, maybe I will. But don't count on in. I've still got a lot more tricks up my sleeve."

This drew a nod from the golden haired warrior. "Then let the best man or woman win." His aura then exploded around him with a storm of lightning, cracking the ground under the force and shaking the countryside for over a mile.

His power up prompting his foe to do the same, only with a green aura, the two fighters then leapt off the ground and charged their adversary down. The sky soon became filled with the telltale signs of miniature sonic explosions, as the super powered pair became locked in a heated exchange of punches and kicks; their attacks impacting their quarry in a vicious show of skill and power. Their shouts and yells were drowned out by the sheer volume of their clash, as the full force of their inhuman strength was thrown into the mix in an effort to outgun the opposition. Entire clouds were blown away and had chunks taken out of them when the force of the duo's blows eventually echoed up to them, rattling the sky for hundreds of kilometers in all directions.

And both weren't even fighting at full power.

While this concert was going on, down on ground level, Goten was getting his own workout. Wanting to tear away from the kitchen for a while and join in with the rest of her family, Chi-Chi quickly found herself in the process of giving her youngest the workout of a lifetime. This pretty much involved her chasing after her son and lashing out at him with her father's style of martial arts, her hands cutting through the air towards Goten in a terrifying blur of movement. The boy dodged all of her hits as best as he could, with shouts of fear leaving his lips as the woman struck at him with lightning fast shots.

Though she was nowhere near as strong as her sons in terms of power, the mother certainly made up for her shortcomings with aggressiveness, determination, and passion. On top of that, she was definitely scary when she was serious, a trait that all members of the Son family were intimately familiar with.

"Come on, Goten!" Chi-Chi practically screamed, throwing a kick at the boy and watching him dodge with a yelp. "Keep your eyes on me! You can't expect to fight your opponent if you can't tell what they're doing!" She then charged at the boy and lunged at him with a series of palm strikes, forcing the child to weave between them.

The demi-Saiyan panicked as he dodged, "Ah! B-But mum-! Whoa!" He then blocked a snap kick that came way too close for comfort, only to then parry a swift right chop. "Wait a second! I can't keep up! Let me just-AH!" He was then forced to block an axe kick that dropped straight down on top of him, the impact causing the ground beneath him to crack.
Holding her leg in place, the normally docile housewife then leered. "Not on your life, son! If you want to survive out there fighting alongside your brother, then you have to learn to control your strength and your energy! You can't just go around using it all at once! You have to be smart and fight using your head!" She then drew her leg back in and, spinning on the spot, snapped a kick into her boy's stomach. The blow landed hard and sent her son flying, where he then crash-landed on the grass several feet away. As soon as he was down, Chi-Chi took another offensive stance. "Feel and see what the opponent is doing, and counter. Don't just stand there and take everything thrown at you."

Struggling to get back up and coughing a few times, Goten then looked up with a whimper, "B-But… you're too strong when I'm like this. C-Can't I just use a tiny bit of energy?"

Chi-Chi responded with a firm shake of her head, "Uh-uh. This training is about getting you to use your senses without using your full strength. If an enemy manages to take away your powers, then you've got nothing. You only have your fighting skills to fall back on. Not only that, you have to learn to control your strength… especially when you're dealing with other people far weaker than you." She then widened her position and hardened her glare. "Besides, out here, I'm the master and you are the pupil. If I even feel your energy start to climb, I'll make sure you only get one serving of rice tonight. Got it?"

At this, the demi-Saiyan's eyes widened in horror. "W-What?! But mum-!"

Without another word, the woman dashed forward and leapt at her son with a yell, "No buts! It's time for round two!" She then dove at him with a kick, causing Goten to leap to the side in alarm. The child moved just in time to avoid her foot, which plunged into the earth and caused a loud shockwave to fill the air.

As the pair continued to fight it out, with Goten being forced to exchange shots with his mum using the bare minimum of strength, over by the house, the Ox King could be seen sitting on a lawn chair and watching the simultaneous shows unfold before him. This being one of the rare occasions he was able to see his daughter training, the man was also treated to the spectacle of his grandson and his best friend duking it out over the distant hills. Though he could only see the pair's battle in the form of an ongoing firework display of invisible explosions and sonic booms, the man could still feel the battle through the tremors in the earth and the clouds of dust rising over the mountains. He could also see his daughter and his other grandson sparring just a few feet in front of him, which put a big smile on his face as he sipped away at his enormous mug of coffee.

"Well done, Goten. Keep it up," the big man with the beard and glasses encouraged, before then turning to the horizon and calling out, "You too, Gohan!" He then chuckled when the response he got was the sound of his youngest grandson yelping and leaping out of reach of another of his mother's kicks. When he tried to fight back, the child paid for it with a palm strike to the forehead. "Ah, it's so nice to have a good, strong family. They don't take guff from no one," the Ox King remarked, at the same time laying his hands across his stomach comfortably.

It was same-old, same-old for the people living up in Mount Paozu, and things seemed to be coasting along for them just fine. Circumstances could also apply to the rest of the group. Kame Island was still in the same place it'd been left, with Krillin doing his best to raise his family, while also saving up for a place of their own, Yamcha was currently coping with the solitary existence of a bachelor in his penthouse outside of West City, and Tien, taking a page out of Goku's book, had decided to settle down in a new village outside of Central City with Launch, where he worked as the village leader and his friend Chiaotzu ran a martial arts school for youngsters.

This pretty much summed up the circumstances of everyone to date. However, despite the quick
That Wednesday, it was the day of the state swimming competition, and parents and students from schools all across the region had turned out to Orange Star High to view the festivities in person. With the bleachers and stands packed to the brim with excited spectators, every single man and woman was hyped up for the events to come. They’d already had the pleasure of watching the first two rounds of students for free style and were now waiting for the next group of kids to move up to their respective platforms. The students from the home team who’d turned out to support their side applauded as the next row of swimmers moved up to the block, with one particular group being the most vocal in their exclamations.

"Hey. Heads up, guys. It's Gohan's turn now," Touya said loudly, elbowing Sharpener in the side as he gestured towards the end of the fifty meter pool to their right.

The long haired sportsman, dressed in his usual material of singlet and jeans, grinned widely and clenched his fist in excitement, "Awesome. Our boy's totally going to roast those other pinheads standing alongside him. Their schools don't stand a chance." He then looked to his left and towards the rest of their group. "Alright, girls. The bases are lining up. It's time to show them what you've got."

While Erasa, Lime, Yukie and Sena were all more than willing to participate in the little scheme they'd cooked up, the only one out of their entourage who expressed a tiny bit of concern was Videl, and there was a good reason why. In the spur of the moment, all five of the girls had borrowed a set of cheerleading clothes from the club so that they could better support their friend during the main events of his competition. The outfits consisted of elasticized leotards with teasingly short skirts, and an orange and white color design to optimize the entire look. The school's logo was also clearly emblazoned on the front of the outfit, with the name Shooting Stars written in bold across the breast. It certainly was an eye catching ensemble, there was no doubt about that, but it was one that the most hardcore member of the group wasn't overly thrilled of being seen in.

This was made obvious by the nervous look on Videl's face and the shade of red radiating off of her cheeks. Shifting apprehensively in her seat, the raven haired girl murmured, "I… I'm not really sure about this."

"Oh, Vi. Stop being such a chicken," Erasa exclaimed in encouragement, grabbing the girl by the arm and, with the help of her friend Lime, hoisted their uneasy companion to her feet. "You're the one who said we should do something special for Gohan's big day."

"Y-Yeah. But… this isn't exactly what I had in mind," the crime fighter mumbled, at the same time gripping the front of her skirt and pulling it down. She could feel an uncomfortable draft up her legs due to the flimsy consistency of the dress, which had her shuffle about uncomfortably on the spot. "Look at me. I look like a friggin' idiot."

"No you don't," the blonde replied, waving her had dismissively at her friend's comment before patting the normally hardnosed teen on the back. "Trust me. You look great." She further encouraged her with a smile, which was as enchanting as it was heartwarming.

Her comment causing an even deeper shade of scarlet to spread over the fighter's face, Videl then looked up at her childhood friend with a blink, "Y-You think so?" She asked this while tucking some stray hair behind her ear.
"Of course," Erasa reaffirmed, at the same time picking up the four pompoms lying behind them. Handing two of them over to the shy Z-fighter, the incredibly cheerful teenager then giggled and waved them in front of her, "Besides... even if you did look funny in that skirt, then both the cheerleading squad and the rest of us would look pretty ridiculous as well, wouldn't you agree? That's the main rule when it comes to consistency." Erasa then took up the two glittering cheering tools and held them out with both hands. As soon as she did, she struck a very sailor-moon-like pose. "And even if you don't like them, you have to admit that these outfits are pretty damn comfortable."

Balking at her friend's remark, Videl then looked to her left to see Lime nod in agreement, "You can say that again. Though the skirt is a tad bit short for my liking, the waistlines on these leotards are really snug and stretchy." She added to this by placing her hands on her sides and moving her hips left and right. "The tailors they hired to design these really know how to make our school's extracurricular uniforms really well. I feel like a completely different person in these tights."

"Hmm... now that you mention it, I do feel pretty important and self-empowered," Yukie remarked, her doe's tail wagging behind her as the anthropomorphic girl beamed at the other teenagers sharing her row. "You know... metaphorically."

"And hey, as long as the five of us are dressed up like this, we may as well go out there and have some fun," Sena concurred, giving Lime a wide grin and earning one from her in kind. She then tugged on her skirt in a showy and playful manner, "If those featherbrains from Central City's Next Top Model can pull an exciting chant off the top of their heads, then the five of us should be able to do it too."

"Damn straight," Lime replied, at the same time bumping fists with the red haired girl.

Taking up their borrowed pompoms, the group of girls all stood side by side and prepared themselves for the whistle. Since a couple of them were completely new to the concept of cheering while dressed in the appropriate uniforms, they had to count on Erasa to lead them in the opening chorus. Though the boys planned on giving a holler for their local demi-Saiyan, they were more or less enjoying the sight of their gang's girls all dressed up and ready to dance. The pair of sportsmen even took a couple of moments to snap a few quick photos, much to the embarrassment of Videl and Sena respectively.

Once everyone was done ogling each other, they quickly turned their eyes back to the blocks, where they saw the next swimmers relinquish themselves of their towels and ready themselves for the event. As the line of eight swimmers flexed, stretched and warmed up for the hundred meter dash, Videl, Erasa and Lime couldn't help but do some gaping of their own when they saw Gohan step up to the front.

Though they'd seen the teen topless before on a number of occasions, including that time back at Capsule Corp, they'd never really seen him clad in a pair of swimming shorts while dripping with pre-competition perspiration. Standing there, under the light of the sun with a pair of goggles pulled over his forehead, the demi-Saiyan put on one hell of a presentation for the girls in the stands as he stood before the crowds, stretching his arms and back, and flexing his shoulders. While performing a basic arm stretch, with his right in the air and his left curled behind his neck, he gave everyone a wonderful view of his chiseled abs, chest and back, a sight that practically had Erasa's mouth watering with delight.

"Oh... wow," the blonde gasped, her unblinking gaze fixated squarely on the demi-Saiyan. She licked her lips for extra measure as they moved up and down the teen's ripped form.

"Is it just me... or does Gohan seem really, really hot today? More so than usual?" Lime asked, at
the same time swallowing the saliva she had collected in her mouth. "Kami. Look at those
deltoids."

"I sure can't wait to sink my teeth into that meat some day," Videl commented, earning a couple of
odd glances from Sharpener and Touya at the tone the crime fighter used to say it. It was only a
few seconds after her statement that the Z-fighter quickly realized what she'd just uttered on her
own accord and, after blushing under the stares of her classmates, cleared her throat and nudged
Erasa in the side. "Alright. Enough standing around and looking like idiots. It's time to rock this
joint."

Down by the pool, Gohan had just finished limbering up with his opponents and was now taking
position behind the block. Carefully slipping his goggles over his eyes, even though he didn't really
need them on account of his experience, the attractive young male prepared for the call of the
referee to move to the final starting point. However, just before he was getting ready for the
instruction, a series of loud cheers and calls suddenly pulled his attention away from the swimming
pool and his glistening reflection underneath. When he looked towards the stadium's stands
moments later, the boy not only saw Sharpener and Touya cheering for him from their seats, but he
saw all the girls of his group waving at him in the most bizarre display he'd ever seen.

"All together, now!" Erasa shouted, before leading the gang through a hilariously unsynchronized,
unrehearsed chant that had the people in the audience closest to their row looking up at them in
confusion, "Gohan, Gohan, he's our man! If he can't do it, no one can! Gee! Ooh! Haitch! An! He's
the greatest of our band! GOOooo, Gohan!" When the group did a really clumsy jump at the
end with their pompoms held out to the sides, the girls then gave a collective laugh as they tried to
form letters with their arms to spell their friend's name.

When that failed, the girls simply waved.

"You've got this, man!" Sharpener called loudly above the clamor of the crowd. "Whatever you do,
don't drown!"

"You can do it, Gohan!" Videl added at the end, being sure to stick her arm high into the air to
signal her best wishes to her boyfriend. "The school's counting on you!"

Though the demi-Saiyan was initially stunned by the sight of Videl in a cheerleading uniform,
considering it was the last thing he expected the tomboy to wear, he quickly shook his head,
grinned back at the group, and waved back timidly. When he heard them all call out his name a
second time, a comical sweat drop appeared on his forehead. "Thanks a lot guys. But... don't you
think the outfits are a little bit much?" Granted, it did make the girls appear more alluring, he
wasn't exactly sure whether this was the most appropriate setting to have them. Oh well. At least he
knew they were out there supporting him.

A loud whistle then rang out, signaling all of the swimmers to step up to the block. Doing as
instructed, Gohan and the rest of the row moved onto the diving platforms and stood straight up,
readying themselves for the off. Upon assuming the positions, the referee then made the final call.

"Take your marks...!" Almost all at once, every single swimmer on the diving blocks bent over
and took their stances. Then, a split second later, a loud, electronic 'beep' rang out, and all eight of
them jumped.

The race was on!

A loud cheer rang out across the school the moment Videl and the others saw Gohan take the leap,
performing a perfect dive into the water. After performing the standard dolphin kick in a hope of
putting themselves ahead of the competition, every single one of the swimmers then surfaced at once and began to free style through the water to the other side. Hands chopping into the pool like knives as they raced towards the wall, the group of teenagers began picking up speed the further and further they went. The sprays they kicked up were tremendous and the amount of ground they covered was amazing, even for high school students. But while all the swimmers currently in motion demonstrated perfect form and superb technique, it was the demi-Saiyan of the bunch that stole the entire show.

Videl's group cried out in full support of their classmate as he shot down the swimming pool and pulled ahead of the pack, determined to finish in a leading position. Though they all knew that the boy was purposefully cutting down on speed to make the competition more entertaining, even with the minutest amount of effort, he was really tearing it up. The boy was like a torpedo; a man in his natural element that could make Poseidon himself blush with jealousy. It was only when he reached the other side seconds later that he really decided to cut loose and, after performing a spectacular flip and turn, he kicked off the wall like an arrow launched from a bow.

Gohan's kick through the water after the maneuver caused a noticeably small wave across the pool that nearly knocked a couple of the swimmers off course. However, it was still too small to be of any real notice to the officials, as the crowds watched the teenager leave every other swimmer in his mist. Under the cheers of his friends and the cries of his school mates, he barreled down the lane like an Olympic Champion. Several seconds later, his hands slammed into the wall, and the boy's head leapt out of the water with a gasp.

Flinging water over his body as he threw his head back and ripped off his goggles, the hybrid then turned his attention to the clock to get his time and place. When Gohan saw the rest of his competitors finish several seconds later, it was all the proof he needed that he'd won the leg, hands down. Turning to the stands, the victorious teenager grinned and raised his fist towards the sky, before then giving a spirited and well-earned, "Yatta!"

Sharpener, Touya, Videl and the rest of the misfits cheered loudly when they heard Gohan give his triumphant shout. This signaled for the rest of the crowd to follow, with all those who'd turned out to support Orange Star High's team giving a collective roar of congratulations, showcasing their elation at the young man's victory. Under the applause of the people and his companions, and at the instructions of the referee, the demi-Saiyan then clambered out of the pool with the rest of the swimmers. As soon as he was back on land, he then waved to the people and turned to where his friends were seated.

When the boy raised his fist towards them, Sharpener turned to Touya and banged his knuckles against his shoulder, "Did you see that? I told you he could do it."

"Well, it certainly sounded like you did," the blonde replied, having a laugh when his friend took a playful swing at his head, which he ducked. "Hey, man. Chill. I'm just kidding. No need to go throwing punches at me just because I was right."

"Pft. Sure you were. Now stand still, you bum," the man laughed as he grabbed the man by the forearm and drilled several good punches into the one spot in his shoulder for good measure. "How do you like that? Huh? Huh?" This ended in Sharpener nursing a painful yet good-natured bruise, a few seconds before he returned the boy's punishment with a jab of his own.

The sight of them scuffling had the nearby Yukie and Lime shake their heads and thing to themselves, "Men."
As the boys scuffled and the rest of the girls continued to cheer heartily for their friend, Videl, sharing a grin with Lime, then faced the edge of the pool where she could see Gohan standing. When his gaze fell upon her, she smiled warmly at him and he threw one right back.

It was funny. Seeing him positioned directly underneath the limelight, bathed in the adulation of his fans… the girl couldn't help but think to herself how much it suited him. Had he taken the credit for Cell's defeat and the many times he did save the world from an enemy's wrath, she didn't think anyone would've been able to doubt his strength. However, that was neither here nor there, and even receiving credit for small victories such as this was good enough for her. As long as it made him happy.

And hey, he certainly looked good doing it. Hell, dressed the way he was, dripping with freshly drawn pool water, he looked even better than good. The sight practically had her eyes sparkle with desire.

The same could be said for Erasa, who couldn't help but blush as she admired every inch of the boy from a distance, standing there with his muscular arm raised in victory above the rest of his toned figure. Her hands came together excitedly as the blonde savored the sight, being sure to burn it into her retinas.

A sigh left the crime fighter's lips when she saw the boy return to the waiting area to dry himself off. "He looks really cool out there, doesn't he?"

Erasa swooned, "Mmm… yeah…"

"Once this is all over, we should definitely go out and celebrate. What do you think?"

"Yeah…"

"How about a restaurant? Do you have any suggestions?"

"Yeah…"

Hearing the breathy, unfocused responses coming back at her, Videl looked across at her best friend to see what was going on. When she saw the blonde was still gazing down at the Saiyan with a dreamy look in her eyes, a shade of red on her cheeks, a lustful grin in play, and her nostrils flared, the raven haired teen visibly balked and frowned. She was then about to give her distracted friend a good tongue lashing. However, when the blonde inhaled and licked the corner of her lips in a rather lewd manner, it was all the crime fighter could take before she decided to administer swift justice upon the situation.

Without a moment's hesitation, Videl reached over her friend's shoulders, hooked her fingers inside Erasa's nostrils, and pulled. The blonde was quickly snapped out of her trance when the raven haired girl buried her foot into her spine and, treating her nose like a set of reigns, began yanking back on them as if she was a horse. This had Erasa's body bending backwards like a bow, a sight that had everyone, including their rest of their group, cringe at how painful it appeared.

"What the hell is wrong with this nose, huh?" Videl growled, ignoring her friend's cries and flailing arms as she pulled back even further in a highly comical way. "Listen to what I'm saying, damn it!"

"AAAH! VIDEL! IT'S GOING TO RIP OFF!" Erasa practically screamed, her words all muffled due to the fingers in her face.

While the commotion pretty much went on unnoticed by Gohan and a majority of the stadium, it certainly didn't go on unacknowledged by the people in the immediate vicinity.
Nevertheless, it was all in good fun, and once Lime was able to break the two girls apart from their own squabble, things quickly returned to normal.

XXX

(Several days later)

(Omega Quadrant, Nimbus 5)

True to his word, as soon as Gohan was back in tip-top condition and had gotten all of his affairs in order, he gave Kana a buzz and asked her whether she still wanted to take him out to celebrate or not. Much to his amusement, without even a second of hesitation, the alien girl jumped down to earth, said her Christmas greetings to all the members of the Son residence she’d come to associate with over the years, and then took the demi-Saiyan on a trip across the cosmos.

The Z-fighter had no idea how many star systems and galaxies they passed. Whatever the case, about a few seconds of light speed travel later, and Gohan soon found himself and Kana standing in the middle of the seediest neighborhood the boy had ever come across.

At first the spiky haired warrior in the orange and blue gi thought he’d been dropped straight into the set of *Blade Runner*. The brightly lit, rustic skyscrapers of futuristic design towering all around him, flying cars and space ships choking up the skies, holographic billboards written in various bizarre alien languages, and the steamy, backwater streets stretching in all directions certainly amounted to a dystopian version of downtown Las Angeles. However, on closer inspection, the community was much more than that. Aside from seeing the typical street thugs, lowlifes and gutter dwellers the Saiyan would often see back on one of his planet’s great infrastructures, what he also saw were aliens and creatures of all shapes and sizes assumed in the roles of this setting’s common folk.

The diversity of extraterrestrial life around him was astonishing. To his right, gathered in front of what he suspected to be some sort of porno theatre, was a group of lizard-men gangsters dressed in nineties bikey outfits, with hot alien groupies wrapped around their arms, giggling away as two of them fought. Behind him the Saiyan saw a couple of really tall birdmen walk past, chatting away with a female cat-alien and a green woman with dreadlocks for hair and a tail, all four of whom were dressed in fashionable spandex. To Gohan’s left, he saw a man in a hood making what he figured to be some sort of drug deal with a shady alien with a crystallized face in an alleyway. Furthermore, just as he was soaking in the rest of the population, the boy leapt back with a start when a large snake man, who was about three feet taller than him and had fours, claw-like arms, slithered past him.

Needless to say, the sudden change in scenery was a real culture shock to the country teen.

Clearing his throat in surprise, the bewildered Gohan spoke. "This is where you go to relax?" he asked, while at the same time taking note of a tall, humanoid male dressed in a space suit and leaning against his parked car, making out with a scantily clad alien girl with grayish skin and dragon wings.

Laughing at the boy’s question, the Seirei in the glowing jumpsuit grinned and elbowed the teen in the side. "No. I said this is where I go to celebrate." She then waved for him to follow, "Come on." She then crossed the street, heading towards a large, metal building with a glowing neon sign on the outer wall just above the entrance.

Initially apprehensive, Gohan decided to shadow the freelancer out of sheer curiosity. However, just before he could cross after the woman, the boy jumped back with a start when a grey hover car
suddenly came screaming down the road and blew past him. The driver, a burly alien with orange skin, mandibles around a human mouth, and scales, honked at the boy and screamed out the window.

"Watch where you're going, numbskull!"

Shaking his head, the demi-Saiyan shouted after the offender, "HEY! I'M WALKING HERE!" Not sure whether his yell reached the inconsiderate driver or not, the miffed warrior ignored the snickers from the two alien men, leaning against the wall behind him, both of whom looked surprisingly like Appule and Cui, and quickly followed after Kana.

When the hybrid eventually reached the girl waiting patiently on the other side, he heard her giggle. "Trouble with the locals?"

"That crazy guy nearly ran me over," the frazzled Saiyan exclaimed, simultaneously pointing after the vehicle that'd been traveling well above the speed limit. "Should I report him. I got his license tag. Triangle, triangle… something that looks like a square." Damn. What a weird language.

With the amount of aliens hanging around, it wouldn't surprise him one bit if he ran into somebody who spoke brail.

"Don't bother," Kana chuckled, giving the issue a flippant wave before wrapping her arms around Gohan's, hugging him tightly. "In this town, there's practically no government or law to run things. It's all done by the local crime bosses and space port companies. Just think of it as your typical, outskirt rat pit or crud bucket, where the scum of the universe gather to eat, celebrate, and party, sixty two cycles a day."

Gohan smiled when he felt the girl proceed to drag him down the footpath and towards their intended destination. "Sounds like a really charming place," he remarked, at the same time ducking under a crate being carried by a massive, red alien about three meters tall in space armor, with four eyes and four arms. "Vegeta would feel right at home here."

"He probably would," Kana replied, her glowing orange hair trailing behind them as they continued to edge their way across the neighborhood. "Sounds like a really charming place," he remarked, at the same time ducking under a crate being carried by a massive, red alien about three meters tall in space armor, with four eyes and four arms. "Vegeta would feel right at home here."

The young man laughed at the face the girl made and nodded to her, "Let me guess, Star Trek?"

Kana then slapped him in the chest, "Don't be ridiculous. I watched it from your planet's data bases yesterday when I downloaded it. It was awesome." Her nose then turned forward again as the pair continued to walk and talk. Despite the general scope of the area, from the way the two of them looked with their arms interlocked, you could swear that they were a young couple out on a date. It certainly felt like it from the Seirei's perspective, even though Gohan was completely oblivious to her motives. "Anyway… if you're ever looking for a more disgusting place, you've found it. Everyone on this planet is completely hardcore."

"You don't need to tell me twice. I've only been here for five minutes and I already feel like my life is in danger," Gohan said, watching a tall man in a high-tech combat suit similar to a SWAT uniform march by with a rifle on his back. Taking note of a tiny, spherical robot with a lone, red eye floating after the mercenary and stepping over a family of bipedal insectoid-aliens the size of boots, the cautious Saiyan then directed a smile back at his friend. "So, reckless-woman-who-
decided to abduct me... where is this place you've been dying to take me to all this time?"

Grinning widely, the orange haired woman then stopped in front of a set of metal doors and pointed at the sign above. "Right here."

At first Gohan was taken aback. Size of the gate aside, the damn thing was made completely out of metal and was covered in all sorts of grime, indicating that whoever owned this place didn't put much effort into making this a really respectable establishment... or at least tried to. Furthermore, besides the smell of fish and garbage water, there was also the distinct sound of party music booming loudly on the other side, causing the various vents and panels to tremble with every base note that was hit. Drinking it all in, the demi-Saiyan quickly deduced that this was some sort of night club and that it was the stuff going on inside that the Seirei was so eager to introduce him to.

Before he could even ask Kana what was waiting for them beyond the steel barricade, the glowing woman stepped forward, placed two hands against the handles, and threw the entrance open with an excited shout, "What's up, guys?!"

Almost instantly, the entire place let out a collective, booming roar. "KANAAAAA!"

And this was on top of the ridiculously loud music.

As the girl stepped in with her arms raised, basking in the collective outcry of her admirers, and the double doors closed behind them, Gohan was treated to his second biggest surprise for the day. Not only did he saw the Seirei receive high-fives from all the patrons that were there to greet her, he also saw the place that they were associated with.

In front of him, the Saiyan saw the biggest, most high-tech disco joint he'd ever come across in his young life. The dance floor in front of him and the booths surrounding the place were packed to the brim with drunk, rowdy aliens, all decked out and dressed for a night on the town. Left and right, he saw men and women of all races, shapes, colors and creeds tearing it up across the space, crying out as the music thundered from the speakers above them. All the girls, or what he could see were girls, were dressed in skimpy tops, skirts, spandex and lace, hitting it up with the most bizarre men from all four corners of the universe. Initially Gohan had to shake his head when he thought he saw Captain Ginyu, Cell and Frieza dancing in the crowd, when in reality they were just other people from their races busting moves under the light of the strobes. They certainly looked like them though... there was no arguing that.

Now Gohan would have to live the rest of his life with the image of a Frieza, with boobs, dressed in a bra and G-string, dancing on a table in high heels.

Only the most coma-inducing amounts of alcohol and a few shots to the head would be able to get rid of that memory. Hopefully this place could provide such a beverage.

Under the blazing lights flickering from lamps and spots, Gohan also saw hot alien go-go girls in bikinis dancing in cages that were hanging from the ceiling, food and drinks being served at the booths, a poker tournament taking place in the far corner, and massive television screens and holograms playing party themed recordings for everyone to enjoy. From the cheers going on all around and the amount of testosterone he smelled, it certainly looked like people were having fun, and as he proceeded to follow Kana into the sea of hormones and excitement, it became even more obvious.

"Wow. And you think you know a girl," Gohan mused to himself, smiling as he watched Kana chart a course through a path formed in the crowd.
As they walked, the glowing woman continued bumping fists and high-fiving people left and right. "Hey! How's it going? Long time no see?" the girl chirped, jabbing a large, red-haired, humanoid alien in a jumpsuit as she passed him. "Lookin' good, Zil."

"You too, Kana," the large, muscular traveler laughed, while at the same time grinning at the Seirei. "Workin' hard?"

"You know it," the bombshell mercenary replied, before raising a hand to a boney, Martian-like man in battle armor approaching her from the front. "Yo, Yin. Nice suit. Up high!" She then slapped the alien's hand good-naturedly, earning a croaky response from him when he stepped aside. The man's words earned a playful grin from the glowing girl. "Ten-four, my friend. Ten-four." After waving at the people she'd met on the way through, the girl then dragged Gohan over to the bar.

When they arrived there, they quickly found two seats between a large, bulky man with plates of bone growing out of his skin and a lizard woman in tights. Edging her way in, the glowing Seirei then slapped her hand on the bar and grinned across at the man working behind it.

"Yo, Gonz. Is the garcon in this dive still as bad as I remember?"

Hearing her voice loud and clear, the alien working behind the counter, a burly, orange alien with tusks and an apron, turned around, grinned a toothy smile at the Seirei, and raised two large pints of an unidentifiable foamy liquid. "See for yourself, firefly." He then slammed the two drinks on the counter, not even caring if they spilled as the glowing woman quickly grabbed the nearest one by the handle. "On the house."

"Thanks," Kana exclaimed, taking a seat as the barkeep moved down the line and Gohan slid into the one next to her. Pushing the second serving over to her guest and watching him take it, the Seirei then picked her mug up and held it between them. "Cheers." Clinking it against the Saiyan's when he returned her gesture, the glowing female wasted no time in putting the glass to her lips and chugging back on the beverage.

Gohan could only watch in utter amazement as Kana guzzled down the entire pint in one swig, his mouth dropping when he saw the woman slap it down a second later and belch at the top of her lungs.

Wiping away the excess foam from her lips, the Seirei sighed, "Ah. Now that's good garcon." She then glanced over at the Saiyan next to her and smiled warmly. "Try it. It's great."

Looking at his apprehensively, Gohan then brought the drink up and took a swig of it as well. At first the taste of bubbly sweet nectar danced across his tongue, filling his stomach with wonton desire. But then, when a very gasoline like taste replaced the sensation of honey, the boy's cheeks unexpectedly bloated and he spat out the liquid all across the counter. Sputtering in shock, he looked back down at his drink in bewilderment, "Ugh. Man… that's some really strong stuff."

"Well… it might not be your vintage, but it certainly is mine," Kana laughed, resting her cheek on her hand as she beamed across at the boy in amusement. After seeing him give the drink another try, this time with a little more success, the Seirei stared at him brightly. "I take it you don't come to neighborhoods like this very often?"

"Honestly, no. However, I do find a lot of enjoyment from visiting new places and trying out different cultures," Gohan quickly replied, grinning as he gazed back at his hostess. As the music continued to play and the patrons continued to dance like fools behind him, the demi-Saiyan still found the opportunity to engage with his friend in civilized conversation. "Though this isn't really
the kind of setting you'd find me in, I'm still really glad you were able to take me here. Thanks."

"No problem. Live life to the fullest! That's what I always say. It's an experience you shouldn't let go to waste," the Seirei stated, tapping the bar and watching as the host, Gonzo, slid another full glass over to her. Taking it into her firm grip, she gazed at her friend welcomingly to see him casually sip away at his beverage. "After your near death experience, I figured taking you to the wildest, most jamming joint in the galaxy would be the best way to celebrate your return to the real world."

"Yeah. And what a place it is," the young man chuckled, turning to the dance floor and gesturing to the aliens dancing on the stage and tables. "I've never seen so many aliens packed into one building before. Forget about the guys that look like my old enemies, there are groups of men and women out there that I never even seen in movies."

"These are the outskirts. You're bound to run into a few familiar faces," Kana stated, earning a curious look from her companion.

"Oh? Any I should look out for in particular?"

"Let's see. Well..." Kana began, before then grinning and pointing down the table over Gohan's shoulder, "If we're looking for familiar faces, here comes one right now." When the hybrid turned around to look, the pair was quickly confronted by the individual in question.

"Kana. I thought I heard your name get called out across the club," a four foot, blue alien with yellow eyes, a human shaped body, and a purple jumpsuit recognized as belonging to the Galactic Patrolman spoke, at the same time stopping right where the two fighters were seated. Placing his hands on his hips and scowling up at the orange haired woman in the plug suit, the odd-looking alien frowned. "What are you doing all the way out here in such a dirty, disgusting place?"

The Seirei chuckled as she looked down at the serious man. "That's funny. I could ask the same thing of you, Jaco." She then raised an eyebrow at the little officer. "What could a man working for the Galactic Patrol Corp be doing on a planet way beyond the reach of his jurisdiction?"

Grunting, the short alien policeman quickly placed his hands on his belt in an attempt to look intimidating. "That, my dear, is something that doesn't concern a freeloading, freelancer like yourself. For your information, I just happen to be on a very top secret mission issued to me personally by the head of my department." He then waved his gloved finger up at the wanderer in warning. "I do not believe someone of your position and reputation has anything to gain from such an endeavor... especially since you seem to hanging around with... uhh... umm..." The alien then looked up at Gohan. Quickly taking note of his attire and appearance, Jaco scrunched his face thoughtfully and nodded, "Other... unauthorized... persons of interest."

Chuckling, the young traveler leaned back against the counter and raised her foamy drink to the man in a relaxed manner. "Cool your jets, Jaco. I'm on vacation now. You don't need to worry about me stirring up any trouble here. At least... not right now anyway." She then glanced across at Gohan and pointed the boy down at the man in front of them. "Gohan. Meet Jaco: a very close friend of mine and a frequent business associate that I've crossed paths with on a number of occasions."

"Oh. Really?" Clearing his throat, the demi-Saiyan slapped a hand onto his knee and bowed to the man politely, all the while remaining seated on his bar stool. "Um, pleasure to meet you, sir." His gesture and politeness to the tiny official had Kana snigger with amusement.

Grunting at the boy's reply, the alien patrolman waved back, "Likewise." Quickly shooting a glare
back at the orange haired woman, Jaco then pointed up at her once more warningly. "Remember, Kana... I've got my eye on a very important target in this town, so don't go doing anything stupid... like blowing it up in another bar fight." When he saw the glowing girl give him the 'OK' sign, the alien adjusted his jumpsuit and stomped off, looking incredibly adorable as he vanished into the crowd of dancers.

When they saw him leave, Gohan quickly turned back to Kana with a curious look. "A policeman?"

"In a way," Kana shrugged, before smiling fondly at her friend. When he took another sip of his drink, she continued to shed some light on the identity of the newcomer, "He's part of an organization that ensures the laws and orders of the universe across the world trade territories are kept in line. He thinks he's an elite member of their unit, tasked with bringing down the most dangerous criminals and lowlifes in the quadrant, when in reality his superiors treat him like fodder and give him assignments that really don't mean anything. I try to tell him that, but he keeps denying it."

"Heh. I see," Gohan chuckled. Now he felt a little bit sorry for the guy. He seemed really nice. "If there are guys out there who hunt down criminals across the galaxy, then I'd better be careful with the stuff I do back home. Our fights haven't exactly been solar system friendly."

"Ah, I doubt you have anything to worry about. Just try not to break any intergalactic laws while you're outside of the Milky Way and you should be fine," Kana informed, giving the young man a grin when he turned back to face her. "The last thing you want is someone like Remington coming after you."

"Remington?"

"He's an armored warrior from the planet Dawn; a humanoid plant who has made a name for himself as the most ruthless, toughest bounty hunter on this side of the universe. If you've got a massive price on your head, chances are he's coming after you," the glowing alien informed, at the same time chugging back another sip of her drink. After seeing Gohan do the same thing, the girl chuckled, "I've only met him twice in my life. The guy literally looks like he kills people for a living."

"If he's a one-eyed man with a black trench coat, a five o'clock shadow and a mechanical gauntlet for an arm, then I'm totally onboard with that," the demi-Saiyan stated with a grin.

Kana chuckled at the teen's near-accurate description of the individual. "Three out of four. Well done."

After taking another swig, Gohan was about to carry on the conversation and ask his friend a little bit more about the other notable creatures in the cosmos. But before he could even proceed with his next question, the boy then noticed a little ways down the bar, past the aliens seated along the counter, and in a booth situated firmly against the wall directly in his line of sight, a person staring back at him. At first he needed another look past the bodies to see if he wasn't tripping, but after focusing on the figure in the seats, he was able to see exactly who they were.

A beautiful, fair-skinned woman around her thirties, humanoid in appearance, with very long black, spiky hair that grew down to her waist, and was done into a hanging ponytail. Aside from its style resembling his when he was a young kid, the woman was also wearing a set of armor that was similar in style to Frieza's military. Unique in its overall design, the main parts of the armor were black, with a single yellow shoulder guard on the right, a waist guard on the left, and two red pull-up sleeves and a red battle dress. On top of the boots, she also had a brown fur belt of some kind
wrapped around her waist, something that struck Gohan as oddly familiar.

Blinking in confusion when he saw that the woman in the booth was still glaring at him, the demi-Saiyan then noticed Kana look over her shoulder. Obviously wondering what had him so distracted, the glowing girl then gazed back at the teen curiously.

"What's up? Something wrong?" the Seirei asked.

"No… nothing much… it's just…" He then nodded down the bar, only to then see the woman in the booth look away hastily. "It looks like that woman over there is staring at me."

"Really?" Glancing at the person that was under the Saiyan's suspicions, Kana raised an eyebrow and smiled at her hybrid crush happily. "Ah, she's probably interested in you because you're the hottest guy to enter this bar in weeks. Granted there are a few attractive men in here, you're probably the only one in this town with a nose and complexion like yours."

"Uh-huh," Gohan murmured, tilting his head back at the booth before returning his attention to his drink.

Sensing his apprehension, the Seirei grinned and, picking up her glass and finishing off her second serving, then looked at the boy mischievously. "Hey. I've got something that'll help take your mind off of her." Placing her hand against his cheek and pulling his face towards her, the glowing girl gave the surprised teen a sly grin and inched her nose closer to his. "I read somewhere in your planet's national geography that fox couples down on earth, bond with one another through boxing. It's a practice that you Saiyans and several other races across the universe excel at… trading blows as a means of showing affection for one another."

Gohan gulped nervously, watching the proximity between him and the girl close millisecond by millisecond. For a moment he thought Kana was going to do something to him that would have his hair stand on end, his cheeks reddening as expectations for the event began to build. However, just as he felt the girl's breath touch his lips and her nose gently brush against his, the boy suddenly felt the glass in his hand get yanked out of his grip. In the blink of an eye, he then saw the Seirei spin around and slam his cup across the head of the large man sitting next to them.

The hulking man with bones growing out of his leathery body cried out when the glass shattered over the back of his skull, sending him lurching forward.

As the demi-Saiyan gawked, not sure what had compelled Kana to do such a thing, he then felt the girl place the broken handle of the glass in his open hand and noticed the Seirei take a step back. When the giant alien with the chiseled face and oversized molars for teeth turned to glare at them, the Seirei cheekily held up her hand and thumbed over to Gohan, who was holding the large handle as evidence of 'his actions.'

Seeing the girl pointing at him and the giant alien snarl in his direction, the teen then put two-and-two together and looked up with a start. "What?"

Cracking his knuckles, the hulking man in the spandex shorts narrowed his eyes upon the one 'responsible' for smashing the glass over his head. A split second later, the alien gave a primal roar, charged at the startled demi-Saiyan, and tackled him with the full force of a comet. Like a rhino, the man lifted Gohan off his feet and plowed him through the crowd, before slamming the winded teen straight down onto a table, shattering it under their combined weight.

Initially the crowds were baffled by the sight of the two alien warriors beginning to duke it out across the floor, with the giant alien seemingly having the upper hand over his smaller opponent.
But then, when smiles began to appear on the faces of all the men and women in the area, all hell suddenly broke loose. A loud, collective cry echoed throughout the building as drunks and partygoers began breaking tables and chairs across people's backs left and right, with every single patron beginning to engage in a building-wide slugfest. With bottles and debris flying through the air and bystanders jumping into the fray, interrupting the celebratory atmosphere of the business, almost every single person in the vicinity became involved in the scrap.

As bodies and furniture filled the air behind her, Kana decided that it was time for her to get involved as well. Grinning when she saw Gohan throw his hulking opponent off of him, the girl downed the last of her drink, wiped her lips clean and, with a bellowing war cry of her own, dove at the nearest pair of drunks she could see. "HAAAAAAA!" Grabbing the brawling pair by the backs of their skulls, she pulled them apart, slammed their faces together, knocked them out, and dove at a nearby woman with blue skin, tackling her to the floor.

It soon transformed into an all-out-war inside the outskirt club. Televisions were smashed, tables were shattered, and people began dropping to the ground like flies. The first to go were the incredibly inebriated, who stumbled about for several moments before collapsing under the weight of their own vices. The next were the faint of heart, who were easily overpowered by the more macho opponents, who didn't hesitate one bit to beat the crud out of them before moving on to their next target. Hell, the fight became so intense and so outrageous that even the go-go girls inside the cages jumped out and began clawing at the men scraping beneath them. It was great.

Over the next hour, Gohan had to contend with multiple, surprisingly powerful opponents. His hulking tackler aside, who wouldn't stay down no matter how many blows he dealt the man, the demi-Saiyan also had to deal with attacks from behind and from his sides; resulting in a very hectic exchange between dozens of opponents. Catching one particular alien when he tried to blindside him, the young warrior threw him into another oncoming foe to his left, a large slug patron who was attempting to bring him down with a charge. Managing to throw both to the ground, he then dodged a wide swing from an armored, troll-like foe, who let out a terrifying roar as he attempted to down the poor human.

"This is insane!"

"Yeah! Isn't it great?" Kana shouted back, knocking the spike-covered man out with an elbow to the head before kicking the woman into a nearby table. After disposing of the two, she was then grabbed from behind by a giant insect-alien in a space suit, which caught her in a headlock and began lifting her off the floor. Coughing out in shock, the Seirei grinned, "Aren't you having fun?"

Punching the large troll in the gut, dropping him to his knees, Gohan stopped for a moment before looking at the woman behind him. "Actually… yeah." Grin forming, the man turned to punch his stricken adversary across the jaw, smacking him to the ground. His victory over his alien quarry was short-lived however, as he was suddenly struck in the back by a chair that sent him hurtling into a booth.

Crashing into the couches and table, the poor boy ended up buried under several feet of furniture and wall plating. The cause of his painful flight turned out to be a large, carapace alien with a face resembling an iguana, and dressed in black battle armor, complete with side-arm. Upon sending his target flying, the fit looking creature chuckled darkly and threw the destroyed chair aside, before then beginning to stomp towards the spot Gohan had wound up landing. At first he thought the young warrior had been knocked out cold. But then, much to his and everybody else's surprise, a loud clap of thunder followed by an explosion sent the pile of rubble flying off of the downed
fighter, who rose up from the crash site bathed in a bright, golden glow.

From her position on top of a squirming dancer girl, whom she had pinned beneath her posterior, the raven haired woman that'd previously been staring at the demi-Saiyan from the booth looked up at the glowing young man in amazement. With her alien opponent's legs caught in her arms and the owner of the trapped limbs clawing at the ground for some sort of purchase, the armored woman whispered in surprise, "I knew it… he's…"

Head spinning from the surprise hit to the spine, the hybrid Super Saiyan panted and wiped the blood dripping from his lip. When he noticed the startled look on the hulking iguana's face, a wide grin appeared across Gohan's mouth. "So you want to play rough, huh? Alright." He then threw his hands forward and fired a powerful *kiai*, slamming it into the alien man before charging at him. With a loud yell of excitement and vigor, the Saiyan leapt at the stumbling man and tackled him in a manner very similar to a football player, only to feel the anthropomorphic iguana, who stood to about two times his size, catch him with his giant limbs and hold his ground. This resulted in a wrestling match between the pair of warriors. The two brawlers dug their feet into the hard ground, the effort of which prompting the carapace patron to power up through a fierce, white aura to match his estranged foe, who in turn snarled against the man's chest.

Ending in a good, old-fashioned stalemate, Gohan quickly decided to break the hold and took his opponent by surprise. Leaping off of the ground, the blonde demi-Saiyan kneed the man in the face and dropped him to the floor, where he then pinned the large man under his foot. Snarling menacingly, the lizard alien grabbed the boy by the gi and drew his fist back to meet the half-human head on.

"Bring it on, runt!"

"Sure thing, pal!"

However, just as Gohan was loading his own fist to continue pummeling his opponent into submission, on the second floor balcony above them, a large, blue man in a metal space suit, jetpack and mask, leapt over the side of the railing and, with his arms and legs held out, dove straight down towards the Super Saiyan with a primal yell. Before he knew it, the muscular, heavy alien managed to body-slam Gohan straight into the floor with the force of a meteor, ending in all three men smashing a hole down to the basement. It was here that the trio of idiots ended up crushing on top of one another in a very painful, yet very comical dog pile.

And so the epic, intergalactic bar fight continued.

Feeling the pressure of multiple opponents mounting, Kana also powered up and engaged Gohan's previous opponent. When the hulking figure attempted to get rough with her, the Seirei wound up shoulder-tossing the boney man into the massive television screen above, destroying it in a shower of glass and sparks. As a result, the platform broke and dropped to the ground, flattening a couple of patrons and knocking them out cold, inadvertently providing a perfect, king-of-the-hill space for other men and women present to wrestle over. Gohan soon rejoined the scuffle after jumping out of the hole he'd formed in the ground and, along with several other aliens who powered up to match their more powerful adversaries, ended up breaking what was left of the bar's fixtures. Even the owner of the club threw himself into the fray, pulling out a frying pan to smack the daylights out of the more rowdy of patrons.

Things soon started to pick up after Gohan thinned out another herd of would-be opponents, picking off a couple more aliens one after another. However, the moment he kicked away an alien from Frieza's race charging at him from behind, sending the carapace figure straight into another two brawlers, he was suddenly hit across the face by something hard and fast, which sent him
spinning into a support beam. Slamming into it and denting the structure, the baffled Super Saiyan then looked up with a start to see the raven haired woman who'd been spying on him earlier, glaring in his direction.

Blinking at seeing this particular figure facing him down, the demi-Saiyan hurriedly rubbed off the bruise and rose up into a proper fighting stance, "That was a solid hit. Think you can do it again while facing me?" He asked this with a glint of excitement in his eye.

In response, the woman smirked back at him in a very Vegeta-like manner, something that sent a cold shiver up Gohan's spine. "I don't know. Let's see." All of a sudden, the female's expression steeled and her fists clenched. Just when the hybrid thought his new adversary was going to throw an energy blast his way and force him to dodge, in a flash of white light, a golden aura suddenly exploded around the woman, spiking up her hair and turning it blonde. At the same time, her eyes also turned a shade of green, completing her ascension.

The woman's sudden transformation into Super Saiyan had the Z-fighter recoil in shock, his eyes widening as he saw the female glare him down in her newly powered-up state. Initially he was thunderstruck when he realized that the woman he was now confronting was actually a Saiyan…and a full-blooded one at that. But what astonished him more than that was the fact that upon gauging her now open-book power level, he noticed that her energy was higher than his. This was made evident by how well-defined her body had become and the fact that her muscles were now more prominent in this state.

As soon as her transformation had stabilized, the woman then nodded towards the boy in a 'what-up' manner. "Well, kid? Do you think I'll be able to hit you now?" When she didn't receive an answer in the first five seconds and only a dumb shake of the head, the mystery Saiyan then grunted and frowned. "Thought so." All of a sudden, the woman dashed forward at blinding speed and, appearing directly in front of her opponent, elbowed him in the face just as he was raising his arms to block. Her light speed hit landed with a sickening 'crunch', sending Gohan flying through the air to slam into the back wall. His aura extinguishing the instant he stopped, the boy dropped back to the ground and fell to his hands and knees. The moment he landed, the hybrid, with his teeth gritted and blood trickling from his nose, leapt back to his feet and lobbed a golden ki blast straight at the antagonistic Super Saiyan in the center of the room. Before it could hit, the woman effortlessly backhanded it into the stage light above her, disintegrating the piece of equipment before sprinting towards the teen with intent.

Sprinting forward as well, Gohan fired off two more blasts at the woman, both of which bounced off of her chest and shoulder when she blew right through them. Realizing blasting her wasn't going to work, the teen continued his approach at a much greater speed, before he leapt at her and landed a solid left hook across her face. The blow struck with a dull 'thud', knocking the woman back and momentarily stunning her, which caused her golden aura to dissipate. Gohan then followed up the haymaker by lifting his right arm and driving it down into her neck, connecting hard and causing the woman to lurch.

However, undeterred by the two power shots, the woman responded with a growl and slammed a right hook across the teen's face, knocking blood from his mouth before then attempting to hit him with a left cross. Gohan parried it easily enough and retaliated with a right elbow to her temple, which would've cut the skin wide open. Unfortunately it didn't, and the teen received a swift uppercut to the chin as a result. When the woman threw a right snap kick to his head, which he quickly blocked, Gohan then tried to nail her with a right hook, only for the woman to catch his wrist and twist it into a submission hold.
Growling as he resisted, the demi-Saiyan found that he was unable to break the grip when the Super Saiyan woman suddenly grabbed him by the back of his gi with her free hand, spun him around, and slammed him face first into a nearby support pillar. The teen struck the iron bar with a loud 'clang', before several more loud thuds began to ring out as his opponent drew him back and slammed him into the pole three more times, bending the frame at its base. The moment it collapsed, she then finished her vicious beat down of the boy by throwing him straight into the table next to them, disintegrating it and punching a crater into the cobalt floor.

Groaning at the concussive blows he'd received, Gohan struggled to get back to his feet, only for his opponent to grab him by the shoulders and hoist him the rest of the way up. Just as he was hooking his hands around her arms to get some kind of leverage, the Super Saiyan woman spun them again and threw him straight through a crowd of drunken fighters. The poor demi-Saiyan bowled them over before crashing through a large speaker, destroying it in a shower of sparks.

Pushing himself back to his feet, a shaken and badly beaten Gohan opted for a change of tactics. Grabbing a nearby steel pole, the boy spun around and slammed it across the head of his approaching opponent. The first hit landed with a deafening 'clang.' The second hit that followed shattered the pole and had the female Super Saiyan spin on the spot as bits of metal scattered across the floor. When Gohan threw away the dented handle, he saw his opponent turn to glare at him, with a cut over her brow and a deep bruise on her left cheek. As soon as both fighters glared at each other, they rushed forward and tackled one another, grabbing their adversary by their shoulders and attempting to push them over.

Their feet dug into the tiles and split them as the two Super Saiyans grappled, their auras bursting forth and beginning to rip the place asunder. Patrons and debris was blown in all directions from their combined force, causing the second floor walkway to collapse. But just before a winner of the wrestling match could be decided, the female Super Saiyan suddenly weaved her arms around Gohan's, knocked them away, and front kicked him straight into the chairs behind him. The couches exploded when the hybrid smashed through them, before the teen back-flipped and landed clean on the other side.

Amidst the debris and the raging battles going on around him, Gohan spat out the blood in his mouth and smirked. "You're really tough. Hitting you in the head and torso is like burying my knuckles into a block of iron."

The golden haired female chuckled. "That's what living in deep space does for you. Training on planets with hundreds of times normal gravity and no oxygen helps build a Saiyan's endurance and stamina. I'm actually surprised you've gotten as strong as you have in the conditions you must've been raised in," the woman admitted, before taking another stance and grinning excitedly. "Let's see how long you can keep that up."

"Sure," Gohan complied, a split second before running in to engage the woman once again.

Eventually, after another hour of trading punches, almost every single man and woman in the bar had been knocked unconscious. Scattered amidst the ruins of the indoor battlefield, bodies could be seen strewn about the place, covered in food, liquids, and other bodies of dozens of aliens, all of whom had fallen in the heat of battle. Those who were unable to limp away from the fray had wound up crashing wherever they were lying and were now snoring away, while the bartender switched off the lights and began sweeping up the mess. Obviously he was unconcerned with the insane amounts of damages caused to his establishment, as he knew his insurance and connections would be able to take care of it.

As for the two people responsible for the fight in the first place, they could be found standing
outside on the other side of the street, nursing some serious bruises, and being shadowed by their
new dance club companion, who'd decided to tag along. All three of them were now walking off
the vicious beatings they'd received and given, with Kana rubbing a sore jaw and Gohan tending to
a swollen left eye, bloody lip and bruised ribs, using a piece of meat he'd managed to buy from the
front counter to treat the former. His opponent, the mystery Saiyan woman with the long black
hair, also had her arm in a sling and a noticeable black eye, courtesy of her fellow Saiyan
opponent.

Groaning as she rolled her shoulder, sitting on the bench next to her demi-Saiyan friend, Kana
spoke in a strained voice, "Man… we really gave it to each other back there, didn't we?"

Cringing at the stinging pain in his face, the battered Gohan chuckled, "Do you think we got a little
bit carried away? We did trash Gonzo's place pretty good."

"Nah. It's alright. This happens a lot more than you think it does," the Seirei replied with a careless
wave of her hand. "Plus he's covered."

"That's good. I can't imagine the amount of paperwork and crap he'd have to go through if this only
happened to him once every month," the warrior with the torn up gi remarked. After moving the
steak- or what he thought was steak- away from his face and holding it out for Kana to use, he then
turned his attention to the woman behind him, who he could see was working on a nasty shiner on
her left leg. Upon seeing her eyes shift over to him, the teenager spoke a little more seriously.
"You're a Saiyan too, huh? That's cool. The last thing I expected coming all the way out here was
running into another one."

The woman standing beside him chuckled, "What's there to be surprised about? You and I are
warriors… members of the most powerful race in the universe. It'll take more than some lizard in a
floating chair to take us out."

Kana, the piece of meat pressed up against her swollen cheek, laughed a little at the woman's
comment, "She certainly talks like a Saiyan. There's no doubt about that."

It was then Gohan cracked a smile, "Let me guess; you managed to escape Planet Vegeta's
destruction and came all the way out to these parts of the universe so that you wouldn't be
discovered?"

The Saiyan woman shrugged, "More or less. A lot of really intense shit went down after our home
planet was vaporized. It was like a mass exodus gone mad. Those who were off world at the time
on top secret missions fled their systems when they heard rumors of Planet Vegeta being destroyed
by Frieza. Those who heard it'd collided with a rogue planet went to their assigned rendezvous
points… only to be ambushed by Frieza's men and massacred. And others who were around at the
time Frieza attacked Vegeta either stayed and died… or fled the world as fast as they could, with
most of them being caught up in the planet's explosion." The mysterious Super Saiyan then raised
her good hand and shrugged in a casual manner. "Dozens of us managed to survive the destruction
of our planet… with a great many going into hiding. That's not even counting the young Saiyans
who'd been dispatched to other planets in the days prior to the event."

It was hearing this that drew an understanding nod from the two fighters listening to the
mercenary's compelling tale.

"That certainly explains a lot," Gohan commented, glancing across at Kana for clarification.

The glowing girl smiled, "The Saiyans are a resilient race… one of the greatest primate-animal
species in the cosmos. Not even time has been able to diminish your bloodlines."
"I'm a freelance agent now," the Saiyan woman interjected, drawing the pair's attention back to her to see the proud smile on her face. She then poked her chest armor with her thumb. "I live on this planet as a bounty hunter and a local gun for hire, with no tyrants or bosses to rule over me."

Her statements earned a small smile from the hybrid warrior on the bench, "That's nice. Do you have a family here as well?"

A shrug followed the boy's innocent question, "In a way. I've dated a few men and women in the years since I got here, but ever since my first mate, I haven't been able to move on to anybody else. We Saiyans form incredibly powerful bonds with the first people we develop attractions towards… feelings I believe are characteristic of what other life forms would identify as 'love.' As for family… well…" She then directed a warm and very friendly smile towards the boy in front of her. After taking in the sight of his handsome face, his hair and his guiltless expression, her eyes suddenly seemed to glow like the stars around them. "It seems Kakarot has grown up well without me."

At first confused by the woman's sudden remark, it took several moments of processing her admission before Gohan eventually figured out what she meant. "Wait a second… if you know that name… then that means…" It was then his eyes widened in shock, at the same time Kana's brain caught on to what the pair were discussing. "Y-You're…"

A grin formed on the woman Saiyan's lips as she held her arm out in a shrug, "Bet that's your second biggest surprise for the day, huh?" She then gestured down to the stunned fighter. "My name is Hanasia… ex-Saiyan Elite formerly of Planet Vegeta and the second most powerful warrior under King Vegeta's command." A frown then formed on her lips as she looked away with a disgusted snarl. "That damn cannon fodder Gerkin won the title of first seat because I was fucking pregnant at the time of our last evaluation. Bastard…"

Still overwhelmed by her first bit of information, Gohan then raised a hand and dumbly pointed across at his former opponent. "So… if you're my father's mother… then that would make you-"

"Your grandmother. Yes. Kai," the woman shook her head at the boy when his arm dropped. "I knew the people on earth were slow, I just didn't realize how slow. Guess some of their little idiocies managed to rub off on you during your conception."

"B-But…" Swallowing nervously, the spiky haired Z-fighter then regarded the woman with a great amount of interest, "How did you know I was your grandson?"

Hanasia smirked, "Well, at first I was unsure. When I first spotted you back inside the club, I initially mistook you for another Saiyan who'd managed to escape Frieza's wrath. However, after seeing you sit down at the bar and begin chatting up your fetching young friend here…" Glancing momentarily at the Seirei sitting alongside him, the woman then continued her explanation, "I quickly realized who you must've been. A grin slowly reappeared on her lips. "Aside from your gestures, mannerisms and general way of fighting, you also have the exact same eyes that my late son and mate once had. There's no way I could mistake them for belonging to anybody else. The resemblance is uncanny."

"Guess it would be impossible for a mother to miss those sorts of details, huh?" Gohan chuckled, easily recognizing how the woman was able to identify him.

Hanasia chuckled at the boy's inquiry and nodded, "Obviously you couldn't have been Gine's grandson. You are much too powerful to have descended from her side of the family. Then again… you do possess a few of her traits that Bardock greatly admired, including her gentle spirit and strong heart… features that were normally frowned upon in our society." The Saiyan then
placed a hand on her hip and continued her story. "Gine, Palantay and I were Bardock's mates, and all four of us lived together under the same roof. While Palantay only had one daughter, who'd gone off to fight in a massive rebellion a whole star system away, Gine had two children of her own: Turles, whom she repeatedly mistook for Kakarot after we gave birth in the same hospital wing, and Ruco, who she sent to the Southern Quadrant to live in peace, away from our planet. Since I was always away on missions for the King, she took care of Kakarot in my stead before he was sent to earth, using the information I'd uploaded into his attack pod to stimulate his aggressive Saiyan behaviors and psychologically encode the mission parameters into his brain's subroutines. It was a very efficient process."

Looking back on what Vegeta, Nappa and Raditz were like back when they invaded earth, Gohan immediately gave an uncomfortable nod of agreement, "I think I can agree with that."

Growing more curious by the second, Kana rose from her seat and moved in to get a closer look at the woman in front of her. After a moment of personal inspection, the Seirei's holographic scanner then popped up over her eye and began analyzing both fighters. Shifting between her crush and Hanasia, with the numbers on her device beeping loudly between the two figures, the girl then balked and deactivated her readout. "Damn. She's right. The two of you are related to each other."

"Yeah. Not to mention both of us have the same, wicked right hook and a head as hard as a cannon ball," the teen remarked, taking a moment to look the woman over once more. After analyzing the individual aspects of her exterior, Gohan then reached a rather interesting conclusion of his own. "Now that you mention it… she sort of does bear a striking resemblance to my uncle Raditz."

"Ah yes… little weakling Raditz; a man whose name has become synonymous with the lowest form of currency on several different planets across the Northern Quadrant," Hanasia chuckled before smiling across at her grandson. "How is my oldest boy doing? I'm guessing since you know his name that he must have dropped by the earth at some point over the last few years to pay his brother a visit."

Cringing a little at her question, Gohan then frowned at the woman in an anxious and notably upset manner, "I don't know how to tell you this, but… he's dead."

Hanasia's smile quickly vanished. "Dead?"

"Yeah. You see, when Raditz came by to collect my father after the mission he was sent to perform as a child, he found out that not only was the entire population of the earth still alive, but his brother had forgotten everything about his mission and his race's heritage, on account of him hitting his head when he was still a baby. Raditz got pissed, kidnapped me, and then ended up getting into a fight with my father… after which he wound up killed." Gohan then shrugged at the end. "That's the short version, anyway."

At first the woman didn't say anything, leading the demi-Saiyan to believe she was going to blow a gasket. However, it then came as a puzzle to him when he heard the female murmur and look away with a thoughtful frown. "Raditz died, huh? Guess I shouldn't be surprised. Bardock and Gine always spoiled him rotten when he was a child, instead of pushing him into developing his fighting skills like I told them to. He was also too arrogant for his own good… a little trait he probably picked up from me." She then snorted and looked up at the teen with a half-smile. "Good thing I'd learned some humility over the past couple of decades. So it was Kakarot who did him in, huh?"

A hesitant look met the woman's question, "Well… dad and his then rival, now close friend, Piccolo. Both of them had to work together to take him down."
"Ah," Hanasia replied with an understanding nod. "That makes sense. With the genes he inherited from me and Bardock, if he'd had enough time, Kakarot would've been able to give even the most powerful warriors of our race a hard time. But since the earth has less pull on the Saiyan body in terms of gravity and hosts a primarily non-violent culture, exposure to its environment and its population probably softened him up and slowed his progress."

Gohan responded to her assessment with a pleasant smile. "Dad didn't start out powerful at first. But after Raditz came around and attacked his friends, he started training even harder to become even more powerful... to the point he could take on Vegeta head to head, and win." It was this brief recount that put a wide grin on the older Saiyan's face. Upon which the teen then waved a hand towards Hanasia in labored, circular motions. "It's a... bit of a long story."

"Well... I'm sure I'll be happy to hear all about it," Hanasia remarked, stepping forward to stand before the young man at attention. "But... that's going to have to wait for another day. With the amount of shots I've taken to the head back in that club, I doubt I'll be able to keep my attention for very long before I pass out. Plus..." She then grinned down at the Seirei standing next to her grandson, "I think you two would rather get back to your date rather than spend the rest of the night talking to me and hanging out in these Kai-forsaken streets."

"Uhh... okay," Gohan hesitantly replied, looking back at his glowing friend to see the girl look away and blush fiercely. It was with the sudden coloration to her cheeks that Kana's body started to radiate more brightly in kind, something that her companion inadvertently overlooked when he turned his gaze back to his elder. "If that's the case, then... I look forward to seeing you again." He then reached into his belt and began rummaging for something to write with. "Do you... want me to give you my home address?"

"Planet 4032-877, just off the Andromeda Pathway," Hanasia said, a knowing smile slowly forming on her face. "Your residential details won't be necessary. All I have to do is search for the strongest energy signatures on the planet and follow them back to their sources. It shouldn't be too difficult." At that, the woman's head then perked up and she stepped forward, "Speaking of which, since I'm guessing you're half-blood on account of you being earth born, what happened to your tail?"

"Oh... well..." Chuckling a little and rubbing the back of his head, the demi-Saiyan smiled, "After transforming into a Giant Ape on a number of occasions and putting my friends' lives in danger, I had to have it... uhh... cut off." He then grinned sheepishly at the woman. "My dad, Goten, Trunks and Vegeta had their tails removed too, so that they wouldn't put the rest of their friends in danger."

Hearing that there were actually more Saiyans out there had the woman recoil momentarily. After which she then shook her head. "I'm sure I'll be able to hear more about this later. But... first things first..." She then stepped around and looked down at the teenager with a notable scowl. "The tail of a Saiyan isn't just a trait that defines us as a race; it is also one of the most important organs on a Saiyan's body. It increases our sensitivity to our surroundings, stimulates our nervous system and reproductive organs, provides us extra leverage during stressful situations, and helps control energy flow through the primary nodes. Cutting a Saiyan's tail off is equivalent to cutting off one of our arms... or being castrated." Gesturing for the boy to stand, which he did without question, Hanasia then took his arm in one hand and began prodding the muscles with her thumb and finger, slowly running her digits up his limb. "We Saiyans are dependent on our body's natural qualities to survive in the harsh wilderness of the universe. It's been a defining element of our people since the dawn of creation."

Blinking a little, Gohan then glanced across at Kana when he heard the beautiful Seirei speak.
"She's right, you know. Your race was one of the first alien species to be born in the cosmos."

Turning back to Hanasia, the young man spoke, "If I knew it was so important… then I probably
would've worked on growing it back a long time ago." He then raised an eyebrow thoughtfully. "I
wonder why Vegeta never mentioned any of this before."

The Saiyan female inspecting his muscles grunted. "That pompous little upstart never even
finished his basic studies. I should know, since I helped tutor the brat while he was growing up. He
got it in his head that power was the only thing important for a Saiyan to survive and completely
neglected all of the other important aspects of his education. All of the stuff he learned was all for
the purpose of pursuing his own, selfish gains. The rest he must have picked up from that
dunderhead of a General Nappa or learned it on the fly." She then peered up at the young hybrid
with a smirk. "A Saiyan isn't complete without his or her tail. By having it cut off, a Saiyan can
only ever fight at eighty percent their full capacity… at most eighty five."

When the woman said this, Gohan's eyes widened in shock, "Are you serious?"

"Uh-huh," Hanasia informed, before stopping her thumb at the boy's bicep and glancing at it. "And
that's only one of the consequences a Saiyan suffers from losing a tail." The female then threw him
a smirk. "Luckily for you, I've had plenty of time to touch up on our race's biology and know how
you can get it back."

The demi-Saiyan raised an eyebrow as he and an equally surprised Kana stared at her.

"Really?"

They both asked in unison.

Rolling her eyes, Hanasia then instructed for Gohan to turn around, which he did. She then began
running her fingers down his back. The way she did it though almost seemed like she was counting
each of the individual vertebrae in his spine, which had her experimental patient glancing back at
her curiously. "Normally when a Saiyan has their tail cut off, they're able to grow it back if the
host body experiences sudden and intense bursts of adrenaline in response to danger, which often
generates severe anxiety or stress. This in turn stimulates the nerves in the thoracic and lumbar
portions of the spine, which then triggers protein and calcium deposits in the lower back. This then
allows the tail to grow back in an instant. The more common cases often happen in young Saiyan
children, as they have larger protein deposits that give them more energy to grow. It also raises hell
for the adults tasked with looking after them. But as Saiyans grow older, it becomes harder and
harder for them to re-grow their tails, due to their growing bodies and natural resistance." When
she looked up to see Gohan looking back at her and listening to every word she had to say, the
woman then got an evil glint in her eye. It was her change of expression that had her patient gulp
nervously. "However, there is an easy way for adult Saiyans to get their tails back. You see, if I
apply a little pressure to the number five and six thoracic vertebrae…"

Without warning, the woman suddenly pressed down on the middle juncture of Gohan's back,
causing a loud 'click' to ring out. This was shortly followed by the sound of pants ripping and the
demi-Saiyan giving a yell of surprise when his tail shot straight out of his pants and waved through
the air erratically. Leaping forward, the boy gripped his lower back in shock and danced about in
astonishment. It was a sight that put amused grins on both Hanasia's and Kana's faces.

"OW-WOW-IEEEE-YOW!" Gohan hollered, his cries of alarm drawing the attention of several
aliens in the street, as they all turned to see the man in the orange and blue gi skipping on the spot.
Once he was done running circles, the stunned teenager looked over his shoulder to see his brown,
furry appendage wagging behind him. As soon as he got feeling back into it and forced his fifth
limb to a stop, the teen exhaled deeply and looked across at the women with wide eyes. "Man… I
so did not expect that. What a rush." Grinning happily, he then reached over and pointed at his
newly grown friend. "Hey. Check it out, Kana. I got my tail back. Isn't that great?"

When both women looked at where he was pointing, they then noticed something else out of the ordinary that had their eyes fix on him for several moments. It was after processing the sight around his pelvic area that caused a bright shade of scarlet to appear in Kana's cheeks and had Hanasia cough into her hand. Seeing the odd responses from the pair quickly had Gohan stare at them strangely. That was until the Saiyan female pointed towards the issue in question.

"Yo kid, is that a second tail in your pocket… or are you just happy to see me?"

Puzzled, Gohan then looked down. It was a split second afterwards that the boy's face flashed red and his hands slapped over the front of his pants, upon which he quickly turned away to hide his big… umm… problem.

Apparently re-growing his tail had had a rather interesting and hopefully temporary side effect. He would hate to think he would have to go through the rest of his school life with a ready-made flag pole on his front twenty-four seven.

Laughing at the teenager's embarrassment, Hanasia stepped forward. "Don't worry. That only lasts for about a few minutes. My recommendation: enjoy it while it lasts." She then pointed back at the blushing Seirei standing behind her and smirked. "Besides… you have this hot young thing here to help you out. Why waste it?" When she stopped in front of her estranged grandson, the raven haired woman looked him square in the eye and finished off her wisdom with a few more pieces of sound advice. "Remember… an untrained tail can be a very detrimental asset to a Saiyan, so be sure to train it well. A strong tail equals a stronger body. This way you will be able to remove the paralyzing effects of having it grabbed from behind by an enemy and transform it into your most trusted weapon. Secondly, you have to learn to control the Oozaru state should you happen to glance at a full moon. With your stronger body and mastery over your Super Saiyan transformations, this should not be a problem for you at all." When she saw the embarrassed teenager smile and nod in understanding of this information, the woman then grinned and, raising her good arm, jabbed him in the shoulder. "Good luck, kiddo. I'll be in touch." With that said and done, she then turned and walked away.

Standing up to full height as he watched Hanasia leave, the previously flushed half-Saiyan smiled and waved after the woman's retreating form. When she finally disappeared down the street, the teen felt his Seirei companion saddle up next to him and looked over to see the glowing girl beaming in the direction of their newfound friend. Gohan then turned his eyes back to his tail, which he gave a few testing swings before wrapping it securely around his waist.

"Well… this turned out to be a very interesting excursion. Thanks so much for bringing me out here, Kana."

The glowing girl giggled and turned to gaze up at the Saiyan. "It was my pleasure, Gohan-kun. And thank you for accepting my invitation."

"Hey… any time. If you have somewhere you want to go or something you want to do, I would be more than happy to tag along. All you have to do is ask." Feeling his spirit lift somewhat and after making sure his issue had subsided, Gohan then massaged the side of his face where he'd received the hardest hits of that night. Feeling the bruises and swelling were still there, especially since he couldn't see out of one eye, the young man breathed a sigh of relief and turned his attention to the girl who'd brought him here. When he did, he saw that Kana was gazing up at him with the fondest of looks, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing, and an expression of longing and affection fixated squarely upon him. "You're one of my closest and dearest friends, Kana… and I know that my life would never have been as amazing as it is today if I'd never met y-"
In the blink of an eye, Kana suddenly leapt forward, threw her arms around the boy's shoulders, and planted a firm kiss upon the teenager's lips. The act of doing so was almost like the young woman had tripped, resulting in a seemingly clumsy embrace in the middle of the street. It was here the glowing girl deepened her show of affection and the male recipient blinked in surprise, his mind quickly recovering from the unexpected maneuver. Seconds later, the searing kiss ended, and the Seirei fell back to the floor with her enchanting stare fixed upon the bewildered demi-Saiyan's mug.

"The feelings are mutual," Kana whispered, beaming at the boy as she watched his mind slowly recover from her brilliant sneak attack.

Recoiling back into reality, the warrior from earth chuckled, "Huh… I guess… this kind of thing runs in the family." Clearly referencing his late grandfather and his love experiences, the teen then gave a wide grin and looked back at the dazed alien girl nervously. "This kind of puts me on the spot, doesn't it?"

"Kind of," Kana shook her head, "But you don't need to stress yourself trying to figure this out. No matter what your decision is… no matter who you choose to be with, I will always be there for you, my hero from earth." She then stepped back and allowed her hands to glide down his shoulders and chest, where she then took a moment to admire him up close. "I know, without a doubt, that I'd never consider being with anybody else." Her hands then fell…

Only to be caught up in Gohan's when he reached up to intercept them. Looking up with a start, the Seirei saw the Z-fighter was beaming brilliantly down at her, with a warm glow in his cheeks and a sincere expression that spoke nothing but complete fondness for the girl. "Damn it… you girls are making it so difficult for me," he then laughed a little when he saw the Seirei smile in response. "I don't think I'd ever be able to choose… at least not without getting my teeth kicked in and my ears blown out for a solid hour. Even it if takes me a life time… I'll… do my best to try and make this work."

A laugh from Kana was his immediate response, "I can work with that." She then leaned forward and playfully bit him on the neck, earning a startled jolt from the teen that ended in the two of them laughing on the sidewalk. After resting against the boy and feeling his arms wrap around her lithe form for about a minute, the glowing girl then got a mischievous twinkle and leered up at the hybrid curiously. "So… want to take your relative's advice and… go try your hand at breeding?"

Swallowing his tongue at her incredibly forward offer, Gohan made a few nervous sounds as he saw the beautiful girl in front of him bite her bottom lip and begin running her hands up and down his chest. Exhibiting clear signs of yearning for the half-Saiyan warrior and his affections, all the innocent teenager could do was curl his tail up a little tighter, try to ignore her leg rubbing against his thigh, and acknowledge her veracious mood with the most diplomatic answer he could muster.

"Maybe we should wait a little bit longer," the Saiyan reasoned, before nodding towards the obviously excited girl. "It's been a really long night and, considering the kind of planet we're on, I don't think this is really the most appropriate place to procreate. Plus I'm still having trouble discerning different colors and shapes from one another, which might throw me off my game a little." He then acknowledged this by prodding his swollen eye and wincing. "After the beatings we'd taken, I doubt either of us will be able to enjoy an attempted first dance."

Though hearing his reasons had Kana deflate a little, as she was really hoping he'd use that moment to jump her, the girl eventually saw his point and smiled warmly. This in turn caused her hair to flare in approval and a grin to form across her lips. "Alright. But just so you know, at the rate this is going, I doubt I'll be able to keep myself under control for much longer. If you ever want to have
some fun… the door to my ship is always open." She then winked, eliciting a warm look from the young male.

"I'll try not to keep you waiting."

XXX

(A couple weeks later)

Things picked up for the Z-fighters over the next several days following Gohan's interesting excursion. His accomplishments in the school's swimming competition and grades out-of-the-way, everyone was feeling more positive and vibrant than ever. To commemorate this new season of festivities and peacetime, the gang decided to gather everyone together for another barbeque out at Kame House on Master Roshi's private island. Normally the place wouldn't play host to so many diverse individuals packed into one place, but seeing as how insistent Krillin, Android 18 and Bulma were in regards to the event, everyone found it impossible to turn down the invitation.

After all, they were celebrating Marron's 4th Birthday, so there was no way anyone would want to miss out.

The good thing about this particular day was that all of the Z-fighters were made available, including those who were normally too 'busy' to even care; with the main players being Vegeta and Paprika. Gohan also went the extra mile and brought along his school friends to partake in his gang's little gala, which presented the perfect opportunity for his family to get to know the new faces in his life.

It was a simple fête. Aside from a cook out on the beach, which Yamcha and Krillin were overseeing with a couple cans of Hetap in hand, everyone else had scattered themselves across the rest of the island, and were reveling in the events that were being provided. Chi-Chi, Bulma and blonde Launch, all of whom were dressed in some very eye-catching swim suits ranging one-piece purple to two-piece green, were working on their tans and gossiping about their lives back at home, while every once in a while making comments about each other's figures. Zangya, who was wearing a very beautiful yellow sundress and straw hat, was sitting at a wooden table with Tien, Vegeta, Hercule and Oolong, playing a specially customized version of Cards Against Humanity… which was ironic considering three out of the five of them actually opposed humanity at one point in their lives. However, it did make for some very interesting combinations in cards.

As of right now, it was Zangya who was dealing out everyone's responses to the topic question.

"What is Frieza's guilty pleasure?" the woman read, before setting down the four cards the other players had given her. "A: Ripping into a man's chest and pulling out his still-beating heart." She snorted and looked across the table, where she saw Oolong subtly adjust his singlet and smile. "B: Jerking off into a pool of children's tears… aauuooow. Now that one's totally uncalled for." She then threw a dirty look at the group in front of her, whom she saw snicker and Vegeta crack a smile. Despite her disgusted reaction, even the Hera couldn't help but grin a little, before looking down at the card next to her. "C: Powerful thighs." A quick glance in Hercule's direction saw the man with the afro clear his throat and rub his knuckles proudly against his chest. After shaking her head, Zangya then looked down at the last one. "And finally, D: Blowing some dudes in an alley." She rested her head against the edge of the table and, giving a few pained laughs, held up the last card. "Which one of you had this?"

"Right here," Tien answered, reaching over and claiming his card in victory, which had the rest of the people around the table groan.
"What! Oh, come on!" Vegeta practically shouted, raising a hand towards the woman in disbelief. "The swimming pool of children's tears was the obvious winner! By far!"

"Yeah. Even I'm surprised you didn't go for that one," Hercule also remarked, rubbing one of his big hands against his temple in surprise.

"I guess humor registers differently for other aliens," Oolong muttered, before then shrugging offhandedly towards his companions. "That… or she knew it was you who put it down and is just yanking your chain."

Giving a wide grin as the black card was tossed over to him, the three-eyed fighter glanced across at his miserable competitors seated alongside him. "It's the quality of one's responses that inevitably wins the battle. I think one of you was a little bit over-reaching in that regard." The answer he got from the Saiyan Prince was an immediate middle-finger, which had the man roll his eyes in amusement. "Whatever. Point is… this puts me ahead."

"By one point, tri-clops. But not for long," Vegeta growled, before turning to the snickering Hera and glaring at her, "Whose turn is it?"

"That would be me, sir," Hercule spoke up, dispersing the trash cards and reaching for the black pile. The moment he began to move, the rest of the group around the table did too, with everyone adding a few extra white cards to replace the ones that they'd thrown into the pile. Humming a cheerful tune as he decided which set to choose from, the Champ eventually drew one from the far left and looked at the question inscribed. "Alright… here we go." Reading it put a big grin on his face, "Blank: kid-tested, mother approved."

"Ooh… I've got just the perfect card," Oolong laughed, sorting through his hand and picking out which one he wanted to use next. He then said in a singing voice, "You four are gonna love this o~ne."

His little giggle drew a smirk from the orange haired woman sitting alongside him, "Bring it on, pig. I'll beat it down with both hands behind my back." She then pulled out a card from her hand and offered it to the Champ, who took it and laid it face down on the table.

This then had Tien look across at her in amusement, "I swear to Kai, if you pick anymore dick ones, I'm leaving this table."

"Come on, Tien. Don't be a pussy," Oolong whispered, looking overly excited as he handed his card over to the Champ.

As the boys and girls at the table mucked around, everywhere else across the island, a lot of other events were taking place. Android 18 had found herself wrapped up in a very stimulating conversation with her brother's wife, Ami, whose stomach was notably larger than it was when she last saw her, indicating that she was pregnant. Adorned in a lovely summer dress and hat to protect her from the beating rays, the dark-skinned woman spent the majority of her time speaking with her sister-in-law, enjoying the topics that came their way and giggling when she made mention of how much the brother and sister looked alike.

"Honestly, if you dyed your hair black, I bet you'd look exactly like him," Ami remarked, gesturing towards the twin's blonde hair.

Bringing her hand up and running it through her golden locks, the female android shrugged, "Me and my brother had our disagreements. While we were traveling on the road not too long ago, he claimed that he could pull off the blonde look better than I could and I told him he could eat it. Of
course, looking in the mirror, if our hair colors were the same… obviously one of us might end up looking better than the other."

"Heh. That remains to be seen," Ami giggled, placing her hand over her lips to stifle her laugh. She could definitely see the subtle competitive natures between the identical pair. Even though they weren't fighting in the conventional sense, it was still a contest of sibling superiority, which was commonplace in any family.

As the two women talked, they were also keeping a close watch on Goten, Trunks and Marron, all three of whom were playing close to the water. With all three of the kids dressed in their respective swimming attires, the trio of misfits was currently building what could only be described as the world's largest sandcastle on top of a sleeping Master Roshi. While the old man snored away, the youngsters giggled incessantly as they added more and more beach-themed ornaments to their Japanese-slash-European castle. Sea shells being the main element, the structure also consisted of miniature flags, palm trees, plants, and even a pool on top of it, showing the amount of architectural care the youngsters had put behind it.

The one who was helping them assembling all of these aspects together was none other than the resident Turtle, who also had Puar perched comfortably on his head.

"Looking good, kids. Looking good," the old sea turtle chirped, nodding his head in approval as Goten added yet another tower to the majestic piece.

"Yeah. It's really coming along nicely," the floating cat of the group also chirped, marveling at the sheer size of the structure Trunks was now patting down with his shovel.

Stepping back with his fingers forming a frame in the air, the now uncharacteristically cautious lavender haired demi-Saiyan sighed and looked across at his two closest friends, "Alright. Just a few more towers and I think we're good."

Putting down her plastic crab, the cheerful looking Marron smiled at the prince's son, "What do you think we should add this time?" She then picked up the two sand-castle buckets she had with her. "The boxy one or the cone shaped one?"

Rubbing his chin, Trunks then grinned and pointed at the one on her left, "Let's go with the boxy one and build a massive wall around the castle." He added to this suggestion by drawing a line in the sand around Master Roshi's position, "A defense around the building to stop the tide from coming in."

"Yeah. Yeah. Let's build a giant moat as well. Make it super defensive," Goten chirped from his side, poking his head around from his side of the mountain.

Feeling giddy, Marron raised her hands in the air and cheered, "We're going to make this the best sand castle ever!"

"And all of us are here to make sure that happens," a new voice cut in from the sidelines. When the kids turned, they immediately saw Paprika, dressed in a surprisingly tasteful skirt and vest, kneel down beside the castle with another bucket of shells and seaweed. Laying them out across the sand, the white haired woman with horns then beamed up at the kids with a very motherly smile in play. "I think you guys could use a little more shells along your wall." Her words earned a playful laugh from Goten and Marron as the two crawled over to see what other goodies their teenage friend had managed to grab.

Obviously the Makyan was having a blast searching the island for all the trinkets to give to the
kids. It was her way of partaking in their little game.

As the youngsters got down to constructing the castle wall around the still unconscious Master Roshi, following the small beach around the remainder of the island, the rest of the gang could be seen having fun in their own respective ways. While Piccolo was standing beside the house and chatting with Android 17, on another part of the beach, Gohan and his friends were having an exciting game of volleyball.

Wanting to satisfy their personal rivalries with one another, the teens had been divided up according to everyone's desires to beat the other person down. On one side, you had Gohan, Erasa, Touya and Lime, and on the other, you had Videl, Sharpener, Sena, and Yukie, all eight of whom were wrapped up in what seemed like your everyday volleyball game between friends. There was really nothing out of the ordinary going on between them that would call for any sort of attention. They were just out there having fun knocking the ball over the net… and becoming quite competitive with one another as to how quickly the game was progressing.

All of them adorned in fashionable swimsuits that suited each of their characters, the gang of eight zigzagged left and right at great speeds, trying to keep the ball in play. Laughter and banter rang out loudly between them as Videl hit the ball up high, setting it up for Sena to leap and spike it over the net.

"Whoa!" Lime shouted, diving to the side and knocking the ball into the air just before it hit the sand. Landing on her front, the girl in the two-piece yellow and red striped bikini looked up with a grin, "Touya!"

"Mine!" the boy with the glasses and white trunks shouted, cupping his hands together and digging the fast-moving object into the air.

Seeing the ball flying towards her, Erasa grinned and sprinted forward, heading towards the area where it was going to pass. As it turns out, it was right where her crush and school's top student was now standing, with his back turned towards the ditzy player. "Gohan!"

Without needing to be told twice, the grinning demi-Saiyan dropped to his knee and braced for impact, a split second before he felt Erasa's foot land against his back and the girl leap high into the air above him. Intercepting the ball the instant it was flying past, the lithe blonde smacked the inflated sphere and sent it shooting over the net and straight towards the opposing team's boundary.

Reacting in alarm, Sharpener attempted to hit it, only for it to blow past his spike and towards the ground. Yukie attempted to dive for it, successfully managing to intercept it just before it hit the floor. However, with the angle it bounced off of her hand, not only did it fly out of bounds, it also ended up striking the water on the way out. The moment it splashed, the winners of the long volley made their victory known to the world.

"YES!" Touya shouted, hands shooting up into the air as he and Lime shared a high-ten. "Eight-to-six, baby!"

"Woo! Yes!" Erasa cheered, shrieking with laughter as she found herself straddling Gohan's shoulders and being lifted into the air. As the blonde in the green string bikini and thong shook her hands in the air victoriously, the Saiyan that was holding her, with his tail hidden comfortably underneath his blue shorts, did a miniature lap of their space and bounced the girl up and down, allowing her to properly acknowledge their score. "Now that's what I call teamwork!" She then leaned forward and grinned down at the boy she was piggy-backing. "Thanks for the setup, hot-stuff."
"Anytime," the demi-Saiyan chuckled, earning an affectionate poke in the nose from the blonde.

Once she'd said her thanks, the girl looked back up and jabbed across at the others. "In your face, Videl and Sharpener!"

Shaking her head at her best friend's antics, Videl, wearing a tasteful sky-blue, two-piece swimsuit, then pointed back at the blonde, who was using her boyfriend as a victory platform. "You'd better watch yourself, Erasa, because my next spike is heading right for your head." She said this all with a competitive grin in play.

"Bring it on, girlfriend," the blonde teenager replied, upper-cutting the air and clapping her bicep at the same time. "I'll send it right back at you, tenfold."

"Not if I get to it first," Sharpener shot back in support of his team, looking on as Sena returned with the volleyball and passed it back over to Lime on the other side. The jock then cracked his knuckles and slid into a battle ready stance, throwing a nod towards the players on the other side. "I'm coming for you, Touya!"

"Bring it on, blondie!" the glasses wearing teen hollered, throwing his hands out in a showy manner before slapping his hands against his pectorals like a primate. "You can't touch this!"

"But I sure as hell can," the boy's girlfriend, Yukie, returned competitively, cracking her neck as the doe girl then shook her hands out. "I think it's time to redeem myself for my slipup."

"You said it, babe," Sena chuckled, giving the girl behind her a high-five before placing her hands on her knees and smirking. "Let's do this."

"Hear that, guys?" Lime asked the teenagers on her side of the net, "These posers think they have what it takes to take us on. What do you think we should do with them?"

It didn't take long for one of them to come up with an answer. "Destroy them. That's what we're going to do," Gohan answered, shooting a grin across at Videl, who returned his competitive air in kind. When he looked up at Erasa on top of his shoulders, the half-Saiyan boy grinned and patted her thigh, "Are you with me on this?"

"You bet your sweet ass, I am," Erasa replied, sliding off of the teen to get back into position. When she high-fived her crush and best friend in appreciation, the blonde and the rest of her troop quickly rotated and changed spots, with Touya taking the lead at the front.

Once Lime passed Gohan the ball, the teen with the glasses grinned at his compatriots, "Alright, boy and girls. Let's bring another win back for team four-star! Who's with me?" When all of them answered in their own individual manners, Touya shook his head in a disappointed manner, "Oh, I think I heard a tumbleweed blow across a dry wasteland several miles away from here. I said WHO'S WITH ME!" This earned an even louder, more aggressive cheer from his three teammates, which drew an impressed nod from the sportsman. "Now that's more like it! Bring it in, guys!" He then placed his hands on his hips and felt all three of them take a step towards him and give him a good, old slap on the ass one after the other. "Yes. We got this. Yep. We got this. We got this. Get in there. Get in there."

"Quit slapping each other's asses and let's start the next round already!" Sharpener practically yelled, though it was clear from all four kids on the other side of the net that they were thoroughly amused by the idiot quadruples' stupidity.

Once all the kissing and bro-hugging was done and dusted, Gohan got the game restarted and soon
enough, the band of eight troublemakers were at it again. The ball was soon flying over the net in a white, spherical blur as both teams began trying to decimate the other by putting in the hardest hits possible. It soon began changing hands so many times that their volleys lasted for several full minutes at a time, which didn't bother any of them in the slightest.

Their little content though soon drew the attention of the other guests at the party. Piccolo, Krillin, Chiaotzu, Launch and Android 18, retiring from their previous conversations, soon wandered over to watch the teenagers conduct their little exercise in futility and sat off to the side as their only invested audience. While the Namekian stood under the nearby palm tree with his arms folded alongside his human companions, Launch and Android 18 had taken to lying out on benches underneath the shade, enjoying the cool breeze of the ocean and the hilarious banter between the kids.

As an additional note, both women were dressed in two-piece swimsuits, with the android sporting a hot green number with string-ties and the other a white bikini with red flames.

Watching Gohan spike a shot over the net, only to be effectively intercepted by Videl, Krillin gave a hearty chuckle as the teens continued screaming at each other for more action. "Man. They're really going at it."

"Do you think they'll stop anytime soon?" Chiaotzu asked, while at the same time sipping on a mango smoothie that he'd made for himself inside the house.

The former monk chuckled at the little mime's inquiry, "With Gohan and Videl on their teams, that doesn't seem very likely."

As the two men made comments, a shadow soon fell over the women seated underneath the palm. When both tanners looked across to see who it was, they spotted Zangya, still decked out in her sun dress, setting up a chair alongside their position. When she noticed the two blondes staring at her, the fair-skinned Hera grinned, "Hey. Mind if I join you guys?"

The curly haired Launch smiled and waved, "Knock yourself out. It's a free space."

"Thanks," Zangya chirped, straightening up and slowly removing her dress. Sliding the bands off of her shoulders carefully, she then lifted it over her head and tossed it aside. Once that was done, she then slid into the chair she'd positioned alongside Launch and made herself comfortable. "So… what's the score?"

The former bandit shrugged, "I don't know. I lost count about seven volleys ago."

Willing to fill in that part, Android 18 glanced across at her friend from outer space and answered, "I believe the score is tied at fourteen to-ugh." She then stopped dead when she suddenly noticed the outfit Zangya was wearing, a reaction that also drew Launch's attention over to the newcomer.

When Tien's wife noticed the issue for herself, the woman's eyes widened just as much as her fellow blonde's.

Sensing the eyes of the women burrowing into her temple, the orange haired woman looked across at them oddly, "Something wrong?"

Clearing her throat, the startled android smiled back nervously. "N-No. It's just…" She then took a moment to look her friend over. Smooth skin and curvaceous figure being the foundational traits, the woman's outfit wasn't exactly something she would expect the Hera to be wearing. Figuring it was something new, the android drank in the purple, one-piece swimsuit, which not only had a
strap design that made it resemble something a little more erotic, it also had strings crisscrossing the front part and tying it together like a shoe or a corset. Needless to say, it was quite the eye catcher of an ensemble, something that Eighteen felt she needed to acknowledge. "Your swimsuit is... pretty daring..."

"Eh?" Blinking, Zangya then blushed and looked down at her purple one-piece, "I-Is it?"

Both Android 18 and Launch nodded in perfect sync, with the bandit also giving a nervous grin, "Damn girl. Who are you trying to impress with that... Gohan?" When she saw the Hera look away with an even deeper shade of scarlet appearing across her face, the mercenary slowly sat up in surprise and her grin widened enthusiastically. "Oh, seriously? Woo! Check out the stones on this girl!"

The incredibly flushed Hera then glared back at her and hissed, "Shut up, Launch." Honestly, having her suit pointed out by the raucous woman was bad enough. She didn't need to rest of the island catching on to her motives.

Either way, the party at Kame House turned out to be a real blast for everyone. The teenagers' game of volleyball lasted all the way up to the point the food on the barbecue was all done and, as soon as the plates had been dealt out, everybody wasted no time in digging in.

OOO

(Two weeks later)

Another many days came and went, and peace and prosperity continued to grip the entire population of planet earth. With no otherworldly calamities befalling them in the wake of the chaos that'd recently been dealt to West City, the human and animal races of the world continued to live out their days as per the usual routine. But despite the warm summer days of plenty and the serene atmosphere that continued to bathe most of the parts making up the super continent, the people of the tiny world couldn't help but feel that something else was going to happen.

Something big...

With the string of random events that'd taken place following the seven years after Cell's threat upon the world, entire populations found themselves bracing for the next oncoming storm. As to what this storm would be however, they had no idea. However, after their most recent experiences with giant alien monsters and mechs invading the planet, the earth's united military force was on permanent stand-by, holding their breaths for the next big cataclysm to march in.

Whatever disaster was to befall them next, the government and their defenders were ready. Their success all depended on how much their weapons had improved over the last several months and how early they were able to act.

As for the Z-fighters, their timetables hadn't shifted in the least. Vegeta was still killing himself in the Gravity Room, Gohan had been training even harder than before to master his new assets while simultaneously attending school his friends, Bulma introduced a new line of capsules to the market, Goten and Trunks were still lively as always, and the humans who made up the rest of the team were still chilling out as always. Even the guardians up on the highest tower of earth were finding their days had become pretty mundane.

All except for Piccolo, who was right now floating above the tiled surface of Kami's Lookout and was deeply engrossed in meditation. As he hovered there, completely ignoring the butterflies fluttering around him, Mr. Popo had taken to his usual chore of watering the flowers in the garden
and Dende, sticking to his responsibilities like a pro, was looking down upon the earth and keeping tabs on the population. With his fingers wrapped securely around his staff for support, the young Namekian played his part, contemplating over the events taking place around him, while simultaneously offering his support to those people who needed it most.

Though he didn't often use his far-reaching telekinesis, whenever Dende did hear of a person in desperate need, he would help them out however he could, using his influence to come to a reasonable arrangement.

Times were pretty much the same for the guardians up on the floating castle and as the night rode on into morning, it seemed as though they were in for another, long, ordinary day.

However, just as Mr. Popo was about to water his collection of tulips on the next patch, a distant rumble on the horizon suddenly drew his attention upwards. A second later, the entire lookout unexpectedly shook. It was this tremor in the atmosphere and ground that caused Dende to look up with a start and Piccolo to open his eyes, effectively cutting him off from his training.

Blinking, the young guardian quickly looked behind him. "Hey… did you guys hear that?"

His senior, frowning deeply, dropped down from his position and landed with a grunt, "I felt that."

The man then quickly marched over to the edge of the lookout, determined to figure out where that sound had come from.

Before he could reach his fellow Namekian, another shockwave suddenly rang out. This one being even louder than the first, the thunderclap caused both the lookout and even the earth to tremble, as Piccolo was nearly knocked stumbling forward from the violent quiver the floating castle experienced. The trio's eyes widening in shock, the band of protectors quickly regained their balance and held their positions, their brains mentally counting down to what they predicted to be the next shockwave.

Their prophecies were right on the mark. Just as they anticipated, another loud thunderclap rang out, with this one rattling the lookout and drawing cries of shock from both Mr. Popo and Dende, the latter of whom had to throw his body onto the tiled floor to stop from falling off of the platform.

Amidst the shaking and the undulating of the tiles, the teenage Namekian looked up with terrified yell, "By the Kais… what is happening, Mr. Popo?"

"I… I don't know," the guardian's attended replied, before giving another yelp of shock when repeated thunderclaps suddenly started to echo across the sky.

Baffled by the invisible tremors engulfing their space, Piccolo gritted his teeth and stretched out his senses, despite to figure out what was causing this anomaly.

Eventually, the source of the outrageous shockwaves soon pinged on the man's radar and, when he eventually honed in on it with his full and undivided attention, the man's eyes widened in horror. The same thing happened to Dende as well who, along with his mentor and fellow Namekian, turned their attention towards the skies. Once all three people on the courtyard looked towards the heavens, they watched in utter bewilderment as a large black hole suddenly opened up in the space above the planet.

Initially terrified, thinking that this mass of gravity-defying energy was going to suck the entire earth into oblivion, the two guardians were then caught completely by surprise when, from out of the slip space rupture, they saw an entire planet shimmer into view. Looking to be roughly the
same size as the earth, the large terrestrial world with the glowing atmosphere had a large, green nebula-like cloud surrounding it, which hugged against its surface like a ring and had multiple spiral arms wafting out from it. This gave it an overall galaxy like appearance, with the earthen world at the center of its mass.

The moment the forested object completely materialized into view and the black hole closed up, it then sat there, falling into orbit of the earth and, by extension, the rest of the Solar System.

Piccolo, Dende, Mr. Popo, and no doubt the entire portion of the earth facing the planet, were dumbstruck.

Eyes wide with sweat pouring down his face in a stream, the current guardian of earth could only ask one thing, "Wha-…. What is that?"

Piccolo, being the most rational-minded and calmest on the balcony, gulped nervously and, with beads of sweat trickling down his face, uttered a single, irrefutable answer.

"Trouble."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note:

Additional Info: Because my fanfiction Dragonball Z: Legacies not only includes elements taken straight from the canon storyline, GT, and the manga, but also the movies (e.g. Bojack Unbound, Broly Second Coming, Lord Slug) and the games (e.g. Budokai Tenkaichi, Dragonball Online), there is a lot of information I researched and included in the story itself that many fans should be able to recognize.

Not only does it include game and anime exclusive characters such as Lime, Master Thief Hasky, Chico the orphan, Icarus the dragon, and Froze of Frieza's race, but it also includes technology and cultures across the broader range of the Dragonball genre (mentioned but not limited to the Dr. Slump comics and the fan comic Dragonball: Multiverse by Salagir and Gogeta Jr.). This is why I added Hanasia into the story as Goku's mother, since I thought she was cool. Gine is also in it, but in a twist is Turles' mum. This is in keeping with the original Bardock - The Father of Goku OVA.

Since we've gotten this far in the story, I think it'll be worth mentioning some of the other aspects that's already been covered so that all my readers are informed of the direction I'm taking the story.

Super Saiyan transformations:

Super Saiyan: Mentioned as part of an ancient Saiyan Prophecy as far back in the series as the Namek Saga by Vegeta, the legendary form of the Super Saiyan is an advanced transformation assumed by extraordinarily powerful members of the Saiyan race in the Dragonball franchise. Up until that point, for the last thousand years it was considered nothing but a legend, until Goku first achieved it on Namek in his battle with Frieza.

As quoted by Goku in the manga, the transformation to Super Saiyan "comes in response to a need, not a desire." In all known cases in the canon storyline, the form has initially been triggered by either desperation or indignation. Any other conditions are unknown, and motivation between each character tends to differ. For example, Goku achieved it through anger at the murder of his best friend, Gohan achieved it through the anguish he felt from his past failings, and Vegeta achieved it
through sheer frustration at his inability to achieve it, including Bardock, who was nowhere near as conditioned or as powerful as his son had been at the time of his first transformation.

In the *Legacies* storyline, both Sandra and Maya were able to achieve their first Super Saiyan forms on two separate occasions. This happened while they were both locked in combat with aliens from Frieza's race and a dictator from another planet, with rage and personal loss allowing them to attain their respective forms.

Furthermore, in the canon storyline, the form is primarily reached by individuals who've achieved a high level of strength and skill. As the Saiyans train over the course of the series, they discover uncharted levels beyond the first Super Saiyan forms.

Unlike in canon, in the *Legacies* storyline, both Goten and Trunks, being inherently strong due to the power achieved by their fathers on the days they were conceived, experienced similar sensations of anger and pain in order for them to transform to Super Saiyan. This is in-keeping with the primary elements necessary to achieve the legendary form.

Known users: Goku, Gohan, Vegeta, Goten, Trunks, Mirai Trunks, Mirai Gohan, Bardock, Hanasia, Pan, Goren, Eva, Beat (Dragonball Online), Note (Dragonball Online), Sandra and Maya

**Super Saiyan 2:** Also known as the true Ascended Saiyan form, Super Saiyan 2 is the direct successor to the first Super Saiyan transformation. It is very similar to the original form in appearance and attainment; however, the power output is far greater, as speed, strength, and energy are all drastically increased. Gohan is the first person to achieve it in the manga in his fight against the maniacal android Cell.

Initially it was believed to be a direct result of Gohan's 'Hidden Power', while in actuality it is just the second level in the long line of Super Saiyan transformations. The transformation is triggered through the same emotions that were used to achieve the first Super Saiyan form, but to a much higher degree. While it is not specified how Goku and Vegeta achieved Super Saiyan 2 in the manga, both of them were still able to achieve it through hard work and perseverance. According to the information in the *Daizenshuu* power guide, a large quantity of energy earned through intense training and an intense emotional response is required to trigger the transformation.

In the *Legacies* storyline, Goku achieved this form training in Otherworld, Vegeta initiated his trigger through rage at his wife being harmed in the battle against the alien parasite Zeru, Sandra was prompted into it through her best friend getting injured in a battle to save a planet, and Maya achieved it through sheer frustration at being unable to cause damage to an incredibly dangerous foe, and reacted to her need for greater power.

Known users: Goku, Gohan, Vegeta, Mirai Trunks, Beat (Dragonball Online), Note (Dragonball Online), Goren, Pan, Sandra and Maya

**Super Saiyan 3:** Officially the third form of Super Saiyan transformation; it is the successor to the first and second transformations. In the canon storyline, Goku was the very first person to achieve this form training in Otherworld, with Goten and Trunks reaching the form when they fused into Gotenks and trained to master it.

According to the official *Daizenshuu* guide, the form uses a Saiyan's full potential with power extracted from every drop of the Saiyan's blood. While the Full-Power Super Saiyan form was 100 percent utilization of the user's stamina, the purpose of the Super Saiyan 3 transformation is to increase the utilization of ki. As a result, energy is rapidly drained from the user's body in order to maintain its form. This notably leads to extended levels of fatigue. If the user has died and is not
encumbered by a living body, the strain of the transformation is reduced somewhat, but as demonstrated by Goku a number of times in the manga and the movies, even while dead the transformation is still taxing on the body.

Though it is never specified in the Dragonball canon how Super Saiyan 3 was initially discovered, Goku was still able to achieve the transformation by pushing his body to its absolute limit similar to how the Super Saiyan 2nd Grade form was achieved.

In other series media, including Dragonball Online and the Dragonball Z games, other characters have been able to successfully achieve the transformation through a variety of different means. Vegeta was able to successfully achieve the Super Saiyan 3 form through extreme rage and vigorous training, Mirai Trunks transformed when enraged in his battle with Mirai Fat Buu, and Broly was able to achieve the form through an enormous Zenkai boost, upgrading his Legendary Super Saiyan level.

In the Legacies storyline, the characters that have achieved Super Saiyan 3 all used the abovementioned elements mentioned in the Dragonball Z media and canon to achieve their forms in a variety of ways. Gohan, being the first Z-fighter to achieve the form, came very close through vigorous training alone. It was only with an emotional push of rage at the supposed loss of Videl that allowed him to achieve it and, simultaneously, jump to a pseudo-Super Saiyan God form after absorbing Godly ki from Set's prison. Goku achieved Super Saiyan 3 the same way as he achieved it in canon in Otherworld by following Gohan's example, drawing on the power from deep within to push his body beyond its limit. Sandra also achieved the form through rage at seeing her friend being tortured while fighting as a slave in Intergalactic Emperor Mondo's arena.

Only the most exceptional of Saiyans have ever successfully achieved this form. Through Sandra's exposition in Legacies, the culture of the Super Saiyan forms is further expanded upon, as she mentions that the alternate name given to the legendary Super Saiyan 3 was called the Golden Mane Super Saiyan form, due to the incredibly long hair and regal appearance.

Known users: Gohan, Sandra, Goku, Bardock, Beat (Dragonball Online), Note (Dragonball Online), and Mirai Trunks

**Super Saiyan God (Transformation to Godhood):** Though it is unknown whether there are any other forms of Super Saiyan beyond Super Saiyan 3, there is an alternate form a Saiyan can achieve that can be accomplished exclusively by those who can harness the potent form of energy known as Godly ki.

A new concept officially introduced in Battle of Gods, a Super Saiyan God is a legendary form that'd remained shrouded in mystery for over thousands of years (coincidentally enough). Having never been mentioned prior to the Buu Saga, it was then brought to light when Beerus, the God of Destruction, was told by the Oracle Fish that he would meet a rival and that he would be a Super Saiyan God. When it is eventually achieved by Goku in the movie, the form allows the Saiyan to fight on par with Beerus using only 70 percent of his full power, who was previously able to defeat all of the Z-fighters effortlessly. This form also allows the user to sense and utilize godly ki, which can only be picked up by other deities.

According to canon, the ritual required to achieve this form involves five Saiyans with righteous hearts concentrating their ki and 'pouring their heart' into the body of a sixth. If successful, the Saiyan having the energy concentrated into him will achieve the Super Saiyan God form and gain control over Godly ki.

A rare form of ki, godly ki is shown to be far above other forms of normal ki. Because it is
exclusively used by deity level beings, only those who use godly ki can sense other beings that use godly ki, and cannot be sensed by anybody else, including scouters. In the canon storyline, known users of godly ki include Beerus, Whis, Goku, Vegeta, the Kais (though to a much lesser degree), and Dende. Though it is not mentioned how Dende came to learn how to control godly ki, it can be assumed he learned it while taking on the role of Kami of earth over the past seven years. Because only deities can sense other deities, they must possess some sort of control over godly ki.

Unlike with the Saiyans, who use a six person ritual to enable one of them to gain control over godly ki, it is also unspecified how Beerus or Whis achieved mastery over godly ki. However, this opens the door to the possibility that mastery of godly energy can be done by anyone, with the transformation and utilization manifesting differently between races, emphasizing a much larger culture behind the concept of godly ki.

The story of Legacies expands on this culture, dubbing Godly ki as Celestial energy by other alien species due to its divine nature.

Officially, according to Akira Toriyama, Beerus's design was conceived from appearances and attitudes of other Ancient Egyptian Gods and Goddesses, including Seth and Sekhmet, both of whom were notable figures in Egyptian mythology and contributed to the God of Destruction's final design. With Beerus's origin being deeply rooted in mythological figures throughout history, other Gods and Goddesses of various cultures have also been included in the Legacies story, including Norse, Egyptian, Roman, Greek, Celtic, Chinese and Japanese deities. Such deities include Ra, Set, Aphrodite, Thor, Odin, and Loki, all of whom come from different alien races who've mastered godly ki.

This expands on the concepts of Gods in the Dragonball Z universe, while also creating gender equality between characters by including powerful female Goddesses, as well as male Gods.

Each of these deities have used different rituals and means to gain control over godly ki. This isn't just limited to a primitive six person ritual, but also trials exclusive for the races they originated from. Gohan also demonstrated in his battle with Set an alternate means of gaining control over godly ki by unconsciously absorbing it into his body from her prison cell due to the absence of other forms of ki. In doing so, he also achieved a pseudo-Super Saiyan God form by adding his Super Saiyan transformations into the mix, thereby multiplying the Godly ki in his body several times over.

Though it is not the official ritual used by the Saiyans, this method demonstrated another means of gaining strength through godly ki for a Saiyan.

Just like the Gods of Ancient Greek, Japanese and Norse mythology, the Gods featured in Legacies also demonstrate an Achilles heel to various artifacts and elements in the universe. (This is an element I derived specifically from Homer's Odyssey, which I found to be a compelling read during my study. I just love how all of the Greek Gods have such a lively culture. I think that's what's really missing from the concept of Beerus, it's that he never experiences these kinds of conflicts. Hopefully my story amends that by adding more diversity). Mythological artifacts such as swords and spears forged from enchanted elements can be used to harm and slay Gods, with artifacts constructed from materials, such as stars, quasars and anti-matter, also serving as a resource. Much like the Rings of Gyges of Ancient Greek mythology, which were made of an unknown celestial element to grant invisibility to the one who wields them, in the same suite, an element of the opposite nature can harm one who possesses invincibility or Godhood, such as the box that sealed Pandora and the blade wielded by Perseus to slay Medusa, whose status was said to be equal to that of the Goddess Circe.
In *Legacies*, Beerus is one of several Gods who represent the element of destruction and maintain balance in the universe. He is also a student of the life form identified as Whis, who'd trained many other Gods and Goddesses over the centuries he's lived. The other deities that represent the elements of construction and destruction also received their training from other figures and past Gods, and have their own attendants that serve them and fulfill responsibilities in their absences.

**Androids and Mechs:** In the canon storyline, Doctor Gero demonstrated the ability to create androids capable of fighting against Super Saiyan and even deity level opponents. His strongest creation, Cell, is a biological android capable of using the exact same techniques and skills as the other Z-fighters, including the Saiyans, as he possesses the DNA samples of every single one of them. The android was also able to increase his strength to the point he could match a fully powered Super Saiyan 2 Gohan.

In *Dragonball Online* and *Dragonball GT* (even though it's non-canon, it's still used as part of the series like the movies), the science that went into designing the androids was further expanded on in the Dragonball universe. The androids Nico and Nimu, who were designed by Doctor Auto and possess the exact same technology and appearances as Androids 17 and 18, have demonstrated the ability to fight on par with Super Saiyan 3, Super Saiyan 4, and God level opponents. Super Android 17, who was also partly designed by Doctor Gero, also demonstrated the ability to fight on par with Super Saiyan 4 Goku, as well as absorb enormous quantities of energy to multiply his strength. Even Doctor Flapp created Arale, who possesses the innate capability to distort reality at a whim and split the earth in two with a tap of her finger.

Borrowing concepts from the androids in these media, *Legacies* further delves into the capacity of human technology through Kaiser. Showcasing intelligence on par with Gero's and Auto's, Kaiser was able to use the same technology used in the androids to create armored combat suits and mechs capable of fighting on par with Super Saiyan 2 and Super Saiyan 3 level opponents. Instead of having the metal frames on the inside, the mech frames are exterior and can be used by anyone, making his technology incredibly flexible in terms of their usage. However, while the androids are cell and biological based, Kaiser's mechs are core and armor based, meaning they have more limitations than the androids in terms of how much energy they can store and absorb. He is later able to correct this by modifying Hasky's design by adding the energy cells to her suit, and later Chico's.

If the idea has been used in Dragonball Z, whether it's canon, filler (including GT), a movie (not *Evolution*), a game or a comic, then it is guaranteed to be featured in this story. *Dragonball Z: Legacies* can be seen as an expansion of old and new Dragonball Z concepts, as well as a trial of ideas embedded into one story. At least that's what I'm aiming for.

For more information, consult the *Dragonball Z* wiki.
Across the desert, several kilometers outside of Earth's capital, an enormous military base, the same installation that was responsible for detecting the alien titan Zeru a year earlier, was currently on full emergency alert. Past the enormous radar and telescopic dishes scattered across the landscape, the barbwire fences surrounding the airfield and across the base's open grounds, sirens could be heard blaring from every single corner of the facility as men and women crisscrossed the tarmac, prepping vehicles and readying their weapons for combat. As of right now, the site had become a steaming cauldron of barely organized chaos, with soldiers rushing into battle positions and preparing their aircraft for launch. The engines of jets and assault vehicles roared into life, filling the countryside with a deafening howl, at the same time staff on the ground directed the pilots to their stations and guided the craft to their exit points.

While all this was happening on the outside, inside Fort Skuld's main tower, in the room that was easily recognized as air traffic control and surrounding the massive, circular table that was the beating heart of the base's operations, the officers in charge the facility were corroborating with their staff to try and figure out what was going on. Across all four corners of the chamber, surveillance personnel and airmen working diligently at the dozens of monitors were in a state of continuous panic, as whatever it was they'd managed to pick up on their scanners was raising all kinds of hell with their instruments. Not only that, but the men tasked with organizing the emergency protocols and communicating with the ground crews at their neighboring bases were oblivious as to what they were supposed to do next.

After all, this was the first time any of them had ever had to deal with a planet appearing out of nowhere a few hundred miles away from Earth's orbit.

Shit like this just didn't happen on a daily basis.

As the staff scrambled about the central hub, the General of the base, a dark-skinned man with a grey army cut, mustache, and wearing a blue uniform with five-stars on his shoulder patches, stormed into the room with his secretary right on his heels. Returning the salutes of the people he passed, the well-dressed commander then stopped in front of the central table. There, hovering above the platform, he spotted the large, blue hologram of the very thing the personnel at the base were now attempting to deconstruct.

While the General slipped his hands behind his back and furrowed his brow, he was quickly joined by an attractive, anthropomorphic wolf woman with grey and white fur, wearing a similar style of blue uniform, and showcasing the multiple insignia of a Colonel, which were sewn into her shoulder straps. "General Rin, sir," the female greeted, saluting her superior as she stood at attention beside him.

Acknowledging the woman's salute, the commander then frowned deeply, "Alright… would somebody care to explain to me what the heck I'm looking at right now?"
The female wolf with the mascara and yellow eyes quickly turned her gaze to the projector. "Sir, as you can see by the three-dimensional satellite rendering; a terrestrial planet the same size and density as the Earth, along with half a dozen small moons, has just appeared inside of our orbital path, and has situated itself several hundred miles away from our planet's position. The scientists over at the National Aeronautics and Space Travel Administration are gathering up Intel on the alien world and sending it over to us as we speak."

"I see. Great," the General muttered, looking the hologram over a second time as more numbers and readings suddenly started popping up around it. "Is there any chance the computers can tell us where this... thing actually came from?"

"That... I'm afraid is something we're still working on," the Colonel replied hesitantly, before turning her attention back to the General, where she saw him lean in closer to read the information materializing beside the sphere. "Though we have no idea what system or galaxy this planet originated from, the satellites did pick up an unusual amount of Hawking radiation and gravitational fluctuations. Based on the information we were able to collect, the scientists at NASTA theorized that the planet must have arrived here via a slip space rupture... most likely a wormhole in deep space. Its exit from the subspace dimension caused a cosmic shockwave, which rippled outwards at great speed and affected everything within reach of the planet. This explains why the computers picked up the strange resonance field bouncing off of our atmosphere."

General Rin, processing the information being pieced together, nodded in understanding, "Have there been any accidents or casualties caused by these resonance waves?"

"None so far," the Colonel answered, shaking her head, "However, we do have reason to believe that the anomaly may have upset some of the local air traffic around the Western parts of the continent. I have ground crews and air control looking into it right now."

"Good. While you're at it, contact our departments over in Central City and have them lock down any outward bound communications from the surrounding observatories and research facilities. The last thing we want is for the media to get involved in this and starting up a worldwide panic, like we saw during the first meteorite crisis several years ago," the commander of the base stated, recalling memories of the time Lord Slug and his army invaded the earth.

Though he knew it would be next to impossible to completely stop news of the alien planet's arrival from getting out to the public, since half of the world could practically see the thing hovering several hundred kilometers above them, the best thing they could do right now was stall and assure the people that they had everything under control... at least until they could get troops on the ground.

However, considering they were dealing with something a thousand times larger than some stray comet or space debris from another solar system, even the General was having trouble figuring out where to go from here. In fact... he was absolutely stumped as to what they could actually do.

After seeing the Colonel relay his instructions to a nearby airman and focus her attention back on the celestial object, the base commander then turned to the staff working on the monitors behind him and asked loudly, "How are we doing on the updated status of the alien planet?"

The team leader overseeing the personnel in that part of the room, a blonde man in glasses and uniform, moved away from the monitors and addressed Commander Rin in a serious voice. "The scans of the world show that the planet has a surface pressure of approximately 101.3 kPa... that's roughly around the same pressure as the Earth's. The atmosphere also has a compositional volume consisting mostly of nitrogen and oxygen, meaning that the air surrounding the world is definitely breathable." The sergeant then stopped beside the central hologram and, after typing into the
keyboard on his side, threw up a series of slides for the General to inspect. "Photos taken from our planet's orbital telescope also shows that there is a dense layer of cloud covering a lush, green world of mountains, lakes and oceans… indicating a thriving ecosystem of alien flora and fauna."

Narrowing his eyes suspiciously on the windows rotating around the projection of the planet, Rin then gave the team leader a curious look. "And? What do you think?"

"Honestly, sir?" the blonde agent replied with a shrug and a smile, "I think it's safe to say that we've just discovered a planet that humans might actually be able to live on." He then nodded to the hologram alongside them, "Aside from the multiple moons and the enormous dust cloud orbiting it, the planet's atmosphere and structure is almost exactly identical to ours. It even has a strong magnetosphere, which is preventing solar winds and cosmic radiation from affecting its surface."

It was this breakdown of data that quickly had Rin regards the projection with suspicion. "Hold on a second… doesn't the moon's gravitational pull on the Earth cause the ocean's tides to rise and fall with each rotation?" When he felt the eyes of his subordinates boring into his side, the General quickly turned to face them with a concerned stare, "Since the planet is moving so close to ours… how come it hasn't flooded all of our lands and cities yet?"

Adjusting his glasses, the blonde sergeant glared up at the hologram. "That's actually quite tricky to explain," the team leader answered, pulling up another window with a large mathematical equation written in it. He quickly pulled it across so that it hovered directly over the alien planet for illustration. "With such an enormous celestial body suspended so close to us, you would think its proximity to the Earth's surface would be causing enormous gravitational turbulence. However, as you can see from these readings here…” He stopped to point out the thin shield surrounding the foreign world, "we have reason to suspect that the planet is producing its own artificial gravity well. This allows the planet to travel safely through space without affecting any of the systems it happens to come across, protecting it and its atmosphere from harm. It also explains why it's able to hold so many moons in such perfect geosynchronous orbit of it."

General Rin raised an eyebrow, "A planet that defies the laws of physics, huh? That's interesting." Tapping his finger against his hand, the stern commander gave the planet one last look over before glaring apprehensively. After seeing another wave of information appear in the hologram, another question then appeared in his head. "Wait… something about this doesn't feel right."

The female Colonel stepped forward curiously, "What do you mean, sir?"

"Planets don't just appear out of nowhere. I also doubt they have the ability to travel between dimensions on their own accord," the man said, drawing the attention of several other staff members scattered throughout the room. Moving closer to the hologram, the General then scrutinized the surface of the world with a wary eye. "The fact that this one not only has a breathable atmosphere, but also possesses perfect living conditions and an artificial gravity field, means that someone or something must have brought it here." He then turned to the Colonel with a steely look on his face. "I know it sounds crazy… but I think this planet might be inhabited."

This announcement had most of the people in the room go deathly silent. As the computers continued to beep, hum and communicate information between each other, the team leader that'd come to stand beside the hologram projector straightened up and faced the General with an anxious stance. "Inhabited? You mean… there might be… aliens living on that planet?"

"After what's happened to the Earth in the last couple of decades, I think it's been made clear to all of us that we're not the only ones living in the universe," the General stated with a frown, before focusing his attention back on the new world. "That being the case, if this planet is actually
inhabited and the people living on it brought it here; my next question is… what do they want?"
After an unsettling white noise fell over the personnel gathered in the chamber, the commander of
the base quickly looked across at the men at the monitors, "Have the scanners picked up anything
else?"

Realizing he was being called upon, an anthropomorphic male bear in an airman's uniform focused
back onto his computer screen and typed away at the keyboard. After a few moments, the furry
humanoid shook his head, "No. Nothing, sir. The satellites haven't… wait." Placing a hand over
his left headphone, the man then listened carefully as his station began relaying something back to
him. Using the programs on his monitor to break up the signal a little more, the staff member's eyes
then widened and he looked up towards the General in shock. "I'm… I'm getting something. A
message!"

"Me too," a woman from another computer across the room shouted. The officer pressed her hand
against her headpiece tightly as she turned her gaze towards her intently listening commander. "A
signal is coming in from the alien world."

Rin, appearing startled at this news, looked across towards the female staff member anxiously, "Is
it a cyber-attack?"

"No, sir. It's a video and audio stream being transmitted over the public airways. No malicious
malware or software detected," the mediator answered, reaching up to her screen to adjust the
power. As soon as she did so, she nodded victoriously and then looked back at her commanding
officer. "Got it. The message is coming through."

"What's it saying?"

Before she or any of the other men at the desks could answer, a loud hum suddenly filled the room,
followed by every single computer screen shutting down. All personnel currently on station
recoiled in surprise, with most of the staff quickly moving to adjust their machines and screens. The
General and his head staff looked about in alarm, initially thinking that they were experiencing a
full system crash of some kind, with most of the staff quickly coming to the same conclusion.
However, just before the crew could being the process of restarting their hardware, the computer
screens and the massive hologram in the center of the chamber switched back on and, after the
screens blinked and flickered several times, a figure suddenly appeared.

The staff in the room recoiled at the face that materialized before them; a scrambled, pixilated face
of an alien humanoid with big ears. Because the monitors were all tweaking out and the quality of
the image was considerably scrambled, it was hard to tell who the person was or what the alien
looked like. Considering the circumstances and the way all of their computers had suddenly been
hijacked, all the men and women in the room could think was that it was the most terrifying thing
they'd ever seen in their lives.

Not even the face of the maniacal android Cell from seven years ago had anything on this invader.

A few seconds after the profile of the stranger was projected onto their monitors, through the static
and the feedback of the transmission, a haunting, robotic voice suddenly spoke up over every
speaker and intercom in the facility.

"We're… (tzt-tzt)... going… to drop… (tzt-tzt)... by."

Moments later, the face vanished and, for the second time in a row, the computers shut down and
restared, with power soon being restored to the base. As soon as the lights of the room came back
on, the military personnel scattered throughout the room all stood or sat staring at their screens
with a look of fear and uncertainty reflected in their eyes.

General Rin, sweat breaking out on his flabbergasted face, swallowed nervously. "Get me King Koku…"

XXX

(Meanwhile)

Up on the alien world orbiting hundreds of miles away from earth, across the sweeping fields and lush forests making up its main continent, the residents of the black fortress that stood as the center of the planet were all gathered in the throne room. Enveloped in the shadows being cast by the chamber's fixtures and pillars, the people assembled inside the enormous, armored castle were all standing around the central throne, which was currently turned in the direction of the hologram screen being projected in front of it from the platinum stone floor. It was on this very screen that a detailed, three-dimensional image of the earth was being shown, along with a series of numbers and additional specifications.

Under the glow of the hologram, six figures of different shapes and sizes could be seen flanking the center seat, with a seventh figure situated comfortably upon the throne. While the latter was adorned in a white, revealing one-piece suit, boots and cloak, the four people standing closest to her were all decked out in heavy, metallic black combat suits. Each one of these uniforms was equipped with a black cape, heavy looking gauntlets, and a helmet with a tinted face visor, designed for concealment and optimal visibility.

Though the blueprints for these outfits were all relatively the same, it should be noted that it was easy to distinguish each of the four figures from one another based solely on their body-shapes and sizes.

The two standing to the right of the chair were both female. The first was a petite young woman with long, brown, hedgehog-style hair that grew down to her waist and had her arms folded across her chest. The second female stood a foot taller than the first, with cat ears protruding from the top of her helmet, and a white and brown, furry tail sticking out from the back of her suit and waving in the air. Stationed behind them was third figure, a large, male, burly figure, with stubby legs, massive arms, and stubby fingers. The fourth figure, standing on the left side of the throne and also decked out in metal plating, was the tallest of the group, possessing a muscular, fighter's build, and a heavy frame and, judging from his shape and stature, was also a man.

The fifth figure in the room was a Namekian, who was not only standing to the left of the armored man, but was also the third tallest and wasn't decked out in any armor at all. On the contrary, instead of a bulky suit, the green fighter had opted to wear a pair of loose-fitted, white pants, brown boots, a yellow top, a shawl with a thick, weighted neck band, and a yellow sash, which he wore over his shoulder. He also had his big arms folded over his chest, showing that he was in a position of attention and readiness.

As for the final figure, this one wasn't human-shaped or organic in any way. About the size of a small tank, the entity was a four-legged, spider-like robot with a large, barrel-like abdomen, two forearms with three, claw-like fingers, and a white, spherical optical sensor at the front. Its design resembled that of a Logicoma and, judging from its specifications, was all tricked out and prepped for combat.

After seeing the extra window that had appeared alongside the image of the earth disappear, the group's standing members then turned their attention to the throne. Once their eyes landed on her, the raven haired leader, with her chin resting on her knuckles, spoke in a calm and clear voice.
"Do you think that message got through to them?"

The woman with the cat-like tail nodded, before speaking in a voice made robotic by her suit's built-in respirator, "Our video was broadcast over every single one of the planet's communication networks. This includes all satellite and media transmissions. If my calculations are correct, about sixty percent of the world's population has now been informed of our presence in this system and will likely be making preparations for our arrival."

"Good," the commander replied, content with hearing this news. "As long as they know that we're in the vicinity, we'll be able to move into the next phase of our operation without interference from the local population." She then glanced across at the two women standing alongside her. "How are we doing on our scan? Have we located the Super Saiyan yet?"

Raising her arm, the woman with feline features then pressed a button on her suit's gauntlet and took control of the projector. When she did, the hologram of the planet broke up into several individual windows, zooming in on different parts of the Earth. Once they'd gotten close enough, the windows then highlighted a dozen spots with red, blinking dots, which were then accompanied by a compilation of various numbers and readings.

"Our computers have detected several enormous power levels scattered across the planet's surface, with each variant registering above the standard norm."

The Namekian positioned nearby lifted his head astutely, "It's true. I can feel them… over half a dozen strong presences on the surface."

It was an assessment that drew a nod of agreement from the raven haired woman seated in the throne. "So can I. But it's clear that most of these figures are keeping their energy suppressed. I can barely tell where they are from all the way up here."

The large spider-tank posted nearby murmured thoughtfully to itself. Upon taking stock of the results, it then swiveled its optical sensor towards its friends and spoke in a child's voice, "Perhaps it is part of their training regiment or something." The tank added to this suggestion with a shrug of its forward arms.

Noticing her leader's eyes glance towards her prompted the humanoid feline to continue her assessment of the situation. "Since they haven't assembled into a single location yet, we can assume that they must've strategically positioned themselves across the planet's surface to cover more ground and split our attention."

"Or…" the armored woman with the long, spiky hair interjected with an obviously impatient tone, "they have no idea that we've even arrived in their space and are just carrying on with their day like normal."

"Obviously we can't tell which one of these power levels belong to our mysterious Saiyan. However, judging from the numbers and statistics, I've managed to narrow down four possible locations our target could be," the woman informed. Pointing up towards the hologram, she then outlined the windows in question, "There is one located in this mountainous region to the East, another atop a large, floating platform to the South West, a couple resting on a secluded island in the middle of the ocean, and two more in this community pocket here, in a large, dome-shaped facility on the West Coast of the mainland."

After contemplating the information for a few moments and seeing how far these power levels were apart from each other, the raven haired female then lowered her hand and tapped it against her arm rest. "There's only one way for us to be sure; we have to go down to the planet personally and
make contact with the high power levels at each of these locations. If neither of them turns out to be the Super Saiyan we're looking for, then we may have to resort to more extreme measures." She then turned her attention to the spiky haired woman on her right. "Maya, take Cal and head down to the home in the mountains and draw out the variants residing there. Be sure not to start any trouble until we have confirmation of our target." When she sensed both figures nod, she then looked across at the burly figure in the black suit. "Mobi, you head to the island in the middle of the ocean and pull a headcount of the occupants. If any of the tenants exhibit traits belonging to a Saiyan, contact me at once. You copy?"

The large figure nodded before responding with a simple, easy to distinguish sound.

"Beep."

"Excellent." The raven haired commander then turned to her feline associate, who she saw was waiting patiently for her instructions. "Kure. Since your diplomatic skills and patience are better than the rest of ours, I'll allow you to make contact with the targets hiding out in the city. No doubt they're going to be surrounded by figures of authority and high standing, so I'll be relying on your subtlety and charm to accomplish this task."

An affirmative gesture from the tall female immediately followed, "Roger."

"And what about me?" the giant tank asked with an excited inflection in its vocals, while simultaneously looking across at its raven haired leader with a gleam in its sensors.

Glancing at the quad-legged tank, the female leader responded to it with a fond smile, "You San… I'm going to need you to remain up here with me until we make our way down to ground. I'll need you to keep tabs on the others' life support systems and run the broadcast when the time comes. Got it?"

Flashing the signal lights on her front excitedly, the giant tank acknowledged the order with a salute of her turret arm. "Understood."

While the two individuals made sure the specifications were properly relayed to one another, a loud 'ding' from the hologram's speakers drew the attention of the intimidating Cal and had the large, armored man crane his head upwards inquisitively. "Hey. One of the power signatures is on the move."

Quickly turning their gazes towards the screen, the group of fighters and armored warriors saw one of the windows zoom in on the floating castle. It was here they saw one of the blinking red lights take off and begin heading into the planet's atmosphere. Traveling faster than any manmade object, the unidentified power signature broke into the vacuum and, in a matter of seconds, plotted a straight course towards their planet.

It was the sight of this high power signature that had the warriors in the room stare in confusion and prompted the unmasked members to focus their senses on their rogue target.

When the Namekian in the room locked onto the incoming individual and analyzed the feedback, his eyes widened a little in surprise. He then gazed up at the screen in astonishment. "This energy… it can't be…"

The woman on the throne shot a look across at the green warrior. "Gast? What is it?"

Shaking his head to rid himself of his daze, the old fighter quickly glanced at his leader with intensity reflected in his stare. "The power level heading towards us… belongs to a member of my
This announcement had the enchanting woman in the one-piece suit regard her companion with a mild sense of bewilderment, "Are you certain?"

"Positive," Gast replied without a hint of hesitation. "There's no way I can mistake that energy to belong to anyone else."

Analyzing the feedback of the approaching figure and narrowing her eyes upon the hologram, the spiky haired Maya spoke. "Do you want me to intercept him? The numbers we're getting from this guy are pretty high and he's heading towards us really fast-"

"No. Let me," the Namekian interjected with a sudden flare of assertiveness. After shooting a hard look across at his spiky haired compatriot and the rest of his comrades, the elderly, green fighter reached up, tugged at his collar, and marched across the room, making a b-line for the nearest exit. "It's been eons since I've had a run-in with a member of my race, so I'll go out and personally greet this one myself. If you guys don't hear from me in the next few hours… well…" Stopping for a moment, he then glanced back at his friends and smiled. "I think you can guess what must've happened."

Blinking a few times in confusion, the raven haired warrior on the throne then returned the man's gaze and nodded in understanding. "Alright, Gast. Best of luck." The rest of the people standing around her also passed their respects and best wishes on to their old friend through a series of nods and waves.

With a flash of his cape and one last salute, the green man then flew out through the nearest balcony, setting his sights on a different part of the planet altogether. In a matter of moments, he was gone.

After seeing Gast off, Kure looked back at the holograms above them, gave the windows another once over, before furrowing her brow seriously. "I think he's just coming to check the planet out. I doubt he knows that we're here."

"Then let's try to keep it that way until Gast brings him in. Since our armors are designed to help keep our energy levels suppressed, we shouldn't have any problems of any ki sensitive denizens catching wind of our actions," Maya said, before turning her gaze back to her captain and friend, along with the other fighters next to her. "So… what now, Sandra?"

Thinking it over for a moment, the raven haired empress narrowed her eyes and spoke in an assertive tone, "We'll continue the arrival as planned. We know who our targets are… now it's time to go out and meet them. So let's move."

XXX

(Several minutes later)

Deciding to act as point-man on behalf of the rest of the team, as soon as the alien planet had situated itself comfortably in the space above them, just outside of their moon's orbit, Piccolo wasted no time in taking flight towards the foreign world now floating a stone's throw away from their own. Not even taking the time to contact the others, as he was pretty sure the rest of the Z-fighters had at least gotten word that a large, terrestrial body had appeared right on their doorstep, the Namekian dropped all pretenses of waiting around to see what would happen next and began making tracks towards the unknown object. If there was a chance that the people, if any, on the newly materialized planetoid were hostile, the man wasn't going to give them the chance to make
the first move.

If all else failed, then at least the former guardian of Earth could say he was the first to arrive on the scene and was able to stall the enemy long enough for the rest of his compatriots to organize.

Cutting a swath through the vacuum of space, Piccolo continued his approach of the beautiful green planet. Once he was certain he'd gotten close enough, the warrior hit the brakes and drifted to a stop in the middle of the vacuum, just a dozen kilometers away from one of the moons orbiting the primordial, paradise of a world. From his position, the caped crusader was able to see the entire alien body for all its magnificence and splendor. Then, after silently drinking in its scenery for about a minute, the man then focused all of his attention and senses upon the interstellar object, and began getting an accurate bead on its surface.

Piccolo's first objective at this point was to scout the world from a distance for any high power levels. If there happened to be any strong, antagonistic aliens on that planet and they were aware of his presence, the Namekian was in the perfect position to both avoid and return any fire sent his way. This would then lead into his second objective, which was to investigate the world on foot.

The warrior was confident he would be able to find at least something substantial to justify as being problematic. However, after about two minutes of searching, the eagle-eyed Piccolo narrowed his gaze in suspicion.

For some strange reason, not only was the planet showing up as an invisible speck on his radar, but there didn't appear to be anyone living on it. At least… that's what it looked like on first glance.

"Doesn't seem like anyone's home." Ears twitching ever so slightly as his brow furrowed, the green guardian then decided to throw his super-hearing into the mix. "However…"

Then… it happened.

The Namekian warrior recoiled in surprise when a flash of light, one that shone as brightly as a star, suddenly appeared on the surface of the planet. Once it faded, a white beam of energy was then sent hurtling towards him from the same area of the planet at a ridiculous speed. It homed in on Piccolo's position and threatened to wipe him out in a single stroke. Crossing his arms over his face, the former guardian braced himself for the impact and burning sensations to come. But then, instead of striking the man with the force he was anticipating, the bright ray of ethereal energy engulfed the fighter and, like a scene taken straight from an alien-abduction, began to drag the green fighter towards the planet.

Unable to resist the gravitational force enacting upon his body, a bewildered Piccolo gave a loud yell of shock as he was tractor-beamed at neck-breaking speed towards the foreign world. He traveled through the pillar of light, spinning and spiraling out of control down a straight and narrow path. Then, after passing the moons orbiting the alien world and plummeting through the gaseous cloud surrounding the world, the Namekian was gone…

…sucked down towards parts unknown.

XXX

(Sometime later)

(Back on earth)

While the population across the rest of the planet gradually descended into a nervous clamor, in the regions surrounding the Mount Paozu area, the locals were still carrying on like they would any
other morning. In fact, due to the alien world appearing thousands of miles to the west of the continent, here on the eastern side, the people residing in the multiple villages and towns were pretty much oblivious to the chaos that was now taking place in their world's respective capitals. The same could be said for the resident super heroes who, on this beautiful, crisp, late Saturday sunrise, were enjoying a pleasant day out in the woods, appreciating one another's company the only way they knew how.

With Goten still gorging on jam toast, eggs and bacon at the kitchen table, Gohan, Zangya, Icarus, Lime and Videl used that opportunity to sneak out several minutes earlier to have a brisk stroll through the fields, which they quickly hoped would lead them to some place exciting. This eventually ended with the group stopping by one of the enormous lakes dotting the mountainous region, which also happened to be the very same spot the males of the Son family often came around to do some fishing.

That being the case, since they had so many people over today, the half-Saiyan male and leader of their little troop decided to do the honorable thing… and catch them a couple of tuna for lunch.

So, upon depositing his stuff on the bank, the ever adventurous Son Gohan wasted no time in diving in and going for an aquatic hunt. Icarus, not too comfortable with being underwater, had taken to sleeping on the cool ground by the lake's edge, guarding his best friend's training gear and keeping an eye on their surroundings. The women meanwhile, stripping down to their undergarments, opted to have some well-earned fun of their own. This took the form of a free-for-all splash war in the shallows, in which all three of them did their best to try and one-up the other in an old-fashioned, pond slugfest. It started off as playful and tame at first, but had now started to escalate into something a little bit more competitive.

"Eat this!" Lime shouted while digging both hands through the water and hitting Videl in the face with a wash of perspiration. The full-frontal shot from the girl in the green lace underwear had the raven haired teenager stumble back with a laugh.

"Oh yeah?" the crime fighter yelled back, at the same time returning fire with a few, one-handed splashes of her own. "You want to test me, girl? Take this! And this! Ack!" While the teen in the black spandex shorts and white gym bra was bombarding her friend with splashes, she was suddenly struck from behind by a separate wave of water. This had Videl look over her shoulder to see Zangya, with her hands cupped in front of her, grinning impishly in the pair's direction.

"Come on, Satan. Bring it on!" the orange haired woman in the purple lace underwear goaded, before beginning to send huge arcs of water flying at the pair of teenagers. Both Videl and Lime stumbled backwards when they were hit by the salvo of heavy streams, which the Hera scooped out of the lake and sent flying at them by the pale load.

Feeling the equivalent of tidal forces hitting her over and over again and blocking out her vision, a thoroughly amused Videl grinned and cocked back her right leg. "You think I can't take that sort of punishment? Well… how about this?!" She then kicked at the shallow water in front of her and sent her own wave back at the overconfident Zangya, who caught the blast right in the face and had her cough in surprise.

Shaking off the hit and wiping her hand over her mug, the Hera laughed. "Oh-ho. So that's how you want to play it, huh?" She then slapped her hands together directly on the lake's surface and, holding them up, took aim with her thumbs. "Surprise!" She then fired a high-pressure stream of water, which shot towards her friend like a round fired from a water pistol.

Gasping, Videl ducked it at the last second, which ended in Lime getting hit in the face instead. The farm girl yelped in shock and sputtered when the attack ended, which then had her glare back
at the Hera competitively. "You are so dead." She then returned fire by putting her own hands together, cupping them in the water and, adding a little ki for extra measure, scooped up a mass of water and sent it blasting towards her opponent.

Seeing the attack approaching her at great speed put Zangya on the defensive. Waving both hands outwards, the Z-fighter caused a ripple in the air that separated the approaching wave and dispelled it. The Hera then used her telekinetic energy to conjure up a ball of water from the shallows beside her and, after setting it into a spin, pitched it towards Lime's position like a softball. This ended up leaving her wide open for a second torrent of water, which was thrown by Videl from her right-hand side and ended up blindsiding Zangya like a speeding truck. The orange haired alien gave a shout of surprise as she was dropped into the water, at the same time Lime ended up barely dodging the sphere sent at her from the front.

As soon as she avoided the attack, Lime prepared another blast, only for Videl to thrust her right hand towards the shallows and send a mini-tsunami at her rival. The poor farm girl had no clue how to respond as she was hit headlong by the wave and dropped back into the lake with a big splash. The wave itself ended up crashing harmlessly against the rocks of dry land in the background.

Being the only one left standing, the short-haired fighter from Satan City looked around to see all of her opponents lying on their backsides, drenched, and floundering in the pond. Upon taking their waterlogged states into account, the victorious fighter smiled and returned to a proper standing position with her hands on her hips. "Well. It seems like the best girl won."

Shaking out her dripping locks, which were hanging off of her like wet towels, the orange haired Hera flicked them back and chuckled, "For now."

As the alien girl stood up, Lime followed suit, being sure to brush away the droplets cascading down her face, "You really like to play rough, don't you V?" She then leered at the raven haired girl standing in the center, a glint of mischief in her eye. "Man. It's one thing to throw your weight around on the battlefield. I'd hate to see what you're like off stage and behind the curtain."

"Hey. I know where you're going with this," Videl said in a low voice, at the same time pointing across at the teenager in warning. "If you start saying anything weird, I'm going to begin slapping you over the back of your head until your tone changes."

Lime shrugged back cheekily, "Whatever floats your boat, girl. I'm not one to judge." Her little remark had the nearby Zangya snicker as she casually squeezed out her lengths of bushy hair.

Before the raven haired fighter could respond to her friend's comments, the trio was then interrupted by Gohan surfacing in the middle of the lake. Clad in only his orange gi pants, the spiky haired fighter flicked his hair back and slowly drifted towards the shore. As soon as his feet waded into the shallows, he dragged with him a still alive and kicking tuna. Literally about the same size as a car, the giant, freshwater animal flailed and splashed about as it was unwillingly pulled onto the shoreline by its tail, its demi-Saiyan captive then holding it up for all his friends to see.

"Check it out girls. I got one," the drenched hybrid said loudly.

Awed by the sight of the giant fish the demi-Saiyan had managed to snag, Videl grinned and waved back at him, "Wow. Great job, babe."

Icarus, head perking up from his front legs, crowed happily as his best friend waded towards him. Soon enough, the oldest male of the Son family then dropped the fish on the floor directly beside
the pink dragon, the latter of whom stood up and waddled over to sniff the abnormally large creature.

As his reptilian friend inspected his prize, the thoroughly saturated Gohan ran a hand back through his moist locks, completely unaware of the three girls ogling him from the shallows. "Well… that's our lunch for today. Though I know mum has something else planned for all of us, I'm pretty sure she has some room for a couple of tempura fillets and sushi rolls." He then turned to beam at the group, only to then balk in shock when he finally noticed that all of them were standing in the water, dripping from head to toe…

In their underwear.

Marveling at the teen's successful catch, as well as the demi-Saiyan himself, Zangya straightened up, placed her hands on her hips and smirked, "Nice going, handsome. That guy will definitely make a terrific side dish." She then waded forward, only to stop when she saw the boy look away with a nervous expression on his face. "Huh? What's wrong?"

"Something the matter, Gohan?" Videl also asked, moving towards her boyfriend in genuine concern.

Swallowing anxiously when he saw the three girls move within jumping distance of him, the half-Saiyan then looked in another direction and, massaging his head in his usual way, spoke with a noticeable stammer in his voice, "N-Nothing. Nothing's the matter. It's just that… well…" He then tried to find the right words to explain what the problem was, mustering up whatever self-confidence and tasteful words that he could. "You guys aren't exactly-"

However, before he could even begin to speak what was on his mind, the ever sharp-eyed Lime quickly realized what the problem must've been and, grinning from ear to ear, moved even closer to the boy. "Ooh… I think I know what's gotten under our boy's skin." She then leant over, putting her face just a few inches away from Gohan's while simultaneously giving him a breathtaking view of her ample cleavage. "It's because we're showing off so much of ours. Isn't it?"

Backing up a little and holding up his hands, the now brightly blushing teenager babbled, "N-No. That's not what I was…"

Quickly catching onto the teen's distress, Zangya also gave a mischievous leer and, deciding to play along, struck an alluring pose in front of the half-Saiyan teen, which did not improve the boy's situation at all. "What's wrong, Gohan? Can't handle so much stimulation so early in the morning?" Her question put an enthusiastic grin on Videl's face, who then gave her boyfriend a predatory glare.

Icarus, tilting his head at the sight of the three girls advancing on his friend, chirped teasingly from where he stood beside the giant catch. It was his animalistic comment that earned a distasteful scowl from the half-Saiyan.

"Not helping, buddy." Gritting his teeth in panic, the anxious young warrior backed up even further, until he was practically nudging the shore with his heels. "Look, guys. I don't think now's a really good time for gah!" He reeled forward in surprise when he suddenly felt a pair of slender arms wrap around his neck and a familiar chin bury into the side of his neck. When he looked to his left, he saw a confident looking Videl hanging off of him with her generous chest pressed firmly into his back. The proximity was enough to have his face light up like the end of a thermometer.

"Now, Gohan, you know I don't like you shamelessly ogling the other girls while I'm standing right
next to them," the raven haired teen said in a half-warning, half-playful tone. "I'm in my underwear too, yah know. As long as you're making more passes at me, then I don't have any—... hey?" She then pulled back a little and looked down in surprise, as she felt something long and fuzzy rubbing against her belly. When she caught a glimpse of the culprit wiggling between her and her boyfriend's hips, her eyes widened. "Gah. What the heck?" She then sprang away and looked down at the teen's backside in surprise.

Her sudden retreat had the Saiyan look at her in worry. "Huh? What's wrong, V?" Gohan asked. When he turned around to investigate the problem himself, the other two women behind him also spotted the thing that'd caught Videl's attention.

Honestly, what the three girls saw protruding out of the top of the man's gi and waving behind him was the last thing they expected to see on him.

The sight literally had Lime do a double-take, "Gohan! Y-You have a tail⁉!

Zangya blinked in amazement, "Whoa. That's a first."

"Oh. This?" Gohan asked, doing an about-face and showing off his derrière. After waving his monkey-like appendage through the air a few times, at the same time giving it a good stretch, he then turned towards the two females gaping at him across the shallows and grinned. "Yeah. I've been meaning to tell you guys about this for a while now. I just thought I should train it up a little before pulling back the curtains."

Shaking her head in amazement, Videl then pointed down at it, "But... I thought you said you had it permanently removed when you were six? That was not long after your first battle with Cooler."

"Well... as it turns out, the tails can't be permanently removed," Gohan replied, giving his girlfriend a shrug while running his appendage over his shoulder to wipe off some moisture. "It just takes a bit of effort to re-grow them."

Blinking and moving around so that she could get a better look, a fully entranced Lime murmured curiously, "How did you manage to get it back?"

"It's actually quite an interesting story," the hybrid said, at the same time placing a hand on his hip. "Basically, Kana dropped by and took me out to this awesome pub on a planet in a star system outside of our district. While we were there, we got into a bar fight, met my grandmother and, long story short, she showed me how to get my tail back." He then gave another chuckle when he saw Zangya raise an eyebrow at him. "I... haven't told any of the others yet since I figured Vegeta would want to have a few choice words with me."

The Hera in front of him scoffed, "That's a nice way of sugarcoating it."

Turning back around to see his girlfriend step in closer, Gohan then gave her a half-smile and a shrug. "This... isn't weird to any of you is it? I mean..." He then gestured to his tail timidly, which responded to his emotions in kind. "I know it may look a little strange and out of place, but considering I'm half-Saiyan—"

"I don't mind," Videl interrupted, cutting the boy's stammering short.

The teen blinked, "R-Really?"

Shaking her head, the raven haired girl gazed cheerily at him. "Not at all. If you hadn't told me about it years ago, I'd probably be a little bit more surprised than I am now. But since it is part of your race's heritage and genetics, then I have no problems with it whatsoever."
"I don't either," Zangya also said, at the same time throwing the boy one of her fond smiles.

"Me too," Lime spoke, voicing her support for the boy. "Actually, I think it looks really cool."

When he heard the unanimous vote from the three girls he considered the closest people in his life, Gohan then allowed a warm smile to break out on his face. Just before he could thank them all for their support, an electric current suddenly ran up his spine when a pair of soft hands latched onto his tail and began to stroke it, which had the teen look behind him to see Videl staring at his extra appendage with great intrigue.

Giggling in a very girlish manner, the raven haired fighter looked up at her startled boyfriend with a mischievous gleam in her eye, "Hey, the fur on your tail is really soft. Have you been using conditioner on this bad boy?" She then wagged her eyebrows at the demi-Saiyan, who smiled back in a sheepish manner.

"I don't… really know how to respond to-"

"Ooh. Can I try?" Lime asked excitedly, quickly skipping her way forward and moving to where Videl was standing, alerting the spiky haired boy to the sudden change in atmosphere. "Please, Gohan. Can I rub it."

Showcasing the same enthusiasm as the other two girls converging on the spot behind the hybrid warrior, Zangya also moved in for the attack. Raising her hands up, the Hera cheekily clawed at the air through a series of very obvious 'honking' gestures, which had her crush and training partner stare at her uneasily. "Hey. That's not fair. Let me cop a quick feel too." She said this while grinning lecherously in his direction.

"Uh… girls… I… I don't think that's such a-gauuoogh… good id-…" Unfortunately he was unable to finish his protest. Before he had a chance to fend off his attackers, he was unexpectedly tackled from the front by Zangya, who then proceeded to violate his personal space alongside the other two by pressing her cleavage into his chest and wrapping her arms around him playfully.

As the teen's startled yelps and exclamations of surprise echoed over the surrounding forests, startling some of the still sleeping wildlife, the still present Icarus craned his head and squawked at the unusual performance now taking place in front of him.

Seriously, what was so interesting about a tail?

XXX

(Twenty minutes later)

(Many miles away)

Out on the oceans to the east of the mainland, where the tiny island serving as the foundations for the familiar wooden domicile of Kame House lay, the members of the household were experiencing their own wake-up call. Though it wasn't as fun as Gohan's, it was still as equally stimulating. After hopping out of bed early to make breakfast for their respective families, Krillin and Launch worked side by side at the kitchen counter, stirring ingredients and setting pots of rice-porridge over the stove. The first hour went by in a breeze and after laying out the table for all the people who were present, Master Roshi, Android 18, Tien, Choutzu, and Oolong were also up and about.

After the mother went to fetch Marron, the entire group gathered at the table for a delicious morning meal. They even switched on the television to check out how the rest of the world was
doing. It was the moment they switched over to the local news channel that the group of human fighters was soon informed of the commotion unfolding across the continent thousands of miles away. From satellite footage to live footage on the ground, the entire collective gathered around the table, and were quickly brought up to speed on the alien planet that had appeared just outside of their orbit.

Needless to say, this was the last thing any of them expected to hear when they woke up.

"So far the terrestrial planet has situated itself approximately four hundred thousand kilometers away from earth. That places it just outside of the moon's orbit. Though experts have yet to determine exactly where this strange new world had come from, the information they've managed to collect so far suggests that it must have originated from a system very similar to our own," the female reporter in the red suit informed, addressing the camera with a serious and unwavering expression. "The tropical climate and lush vegetation growing on the alien planet indicates the presence of a thriving echo-system. Professor Yamada from the North City University commented earlier that such a terrestrial body sporting such a wide variety of plant life, along with numerous stretches of water, has the innate potential to sustain other forms of life. In other words: extra-terrestrial life. Suspicions of alien life existing on this planet were later confirmed when just an hour ago a transmission from the alien planet was broadcast over the planet's media and internet feeds. Despite this startling development, authorities have yet to determine exactly what the aliens' true intentions are." Adjusting her papers and the position in her chair, the woman slowly turned towards the screen behind her. "We'll now go live to Jack Bryan outside of NASTA headquarters in Cape Dune, South City, for an update on the situation. Jack?"

As the feed switched over to a raven haired male television reporter, the group of human fighters watching the television from the dining table could only stare in dumb silence as more and more information on the situation was relayed directly to them. Despite their vast amount of experience, knowledge, as well as having the situation spoon fed to them in bite-size pieces, including all the scientific nonsense designed to explain the baffling phenomenon, the group of human warriors was still finding it incredibly hard to believe that a planet of unknown origin and scope, had deliberately parked itself right next door to theirs. When Oolong stood up to go splash his face with water to wake himself from his stunned daze, the only remarks the group could make were murmurs of disbelief.

"Damn," Tien groaned.

Master Roshi nodded in agreement of the young fighter's remark, "You can say that again."

Blinking curiously, the four year old Marron looked up at her mother seated beside her and gave her an innocent, yet slightly scared look, "What do the aliens want with us, mommy?"

The blonde woman in the jeans and black top with striped sleeves, shook her head at her daughter sincerely, "I'm not sure, sweetheart. But don't worry… I'm sure nothing bad is going to happen." She then turned to see what her husband was doing, and noticed that the man had switched out his orange shirt and green cargo shorts for his red and blue gi. Blinking, Android 18 straightened up and fixed her usual, curious gaze upon her beloved. "You're gearing up already?"

"Yep." Tightening the belt around his waist, the short fighter with black hair smiled at his gorgeous wife and gave her a reassuring look. "If my years of fighting have taught me anything, it's that whenever a space ship or meteorite happens to drop by our solar system, you can bet it's carrying something big and terrifying on it that's itching for a fight."
Processing the man's words quickly, the blonde bombshell acknowledged his words of wisdom and rose up from her seat, "In that case, I'm coming with you." When she sensed Tien and Chiaotzu do the same, the cyborg fighter quickly turned her attention to her blue-haired friend from the mountains and gave her a serious stare. "Launch, look after Marron for me while we're gone."

Placing a finger to her chin nervously, the woman in the green sundress and apron gave the blonde an understanding nod. "O-Okay. Just… be careful out there you four."

"Don't worry. We will," Chiaotzu replied, while simultaneously smiling up at his friend.

After Android 18 made sure Marron's face was clean and whispered to her one last time that things were going to be okay, she and her husband then proceeded to put on their outdoor shoes. However, just as they were preparing to form up with Tien to begin organizing a plan of defense, a nervous stammer from the other side of the house quickly drew their attention over to Oolong.

"Umm… guys," the pig squeaked, turning towards the able troop from his stool at the kitchen counter and pointing out the window, "You… might want to take a look outside."

Puzzled by their friend's nervous direction, the fighters instantly chased up his instruction and moved to the front porch. As soon as Krillin, Tien, Chiaotzu and Android 18 spilled out onto the front lawn, they immediately recoiled at what they saw waiting for them.

Standing on the sand, casting a really long shadow across the house's veranda, an enormous, rotund man with stubby legs and massive arms, dressed in black, high-tech battle armor and matching helmet, was staring at the wooden house with an unflinching, emotionless gaze.

It seemed as though the aliens the news casters were talking about, had finally decided to pay them a visit.

XXX

(Meanwhile)

Over in West City, despite it being super early in the morning, things had become quite hectic across the downtown areas of the metropolis. Being one of the few cities built along the coast of the mainland, all of the people who'd bothered to wake up early that Saturday had been able to witness the arrival of the alien planet firsthand, as well as the numerous live media reports to follow. Since it was the start of the weekend, you could understand why most of the population was slow to respond to the development. However, as the minutes of the hour ticked by, more and more people began pooling out onto the streets and by the time the sun began to peak over the horizon, there were well over a thousand people now keeping tabs on the situation.

Though it was a normal routine for some people, for others it was a completely new experience; standing out on the front lawn, in pajamas, with coffee in hand, and staring up at the sky.

Thankfully, unlike previous situations involving extra-terrestrial objects coming into close proximity with the Earth, no riots or panics had broken out in the population centers. Perhaps this was due to the fact that the media and experts had yet to determine exactly who they were dealing with and why the planet had come to their solar system. Or maybe it was because the majority of the population on the western parts of the continent, who were still in the process of waking up, had yet come to terms with the fact that a planet had just popped up right next to theirs and was hovering right over their heads. Perhaps they were used to events like this happening and had built up an immunity to panic. Whatever the case, the authorities had very little difficulty in keeping the public's nerves and actions under control, as tempers across the continent were still at a reasonably
The same could be said for the people over at Capsule Corp. Out on the front lawn of the company's main building, a handful of the staff had abandoned their work on the production room floors and had come out to see what all the fuss was about. The multitude of workers simply stood out there on the grass and pavement, whispering to each other and wondering whether they were going to receive a visit from some aliens sometime in the next few minutes.

In fact, the crowd of men and women in lab coats and button-up shirts were so occupied with making bets, discussing their real place in the universe, and staring up at the sky that they failed to notice a tall woman, clad in black, metallic armor, float down from the clouds and land on the footpath behind them.

Landing gracefully on the concrete and following the footpath all the way to the front entrance of the company's main building, the feline-humanoid warrior Kure strolled towards the glass doors with a spring in her step and a smile on her face. As she closed the distance to the archway, the cheerful and obviously enthusiastic delegate from another world couldn't help but take a moment to admire the diverse colors and atmosphere of her surroundings.

"Hmm. What an interesting facility. I really like the way the paint scheme compliments the building's shape and structure," Kure whispered in a sing-song voice, at the same time completely overlooking the odd stare she received from the male Capsule Corp employee she passed by on the footpath and walking in the opposite direction. The woman's armor clinked against the concrete floor with every step she took, as she focused primarily on the path ahead and on the mission she'd been dealt by her compatriots. "Now then. Let's see where those big power levels are coming from."

Analyzing the dome shaped factory ahead of her, Kure's visor quickly lit up with the same numbers and readings that'd been displayed to the rest of her group prior to leaving on their respective assignments. Upon confirming that these were the exact coordinates where the power levels had been registering from, even though she could no longer see them, the alien visitor wasted no time in strolling through the automatic glass doors and heading towards what she assumed was the front desk. Passing by a couple security guards that were staring up at the wall television broadcasting news of the alien world with their backs turned to the counter, the armored woman stopped in front of the desk and waited for the young woman working behind it to look up.

When the good-looking teenager with brown hair tied up into a bun, wearing square glasses and a purple suit and skirt, turned to smile at her visitor, she literally balked in surprise when she saw the armor-clad warrior staring down at her. The sight of the oddly dressed person had the secretary clear her throat nervously, "Y-Yes. May I help you?"

Approving of the reception she was receiving thus far, the armored woman with the cat-like tail swishing about behind her responded in kind, "Good morning. My name is Kure Aegean of the Planet Savannah. I'm Second-Lieutenant General to Empress Sandra of the New Saiyan Empire, Head of the Department of Science, Research and Development of Corvus, and primary liaison and advance surveyor of the Halcyon Quadrant's Kio-Jin Republic."

Blinking at the woman's lengthy introduction and title, the secretary then hesitantly turned to her computer screen and opened up today's registration documents. "Do you… have an appointment with us today?"

Kure, puzzled by the sudden question, blinked in confusion, "An appointment? N-No, I don't think so."
"Did you post an online notification to one of our staff requesting a meeting of any kind?"

"Yes. Well, uhh… no. Not exactly. You see…" the armored woman then tried to explain her situation as clearly as she could, but as the eyes of the secretary bore into her visor, the confidence she once held slowly started to drop. "I actually sent out a formal, inter-planetary broadcast over the Earth's airways about forty minutes ago, informing all the population centers and governments that-"

Before she could finish, the naïve but diligent teenager behind the counter quickly cut her off, "I'm sorry, Kure-san. But if you haven't booked an appointment with one of our department officers or staff members, I'm afraid I cannot let you into our building." She said this all with a polite but nervous smile, showcasing how stressful this portion of the job was for her. "You see, due to a recent incident involving one of the president's closest friends, Capsule Corp has been forced to adopt a new civilian and worker's policy, requiring all guests to notify the administration of any visits several hours prior to their arrival. If you have a photo ID with you, I could book you in for an appointment with one of our liaisons at ten o'clock?"

Due to all the information bombarding her right out the gate, it took a moment for Kure to respond to the question before the armored woman finally broke through the ice. "Oh. Y-Yes. Of course." Doing the diplomatic thing, the alien woman reached for her gauntlet and, pressing a couple of buttons, produced a miniature hologram of her picture and profile information to the equally tense secretary. "Is this information sufficient?"

"Yes. That is plenty," the girl in glasses replied, using the hologram as reference as she began typing it into her computer. After getting down all the information necessary and checking the woman's face through her visor for photo and I.D comparison, the clerk nodded in approval before pointing the woman towards one of the couches pushed up against the side of the wall. "Please take a seat, Kure-san. A staff member from administration will be with you in a moment."

"Thank you very much," Kure bowed, deactivating her personalized hologram and slowly making her way over to the designated couch. After inspecting the furniture, the woman then slowly turned and sat herself down. Due to the weight of her armor, the cushions made a low 'urk' sound as pressure was applied to it. When the leg mechanisms locked up, preventing the chair from being squashed any further under the insane weight of her suit, the cat woman then proceeded to wait while the woman at the desk made some calls.

Drumming her fingers against her leg patiently, the armored female then became interested in the Capsule Corp and Woman's Monthly magazines lying on the coffee table beside her. While the security guards continued to busy themselves with the hot news reporter on the television, the interstellar traveler occupied herself with the 'Inventor's Guide by Doctor Briefs' and, for the next several minutes, proceeded to entertain herself with the numerous articles the earthlings had to offer her.

Not the most exciting of entrances she's ever made, but as long as she got to where she was going, Kure was in absolutely no rush…

XXX

(Several minutes later)

(Many miles away)

Back over at Mount Paozu, the peace and serenity created by the sparkling countryside continued to grip the lush mountain regions and the tiny domicile of the Son family. With the white sheets
from last night's laundry fluttering about on the line and the birds in the trees serenading away the morning, it seemed like nothing could possibly ruin such a quaint and cheerful setting. Even the grasshoppers appeared entranced by the splendor of it all, bounding around the wide-open valleys with their brothers and sisters, and chirping under the golden rays of the sun.

However, the emptiness and immaculate picturesque setting was soon broken by the arrival of two figures from out of town. Floating down from the sky just like their teammates before them, dressed in black, metal armor and capes, the spiky haired Maya and her tag-along Cal touched down just a few meters away from the entrance to the Son household. Stopping where they landed, the duo then took a moment to analyze the property before the brown haired warrior activated the scanners in her helmet, which quickly projected a series of red numbers and arrows.

Glancing down at her, the enormous bodyguard spoke, "Are we at the right place?"

"Looks like it," the brown haired female replied, the electronics in her visor finishing their calculations on the location and projecting the results to her. "Yep. This is definitely the house Kure sent us to check out… but it seems like only one of the power levels the computers detected is currently inside."

Cal, hearing her puzzled tone, shrugged in a suggestive manner, "The rest of them are probably out at the moment." He then looked over his shoulder curiously. "I'm not picking up anything else. That means their power levels are probably being suppressed."

Marching forward, the armored woman decided to take action, "We'll chase them up in a little while… maybe even ask where they went so that we don't have to waste time and energy flying around in circles. I can't sense jack shit in this stupid helmet." She then rapped the side of her headgear, creating several loud 'ding' sounds every time her knuckles struck the heavy plating. "But first let's find out exactly who's hiding out in this little home." Since their power level was registering at such a high level, even for a normal fighter, Maya imagined that the person it was attached to must've been absurdly intimidating… or at least had the appearance to match their strength. Acting on her adventurous instincts, the armored woman and her partner stopped in front of the wooden, mahogany door, inspected it and, taking a few moments to collate their story, knocked.

It didn't take long before the duo heard a light pattering of footsteps inside the house, shortly before the entrance to the house opened. As soon as the gate swung away, the two armored fighters were greeted by a happy and smiling Chi-Chi.

Adorned in her usual yellow kimono with her hair done up, the raven haired mother spoke in a cheery voice, "Hello. How can I… help-" Her grin quickly faded when she finally registered to the two people standing outside. "Hang on. What? Oh, great. Security salesmen." When she saw the pair of masked figures glance at each other, Chi-Chi rolled her eyes in an exasperated fashion and crossed her arms impatiently. "Listen, if you two guys are here to sell us some sort of top-of-the-line, groundbreaking alarm system or an anti-burglar mesh to put over our doors and windows, we're not interested."

"Uhh…" Maya murmured in confusion, before turning to stare at the woman awkwardly, "We're… not here to sell you any of that. In fact… we're not here to sell anything at all."

The woman's response had Chi-Chi blink in surprise, "Oh? Really?" A smile quickly reappeared across her lips, "Then… are the two of you lost or something?" Looking them over, the owner of the house chuckled and gestured towards them. "Judging from your outfits, I'm guessing you're not exactly here for a company function. Camping holiday? Hunting trip?"
Cal then stepped forward to speak in place of his partner, "No, ma'am. Nothing like that. We're… not actually from around here."

"In fact, we only just arrived in this system a couple of hours ago," Maya concluded with an affirmative nod of her head. When she saw the puzzled look appear on Chi-Chi's face, the woman in the armor elaborated further, "My friend and I have come down to this planet because we're looking for someone."

Chi-Chi blinked, "Looking for someone?"

"Yes." Raising her hands, the armor-plated female then began making descriptive motions with her hands, "The target we're searching for has an outward build and appearance very similar to you humans, with only one or two noticeable differences. The person has a visibly more muscular figure, ideal for exercising enormous bursts of super strength and power, and was born with a brown, furry tail, just like this one." She then pointed behind her, where she then unraveled the monkey-like appendage she had wrapped waist and waved it about in the air for emphasis. The sight of the fifth limb brought an astonished look to Chi-Chi's face, the woman quickly placing her hand over her mouth to suppress her gasp. "Only members of the race known as Saiyans possess these kinds of appendages. Do you happen to know any living on this planet… or perhaps in this general area?"

Sweat breaking out on her face as the woman quickly realized who these two strangers were and what they were looking for, Chi-Chi swallowed nervously and, through a trembling hand, did her best to hold her ground and stand firmly against her visitors. Though in most circumstances she would've taken up arms and tried to chase these two hoodlums off of her property, or at the very least slammed the door in their faces. However, seeing as how both of them appeared armed and battle ready and that one of them was apparently a Saiyan, she knew in her gut that she didn't have a chance of fighting these two off.

So, deciding on the best and most tactful course of action, the brave human woman straightened her back and began to speak, "Okay. I'm sure you two must have traveled a long way to get here and that you're probably tired from your trip, but-

"Mum? Who's at the door?"

Damn it. Talk about bad timing.

Looking to her left, Chi-Chi saw her youngest son skip out from behind her and into the doorway. Dressed in his orange and blue gi with long sleeves, the chipper and ever-curious Goten was quickly brought to the attention of the two armored figures in the doorway, who looked down to see the hybrid child peering up at them with the cutest, most innocent expression on his face imaginable.

Looking each suit over and tilting his head at the towering figures, the spiky haired boy blinked, before speaking in his typical, country boy manner, "Oh… hello."

Puzzled by his appearance, the visor on Maya's helmet then lit up with various numbers and windows, which began scanning the child in front of her. After several seconds of analyzing the newcomer, the woman's eyes widened in surprise. "Well… what do we have here?" Smile appearing underneath her visor as the readings of her mask dispersed, the armor-clad warrior then took an eager step forward and spoke in a more excited tone of voice, "Looks like we found our first big power level."

Initially perplexed by her words, Goten then raised a finger and pointed at himself, "M-Me?"
"Yep. Who do you think I was talking about?" The spiky haired traveler placed her hands on her knees, bent over, and looked the youngster square in the eye. "I have to admit, you're a lot smaller than I was expecting." She dropped down low enough so that the glass of her mask was just a few inches from the boy's face. "But, since you're still so young, I can see why your energy could go a little wild sometimes... especially when you're running around inside the house. Did you have a big breakfast this morning, short-stack?"

Despite the woman's intimidating appearance in the suit, a smile quickly formed on the demi-Saiyan's face as he gazed back at the woman crouching down in front of him, "Uh-huh." He then raised a hand with two-fingers held up, "I had six of mum's special egg and bacon plates, two bowls of stir-fry, and seven slices of toast. It was delicious." He said this while sparing a glance up at his mother, who smiled back at him nervously.

Maya chuckled at the child's energetic and cheerful nature, which had her tilt her head in a cheerful way, "I'll bet it was." Glancing momentarily towards her comrade, who continued to hold his place and listen in on their conversation, the alien visitor then looked back at the child and gave him a curious stare. "Tell me, squirt... you wouldn't happen to know of any Saiyans living around here, would you?"

"Wha? Saiyans?" Goten repeated, before realization soon clicked on his face, "Oh. Are you and your friend looking for Saiyans?"

The woman answered the boy's innocent question with a nod, "That's right."

"Well... I know that Trunks is half-Saiyan and that his dad is full Saiyan," Goten replied while rubbing his chin thoughtfully. After looking up for a moment and scratching his little noggin, the child then beamed and turned back to the woman squatting down in front of him. "And I'm not sure if I count, but I'm a half-Saiyan too."

Maya tilted her head curiously at this info, "Is that so?"

"Uh-huh," the youngster responded proudly. "I can even transform into a Super Saiyan."

It was this revelation that had the spiky haired fighter murmur in an impressed sounding manner. "Ooh. A Super Saiyan? Now that is interesting." The woman then grinned at the eager and cheerful look on the boy's face. "Do you think you can you show me, squirt?"

"Yeah. No problem," Goten chirped, before clenching his fists and concentrating hard. Scrunching his face up and showing the amount of effort he was now exerting, the boy summoned the huge well of energy stored up inside of him and, with a yell and a flash, he transformed right there on the spot. His golden aura exploding around him prompted his hair to spiky up and turn blonde and his eyes to turn green, a sight that put amazed looks on the visitors' faces. Even Chi-Chi had to take a little step back when she saw her boy assume his race's legendary form right in front of her eyes.

When the winds from the aura eventually died down, the transformed child smiled once again. "What do you think? Pretty cool, huh?"

Shaking off the initial daze, Maya cracked a big smile, raised her hand, and ruffled the blonde's hair in encouragement, which earned a giggle from the super-powered child beneath her, "Not bad, little man. Not bad at all."

While she made this remark outwardly, on the inside, a completely different thought crossed her mind.
"Bingo."

Without needing any further evidence, the young woman reached up and pressed a button on the side of her helmet, causing a small, blinking red light to appear on the side.

XXX

(At the lake)

After managing to escape the clutches of the three gorgeous girls in his company, Gohan wasted no time in dragging his soaking wet body back onto shore to stretch and dry off under the sun. When the rays evaporated a majority of the perspiration gripping his skin, with a quick burst of ki, the teen was able to dispel the rest of it, before going about the arduous process of putting the rest of his clothes back on. The girls, seeing the boy begin packing up, did the exact same thing, only… they decided to spend a few extra minutes trying to make life for their half-Saiyan hunk of a crush a little more challenging. They did this through a number of different means, from jumping on his back while they were still soaking wet, to teasingly moving over to where he was standing so that they could rub-up against him in a provocative manner.

Sure, the girls enjoyed the feeling of physical contact with their spiky haired hero, but the real reason they teased him in such a manner was to see if they could get him to a point where he actually started to return fire.

They'd seen his playfully, innocent side, and did so almost every single day. Now they wanted to see his wilder, more daring side.

They knew he had one. He was just very good at hiding it.

Before they could take their fun and games any further, Gohan, quick as ever, was able to dodge them long enough to get back into full uniform. After making a mental note to pick this up on a later date, perhaps at a time when they had him alone, Videl, Lime and Zangya also spent a minute drying themselves off and getting dressed. As soon as they were all fully clothed and had their boots back on, they then gathered up alongside the teen's freshly caught fish and watched as the hybrid gave his dragon friend Icarus a pat on the head.

"I don't know about you, but I think this was a really good morning," Gohan commented cheerfully, at the same time earning a playful head nudge from the pink, mythological reptile.

An approving murmur quickly followed his remark. "You can say that again," Videl said, regarding the teenager in front of her with a look of both mischief and longing. It was an expression she shared with her teammates Zangya and Lime, both of whom were also eyeing the demi-Saiyan with a predatory gleam.

Picking up on his girlfriend's tone as well as taking note of the trio's respective stares, Gohan gave them all a good-natured laugh and placed his hands on his hips, "Come on, girls. Enough of that. I know what you're all trying to do and I'm going to tell you right now; it's not going to work."

A smirking Zangya shot a teasing look towards the young male, "You sure about that, spike?"

Siding up next to Gohan with her hands behind her back, an impish Lime then tapped his leg with her foot and grinned, "You may look as cool as a cucumber on the outside. But inside I bet you're just hanging on by a thread."

"Who's to say that a tough guy like you wouldn't crack under pressure," the Hera continued, at the same time giving the teen a suggestive shrug. "Everybody breaks sooner or later."
"Besides… we haven't even done anything to you yet," Lime concluded assertively, while simultaneously leaning into the boy and putting her weight on him.

Smiling in amusement, the half-Saiyan warrior then brought his hand up and began counting on his fingers, "You all tried to grab my tail, you all kept getting me wet by jumping on me in the lake, and all three of you keep trying to pinch me in places that's just not called fo-hey!" He then dodged Zangya when she attempted to make another sneak attack on him with her fingers, which had the teen hold his hand up defensively and laugh. "I'm serious, Zangya. Don't even try it." He then looked behind him to see Videl creeping up on him with the voracious stalk of a Velociraptor. "You too, V. I see you."

"Aww, come on, Gohan," the raven haired girl whined with an amused grin in play. "You know you love it."

"Just one last quick feel for today," Zangya pleaded childishly, raising her hands and making a 'squeezing' motion in the air. "Pl pleaase. I promise we'll stop bothering you if you do."

The hero raised an eyebrow at the Hera and gave her a disbelieving look, "Oh yeah? And what makes you think I can trust you to keep your word?"

Stopping for a moment to think about it, the orange haired woman's leer only became more intense, "Do you really want to hear the answer to that question?"

The stares from the three girls attempting to flank him drew a nervous laugh from the man in red and blue, as he slowly started to back away. "Something tells me that this isn't going away anytime soon."

As of that moment, Son Gohan had no idea how accurate that prediction actually was.

Before the demi-Saiyan could begin comprehending the full weight and breadth of his situation, a sudden ping on his ki radar unexpectedly snapped him out of his funk. The same thing happened to both Zangya and Videl who, after stopping in their tracks, the three Z-fighters then turned their attention towards the treetops. It only took them a couple of moments, but as soon as their gazes fixated upon the horizon, they quickly realized that the sudden feedback of energy that shot through them had come from the direction of their house.

"Hey. That's Goten," Videl murmured, at the same time furrowing her brow in concern. Icarus also seemed to pick up on the disturbance and, along with his human counterparts, turned in the direction they were all looking. "Why'd he go Super Saiyan all of a sudden?"

After honing in on the signal coming from afar, Zangya then balked in shock when she picked up something else hanging on the precipice of her senses.

There were two of them… that much was clear, and they were faint… but they were definitely there, standing right next to Chi-Chi's and Goten's energy signatures, the latter of whom was now serving as a beacon for all three fighters positioned by the lake. It was a realization that put a tight knot in the Hera's chest and caused her to look towards her crush with fearful look reflected in her eyes. "Someone is with them."

When Gohan picked up the trace amounts of energy as well, he then concentrated all of his efforts into figuring out who they were. Initially he thought they were normal people visiting their place, but their energy levels were reading so low that it didn't seem natural. It was almost like something was blocking them and only tiny amounts of ki were slipping through, perforating the air around them. After concentrating even harder, the teenager was soon able to get somewhat of a bead on
one of the energy signatures and, eyes widening in horror, his entire body did a full, ninety degree
turn.

"No." Without another word, the half-Saiyan took off at such a great speed that his form seemed to
vanish, an act that was immediately followed by a sonic boom.

Zangya didn't even wait for the cloud of dust to fade before she too powered up and took off,
"Shit! This is not good!" Videl took off along with her and the pair began burning a path straight
towards the house.

Startled by the group's sudden flight, a perplexed Lime quickly waved away the cloud of dust
surrounding her and jogged after them, "Hey! What's going on?!" Stopping when she realized
running was useless, she then turned her attention to Icarus, who ambled after her and squawked
inquisitively. The brown haired girl shrugged in response, "No idea. But we're going to find out.
Come on, boy." Focusing her energy on the ground, the brown haired girl then called upon all of
the training Gohan had started putting her through in the last couple of weeks. After a few
moments of concentration, the teenager then levitated off of the floor and into the air.

At first clumsy and apprehensive, Lime began a slow flight in the direction of the Son household,
with Icarus spreading his wings and following right on after her. Though they had no clue as to
what had gotten the three strongest warriors in the region so riled up, the pair of misfits figured that
it had to be something bad.

After all, they were all so quick to leave the area that they completely forgot about the fish Gohan
had caught for lunch…

XXX

(Back at the house)

"Your group is looking for the Saiyan that killed Frieza?" Chi-Chi asked, earning an affirmative
nod from the spiky haired woman in front of her. Tilting her head curiously, the mother then
narrowed her eyes on Maya and gave her a puzzled stare. "Why? Are you here to take revenge on
him or something?"

Scratching the hair protruding out of the back of her helmet, Maya exhaled exhaustedly, "It's… a
little bit more complicated than that." Turning to her left, the woman saw the young Goten, still
assumed in a controlled Super Saiyan state, checking out the tall and imposing figure of her
partner. "Our group follows a very unique set of codes and practices when it comes to dealing out
justice. Since Frieza and his family were responsible for killing billions of innocent people without
cause, including our entire race, it stands to reason that there were many out there who wanted to
see them dead. My best friend wanted to take care of the lizard herself, but somebody else beat her
to it."

The raven haired mother then looked at the armored female strangely. "So in other words… your
boss felt robbed of the opportunity and now wants to take her frustrations out on the one
responsible for stealing her mark?" When Maya looked back at her, Chi-Chi frowned in a manner
that conveyed her disbelief, "Isn't that a little counterproductive?"

Maya chuckled and turned to smile at the mother, "Since your son is half-Saiyan, I think you know
full well what a true Saiyan is actually like." She then raised a hand and placed it against her chest
plating. "Our people are a warrior race; born and bred to fight against the most exciting and
impossible of opponents. As it is in our nature to gain strength through combat, we are constantly
seeking new obstacles to conquer wherever we can… otherwise we lose all sense and purpose in
Her response put a small, amused grin on Chi-Chi's face, as the wife and owner of the household then folded her arms and leaned against the frame of her door. "Oh… I think I have a good idea of what you're getting at."

After all, her Goku and her sons were exactly the same, and were unshaken in their pursuits. If they didn't get out to fight or train at least once a day, they became stir-crazy and were unable to sit still for even a second.

Shrugging, Maya then glanced down at Goten, whom she now saw was tapping against the shin-guard of Cal's leg. The giant of a man then took a step back and, raising his hands in the air, began waving them about in a goofy manner, causing his metal plating to chime loudly with every hop. It was this little performance that had the child Super Saiyan giggle and the armored Saiyan shake her head. "Aside from wanting to do battle against opponents we deem worthy, both my friend and I have also developed a code of honor that we feel we must uphold, both as individuals and as a group. Looking at your family dynamic and the way you've raised your son, I have a feeling you understand what we mean."

The mother quickly nodded in acknowledgement of this fact, "I think I do." She then gestured towards the woman inquisitively, "So… you and your group are truly set on finding this Saiyan and fighting him, huh?" Despite sounding sincere, the woman couldn't help but feel a little bit sorry for this woman and her friend, as neither Goku nor Mirai Trunks were currently around.

Oh well. Perhaps they could find somebody else to play around with… preferably soon. If her internal clock was working fine, Chi-Chi was positive he was going to show up right about…

Maya chuckled and turned her attention to Goten, whom she then approached with a casual pace. While Cal took a step back, the armored woman placed her hands on her hips and sized the young half-Saiyan up. "If I know Sandra, she won't rest until she's fought against the Saiyan we felt from our side of the cosmos. To be honest, I'm pretty excited about fighting this person as well. For someone to generate the amount of power our computers picked up, he must be really incredible… probably the strongest warrior on this planet." She then grinned down at the adolescent hybrid in front of her. "Although… I don't think that person would be you, huh, short stack?"

Blinking, Goten then gave the woman an innocent smile and shook his head. "Uh-uh. Nope." Upon which, a very proud grin then appeared across his lips. "My big brother is actually the strongest person on this planet."

It was this bit of information that had Cal and Maya stop, with the latter staring down at the child in silence.

"Wait. You… have a big brother-" Her words were cut short when a warning arrow suddenly jumped up onto her visor and pointed in the direction of a massive power level. Recoiling in surprise, the woman then turned when she heard a sonic boom echo in from the valley to her left.

Then, before she could respond in any way, it happened.

Tearing a cloud of dust across the grassy fields at a ridiculous speed, a human-sized orange and blue mass tackled the armored woman in the stomach and, picking her up, rocketed into the distance like a missile. Passing over valleys and rolling hills in a blur, an infuriated Gohan, with his face pressed into Maya's stomach, bellowed at the top of his lungs as he plowed his opponent straight through a forest of evergreens. Trees exploded one after the other in rapid succession as the young warrior used the woman's armored back to cut a swath right through the woods.
Traveling at a speed greater than any other object on the planet, the pair soon burst out the other side of the forest, where the demi-Saiyan ended up flying them over an enormous stretch of farmland. Approaching a cluster of silos, Gohan didn't hesitate one bit in pushing his hapless foe straight through them. Three of the towering grain containers exploded from the fast-moving figures blasting out the other end, transforming the cement structures into a cloud of smoke and debris. Continuing along a straight line through the cloud, the half-Saiyan then gripped his enemy by the shoulders and pushed her into the earth, where he proceeded to drag her through the wheat fields.

Cutting a trench across the vale, Gohan held the startled Maya by the throat and began to viciously bash her head in with his fist. His knuckles impacted against her visor over and over again as he continued to push her through the crops at breakneck speeds, causing her to yelp out in pain with every blow while her head bounced back and forth in time with his haymakers.

"Ugh! Ah! Hey! Ugh! Wait!" Maya grunted between each of his hits. "Augh! Stop! Gah! It!"

Gohan however, was having none of it.

"YOU THINK… YOU CAN ATTACK… MY FAMILY?!!" he yelled between blows.

Actually, it was more like he couldn't hear her above the sound of his knuckles burying into her helmet.

On the verge of blacking out from being dragged through the earth while simultaneously being clobbered in the face plate, Maya let out a cry of pain as the two of them flew out of the wheat field and bounced from hilltop to hilltop. A few seconds after the epic tackle on the Son family's front lawn, the pair soon came across the neighboring town, where Gohan sent both of them flying straight into the back wall of a Bait Shop and out onto the street. The pair eventually collided into a petrol station on the other side of the road, and it was here both warriors ended up smashing through the main building and the multiple filling stations, which exploded in a massive ball of fire and debris.

It was this particular explosion that startled any and all nearby civilians, and had every single person out on the streets duck for cover.

Back in front of the Son household, Chi-Chi, Goten and Cal were gaping in the direction Gohan and Maya had gone shooting off in, leaving the three members at the front door to the house stunned. Being the first to snap out of his dazed state, the big, armored warrior frowned and quickly moved to give chase.

After all, his comrade had just been blindsided by a very fast and powerful adversary. Based on the readings he'd just received from his helmet, he knew that while encumbered and protected by her thousand ton training armor, Maya was going to be in serious trouble against this particular foe.

However, before the man could take flight, a few more numbers popped up on his screen, which immediately had him spin around in alarm. When he did, he was suddenly attacked from above by Videl dropping down to deliver a killer knee right into his visor. The blow crashed into the alien warrior with a terrifying 'crack', knocking Cal sliding back along the grass and away from the house. His feet digging two trenches into the earth, he then raised his arms up when he saw Videl come at him again from the front to deliver a punishing hook into his face. This hit knocked him stumbling backwards a second time, giving Videl the perfect opportunity to charge in and continue her assault.

Blasting off from the ground, the human fighter leapt at him with a wild haymaker. "Take this, you
oversized, metal freak!” the girl shouted.

Just before her hit could land however, the large alien's hand suddenly shot up and caught her attack by the forearm. Startled, Videl then let out a cry of alarm when she was suddenly thrown through the air and straight into the ground, which she struck with her back and punched a sizable crater into the earth. Blinking in shock at literally having the air knocked out of her lungs, the stunned Videl stared up at the sky in silence.

"Ow."

Upon uttering her wheezed response and giving a couple of astonished blinks, she then saw her opponent loom over her frozen body and stare down at her oddly. At first she thought he was going to continue her attack and braced herself for the inevitable. It was only when the scouter in Cal's helmet lit up again that the enormous warrior turned his attention away from her, spinning around and backhanding the air.

His knuckles almost immediately struck something invisible with a loud 'clang', prompting a charging Zangya to materialize out of thin air with her arms raised in defense.

"What the-WHOA!" The surprised Hera took the blow as she was knocked spinning into the sky. She quickly halted herself with a quick burst of ki, after which she repositioned herself upside down and about ten stories above the ground. After a quick recovery, she once again charged towards the large alien in black armor. With a battle cry, the woman brought back her fist for a running hit, only to be caught completely by surprise when the armored Cal suddenly vanished from his spot on the ground and reappeared directly in front of her.

Zangya's jaw dropped in shock. "Mother fu-"

The instant she began to speak, the Hera left herself wide open for a punch to the face that sent her spiraling towards the ground, which she struck hard and fast. Her collision with the earth was marked by a small mushroom cloud of dust and debris, and when the plume cleared seconds later, it revealed the woman lying in a small crater; the top half of her body buried in the soil and bottom half sticking into the air.

Cal landed a few feet away from Zangya's position, where he then stared silently at her for several seconds before then turning towards the house. When he saw Chi-Chi and Goten gaping at him in shock, the warrior quickly realized what he'd just done and, panicking momentarily, placed a hand over his chest in a bow. "I… apologize for ruining your front lawn, ma'am." After making his worry and guilt known, the man quickly turned towards the horizon and took flight, blasting off with a clap of thunder as he effortlessly broke the sound barrier. Seconds later, he was gone.

Realizing their family member was in deep trouble… literally, Chi-Chi and Goten rushed out to see if Zangya and Videl were alright. While the Son mother helped the raven haired girl to her feet, the little Super Saiyan stopped beside his big sister's legs, only to jump in surprise when Paprika suddenly dropped down from the sky and landed right next to them.

Arms crossed, the green demon girl with the red, hooded cape and scarf, gazed down at the laughable sight of Zangya's bottom half sticking out of the earth. After a few seconds of burning the image into the back of her brain and watching the woman's legs twitch, the Makyan sighed.

"Zangya… that was pathetic." When she saw the legs in front of her stiffen, she then tilted her head and raised an eyebrow. "Need a hand?"

Miraculously hearing the estranged teenager through the upturned earth, the Hera could only utter
Paprika smirked, "That's what I thought." Reaching forward, she then grabbed the woman by the ankle and effortlessly yanked her out of the ground with a comical 'pop'. She then unceremoniously dropped her on her ass, leaving the woman sprawled out on the front lawn, covered in dirt. As Goten dropped down to ask if his big sister was alright, the red-caped female began marching away from the house. "Feel free to join me after you two are done cleaning yourselves off." She was of course referring to both her rivals, who were still trying to get the ringing from their one-sided beating out of their ears.

Videl, Chi-Chi, Goten and Zangya then watched silently as Paprika took off from the ground and began flying at a leisurely pace in the direction Gohan and his opponents had disappeared.

Though they had no clue what was happening, judging from what the ki sensitive members of the group could feel taking place in the neighboring town, they had a pretty good idea of what was unfolding…

XXX

(Meanwhile)

(Back at Kame House)

There weren't many unique details the group of perplexed Z-fighters could make out about their large visitor, only that he seemed to be standing upright with a perfectly symmetrical figure, almost giving the impression that he was a statue, and that he resembled some poor sap that got kicked off the SWAT team due in large part to his weight and size. However, the thing about the silent stranger that had the trio on the porch back up a bit was not because his height was quite intimidating, but the fact that they couldn't sense any energy coming off of him.

It was almost like he was…

Soon being joined by the concerned bodies of Master Roshi and Marron, the four active members of the team Tien, Krillin, Chiaotzu and Android 18, quickly slid into defensive stances as the immobile figure stared each of them down. As unnerving as it was to be singled out by this inanimate looking entity, the group still had the right sense of mind to be mindful of their surroundings. The blonde fighter standing on the far corner of their formation acknowledged this by edging her way in front of her daughter, where she then used her hand to gently ease her back into the house.

"M-Mom…?"

"Stay behind me, darling," the cyborg whispered, before fixing her glare upon the burly, armed robot standing out on the sand. "Krillin?"

The short fighter swallowed nervously, "I don't know. Tien?"

"I'm in the same boat as the rest of you guys. I've got nothing," the three-eyed martial artist replied, his brow narrowing firmly on the pear-shaped individual. "However, if I was a betting boy… I'd say that this guy was somehow connected to that alien planet appearing next door to us."

"Yeah. I think you're right," the former monk murmured, a bead of sweat running down his temple and to his cheek. "Man. I know I may have said this many times before, but I really hate it when I'm right."
"In most cases, you usually are," Chiaotzu added, while simultaneously swallowing nervously. "Wow. This guy looks scary."

The group remained silent for a full minute, wondering whether or not their unexpected 'guest' was going to do anything violent. It was while they were sizing up his frame did the five humans suddenly see the large figure’s head rotate from side to side, as it then went about scanning the island in a systematic fashion.

After looking from one present figure to the next, the burly individual in the combat suit and visor then uttered one, clear word of dialogue.

"Beep." (Good morning)

The sudden, loud noise made by the robot had the people on the porch blink in unison. "Beep?" they all replied in sync.

All of a sudden, a series of computer sounds began to fill the air as lights and numbers jumped up on the inside of Mobi's visor. These readings focused in on each and every one of the fighters present and, after seeing the invader begin checking them out more thoroughly, Krillin, Chiaotzu and Tien quickly realized that the helmet the creature was wearing was probably some sort of scouting device; similar in design to the Saiyans they encountered back in the day wore. This became even more apparent when they saw the numbers of the headpiece flicker across the tinted glass and display five separate readings, which told them all that they were being checked out.

"Beep. Beep-beep." (This island has a collection of very powerful humans, but no Saiyans)

Once the details were displayed to the automaton, the dutiful warrior and diplomat then shut off the scanner and, bringing his arm up, snapped open a panel on his gauntlet.

"Beep." (I'll contact Sandra and let her know)

Thinking the robot was about to activate some sort of weapon, an alarmed Krillin threw both his hands forward and yelled out at the top of his lungs, unleashing a powerful beam of blue energy right at their stationary foe. His attack shot towards the robot like a comet, which looked up just in time to be hit square in the chest and sent careening over the ocean in the form of a ball-shaped projectile.

"BEEEEEEEEeeeeeep!!" (SHIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIT!)

However, thanks to the heavy armor cushioning the force of the energy blast, Mobi was able to spin out of line of the attack and watch it soar off into the distance. Upon which the robot then suspended itself in the sky above the water and spent the next minute or so recovering from the surprise hit.

When Tien, Android 18, Chiaotzu, Master Roshi and Marron looked towards the man that’d struck the first blow, they saw that Krillin was glaring across the ocean with his teeth tightly clenched and hands still raised in a defensive way. "A lot of bad things happened from me acting stupidly. I'm not taking any more chances." With a courageous yell, the man then leapt from the porch and blasted towards the robot floating in the distance.

Smiling at her husband's enthusiasm, the calm and supportive Android 18 took flight as well, with Tien and Chiaotzu following shortly afterwards.

Spotting the trio of fighters charging towards him across the water at breakneck speed, the surprised Mobi quickly raised its hands and waved them through the air in fright. "Beep-beep!"
Beep! Beep!" (Wait! Please stop attacking! I mean no harm!) From the way it was reacting, it was obviously stunned by the group's sudden display of aggression and was now attempting to signal them that he didn't come to their domicile to fight.

However, being unable to understand the robot's peculiar exclamations or gestures, Krillin, Tien, Chiaotzu, and Android 18 wasted no time in charging the thing down and attacking it from all sides. The metal man quickly crossed his arms over its face and blocked the four simultaneous punches they threw at him. The force of their blows caused a thunderclap that sent the armored Mobi skidding across the sky, where he quickly opened up several air flaps on his armor and slowed his body down. The instant he stopped, the automaton looked up to see Android 18 and Chiaotzu raise their hands in his direction and fire off two golden blasts of energy.

Calculating the trajectory of the attacks at light speed, the robot fired up the boosters on his feet and back, which quickly propelled him up and over the beams in a blur of movement. As soon as he dodged the shots, Mobi opened up the metal plating on his shoulders and fired a cluster of blue, flare like attacks straight down at the small contingent of Z-fighters. The group scattered when the flares shot towards them and struck the ocean, where they all detonated in a series of electrical flashes that caused noticeable ripples across the surface.

Stopping several yards away, an alarmed Chiaotzu blinked, "Wow. That was close."

Looking down at the water, an observant and nervous Tien frowned deeply. "Was he… trying to stun us?" Before his question could be answered, the man suddenly sensed a shadow fall over him and spun around, throwing his arms up just in time to block a heavy chop from the massive robot dropping down on top of him. The blow connected with a loud 'clang', which then ended in a tug-of-war match between the tri-clops and the metal warrior.

The former's partner reacted in alarm and flew forward, "Tien!"

"Chiaotzu! Stay back!" the man barked, prompting his friend to stop in his tracks.

Clenching his teeth tightly and growling under the strain, Tien attempted to force back the robot's arm as it effortlessly continued to press down on him. However, after several seconds of grappling, the man realized he was at a disadvantage. This was probably due to the rigid posture his opponent had and the fact that it didn't have an expression to read. Even so, realizing that he couldn't push back his ridiculously strong foe, the human quickly opted for a new strategy and, throwing his legs up, sent a double-kick straight into the burly alien's chest. The blow struck the armored entity with a loud bang and sent Mobi flying backwards, allowing Tien to thrust his hand forward and fire another blast at the invader.

Mobi saw the attack coming and barrel-rolled around it, firing up its boosters to charge directly towards the bald warrior. "Beep. Beep." (You're vicious. I must knock you out before you endanger any lives) Picking up speed and bearing down on the man like a rocket, the robot then prepared to tackle his quarry head first.

Just before Tien could prepare to dodge or counter the fast-moving automaton, Android 18 and Krillin suddenly dove in from above and kicked the robot square in the side. Their simultaneous kicks landed with a loud boom of force and sent the metallic man hurtling in a downward trajectory. Trailing vapor, the robot quickly righted itself before it could hit the water and fired up its stabilizer jets. As steam rose up from the ocean just a couple of feet beneath it, the armored warrior looked up to see his four opponents converge on his location and glare down at him.

While they floated into place, Krillin's head suddenly perked up and his eyes shifted in the direction of the mainland. After staring off onto the horizon for several seconds, the raven haired
fighter then looked across at Tien. "Hey man… do you feel that?"

The three-eyed martial artist quickly nodded in response, "Yeah. It seems like Gohan, Zangya and Videl are having problems of their own."

This realization put a nervous expression on the shortest fighter's face as Chiaotzu began trembling from head to toe, "This is bad."

Appearing both nervous and uncertain, Krillin quickly glared down at their burly adversary, who continued to hover above the ocean with its optical sensors fixated squarely upon them. "Looks like this is going to be a really long morning."

Android 18, hearing her husband clearly, grunted in response. "At least you'll be getting a good workout, honey."

Its scouter giving a new reading on its opponents' power levels, Mobi quickly assessed the situation for what it was. Once it was certain it'd gotten all the information it needed from three of the four life forms in front of it, it then craned its head and started to back down across the water. As it did so, a red warning light then began to flash in the corner of his visor.

"Beep." (I must contact Kure)

Just before it could make any plans to retreat or attack, both Chiaotzu and Tien suddenly threw their hands forward and sent a barrage of energy blasts down at the robot's position, prompting Mobi to raise its arm and defend…

XXX

(West City)

Back inside the lobby of Capsule Corp, things were still going by normally for the staff working on the ground floor. While the secretary continued on with her morning paperwork and the security guards over in their corner continued watching the news, over on the waiting room couch and blending into the scenery, the armor-clad Kure continued to wait patiently for her name to be called up. Though waiting for anybody else would've been a mind numbing chore, the cat-woman from another quadrant wasn't in any hurry at all and continued entertaining herself with the magazines the station had provided.

Legs crossed and Doctor Briefs' article held up in front of her face, the woman listened absently to the ambient noise going on all around her while casually flipping through the pages of Earth's science and mathematics. After analyzing one of the C.C sport cars being advertised in the free space, she then turned over and found a little snippet showcasing Albert Einstein's Theory of Relativity and a cartoon version of Doctor Briefs explaining it.

After skimming over the numbers with her eyes, the young woman then gave an amused chuckle, while the cat ears protruding from the top of her helmet twitched adorably. "Your formula is spot on, Albert. But you're wrong about the speed of light being fixed. What about the thirteen other divergences?" Picking up a child's coloring book from the table next to her and flipping it over, she then pulled out an electron pen from her gauntlet and began scribbling across the page at high speed. "Energy does equal mass times the velocity of light squared in this dimension, but you're forgetting about the other twenty. It's Brianna's Fact of Transdimensional Motion versus Comprehensive First Dimension Linear physics. Clear example, if you break down the elemental components of the naturally recurring energy source Fulcrum, assume a constant decay rate and extrapolate for each of the fourteen galactic convergences it takes for a physical object to travel
through a three-dimensional slip-space tunnel, you wind up with a formula for inter-dimensional energy increase that mass and light alone can't possibly explain."

Across the piece of paper, Kure managed to print out one of the most convoluted mathematical equations ever seen by a living person. Not only did it use symbols and numbers that were familiar to mathematicians from this planet, it also included a bunch of other drawings that were just incomprehensible, but seemed to connect to one another seamlessly.

Eventually the woman got to the bottom of the page and after looking for some more space to draw on, Kure then looked up with a thoughtful murmur.

"Hmm… maybe it would be simpler to explain if I wrote it using Algebraic graph theory?"

However, before she could get into the finer details of her explanation, she suddenly saw a red marker flash into view on her visor. Looking at the blinking text, which simply displayed the words 'Emergency' and 'Maya', the cat woman lowered her coloring book and engaged her mask's com link. "Talk to me."

Initially there was a blast of static. But after a moment, the crackling cleared up and a very angry, female Saiyan began screaming at the other end. "God damn it! Would you stop attacking me?!" The odd thing about the transmission is that it didn't seem like she was yelling at the person she was trying to contact, but at somebody else entirely.

Blinking in surprise, the perplexed Kure then attempted to adjust the signal. "Whoa-whoa. Maya. Calm down. What's going on? Tell me what's happening."

"Augh! Fuck!" the girl's shout came back before addressing her associate through the head piece. "Guess what… I found the Saiyan."

Kure craned her head towards the receiver in surprise, "Really? Up in the mountains?"

"Yeah! But here's the thing… he's half-Saiyan, he's got a little brother who is also half-Saiyan, and he's pissed off at me for some reason! Don't know why! AAAAAAAHHH!" All of a sudden, there was the distinct sound of explosions and crashing, all of which echoed through the transmission for several long seconds. After they faded, ragged breathing followed shortly afterwards. "I think he's attacking me because-GAH… he thinks I tried to hurt his family."

Pausing for a moment, the bewildered Kure then gave her communicator a deadpanned look. "Oh God. You didn't, did you?"

"What?! No! Of course I didn't! What makes you think I-… SHIT!" Another loud whooshing sound echoed in from the other end, indicating the woman had just dodged something big and powerful, before she began screaming at her opponent once again. "That was aimed for my head, you dick!"

Shaking her own head, Kure then took on a serious stare, "Do you think you can try and defuse the situation?"

After a few more, incomprehensible grunts, Maya's aggravated response came through, "I can try! But unless this idiot stops shooting blasts at me sometime in the next few minutes, then I won't be able to do jack shit! RAAAAGH!" When another blast being fired reverberated in over the airways, the spiky haired Saiyan then shouted. "You keep looking for the other Saiyans! I'll try and talk some sense into this-WHOA!" Following a second explosion, the exasperated Maya
barked in outrage, "You know what… fuck diplomacy! It took us over a month to get here and I need to let off some steam!"

At that, a panicked look quickly appeared on Kure's face, "No-no-no-no-no! Wait a second, Ma~" Before she could finish, the transmission cut off and a defeated look fell over the woman's face, "-ya. Damn it." All of a sudden, another red light began blinking on her visor, which she quickly responded to. "Mobi? What's wrong?"

"Beep! Beep-beep!" (Kure! The people on the island you sent me to are attacking me!) came the frantic response from the robot on the other end.

Staring ahead of her in surprise, Kure then looked over at the secretary behind the desk and then the security guards, all of whom were now staring at her strangely. "Wow. The humans on this planet are a lot more violent than I was expecting." Obviously being a little louder than she was anticipating, the armored woman cringed and lowered her head. "Do you think you can hold them off until Sandra orders us to regroup?"

After a moment of silence, the robot replied, "Beep. Beep." (I'll do my best. But they are very persistent)

"Alright. Good luck buddy." Switching off her receiver, the woman looked up and considered her situation.

So far, her best friend Maya had reported two bingos and her partner Mobi was experiencing technical difficulties. Judging from what she'd heard over their transmissions, her comrades were apparently being attacked due to a major misunderstanding in communication. This was probably because the people on this planet weren't used to receiving visits from other celestial bodies and aliens… or perhaps they had been attacked multiple times in the past by interstellar visitors. Whatever the case was, Kure reasoned that the people Maya and Mobi were now fighting were this planet's defenders, and they were now acting on both instinct and experience to protect their planet.

With her companions in trouble, Kure knew that she had to do something to try and fix this. After mulling it over in her head for a couple of minutes, the shrewd and intelligent woman then figured that if she tried talking to the people with the high power levels in this place, whom she deduced were in some way connected to the ones assaulting her teammates, maybe she could get them to go out and stop their friends from attacking her friends.

"That could work," Kure mumbled to herself.

After all, this was a pretty civilized building. Perhaps the strong people here were a lot more reasonable.

So, dropping the drawing book and standing up, the woman thrust her right arm out and activated her gauntlet. A weapon resembling a wrist launcher then popped out from one of the plates, which she quickly pointed towards the nearest wall. The sight of the woman's weapon caused the secretary to scream and duck, while the security guards nearby quickly rushed forward and reached for their pistols.

Before they could do anything though, Kure fired off a blue energy ball from her wrist, which struck the wall, flattened against it and expanded in the blink of an eye. The flash of blue light then vanished shortly afterwards to reveal a perfectly circular hole, large enough to fit a car through, had been drilled into the wall. However, the interesting thing about it was that there were no burn or shrapnel marks anywhere to be seen, nor had there been any kind of explosion. It was like the entire section of plaster had just popped out of existence.
After creating her makeshift doorway, Kure then turned to walk towards it, only to be greeted by the sounds of gunfire when the two guards in the lobby opened fire on her. The bullets effortlessly bounced off of the woman's body in a series of sparks and clangs, which prompted the humanoid cat to glance in their direction. When she saw the pair of guards empty their guns and reload, the woman raised her gauntlet arm and fired a second blue sphere of energy towards them.

When the ball of light struck the pair, it expanded and swallowed up the human and his anthropomorphic German shepherd partner in a blinding flash of light. However, when it seemed like the two guards had been utterly disintegrated by the attack, when the light faded shortly afterwards, it revealed the two men standing in defensive positions, completely unscathed… and butt naked. Upon realizing that their clothes and weapons had been disintegrated, the two men panicked and covered up as best as they could.

Their mortified reactions drew a childish giggle from Kure, who then wagged her finger at them. "Sorry, boys. But I'm on a very important mission and I can't have any of you guys interfering."

After handily dispatching the men, the armored woman then turned her attention back to the hole and walked through it, leaving a pair of very embarrassed security personnel and one baffled secretary.

A few seconds after Kure left, the office door near the security station opened up and a clerk in a formal Capsule Corp uniform stepped into the lobby. Reading off of his clipboard, the man in the square glasses smiled and looked up, "Alright, Ms Kure. My name is…" He then stopped when he noticed the two naked men, the terrified secretary, and the massive hole in the wall. After looking around for a couple of moments, the man then murmured, "Did I… miss something?"

XXX

(Meanwhile)

Over in the main lab where Bulma and her family did most of their research & development, both the company president and her father could be seen standing side by side near one of the massive work stations, looking over the information streaming in from Earth's latest visitor, at the same time expressions of awe and uncertainty framed their faces. Analyzing the dozens of monitors scattered across the counter in front of them, the blue haired mother and her father drank in the specifications on the alien world that had materialized next to theirs over an hour ago, and were now running bio scans on its surface.

As bewildering as it was to see a planet appear in the space right next to theirs, what they were now more focused on was figuring out how it got here and whether or not there was any life on it. Being the sharp individuals that they were, the father and daughter pair knew right away that this wasn't some ordinary phenomenon and that there were other forces at work. So, activating whatever operating systems and equipment they had on hand, the pair were now running every test imaginable to see if their hypothesis was correct and whether they were going to receive a visit from a less than friendly race of people.

Of course, that statement was only half-true. They didn't quite know that yet.

Looking over the satellite imagery on the windows to the right, Doctor Briefs murmured uncomfortably, "There's no doubt that this world is inhabited. The question now though, is what kind of creatures or aliens are actually living on it."

"Obviously they're intelligent," Bulma answered, while at the same time zooming in on certain geographical areas being highlighted by the computers. "But what we don't know is if they're friendly."
The elderly scientist then looked at his daughter with a raised eyebrow. "Is it really such a big concern whether or not these aliens are bad?"

Staring at her father, Bulma then took on an incredulous look, "Dad, in the past seven years alone, the planet has been visited at least three times by aliens. Two of those three were monsters that wanted to enslave and/or kill all of us, while the third alien is now a close friend of ours, and is constantly checking in on Gohan to try and get her hands on his genes." She then looked across at her old man with an amused smile in play. "Trust me. It's even better than it sounds."

Adjusting his glasses, the old director chuckled, "Alright then." Turning back to the monitors he was tasked with watching, Doctor Briefs then placed his hands on his hips and tilted his head. "So… let's assume that the aliens on that planet are evil and have come here to invade the Earth. How do you propose we stop them?" He glanced back at his daughter inquisitively. "After all, this isn't some small group of intergalactic mercenaries that arrived here on a space craft or some giant, intergalactic octopus with multiple arms. We're talking about an entire planet here…"

Smirking in response, Bulma then rose up from her chair and began making her way across the room, with her father right on her heels. "Listen. If worse comes to worse, we have my Super Saiyan husband and son training in the Gravity Room just a couple doors down the hall; both of whom are strong enough to wipe out an entire system of planets if they wanted to." When she passed by one of the many other work spaces covered in mechanical clutter, she picked up a remote and pressed it, causing a space on the floor in front of her to open up. A large, human-sized plastic tube then rose up from the ground. Once it did, the unit then unveiled a white, sci-fi armor resembling a miniature Red Ribbon Army Battle Jacket and SWAT suit, standing in its center.

Bulma pointed proudly towards the armor and flashed a wide smile at her father, "But… if they're just a bunch of typical soldiers and grunts, I can take care of them with this."

Nudging his glasses up his nose, the president's father beamed, "The combat armor you've been developing from the schematics of the wrecked suit Gohan brought in a few months ago." He then gazed at it curiously and analytically. "Is this your first prototype?"

"Third," Bulma replied, before leaning against the suit's storage container comfortably. "The first one had several major drawbacks in terms of power consumption and energy output. However, I was able to fix that in the second model by applying a new element to the core and blending cobalt with the copper wiring, which I then improved again for the third. This baby here..." She then tapped the armor in the side, "comparing the stats that I was able to pull from the recordings of Vegeta's training sessions in the GR, can generate enough power to go head to head with a Super Saiyan for three days straight. The Saiyan Buster Mark III."

"Sounds like an impressive piece of equipment." Doctor Briefs gazed warmly at his daughter, "I can't wait to see her in action."

Turning to look at her suit, the blue haired woman sighed, "Gohan, Vegeta and the rest of the boys are constantly putting their lives on the line to save the world from monsters, demons and alike. After all these years of sitting on the sidelines and pottering around like some damsel in distress, I think it's about time I started pulling my weight around this place."

Before her father could make any remarks against his daughter's statement, the pair was suddenly interrupted by a brilliant flash of light and a gust of wind, which blasted across the room from the far wall and ruffled the pair's clothing. Their gazes quickly snapping in the direction of the anomaly, the father and daughter duo then spotted a perfectly circular hole in the wall and an armored figure standing in the middle of it.

Lowering her arm and disengaging her gauntlet, the intruder with the cat-like ears and tail strolled
into the room. The boots of her armor clanking with every step, the graceful female in the suit surveyed the room momentarily. When she spotted the two scientists gawking at her from beside a large storage unit, the stranger's ears perked up and she hastened her stride towards them.

"Oh, hello there," Kure greeted with a wave, her voice being robotically amplified by the respirator of her helmet. From her point of view it seemed like a very natural and normal exclamation, but from Bulma and her father's perspective, it sounded absolutely terrifying. "I'm in a bit of a hurry, so I'll have to make this quick. Do you two happen to know a couple of really strong people living in this building?"

When the woman stopped walking, both a nervous Bulma and Doctor Briefs stared back at her in both bewilderment and confusion.

Blinking, the blue haired president of the company looked at the armored figure questioningly, "Huh?"

Kure smiled warmly at the pair, even though they couldn't really see it through her tinted visor. "Yeah. My scanners picked them up over an hour ago, but now they seem to have vanished. Could you please point me in the direction they're hiding?"

She then proceeded to wait for an answer. However, while the two humans standing by the pod edged back ever so slightly, the armored woman then felt a large hand place itself on her right shoulder, which had her turn around. When she did, she quickly found herself staring at the broad chest of a large human wearing green, shock-proof combat armor and a black, spandex suit. Following it up to the owner, she saw the chiseled face of the red-haired Android 16 staring down at her.

After noticing he had the intruder's full and undivided attention, the man with the Mohawk and warm smile then spoke in a robotic sounding voice, "I can show you where they are."

Hearing this put an excited look in Kure's eyes, "Really? That'll be great!"

XXX

(Meanwhile)

Just down the hall, sealed in the vibration resistant, energy-proof chamber known as the Capsule Corp's Gravity Room, Vegeta was currently putting his son through one of the most intense morning training regiments he'd ever been through. Dressed in his blue spandex uniform with white gloves and yellow-tipped training boots, the prince of all Saiyans had a serious look on his face as he watched Trunks go through a series of fighting maneuvers and attack the air with a variety of punches and kicks.

Shouting with every blow he unleashed, the lavender haired boy fought against the weight of over five hundred times gravity pressing down on his body, while simultaneously attempting to execute each of his attacks properly and without fault. Thrusting his hands in a blur of straight punches, the youngster then spun around and threw a kick, only to stumble to the side when he brought it back down to the ground. It was a sight that put a harsh glare on his father's patient face.

"Sloppy. Don't throw your leg so far back. You'll knock yourself off balance," the man stated, at the same time seeing his son reset his position.

Gritting his teeth, Trunks gave an affirmative nod and brought his hands up high. "Yes, dad."

Swallowing nervously, he then leapt into the air and performed a series of side-kicks, which cut
through the space like a spray of bullets, before he threw his left arm forward and launched a barrage of high-speed jabs. This was then followed by the boy dropping down to deliver a right hook, a left elbow, and finally a right flick-kick.

Watching his son a little bit longer, the father then tapped his finger against his bicep and spoke, "You're slowing down, pick up your speed a little more. Don't even think about slacking off."

Trunks then went about adjusting his form to accommodate for his father's instructions. When Vegeta nodded in approval, the child then proceeded to move into a new set. But just as he was in the process of sliding into a new stance, a tremor throughout the room put a stop to the pair's training. When both of them looked around, wondering what the heck that sudden vibration was, a loud crashing sound suddenly echoed throughout the dome, followed shortly by the wall on Vegeta's right-hand side exploding in a shower of white rubble.

From the cloud of debris, a body was sent flying between the father and son duo, which struck the wall on the far side and dropped to the ground with a heavy thud. The second it touch down on the tiled surface, emergency alarms blared into life, which then prompted the computers to shut down the engines running the simulation. As soon as the gravity field lifted, both the perplexed Vegeta and his equally surprised son then found themselves staring at a tall, slender figure adorned in black armor, kneeling beside cracked barrier.

Confused, the two Saiyans then looked over their shoulder and towards the hole that'd been blasted through the GR from the outside. When they did, they saw the massive, hulking figure of Android 16 come stomping through. He was then shortly joined by Bulma, who was now adorned in her female Battle Jacket and had the suit's tinted visor engaged.

Upon seeing the pair appear, Trunks blinked, "Mum?"

"Oi! What the hell's going on?" Vegeta barked in both confusion and irritation.

Bulma, frowning deeply, pointed across the training room floor, "Take a guess, genius!"

Hearing a low groan, the Saiyan Prince and Trunks quickly snapped back to the black figure in armor, whom they saw shake her head and rise up from the ground. Dusting off the specks of rubble covering her shoulder plates, the stunned Kure then adjusted her ears and whipped her tail around, which she double-checked to make sure was still attached. Confirming that it was, she then looked ahead of her once again and frowned across at the group of people staring her down.

Upon getting a good view of the human torpedo, Trunks then blinked when he noticed the appendages protruding from her armor. "Hang on… are those… cat ears… and a tail?"

Hmm. That was odd. This was the first time he'd ever seen someone with authentic cat-like qualities on their person. As perplexing as it was, the boy suppressed any further questions he had on the matter and listened in as the intruder began to speak.

"Okay. That… was mean." Kure quickly perked up when she spotted Vegeta and Trunks standing in front of her, both of whom had now assumed similar fighting stances and had all of their attention fixated squarely upon her. Curious, she then activated her inbuilt scanner, which quickly got a bead on their power levels. "Oh. So this is where the two of you were hiding; inside a training room that can suppress energy. That's cool." When the numbers came back to her, along with a series of biological scans and prints, Kure balked in surprise. Upon which, a smile quickly appeared on her lips. "And it looks like I found the other Saiyans Maya was screaming at me about over the radio. Even better."
Vegeta and Trunks appeared genuinely stunned when they heard the woman mention the name of their race.

"Wait? You know about the Saiyans?" the prince asked in his gruff tone of voice.

A chuckle left Kure's lips at the obvious answer. "Of course I do. There isn't a civilization in the universe who doesn't know about your race." She then placed her hands on her hips and smirked. "After Frieza wiped out a majority of your population on Vegeta, everyone thought your people had become extinct. But, as it turns out, it's not that easy to wipe out an entire planet made up of the strongest and fiercest collection of warriors in the cosmos."

Upon processing her words carefully, the full-blooded royal then frowned deeply and took another fighting stance. "And let me guess… you came here to try and finish the job?"

"What?" Jerking in surprise, the brown haired feline then raised a hand. "No. That's not what I-"

"An entire alien planet just appeared out of space right next door to ours," Bulma interrupted through her suit's speakers, cutting the intruder off and turning her attention to her husband and son. "You and Trunks didn't know about it because the two of you were stuck in here training for the last hour. I was going to come and get you after we figured out what the heck was going on." The scientist then pointed across at her target, "But then this woman busted into our facility and broke into my lab."

Freaking out a little, Kure then held her hands forward, "Wait a second. I honestly didn't mean to-"

Eyes flashing red, Android 16 took a big step forward and stopped the intruder mid-sentence, "The staff at the front desk reported this woman coming in through the front entrance and booking an appointment with one of our liaisons. She then sat down in the waiting area, where she then began exhibiting odd behaviors. After which she attacked the security guards stationed in the lobby and started firing energy blasts at the walls."

"Well, yeah! I did! But that was only after I received a message from my teammates telling me that they'd gotten into fights with several other people living on this planet and then this… this… uhh…!" Kure shouted, only to trail off moments later when she realized the words that were coming out of her mouth, "this… isn't helping me is it?"

Unfortunately, the young woman didn't have time to rephrase her sentence, as the strongest warrior in the room decided right then and there to take immediate action…

"That's all I needed to hear," Vegeta said, before charging forward with his signature yell. "You're mine, woman!"

Hair bristling in panic, Kure lunged forward and ducked low when the prince dove at her with a flying side-kick, a maneuver which allowed her to avoid the vicious fighter while simultaneously sending her into a tumble. After rolling along the ground, she then sprang up, slid along the tiles, and assumed a low defensive stance. Sensing a second attack coming from behind, the cat woman quickly slipped her head to the side and threw her hands up, allowing her to catch the wrist of an attacking Android 16 and stop the man dead in his tracks. Upon locking his massive arm, the woman spun around and tossed the hulking male across the room and towards one of the heavily reinforced walls, only to see the cyborg flip in midair and land hard on the tiled floor several yards away. After redirecting the robot, Kure once again dropped to the floor to avoid a flying punch from Trunks, who then leapt at her and began lashing out at the woman with a series of vicious punches. Once again, the alien woman effortlessly weaved between his attacks, which eventually ended in her spinning around the child when he dove at her with an overhand, causing him to
overshoot. The second she avoided his hit, the interstellar visitor then raised her arm and blocked a flying punch from the suit wearing Bulma, which connected with her gauntlet with a resounding clang.

When the scientist yanked her arm back and began to throw a left hook, Kure skillfully slipped under it, mounted the suit's forward leg with her foot, and ran up its front. This maneuver was similar to a person running up a wall, enabling Kure to drive several vicious kicks against the unit's front before back-flipping off of it, allowing the woman to spring away and land safely in the center of the room in all fours. When she looked up to see the surprised Bulma stagger away, Kure's ears suddenly twitched at the sound of approaching danger, prompting her to reach back with her tail. Her appendage stretched to an unbelievable degree, allowing the sharp minded Kure to wrap it around the leg of a charging Vegeta and catch him by surprise. Unable to react fast enough, the cat-like appendage wrapped around his ankle suddenly redirected the Saiyan and threw him upwards, slamming him into the roof of the GR. After impacting the ceiling, the tail then yanked him back down, driving the man into the floor before Kure spun him around and chucked the prince into an approaching Trunks. The father crashed into his son from the side and sent both of them tumbling across the room.

The two quickly leapt to their feet and, slamming their feet into the tiles, skidded to a stop. Upon which they looked up at their opponent in surprise, whom they saw assume a very cat-like fighting stance, her hands formed into claws and her tail swishing about behind her in an aggressive and predatory manner.

Eyes darting between the four figures in front of her, Kure then cringed in disappointment, "Alright. I guess if we're going to do this… I might as well play along." Reaching up, the woman pressed a button in the side of her helmet, which then activated a small, red signal light.

His sensors flaring brightly in warning, Android 16 leaned forward and, giving an angry, robotic yell of his own, charged towards the alien to carry out his attack. However, with her instincts set on full alert, the defensive Kure was ready and waiting for him.

With a loud hum from the back of her suit, the woman raised her left hand and, activating a built-in plasma cannon from the side panel, fired off an electrical ball of energy at the advancing android. The charged shot struck the red haired man dead on and sent the hapless cyborg blasting back at breakneck speed, upon which he then slammed into the Gravity Room wall before dropping to the floor. The other three fighters looked across at their cybernetic ally in alarm, where they saw blue electrical currents begin running up and down his body. While Android 16 was still alive and conscious, he was now lying helplessly on the floor, jerking, twitching and convulsing.

Bulma, gritting her teeth in anger, threw both her hands forward and, with a yell of effort, launched a powerful blast of fire at the woman in black armor.

Quick as ever, the female alien leapt clean over the ball of flames and dashed out of the room via the massive hole she'd formed. She then disappeared around the corner, leaving her opponents in her dust as she then attempted to get some more space.

Seeing the woman literally turn tail had Vegeta snarl in frustration, "Get back here!" Not willing to let her get away so easily, both the prince and his son wasted no time in going after her.

"Stop, you!" Trunks' yell echoed down the hallway as the pair darted out of sight.

Upon seeing her family give pursuit of the woman and hearing explosions begin echoing throughout the facility, Bulma then looked behind her and towards the fallen Android 16. Concern quickly fell across her face when she saw the twitching robot pan up to her, "Sixteen? Are you…?"
"I'll… (tzt)… be fine. That woman… (tzt)… hit me with an… e-energy disruptor. I just need t-to… (tzt-tzt)… shut down for a moment and… (tzt)… reboot my systems," the red haired cyborg replied, his eyes fixed upon his creator as he then pointed out the hole that they'd come through, "G-Go."

Nodding in understanding, the woman powered up her suit and rushed out the door, leaving Android 16 to slowly recover from the EMP attack.

The chase was on.

XXX

(To the Far East)

As the events taking place in other parts of the world rapidly unfolded, right next door to the mountainous regions of Mount Paozu, the battle between Gohan and his opponent was just getting heated up.

Amidst the chaos and the fire burning from the explosion at the petrol station, the demi-Saiyan continued battering his foe with a relentless onslaught of attacks, determined to bring her down as quickly as possible. However, a few minutes after making ground zero in the middle of the town's streets, the young warrior slowly began to realize that trying to knock his opponent down for the count was going to be a lot harder than he previously thought. Despite the advantage he had from the surprise attack, the armor the woman was wearing was providing a lot of protection for her. Not only was it ridiculously heavy, but every time his fists dragged across the metal plates, Gohan felt like he was digging his knuckles through a surface of anvils.

This led him to the conclusion that even though he was landing so many hits, he was only causing a small amount of damage to his foe. His hypothesis was quickly proven when he saw his foe jump back up after a particularly vicious beating and started hitting back at him with an equal amount of force.

Eventually being compelled to fight even harder, the pair continued to lay into one another across the small town, destroying not only the local infrastructure, but also whatever fixtures and landmarks happened to be standing in their way.

Being sure to keep their exchange away from the people, Gohan, dodging a blast thrown at him from the armored woman, sped up his charge and rammed into the spiky haired fighter with his shoulder. His running blow knocked Maya off her feet and sent her straight through a café behind her. Decimating pretty much all of the furniture and walls in the front room, the woman eventually exploded out the back and onto a second road, where she lay sprawled out with a dazed look on her face.

"Augh. Good one," the Saiyan mumbled, sitting up slowly as the stars in her eyes faded.

When she looked up to see where her opponent had gone, she suddenly spotted Gohan appear in the sky above the building, before diving straight down at her with the speed of a bullet. Reacting in alarm, the brown haired fighter rolled out of the way at the last second, avoiding the boy slamming his foot and punching a sizable crater into the floor where her head used to be. Sliding to a stop several yards away, Maya looked back in time to see Gohan leap out of the hole and, white aura blazing around him, charged at her at full speed.

Just as Gohan was cranking back his fist for another hit, he suddenly felt his body stop dead in its tracks by a powerful force grabbing hold of his ankles. "What the-?" Looking back to see what was
going on, he suddenly saw the woman's teammate, the tall warrior in black armor, holding onto his legs with his two hands.

Having jumped in at the last second to catch the teen, with a growl of effort, Cal yanked Gohan back and threw the boy into the ground like a sack of flour. The demi-Saiyan impacted the tarmac with a deafening 'crack', punching a human-shaped dent into the earth. A split second later, the giant fighter then picked up the warrior by his shoulder and leg and, after raising him up and holding him upside-down, slammed the boy into the ground a second time. As soon as the half-Saiyan crashed into the floor and punched an even deeper hole into the floor, his hulking pile driver of an opponent took a step back and, with a furious yell, kicked Gohan out of the crater and down the street, where the teen ended up clothes-lined by a waiting Maya.

The demi-Saiyan struck her arm and flipped under it, before landing face-first several yards down the street in a cloud of dust. Once he was down, both Maya and Cal glared in his direction and watched as he painfully tried to get up.

Rolling onto his back, Gohan gritted his teeth and whispered in a strained voice. "O-kay… that hurt like hell." When he looked up at the two armored warriors approaching him down the street, the spiky haired fighter then cracked a disappointed frown. "Two on one, guys? That doesn't seem very fair."

Flexing her wrist, Maya quickly gave the young man a blank look through her visor, "You spear-tackled me while I wasn't even looking and shoved me through a God-damn silo."

At this, the demi-Saiyan smiled sheepishly, "Yeah, I'm… really sorry about that."

A satisfied smirk then crossed the woman's lips, "Apology accepted."

Rubbing his sore neck, the teen then gave his opponent a hopeful stare and proceeded to sit up straighter, "Does this… make us even?"

The brown haired woman chuckled, "Not yet." She then nodded towards her comrade, "But this will."

With a loud bellow, Cal lunged forward in a blur and tackled Gohan while he was standing up, dragging the teenager a block down the road and through the tarmac. After carving a nice, deep trench in the earth with his opponent's back, the hulking armored fighter rose up, drew his right fist back, and dropped a haymaker right down onto the teenager's chest. The blow slammed into Gohan's breastbone and bounced him off of the ground with a thunderclap, practically knocking the air out of him. Yelping with pain, the half-Saiyan suddenly saw Maya dart around and, seemingly teleporting alongside him, swing at his head with a kick.

Catching her leg, the demi-Saiyan swept it out from under her and dropped her onto her back. Maya hit the ground with a thud and a grunt of pain, leaving her teammate Cal to raise his left foot and attempt to stomp Gohan on the head. Acting swiftly, the demi-Saiyan rolled out of its way, barely avoiding getting its skull smashed in like a watermelon. After which he then rolled onto his stomach and attempted to fly off. However, for the second time in the last five minutes, Cal suddenly grabbed him by the ankle, held the floating boy in place, before stepping forward and dropping his forearm right on top of him.

His body smashing back into the tarmac, Gohan rolled over just in time to see Maya, back on her feet, lunging down at him with her right fist. Parrying her punch, the demi-Saiyan locked up her wrist and, redirecting her weight and motion, slammed her into the floor next to her. The maneuver elicited a yelp from the female fighter as she ungracefully slammed face first into the road.
"Dick!"

The second he stopped her, Gohan then head slipped a swift, left jab from his other opponent, who was now standing over him. Seeing the man's fist hit the tarmac directly next to him, the demi-Saiyan then skillfully grabbed the prone Maya by the back of her armor's collar and, rolling over, slammed her into the torso of her partner.

This hit knocked Cal stumbling away, freeing Gohan from underneath him. Then, while still holding onto the armored woman's back, the teenager powered up and took off into the sky. However, unwilling to let him get away that easily, the tall alien growled and leapt after him.

"Oh, no you don't!" Cal shouted, giving a loud yell as he landed right on top of the ascending Gohan and snapped his arms around him.

However, not only did the warrior end up successfully catching his opponent, he also inadvertently ended up grabbing Maya who, with the combined weight of their bodies and training armor, began to drag Gohan straight towards the ground at an alarming rate.

As they spiraled in, the female Saiyan also locked in the bear hug couldn't help but scream in alarm, "CAL! YOU IDIOT! LET GO! AAAAAAAAH!" The three warriors screamed out as they suddenly careened into the side of a warehouse and crashed right into it. Their landing was marked by a deafening explosion as the entire inside of the building and its construction material was blown to kingdom come. As fire gushed through the busted roof, the trio exploded out the rolling door and back onto the town's streets, trailing gas bottles, debris, and fire.

Rolling along the road, the three separated and leapt back to their feet at their own leisure. Skidding to a stop along the ruined highway, a slight charred Gohan glared across at the two armored warriors at the same time flames continued to scatter around them, setting the stage for another face off.

Though none of them were hurt at all, the battle so far had made them dizzy from all the spinning and crashing they'd been doing. It was starting to irritate them.

Clenching his fists, Gohan had a quick glance around before frowning deeply. "These guys are ridiculously strong. If this keeps up, we're gonna end up leveling the entire town." Initially he wanted to avoid going anywhere in sight of any villages, factories or buildings. But thanks to his sneak attack on the pair back at his place, not only did he get carried away, but the weight of his opponent ended up dragging them both down to ground level, leading to the two of them crashing into the town's service station. After looking back at the events that got them here, Gohan quickly realized that he was partly to blame for their current circumstances and concluded that he needed to correct this as soon as possible. "I have to get them out of this place and away from the people. If I do, maybe the damage to the cities can be minimized and we won't risk getting anybody else involved." He was well aware of how powerful his attacks were and what a fight between opponents of his level was capable of.

Unbeknownst to him of course, both Cal and Maya were thinking the exact same thing and were now looking at one another in concern.

"Should we try and move this somewhere else?" Cal asked with an anxious look in play. "The village is taking a lot of damage and I don't think we'll be able to keep this away from the people for much longer."

"Yeah. I think you're right," Maya answered in agreement, before quickly turning back to the half-Saiyan in front of her, who was now looking as equally concerned as them. "Hey, orange boy-"
Unfortunately the woman was unable to say anything. All of a sudden, a powerful golden blast thrown by an unknown assailant blindsided Cal and knocked the man straight into another nearby building, leveling the structure with a massive explosion. Both Maya and Gohan looked towards the blast zone in alarm when, dropping down from the sky and landing on the damaged street, Paprika joined the fray.

Scarf swishing behind her like a cape, the white haired Makyan took a fighting stance and smirked. "I've got the big guy, Son! You take care of the chick!"

"Paprika! Wait! Don't-" Gohan yelled, only for his exclamations to fall on deaf ears when the woman recklessly charged into the burning building and engaged the tall warrior, who'd just managed to resurface from the pile of rubble on top of him, "fight… in the town."

Poor Cal wasn't given any time to catch his breath when Paprika suddenly hit him with a flying side-kick, which ended up sending the big man through the remaining walls of the shop and into a nearby park.

Groaning in frustration and slapping his forehead in defeat, the demi-Saiyan turned back to the armored woman standing across from him. After seeing her face pan back over with a look of clear disbelief reflected in her posture, Gohan then raised his thumb and pointed down the road. "I was about to say we should take this fight to somewhere a little more empty."

The long haired woman nodded weakly in response, "Funny… I was about to suggest the same thing."

Chuckling a little, Gohan then shrugged, "Well. I doubt this can get any worse."

The moment he said that, a loud battle cry from behind suddenly drew the teen's attention over his shoulder. When the demi-Saiyan looked, he immediately spotted the blurred forms of a aggravated Zangya and an equally motivated Videl, both of whom blew past him at full speed and charged towards the big, armored man that knocked them around back at Mount Paozu.

When they flew past, both Gohan and Maya heard the two fighters yell at the top of their lungs.

"Let me at him!" Videl shouted.

"That big bastard is mine!" the Hera also screamed, the two fighters disappearing over the block to join Paprika in her vicious beat down of the big fighter.

After the two Saiyans on the road gave the sight of the energetic pair a deadpanned look, they then heard the distinct sounds of engines and the sounds of approaching footsteps. When the duo turned to look down the battered main road they were standing on, through the wrecked cars, the cracked buildings and the multiple pillars of smoke, the pair spotted a contingent of soldiers, dressed in full combat gear, and a pair of military jet copters hovering over them.

As the company of men on the ground cautiously approached, the commander seated in the aerial vehicle above spoke over the radio. "You on the ground! This is commander Nishima of the Yajiga Eastern Airbase under King Koku! Drop all your weapons and place your hands on top of your heads! This is your last and only warning!" The instant he issued his order, a pair of Harrier jump jets roared overhead, their thrusters propelling them over the town and telling all those out on the streets that these guys meant business.

Shoulders slumping, Gohan and Maya gave simultaneous looks of disbelief, before the female Saiyan looked at her opponent in dismay.
"It just got worse…"

XXX

(Back in West City)

In the large baseball stadium that was the home of the world renowned West City Taitans, the entire team could be seen going through their morning practice. With one half of the team out on the oval, positioned strategically across the pitch and filling up the green, the other half was observing comfortably from the dugout, watching as the rest of their compatriots played it out under the watchful eye and direction of the coach.

Having been out there for the past couple of hours, the entire team was looking forward to a prompt finish and a good lunch. The only one who was still showing he had juice left to burn was Yamcha who, sitting on the practice mound, was taking his time test-swinging three bats between his hands. After determining which one was the most reliable, the scar-faced martial artist nodded, chucked away the other two bats, and made his way over to home base. "Oh yeah. It's Yamcha's time to shine!" Here, the young man took a moment to test the ground beneath his feet and adjust his footing, before then settling into a comfortable stance. He then grinned across at the pitcher standing on the mound directly in his line of sight. "Bring it on, Mark!"

"Batter up!" the ref shouted across the stadium.

"Alright boys. Let's do this," the catcher also yelled excitedly, slamming his hand into his mitt and crouching low behind the human warrior. "Come on!"

Yamcha grinned, watching and waiting with anticipation as the pitcher brought his throwing arm up and took a deep breath. The guy seemed determined and, judging from his pose, was ready to throw a fast one. But just as the Z-fighter was priming a swing to intercept, he suddenly heard the sounds of distant explosions and felt the ground beneath him tremble. It was this unexpected anomaly that had the scar-faced man look at the ground before then turning his gaze towards the sky in confusion.

Apparently the other players felt the tremor too and, as the sounds of rumbling started to grow louder, everyone quickly fell out of their stances and positions. At first wondering what the heck these distant noises were and figuring they belonged to an earthquake, the group of ball players on the field were suddenly startled out of their wits when one of the floodlights surrounding the stadium exploded, and a black object was sent plummeting into the center of the field.

The figure collided with the oval with colossal force, causing a pillar of dust and rubble to shoot into the air, and a cloud of debris to wash over the field. While the terrified players scattered, Yamcha quickly dropped his bat and rushed forward, his eyes and attention fixed squarely on the disturbance. His approach of the crash site had a couple of his other teammates follow in his footsteps, which then led to them gathering around a large crater that was still belching out smoke and dust.

When the cloud eventually faded, Yamcha and the rest of the Taitan crew saw an armored figure, dressed in all black, with a shredded cape and a cat-like tail, rise up out of the hole. It didn't escape any of their notice that the person was incredibly tall and had a very womanly figure, which led most of them to believe that there was a girl hiding underneath all that metal plating.

Their suspicions were proven correct moments later when, realizing that her helmet was obstructing her view, the kneeling traveler reached up, disengaged the locks and ripped it off with a gasp. As soon as her head was free, the glasses wearing Kure looked down at her protective
headgear with a frown. "Damn it! Maya was right. I can't see or sense shit in this thing." She then looked up when she realized people were standing around her.

The moment her eyes landed on Yamcha, who was standing just a few feet away from her, the two warriors blinked in momentary surprise. Their gazes meeting, the pair then proceeded to stare at one another for several seconds in silence. In that time, not only did the human martial artist give a quiet gasp of astonishment, the woman in armor felt the equivalent to an electric current suddenly shoot through her body and a force comparable to a punch hit her square in the chest.

It wasn't a literal blow of course. For some strange reason though, Kure felt her heart begin to beat even faster, and an exhilarating, pleasant warmth rush through her entire body. Though she had no idea exactly what this delightful sensation was, she figured it had something to do with the scar-faced man she was now looking at and admiring. The sight of him staring back at her with that innocent expression and clueless eyes had the traveler from another planet gulp nervously and utter the only thing that she could think of.

"H-Hello?"

Reeling back a little at hearing the woman's silky voice, Yamcha took a deep breath of his own and smiled back in a friendly manner. "H-Hey there?" he answered with a wave. Obviously he had no idea what the heck was going on, but with such a gorgeous looking woman sitting right in front of him, he just didn't care. The least he could do was be civil, even if his face was starting to feel a little red. "What's up?"

"Oh. Not much. Just… enjoying the scenery, nya," Kure responded cheerily, only to slap her hand over her mouth when she realized what she'd just said.

Staring blankly at the woman, the baseball players scattered around the oval, Yamcha included, could only think one thing…

"Did she just say 'nya'?"

After replaying the scene several times in their heads and seeing the shade of scarlet appear on the female's cheeks, they quickly realized that she did… and it was adorable.

Noticing the strange beauty was staring at him with her hand over her mouth, Yamcha quickly threw the armored traveler a charming grin. When he laughed, he watched as Kure lowered her head and, despite the obvious embarrassment reflected in her gaze, smiled back at the martial artist. However, before the pair could continue their awkward string of dialogue, the human fighter's gaze suddenly snapped upwards and, reacting in alarm, he dove for the woman with a yell. "LOOK OUT!" Grabbing her up, Yamcha then leapt out of the way just in time to avoid a ki blast striking the very spot the woman had been lying in, which detonated with terrifying force.

Skidding to a stop several yards away from the explosion, the man looked back to see the flames and smoke gushing out of the crater fade, before then turning to the armored female in his arms. Ignoring the weight of the woman's frame, as her suit was absurdly heavy, the scar-faced fighter smiled warmly.

"Are you alright?"

Blinking as she stared up at the man in the baseball uniform, the woman's cat-like ears twitched, before a fond smile framed her face. "Y-Yes. Thank you."

"Oi! Moron!" the gruff voice of Vegeta suddenly echoed down from above, drawing the pair's
gazes towards the sky to see the Saiyan Prince, his son, and his wife clad in a mechanical suit, hovering in the sky above them. It didn't escape Yamcha's notice that the one who was addressing him was incredibly pissed and had his hand extended in a threatening manner. "Care to explain to me what the hell you think you're doing down there?"

Initially befuddled by the man's question, the scar-faced fighter then frowned and shot the man a foul glare, "What am **I** doing?" He then pointed up at the Saiyan. "You're the ones flying around and firing energy blasts into crowds and stadiums! Are you fucking kidding me, bro?! You guys could've hurt someone!" It was his yell of outrage that earned a look of curiosity from the interstellar visitor in his arm, who couldn't help but admire the man's spirit and good heart.

While her husband balked, Bulma, manually retracting the shield of her helmet so that she could see, floated down on her suit's thrusters and glared down at her ex. "Yamcha, you meathead!" She then pointed at their target. "That woman you're holding in your arms is an enemy! She and several others warriors came here on a mobile alien planet and are now attacking our friends as we speak!"

After processing the news at a turtle's pace, Yamcha continued to stare up at the blue haired woman for five whole seconds, before the realization of the situation finally clicked. "Seriously?"

Trunks, floating next to his mother, looked at the adult as if he'd grown a second head. "You didn't know?"

Rolling his eyes, Vegeta then fixed his best glare on the human he deemed the weakest of their group and growled, "For the love of… are you dense?! Can't you sense the other battles going on across the planet?" The prince then pointed towards the East, where the human fighter on the ground quickly followed. "Gohan, his girlfriend and the rest of the group are all fighting a bunch of God-knows-what and you're just running around playing stupid games with your pathetic baseball friends!"

"Well excuse **me** for trying to live a normal, human life outside of fighting, your majesty!" Yamcha shouted back sarcastically. "Though this may come as a shock to you, but not all of us can be super-powered, alien monsters who train twenty-four seven!" After giving the trio a harsh, irritated glare, he then turned to the woman in his arms and grinned sheepishly. "I'm… really sorry about that. Some of my friends can be a real pain sometimes."

Kure, hearing and sensing the earnestness in his tone, waved off his apology with a grin, "That's alright. I know the feeling well enough from hanging out with my friends." And she meant that sincerely.

Then, after sharing one last smile with each other, the cat woman leapt out of the man's arms in a blur of movement and sprang across the oval, at the same time Yamcha back flipped to a safe distance. It was almost as if a trigger had been pulled, setting the two fighters into immediate action and prompting them to assume their respective positions on the field.

Landing several yards across the stadium, the human fighter then watched as the armored female he'd saved rematerialized on the same pitch across from him, standing on all fours with her eyes fixed on both him and the other group hovering in the sky above her. When the trio in the air saw their target relocate, Vegeta, Trunks and Bulma took up defensive poses and prepared for combat.

Following their lead, Yamcha grabbed his baseball top and ripped it off, leaving him in only his pants, cleats, white singlet, and cap. Looking incredibly cool in this particular ensemble, the man slid into his signature *Wolf Fang* fighting stance and set his sights squarely on his attractive foe. Though he was obviously taken with the woman's appearance and innocent charm, because she was identified as an enemy, the man was forced to drop all chivalry and focus on fulfilling his
Tail whipping about behind her eagerly, the woman with the glasses once again smiled as her eyes and senses darted between her opponents. Once she saw all of them were ready for a fight, she then licked her lips playfully.

"Sandra… if you don't hurry up and get down here soon, things are going to get even more out of hand…"

XXX

(Thousands of Miles Away)

Across the sprawling metropolis of Central City, most of the entire population was just now tuning into the events that were taking place along the western parts of the continent. With news of the alien world appearing above theirs currently flooding all television and internet channels, it was only a matter of time before something big went down.

Clearly, no one was paying any attention to the super-powered warriors fighting it out in the small town to the East or the capital city to the West. However, that veil of ignorance that'd been unceremoniously draped over the entire population was to be broken soon enough, as a few minutes after Yamcha had joined Bulma and the others in their battle with their alien quarry, two new figures suddenly appeared.

Floating down from the sky to land atop the spire of King Koku's castle, draped in a long white cape that completely covered her slender form and wearing a scouter with a hologram screen on her right ear, the leader of the intergalactic group, Sandra, fixed her gaze upon the sprawling megacity before her. Moving to the edge of the wide platform of the golden tower so as to get a better view, she was soon joined by her longtime friend and mechanical companion San, the giant, multi-legged tank taking up position directly alongside her and moving to survey the countryside just as she did.

While the two scanned the horizon, a series of silver, spherical objects the size of baseballs and resembling training probes, hovered down from the clouds to orbit their station. It was when these two-dozen identical devices formed up around the tower that the tourists and security on the ground finally took notice of them. The King's royal guards, who were also on duty with the officers, were quick to radio in reinforcements. However, despite their superiority in numbers and efficiency in responding, the well-dressed men in rifles had no idea what to do about the two figures now standing at the top of the monarch's tower.

Honestly, next to the King Piccolo and Kana incidents that'd occurred years before, this was the first time any of them had had to deal with a woman and some giant, robot spider-thing, using the King's place of residence as a lookout.

While the soldiers in the courtyard scurried about and the groups of tourists began snapping pictures of the pair with their cameras, San quickly glanced across at her boss and spoke with an inquisitive tone. "So… what's the next step, Empress?"

Sandra, cracking a smile as her scouter located each of the enormous power levels registering on the planet, flung back her cape and steadily raised her right hand. "Maya, Cal and Kure have successfully made contact with two possible targets, and are now trying to fend off the other high power levels that are accompanying them. Based on the information they were able to send us, it's safe to say that all of these individuals are part of the same group and have been living peacefully on this planet for the past several years." Turning her gaze towards the sky, the raven haired beauty's eyes then twinkled with mischief and excitement. "Now that we've gotten their attention,
it's time to bring them in."

Processing the teenager's words quickly, the giant robot nodded energetically and chirped in a lively voice, "Understood."

Upon clenching her extended hand, the calm and collected Sandra then jabbed her arm towards the sky and, grunting effortlessly, powered up to maximum. Her white aura jumped around her in a flash of blinding light and, with a current of blue electricity running up and down her frame, fired a supercharged bolt straight up into the sky. The expulsion of energy not only caused a series of loud thunder claps, the move also parted the clouds and caused the people gathered in the courtyard below to cry out in terror.

Despite the sheer intensity of the woman's aura and her amazing display of power, San simply stood in place with her feet locked and her body lowered, as the harsh winds generated by the female Saiyan distorted the planet's weather patterns and atmosphere.

To accompany this sudden blast of energy into the sky, Sandra's energy levels skyrocketed…

XXX

Krillin, Tien, Android 18 and Chiaotzu were finding it rather odd that no matter how many hits they managed to land on their opponent or how many times they blasted him out of the sky, the burly fighter would simply get back up and return their shots with an aggressive barrage of his own. Despite his hulking frame and massive size, not only was the robot deceptively quick, he was damnably strong and durable to boot, as his armor pretty much deflected almost everything the group threw at him.

This wasn't even counting the number of tricks and weaponry the armor was also hiding. Besides the energy blasts it was able to discharge from its shoulder plates, the robot also had smoke grenades that it used to mask its movements, nano-machine rockets that it fired from missile pods concealed underneath its plating, and various other projectile weaponry that it was able to use with great effect. Even though it spent most of its time avoiding direct combat with the team, the automaton was still outrageously skilled at using the devices it had on hand to keep its persistent attackers at bay.

Determined to knock it out of the fight for good, the four warriors tried one last time to corner it, smashing it towards the ocean and firing blasts at its head. However, after unsuccessfully trying for the fifth time in a row to smack the big fighter into the water, the Z-fighters suddenly stopped when they felt an enormous power level drift in on the wind and, all at once, snapped their gazes towards the horizon.

Krillin, with a noticeable bruise on his cheek, blinked in shock. "W-Whoa. Do you guys… feel that?"

Through the sweat trickling down his face, Chiaotzu gave a nervous nod, "Y-Yeah."

"That power level… it's massive," Tien whispered. Though he'd felt his share of ridiculous energy signatures in the past, this one struck the human as odd because it felt awfully familiar to him. Phantom pains in his arm and body took the man back several years into the past, to the time Vegeta and Nappa first arrived on earth…

Noticing his four attackers were distracted, Mobi quickly looked to see what had suddenly caught the group's attention. When his helmet's scouter lit up, the robot quickly realized that the enormous energy signature they were sensing was coming from none other than his leader and comrade.
Upon registering to the glowing blip on his radar and the information that followed, the robot floating above the ocean acted without a moment's hesitation.

"Beep."

Target locked, the robot fired up its thrusters and took off towards the horizon like a rocket. After its form broke through the sound barrier with a loud clap of air and sent a blast of wind hurling in all directions, the group of human warriors hovering over the sea quickly gave pursuit.

"Let's go!" Android 18 shouted, before shooting off after their retreating foe.

"Right!" Krillin yelled back, his white aura bursting around him as he followed after her.

In a matter of seconds, the four Z-fighters left a series of vapor trails across the sky in pursuit of their opponent who, like them, was now making tracks towards the high power level in the distance.

XXX

Standing atop a flaming car with bullet holes riddling its entire body, a still alive, active and unscathed Maya could be seen facing down an equally energized Gohan and Videl, while her towerling partner stood behind her with his eyes set squarely on Zangya and Paprika, positioned on another part of the busted highway.

After apparently being locked in combat for quite some time, the two separate groups had done their best to drag the fight away from the town's center and into the outskirts. It was here, on the main highway leading out of the village and across an iron bridge, the representatives of both sides were facing each other off, with a crashed helicopter in the background and squads of exhausted and bruised soldiers gaping from the sidelines. Obviously the men's efforts to stop the super-powered fighters from destroying the countryside had ended in failure and, after thoroughly embarrassing themselves and being disarmed by the Z-fighters and the alien invaders, had resigned to watching the battle from a safe distance.

Both Maya and Cal, sporting only minor scuff marks on their armor and tears in their capes, had just begun the painstaking process of reassessing the situation regarding their multitude of opponents. But then, just as they were preparing for a third bout, a series of readings and numbers suddenly appeared on their visors. The arrows pointing them in the direction of the anomaly's source, the pair quickly straightened up and narrowed their eyes, with Maya glancing over her shoulder and towards her teammate.

"Cal?"

"Yeah. I got it," the man replied. Without warning, the pair then shot straight up into the sky and rocketed towards the horizon at a blistering speed, breaking the sound barrier several times as they flew. In just two seconds, they were gone.

Down on the ground, the crime fighter from Satan City balked, "Hey! Where the heck are they going?" It was only after her senses cued in to the pair's frequency that Videl's eyes widened in shock, and she too found herself staring in the direction they'd left. "Whoa. Wait a second… is that…?"

Also picking up on the massive power level growing in the distance, Gohan quickly set his body into a sprinter's stance and powered up. "I think I have an idea. Come on!"

Recovering quickly, the renowned guardians of the earth launched themselves from the ground and
flew after the two alien fighters, their auras blazing around them and propelling them across the continent. Seeing their friends lead on, Zangya and Paprika followed suite, their forms leaping from the road and arcing into the sky, where they swiftly fell into formation alongside the pair.

Once all four heroes had taken off, they not only left a moderately damaged town and over a dozen wrecked vehicles in their wake, but also a battered and bewildered force of soldiers scattered across the community's main highway. Their commander, who'd managed to bail out of his destroyed chopper, could be seen at the front of his garrison, scratching his head and dusting off the ash covering his uniform.

As the locals slowly recovered from their brush with the intergalactic visitors, soaring over the smoking town and leaving a trail of his own, Son Goten, worried about the wellbeing of his older sibling and respective sisters, chased after the group as fast as his little body could carry him.

"Wait for me, big brother!" the demi-Saiyan chirped, his aura firing up as he picked up speed.

XXX

Over in her battle with the Z-fighters in the baseball stadium, Kure also managed to pick up her leader's power increase over in Central City. Tracking it quickly with her senses, the woman wasted no time in abandoning the battlefield and flying on over, with a thoroughly frustrated Brief family and a confused Yamcha right on her tail. The cat-alien humanoid made sure to put as much distance between herself and her antagonists, so as to avoid taking fire from behind. This allowed for a safe and straight passage to her friend's location, as well as what she suspected was to be her group's rendezvous point.

As for Gohan and the others, the gang had no idea what to expect when they finally arrived at the point where the unusual anomaly was originating from. All they could do on the flight over was share a quick briefing with those who were present, before returning to the pursuit with their senses locked onto the enemies they were following. Due to the haste in which they'd jumped into their battle, they were still debating on whether or not the guys that they were chasing after were going to sack a couple of towns or cities along the way. However, after seeing how they acted throughout their battle thus far, they had reason to suspect that the invaders weren't here to conquer or destroy the earth.

This left a majority of the Z-fighters bewildered and confused, wondering what was going to happen next.

All concerns over the possible threats these mysterious warriors posed to the planet would be cleared up soon enough. After traveling for a couple of minutes along a straight and direct path, the once scattered group of Z-fighters rapidly converged on the capital of the planet, Central City. Upon passing over the housing areas, business districts and through the enormous skyscrapers making up the downtown sectors, the groups then arrived at the sprawling estate of the world's largest ruling monarchy.

Entering King Koku's domain and arriving at the central tower that was his palace, the Z-fighters quickly hit the brakes and descended to ground level, where they were quickly greeted by swaths of excited civilians and befuddled soldiers. The majority of the humans cleared out when they saw Gohan's group touchdown in the enormous, white, cobblestone courtyard, while the royal guard responded to their arrival in typical, defensive fashion.

Seeing the soldiers moving towards them with rifles cocked and loaded, taking charge of the situation, Videl stepped forward and made her presence known to the people in the area. "Easy, fellas. There's no need for that," the young warrior spoke, her voice loud enough that it echoed
across the entire quad. "We'll take it from here."

"Ms. Satan?" The commanding officer at the front, a large, beefy soldier in a blue uniform with golden cuffs and sidearm, as well as bearing the insignia of a Colonel, instantly recognized Satan City's poster girl and quickly raised his hand. "Hold it, men. Stand down. Stand down." He then waved for his soldiers to back off, which they did without question or hesitation. Once the guards fell behind him, the Colonel turned to the raven haired martial artist and nodded.

Acknowledging the man respectfully, Videl promptly fell in step with Gohan as he and Zangya approached the palace. Stopping in view of the balcony and looking up, they soon spotted the source of the enormous power level and the cause for all this morning's pandemonium.

Standing on the ledge above the King's veranda, the demi-Saiyan and his friends saw, flanked by both the armored Maya and Cal, a beautiful, raven haired woman around eighteen years old, adorned in a white cape, wearing a scouter with a blue, hologram visor over her right eye, and a golden headband with a red gem in the center around her cranium. Furthermore, not only did this woman have a very imposing presence befitting someone of royalty and high standing, she was also regarding the Z-fighters in front of her with a cool and collected disposition. This indicated that she wasn't intimidated by their presence in the least, which solidified her position as the head of the invaders and the strongest individual of her group.

While Gohan, Videl, Zangya and Paprika stared up at the newcomer with a mixture of uncertainty and confusion, they soon noticed a couple more armored figures fly into view and stop on either side of their leader. A few seconds later, the team of four heroes was promptly joined by Vegeta, Trunks, Yamcha, and Bulma, with Android 18, Tien, Krillin and Chiaotzu bringing up the rear a few seconds later. Once the eight of them had touched down on the quad where Gohan's group had gathered, a tardy but energetic Goten also rocked up to the scene, his aura dissipating as he landed and rushed over to where his best friend from West City was standing.

"Hey, Trunks!" the boy giggled, earning a grin from his lavender haired counterpart.

"Yo!" Sharing a high five with his fellow troublemaker, the pair quickly put their game faces on and turned their eyes to the spire above.

Once the entire group had formed up in the square, they quickly focused their attention on the tower, where the squad of armored opponents and their leader had assembled.

Wind whipping through her hair, Sandra silently took count of the number of fighters Maya and her friends had managed to lure in. Her scouter taking stock of their profiles, appearances and power levels, the young woman then blinked when she recognized one of the faces hanging at the front of the crowd. This person took the form of the short, raven haired fighter with the flame-shaped haircut and wearing the blue training suit.

"Hey… isn't that Prince Vegeta?" Sandra whispered in surprise, before a smirk gradually formed across her face. "Well I'll be damned. I guess that answers the question as to which Saiyan had wound up killing Frieza. And here I was expecting to find some random renegade or ruffian from a backwater planet with no history. Instead we're getting a royal delicacy." Shutting off the hologram screen of her scanner, the woman then spared a quick glance towards her teammates and addressed them seriously. "Did these guys give you any trouble?"

Maya, still sporting various marks and scratches on her suit, frowned irritably, "Things were going great at first. But once they started attacking us, things started getting a little… messy."

Concurring with her friend's brief report, the unmasked Kure also looked across at her leader with a
noticeable scowl of her own, "The people I dealt with were really set on getting into a fight. I assume it's because their planet has been attacked so many times by other aliens that they weren't really in the mood for listening." Which was understandable, given the circumstances.

"Not to mention there are a couple of other races from different planets living amongst them," Cal added from the sidelines, while at the same time gesturing to the ones he and his friend had been stuck fighting. "There presences here are probably causing some strong, defensive psychological responses in the people who are closest to them."

After Sandra nodded in acknowledgement of this information, her long haired teammate then shot her a foul look that was effectively masked by the tinted visor of her helmet. "For the record, Sandra, you owe both Cal and I big time for making us come all the way down here on a diplomatic scouting mission… only to have every single one of those guys kick the crap out of us for the better part of the day."

Rotating his head towards them, Mobi added his own comment into the mix. "Beep." (Agreed)

Feeling her friend's hateful glare boring into the side of her head put a slightly nervous look on Sandra's face, which she then shook off and quickly glanced down at the Z-fighters below. "Duly noted… and good job. Now let's get this thing done." Adjusting her cape, the raven haired Saiyan then levitated over the ledge and began floating down to ground level, flanked on either side by her compatriots.

While the invaders descended to their level, an outwardly calm but concerned Zangya, looking around at the rest of their team, then noticed someone was missing. Leaning forward, she whispered to her spiky haired crush, "Hey… where's the green man?"

Obviously referring to Piccolo, Gohan could only shake his head, as he too was at a loss, "I don't know." Honestly, his best friend of many years was never one to not show himself at a time like this. Sure he usually arrived late on occasion, but despite his poor timing, the Namekian was probably the most reliable in terms of physical presence and determination, and could always be counted on to drop in at the last second to save the day when he was most needed.

But right now, Piccolo was nowhere to be seen. This led Gohan and the others to wonder what could've happened to him.

Touching down on the stone surface of the quad, the collection of intergalactic fighters then faced off against the Z-fighters. By the time the large spider-tank planted itself behind their group with a loud 'thud', which caused the soldiers in the area to back off warily, the contingent of visitors were soon graced with the presence of King Koku.

Exiting his palace with several high-ranking members of his military and political staff, along with over a dozen heavily armed guards, the blue, anthropomorphic dog with the mustache and suit, marched around so that he stood beside both the aliens and Earth's defenders. Once he was certain he had a good view of their leader, the man cleared his throat and spoke.

"Excuse me, young Ms?" the political representative of the planet began, drawing the gazes of both super-powered crowds staring each other down. Feeling their eyes on him, the man swallowed nervously before continuing, "I am King Koku: ruler of Chow Castle, Central City and all existing states of the great continent of the Dragon Kingdom. What is your purpose in this solar system and why have you come down here to our planet?"

Seeing the spider-tank glance in their general direction, the bodyguard standing closest to Koku stepped in front of him and held his arm across the ruler, "Your majesty, please stand back." There
was a high chance that these people meant to harm the king and it was the duty of the Royal Guard to prevent that event from taking place.

After the multiple fiascos involving demons and monsters in the last couple of decades, there was no way in hell they were going to let another scenario like the one involving King Piccolo happen a second time.

Hearing the man's questions after his introduction, Sandra kept a cool gaze fixated upon him for a few moments. After which she then responded in a clear and cautious tone of voice. "My friends and I have come to this planet on a personal matter, your highness. As such, we do not wish to involve you or any other innocent people in our affairs. Please have your men evacuate the area so as to avoid getting caught in the crossfire." Her statement drew looks of surprise and amazement from most of the civilians gathered in that courtyard, including the Z-fighters. After seeing the noble leader acknowledge her words and begin directing his people to a safe distance, the raven haired commander turned her attention back to the group standing in front of her. "So then… where were we?"

Vegeta, baffled by this turn of events, shoved his way to the front and glared across at the woman. "Alright… I've had it up to here with this goody-goody nonsense! Why in the hell are you telling those people to leave instead of wasting them like you're supposed to? Aren't you and your people here to attack us?"

"Yeah. What gives?" Tien asked with a nervous frown of his own.

Shaking her head in disbelief, Sandra glared back at the group with an annoyed glimmer in her eye. "If you think we're here to invade or conquer this planet in any way, you people are barking up the wrong tree."

"Didn't any of you receive our message?" Maya asked, looking around at the group for confirmation.

Sharing confused glances with each other, Gohan, Videl, Zangya, Goten, Trunks and Yamcha all raised their hands at once and spoke, "We didn't."

"I don't have a television," Paprika mumbled awkwardly at the end, whereas Vegeta remained completely silent.

"We did though," Krillin added. It was a statement that was promptly followed by a concurring nod from his wife.

"So did I," Bulma also answered. Seeing the invaders turn to her, the scientist then placed her hands on her hips and frowned. "But the message was a bit scrambled. We couldn't get much from it except that 'we're going to drop by'. It was probably due to the atmospheric turbulence caused by the arrival of your planet, since it was messing up a lot of our instruments."

Blinking, Kure then groaned and slapped her forehead in exasperation. "Stupid. I should've known this would happen." She then looked back at the team with an apologetic expression in play. "The full message was supposed to say: 'Citizens of Earth: do not be alarmed. We're not here to invade your planet, we're just going to drop by and say hello'. It's my race's motto and the most used way of informing a civilized world that we don't mean them any ill will."

"OOhoh," Chiaotzu murmured, before then looking up at Tien inquisitively. "That… kind of explains a lot."
Raising an eyebrow, Zangya then rested a knuckle on her hip. "So, you guys… really aren't here to kill anyone?"

Sandra shook her head, "No."

Feeling as though he should add something, a cheerful Goten skipped forward and waved. "It's true." When he saw his big brother and Videl look down at him, the little hybrid gleefully pointed in the direction of the two people that'd dropped by his house and began to speak. "Those guys over there are super nice and didn't want to do anything bad to us. Mum was even about to invite them in for a cup of tea."

At first a little bit surprised by this revelation, Videl then cracked a smile and looked across at her boyfriend in amusement. "That's Chi-Chi for you; always offering people coffee and biscuits when not chasing off pesky salesmen or animals."

Grinning, Gohan slowly reached down and ruffled his little brother's hair, earning a giggle from the child in return, "Guess I shouldn't have been so hasty, huh?"

Hearing him from where she was standing, Maya's eye twitched in disbelief. "Nah. Ya think?"

Lowering her hand, the woman with the cat-like ears and tail then stared across at the group of fighters and spoke in a serious tone of voice, "We're not here to conquer, destroy or do anything even remotely related to that stuff. We simply wanted to ask your group a couple of questions and have a civilized conversation before moving into anything formal."

At first remaining silent, the confused collection of heroes looked between one another before Trunks stepped forward and raised his hand inquisitively. "Then… why didn't you say so in the first place?"

Hair bristling and a tick mark forming on her forehead, Kure took a big step forward and shouted at them, "I WAS TRYING TO! BUT YOU PEOPLE WERE SO BUSY KICKING ME THROUGH WALLS AND BUILDINGS THAT YOU COULDN'T HEAR ME YELLING 'I COME IN PEACE'!" Her scream practically echoed across the entire palace, scaring the daylights out of the children and startling the Z-fighters.

Hell, even the members of Kure's group standing next to the woman leaned away when they saw the fuming feline panting to catch her breath.

When the glasses-wearing diplomat looked back at them, Sandra blinked at her through wide eyes. "Whoa."

"Calm down, girl," Maya whispered, while at the same time making an easing motion with her hands.

Taking a deep breath of composure, the brown haired female then propped her hands on her hips and nodded as she inhaled and exhaled slowly. "Okay." Sniffing, she then looked back up and whispered repeatedly, "I'm okay. I'm okay now."

Cringing a little, Sandra then turned back to the startled Z-fighters and, noticing their collective expressions of concern, spoke in an apologetic voice, "Sorry about that. The six of us have had a really… really long trip here and, so far, it's been a pretty rough morning for all of us. You can probably tell we're a little bit stressed out."

Smiling back at her, the ever thoughtful Gohan waved off the incident in his usual, good-natured manner and accepted the woman's reasons gratefully. "That's okay."
"We've all been there at one point," Videl finished with a sympathetic gaze. "Don't go beating yourself up over it."

A sigh quickly left the leader's lips, "Thanks." Straightening up once again and adjusting her cape, Sandra then cleared her throat and set her glare squarely upon the group, continuing from where she left off. "Anyway, now that that little discrepancy is out of the way, we can move on to more important business. I understand that there are a couple of Saiyans amongst your group."

The announcement coming as a bit of a surprise to most of the heroes, after quickly realizing the purpose of the aliens' presence here, Paprika stepped forward with an inquisitive frown. "You guys… are looking for Saiyans?"

Sandra nodded affirmatively, "That's right."

It was then Kure moved forward and took charge of the next portion of the conversation. "Over a month ago, while we were on a routine orbit of our quadrant's nebula, our planet's long-range scanners picked up an enormous power level registering from somewhere in this system. At first we thought it was a computer malfunction and attempted to isolate it, but when members of our group actually managed to sense the energy fluctuation, we immediately realized that it wasn't a glitch, and that the energy signature was actually coming from an incredibly powerful individual."

"This came as a big surprise to all of us, because normally we wouldn't be able to feel power levels in our quadrant, no matter how strong they were, due to the fact that all inward and outward bound energy signatures are dampened by the high number of galaxy clusters in our area," Maya added, folding her arms across her chest as the members of her group shared their knowledge on the matter. "However, this energy level was so strong, it not only managed to slip into our system, but the feedback was so clear that we were able to distinguish it as belonging to a member of the Saiyan race."

This information prompted Zangya to critically analyze their story, "From the sounds of it, you guys must've picked it up from, like, over two dozen galaxies away."

Hearing the Hera's deduction brought a smirk to the feline humanoid standing on Sandra's left. "We were actually on the other side of the universe," Kure replied, her ears twitching as she noticed the looks of astonishment appear on all the humans presents. She then drew a circle in the air in front of her. "Look at it this way. Your solar system resides in the North Quadrant of the Planet Trade Organization's space, which is the top most quarter of a large circle encompassing all of the galaxies in that area. Our group comes from an entirely different circle right next to yours, in a region known as the Vulpan Quadrant." She then lowered her hand and smiled. "It's a bit of a complex system to explain. But let's just say there are multiple areas of space in the cosmos and each and every one of them is governed by a different empire."

After all, space was fucking huge and scary.

Seeing most of the group understood what was being said, Sandra then crossed her arms and smiled. "Only a Saiyan could possibly produce an energy signature that could be felt from the other side of the universe… and I'm not talking about some ordinary, middle-class soldier or officer of the former King's forces. What we felt was a warrior with a power level in a completely different league of his own… a Super Saiyan of the highest grade and class." She then focused her attention on Vegeta, whom she saw lower his head suspiciously. "We believe it was your energy signature we felt reverberating across the cosmos… Prince Vegeta."

The Z-fighters' gazes quickly snapped towards the middle where their infamous heir to the Saiyan race stood. At first the man's expression reflected a sense of astonishment, but after a few short
seconds, his expression quickly fell into one of suspicion and seriousness.

"You... know who I am?" the man asked with his trademark scowl, "Impossible. How can a group of random commoners from some distant part of the universe nowhere even close to the Saiyan home world, possibly know who I am... the last remaining royal of my bloodline and the only surviving elite of the greatest warrior race in history, which is now close to extinct?"

It was this question shared by many other people in the group that had the raven haired empress chuckle. "First correction: my friends and I are hardly what you would call commoners. In fact, we are actually regarded as the most powerful group of fighters in our quadrant, making us the rulers of that part of space." Reaching up to remove the device from her right ear and handing it over to her trusty, mobile assault unit, San, the group's leader then reached down and gripped the golden band holding the cape on her shoulders. "And second correction: if you think you're the last surviving Saiyan elite in the universe... you are sorely mistaken, your highness." With one, swift movement, the woman removed her cloak and threw it into the air.

When the white sheet of fabric dropped to the ground and slammed into the quad with a 'crack', indicating that it had a significant amount of weight to it, the Z-fighters' eyes widened at what they saw. Upon completely unsheathing her form from beneath her royal garment, they saw waving in the air behind her a brown, monkey-like tail attached to her lower back. The furry appendage wiggled about in an almost teasing fashion, before the intimidating female brought it around to wave playfully at her audience.

A smirk remained plastered on her lips as she proudly flaunted her race's most identifiable trait to the planet's defenders, "After all; only a true Saiyan elite can tell when they are facing off against a member of their own kind."

The surprise emanating from every hero in the vicinity was almost palpable.

"Whoa! Are you serious?" Krillin practically shouted as he openly gaped at the woman in front of them. "Th-This isn't some bad dream is it? That girl is actually a Saiyan?"

Android 18, looking completely unfazed as usual, regarded the woman with a sense of indifference and curiosity, "It certainly seems that way."

While Bulma had to shake her head a few times to make sure she wasn't hallucinating, the half a dozen other affiliates of the human contingent continued to gawk openly at the woman in front of them. "Well, it looks like Vegeta is no longer the special little snowflake he thought he was," Yamcha chuckled, at the same time glancing at the prince's shoulders.

As everybody else gaped at the Saiyan female and her entourage, at the head of the pack, Gohan and Zangya remained generally composed. Steadfast in their positions, the latter spared a momentary glance across at her teammate to see if he was in any way moved by this development. Upon exchanging stares, the duo then once again focused their attention on the group of newcomers and waited patiently to see what would happen next.

Quickly calming his nerves, the once panicking Krillin then pulled back a little and placed a hand on his chin. "You know... it's funny. Though we've seen dozens of aliens in the past, this is actually the first time I've ever seen a female Saiyan up-close and personal. If you take away the muscles, the suit and the tail, I bet she could easily pass off as a normal, human girl."

The man actually wasn't that far off the mark.

Taking in the teen's appearance from a distance, Gohan noticed that the alien leader was wearing a
revealing, white battle armor resembling a one-piece thong swim-suit. Aside from having her belly and a great deal of skin exposed, the suit also had two yellow pauldrons, similar to what Vegeta's old armor had, only they were carved to match the curvature of her shoulders, with the entire outfit being held up by a white collar with a red gem inserted on the front of the neck. Along with the golden crown, the woman also had a pair of white gloves and yellow tipped boots, all of which came together to complete the ensemble.

This then led Gohan to take note of her figure. Due to the risqué design of her uniform, Sandra was showing an awful lot of cleavage. This particular aspect of her suit drew attention to the fact that the woman was not only well-endowed, but also had a delectably slender, toned body with smooth skin, and the telltale signs of powerful muscles rounding out the rest of her frame. These muscles were so prominent that she even had the faint outline of a six-pack showing in the cutout on the front of her suit. All in all, her body reflected characteristics of an empowering female Saiyan and, due to the way she was presenting herself so confidently to the group, Gohan could only speculate at how powerful this female actually was. This was made obvious by the way he was now staring at the girl with that innocent look of wonder on his face.

Vegeta, recovering from the shock of finding out the leader was actually a member of his race, glared across at the leader with unease. "Who are you?"

Flicking back one of the bangs hanging on the side of her face, the raven haired fighter smiled. "My name is Sandra. I am the Empress of the New Saiyan Empire, ruler of the Planet Corvus, guardian of the Vulpan Quadrant, and one of the surviving members of the last generation to be born on Planet Vegeta."

This little snippet put looks of curiosity on the group's faces, whereas Vegeta continued to sneer with displeasure. "How did you manage to survive the destruction of our planet? Were you on a mission in a different star system?" His eyes narrowed. "Or… were you part of one of the groups of newborns that were sent off world?"

Smiling warmly, Sandra then closed her eyes and breathed a sigh. "I was formerly a soldier in King Vegeta's military, serving as a low-level grunt on his interplanetary forces. About a week before the latest crèche of newborns was scheduled to be sent to another galaxy, my teammate and I were dispatched on a two-man expedition to wipe out the population of a Class-C planet. It was supposed to be a routine assignment, in-and-out, with little to no resistance." She then craned her head downwards as a frown appeared on her face. "However, our mission hit a major snag when our pods fell into the path of an exploding sun. The blast waves from the celestial body knocked out our communication and life support systems, triggering the pods' emergency stasis units and putting us into cryogenic sleep. We then drifted through space for Kai knows how many years, until we crash-landed on a prehistoric planet in the far reaches of the cosmos." Sandra then glanced across at the armored woman with spiky hair next to her. "And just so we can avoid anymore pointless pronoun games… my partner on that mission just so happens to be standing right next to me."

Vegeta and everybody else's eyes quickly snapped to the figure in question, whom they saw unwrap the brown belt from around her waist and, waving it behind her, also revealed it to be a monkey-like tail that was almost identical to her partner's.

This presentation put an incredulous look on Videl's face, "Wait… she's a Saiyan too?"

Sandra smirked proudly as her partner glanced back at her. "Maya here is my closest friend and my most trusted partner. The two of us have been together for years and have fought countless battles side-by-side." She then looked across at the shaken Z-fighters and shrugged, "We both ended up
trapped on that hellhole of a planet for months, with no way of getting off world or contacting for help. It wouldn't be until sometime later that we discovered Planet Vegeta had been wiped out by Frieza."

Gohan, tilting his head at the teenager, regarded her with a bright and compassionate smile. "Sounds like you two had a really hard time."

A chuckle escaped the raven haired empress's lips, "You don't know the half of it." Placing a hand on her hip, the fighter then turned her attention to Vegeta and his family. "Long story short, both my partner and I ended up making this new part of space our home; traversing its many galaxies and defeating a number of its villains. As far as we knew, we were the only two, full-blooded Saiyans living in that region and, for the longest time, we believed we were the only ones to have survived the destruction of Planet Vegeta. It was only until a month ago that we realized there were other Saiyans still alive and active in our old quadrant, and decided to investigate."

Tien, crossing his arms, looked upon the young woman with a combination of intrigue and distrust. "So let me get this straight; you transported an entire planet from one corner of the universe to the other, just so you could track down and reunite with a lost member of your race?"

"Not just that," Sandra replied, before pointing up towards the sky. "That planet you see hovering above you represents the full scope of our group's strength. It is both our home and the foundations for which we will reestablish a New Saiyan Empire; one even greater than the monarchy of old. To do this, I must first stake my claim as the most powerful Saiyan in the cosmos… and the only way I'll be able to do that is to fight and defeat the warrior responsible for destroying the monster who wiped out our entire race."

Krillin then balked when he realized what that declaration entailed, "You mean you want to fight the person that beat Frieza?"

This question drew an amused chuckle from Maya, who folded her arms and nodded, "That's right. Only a Saiyan of incredible power and strength could've possibly defeated that tyrant and brought down his entire branch of the Planet Trade Organization. That warrior would've also been capable of reaching new heights of the Saiyan's power, effectively becoming the strongest being in their part of the universe. After traveling all this way to meet them, we believe that person to be you, Vegeta."

When all eyes fell upon the former mercenary once again, they saw the flame-haired man smirk and close his eyes. Several moments later, the heroes then heard the distinct sound of his laughter fill the air, confusing the group of visitors from outer space and worrying a handful of his friends. As soon as he was done expressing his mirth, the royal then folded his arms and leered at his would-be challenger.

"While I'm flattered to be receiving so much attention and praise from a member of my race, I'm afraid it's my turn to make a few corrections." An arrogant gleam than appeared in the corner of his eye, "First off; I wasn't the one that defeated Frieza, nor was I the one that killed him and his family. That distinction is held by two other members of our group who, sadly, are no longer with us. Secondly, and though it pains me to say this, the strongest warrior on this planet is actually the man you see standing right there." He then held out his left hand and pointed straight across at Gohan, who was now looking back at the prince inquisitively. "Even though he's a half-breed, that boy's Saiyan powers and talent are far greater than any other person's here."

Surprised by this sudden announcement, especially since it was coming from none other than the prince himself, Sandra's gaze then panned towards the figure in question. "Is that so?"
Puffing her chest out, Videl confidently strode forward and spoke up in support of her boyfriend, "It's true. Gohan's the strongest person on this planet."

"Yeah!" Goten also chirped, hopping into the spotlight with a eager grin, "And not only that, our dad was the one that fought and beat Frieza."

Hearing and noticing the verbal and physical responses from all the people in the area, including the approving looks from the other Z-fighters, Sandra quickly spared a glance across at her teammate. When she saw Maya nod to her, concurring that what they were saying was all true, the Saiyan leader quickly turned to face the half-Saiyan in the center of their formation and took several steps forward.

"Well then… it seems as though I'm going to have to address these next concerns directly with you." Stopping a few yards away, the woman in white then stood before the young Saiyan with a determined smile in place. At the same time, the silver, metallic orbs orbiting her group's position spread out, with one of them coming to hover directly next to her. "As you've all noticed, we've brought the full force of our Empire to bear upon your doorstep. Being the strongest warrior in this system and quite possibly this entire quadrant, I now issue you this formal declaration."

Intrigued by her use of words, Gohan gave her his full and undivided attention, "Yeah? And what would that be?"

Sandra then lifted her head and grinned, "By the laws and customs of the New Saiyan Empire, I, Empress Sandra, challenge you and your compatriots to formal combat; my group against all of yours." She then raised her arms and gestured towards her friends, who adjusted their positions under the stares of their opposition. "The winner of our battle will decide who the most powerful Saiyan in the universe is."

Frowning a little at the challenge while the rest of his friends shuffled nervously in their respective manners, Gohan then tilted his head questioningly. "And what will happen if either side loses?"

Dropping her arms, the female warrior spoke. "Don't worry. If your group ends up defeated, nothing will happen to this planet or its people. We will simply leave this system and return to ours without any hassle or consequence." She then closed her eyes and smiled. "I simply wish to claim the title as the strongest Saiyan alive so as to cement my right to be the new ruler of our race. After all, back on our home planet, the tribal leaders were always decided through formal combat… just like how it was when King Vegeta's ancestors rose to power."

When Gohan, Videl, Zangya and everyone looked towards Vegeta for confirmation, they saw the serious fighter narrow his eyes and grunt in response. "She's right. That's how it was done back in the day. Survival of the fittest… the strong will always rule above the weak." A smirk then slowly formed on his face. "This one knows our people well."

Bulma, adjusting the armor plating on her suit, placed a hand on her hip and looked across at the foreign group oddly. "It seems like such a backwards tradition though…"

"One that many in the universe still practice, mind you," Kure interjected, easily hearing the woman above the clamor of courtyard. The blue haired scientist shirked when she saw the feline alien's gaze fall upon her, which then led to the scientist rubbing her arm sheepishly.

Understanding this much, the adult demi-Saiyan then focused his attention completely on his challenger. "Though I am keen to fight you… are you really sure you want to do this?" He then winced a little when he saw the woman's glare and scratched his head in a good-natured manner. "I mean, I know you guys traveled a long way to get here and… I'm sorry we didn't welcome you as
well as we should have, but… do we really have to fight over something so trivial?"

Frowning, the raven haired woman quickly stomped forward and spoke in a much louder voice, "You have Saiyan blood in your veins, don't you? Then you should know full well the true nature of our people and the instincts that drives us!" Sandra then inhaled deeply and shot the young warrior a fierce glare, "We are inherently a violent and primal race; genetically built to fight and conquer whatever crosses our path, as we are constantly seeking conflict wherever we can. Our desire to battle and gain strength compels us to seek new challenges and excitement, and we instinctively take whatever we want in the pursuit of greater power, whether its food, company, wealth, mates, rivals, or items of great personal worth. It is through these very desires and actions that we've practiced for over a million years that we've gained knowledge, strength and respect… and from that knowledge, we created a culture. It is our pride and strength as warriors that defines us as both individuals and as a people… and it is through combat that we gain that sense of self-respect and personal worth that you would call honor."

Vegeta, having remained silent throughout the Saiyan's lengthy speech, slowly felt a wide grin form across his lips. "Oh-ho. I like this girl." He then turned to see how Gohan was handling this, only to notice that the demi-Saiyan seemed completely mystified and entranced by the young woman's words. Looking between him and Sandra, the prince mentally scratched his head as to what was going on, only to then raise an eyebrow when it eventually clicked with him.

Though he wasn't saying anything, the man could tell that Gohan was taken by this girl… Really taken by her.

Smiling when she saw the awed looks on her audience's faces, Sandra finished her declaration with a few final words. "The stronger the opponent, the greater the reward. Your father defeated the very man that sought to wipe our people from the pages of history; a monster possessing power and strength far greater than any other creature in his kingdom. The honor of battling such a tyrant fell upon his shoulders and, through his actions, he established himself as one of the strongest and most remarkable Saiyans in the universe." She then flicked her hair back and smirked. "As such, neither my friends nor I will be able to rest easy, until we have regained that sense of honor through battle with an adversary that we deem as an equal. Our pride as warriors demands it."

For the next minute after that, the group stood in silence. Most of them had no idea how to respond to her words or what they were supposed to do to initiate the next stage of the conversation. However, Sandra's statements weren't meant for the humans in the group. No. Her words were aimed directly at Gohan, whom she was now waiting patiently for an answer. Whether he would accept her offer or not was up to him. After all, this battle that she was proposing wasn't over anything major, like the destruction of the planet or the enslavement of a race. It was merely a challenge made to satisfy the ego of an alien people, whose thirst for battle and taste for excitement was next to unquenchable.

Considering the fuss that was being made, the request seemed almost unreasonable. Hell, Krillin, Tien and the others wouldn't be surprised if Gohan outright turned her down.

However, in a surprising twist, a very competitive and determined smirk suddenly formed on the adult demi-Saiyan's face. When Zangya, Videl and Vegeta saw it, they knew instantly what was coming next.

"Alright… you've convinced me," Gohan responded loud and clear, stepping forward so that he was at least a few meters ahead of his friends. "Though I'm sure my father would love the chance to fight against you, since he isn't here… I will accept your challenge in his place." His declaration and consent to the battle put smile on all the able warriors in the area, including the humans, with
Videl cracking her knuckles in preparation.

A wide grin appearing when he heard the teen's declaration, Sandra rolled her shoulder and stepped up as well. "Excellent. I'm glad to see there's a bit of Saiyan in you after all."

"Hey. You came all this way to our planet just to say hello and to challenge us to a friendly contest? Hell, unlike some of the other aliens we've fought in the past, you guys are one of the friendliest groups of invaders we've ever had... and that's saying a lot," Gohan chuckled, while at the same time adjusting the wrist band on his right arm. "After the horrible way we treated your friends the entire morning, I'd say you guys have earned something in return for your troubles. I just hope my challenge will be enough of an apology." When he looked back at the rest of his team, he saw many of them look away in embarrassment, while people like Android 18 and Vegeta remained completely unshaken.

Maya, hearing the hybrid's remarks, smirked across at him in amusement, "You know... you could just say you're sorry."

Shaking her head at her friend, the Saiyan Empress beamed across at her now formal opponent, "I'm sure your acceptance is more than substantial." She then pointed around at the silver spheres floating in the area. "These mobile cameras have been hooked into every single one of the planet's internet and satellite channels, and will be transmitting a live feed of our battle to every corner of the globe at an appropriate frame rate. This way, not only will the people of your world be able to get a clear, inside view of all of our battles, but by the end of the day, everyone will know what the official score will be."

Gohan gestured to the woman in understanding, "Good. So long as they're not going to interfere with our fight, then I'm completely cool with that." After assuring himself that he'd made the right decision, the teen then narrowed his eyes into a serious scowl. "The terms and conditions of our battle will remain the same, I hope?"

Sandra nodded, "Of course. Win or lose, my group and I promise not to bring any harm to your friends or to the people of this planet. It would be a major upset and a great dishonor on my part if either of us were to resort to Frieza's level of conduct." She then lowered her head and eyed her opponent mischievously. "However, depending on how well you do against me, I just might be tempted to induct you and the entire Earth into the ranks of the New Saiyan Empire."

Chuckling at the leader's little joke, the demi-Saiyan then clenched his fists tightly, "I wouldn't be so confident if I were you. As your friends may have already noticed, you're not dealing with an ordinary group of fighters here. I myself have gone through quite a few battles over the past several years and after all the opponents I've fought... I managed to pick up a few tricks."

"Oh? And what kind of tricks would they be?" Sandra asked, goading the young man to show his hand first.

This teasing jab was more than enough to have Gohan widen his stance, which signaled the other Z-fighters positioned behind him to brace themselves. "Tricks like this." His stare hardening, the young half-Saiyan then summoned all the energy he could muster, resulting in a ripple of heat waves rising off of his body and chains of electricity crackling across the cobblestone floor. It was these sudden anomalies in the atmosphere that alerted Sandra and her cohorts to their opponent's rising power level, which had Maya, Kure and Cal look upon the young man with a mixture of shock and awe.

A split second later, a fierce wind kicked up around Gohan and a loud, pained scream left his lips. This was quickly followed by a series of dull thumping sounds as his arms, chest and legs bulked
up, and a barrage of lightning strikes shot off of his person and hit the earth around him.

Then, with a bellowing howl, Gohan's body was enveloped in a blinding flash of light, which sent a shockwave rolling across the courtyard in all directions. This deafening sonic boom cracked the floor and rattled the buildings, startling King Koku and the Central City people watching from the sidelines many yards away. When the white flash faded shortly thereafter, it revealed the adult hybrid in his full, Super Saiyan 3 glory. His impressive golden hair had grown all the way down to his knees and was now wafting in an electric, golden aura, with bolts of blue lightning running up and down his person. Furthermore, not only had his eyebrows seemingly disintegrated, but his face and muscles had become far more pronounced, rounded out by two bangs hanging over his forehead as opposed to the usual one.

As soon as his aura stabilized, the young adult warrior straightened up into a normal stance as he stood in the center of the courtyard, kicking up dust and debris, and scaring the hell out of his comrades. It wasn't just the fact that the teen looked scary, but his power level was also massive. Since they were all stationed a few yards away from him, they were getting the full, ki readout experience, as the demi-Saiyan's energy was now quite literally blasting them in the face.

"Holy cow… Gohan is stronger than he's ever been," Tien thought, sweat dripping down his face as dust washed over their group. "There's no way a normal person can generate that much power. It's unreal."

Yamcha, unable to hide his own shock, stood trembling alongside the gaping Krillin, Android 18 and Bulma. "There's so much energy radiating off of him that I can't stop shaking. Geez. How can the others even stand near him right now?"

The only people who didn't seem affected by this were Zangya and Vegeta, both of whom continued to hold their ground and watch the performance unfold.

As for Sandra and her crew, while the female Saiyan looked mildly surprised, her teammates were all stunned when they saw the boy's transformation. They didn't even bother reading the numbers that jumped up on their visors, as they could pretty much feel the amount of energy coming off of the boy through their armor.

"Wow," Kure murmured, her eyes shimmering in disbelief, "It's amazing."

"You can say that again," Cal added at the end, his own stunned expression hidden by his visor.

Standing inside his aura of electric gold, a fully powered and confident Gohan then threw his would-be opponent a smirk. "Well? What do you think? Pretty cool, huh?"

Upon hearing the boy's remark, the raven haired female quickly glanced over her shoulder and, drawing her subordinates' gazes towards her, nodded in their direction. Complying with her partner's silent instruction, Maya and her compatriots quickly began removing the armor covering their bodies. The helmets came off first, quickly followed by the gloves, gauntlets, boots, shoulder guards, and chest plates. The ruined capes also joined the collection of metallic parts which, upon impacting the cobblestone ground, punched miniature craters into the floor at the sheer force that they were dropped.

It was when the groups saw the first sets of clothing hit the ground that Zangya, Gohan and the rest of the Z-fighters blinked in surprise, with the former quickly addressing the issue.

"Whoa. What the heck is that all about?" the Hera asked.
Seeing the huge holes each armor plate was making in the ground, Tien quickly deduced what was going on. "That's no ordinary weighted armor. Each of those blocks looks like they weigh around a hundred kilos each."

While Maya was taking off the bottom portion of her armor, bending over in a rather alluring manner, Sandra turned towards the confused group of heroes with a smirk. "Not even close. To be more precise, each block was hand crafted out of refined dwarf star material, meaning the suits each weigh over five thousand tons apiece. In the months we were traveling here through slip space, my friends and I have been training extra hard in preparation for our eventual confrontation. On top of the extra gravity of our planet, we were also wearing these custom made combat armors to help increase our strength."

Hearing this had Krillin gape in shock. "A thousand tons apiece? That's insane!"

Kure, removing the last plate from her shoulder, smiled across at the group with a proud look in her eyes. "It's perfectly safe. Each suit is built with an automatic locking system to prevent the wearer from damaging their surroundings. It's one of the most advanced and effective training units designed by my people, and are ideal for on-the-move conditioning." She then tossed the plate over her shoulder. After arcing through the air, the piece then slammed into the ground behind her with a deafening 'bang', punching a huge crater into the floor, and sending a cloud of dust and rubble shooting three stories into the air.

Once the rumbling from the dropped shoulder plate stopped, Sandra cocked her head to the side. "Normally armor is worn in order to defend users against attacks from the outside. But in our case… it's a little bit different." When she saw Maya and Cal were done removing their gear, the female Saiyan smirked. "We wear it to suppress our power and protect our opponents from harm."

Through their awe and shock, the Z-fighters began checking out the uniforms the group had been wearing under the suits. While the burly robot and the spider tank hadn't done anything with their appearances, the organic beings among them definitely had.

The feline humanoid Kure had an attractive, figure-hugging elastic space suit, which was designed with navy blue sections on the arms, back and leggings, and white portions around the chest, torso and trim areas. She also had red padded shoulder, elbow, knuckle and shin plates, providing extra protections where there was none.

Maya meanwhile was sporting a very tasteful, one-piece blue spandex suit, which hugged at her body and showed off her smooth, dark skin and shapely fighter's figure. She also had her tail wrapped around her waist, her ridiculous amounts of hair done up into a ponytail, and wore the standard white Saiyan boots and gloves on each limb.

As for Cal, the man revealed to the group that he was in fact a very large, humanoid male in his prime, with a hulking, Schwarzenegger-like body, adorned in a full-fitting, grey spandex suit, grey boots and grey gloves. Furthermore, to match his chiseled frame, he also had a very tough, but also a kindly sort of face, with short, black hair that was combed, and a single bang hanging in front of his forehead.

Upon seeing the rest of the invaders rise to full height and form up behind their leader, the still Super Saiyan 3 Gohan raised an eyebrow and looked towards Sandra with an inquisitive smirk. "You're definitely a lot stronger than the average fighters, there's no arguing that." He then lowered his head a little, "However… after seeing what I can do, are you sure you're still up for this fight? Because I gotta warn you, this isn't any ordinary transformation—"

"Oh, my friends and I are already well aware of the Super Saiyan transformations; the legendary
state that grants any Saiyans who've mastered it enormous strength and power, allowing them to fight against beings of the highest possible class and caliber," Sandra informed, putting a momentary look of surprise on the teen's face. "I wouldn't have traveled all this way for a fight without at least knowing this much."

Frowning, the demi-Saiyan then regarded the leader with greater interest and intent. "So… what happens next?"

An excited grin appearing, Sandra then clenched her fists at her sides. "Now that I've seen what you've got, it's only fair that I show you what I've got." Her expression tightening fiercely, the female then spent the next couple of seconds focusing the energy inside her body. After heat waves and wind began to bellow around her, the young leader then brought her arms up and, with a roar of pain and effort, threw them downwards as a golden aura exploded from her body with a thunderous shockwave. In the blink of an eye, the proud female leader's hair turned gold, spiked up, and grew down her back, with her muscles bulking up significantly and her eyebrows vanishing into her forehead. To accompany her instantaneous change in features, a storm of lightning blasted off of her frame, sending a second shockwave rippling across the landscape and splitting the earth beneath her.

The moment her body became enveloped in her electrical, golden aura, complete with a bio-field of blue lightning, the Saiyan Empress relaxed, allowing the Z-fighters to gape openly at her newly transformed state.

Without even the slightest bit of effort, the interstellar traveler had managed to transform into a Super Saiyan 3.

When she saw the demi-Saiyan in front of her gawk in disbelief, the now more muscular and battle-ready Sandra chuckled in amusement. "So… did that feel as good for you as it did for me?"

Just like Gohan; Zangya, Vegeta, Goten, Trunks, Paprika, Videl, Android 18 and all the other Z-fighters, were speechless.

Krillin gulped, "OOooh…"

"-Shit," Zangya finished.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: Damn it, I didn't intend for the chapter to go for so long, but… oh well. The next one is up and I'm happy. Hopefully all of you are entertained as well.

As part of the changes I've made in Legacies from the original canon, I've also provided some more specs for the main character below, listing all of the transformations and states exclusive only to him. I also hope it covers all of the important points in the story:

P.S - I've also provided a link to the new cover for this story in my profile, if anyone's interested. :)

Gohan's transformations:

Super Saiyan – Gohan first acquired this form at the age of nine training in the Hyperbolic Time Chamber, making him, at the time, the youngest Saiyan to ever achieve this form. Through a combination of hard work, pain, and encouragement from his father, the young half-Saiyan was able to achieve the legendary transformation, turning him into one of the strongest fighters in his group.
**Super Saiyan Full Power** – Gohan is one of the first people to display full mastery over his Super Saiyan state. He learned to perfect this form from his father, who suggested that they both remain transformed for extended periods of time so as to diminish the strain on their bodies, enable them access to their full strength without the fatigue of powering up, and eliminate all the unwanted behavioral effects exhibited by the transformation.

Initially using it exclusively during the Cell Games Saga, in the *Legacies* storyline, Gohan frequently uses the form to train as an adult, maintaining the transformation for extended periods in between sessions so as to increase his control over his powers. Strengthening his base form and his first Super Saiyan form also enables him to increase his power in all subsequent Super Saiyan transformations, allowing him to increase his power at an accelerated rate.

**Super Saiyan 2 (aka Ascended Saiyan)** – Gohan is the first and youngest character in the series to reach the second form of Super Saiyan. Officially in the manga, Gohan first achieved this form when he became enraged during his battle against Cell after witnessing the Cell Juniors attack his friends and the death of Android 16. But in an anime-only flashback, it was revealed the demi-Saiyan first reached this form while he was training in the *Hyperbolic Time Chamber* with his father, but was too exhausted to maintain it. Initially, Gohan exhibited much more violent and sadistic behaviors when in this form, a stark contrast to his normally gentle and selfless nature, as the enormous power exerted by the transformation twisted his state of mind.

However, in the *Dragonball Z* canon, as an adult, Gohan was able to reduce the drastic changes in his nature caused by the form and was able to gain control over his transformation.

In the *Legacies* storyline, Gohan learned to master his Super Saiyan 2 form in a similar manner to how he mastered his first Super Saiyan form; by maintaining it for extended periods of time and training with it in the early stages of his teenage years. This allowed him to rid himself of the feral tendencies of his Saiyan side, to the point that he can act completely normal while in his ascended state, and power up to the form without any strain on his body whatsoever.

**Super Saiyan 3 (aka Golden Mane Super Saiyan)** – The most powerful form of Super Saiyan to date, the Super Saiyan 3 form is a legendary form that can only be achieved by the most dedicated and remarkable of Saiyans, with the key to triggering the transformation being unique to each individual.

In the *Legacies* storyline, this was the most difficult form for Gohan to achieve. Although the demi-Saiyan got close to achieving the transformation through intense training, he was unable to access it through powering up alone. It was only through an emotional push he was finally able to cross the threshold. This was triggered when Gohan became enraged when he thought Videl had been killed by Set, allowing him to jump to the third form in an instant. The form not only grants him a hundred percent access to his power, it also causes an enormous strain on his body, burning through his energy faster than all the other forms in his arsenal.

Gohan struggled to maintain the form for over five minutes. However, through hours of dedicated training in a secured environment, he was able to increase the time he was able to maintain the form to fifteen minutes.

The demi-Saiyan later discovers that after regrowing his tail, he's able to reactivate the naturally recurring Saiyan stimulates in his body's nervous and circulatory systems, allowing him to maintain the form indefinitely without any strain on his person. He later reveals this discovery in his first encounter with Sandra, who'd also mastered the Super Saiyan 3 form to the same degree.

**Super Saiyan God** – A form that was once thought to be a myth in Saiyan history, this
transformation allows the Saiyan user to tap into an unfathomable well of energy, achieving feats and powers no other member of their race could possibly reach on their own.

In the *Legacies* storyline, by supplementing his normal ki with **Godly ki** (aka Celestial Energy), Gohan was able to multiply his powers and achieve a form Set quickly identified as a Super Saiyan God form. However, due to the unusual nature and method Gohan used to acquire this state; it is in fact not the true Super Saiyan God form (as seen in the *Battle of Gods* movie or *Dragonball Super*). On the contrary, it is in fact an entirely different Super Saiyan God form; a hybrid fusion of both his conventional Super Saiyan transformations and the Godly ki he absorbed from Set's prison, making the form he achieved a unique transformation exclusive only to him.

As Gohan is a half-Saiyan and not a full-blooded Saiyan, the transformation can be regarded as a **pseudo-Super Saiyan God** form. Also, because he didn't go through the ritual to create the Super Saiyan God, his body didn't receive the power up that is normally given to the Saiyan when their bodies become adapted to the strength.

Due to the enormous amounts of Godly ki his body absorbed, combined with his latent powers and natural talent, Gohan was able to maintain the form in a Super Saiyan 3 state for a period longer than the projected time limit. This can be attributed to the unique nature of the Godly ki resonating with his body, as it'd previously belonged to the most powerful God in existence, which in turn amplified his existing powers.

After burning through most of the Godly ki in his fight with Set, Gohan soon returned to using his normal energy. However, the remains of the Godly ki his body managed to absorb is now lying dormant inside of him and continues to grow with every training session. This means Gohan has access to two different forms of energy: the first being his normal ki, which he has mastered, and the second being the Godly ki he absorbed from Set, which he has not yet mastered.

**Hidden Power (aka Mezame)** – In the canon series, Gohan showed he possessed a great, mysterious power, which was normally triggered when he experienced extreme states of rage and anger. This resulted in enormous bursts of power, which would only last for a few short minutes before eventually fading. It is through this 'Hidden Power' that enabled Gohan to defeat and/or harm foes thousands of times more powerful than himself, including Raditz, Garlic Junior, Turles' men, and multiple forms of Frieza's transformations (though he only wounded the tyrant), as well as eventually achieve his Super Saiyan 2 form. According to Akira Toriyama, this Ascended Saiyan form was originally believed to be Gohan's Hidden Power finally unleashed. However, this fact was later changed with the continuation of the *Dragonball Z* storyline into the Buu Saga, and Gohan's 'Hidden Power' was later forgotten and carelessly written off in his adult life.

In the *Legacies* storyline, Gohan's mysterious 'Hidden Power' continues to play a major role in the story and is frequently mentioned by multiple characters he encounters, including Set, Sandra, Whis, Piccolo, Aphrodite, Zangya, Kana and even Orthros.

It is later revealed that Gohan's 'Hidden Power' is actually *alive*; an ethereal body of living energy that responds exclusively to his will. The form has only appeared in brief instances in the story so far, allowing Gohan to achieve and maintain a variety of Super Saiyan forms for extended periods of time, including his *pseudo-Super Saiyan God* form, and use the powers granted to him by the subsequent transformations to tackle the most impossible of foes. When Gohan eventually awakens his full power, he achieves a form greater than any deity in existence, allowing him to perform unimaginable feats of universal bending proportions.

The form is aptly named 'Mezame' or 'Awakening', a state inspired off of the term used in Buddhism to describe a 'sudden insight in transcendental truth.' (I'd like to thank
Nobody knows exactly what this 'Hidden Power' actually is, except for a select few individuals, including Orthros, as she regards it as a universal entity that grants the wielder a gateway to a dimension of limitless power. This is in-keeping with what the original *Dragonball Z* canon, as Goku frequently referred to Gohan's true power as being limitless, something that not even he could fathom.
Saiyan Invasion Arc - Heroes vs Heroes

Author's Note: Man. It's been weeks since I was last on here and now I'm back. Sorry to keep you all waiting.

Lol. I remember promising a shorter chapter this time around. Unfortunately, it looks as though I'm still working on it. Next time.

I guess I'm just having too much fun writing this arc that I get a little carried away. Anyhow, let me know what you think and hope you all enjoy this next installment.

---

Dragonball Z

Legacies

Heroes vs Heroes

(Grand Kai's Planet)

Gathered on the lawn in front of an old television, similar to the one King Kai had used to view the Intergalactic Martial Arts Tournament years earlier, Goku, his trainer, Olibu, Bubbles and Gregory, had arranged themselves on a collection of lawn chairs and were watching the events unfolding down on Earth. This being a rather special viewing, Babba, West Kai and Pikkon were also present, with the former having situated herself on her crystal ball, while the latter were standing in the background.

Judging from the way they were focusing on the magic box, you would think this was just some casual event for the band of fighters. However, after the North Kai picked up the strange signals he was receiving from Earth and honed in on them to get a closer look, he immediately had his closest associates gather in one area, so that they could observe the competition taking place in the land of the living.

Unlike all of the other times, it wasn't a planet or galaxy shattering event that spelled doom for the entire universe. No. After listening in on what'd been going on and watching the events transpire first hand, the Kais and the fighters quickly determined that this was something a little more fun.

This fact was made more obvious by how King Kai and Bubbles were splitting a box of popcorn and Goku was gorging himself on hot dogs.

After witnessing his son and his opponent go Super Saiyan 3 within seconds of each other, the thunderstruck father stopped his gorging to gawk at the fuzzy screen. "Whoa. Is she for real? That girl can reach his level too?"

"Looks like it," North Kai answered while glancing over at his student. "For the past several years I thought you and Vegeta were the only full-blooded Saiyans left in my quadrant. I never imagined there would be several others living in another part of space." He then turned his gaze back to the television, where he continued to watch the broadcast play out. "But I shouldn't be so surprised. It's really difficult trying to keep track of over a trillion souls in a single sector, especially those that are really good at keeping a low profile. It's not like I'm keeping stock of all the Saiyans in the universe."

"Yeah. But still… unreal," Goku murmured, taking another bite out of his hotdog and accidently
spilling some sauce on his shirt, "This girl must have been training her heart out her entire life to get as strong as she has. Makes you wonder how powerful she actually is."

"Powerful enough to reach Super Saiyan 3 apparently," King Kai remarked, at the same time grabbing a handful of popcorn and holding it above his chest. He then narrowed his eyes and focused his antenna more intently. "You have to be an incredibly disciplined and exceptional warrior to achieve that kind of strength. I don't even want to begin to imagine the kind of battles and monsters her and her group had gone through to get as far as they have."

Goku tilted his head, "What do you think?"

The blue man shrugged, "From what I can sense, she's exactly the same strength as Gohan."

This news put a big grin on Goku's face, "Well then, this should be a pretty exciting match for my son." He then shoved the rest of the hotdog into his mouth, spilling crumbs all over the front of his top. "Gohan's gotten into loads of fights over the years with aliens, humans, androids, robots, giants, mechs, and even Gods. But this'll be the first time I'll be able to watch my boy get into a one-on-one battle with another Super Saiyan."

"Yeah. And this will also be the first time we'll get to see a fight where the entire Planet Earth isn't in any kind of mortal peril. I tell yah, the amount of insurance claims I've had to deal with regarding your home planet in the last decade alone… I swear," King Kai finished, before putting the handful of popcorn he was holding into his mouth. As the sound of chewing filled the air, the man then mumbled through a full mouth just as his student had, "I just hope those two kids will be able to keep the fight from getting out of hand."

"Ah. It'll be fine, King Kai. Let them have their fun. I'm sure Gohan has it all under control," Goku stated, voicing his complete and utter confidence in his oldest boy. "Plus this group seems really nice. The Earth's never been visited by many friendly aliens before, so I think things are going to be okay."

Though he knew his family and friends had the situation well in hand, the full-blooded warrior had no idea what kind of damage to expect from two Super Saiyan 3s fighting each other in the mortal plains. Able to feel the power levels for himself from where he was sitting billions of miles away, he had a distinct feeling that it was going to be quite immense…

OOO

(Meanwhile)

(Planet Corvus)

Groaning under the cracks of light beating against his skin, a groggy and disoriented Piccolo arose from his slumber at a wounded pace. His eyes still cloudy from his lapse in unconsciousness he'd experienced, the Namekian then cleared out his eyes and rose to his feet, where he then began the irritating process of regaining his bearings. Unfortunately his mental compass may have gone a little bit awry, because he quickly realized that he was in a place he'd never been to before.

"Wait… this is…" It didn't take him long to figure out he wasn't on Earth. Combining his knowledge of recent events with the environment he was able to identify, all signs pointed to the fact that he'd in fact arrived on the alien world he was previously investigating… and in a forested area no less. The enormous amount of vegetation, shrubbery, mountain ranges arcing around the horizon, and the unfamiliar terrain, gave him all the clues he needed to know that he was a long way from home.
The fact that the sky was purple, there were enormous mountains floating in the atmosphere, and two moons orbiting in sight of the world, were also a dead giveaway that this wasn't Earth.

A grunt from the Namekian indicated how impressed he actually was. "Okay. A new planet, a new sky, a new forest… all that's missing now is the aliens."

He then began making an inspection of the vicinity he'd woken up in. From what he could see, he'd landed inside a clearing, with a line of flowering trees surrounding him, and a large, crystal clear lake sitting just a few yards away. Commenting on how the area made for both a beautiful garden and a sanctuary all in one, the man then looked behind him, where he saw to his surprise an enormous, towering castle situation at the top of a mountain several miles away from his position.

Blinking at the sheer size of the fortress, and the medieval and science fiction qualities governing its design, the Namekian then clenched his fists and prepared to take a closer look. However, just as he was getting set to move, the Z-fighter was suddenly stopped in his tracks at the sound of branches snapping in his blind spot, and looked to his right to see what it was. He recoiled in alarm when he saw an enormous beast emerge from the woods, a six-legged, towering mammal resembling a rhino bearing reptilian traits.

The creature with the scarab horn on its crown stomped towards Piccolo, who braced himself when the animal gave a loud, booming groan. When the warrior from Earth thought the creature was going to attack, a whistle followed by a deep, gravelly voice suddenly caught the Namekian's attention.

"Heel, Sesha. Heel." When Piccolo turned in the direction of the owner, he received his second biggest shock when he saw a Namekian, dressed in a white gi, yellow shawl and sash, standing over by the tree line. Obviously being the one to have announced his presence, the dark green alien then wandered out into the open and gestured at the enormous creature breathing down on the astonished Z-fighter. "This newcomer is our guest. There's no need to get defensive. Go on, now."

Giving a low groan in response, the giant beast slowly wandered off, heading over to the lake. Piccolo, taking a deep breath of relief, watched the alien mammal move over to the water's edge and settle on the shore, before quickly turning his attention back to his fellow Namekian. He looked back at the stranger in time to see the inhabitant of the foreign world chuckle, while at the same time observing the rhino drinking from the lake.

"Don't mind her. She's normally harmless, but she gets a little antsy around strangers, especially those who drop into our garden unexpectedly." The mysterious Namekian then glanced across at Piccolo, whom he saw was glaring intensely at him. "We picked her up when Maya and I ambushed a hunting party illegally transporting animals from the Planet Werlun to sell on the black market. We adopted her and brought her home with us, since she didn't have anywhere else to go… being the last of her kind and everything. After three whole years of living on this world, she still hasn't gotten used to some of the conditions."

"I see," Piccolo murmured, sweat breaking out on his face at seeing how calm this Namekian was.

He didn't like calm enemies… or calm strangers for that matter. That usually meant they had some kind of hidden trick up their sleeve or an advantage he didn't know about. It usually ended in something bad happening.

Smiling at the untrusting look on his visitor's face, the unknown Namekian extended his hand, "My apologies. I should probably introduce myself. My name is Gast of the Southern Island Tribe, Third Generation and butler to Empress Sandra of the New Saiyan Empire."
"Piccolo," the warrior from Earth promptly responded, clearing his throat when he saw Gast's change in expression and noticed the Namekian was expecting a little more information. "Sorry… I… don't really remember much of my old life on our home planet. I… didn't even know I actually came from another world until only a few years ago."

"Ah. Well, that's perfectly understandable," Gast chuckled, retracting his hand and slipping it behind his back. He then gave the Earthborn Namekian a pleasant smile. "A lot of things happened after the Great Famine that gripped Planet Namek over five hundred cycles ago. Many of our kind ended up migrating to the four corners of the universe, while those who weren't brave enough to travel remained behind. The insurrectionists born from the schism period were also banished in the ensuing chaos." He said all this while casually strolling past the spot where Piccolo was standing, who continued to keep a close eye on his host. "Judging from the look in your eyes, I take it you were one of those who left on their own accord."

Still suspicious as usual, the former guardian of Earth spoke. "And which one were you? Were you one of those who migrated… or were you part of the group that was banished?"

Stopping in the middle of the clearing, Gast continued to smile as he stuck a hand into the pouch on the right-hand side of his sash. He then proceeded to pull a handful of crumbs out, which he gripped tightly between his fingers. "Sadly, I was one of those who were banished. My former incarnation was accused of conspiring to commit a heinous crime against our race and, by the will of the people, was sent to the far side of the quadrant as punishment for his actions." He then tossed the food across the grass and watched as several blue birds with four wings and butterfly-like antenna fluttered down from the nearby trees.

Piccolo turned to face the man's back with a disapproving frown. "So you're just like Slug then?"

"Slug?"

"He's an evil Namekian who came to Earth once and attempted to transform it into a mobile ice fortress," Piccolo informed, shaking his head at the memories he received from that old battle. "He also used our planet's dragon balls to grant himself eternal youth so that he could rule the new world in his prime. Not sure if you knew him." The Namekian then drew a line over the side of his face. "He had a permanent scar going over his left eye."

"Oh. You must be talking about Shurak? Yes… I knew him," Gast remarked, looking towards the sky with a nostalgic expression in play. "He was a Namekian formerly of the Northern Mountain Tribe and was the leader of the insurrectionists that attempted to seize power after many of our kind were wiped out during the famine years. Along with a handful of the planet's warriors, he attempted to kill Guru and use the dragon balls to take over the whole system. But he and his compatriots were defeated by the guardians and sent off world, never to return. I was banished along with them simply because I was associated with their group."

Hearing the warrior's words and watching him closely, Piccolo attempted to identify any form of treachery or deceptiveness in his story. But after several moments of due consideration, the fighter from Earth quickly deduced that the man was telling the truth. This became even more apparent when he saw the shawl wearing stranger glance at him with an honest smile, allowing the former guardian to read his expression for what it was.

The few seconds of silence that passed by after that allowed Piccolo more than enough time to take in the elderly Namekian's appearance, as well as the various characteristics making up his person. "I can tell from the way that you carry yourself that you've seen your fair share of action. How old are you exactly?"
Feeling one of the birds he was feeding fly up to land on his left shoulder, Gast smiled and held up some more crumbs for the little avian to feed on. "Oh, I'd say about three hundred cycles, give or take. Honestly, I try not to think about it too much… mortality… it really puts a dampener on the finer things in life." Once the bird was done eating, the man then brought a hand up to his face and rubbed it against the many wrinkles that were present. "Still though, I can't help but constantly be reminded of how much time has actually passed since I first hatched on Monmothma."

"And how did you end up on this planet?" Piccolo asked.

The host Namekian laughed a little, "My, aren't we full of questions today?"

A small smirk tugged at the hero's lips. "Being curious and stubborn is part of my charm. I can't help it."

Gast looked across at the visitor inquisitively, who continued to keep a safe distance away from him while they proceeded to converse. "Well then, if that's the case, the when and how leading up to my current circumstances makes for a pretty interesting story. Not too long ago, while my band and I were traversing the outer rim of a distant spiral galaxy in the Zoran Sector looking for a planet we could establish a new home, we came across this small world floating beside a gaseous giant and an orange star. We discovered that it didn't just have a thriving ecosystem, but also the atmosphere and conditions ideal for starting up a brand new colony. After several months of excavation and hard work, we commandeered the celestial body and made it the crown jewel of our new utopia." A shimmer of pride then streaked through the man's eyes. "Sure, a utopia sounds like a child's fairytale, but in the end the five of us were able to liberate our entire quadrant and establish a new interstellar government that was free of prejudice."

This then led the former Guardian into his next line of question. "You mentioned 'Saiyan Empire?' I take it from the information you were able to give me that you're not the only sentient being living on this planet…" His frown then seemed to darken on this new topic, "There are Saiyans here too?"

"Correct," Gast answered without the slightest bit of hesitation, "Along with several other life forms, as you may have noticed." He then gestured to the bird on his shoulder and the giant, multi-legged rhino now dozing by the lake.

Piccolo cocked his head to the side, "Who exactly are they, these Saiyans? Are they dangerous? Are they forcing you to work for them? How many are there? And what do they want with Earth? Are they going to destroy it or conquer it? How—"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, slow down there, friend," Gast chuckled, raising his hands and waving them towards the fighter reassuringly and ceasing the man's alarmedrambling. "I can't answer so many questions at once. I'm not a five-headed trilodon." When he saw the anxious glare Piccolo threw at him afterwards, the older Namekian sighed and walked towards the hero, who took a big step back. "Relax. I'm not going to bite. I just think it'll be easier if I explained this to you through a telepathic link, so that we can avoid the obvious small talk." Stopping a couple feet in front of the former guardian, Gast then closed his eyes and raised his hand, bringing his palm to hover over Piccolo's forehead.

At first the Earthborn Namekian was uncertain. However, after several moments of debate, he too shut his lids and opened up his mind. Almost instantly, the man's thoughts were bombarded by a torrent of flashbacks and images, all of which shot through his bran like a bolt and gave him all the information he needed in a single reel. Once the experience was over, Gast removed his hand from Piccolo's reach and watched the warrior from the blue world stare back at him in surprise.
The Z-fighter then huffed in exhaustion, "So that's how it is, huh?"

"That's right."

With a swish of his cape, Piccolo quickly spun around and strolled across the clearing. "Thanks for the hospitality… and I appreciate you opening the front door to your private garden for me, but I think it's about time that I headed back. If what you showed me just now was true, then Gohan and the others are going to need all the help they can get if they have a chance of beating your friends."

"Not so fast," Gast suddenly spoke up, just in time to stop his fellow Namekian from taking off. The older fighter then smirked. "You probably haven't noticed this already, but leaving this world isn't going to be so easy." Showing what he meant, the Namekian then held out his hand and, concentrating for a moment, produced an orange sphere of crackling energy. Piccolo then looked on as the elderly traveler tossed the ball straight up into the atmosphere and, after seeing it shoot past the cloud cover, watched it strike something solid and invisible, which caused a multi-colored, translucent wave to ripple across the sky.

The sight of the anomaly immediately told the former guardian that the entire planet was surrounded by a protective field… and a strong one at that.

"Ah," Piccolo murmured after watching the aerial disturbance fade away.

"The entire world of Corvus is protected by a powerful magnetosphere, which we've erected to prevent outside forces from damaging our humble home. You'd be surprised how many warriors out there are capable of destroying planets with a single blast," Gast informed, while at the same time placing his hands behind his back. "This shield is powerful enough to stop even someone as persistent and dangerous as my boss at level 2. Nothing can get in or out… not unless I allow it."

Piccolo's glare hardened as he slowly turned to face his fellow Namekian. "So… what happens now then?"

Gast craned his head thoughtfully and looked upwards, "I guess our primary recourse would be to fight. Given the current circumstances, it would be most appropriate."

"Well, what do you think?" Piccolo asked, clenching his fists tightly. "Since you're the one controlling the force field on this planet, if I was to defeat you, and there's a good chance that I could, it might deactivate by itself-"

"Or it may not," Gast interjected, promptly shutting down the Earthling's idea. The Namekian then nodded in his direction, "In order to protect our interests and the lives of our comrades, my group made sure to take all possibilities into account, including hostage situations. If you want the means of safely shutting down the energy shield and rejoining your friends on Earth, then I propose a friendly game of tête-à-tête."

This had the Earthborn Namekian raise a brow, "I'm listening."

Still looking positively cheerful, Gast then pointed his left hand down at the grass beside them. In a flash of white electrical light, the man fired a beam at the ground, which Piccolo watched fade seconds later to reveal a white, rock table, two small chairs on either side of it that sat low to the ground, and a circular board with squares and triangles carved into its surface, which sat in the middle of the bench. To accompany it, a series of smooth, circular rocks designed to fit inside the shapes were stacked up on both ends of the slat.

Once the panel and its parts had been created, Gast walked over and planted himself on one of the
seats. When he did, he then gestured for Piccolo to join him. "It's been many cycles since I last ran into a member of my race. If it's okay with you, I'd rather spend the first meeting talking with my fellow brethren rather than fighting."

A little been taken aback by the man's proposal, the Namekian from Earth lowered his head, "What's the catch?"

Eyes twinkling, the elderly warrior crossed his arms. "No catch. I just feel it'll be more civilized of us to share experiences with one another in a battle of wits as opposed to a battle of strength. After all, you and I are not Saiyans, nor do we originate from a violent race. Though I have no doubt of your ability to win in a physical contest, it gives me cause to wonder whether or not your mind is as strong as your fist." When he saw Piccolo's brow crease, Gast cracked a smile of amusement. "Here's the deal; if you beat me, then I will deactivate the shield and let you return to your friends without complaint or hesitation."

"And if I lose?"

Gast shrugged, reaching down and separating the pile of rocks on his side of the board, "If you lose, then we can have another game… and keep on playing until you win." He then shot the warrior from Earth a mischievous expression.

His words and expressions earned an odd stare from the Z-fighter standing across from him. Upon deeply viewing his options, Piccolo then reasoned to himself that going along with this traveler's games was probably his best bet of getting out of here. Though he was confident he could beat the Namekian in a straight up fight, the warrior wasn't too comfortable with the idea of doing in a so far non-threatening member of his race, especially when he hadn't been provoked in any way. Based on the information he was able to gather from him too, even if he did somehow manage to overpower him, there was no guarantee that he would be able to escape this planet with that shield hovering overhead.

Blowing up the world was out of the question too, as the resulting fallout could potentially damage the Earth, leading to apocalyptic consequences. He didn't want to end up using the dragon balls to fix a situation that could've altogether been avoided in the first place.

So, sucking up whatever pride and doubts that he had, Piccolo nodded to the Namekian, to which he then watched Gast crack a grin his way.

"Do you remember how to play?" the foreigner asked as he then went about placing the rest of his pieces across the board. "Charaka was one of the most popular pastimes on our home planet. The kids loved it."

"I… have a vague idea," Piccolo responded uncertainly, marching over and stealing the seat across from his counterpart. Upon which he began setting up the pieces too, placing the rocks carefully inside of each square. "Though I don't remember a thing about my people or my culture, I'm sure that deep down in this twisted head of mine, there are some lingering memories that are bound to resurface. After all, I'm sharing this body with two other members of my kind, so I'm positive at least one of them has to have some idea of what's going on."

Gast smiled, "Here's hoping."

It was then the Earthling shot the man a look of warning, "Just so we're clear, I haven't exactly had a good track record with other aliens and members of my race visiting my home planet. If I even feel a slight shift in your intent or a spike in your energy levels, I will not hesitate to put you down. Understand?"
Another warm chuckle left the older Namekian's lips, "Trust me, friend; all of my time and energy is going to be spent fighting you across this board. I only hope you're planning on doing me the same kindness." Once he saw the Earthling finish setting up his pieces, the man then leant forward, placed a finger on the rock in the middle square, and nudged it forward into the triangle in front of it. "Now... let us play. It's your move."

Following through on the warrior's prompt, Piccolo, tossing his cape off of his arm, reached forward, placed a thumb on a piece on his side, and pushed it into a triangle on his right, marking the beginning of their battle, in which not a single punch would be thrown.

It would take Piccolo exactly three minutes after the first move for his brain to fully realize this fact...

OOO

(Meanwhile)

If there was ever a time in the Z-fighters' lives where every single one of them was at a complete loss for words... this was it.

While only a handful of the group had already seen Gohan transform into a Super Saiyan 3 up-close and personal, every single one of them now had the privilege of seeing two Saiyans from different corners of the universe assume the exact same state. Under normal circumstances, merely standing beside the demi-Saiyan would've been enough to have the lower tier members of the group trembling in their boots and sweating bullets. But due to the amount of raw power now sitting in the same place, not only were most of the planet's defenders close to collapsing from shock and fear, but the atmosphere around them was now being heavily affected by the duo's colliding energies.

As if responding to the electrical auras surrounding the golden haired warriors and the bolts of lightning now shooting off of them, the clouds above the city had formed into a massive cyclone, with the eye hovering directly over the two figures. Due to how strong the wind being emanated from both fighters was, almost everyone present in the castle square was having a hard time keeping a sure footing.

Only the members of Sandra's group, Vegeta, Zangya and Paprika were unaffected by the gale blasting dust into their faces.

Laughing nervously, Krillin then shook his head in terror, "Uh... there's... heh... there's two of them." He continued to chuckle while backing away, "Two Gohans... standing in front of each other."

"Two Gohans?" An equally befuddled Chiaotzu quickly glanced across at his friend, "What do you mean by that?"

Looking between the pair of fully charged fighters, a noticeably anxious Zangya answered the short fighter's innocent inquiry. "Sandra and Spike... their power levels are exactly the same." At her distance, there was no way that she could be mistaken. Both warriors' energy signatures were almost exactly identical to one another.

Funny. This was the first time she could remember Gohan ever meeting anyone who was exactly the same strength as him.

Bulma, opening and closing her eyes several times to see if she wasn't seeing things, inhaled
sharply, "I don't think I like where this is going." She then engaged her suit's visor, which quickly snapped over her face and provided her additional protection from the storm. At the same time, readings and numbers began jumping up all over the front of the glass, informing her of the current situation. Once her helmet had finished processing, her fears were quickly confirmed. "Yep. I definitely don't like where this is going."

The readings both of them were giving off were greater than anything her computers had ever encountered before. It was like she was standing in the heart of an intergalactic anomaly, which took the form of two aliens surrounded by ethereal light.

With most of the Z-fighters scared out of their wits, and even Vegeta, Android 18 and Zangya appearing stunned at the development, over on the visitor's side of the field, Sandra was taking her time admiring the shocked visage being showcased on her opponent's face. His eyes wide and his jaw slack, she could see her fellow Ascended Saiyan exhibiting all the signs of being completely dumbstruck by her power level and appearance.

It didn't take her long to come to a conclusion. "Amazing… isn't it?" She then craned her head, causing a current of electricity to run down her neck and hit the ground. "It's been over a thousand years since a Saiyan last achieved this kind of power. With the destruction of our civilization on Planet Vegeta and the annihilation of our people, every single race across the Northern Quadrant believed they'd seen the last of the legendary primate forms. But now, in a span of only twenty years, two members of the last generation have managed to not only achieve the first level of Super Saiyan, but two of its subsequent transformations as well."

Gohan, closing his jaw, once again narrowed his eyes upon his adversary. "How…?"

Bringing her hands to her hips, Sandra sighed, "Let's just say that Maya and I had managed to land ourselves in quite a few rough patches over the years." She then glanced back at her best friend, whom she could see was standing in the same spot completely composed, alongside the rest of her contingent. "Not too long ago, the two of us wound up getting captured by a bounty hunter named Remington, and were sold as slaves to Emperor Mao on the Planet Hague, where we were forced to fight as gladiators in his arena. We put up enough of a fight that we managed to convince the big man himself to get involved." Her expression then cringed when memories of that day started to bleed into her head. "He beat both of us to within an inch of our lives and planned to finish us right there in front of the crowd. But then, just as he was about to kill Maya, my anger and desperation kicked in and propelled me into action. I was able to push my body beyond the limits of its abilities and save my best friend, before giving that monster exactly what he deserved." She then looked back at Gohan with a smile. "I take it you had a similar experience on this planet involving your friends?"

The demi-Saiyan, sensing the sincerity in her voice, then put on a warm smile of his own and glanced behind him at Videl. When he saw his girlfriend gaze at him in kind, he turned back to his opponent and spoke through the loud crackling of his aura. "Yeah. It was a pretty bad day for all of us."

Sandra nodded in understanding. "We can talk about it afterwards. But right now, we have a battle to wage and a title to claim." Gesturing for the cameras hovering around her to spread out, the Super Saiyan 3 Empress then slid her legs apart and brought her fists to her sides. "We'll keep all attacks and engagements outside of heavily populated areas, so as to avoid causing too much collateral damage."

Her words immediately signaled Gohan to put his game face on. "Agreed."

The leader then turned to the Z-fighters standing behind her opponent, "I also suggest your friends
use this time to pick their opponents. No doubt one or two of them already have somebody in mind."

Vegeta, arms crossed and his eyes fixated on the opposing group, then took a big step forward. "I'll take the big guy." His eyes immediately landed on the towering form of Cal, whom he saw had an intense glare in play. This seemed to put a smirk on the prince's face, as was to be expected of any obstacle he was faced with. "For one; he looks tough, and two, I don't think I like the way he's looking at me."

Also moving to the front lines, Zangya quickly shifted her gaze to the female Saiyan, whom she saw look in her direction. The Hera grinned, "Alright then, I'll take the broad. She looks to be a little more my speed. Plus I owe her one for that time she slugged me across the face back in town." The woman then looked behind her. "What about you fellas?"

Moving down the line of fighters in the enemy contingent that were still available for sport, Paprika, still appearing as stern as when she first arrived, then focused her gaze on the glasses-wearing female with the cat features protruding from her rear and head. The white-haired warrior with the scarf promptly nodded towards her chosen target, "I call dibs on the space cat."

"You may need a little help with that one. Believe me, she's a lot tougher than she looks," Yamcha added from the sidelines. His words drew a fond look from the alien-cat hybrid in question, which prompted Kure to wink in his direction. The quick gesture in his direction had the baseball player crack a smile, as well as a little blush, "If you don't mind, I think I'll join you two on your little dance." He then rolled his shoulder in a show of excitement.

"Count me in too," Videl spoke up, also eager to knock heads with one of the females there.

Tien, standing side-by-side with Krillin and 18, quickly set his attention upon the remaining foe. "Well, you boys and girls have fun. I've got the big guy." He gestured towards Mobi, the giant android raising his hand and saluting in a very stiff manner.

Goten and Trunks, realizing that all of the competition has been taken, then turned to the senior members of the troop with disappointed looks on their faces.

"Hey. What about us?" Gohan's younger brother asked.

"We don't have anyone to fight," the lavender haired child added, before training his sights on the massive tank standing in the background. "What about that weird, spider-robot thingy? He looks pretty tough."

An enthusiastic smile appearing on her face, Kure swiftly stepped forward while reaching into the pouch on the back of her plug suit. "Hold on. I think I have just the thing." Rummaging about for a moment, the woman then pulled out a small plastic container that she snapped open with her thumb.

The Z-fighters then observed as the woman casually directed her hand at the ground in front of her and, her palm igniting a hot blue, vaporized the entire cobblestone surface, revealing the soil hidden underneath. Upon which she then stepped over and proceeded to push tiny, glowing, marble sized objects into the floor. At first the group didn't think much of it, until a series of nightmarish flashbacks had a majority of the human fighters, including Vegeta, stiffen with panic.

"Uh, guys," Krillin stammered when he finally watched the feline woman hop out of the rectangular garden she'd made, "I may be spit-balling here, but aren't those...?"
"Saibamen?" Yamcha also gulped, causing Gohan to look on in momentary bewilderment as well.

Hearing the Earthlings from her end of the pitch drew a lighthearted laugh from Kure, "Ah. I see you're familiar with that little brand of synthetic soldiers. Considering you have Prince Vegeta in your company, no doubt you would've encountered the little ankle biters sometime in the past." When she glanced at the man in question, the cat woman then folded her arms. "However, the people of my home planet don't use such crude organic creatures for their day-to-day activities. We manufacture a higher class of life form."

Almost as soon as she finished uttering those words, the Z-fighters suddenly saw the exposed earth in the square begin to shift, signaling the imminent birth of a new threat. Ideas started filling everyone's heads, as one after the other the defenders of Earth began imagining the kinds of monstrosities their adversary had planted for them. Krillin anticipated some form of upgraded Saibaman, about two times the size of the original and twice as ugly. Tien envisioned an armor-plated, carapace abomination similar in appearance to Cell, a thought that was equally shared by Yamcha and Vegeta. Even Zangya experienced recurring images of some multi-legged reptile jumping out of the Earth to devour the younglings.

The heroes braced themselves, not knowing what to expect.

But then, as soon as the first creature clawed its way to the surface, every single person in the area, sans the Saiyan Contingent, became taken aback by what they saw.

One after the other, a group of about twelve tiny humanoid beings leapt out of the ground and stood in perfect military formation before their masters. While the time it took for them to grow and sprout was astonishingly quick, it wasn't their inception or their horror-movie appearance to the scene that confounded the Z-fighters. It was the fact that they didn't appear threatening at all. The creatures resembled little humanoid robots… or more appropriately dolls with body shapes and sizes mirroring plush animal toys with oversized heads. They had a red feline tail protruding from their backs, tiny legs with inflated feet, and tiny arms with comically inflated hands similar in appearance to boxing gloves. They also had collars around their necks that shared design traits to those you would find on Earth's most common house pets, with an identification tag hanging from the lock of each one. Above that, each individual bot had a perfectly round, white head, a red helmet, and white cat ears protruding from said helmets. They also lacked any distinctive details on their faces, with only a pair of tiny blue eyes being the sole, artificial organ present.

Furthermore, though the creatures appeared mechanical in nature, their skin was smooth, plastic and rubbery, like the surface of a beach ball. They also shared the same color-coding with one another: white bodies, red limbs, and red helmets, making it virtually impossible to tell each of them apart.

The look on Kure's face showed how pleased she was at the prompt appearance of her 'elite' attack force.

As for the Z-fighters, well… after inspecting the group of soldiers the woman had to bring to the table, they could only say one thing.

"They're…" Videl began.

"Adorable," was the unanimous vote from every single person in the courtyard, Vegeta and Paprika included.

A sweat drop appearing on his head, a still aura clad Gohan stared down at the robots lining the trench. "What in the world are they?"
"You like them?" Kure asked, putting her hands together and beaming proudly at her creations. "These little critters are called Carbon Active Tech Droids… or CAT Droids for short. My people on Savannah manufacture these little guys to help with our everyday chores and activities, such as cooking, cleaning, researching, and helping to move heavy loads." She then pulled out one of the marbles she’d planted in the ground and held it up for all of them to see. "They're created by scattering these nano-machine capsules and using the soil to help fabricate them. They're really useful when going out on long-term expeditions that require several extra hands." Turning her attention back to her platoon of helpers she’d summoned, the feline woman grinned, pocketed her marble, and clapped her hands together cheerfully. "Alright everybody, fall in!

At her command, all twelve little robots spun around and moved towards her, their little feet making cute pitter-patter sounds as they gathered together, before looking up at their creator with their full and undivided attention. The sight of them moving into place had all the soft-hearted Z-fighters make a cute 'aww' sound in unison.

Grinning, Kure then pointed at them, "Operations Check: Dance." In perfect sync, every single cat robot began to perform an impromptu lion dance, tapping their feet against the cobblestone surface in an elaborate and choreographed display. Nodding affirmatively, the alien woman then cocked her head upwards. "Stand proud." She then saw every one of her little units place their knuckles on their hips and pump their chests out. "Look sad." The platoon then curled forward, placing their hands against an invisible wall in front of them. "Now sing." All at once, the dozen little droids then started waving their right hand in front of them in a way to imitate speech, as it quickly became apparent to the Z-Crew that these little tykes couldn't make any form of audible response. "Excellent. All of them appear to be functioning normally." Kure then nodded to her squadron and pointed over their shoulders. "Okay everyone. Ready for battle!" The group of automatons then did an about-face and squared off with their soon-to-be adversaries.

Bulma, staring at the contingent of toy soldiers, grinned excitedly. "I really, really want one of those."

Glancing up at the armored scientist, Krillin smiled, "Maybe you can ask her for one later."

"Kitty."

Hearing a woman's voice speak up, the Z-fighters looked around at Eighteen, where they saw the normally composed blonde woman with her hands held out, a cute blush on her face, and her eyes glowing like a child's. Immediately upon seeing her make a grabbing gesture with her fingers, the group quickly realized that she had become thoroughly taken in by the little robots, and wanted to hug one.

When she realized people were staring at her, the android mother quickly snapped out of her daze and looked away in embarrassment.

Upon sizing up the little units for himself, Yamcha chuckled. "Well… I got to say… thank Dende they're not Saibamen."

"Honestly, if Vegeta and Nappa had brought these guys along with them when they first came to Earth, I would've had absolutely no problems fighting them," Gohan commented, doing his best not to laugh when he saw the twelve little cat-robots go through a series of stretches and warm ups with one another.

"Speak for yourself," Zangya spoke, a clear look of amusement pulled across her face, "These little fellas are so cute, I wouldn't want to even think about hurting them."
“Don’t be fooled by their appearances,” Kure added, drawing the group’s attention back to her. “Though they were specifically designed to be non-threatening, their technology is state-of-the-art; the most advanced in our part of space. They’re extremely adaptable; equipped with the best liquidware and software from my home planet, allowing them to communicate and interact with any form of life. They’re also really hard to destroy and can survive almost anything thrown at them, making them ideal as temporary sparring partners. They’re even capable of self-repair.” She then cocked her head to the side and grinned. “All of them are currently preset to Level 5. Considering how strong a majority of you are, I think you’ll find them to be adequate enough opponents.” After saying this, she then raised her hand and pointed towards their targets.

Almost immediately, the twelve robots honed their sensors onto Goten, Trunks, Krillin, Android 18 and Chiaotzu, locking them squarely in their crosshairs. When they realized they’d been paired off, the warriors of Earth quickly took a step back, as suddenly being singled out by a group of silent, cute plastic robots didn’t exactly seem like such a funny prospect anymore.

Trunks, cracking his knuckles, grinned excitedly, “Indestructible robots, huh? That sounds like a challenge.”

His comments earned a little laugh from Zangya, who gently patted the youngster on the head. “Enjoy your child-friendly automated sparring partner, little prince.” Her statement had the hybrid Saiyan blush, while many of the adults in the area snickered at the Hera's jab to the boy's pride. When she looked back at her half-Saiyan roommate at the head of the pack, the woman with orange hair nodded to the Super Saiyan 3 affirmatively. “I think we're all good here.”

Acknowledging everyone's decisions, a previously listening Gohan quickly returned his attention back to his foe, who he noticed was still smiling quietly in his direction. With his glare locked and loaded, the half-Saiyan warrior then slid his left foot forward and took a full standing stance, in a manner similar to how he fought as a Super Saiyan 2 against Cell. His action then prompted Sandra to signal for her comrades to back away, which they did by moving off to the side. The Z-fighters followed suit, knowing full well from their friend's expression that their battle was just about to begin and, with the amount of power that’d been pooled into one spot, they didn't want to be anywhere near them when their fists started to fly.

A single hit from a Super Saiyan 3 had the potential to either disintegrate everything in its path or cause a full body of a lesser being to implode on itself. That was something they wanted to avoid at all costs.

As everybody moved to a safer position, Gohan quickly used that opportunity to assess his current status. “My energy levels are good, my head’s clear and my body's relaxed. Perfect. Looks like I'm in top condition for this fight.” He then quickly set his eyes back onto his foe. “Having my tail back is really helping me to regulate my power level in this state. Without it, I'm just a car running without an alternator. Since my gear is set on overdrive for the entire duration of this form, it makes sense for the body to have an extra valve in place to keep it from clocking out. However…” When his eyes landed on his opponent, he saw that she was also in a similarly calm state. “Since Sandra has also achieved this level, I guess she already has that weakness figured out.” Along with a few other chinks he assumed, which made him wonder how powerful this girl actually was.

The clouds overlooking the pair's position continued to swirl above them in the form of a rapidly rotating hurricane, indicating how badly the weather was responding to so much energy sitting in the one region. While the staff and visitors to the castle continued to hold their stations on the very perimeter of the enormous five hundred square meter courtyard, Gohan and Sandra glared one another down. Their arms at their sides and their hair billowing within their auras, the duo held firm to their posts and waited to see who would make the first move. Since they were both
practically around the same strength, the first clean hit to land could make a big difference in the long run. It could even mean a big difference between victory and defeat.

The Z-fighters and the visitors were also curious as to who would make the first move. Goten and Trunks gulped, as the tension and atmosphere around them grew heavier by the second.

"Gohan…" the younger sibling whispered.

Kure meanwhile, with her crew of CAT Droids lined up in front of her and standing at attention, tapped her finger against her bicep nervously, while at the same time glancing across at her friend. "Hey. Do you think Sandra will be able to keep her 'bad habits' in check this time?"

In response, Maya shrugged, "Don't know. Hopefully, if this battle goes well, she won't let it come to that. We'll just have to wait and see."

All questions and concerns on the matter were swiftly broken, as moments later one of the two fighters finally threw themselves into action.

Gohan, eyes lighting up with determination, shifted his weight forward and took aim at his foe, his aura intensifying tenfold.

"Take the pace!" he told himself.

However, just as he was readying to attack, Sandra, sensing his intent with split-second accuracy and foresight, suddenly dashed towards her enemy in a blur of motion and skidded to a stop directly in front of him, making it appear as though she'd teleported. Her sudden charge had Gohan freeze up in shock, as he instantly found himself looking directly into the eyes of his assailant hovering just a few inches in front of his face.

The sheer intensity he felt radiating off of Sandra in that moment of pause was enough to have the half-Saiyan stop dead in his tracks and a bead of sweat to trickle down his face.

Without warning, the female warrior fired her left fist straight towards Gohan's face at breakneck speed. Reacting in alarm, the boy threw his arms up to block. The instant the girl's knuckles struck his forearms, a deafening shockwave rang out as a force equivalent to a comet traveling through space struck the boy head-on and sent his body skidding across the ring. Expression reflecting nothing but pure astonishment, the demi-Saiyan barely had enough time to react to the second jab that followed immediately afterwards, which slammed into his arms and blew his guard wide open. Feet digging two identical trenches through the floor, the teen eventually stopped on the other side of the courtyard, where he then found himself gaping at his opponent, whom he could see was standing in a basic fighting stance with a fierce glare fixated upon his person.

The expression she was now wearing was almost identical to that of a wild tiger staring down a helpless mammal. It was a sight that had Gohan literally shaking in his boots.

The fact that smoke was wafting off of his right forearm where an imprint of Sandra's fist could be seen didn't help the matter either.

Krillin, gob smacked by the swift opening, spoke up in concern, "Hey… what's wrong with Gohan?"

"Is the pressure of the atmosphere getting to him?" Yamcha asked.

"No," Tien answered, drawing the group's attention over to him as the three-eyed fighter clenched his fists nervously. "It's the woman standing in front of him. The moment he tried to charge in for
an attack, she beat him to it by darting straight into his range and blasting him with a wave of killing intent. The intensity from her presence was so potent that she was able to stop him dead in his tracks."

Videl, looking over her shoulder at the man, swallowed nervously, "If she was able to intimidate Gohan, then… what does that mean?"

Beads of sweat appeared on the bald warrior's brow as he watched their friend face off against his otherworldly adversary. "It means his opponent is strong. The kid probably felt that the moment he was hit by her jab."

Seeing his opponent edging towards him across the quad, Gohan slowly shifted back, his arms up and a nervous look on his face. Making sure he wasn't backing up into the main building or the courtyard's dividing wall, he moved further out into the open. Once he'd gotten some more space, Sandra was once again standing a few feet away from him, where he could practically feel her turquoise eyes boring into him like knives.

Electricity sparking off of his aura, Gohan clenched his jaw tightly. "Three seconds in and she's already backing me into a corner. This is not good." He then took a deep breath to try and compose himself, "Not only is the pressure from her intense, but her jabs… they're ridiculously heavy. My arms were knocked away from only two hits." When he saw Sandra step even closer, he began analyzing her form to get a bead on her defenses. Taking careful note of the positions of her arms as well as her wide feet, the Super Saiyan 3 hybrid clicked his tongue in annoyance and backed off even more. "She's got a solid stance and a strong focus. There are no openings for me to attack."

Before he could begin thinking up some sort of strategy to get around his opponent's guard, the blonde suddenly saw Sandra dart forward and swing at him with a right hook. Telegraphing her motion, Gohan brought his arm up and blocked it, before a string of even more punches began raining down on him. Shockwaves then rattled the courtyard as the demi-Saiyan's body was hammered by a lightning fast salvo of ludicrously powerful blows, with hooks and kicks beginning to slam into his body left and right, as if he were some kind of punching bag.

Feeling a roundhouse kick bury into his left arm and bend his body over, a desperately defensive Gohan gritted his teeth as he quickly blocked a right punch, which had him stumble back across the quad. He didn't have any time to catch his breath, as his opponent was right on top of him once again, driving even more punches into his guard.

"There... oof... may not be any... augh... openings..." Gohan grunted between blocking punches and kicks, "But guarding alone... oof... won't get me anywhere!" Taking several straight punches to the upper body, which he barely blocked with his forearms, the demi-Saiyan growled. "I need to hit back! At this range, my punches can definitely reach her!" The instant he deflected an uppercut, the boy saw a gap in his opponent's assault and dove for it. "THERE!" He then threw a left corkscrew blow into Sandra's face.

A thunderclap rang out when his jab drilled into the woman's cheek. However, instead of knocking her back like he expected, Sandra appeared completely unfazed by the blow, and simply pushed through it, shoving his fist off of her with a careless shove.

The sight had Gohan recoil in shock. "Sh-She's not stopping?!"

Before he knew it, his arms were once again nailed by a barrage of heavy punches, which battered him over and over, before a powerful right smashed through his guard and nailed him in the face. The blow shook the ground and had Gohan fly back across the quad, where he landed several
meters away in a cloud of dust. Legs shaking, the bruised fighter looked up to see Sandra dashing at him once again.

"The power behind her attacks is unreal!" Gohan thought, his jaw tightening as he hurriedly regained his balance. As Sandra closed the distance on him in slow motion, the teen quickly prepared for an attack. "Damn it. There's no way I'm going to win this battle by fighting on her terms. If I have a hope in hell of bringing her down, then I have to push forward-" Cranking his fist back, the half-breed then sprang from the floor and launched himself right back at his foe, a move which caught the approaching Saiyan completely by surprise. "And ATTACK!"

Avoiding her right hook, Gohan dove into the girl's range and landed the mother of all haymakers across her face. The impact of the blow cracked the ground and caused a shockwave that rattled the surrounding buildings, sending Sandra sliding over the cobblestone surface. When she stopped several meters away, she immediately hunched forward, her eyes glazed over and a surprised look slapped across her mug.

Maya, Cal and Kure appeared stunned by the sudden development, whereas the Z-fighters cheered. Even the civilians watching from the sidelines gave a cheer.

As soon as he realized he'd hit her, the demi-Saiyan smirked, "Alright! Now it's my turn!" Leaning over, he then charged towards his enemy, breaking the sound barrier with his speed.

The moment Gohan launched himself from his place, a jerk from Sandra's shoulders and a gasp of shock signaled the Saiyan Empress returning to the land of the living. Blinking away her stupor as she gazed through a blurred vision and ringing ears, the female warrior spotted her adversary approaching her at breathtaking speed.

Nano-seconds passing by like minutes, Sandra quickly shook her head clear and threw her arms up into a defensive position. "Shit. I lost consciousness there for a second. What a hit." A grin then spread across her lips when she saw her opponent dive at her with his right fist loaded and ready to go. "Yes. This is it… THIS IS IT… the opponent I've been dreaming of for so long! Finally… a real challenger!" Licking her lips in excitement, the woman's eyes then lit up with a spirited fire, as she saw his punch come swinging in at her with lightning-like speed. "Come on! Give it to me… give me everything you've got, so I can tear it down and rip you apart!"

It was time to test his mettle.

The demi-Saiyan's punch slammed into the girl's guard with concussive force. As soon as it impacted, a fierce storm of punches then rained down upon Sandra without pause or hesitation, shaking her forearms and tearing into her muscles bit by bit. Eventually, in the midst of the planet crushing bombardment, a hook managed to sneak around the female warrior's guard and slam into her temple, causing the Super Saiyan 3 to drop her arms and leave herself wide open for Gohan's assault. Punches and hooks then battered her body left and right, knocking her head about like a piñata, while a swift shot to the body caused her entire form to lurch forward sharply and blood to splatter across the floor.

Gohan, pressing home his advantage, grabbed the woman by the scruff of her suit and drilled her head with three direct punches to the face, before finishing it with a swift hook to the nose. Upon hearing the crunch of his fist smashing into her skull, he then proceeded to hammer his opponent across the courtyard with another swift combo, filling the air with the sounds of dull thuds and titanic shockwaves.

The Z-fighters watching from the sidelines all lit up in awe when they witnessed Gohan snatch the pace from his opponent and uncork the beating of a lifetime upon the female ruler.
"Yes! Get her, Gohan!" Videl cheered.

"That's the way," a reinvigorated Zangya remarked, arms folded and a big smile on her face. "Go! Keep up the pressure!"

Vegeta also felt the tug of a smirk on the corner of his lips, "Once he's found his rhythm, there's no way she'll be able to fight back." As far as he was concerned, the son of his rival had the woman on the ropes.

Gohan thought so too and continued to swiftly drive punches into his opponent like there was no tomorrow. Despite the amount of power he was exerting, just like the opening bout between his father and Cell, the youngster made sure to keep his attacks under control, so as to not cause any damage to his surroundings. Given that there were people in the area, he had to be really careful with the amount of punches and kicks he threw. However, with the hits he was landing, this didn't seem like too much of a problem, as his opponent was thoroughly getting the piss beaten out of her.

However, as Gohan proceeded to slam his fists into the girl's arms when she brought them up to guard herself, her lithe body being smacked about back and forth like a duffle bag, he was unable to notice the look in her eyes or the fact that she was whispering to herself.

With every blow the demi-Saiyan landed, Sandra counted under her breath, "One… two… three… four…” She grunted when a knee buried into her stomach, before a swift overhand knocked her head downwards, causing a shockwave to ripple across the ground and shake the cobblestones. "One… two… three… four…”

In the midst of another vicious combo, Gohan suddenly saw his opponent lift her right hand and extend it towards his head. Thinking she was about to blast him, the demi-Saiyan knocked her arm out of the way and drove an uppercut into her solar plexus. He then landed multiple punches and hooks across her face, rattling her once again, before grabbing her by the shoulder plate, yanking her around, and nailing her across the face with a left overhead. When she stumbled away, the demi-Saiyan sprinted at her, leapt into the air, and nailed her square in the face with a jumping knee.

That final blow connected with a thunderclap and sent Sandra to the ground. She hit the quad and dug a trench towards its center, where she then stopped in a sprawled out heap at the feet of the Z-fighters. Zangya and the rest of their crew took a step back when the cloud of dust sprinkled over their legs, upon which they looked down to see the Super Saiyan 3 female staring up at the sky, her eyes covered by her hair, and blood pouring out of her nose and the corners of her mouth.

Needless to say, Sandra had gotten wrecked.

King Koku, his staff and the civilians meanwhile, upon seeing the warrior in orange and blue drop his opponent, raised their fists and cried out in joy.

"Way to go!" the anthropomorphic dog ruler cheered.

Amidst the cries and shouts of approval from the audience, Gohan, still imbued in his golden aura and blue electric field, clenched his fists and marched over to the spot where his opponent was lying. When he got about half way, he heard Sandra groan and saw her sit up, before the rest of her body eventually lifted off of the floor. By the time she was up, her knees were trembling and her entire form was hunched over with blood dribbling down her chin and her hair concealing most of her expression.

Despite the damages she'd suffered, the female Super Saiyan 3 then craned her head upwards and,
with her eyes still hidden, grinned in a sinful and devilish manner.

"Is that all you've got?" Sandra's leer seemingly widened and the shadow across her irises darkened. However, just before her fangs could reveal themselves, Sandra suddenly put her hand over her mouth and shook her head. "Oops. There goes my 'bad habit' again. No. Stay calm, girl... not yet... not yet..." She then took a deep breath, composed herself, and returned to smirking normally.

Her question surprising the Z-fighters and Gohan, the demi-Saiyan then narrowed his eyes and, curling his fists, leant forward. "Want more? Fine!" His aura firing up, the golden fighter then dashed towards the seemingly stricken woman at breakneck speed. "HAAAAA!" With a mighty yell, the protector of the Earth cocked back his right fist and, taking aim at his foe, dove in at her with a hit.

His fist then shot out like a golden bullet, corkscrewing through the air towards his enemy's face. In slow motion, he watched his knuckles bury into her cheek and begin distorting her skull. But then, all of a sudden, there was a flash of blinding red light, which was instantly followed by a clap of thunder. Before Gohan knew it, his head had been sent reeling skywards and a spray of blood clouded the air above him, as from out of nowhere Sandra managed to land a devastating punch directly between his eyes.

Mouth open in shock, the demi-Saiyan felt his body blast back across the concrete at great speed. At first his body just flew. However, a few milliseconds in, the teenager realized what was going on and stepped on the brakes hard! His feet dug into the quad and he ground to a stop, kicking up a cloud of dust. As soon as he stopped, he then looked up in disbelief to see his opponent standing in front of his friends with an excited grin on her face and her right fist fully extended.

"W-What the hell was that?" Gawking, the hybrid Saiyan then realized that blood was dripping out of his nose and mouth, causing him to brush it away in surprise. He then set his gaze ahead, only to suddenly feel his knees buckle and his body lurch forward. Quickly regaining his balance, the teen hurriedly began trying to figure out what just happened, which didn't take long at all. "She... She hit me."

But with what? It wasn't an ordinary attack and it certainly wasn't thrown in a normal way. If it was, then he would've seen it coming from a mile off and avoided it. However, the angle the attack had struck him and the speed that had propelled it was completely unnatural... and that wasn't the only thing. Despite all the damage he'd managed to inflict upon his opponent in the last couple of minutes, Sandra was able to bounce back from it all and retaliate with a shot that had even more power than the attack he was going to land on her.

How was that possible?

Even the Z-fighters watching from the sidelines were stumped.

Krillin blinked, "Hey? Did you guys catch that?"

"No. It was too fast. I couldn't see anything." Tien replied, clenching his fists nervously as he watched Gohan tremble and shake on the spot, with blood dripping from his open mouth. "But whatever it was, it was strong."

With sweat dribbling down his face, a concerned Trunks looked across at his father fearfully, "What's going on, dad? Gohan was winning a few seconds ago... but now he looks like he can barely stay on his feet."
"W-What did she hit him with?" Goten asked, his tone just as nervous and timid.

Blinking a few times, the Saiyan Prince then frowned and gritted his teeth. "I think… it was a jolt counter."

"A what?" Bulma asked, also hearing the name of the blindingly fast attack.

Being one of the most technical fighters in the group, Videl filled the children in on it. "A jolt counter is a specific type of counter that is accomplished by putting the entire body weight behind a single punch. Basically in order to apply it, the fighter first predicts an opponent's line of attack and the blow they're going to use. They then position themselves to evade it, weaves their head around their opponent's attack, and nails them by arcing their arm over and driving their fist forward."

Having watched the entire thing play out for herself, Zangya also added to the breakdown with her own input, "Since it's a counter punch, not only is it impossible for the person being hit by it to see it coming, it also capitalizes on the target's momentum and turns it against them, so that when it lands, it lands with both the user's and the opponent's power behind it, and multiplies the damage." She then gritted her teeth when she saw Gohan struggle to find his footing. "In other words, Gohan just got hit by the equivalent of a punch that was double the one he just threw."

"Being a Super Saiyan 3, the power behind his punch and the rebound must have also been monstrous," Paprika concluded, unable to hide the discomfort on her face.

However, that wasn't the most perplexing thing about the scenario. The way Sandra had landed that hit seemed slightly off, as she'd allowed her opponent's own punch to graze her just a split second before she threw hers. That showed that she'd been prepared to take his attack even if she didn't hit him.

What exactly was her deal?

Vegeta, narrowing his eyes, then scoffed in a cynical manner, "It was probably just a lucky shot."

As all of this was going on, Sandra, deciding to get a little more space, began to circle the courtyard and position herself on her opponent's side. Moving away from the Z-fighters' station, the empress then observed her adversary move to a more suitable place as well, away from her comrades, putting both of them on opposite ends of the courtyard. With The Z-fighters on Gohan's right and the Saiyan Empire representatives on his far left, both Super Saiyan 3s, bleeding from multiple wounds, glared each other down.

Gohan huffed as a bolt of electricity ran up his body, "That was a good one. I didn't even see it coming."

"You liked that, huh?" Sandra asked, before reaching up and wiping the blood off of her face on her glove. After spitting out the fluids that'd collected in her mouth, she then stretched her neck and slid her left foot forward. A smile quickly formed on her face, "Well then, brace yourself big guy, because I've got a lot more coming your way."

"I'll bet," Gohan replied, his expression also letting loose a smile before he widened his feet and dropped into a stance similar to the one his father used when squaring off against Vegeta all those years ago. With his left arm held low and his right held behind him and higher in the air, the transformed boy narrowed his eyes as a bolt of lightning shot off of him, striking an opposing bolt of lightning that unconsciously left Sandra's body. A loud clap rang throughout the district as sparks flew between both warriors. "Come on. I dare you to try and show me. Hit me with your
"With pleasure," Sandra shot back, before suddenly bringing her arms up and positioning them in front of her, with her fists curled, positioned on either side of her face, and the left extended further out.

It was this stance that had Gohan flinch and the Z-fighters watching blink in surprise.

The position the female Super Saiyan had assumed was one very few of them had come across before in combat. On the surface it looked pretty basic; a stance that had the figure standing more upright than conventional kata with their legs slightly crouched. It was pretty much a boxing stance for all intents and purposes. However, upon closer inspection of the positioning of the hands and the way Sandra was standing on the front toes of her left foot, the human fighters of the group quickly equated that stance to a fighting style they'd seen multiple times before in media and on the sports channel.

"Hey… isn't that…?" Krillin began in a baffled tone of voice.

"Muay Thai?" Yamcha blinked, as images of famous kick boxers began filling his head.

The Saiyan Contingent though, upon overhearing the Earthlings discussing the appearance of Sandra's fighting stance in comparison to one of their own, had a completely different take on its origins. This was something Maya was willing to point out as she observed her friend settle into a comfortable rhythm, where she began to bounce lightly on her forward foot, whereas her arms and shoulders moved in a bobbing motion.

"Sandra's using the Kai Mui Style, huh?" Maya commented while raising her head.

"She's deciding to go for her main fighting style right out the gate?" Kure also remarked, adjusting her glasses while leaving a single hand on her hip. She then smirked when she saw Sandra's left fist lock onto the position of Gohan's head. "This should be interesting."

Gohan, unable to ignore the sight of Sandra's extended left fist tracking his head's movements, experienced a moment of hesitation. In spite of having fought against multiple opponents in the past, all of whom used different fighting styles, there was something about his current opponent that didn't sit too well with him. Whether it was the way she managed to brush off his assault or how she was able to counter him before, he didn't know. Whatever the case, he just couldn't shake the feeling that he was up against someone who could give him even more trouble than he'd bargained for.

Deciding to throw all fears and uncertainties to the wind, the demi-Saiyan sucked it up and dug his feet into the ground. "I'll start off with the same approach as before; attack her quickly, set the pace, and don't give her time to breathe. I'll move in close and take her to a pummeling match, and see if I can't force her hand!" Considering they were pretty much the same strength, he had to focus everything he had into his blows. So, in a flash of electricity, Gohan's form vanished, a sonic boom echoing across the quad as he charged his opponent head on.

With electricity coursing over his entire body, the demi-Saiyan seemingly teleported in front of his adversary and thrust down at her with a right hook. In a blink of an eye and with the sound of gunshots, Sandra fired off a couple of jabs at her opponent, forcing him to block them instead. Blasts of perspiration exploded off of Gohan's head as the punches connected with ridiculous speed, forcing him to stop his attack. Upon which he responded with a blur of mixed punches. More sonic booms rang out and clouds of dust filled the air when the female empress, with a completely calm expression in play, shot down the boy's attacks with a series of quick parries,
smacking his fists off course. After that attack failed, the demi-Saiyan then sprang into the air and uncorked a spin kick right for her head.

Sandra responded with a swift elbow, their attacks colliding with such force that they caused the entire estate they were standing on the bounce several feet into the air. The audience of human observers watching from the sidelines all cried out in panic from the impact that rippled out from between the two super-powered warriors, whereas the Z-fighters and the Saiyan Empire representatives did their best to try and hold their ground. When both parties looked back into the heart of the chaos, they saw both Super Saiyan 3 fighters glaring at each other with determination and excitement burning in their eyes.

Holding their positions for a split second, Gohan then sprang off of his opponent at the same time she shoved him off with her arm, propelling the young warrior across the courtyard. As soon as the half-Saiyan tapped down on the other side of the ring, he suddenly vanished in a flash of gold and teleported into his foe's blind spot on her right, swinging down at her with a kick. Unfortunately, much to his chagrin, Sandra was expecting his attack, ducking under his leg as it sailed over her, before retaliating with a kick of her own. Her leg shot past the half-Saiyan's head when he dodged it, springing across the quad to stay in her blind spot. The woman tracked him however, swiveling about till she was locked onto him once again.

Darting forward allowed Gohan to close the gap on his opponent in an instant, where he then nailed her with three sharp lefts. His shots came in fast, but Sandra calmly and effortlessly deflected them with a couple of parries. Wanting to capitalize on his rush, the attacking half-Saiyan, still bathed in a golden glow, prepared to follow up his assault with a kick, only to jerk to a stop when he suddenly saw his opponent turn in to counter and clench her hand tightly.

"A hook?" Gohan thought in alarm, seeing in slow motion as Sandra's right fist and shoulder began to pull back. "No! A right straight! But the windup is huge!" Though he shouldn't have been as surprised as he was when he spotted her intentions, there was something about the girl's motion that had him stall his advance. "Do you seriously think you'll be able to hit me with such an obvious attack?" Gohan then gritted his teeth and brought his left arm up to parry.

The hero was all set to deflect her shot. However, just as he was setting up for a block, he suddenly saw his opponent's loading arm light up with a golden glow and a current of electricity, before it shot forward at blazing speed. Sandra's entire body twisted into her attack, causing a powerful gust of wind to billow off of her when she spun her entire bodyweight into her shot. Not wanting to take that hit head on or risk getting struck, the demi-Saiyan dodged it.

It was a good thing he did too, because the instant her fist shot past his head, a sonic boom rang out, followed by the sound of rushing wind and a hurricane blasting across the city behind him. The force of her attack tore through the sky, distorting space as it traveled at light speed before, several seconds later, an entire mountain range a hundred kilometers away exploded in a shower of rubble and debris, filling the atmosphere with a cloud of dust.

The force behind Sandra's attack was so great, not only could the shockwave be heard from one end of the country to the other, but the power of her punch disintegrated the mountains it struck and bifurcated the very troposphere of the earth for thousands of miles over the ocean, as indicated by the way the clouds parted in a perfect 'V' shape, which could be seen from the moon's orbit.

The Z-fighters gaped at the destruction and effects generated by Sandra's punch.

As for the empress, she continued to remain as she was in her unloaded position, her fist fully extended, while Gohan stayed rooted to the ground, his body leaning to the right just an inch away from the woman's arm, with sweat trickling down his face.
From the way his pupils had dilated, you could tell he was just as stunned as everybody else.

"Holy shit. If I'd taken that punch…" There was a good chance not only his arm would've been snapped in half, but his head could've been taken clean off of his shoulders.

When the wind from Sandra's attack died down, the empress quickly retracted her fist and, her eyes snapping towards her foe, wound up for a second shot. Gohan, reacting in alarm, leapt to the right as fast as he could.

"Damn it! I need to get away-" Unfortunately he couldn't get out fast enough. In a blur of movement, Sandra leapt in his way and cut him off, darting forward and ramming into him with her shoulder. The tackle shoved Gohan back, knocking him through the air and across the courtyard. "Whoa! She's quick!" Slamming his feet into the floor, the demi-Saiyan skidded to a stop, only to see his opponent dash after him and stop right inside of his defensive circle. When he saw her fists were up and ready, Gohan brought his guard into play and braced himself. "You're really asking me to go all out, aren't you?!

In a blur, Sandra dove in and began hammering at Gohan's arms with swift punches and body hooks, her form moving like a machine as it repeated the string of attacks over and over. The demi-Saiyan attempted to weave around it and look for an opening. But due to the speed the girl's attacks were landing, he just couldn't find one. Dull thumps rang out as her knuckles struck her target from head to body, causing a cloud of perspiration and dust to fill the air with every hit. Being Super Saiyan 3, only the strongest Z-fighters could follow what was going on.

The pressure of Sandra's relentless attacks battering his arms had Gohan grit his teeth. "She must be trying to make me guard my body," the half-Saiyan thought, keeping his arms up even when he felt his opponent's fists drive even harder into his arms. Since he was keeping his body tight, he was preventing her from landing any clean hits, even when she struck him with a couple of kicks in between her punches. "I can tell from the quick but heavy blows she's landing down there." A frown crossed his face as he watched his opponent ram him with several more left body shots, which struck his arm instead. "So that's your aim, is it? You want me to drop my guard so you can go for my face?! Okay… I'll bite!"

As soon as he saw a gap in Sandra's pattern, Gohan dropped his arms. In that instant, the female Saiyan pulled away and, turning towards him in a haze of speed, began winding up with a right punch, which she was now clearly aiming for his face.

His super human reflexes putting their high-speed battle into slow motion, the demi-Saiyan smirked, "Bring it on! You're not the only one that can take big risks!" Telegraphing her incoming punch, Gohan brought his right arm up and, with a grunt, thrust it forward in a right counter. His fist cut forward like a knife, aiming to cleave his opponent's head off the moment her arm extended.

Sandra however, expression calm, then uttered a single, well-known idiom.

"Check mate."

All of a sudden, her left fist, which had been pulled back, lit up with a hot sleeve of gold like the end of an iron poker, before striking Gohan in the stomach with enough force to split a planet. A loud thunderclap rang out when the demi-Saiyan's body was literally lifted off the floor and bent forwards, his opponent's knuckles burying into his abs. In that same instant, the sound of bones crunching and muscle fibers tearing filled the sky, Gohan's eyes bugging out in horror and a strangled gasp escaping his lips, as a wave of pain shot through him like electricity.
Vegeta, Zangya and all of the teen's friends stood dumbstruck, especially when they saw Gohan spit up blood.

When Sandra retracted her fist, she watched her opponent's knees buckle and his entire body fall forward, crumpling under the damage of her counter attack.

"You needn't feel shame after falling from one of my body blows," Sandra thought, watching through her calm yet bruised face as her Super Saiyan 3 foe descended towards the cobblestone canvas. "The abs of many powerful men and monsters has been penetrated by my Senko (Flash) multiple times before." She then cracked a smile, "I'm sorry, but it's over..."

Suddenly, just when it looked like Gohan was about to pass out, the demi-Saiyan's eyes lit up and snapped towards his opponent, who recoiled in shock. In the blink of an eye, the young warrior lunged at his enemy and nailed her in the face with a swift one-two combo, knocking her head back twice. The shock of the two hits had Sandra leap away to reduce the damage, while at the same time watching her opponent close in on her at full speed.

"The timing and the angle of my punch was perfect," Sandra thought in alarm, watching her opponent dive at her with his guard held high. "Why hasn't he gone down?" More to the point, why wasn't he knocked out?

Using speed none of the others could track, both fighters began attacking each other at close range with a series of punches, knees and elbows. They traded shots, striking and parrying repeatedly, unwilling to fold to their opponent so easily. Their exchange of lightning fast attacks caused the ground to shake beneath them and the air to vibrate.

It almost seemed like the pair would be stuck in this cycle for the entire duration of their battle. That was until Sandra suddenly slipped under a jab from her opponent and nailed him in the chin with a short-motion uppercut. The attack knocked Gohan's head upwards, setting the empress up for her finisher. With a shout and a flash of light, the female Saiyan uncorked a superb right cross into the boy's face, her fist burying into the demi-Saiyan's cheek and knocking his head back with a crunch.

The shockwave from the blow was immense, causing the clouds above them to part instantly and a gust of wind to ripple across the city. The instant Sandra retracted her fist, Gohan's eyes rolled back into his skull and he began to fall forwards once again.

"He should've more than felt that one," Sandra thought when she saw her opponent lurch forward in slow motion, his face clearly showing the damage her punch had caused. "I heard his jaw cra-huh?!" Reacting in alarm, the woman threw her body back to avoid a vicious right hook from her opponent. For the second time in a row, Gohan's consciousness bounced back, allowing him to retaliate against his powerful foe. But despite his lightning fast recovery, he was unable to land a clean shot on Sandra, who managed to leap to a safe distance and land on the other side of the quad. Still, this didn't stop the look of pure astonishment that crossed the female Saiyan's face. "He's still conscious?"

Both warriors then held their ground, with Gohan now sporting his own fair share of facial wounds and Sandra showcasing hers. In spite of their monstrous exchange of hits, the two Saiyans weren't tired in the least, and simply glared one another down without the slightest signs of faltering.

It had been an impressive display. But while most of the Z-fighters were clearly impressed, some of the others weren't, and let the rest of their friends know with a series of grave expressions.

"Yes! Al-right Gohan!" little Trunks cheered, throwing his fists into the air.
"Those two are really heating things up," Yamcha remarked, unable to stop the sweat from dripping down his face. "Man, this is exciting."

"You can say that again, bro," Krillin added at the end.

While this particular half of the group appeared optimistic, Vegeta, Zangya and Paprika were the only ones unable to hide their concern. After hearing the children and the rest of the team behind her laugh, the Hera could no longer keep her stress contained and broke the mood with the bluntest comment she could make.

"Gohan's in trouble," the woman said, her finger tapping against her bicep impatiently, at the same time the people alongside turned to her in surprise.

"Huh? Why?" Goten asked, looking up at his big sister in confusion.

Vegeta, deciding to fill in the gap, spoke up in place of Zangya, "Your brother's taken a lot more damage than he's letting on. Every time he tries to get in close for an attack, his opponent stops him with a sharp, piercing blow from a blind spot, keeping him at a distance. The second he moves, she hits him with a counter and prevents him from landing any clean shots."

Looking just as bewildered as the others, Videl spoke up in a worried tone of voice, "But… how come? Gohan wasn't having any problems like this before. In fact, he was cleaning house with her at the start of this fight. So why is he losing now?"

"It's because of his rhythm."

Hearing the woman's voice across the quad, the Z-fighters turned their attention to Sandra's group, where they saw Maya staring across at them with her arms folded and a smirk on her face. The moment she had their attention, the Saiyan warrior then raised her voice so that those in the back could hear her clearly.

"All fighters, no matter how skilled, fast, or powerful they are, are constantly dictated by a rhythm characteristic of whatever form they practice. It's the basis upon which all warriors center their martial arts around." She then gestured towards her traveling partner and boss, who was back on her feet and assumed in a defensive position. "Sandra over there is gifted with almost God-like concentration, enabling her to figure out and break down an opponent's fighting style by simply observing it. Through use of her exceptional depth perception and timing, she's able to exploit the rhythm of her opponent's attacks and turn the tide of the battle in her favor with only two hits, even against fighters with a marked power advantage. What's more, she can telegraph her opponent's movements right down to the last millisecond, enabling her to block or evade any punch, kick or blast thrown her way. This, combined with her *Kai Mui* fighting style, allows her to predict and counter every one of her enemy's attacks to a near-perfect degree."

Responding to the assessment, one of the CAT Droids standing in front of the Saiyan Contingent held up a plastic sign that read, "Sandra is the best." It was a statement which all of the little robots agreed with.

Absorbing this information caused Zangya to grit her teeth in frustration. "Shit. That explains everything." She then tapped her finger nervously. "*When Gohan dashed in after rattling her head with that right straight, Sandra deliberately left herself open so that she could analyze Gohan's fighting style and memorize his attack patterns. She made him believe that he had the upper hand and let him beat the snot out of her, then surprised him when he came in to finish her off with a big hit, by countering his shot with her own from an awkward angle.*"
It was a risky strategy, but brilliant; conserving energy by letting the opponent tire themselves out instead of wasting it on high octane rushes and combos whenever an opening presented itself. What's more, not only would the counter she threw have done a lot of damage to the opponent by way of a concussive blow to the head, it also would've left somewhat of a psychological impact on the individual who was hit by it. As far as they knew, Gohan was probably still feeling the mental sting of the shot, even as they were standing and staring one another down.

Hearing the Z-fighters continue expressing their concerns over the gradually developing battle, on one side of the field, the slightly battered Saiyan Empress cracked a smile and brought her left fist further out, while at the same time beginning to bob on her legs.

"On the battlefield... it's always flashy... always frenzied... always chaotic... but not when you're dealing with the very best in the universe... not when you've got two fighters with similar tools," Sandra thought, her eyes twinkling with excitement as she watched her foe adjust the position of his arms. "Having incredible power is one thing... but that only matters if you're able to apply it tactically to each engagement. Incredible strength and speed mean jack all if you don't have the techniques and skill to back it up. If you have the insight to put your power to good use, then you can transform yourself into a one-man-army. Things quiet down then... like a game of chess: a battle of wits and psychology." She then extended her left fist ever so slightly, a move that had Gohan flinch and adjust his defenses. "I don't fight like normal Saiyans... you've probably noticed that already, haven't you? This entire planet... this solar system, they have become my chess board, and you and I are the kings. You've taken two of my pawns and I've taken two of yours and a bishop. Now I plan on taking your knights." A wicked look then appeared across her face, which she shot in her opponent's direction. "I've got eight deadly weapons in my arsenal, and I plan on using all of them to bring you down."

On the other side of the spectrum, Gohan, still regaining his bearings from the vicious body blow and head shots, was currently mulling over his own troubled thoughts on the issue. "This girl... she's nothing like the other monsters I've fought before. I can tell from the air surrounding her person. There's something very perceptive and shrewd about her fighting style that sets her apart from all the enemies I've dealt with in the past, like it was designed to defeat martial artists and warriors like me. An anti-fighter fighting style, man... if we weren't duking it out right now, I'd be gushing like a love-struck school girl." Brushing the blood off of his chin, the teen then smirked and cracked his neck. "Frieza, Cell, the Ginyu Force, Broly, the Androids, Garlic Junior, the assassin... they all fought using very direct and aggressive fighting styles, without an ounce of thought or care behind their attacks. But Sandra... she thinks before she acts and times each of her moves carefully; an intelligent fighter with superb technique who weaves tactics and strategies into all of her blows." His heartbeat quickened as excitement started to flood through his body. "Guys... I think... I've finally found my perfect rival."

Clicking his tongue, a spark of electricity shot off of Gohan's form as he then shifted weight to one side and darted across the quad. The baffled audience swiftly returned their attention to the field when they saw the demi-Saiyan finally move and proceeded to watch as he circled the courtyard at breakneck speed. After which the boy then charged in, causing a sonic boom to ring out as he broke the sound barrier.

"I can't let her set the pace again. The battle becomes too one-sided if she takes the lead. Watch out for her counters, get in close, and shut down her arms and legs," Gohan thought, gritting his teeth as he dove at his opponent, left arm up with his right covering his chin protectively.

As the half-Saiyan closed in at the speed of light, Sandra, watching him in slow motion, perked up when she noticed the position of his arms had changed. "Oh? So you're looking out for my uppercut, huh?" She then grinned and clenched her left fist, a move which the approaching Gohan
noticed through his inhuman reflexes. "Alright then. I'll let you make the first move, but in the meantime, I'll give you something else to think about-"

"Kyokusen." (Curve Shot)

Gohan speedily ducked when Sandra suddenly shot two swift jabs at him, upon which he swiftly blocked a push kick aimed at him from below. After knocking it back, he saw the girl leap back and fire off another jab, which he head-slipped and dove past. At the same time his opponent began to retract her fist.

"That's it. Follow her fist back to her face. As soon as she brings it in, she's mine!" Gohan thought, cranking back his left for a body shot, as he saw his opponent's ribcage wide open.

All of a sudden, Sandra's jab, which she was still in the process of pulling back, suddenly changed directions and shot towards the boy's head, clocking him just when he was inches away from landing his attack. The punch, which had transformed into a hook mid-flight, knocked spit out of Gohan's mouth as his body lurched sharply to the left, putting him off balance.

His vision blurry from the unexpected shot, the demi-Saiyan's eyes snapped back up to his opponent in surprise. "W-What the hell was that?" Before he could figure out what it was, he suddenly saw Sandra fire off another jab, which he quickly lifted his right arm to parry. But just when he thought he'd catch it, he suddenly saw her fist veer off course and around his arm, before nailing him across the face with a harsh thump. In a matter of seconds, more and more jabs began flying at him, nailing him square in the face from multiple angles. "Shit! I have to get out of her range!"

He then sprang to the side to avoid her last punch, making sure to stay keep to the outside. However, just as her fist was retracting, it suddenly changed course and smacked him on the side of the head just before he was completely out of reach, knocking him stumbling across the ring.

"What's with those lefts? I've run into tricky punches before, like Zangya's chopping strikes, the angular blows used by my father and the big swings thrown by Broly, but nothing like these. These are different. They change directions and come at me after I dodge them. What kind of attack is this?"

Even the Z-fighters could see how much he was struggling to avoid those blows.

Watching her opponent retreat had Sandra smile. "That was my special homing punch. Let's see you try and get past these!" Even though they were fast and lacked significant penetration power, they still had the capability of knocking an opponent's head around thanks to the awkward angles the punch was able to land from.

Apparently Gohan was aware of this, as he'd been on the receiving end of those blows. Shaking his head to rid himself of his daze, the half-Saiyan gave a throaty growl and his energy level began to spike. "There's no way I can take her on directly... not like this. If I try to get close, a short-motion uppercut or a slicing hook stops me. If I try to fight her at middle range, her weird homing jabs cut me off. I have to shift it up a gear...!" His aura bursting around him with a flash of lightning, he then vanished in the blink of an eye, his form shooting around the quad in the form of a golden bolt. Upon which he then spun in, coming at his opponent from a blind spot. "And get her from the side!"

He powered towards his foe, gaining some altitude before diving at her with a right side kick to knock her lights out. But then, just as his heel was about an inch away from her face, Sandra's eyes
suddenly snapped up to him and, with an earsplitting crack, her left fist shot up and connected with his cheek in a counter. Both fighters seemingly struck one another at the same time, splitting the earth while their attacks buried into one another's faces.

Stunned by the shot, Gohan then dragged his cheek down her arm and, retracting his leg, began opening up on her with a blinding barrage of punches and kicks. It was an assault Sandra responded to in kind and, in a matter of moments, both fighters were attacking one another with a vicious onslaught of blows. Miniature shockwaves rattled the city as the two Saiyans attempted to overwhelm the other, attacking and counter attacking, their fists pummeling the opposing body without restraint. Eventually their ferocious string of combos was finished by Sandra receiving a concussive right straight to the face, which she blocked with her hand while simultaneously twisting her head away to cushion the impact.

"You've sped up a little, huh?" Sandra thought excitedly, despite the powerful blow that struck her hand. "Okay. I guess I'll speed up too."

At first Gohan thought he had her. But just as his fist was following through, he suddenly saw Sandra's leg shoot up and nail him in the solar plexus in the form of a side kick. The solid hit connected hard and fast, sending the demi-Saiyan skidding across the cobblestone floor like a sled.

"Another counter?" Taking a moment to regain his bearings, the stunned Saiyan then crouched and darted forward in a sprint. He ducked in low to avoid the woman's jab and, cocking his left fist back, powered up and threw it up at her in a full-motion uppercut. His fist connected with Sandra's right forearm when it came around to block his attack, which landed with earth shattering force and propelled her straight up into the sky like a rocket.

Maya, Cal, Kure and the Z-fighters followed Sandra's body as she soared into the clouds above, punching a hole right through them and causing the white masses to part in the form of an expanding ripple. The sight had all of them blink in surprise.

"Whoa," Android 18 murmured.

"That was one hell of an upper cut," Bulma added with an equally baffled look in play.

Vegeta however frowned, "She still managed to block it though."

The instant he sent his opponent packing, Gohan straightened up, slapped his hands over his forehead with one palm on top of the other, and aimed it at the sky. With Sandra in his crosshairs and suspended about a dozen kilometers above him, his aura exploded from his body with the deafening roar of a hurricane. "MASENKOO-HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!" the teen bellowed, a split second before a golden sphere appeared in his palms and a torrent of unending energy gushed out of his hands. The force of the blast being expelled from his palms knocked Gohan flat against the floor and punched a thirty foot crater into the quad beneath him.

A pillar of light shot towards the sky from the middle of Central City, expanding widthwise to the point it could potentially swallow up the entire country in a blazing hellfire. The attack pretty much became a 'fuck-everything-in-this-general-direction' move that reached Sandra in record breaking time, lighting her up as it closed the final few meters of space between it and her.

However, undeterred by the sight of the apocalyptic level blast, the female Super Saiyan 3 corkscrewed about and, thrusting her left hand forward while guarding her face with her right, the woman expelled a bright, golden dish of energy from her palm that expanded into a circular shield in front of her body. When Gohan's blast hit, the attack split and went around it, like a rock in the middle of a raging torrent. The tidal wave of an attack continued to rage around the woman until it
dissipated a full minute later.

Her eyes narrowing, Sandra's head then snapped around when she sensed a presence appear directly behind her. Spotting Gohan easily, the woman smirked and prepared to hit him with a kick, only to see the demi-Saiyan's eyes fly open and a white light shoot out of them.

"SOLAR FLARE!" A blinding flash then burst from his body and filled the sky, hitting Sandra square in the face.

Unable to look away in time, the female Saiyan ended up blinded by the attack, her irises going blank and her vision distorting. "M-My eyes!" Before she could shield herself, the woman was struck from above by Gohan nailing her in the head with a kick, sending her across the country with the deafening clam of a sonic boom.

As her body was practically rag-dolled across the continent, Gohan powered up and gave chase. His form bolting across the sky in the form of a golden stream of energy, he quickly homed in on Sandra's position and cranked back his left fist, which lit up with a blue glow. Once he was in range of her stricken body, he bellowed at the top of his lungs, "EXPLOSIVE DEMON IMPACT!" With a terrifying thunderclap, the demi-Saiyan struck Sandra in the stomach, causing her body to bend around his fist. A split second later, the sound of multiple shockwaves began echoing out as the empress's body was assaulted all over by a hail of punches, which seemed to hit her all at once, hundreds of them, over and over.

Her form distorting, contorting and seemingly caving under the storm of heavy blows, Sandra continued to receive the beating of a lifetime. However, under the heavy rain of attacks, a wide, excited grin remained plastered to her face.

"You really love using combination attacks, don't you?" the girl chirped, before Gohan finished off his assault by cocking back his left fist and thrusting it towards his enemy.

All of a sudden, just when it seemed like he would score a final hit, Sandra, bolting back into life, suddenly dove into the boy's range and struck demi-Saiyan with a perfect counter cross from the outside, over his left shoulder, nailing him at the exact same time his arm fully extended. The woman's knuckles connected with the sound of crunching bones, smacking the Z-fighter's head to the side and stunning him.

Sandra's well-timed counter put an immediate end to Gohan's assault and extinguished the golden flames of his aura. As soon as he began flying off to the side with blood and spit clouding the air around him, the female then brought her foot up and smashed the boy in the stomach, sending him propelling towards the countryside below. He then collided with a mountain, which went up in a cloud of rubble and debris, as if it was made out of confetti. While he was blasting through the debris, his Super Saiyan 3 opponent pursued him, darting through the rain of rocks and boulders, and converging on his position in a heartbeat.

Slowing his flight through the rubble, Gohan responded to his advancing opponent with a right hook. However, with razor sharp precision and timing, Sandra was able to head slip it and counter him with a right cross. When he attempted to hit her with a chopping left, she responded by striking with a left uppercut. Eyes reflecting shock, the demi-Saiyan tried one last time to nail his opponent with a right roundhouse kick, only for the female Saiyan to slip in close for his kick to have no effect, and nail him with a left backhand using the knuckles on her index and middle finger.

Her swift counter attacks knocked Gohan out of the cloud of rubble from the collapsing mountain and across the sweeping fields of the forested valleys behind it. Covering over two dozen miles in barely a second, the half-Saiyan watched forests and grassy hills slip by him in a blur, before
quickly flipping backwards and driving his feet into the earth. Digging two trenches through the ground, he forced himself to a stop, where he then looked up to show blood trickling out of his nose and down from his hairline.

In the sky high above, he saw Sandra, bathed in her golden aura, laughing in amusement and floating against the backdrop of clouds at a leisurely pace. "Haha! This is great! I can't remember the last time I fought against an opponent who could go toe-to-toe with me!" She then leered down at her foe with excitement burning as fiercely as her energy. "Come on, Stallion! GET UP! Give stimulus to my existence! Show me the power of a half-Saiyan from planet Earth!"

Spitting out the blood from his mouth, the once dazed and stupefied Gohan, managing to find his feet, clenched his fists in determination. "You want me to get serious? Fine! Here I come… READY OR NOT!" With a mighty yell, the golden rays of his energy then gushed out of every pore on his body and ignited him like a flare in the night. Then, with his aura tearing a seventy foot wide crater into the ground underneath his feet, the demi-Saiyan crouched low before tearing into the sky like a bolt.

Sandra, seeing her opponent coming right at her, kicked herself into high gear and super sped into the horizon. Both leaving golden vapor trails in their wake, the two warriors quickly became entangled in a game of cat and mouse where, as they danced through the skies around the entire planet, began laying into one another with catastrophic force.

Seeing the pair of warriors finally take off had the Z-fighters and the Saiyan group staring after them for several long seconds. Upon hearing the sounds of their battle disappear into the distance, both sides then turned back to one another, with Maya deciding it was time to get into the action.

"I guess that's my cue," the dark-skinned Saiyan chirped while stepping forward, at the same time uncrossing her arms and giving one of the little CAT Droids standing in line a pat on the head. When she saw the defenders of the planet glare at her, the young woman then flicked back her hair and focused on her chosen target. "After traveling all this way to get here, I'm really hoping your group can give me some sort of challenge."

Also taking center stage, Zangya moved forward with her arms at her sides, while Vegeta and everybody else hung back. "Why don't we skip the warm up and get straight to the good stuff? That shouldn't be too much of a problem for you, right?"

"Not at all," Maya replied, before rolling her head on her neck and widening her stance. "Unlike Sandra, I prefer using brute strength and raw power over superior technique to win my fights." She then took a moment to look over her opponent. After taking in her trim figure, orange hair and the intense look in her eyes, the spiky haired warrior moaned appreciatively and licked her lips, "Do you think your cute little body can stand up to my punches?"

Ignoring the obviously flirtatious tone of her opponent, a sly and confident smile crossed Zangya's lips. "I don't know?" Clenching her fists, the woman then gave a loud holler before her green aura blasted around her. With golden lightning dancing across her skin like a storm, the flash of her transformation quickly died down to reveal the Hera's blue skin had taken on a dark shade of green. Her orange hair, once full and lively, had turned a shade of blood red and spiked up, with golden streaks appearing along several of the strands. Furthermore, golden sclera had formed around her eyes and forehead, giving her an angelic appearance. As soon as her energy calmed down, the female Z-fighter grinned widely. She then proceeded to watch the stunned expressions appear on the opposition's faces. "You tell me."

Maya blinked. "Oh, fuck. That's so unfair."
Getting a bead on the woman's power level, Kure balked in shock. "This one… she's almost as strong as Sandra."

Feeling confident, Zangya crossed her arms, "The amount of power I have in this form is really incredible. Even though I've only had a few weeks to train with it, I've managed to get most of it under control." She then gestured towards her opponent. "You can give up now if you want."

Hearing her question, Maya stared at her blankly for several moments before a smirk appeared on her lips. "That won't be… *click*… necessary."

Zangya quickly looked taken aback, "Click?" It was faint, but she could've sworn she heard a very tiny button being pressed.

Kure and Cal, hearing that sound clearly on their end, took several steps back, along with their robotic teammates. Their actions had the Z-group stare at the team strangely, as they had no idea what was going on.

A chuckle then escaped Maya's lips as she focused her attention on her opponent, who watched in confusion as the Saiyan female brought both her hands up and formed them into fists. "I've just switched on a miniature lamp that's been surgically implanted into each of my eyes, which generate blutz waves of 17 megazenos."

This news had Vegeta frown thoughtfully, "Blutz wa-…?" It was then a terrifying realization occurred to the prince, which had the man recoil in alarm. "Shit."

Seeing the royal's expression shift drew a laugh from the spiky haired woman, who continued to cackle as her body began to change. The Z-fighters, in a complete state of disbelief, looked on with slack jaws as Maya's face distorted and grew a snout, while the rest of her body began to increase in muscle mass and size. As she expanded, fur began to grow out on the parts of her flesh that were exposed and, to go along with her facial changes, her hands and feet also became more beast-like. Even Zangya, despite her increase in power and energy levels, could only look on in shock as her opponent's shadow stretched and fell over her, until the dark-skinned female stood several stories tall, about the same size as King Koku's tower, leering down at the heroes.

For some of the Z-fighters, Vegeta especially, it was a familiar sight: the gigantic, hulking frame, the elongated tail, the brown fur, the massive jaws, sharpened teeth and blood red eyes. To sum it all up, Maya had just transformed into an Oozaru.

The Royal Entourage and civilian bystanders, who were still watching from the sidelines, let out simultaneous cries of terror when they saw the monster that'd materialized in the middle of the castle grounds. Some of the guards even had half a mind to draw their guns and shoot at it. But after witnessing the feats that'd taken place so far, they wisely chose not to.

Tien, sweat breaking out on his face, spoke in a raspy voice, "This… is bad."

"Uh… I'm not sure bad quite covers it?" Krillin whimpered, his voice cracking out of fear.

In response to his friend's remarks, Yamcha laughed nervously, "Funny… I remember having nightmares that started out like this for years… only the girl that was transforming into the giant monkey was Bulma." That little bit at the end earned him a hard elbow from the blue-haired woman in question, which wound up in the martial artist choking on his own breath and curling forward, clutching his stomach.

Upon seeing the terrified expressions on the Z-fighters' faces, Maya, still adorned in her stretched
out Saiyan one-piece, gloves and boots, leered at the team in a mischievous manner. "Oh... I'm not done yet," she said in a deeper, booming voice. Balling her hands, the woman then raised her massive arms overhead and focused her energy. Then, with a furious roar, she threw them down, an action that was immediately followed by a golden aura and a storm of blue lightning erupting from her body, and the hair growing down her back spiking up. With a loud thunderclap, the towering gorilla punched a crater into the floor beneath her as she transformed into a Super Saiyan 2, only with a slight alteration. Her enormous power up nearly knocked everyone and everything off of their foundations, a result that had the full-blooded Saiyan cackle with excitement.

"Behold... a form only the most trained Super Saiyans in history have ever achieved; a fusion between our race's Great Ape transformation and the legendary Ascended Saiyan form... the Super Oozaru... or in this case Super Oozaru 2!"

Hearing her friend's rather obnoxious exclamation had Kure roll her eyes, "I told her that name sounded terrible, but she still went with it. What a showoff."

Zangya, managing to shake off her initial bewilderment, frowned deeply at the face of the giant, "This... is going to be a bit of a problem."

"You don't SAY?!" Maya shouted, before suddenly raising her right foot and, with a growl of effort, thrust it right down on top of the red-haired woman.

With a yelp of surprise, Zangya managed to throw up both her arms in time to block the enormous boot dropping down on her position. The sole connecting with the back of her arms caused a tremendous shockwave to fill the region, rattling the castle and knocking the nearby crowd of onlookers to the ground. As dust rose into the air around the two combatants, it revealed a grinning Oozaru Maya pressing down onto a struggling Zangya, as if she were trying to crush a very stubborn ant. Both female martial artists were alit by their respective auras and were now attempting to overpower the other.

While all this was going on, Cal, who'd reached the end of his patience, smiled and began sprinting across the courtyard towards the Z-fighters. When Vegeta saw the large humanoid in black spandex sprint around from behind Maya's oversized leg, the prince gritted his teeth and took a defensive stance.

"Terrific. Not giving me any time to warm up, huh?" Vegeta shouted, before his aura burst up around him and he jumped straight to Super Saiyan 2. The prince grinned enthusiastically, "BRING IT ON!"

By the time he'd reached full power, Cal was already upon him.

With a battle cry, the man in the black tights tackled Vegeta head-on and lifted him off the floor, before charging right through the middle of the Z-fighters' formation. Carrying the man on his shoulder, the humanoid bodyguard then leapt over one of the castle's buildings and across the city, where the pair soared over the skyline and into the valleys in the distance.

Noticing they were out of the metropolis and soaring over the countryside, the riled up and determined Vegeta, still trapped in the arms of his foe, gave a loud snarl and, cocking his head back, slammed it into his opponent's face. Forcefully breaking out of the hold, the Saiyan Prince brought both arms over, cupped his hands in the air, and slammed them down into Cal's back. The blow sent the big man plummeting to Earth, where he crashed with tremendous force and sent a cloud of dust and rubble shooting into the sky.

The still empowered Vegeta then brought his hand back, intent on following up with a Photon
**Bomber** to sterilize the landing zone. But just as a blue sphere appeared above his palm, he suddenly saw two beams shoot out of the cloud beneath him, which then slammed into his chest. The surprise attack knocked the wind out of the man's lungs and sent him spinning through the sky, trailing smoke. When he hit the ground a full kilometer away, he quickly sprang back to his feet and glared towards the spot his opponent had impacted, ignoring the two tiny burn marks on his front.

Just as he was watching the dust billowing from the crater settle, Vegeta was suddenly blindsided by his opponent appearing directly beside him and nailing him with a right cross, which sent him bouncing over the hills. After plowing a trench across the valley for several hundred meters, the prince came rocketing back at full power, his golden aura burning around him as he closed the gap on his foe and chopped at Cal's head with a right overhand. The bodyguard in black parried it and deflected Vegeta's uppercut, before retaliating with two straight blows to the short man's stomach and a chop to his neck. Upon which the large fighter then struck the prince in the gut and sent him skidding back along the floor.

Gasping from the sharp attack to the solar plexus, Vegeta looked up in time to see Cal lunging at him with a hook. Reacting fast, the Saiyan ducked it and nailed the man in the stomach with a body shot, his fist causing the man to lurch forward. He then attempted to follow-through, but ended up getting nailed across the face by an elbow. Stricken, the royal was then kicked in the stomach by the large fighter, sending him bouncing across the farmlands outside of Central City and up the side of a mountain. When he neared the peak, Vegeta rolled backwards, dug his feet into the ground and skidded to a stop.

Looking up, the flame haired man chuckled, "Oh-ho… this one might be more fun than I originally thought." A current of electricity shooting off of his form emphasized his excitement.

Cal, seeing his adversary looking back at him from the edifice several miles away, smirked as well before dropping to his knee. When he did, he crossed his arms, closed his eyes, and concentrated. In a matter of seconds, debris and dust began to levitate off of the ground around him, which began to quiver and tremble under an unseen force. Then as the rocks began to orbit around his position, orange flames began to pour out of the man's skin and surrounded him in a protective, fiery cloak. His energy coming out in an inferno, the warrior in spandex then opened his eyes and, setting his hand on the ground, grinned in a beastly and fearsome manner.

"**BLAZING METEOR!**" With his full power unleashed, Sandra's bodyguard and friend then leant forward into a sprinter's stance and, taking aim towards the mountain, took off like a bolt across the landscape. His fiery form tore a path across the valley and up the side of the edifice, leaving a trail of fire in his wake. In the blink of an eye, he was directly in front of Vegeta, charging towards him without any signs of slowing down.

The prince took immediate action, barreling out of the way just in time to avoid the swinging right hook his opponent threw at him. The punch struck the top of the mountain, taking it out in a shower of debris. As soon as his opponent missed, Vegeta spun in and nailed the defenseless warrior in the side with a roundhouse kick, only for his blow to strike the man's arm. Seeing his adversary guard against the shot prompted the Saiyan warrior to power through it and, with a yell, he kicked the man off of the mountain and into the sky at several times the speed of sound.

Upon becoming airborne, Cal took flight and rocketed into the clouds, with Vegeta in hot pursuit.

Back in the castle square, Zangya, still holding her own, then let out a yell and forced Maya off of her, sending the giant woman stumbling backwards. As soon as the foot was off, the Hera powered up and shot into the sky, where she was speedily intercepted by a left chop from the Super Oozaru.
The Z-fighter blocked the blow from the side, but was pushed across the airspace by several meters, before being forced to guard against a massive punch from the woman. The blow caused another shockwave to wash over the landscape, causing the Z-fighters on the ground to lose their balance.

After effectively taking the punch, the Hera then blasted up into the sky and, upon stopping in the area above King Koku's castle, thrust her hand forward. With a yell, she unleashed a powerful green blast down at the golden ape, only to see Maya's hand shoot up and catch the attack in the palm of her hand, which exploded uselessly against her skin.

The woman cackled, "Oh. Did I forget to mention? The Oozaru transformation has the ability to multiply the Saiyan's durability-" All of a sudden, the woman's mouth opened wide and a massive blast of purple energy came gushing out, "AND THEIR POWER!" The wave of ki rushed towards Zangya at an insane speed, catching the red haired woman by surprise.

Reacting evasively, the Hera dodged to the side, barely avoiding the attack that rushed past her and into the sky above, where it disappeared into space. Sweat breaking out on her face, Zangya then grinned and looked back down at the ground. "Impressive. But your new form lacks speed." She then recoiled when she saw her opponent was no longer standing in the quad.

She'd been so caught up in avoiding the woman's attack that she didn't notice Maya's massive form materialize in the air directly behind her.

The Great Ape grinned widely, "Speed like this?"

Zangya then let out a cry of agony when she was struck from behind by a fist two times her size, which not only sent her flying across the city but the valleys outside of it. The force of the blow was so immense that the Hera ended up blacking out for three whole seconds, leaving her wide open for Maya, still suspended in the air, to fire off another blast from her mouth, which chased after her target. The purple beam struck the red haired woman in the back and knocked her out of the sky, slamming her into a hill below and transforming it into a smoking crater. The blast meanwhile traveled onwards and hit a mountain, engulfing it in a dome-shaped explosion that effectively incinerated the entire edifice.

Groaning as her burnt and battered body wafted with smoke, Zangya stood up and looked ahead of her. Vision clearing, the woman then cracked a smile of excitement, "Now that's more like it." She then spun around and took a defensive stance, looking up just in time to see Maya appear in the sky above and plummeting towards her foot first. Powering up allowed Zangya to crank her foot back and intercept the woman's kick with one of her own, the pair colliding in the form of a landscape reducing shockwave.

By the time Maya reengaged Zangya, back in King Koku's castle, the rest of the Z-fighters had thrown themselves into action.

When Paprika powered up, jumping straight into her Super Makyan form, Yamcha and Videl also went full power and rushed in. The three fighters dashed at Kure while the cat woman, acting on instinct, leapt into the sky and allowed the group of warriors to come blazing after her. Their forms streaking high up into the atmosphere, the cat alien managed to make it into the clouds before looking down in time to see her pursuers thrust their hands forward and launch a barrage of energy blasts after her.

Glasses shimmering, the female diplomat extended her arms and grinned. "Scatter!" Kure shouted, before opening her palms and performing an aerial twirl. Doing so allowed her to unleash a shower
of energy spheres from her hands resembling flares, which spiraled outwards and away from her current path. The magnetic pull from each of the energy balls drew the blasts launched by the Z-fighters towards them, causing the attacks to veer off course and detonate harmlessly away from their intended target, filling the sky with a spontaneous fireworks display. When explosions blew away the cloud cover, Kure explosively changed directions and shot back towards her attackers, which she then promptly engaged.

Goten and Trunks, taking the initiative, went Super Saiyan and dashed towards their miniature opponents. The tiny cat robots, responding to their respective programming, fired up jets on their feet and took off in different directions, allowing the two boys to chase after them. Krillin and Chiaotzu did so as well, rushing forward to engage the miniature androids, which dashed off to different corners of the city so as to separate them from the masses.

As for Eighteen, the woman held her ground and watched her opponents charge towards her, forcing her to bring her right hand up. "Sorry about this!" She then fired off a series of golden blasts, which the two little robots dodged in a series of graceful aerial maneuvers. Blinking in surprise at how easily the bots avoided her, the blonde woman then crouched low and shot straight into the sky. As soon as she was airborne, the cool woman looked down with a grin. "This way, cuties."

The Cat Droids, tracking her, flew after the woman while she led them out of the city just like the others had before them.

Mobi, acting on his master's instructions and seeing his companions take wing, raised one of his massive arms and locked onto his target. Tien, his senses already fixed upon the large robot, bailed when he saw the armored unit fire the arm of its gauntlet straight at him in a manner very similar to one of their automatonic allies. When it missed, the arm quickly returned to its owner with a snap, allowing the rotund robot to turn its sensors towards the sky and fly after its opponent. Mobi then pursued the three-eyed warrior, opening up a series of panels on its back and unleashing a cluster of missiles, determined to keep the Z-fighter on the defense.

Seeing the giant robot fire upon him immediately forced Tien to counter its attacks, where he wound up switching between shooting the missiles and kicking them. After the human fighter dispersed of its opening assault, Mobi quickly honed in on him, tackling the bald fighter with its massive shoulder plating and sending him flying over the metropolis. Tien quickly retaliated with a series of ki blasts from one hand, which the armored robot powered through and carried on assaulting him, forcing the human into a steady retreat. When it came at him with a wild hook, Tien leapt over the giant man and kicked it in the back, knocking the automaton towards a skyscraper. When it seemed like it would collide with it, the black, armored android kicked its boosters into action and dodged, before rocketing towards the horizon and leaving the district far behind.

Tien, powering up to maximum, wasted no time in giving pursuit.

The instant all fighters and their opponents left the area, the hovering cameras that'd previously been circling the palace scattered and shot after them at blinding speed.

Bulma meanwhile, after seeing her friends and the roving drones disappear, then turned her attention to San. When she saw the giant spider tank turn to her, the scientist immediately primed one of her weapons to attack.

However, just before she could follow up, she then lowered her arm, to which the alien tank did as well. As soon as the atmosphere settled, the spider automaton then marched forward, its legs making low piston sounds as it scuttled towards the scientist and stopped in front of her. Using one
of its forward arms, it then brought it up to where its forehead was and saluted the woman proudly.

"Hello," the mobile tank chirped.

A little taken aback by the machine's politeness, Bulma smiled and waved nervously, "H-Hey…"
She then laughed a little at the end.

With its optical lens spinning excitedly in place, San held her hand out and pointed towards the one camera still floating in the area. "Wanna watch our friends fight?"

Regarding the giddy, childlike robot momentarily, the blue haired scientist beamed pleasantly and nodded. "Sure. I could use a break." She then retracted her helmet, allowing her to get a better view of the world.

"Alrighty then!" Immediately following his exclamation, San quickly opened up a compartment in its undercarriage and dropped a disk like device onto the floor. "Step right up! Step right up! It's time to start screening our main event! On tonight's program: we have approximately three hours of bone-mangling, spirit-crushing action and excitement, as the New Saiyan Empire takes on the challengers from the beautiful blue planet Earth! Place your bets right now!" Sliding it forward, he then activated it with a quick press of a button, which then produced several hologram screens in the air in front of them, each one showing a different view of the world. Once the modem was done synchronizing with the mobile cameras, they quickly brought up the half a dozen battles taking place across the plain.

There were plenty of events to choose from. Gohan and Sandra, who were currently trading shots over a desert, Zangya and Maya, who were brawling across the grassy valleys, Vegeta and Cal, who were busy tackling and throwing each other inside a mountainous area, Paprika and Kure, both of whom were being accompanied by Videl and Yamcha, Goten and Trunks playing tag with the Cat robots along with Krillin, Chiaotzu and Eighteen, and finally Tien and Mobi, who'd taken their battle to some place along the coastline.

Bulma whistled when she saw the high definition pictures come alive. "Damn. You're actually processing all of this at the same time?"

"Uh-huh. Ms Kure upgraded my software with the latest media package from her home planet. That means I can keep track of anyone no matter how fast they're moving… even someone as quick as Ms Sandra," San replied cheerfully, obviously feeling proud of his capabilities.

This drew a chuckle from Bulma, who removed her helmet and set it underneath her arm. "Damn. I gotta learn more about you guys. Your technology is insane." Hell, with what she'd seen so far, she was positive she could use their information to help bulk up her armor designs.

Rotating about, the spider tank quickly turned its attention towards King Koku and the crowd of civilians watching from the sidelines, all of whom immediately freaked out when the machine rounded on them. However, instead of doing something hostile like they expected, the large robot waved them over in an enthusiastic manner. "Come on, you guys! What are you all standing over there for? Come watch the fights with us! You won't be able to see anything sitting behind a wall!"

Initially hesitant, King Koku and his staff quickly assessed the potential danger behind breaking ranks and approaching the fighters. Considering the fact that all but two of the warriors had left the area, and that the remaining members of both parties were now offering them a place on the sidelines to witness the events firsthand, the leaders of the country and the palace visitors accompanying them threw all caution to the trash, and slowly made their way over the dividing wall and into the center of the quad.
Bulma actually cracked a smile at seeing how nervous they appeared, as she was well aware of what being in their position was like.

They then gathered around the hologram projector, where they proceeded to watch the bloody mashups now taking place beyond the city. The moment King Koku, his subordinates, and the rest of the world fixed their eyes on the projections; they immediately bore witness to what would become known as the greatest boxing tournament in all of Earth's history…

OOO

(Gohan & Sandra)

Having initially kept their fight in the skies above the countryside, after trading devastating blows across the majority of the planet, the pair of Super Saiyan 3s eventually brought their battle back down to the ground. It was here Gohan had hoped to retake the advantage over his more agile quarry. But just like in the aerial scuffle they'd been waging before, he was soon to find that Sandra was even harder to hit when she was on a level playing field.

Ducking and weaving between blows, the Saiyan Empress kept her eyes and senses fixed squarely upon her enemy as he darted at her across the rocky desert. Thanks to their superhuman strength and agility, both of them were covering dozens of yards with every leap and side-step they made. To the naked eye, their forms were barely visible, appearing only as golden bolts of light dashing over the open ground, with the occasional exploding mountain and hill marking the path they were traveling. But in their eyes, through their insane speed and reflexes, both of them were able to see each other as clear as day.

Well… one of them was.

Despite the fact that Gohan's fists and feet were cutting through the air faster than laser bolts, Sandra was doing a fantastic job at avoiding them, back stepping and side stepping with deft, superfluous movements. While she practically danced around his blows, the demi-Saiyan stumbled and staggered, attempting to keep pace with her, but always finding his knuckles barely grazing her on every swing.

Yelling with his blows, Gohan attempted to cut her off, only to have his opponent dart in the opposite direction. Chasing after her, the teen pulled up right next to the girl as she ran, jabbing and kicking out at her. Just like before Sandra dodged, all the while running and returning fire against her opponent. The pair burned a trail of dust across the desert at mind-blowing speed, even plowing through two plateaus along the way like they were wall paper, which showered the surrounding area with debris.

Eventually after a swift running duel the pair hit the brakes and skidded to a stop. This was a moment Gohan opted to capitalize on and, gritting his teeth, dove in with a left body shot. His knuckles slammed into Sandra's right arm, who managed to telegraph his attack from below. As soon as she blocked it, his right arm then came chopping down at her at blinding speed. A loud crack suddenly rang out, followed by a spray of blood that filled the air around the duo, as it seemed like the hybrid had managed to nail his opponent.

But then, just when it seemed like Sandra had taken the blow, Gohan suddenly stumbled away with a blank look on his face and blood trickling out of his mouth. His opponent meanwhile, brought back her left fist and allowed it to swing in front of her tauntingly.

"You got careless," Sandra chuckled, her words snapping the demi-Saiyan out of his reverie, who barely managed to slam his rear foot into the ground to stop from falling over. Right now, with his
vision blurry and making it seem like he was facing off against three Sandras, it was a miracle he was standing up at all. "Every time you try for a combo, you always start with a super obvious punch to distract your opponent from the second one to follow. Since your strongest arm is your right, you always follow-up with it to trap your opponent inside a crisscross, using a classic one-two-feint. Hell, I don't even have to read your rhythm to see it coming."

Gohan, gasping for air as he attempted to regain his sense of balance, then brought his hands up into another wide stance. "Shit. She didn't just shut down my attack, she totally dismantled it." Spitting out the blood from his mouth, he then darted forward, intent on pushing forward. "She blocked my shot from below and before I could hit her from above with my overhand, she nailed me with a super sharp, compact right hook as a counter. I was so focused on getting her with my right that I didn't even see her attack coming." To be able to match his speed in such a short amount of time was unreal.

When Gohan ducked in, he opened up with two right straights, which Sandra swayed around. He then tried for a left jab, only for her to parry it and bury a roundhouse kick into his side. The blow landed with a spine chilling crunch, knocking the wind out of the boy's lungs and sending him skidding over the sand. When he stopped, he threw a left jab at Sandra when she lunged at him, only to slip around it and hit him in the face with a left jolt counter that knocked his head flying backwards.

Vision almost going black, Gohan was unable to do anything when Sandra began nailing repeatedly kicks into his body. When she struck him with a left teep, she then followed up by switching to her right and, after loading it up, aimed at the hapless warrior.

"Hyakuretsu Yari!" (Hundred Rending Spears) Sandra shouted, before she unleashed a lightning fast barrage of side-kicks upon her opponent. Her attack came at Gohan in a continuous salvo of light speed blows, which nailed his body over and over, before the girl finished up with a big one, burying her foot into his ribs and sending him spiraling across the desert.

Bouncing for several kilometers, the demi-Saiyan eventually stopped when he crashed into a distant mountain, transforming it into a smoking crater.

When the dust settled around the rubble, it revealed Gohan, bruised and with a tattered gi, sitting in the center, bleeding from the face and panting heavily. Glaring in the direction he'd come, he saw his opponent standing several kilometers away in the distance, still set in her stance and waiting for him to get up.

Wiping away the blood from his chin, the boy cursed. "Forget her punches; her kicks are also a big problem. Damn. What reflexes. I've never fought anyone who could counter my attacks so easily before." He then frowned when he quickly noticed something off about this picture. "Wait a second... why isn't she firing any blasts at me? She knocked me down and has me in her sights. Is she even going to try?" After several moments of watching his opponent hold her position, revelation quickly hit Gohan like a pallet of bricks. "No. She won't. Sandra's too smart for that. She won't waste energy on long range attacks that have a high chance of missing their target when she can just as easily wait for me to get close to her." Clenching his jaw, Gohan quickly leapt to his feet and cupped his hands at his side, his aura bursting up around him at full power. "So that's your game, is it? Alright... if you won't come to me, then I'll just make you move!"

Sensing her opponent's energy spike, Sandra perked up in surprise. "Hm? What's this?"

"KA-ME-HA-ME... Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!" Gohan roared, thrusting both hands forward and unleashing an enormous blue energy blast from his hands. The beam came
gushing out of his palms, expanding widthwise and traveling across the desert at a terrifying speed.

The attack was so powerful that the shockwave it generated cleared the sky of clouds and caused an earthquake to rock the entire country.

Sandra, seeing the attack approaching her in the form of a bright blue light that grew and grew at an alarming rate, gave her opponent an amused grin. "Aww. How cute. It has a name-" **OH SHIT!**" An expression of pure horror quickly shot across her face when the sheer magnitude of the blast coming towards her finally hit. A split second later, the spear of the attack struck her head on, causing a sonic boom to ring out on impact and distorting the surface of the entire desert, before the rest of the enormous beam consumed its target.

After making its mark, the beam continued to travel across the planet and out into space, where it then rocketed far off into the cosmos to dissipate billions of miles away.

The attack faded sometime later, revealing a trench two miles wide had been carved across the entire country from end to end. Gohan, standing at the far end of the chasm, panted heavily while watching the billowing wall of dust in front of him settle. When the air finally cleared, the boy couldn't see any signs of his opponent. That was until a ping on his radar had him turn his attention skywards, where he immediately spotted his Super Saiyan 3 opponent hovering several hundred meters above ground zero.

Upon assessing the damage done to the area, Sandra breathed a heavy sigh of relief. "Phew. If I hadn't ditched at the last second, there's a good chance whatever was left of me would have ended up on the other side of the galaxy." Looking a tad bit frazzled after barely avoiding the planet reducing attack, the Empress then cracked a smile and fixed her gaze upon her foe, who didn't appear to be all that pleased at seeing her in one piece. "You almost had me there, big guy, but I'm afraid all you've managed to do is show me your hand."

Eye twitching, Gohan fisted his hands tightly before, with a grunt, he vanished from his spot in a flicker of movement. His sudden teleportation caused Sandra to recoil slightly, as she seemingly had no clue that her enemy had materialized directly behind her, with his right leg cocked back. However, when the demi-Saiyan struck, the girl ducked, thrusting her own leg back and attempting to nail her target in the chin, who managed to sway at the last second to avoid her deadly counter.

Panicking slightly when he felt the heat of her leg scorch his face, the golden haired warrior sprang away to a safe distance, at the same time avoiding her second kick.

"Okay. New strategy. In-and-out, hit and run attacks!" Gohan thought, before darting forward aggressively when he saw his opponent bring her leg back and load up for another. "Since I can't block or dodge her counters, I just have to outrun them!" He then threw a right roundhouse at his opponent, watching as she blocked it effortlessly with her left arm, before her jab came shooting out at him. Ducking the compact blow, the demi-Saiyan then dove in at her with an uppercut. "Great! Now I just have to-" **THWACK!** Just as his fist was coming up, his head was suddenly smacked to the side when Sandra retracted her jab and fired off a second left hook with the same arm, which knocked Gohan off course.

Sandra smirked, "Sorry, but that won't work either. That's another pawn."

"Fuck! Her homing jab! I forgot about that!" Gohan cursed as he pulled back, only to be met by a barrage of swift left punches. The girl's fist cut towards him at blazing speed, hitting him across the face from several different angles. The demi-Saiyan attempted to hold them off by bringing his arms up to protect his face, but while these stopped the ones from the front, it did nothing to stop the shots that came from the sides, which forced him to fly back to get some distance. "Alright! If
attacking from below won't work, then I'll just hit her from above!" Bringing his hands down to reveal a slightly swollen face, the boy then vanished with a crack of wind and appeared above his opponent, swinging down at her with an axe kick. "Take this!"

While the teen's leg was descending towards Sandra like a falling meteor, the female Super Saiyan, composed as ever, slipped to the side and avoided it. As a look of disbelief slowly appeared across Gohan's face, he was unable to do anything when the female warrior, her right fist primed at her side and glowing, shot it upwards and nailed him in the stomach with a vicious right straight. Her Senko buried into his abdominals with devastating force, the shockwave from the blow punching a hole in the atmosphere above them and tearing away the blue veil to reveal the space behind it. With Gohan stunned by the liver blow, he was then nailed in the chest by a left knee, before he was then kicked across the face by a roundhouse kick, which sent blood flying into the air and bent his body sideways.

With her opponent stunned by her counterattack, the confident Sandra then struck an elegant fighting pose and brought her right fist to her side in a showboating manner. "Here are a couple of useful tips for you, stallion. Firstly: never over think your moves. If you think too much, you hesitate and stop, leaving yourself wide open for your opponent's assault. Secondly: the objective of a combination move is to finish your opponent completely, so that they won't get up again. In order to deal maximum damage, each separate attack must be delivered with intent to kill. LIKE THIS!" Sandra then lunged forward, her right fist shooting towards her stunned target at blazing speed. "DAI KONRAN!" (Havoc)

All of a sudden, Gohan saw a wall of fists flying towards him, a split second before his entire body was engulfed by a storm of punches. Sandra's knuckles drilled into him over and over again at a ridiculous rate, pummeling and distorting his body mercilessly. The attack was so vicious and so powerful that the entire sky above the earth shook from the salvo, and the continent was drowned out by the sound of continuous thunderclaps. The impact of the thousand punch string dominated the atmosphere in such a way that you couldn't even hear Gohan's grunts and cries of agony, as they were muffled by the sound of his muscles and bones being broken down into mush.

After several seconds of unending punishment, Sandra finished her combo by bringing her left foot back and nailing the boy with a side kick, which sent the teen plummeting to the Earth below. When he struck a mountain, it exploded with the force of a nuke, as rubble and debris rained down across the planet.

With her opponent felled, the female Super Saiyan withdrew her leg and struck another elegant pose, as if she'd just finished a ballet dance. She then said in a sing-song voice, "She shoots… she scores… and the crowd goes wild! This is so much fun." She then blinked in surprise when she saw the dust cloud disperse and spotted Gohan's body at the bottom of the crater. The fact that he was still in one piece was one thing, but the fact that he was once again on his feet and conscious, had Sandra pause in shock. "Oh. Still alive, huh?" A mischievous grin then reappeared on her face. "That's impressive. You actually managed to survive my lethal onslaught. Bravo."

Ignoring the ringing in his ears and the blood dribbling down his face from his nose, mouth and forehead, a thoroughly beaten Gohan with a half-torn gi top, took a deep breath and smirked. Since he had blood visible in his teeth and mouth, it made his gesture more aggressive then he intended. "As painful as it is, I appreciate the compliment." Without warning, he then thrust his right hand up and unleashed a powerful blue beam of energy surrounded by golden lightning, "FLASH MADAN!" The beam exploded from his palm and filled the sky, shooting towards Sandra like a missile.

Balking in shock at the speed of the attack, Sandra quickly ducked under it and avoided the blast,
which shot past her and up into space. The moment she did evade however, the woman then saw a salvo of golden blasts flying up at her, which quickly pushed her into action.

Taking the initiative, Gohan began unleashing a continuous barrage of ki attacks at his adversary, whom he saw start ducking and weaving around them as she speedily flew towards him. The demi-warrior followed her with his senses, leading the girl with his hands and firing off attacks wherever he thought she would end up. However, despite his terrific speed and timing, every single blast he threw at the swift girl was effectively dodged and, in a matter of seconds, Sandra had managed to close the ten kilometer gap between them, all the while avoiding his high speed barrage.

When Gohan thrust his right hand up to fire one last laser bolt, Sandra was already inside his range, diving right under his arm and avoiding his blast. The demi-Saiyan saw her duck to his side in slow motion, a sight that confounded him at first, before he was suddenly nailed in the chin by a right uppercut. The attack smashed his head skywards, the female Saiyan managing to hit him with a running blow. As soon as he was hit, Sandra dashed right past him, turning around and smirking when she saw the teen stumble backwards.

"Now that is how you do a hit-and-run attack," the girl informed.

Gritting his teeth to shake off the damage from the razor sharp blow, Gohan spun around with his hands cupped. Aura blazing, he then took aim at his foe, "KA-ME-HA-" Before he could finish, he suddenly saw Sandra's face appear directly in front of him, her right hand had seizing his wrist. Her agility astonished the Z-fighter and kept him frozen in place.

"That technique won't work on me twice," Sandra said, before quickly twisting his wrist around and kicking his foot out from under him. Powering up, the girl then, with a mighty heave, tossed the boy into the air above her. The instant her opponent was airborne and suspended above the ground, the female warrior used her momentum to cock her leg back and charge it. Blue lightning shooting up and down her body, her entire foot lit up a bright gold, before she thrust it straight into her stunned foe. "This one is mine. RAIKO YARI!" (Lightning Spear)

Gohan let out a cry of agony when a golden blast suddenly shot out of his enemy's foot and slammed into his stomach, sending him rocketing into the sky and off of the planet. With his body flat up against the head of the attack, the teen felt every burn and sting from the blast on every fiber of his being for a full minute. By the time he'd reached satellite orbit of the Earth, he managed to roll out of the way and allow the attack to shoot off into space. Ignoring the smoke wafting off of his skin, the winded Gohan spun to face the planet, priming his hand as his senses worked on locating his enemy. He took a defensive stance just to be safe.

However, a ping on his radar had him look up in shock, as he suddenly sensed a presence directly behind him. When he spun around, he saw Sandra spinning down at him with a kick, which she connected with a deafening shockwave. Her foot sunk into his stomach, causing Gohan to lurch forward as he was effectively kicked back towards the planet.

"Sh-She can teleport, too?" Gohan thought in shock, at the same time spitting out blood. Throwing his arms out, the teen let off a burst of ki and stopped his fall short. "This changes things." Upon which he then let out a mighty bellow, thrust both his hands forward and unleashed two golden blasts at his attacker.

Sandra, reacting instantaneously, slapped one of the beams away and dodged the second, before taking off across the solar system in the form of a bolt. Gohan, powering up as well, rocketed after her, in which the pair began a deadly game of tag through the vacuum of the cosmos.

When Gohan attempted to hit his opponent again, Sandra caught his arm, nailed him across the
face with an elbow, and then tossed him through the void. Spinning around as he flew, the hybrid then fired a couple of blasts at the Empress, only to see her dodge them effortlessly before lunging at him with a kick. He then attempted to kick back, only to receive a hook in the face when she faked the blow. The girl then attempted to follow up with another punch, but was unable to when Gohan suddenly ducked in and got her in a clinch. She reversed it however and, with both fighters gripping the other's shoulders, plummeted towards the surface of Mars.

The pair burned up on entry and collided with the endless red desert of the planet, with their impact being marked by an explosion of dust equivalent to several dozen thermonuclear bombs going off at once…

OOO

(Zangya & Maya)

Deep in the Mountain Ranges many miles North of Central City, a massive explosion of pink energy tore across the landscape, shredding the rocky edifices and sending dust and rubble into the air. When the blast settled, it revealed an entire row of peaks had been utterly obliterated and replaced by a crater, with embers and flames rising out of the center. The cause of this several kilometer wide explosion was of course the enormous Super Saiyan 2 Oozaru standing at the very edge of the trench.

With a mighty roar, Maya lurched forward and opened her mouth, unleashing another torrent of pink energy from her throat. Her blast shot over the ranges and into another mountain, which quickly went up in a dome-shaped explosion and incinerated everything within the blast radius. While the energy from the blast continued to rage, the giant golden ape suddenly saw a tiny figure come flying out of the explosion, trailing smoke.

With her green aura burning around her and a torrent of golden lightning shooting off of her body, Zangya charged straight towards her opponent with a yell. Fist cocked back, she thrust it forward, only to see her enormous target crank her right arm back and chop at her with a diagonal swing. The Hera reacted just in time to parry the blow, which struck her with a terrifying blast of force, and sent her spinning over the tops of the ranges. When she used a burst of ki to stop her flight, she then shifted forward and rocketed towards her enemy once again.

Maya, spotting her opponent's approach, growled and punched out at her with a right straight and a left hook. Her massive fists, which were more than capable of splitting a moon or leveling an entire city with a single blow, sliced out at the Hera at terrifying speed. However, through superb use of her speed and maneuverability, Zangya gracefully avoided her power shots, twirling around the woman's left hook and thrusting a kick at her face. With a yell, the red haired woman slammed a monstrous kick into the Oozaru's cheek, not only knocking blood flying out of Maya's mouth, but also sending the hulking ape careening across the mountains.

Crash landing into a mountain and flattening it with her massive hide, the golden giant snarled irritably and sat up. As soon as she did, she saw her opponent appear in the sky directly above her and bring her hands back. When green spheres of energy began to gather in Zangya's palms, Maya suddenly cracked a smile and, quietly grabbing a massive chunk of rubble lying next to her, chucked it straight up at the Hera like it were a rock.

"Think fast, bitch!"

"What the-" Zangya's eyes bugged out of her sockets when she saw the twenty ton boulder flying at her and quickly crossed her arms over to block. The object slammed into her at full speed and sent her flying over two sets of mountains, a cry of pain and shock echoing across the countryside,
before the woman crash-landed on the icy peak of the tallest edifice in the region.

With the giant rock sitting on top of her in the small crater, Zangya quickly shoved it off and sat up, revealing her battered form and blood dripping down her forehead. The moment she leapt back to her feet, a shadow suddenly fell over her that had her look up. To her astonishment, she saw her massive opponent burst through the clouds thousands of feet above the region with an enormous rock the size of an island held above her head.

Upon appearing out of the veil, Maya gave an angry roar, "Planet Quaking Star!" She then chucked the enormous mountain of stone straight down at her grounded adversary, her throw causing a sonic boom to rattle the atmosphere as the rock broke the sound barrier.

The force of her throw was so great, that the entire rock began to burn up as it approached its target.

"Whoa, whoa… are you serious?" Zangya exclaimed, analyzing the attack and calculating the damage it could cause. If that rock should be allowed to hit the Earth, it would cause an impact wave powerful enough to split the entire continent in two.

Alarm bells going off inside her head, the Z-fighter took a defensive stance and watched the section of Earth descend upon her position. By the time it'd come close enough to literally blot out her entire view of the sky, the red haired fighter had already come up with a counter attack, as she had both her hands loaded and ready to go.

"Beauty Net!" With a shout, Zangya swiped her hands across the sky, producing dozens of thin, purple energy wires that formed a protective net above her. The net then expanded at great speed as it approached the enormous meteor dropping towards it. When the two attacks collided, the translucent energy-absorbing strings cut through the rock like bread, carving it up into perfect square segments that scattered and bombarded the Mountain Range around the Hera's position, limiting the damage it ultimately would've caused.

As the land shook from the multiple slabs of rock crashing down on it and the sky filled with fire and smoke, Zangya suddenly saw it all break away and her opponent come diving towards her. Right hand cocked back, Maya let out a loud yell and threw a punch down at her opponent. Responding in kind, Zangya fired back, the pair's fists meeting in the center and causing a gale of wind to rip outwards and splinter the surrounding land. With dust swirling around them, the two warriors began pushing against each other, with the enormous Super Oozaru pressing her full weight down onto her diminutive foe, who herself was also shoved back with equal force.

Maya barked out a laugh as their one-on-one grappling match continued. "Yes! That's it! That's the way! Give me all you've got! Show me more of your incredible power!"

Gritting her teeth as she saw her opponent leering down at her, the slightly burnt and battered Zangya cracked a grin, "Don't worry, friend… you haven't seen… anything yet. I've got way more… tricks up my sleeve!" She then grunted when she felt Maya push back, which prompted her to lean forward some more and keep the momentum going.

Her words drew another chuckle from the Super Oozaru. "Kai, your spirit is incredible. There aren't many women out there who can go toe-to-toe with the likes of me. Honestly… I think I'm starting to fall in love with you."

Raising an eyebrow, the Hera then scoffed, "Is that your way… of trying to weird me out?!" An idea coming to her head, the red haired Z-fighter then pushed forward before, without warning, leaping back with great speed. "Because it's not going to work!" Her maneuver caused Maya to
stumble forward suddenly and her fist to become embedded in the mountain side. The moment she fell onto it, Zangya then mounted the woman's fist and began sprinting up her massive, fur-covered arm as fast as she could. "Running, running, running, running, running, running, aaaaaand…" As soon as she reached the woman's bicep, Zangya then jumped into the air, pulled her hand back, and thrust it forward, firing a red blast right into Maya's snout. "FACE!"

Her blast struck the giant ape pointblank, causing a flash and an explosion that drew a cry of pain from Maya and dropped the woman to the ground. The Super Oozaru crashed into the valley behind her, flattening an entire tor as well as several trees. However, when it seemed like Zangya had knocked her out, Maya's eyes suddenly snapped open and, turning towards the sky, opened her mouth and fired another powerful blast at her airborne target.

The sudden counter attack forced Zangya to dodge at the blast second, the beam grazing her left arm and scorching it. "Whoa! Hot!"

All of a sudden, Maya suddenly sprang off the floor and jumped at her falling adversary, snatching her out of the sky with her massive hand. As soon as she dropped back to the ground, the giant Oozaru then brought Zangya in front of her eyes and wrapped her other hand around her body, grinning all the while.

"Got you!" Maya exclaimed triumphantly.

Struggling against the massive fingers binding her, the Hera then shot a glare up at her opponent, whom she could see was grinning mischievously. After looking into the woman's eyes for several moments, Zangya suddenly had a bad feeling come over her and smiled back nervously. From what she sensed, she did not like where this was headed.

"Now… I know what you're thinking. Should I crush her? And the answer may surprise you."

Cackling humorously, the transformed woman brought her foe even closer to her. "Oh, I'll bet. Now… let's hear that little body of yours break." Licking her lips hungrily, she then proceeded to tighten her grip on her enemy, the sound of muscles popping and bones crunching filling the air. Zangya immediately began feeling the pressure build, the Hera gritting her teeth and groaning as the woman's enormous hands began to constrict around her like the coils of a python.

Pain beginning to slither in, the red haired warrior then started fighting back, squirming against the full-body grip and trying to find some form of leverage. Eventually, after some pained struggling, the Earthling managed to yank one of her arms out, placing it on top of the Oozaru's thumb and gasping for air. She then cried out in pain when Maya doubled the strength of her grip, showing that the giant ape was determined to defeat her opponent whatever the cost.

Giggling when she heard Zangya scream again and watched her writhe like a bird, the golden giant spoke, "Oh-ho… I'm really loving the sounds you're making, girl. You have a very cute voice."

Panting after a particular loud cry, Hera then glanced up at her enemy and smirked. "You're… ugh… saying weird… grrgh… stuff again."

Maya then shrugged, "Guilty. But hey, at least I'm being honest."

"Right," Zangya laughed weakly, before then holding out the arm she'd successfully managed to free and trying to concentrate. "Well… as fun as it would be to just sit here and have my bones turned into gravel, I'm afraid I'm going to have to cut out early." She then focused her energy into her palm, manipulating it in a way only she knew how. "I apologize in advance."
"Huh?"

Before the giant ape could respond, in a flash of light, Zangya conjured her race’s signature trigram sword and grabbed hold of the handle. As soon as the weapon had fully materialized, she pointed the tip of the blade at her opponent's hand and drove it straight into the flesh. Maya instantly let out a howl of pain and released her opponent, grabbing hold of her thumb while the Hera flew up into the sky and suspended herself above the land. Upon which the Z-fighter thrust her palm forward and fired off several golden blasts at the ape.

The bombardment from above covered the mountain ranges with multiple explosions of fire and smoke, with the region around the Super Oozaru caving in. The Hera soon ceased firing, allowing her a moment to breathe and to inspect the damage. However, just before the cloud of smoke could fully clear, Maya suddenly came springing out of the mass and rocketing up at her enemy, her golden aura blazing around her. With a snarl of rage, the transformed woman then began lashing out at Zangya in a furious attempt to catch her.

"Damn it! Fuck! Stop moving!" the golden ape roared, her hands snatching at the air while the Z-fighter danced around her arms.

Keeping her distance from the woman's limbs, Zangya chuckled. "Your speed in this form is pretty good. But thanks to your increased size and weight, I can easily avoid your huge swings."

Quickly getting frustrated at her inability to hit her foe, Maya spun around, showing her opponent her back. Zangya figured she'd managed to force her enemy to bail and moved to retaliate. All of a sudden, the red haired fighter was smacked out of the air by the woman's enormous tail, which came at her from a blind spot traveling much faster than any of her punches and kicks. The wind was literally knocked from the fighter's lungs as she plummeted from the sky, where she eventually impacted a hillside. Groaning and sitting up quickly, she then darted out of the way when her opponent dropped down from above and landed foot first, punching a massive hole into the ground where she'd previously been lying.

Stopping a safe distance away, Zangya jabbed the sword she was holding forward and produced several green energy balls that began to orbit around her person. As soon as they appeared, she launched them towards her massive foe, who lifted her arm just in time to deflect the barrage. Maya then swung her arm out and cleared the smoke, giving a hearty laugh of amusement before she powered up. However, unlike previous times where her form became surrounded by a golden aura, she was instead surrounded by a sheath of golden lightning, which began tearing up the landscape around her.

"Don't get cocky! When put in the right hands, overwhelming power can just as easily negate mind-blowing speed!" Her lightning sheath beginning to focus around her right hand, the female Saiyan started clenching up her fingers and bringing her entire arm to bear on her target. From the way she was struggling, it seemed like she was concentrating an enormous amount of power into her limb, a development that immediately alerted Zangya to danger. "I learned this strategy years ago while Sandra and I were under the direct command of General Nappa: our former instructor and commander!"

"Nappa?" Zangya murmured, "Wait a second. That name sounds familiar." Wasn't he that big, bald Saiyan that came to Earth with Vegeta and beat the living hell out of Gohan and her friends? She distinctly remembered the demi-Saiyan telling her about that battle… and it wasn't pretty.

Grinning excitedly, Maya then took aim by extending her middle and index fingers, before then craning her head to the side. "*He taught us many things about Saiyan combat, stuff that allowed*
us to fight and survive in the harshest conditions imaginable. But I was the only one who took the time to learn his techniques!" After several more seconds of charging, she was ready, and the Super Oozaru showed this with one, massive outburst. "Let me show you one of them!" She then thrust her index and middle finger upwards. "BAKUHATSUHA!" (Exploding Wave)

In an instant, the gravity in the Mountain Ranges over a twenty mile radius inverted, lifting rubble, pebbles, stones and Zangya several meters into the air. The Hera gasped, instinctively crossing her arms over her face. A split second later, a blinding flash of light exploded off of Maya's body, before a powerful chain of explosions engulfed the entire region inside range of her technique, which then traveled outwards. Entire mountains ended up disintegrated in the blast in a matter of seconds, leaving nothing but a smoking crater in its wake…

OOO

(Paprika & Kure)

Knuckles clashed in an explosive collision between two super powered beings as the Super Makyan Paprika, her white hair fanning out behind her under a strong gust of wind, slammed a right cross into the one thrown by her opponent. Teeth bared in anger, the tall green woman with horns protruding from her hair, snarled when she saw her adversary glare back at her with a wide smirk in play. Despite the fact that both of them were pressing their full body weight into one another, the feline woman didn't seem affected by the clash in the least, as her tail was whipping around behind her in a casual and taunting manner.

Now that their fight had taken their lot all the way out into the grassy valleys outside of Central City where they could really cut loose, frustrations were running high for all defenders of the Earth, as their opponent was proving to be a bit more than they could handle. This was evident by how irritated Paprika was getting.

Eye twitching when she saw the alien woman's ears flutter in a cute manner, the Makyan had just about enough.

"Stop that!" Paprika barked, lunging forward with a left hook. However, when she saw her opponent duck under her blow and drop to all fours like a cat, the supplementary Z-fighter then attempted to swing at her with a downward right thrust, only to have the female in glasses kick her forward leg out and wrap her tail around her extending wrist. "Hey. What the-WAAAAAIIIIIIIIIIIIHHH!" The Makyan was then promptly thrown across the valley, where she eventually crashed into a distant barn and the construct exploded in a shower of wood and splinters.

Giggling as she remained on all fours, Kure's eyes then snapped upwards when she sensed someone else attacking, and saw Videl dropping down at her at full speed.

"BANZAI!" the crime fighter shouted, lunging in with a kick.

Reacting quickly, Kure sprang away in time to see the human warrior crash into the hill with catastrophic force, sending dust and debris everywhere. Within seconds, the raven haired fighter leapt out of the clouds and chased her opponent across the countryside, throwing combinations of punches and kicks after the diplomat. However, in spite of Videl's terrific speed, none of her blows were connecting, as the cat woman merely slipped and dodged every single one of them easily.

Smiling, the female then elbowed out at Videl, forcing the girl to drop to the floor, before the teenager sprang at her with a swift uppercut. The cat woman leaned away to avoid it, causing her adversary to overshoot and setting her up for a clean counter. Twirling on the spot, Kure then
kicked out at the human Z-fighter, only to suddenly see the raven haired teen catch her leg and straddle it. As soon as she locked on, the raven haired fighter let out a yell and thrust an elbow down towards Kure's kneecap, intent on snapping or breaking her limb.

The feline expected the blow and quickly dropped her leg, causing Videl to miss. Before the crime fighter could even touch back down, Kure began unleashing a storm of punches at her, which cut towards the human like powerful blades. "Shit! She's fast!" Videl speedily retreated, ducking and dodging the attacks that went flying past her head from all directions, with the knuckles making a loud 'whooshing' sound every time they missed. After several close calls, the teenager then leapt away, figuring she'd avoided the last of them, only to balk when she saw Kure's left fist stop just short of her nose.

This was merely a feint, as the cat woman suddenly retracted her jab and struck Videl across the face with a powerful right straight. The impact caused a sonic boom that knocked the crime fighter flying across the valley, before the stricken girl hit the brakes and slammed her feet into the floor, grinding to a stop. When Videl looked up, she had blood dripping from her nose and the corner of her mouth, with a purple bruise forming on her left cheek.

"She got me." Gasping, Videl dropped to her knee, as the damage from the hit finally got to her. "Ugh. That blow affected my legs. I can't move."

Smirking, Kure then brought her right hand up and prepared to fire a blast to knock the girl out of the game, only to duck when Yamcha teleported behind her and kicked at her head. Responding swiftly, the woman spun around and punched at her attacker, only to see the human dart out of the way and spring at her from the side. The woman then proceeded to dodge and block all of the man's attacks, a casual smile in play while the human shouted and yelled with every blow. Eventually Yamcha ended his attack with a straight, which he slammed into her face.

At first he thought he'd actually managed to hit her, only to realize moments later that she'd brought her hand up at the last second to stop it. When he felt the cat woman pull his knuckles away, the warrior groaned childishly, "Come on. Are you even trying to fight us?"

Kure giggled and smiled sweetly at him, "Would it help?"

"N-No," Yamcha stammered awkwardly, not really comfortable being this close to her. "But at least try to make it look like you're struggling."

"If it'll make you feel any better, then sure, I can definitely try-"

"DUCK!"

Hearing a shout from behind prompted the scar-faced man to hit the deck. A split second later, Videl flew right over Yamcha's position, her right fist crackling with electricity and a blue aura burning around her, before she slammed an earthshaking haymaker straight into Kure's face. "Hawk Arrow!" The blow connected with a loud crack and knocked the woman off her feet, drawing a yelp of pain from her and sending the cat flying over the valley. Both human fighters then watched while her body bounced over the hills and collided with a distant tree, which snapped at the base and collapsed on top of her.

Assuming another fighting stance, a battered and bruised Videl threw a smile down at her fellow martial artist. "Thanks for distracting her."

Scratching his head, the scar-faced fighter smiled sheepishly, "That wasn't really my intention, but… you're welcome?"
Before the two of them could finish patting each other's backs, they failed to notice the tree Kure had landed in several hundred meters away burst into a shower of splinters and their opponent materialize right next to them. Using damn near untraceable speed, the feline woman spun at Videl with a kick, slamming into her guard and knocking the teen into Yamcha's back, sending both of them bouncing across the land. When they tumbled to a stop over a dozen yards away, the two warriors painfully sat up to see their adversary land from her elegantly executed move with a trickle of blood running down from the corner of her mouth.

Reaching up to rub it away, the female warrior smirked, "Nice one. Got any more like that?"

Seeing that she was only bruised had the two thoroughly beaten human fighters laugh nervously, before they both sprang to their feet and stood side-by-side. Both using completely different fighting poses to one another, they focused all their attention on their adversary while also beginning to whisper to one another.

"What do we do now? She's too strong to fight head-on and we can't just throw her down," Videl said, beads of sweat appearing on the side of her head. "We need to come up with some sort of strategy."

"Yeah. But what?" Yamcha asked, seeing their opponent set herself into a playful fighting form and begin swaying back and forth. "She doesn't fight like a normal person, nor does she move like one. Her reflexes are also top-notch, so coming at her with feints and sneak attacks are out of the question. The only way we'll be able to catch her off guard is to knock out her senses before going in for the kill."

After staring at the woman for several moments, Videl then realized something and narrowed her eyes on her opponent. Analyzing her movements for a moment, she then nudged the man in the side, "Hey. Why don't we try going for her tail?"

"Huh? Her tail?" Yamcha repeated.

"Yeah. I mean, Gohan told me that grabbing a Saiyan by the tail can cause them extreme pain and paralysis, robbing them of their strength and leaving them wide open for attack. Maybe grabbing her tail while she's not looking will do the same to her."

Processing the girl's words and taking in the woman standing several yards away, the baseball champion nodded in understanding. "That doesn't seem like a bad plan. But how do we know it'll work?" After all, she wasn't a Saiyan.

In fact, they didn't know what she was, aside from the fact that she had feline qualities.

"Do you have any better ideas?"

The man cringed at the anger in the teen's voice. "No. No. I don't. Let's go with yours." He then extended his right arm and grabbed his wrist with his left, upon which he started to concentrate her energy. "Do you think you can set me up so I can tag her?"

Videl smiled, "No problem." She then brought her index and middle finger up to her forehead, readying herself for their next move.

Watching the pair with interest, Kure tilted her head when she saw the pair of human fighters cease talking and take battle ready positions. Her initial thought was that they'd come up with some sort of strategy to flank her. However, she was caught a little bit by surprise when she suddenly saw the raven haired girl place her fingers to her forehead and, after gathering a significant amount of
energy, brought her hand around and jabbed her digits in her direction.

"SPECIAL BEAM CANNON!" the girl roared while firing an orange spiral beam from her right, which shot towards Kure like a drill.

The speed of the attack forced Kure to react with all haste, leaping high into the sky to avoid the beam striking the spot where she'd been standing and detonating with terrifying force, filling the sky with a fiery explosion. The hybrid feline felt relieved at having avoided the attack, since it'd been way too fast to have been a conventional beam. However, before she could catch her breath, she then looked up in surprise when she sensed another spike in energy and saw Yamcha cocking back his hand, with a white ball of energy hovering above his index and middle fingers.

Twirling the pulsating energy sphere to gain momentum, the man then lunged forward with a roar, "SPIRIT BALL ATTACK!" The warrior then flung the attack at the woman, the ball flying towards her at an amazing speed.

Alarm bell going off, Kure quickly head slipped to the side, barely avoiding the sphere of ki as it shot past her. She then saw it fly into the distance, only to suddenly change directions and zip into her blind spot. "Whoa. What the-" She then attempted to follow it with her senses, so as to keep it in her sights.

Yamcha meanwhile, taking advantage of her surprise, then began guiding his attack with a series of swift hand movements, pointing his index and middle finger in various directions. This altered the trajectory of his fast moving attack, which began orbiting Kure's position and shooting past her at awkward angles. He eventually guided it downwards, before sharply changing its direction and causing the ball to shoot towards their foe. This came at Kure directly from below and, when the woman attempted to see where it was, ended up getting nailed in the chin.

What followed was an onslaught of continuous hits as Yamcha directed his attack at his opponent again and again, slamming into her body from all sides. The ball bounced off of her multiple times, before eventually soaring upwards and positioning itself in the sky several meters above its target. Then, with one more decisive yell, the man pointed his fingers downwards and slammed his attack into the back of Kure's head, knocking the woman out of the sky and towards the Earth.

"YES!" Videl shouted, punching a fist into the air in triumph.

Spinning as she fell, the woman let out a cry of shock while she approached the ground at breakneck speed. Just before she could hit, she suddenly flipped into an upright position and dropped to the floor with a super-hero-like landing, knee and fist in the ground and an intense expression on her face. "Wow. That was a good volley. His high-speed aerial barrage actually winded me a little." She then looked up with a glare. "That was a really well-coordinated attack. Hard to believe they were able to come up with that on the fly. A highly concentrated beam of negative energy with a corkscrew spin used to set me up for a telepathically guided ball of compressed positive force energy. Those are two very high level moves… not something an amateur would use. These guys have experience." When she spotted Videl standing in the same place she'd attacked from, Kure then recoiled a little. "Hey. What happened to the cute one?"

All of a sudden, the ground behind her burst upwards in a shower of rubble and, amidst the hail of debris, Yamcha sprang out of the dirt. A big grin plastered on his face, the man then lunged forward in an epic dive, catching the cat woman completely off guard.

In the blink of an eye, the man grabbed hold of the woman's tail and held it tightly. "GOT YAH!"

"KYAAAAAA!" came Kure's shriek, the female warrior's back stiffening and her hair bristling.
Almost immediately after Yamcha caught her, she reeled forward and dropped to her knee, a sight that put a triumphant expression on both humans' faces.

Feeling victory just seconds away, Videl then dashed forward and flew towards Kure as fast as she could, her right fist primed for a hit. "YES! Hold her still, Yamcha!" Her aura bursting up around her, the raven haired girl prepared for a final blow.

However, while the scar-faced man gripped the woman's tail with one hand, he suddenly became aware of a shivering sensation coming over her and looked at the ambassador from another world in surprise. Hearing the sounds of panting, Yamcha then watched as Kure turned to look at him. When she did, he saw that her cheeks were bright red and her lungs struggling to breathe.

Swallowing nervously, the woman with glasses whispered in a breathy and pleasure-filled voice, "P-Please don't grab my tail."

Face paling, Yamcha quickly released the feline's appendage, watching the woman drop to all fours, while being completely unaware of Videl swinging in with a punch. "GAAAAH! I-I-I'm very sorry!"

"YOU IDIOT! WHAT ARE YOU-" WHAM! The crime fighter was unable to finish as she ended up missing Kure's head by two feet and crashing into her scar-faced teammate at full speed. The two ended up rolling across the valley for several yards, where they eventually tumbled to a stop on the other side at the bottom of a hill, where they wound up sprawled out and covered in dirt.

Pulling her face out of the grass, Videl then threw her partner a glare, "Dude… are you fucking kidding me?"

The former mercenary, looking slightly shaken from the events, stammered meekly. "I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking straight."

Having witnessed the collision first hand, a surprised Kure stared across at them with wide eyes and an uncomfortable expression. "Are you guys okay?"

Growling as she pushed herself up, the teenage crime fighter glared back at the cat woman. "We're fine! Don't worry about us!"

"Oh, good," Kure murmured, bringing her hand up and nibbling on the tip of her finger, at the same time her ears drooped in embarrassment. "It's just… your attack really caught me by surprise back there. I never expected one of you to grab my tail the way you did." She then shuffled on the spot anxiously, obviously still reeling from the affects of their assault. "You see, unlike the Saiyans, who experience intense pain and paralysis whenever their appendages are grabbed, my people instead experience extreme waves of pleasure whenever the fur and muscles in the tail are stimulated. It's a very indecent act, grabbing each other's rears in public, which is why we only practice such rituals in private."

Videl recoiled at this news, "Augh! Too much information!" When she saw the woman look away shyly, the crime fighter then shouted at her. "AND STOP MAKING THAT FACE! IT'S WEIRD!"

All of a sudden, the barn a whole field across from them suddenly went up in a fiery blast. Splinters and slabs of wood flying in all directions, the air quickly cleared to reveal a very ticked off Paprika marching out of the works, with hay covering her uniform and her hair all a mess. When she saw the cat woman sitting in the middle of the valley with the two Z-fighters staring back at her, the Makyan dusted her arm and craned her head, her expression becoming even more beastly in appearance.
"I've had enough of this shit." The moment she said this, the provisional Z-fighter became surrounded by a menacing red aura, which engulfed her entire body in a field of fire and electricity. With a loud yell, the demon girl's power level skyrocketed, alerting the trio to her presence and drawing their gazes over to her. They managed to look just in time to see Paprika's muscles bulk up, her height increase, and her entire body shape begin to change. Along with her increase in size, the green girl's horns grew and curled, transforming into ram horns that gave her a more demonic appearance, with her nails also extending and sharpening. The moment her transformation came full circle, Paprika gave one last howl of rage and her red aura blasted off of her in an inferno.

Once her scream petered out, Videl and Yamcha could be seen gaping at their newly powered-up teammate.

They had no idea the girl had had a second form beyond her first one. Of course, from what they could gather, this wouldn't be classified as a second transformation state, as it was more of a bulked up version of her first form. For comparison's sakes, this was how much Paprika changed. While in her base form the teen was exactly the same height and build as Videl, her Super Makyan form increased her size to about Piccolo's range, with muscles befitting her drastic height, weight and power shift. This alteration alone was intimidating enough.

This new Super Makyan form she'd taken increased her height by at least half a person, making her the same height as Super Android 13, and made her appear even more terrifying, as her horns had grown quite a lot and her aura had taken on red lightning.

As she stood in the middle of the field surrounded by her bio-field, Paprika then spoke in a deeper voice, "Enough playing around, bitch. You've held back long enough. Let's see what you can really do."

Kure, sensing her opponent's drastic increase in power, took on a more serious expression and stood up. "Very well. If a real battle is what you wish, then I'll be more than happy to oblige!"

Reaching up and removing her glasses, she quickly pocketed them. As soon as she did, she then spread her legs, dropped into a horse-riding stance, and set her hands at her sides. Once she'd assumed the position, a pure white mist of an aura began pouring out of her body like smoke, surrounding her and shielding her. The fog then transformed into a white inferno, spiking up the woman's hair as her expression became more feral, eyes sharpening, fangs and jagged whiskers appearing, and claws extending from her fingertips. Once her body had finished transforming, she then got onto all fours and grinned across at her opponent. "All restraints have been unlocked. Now I'll show you the full power of my race! Beast Mode!"

Yamcha and Videl quivered, as they could almost taste the amount of power now radiating off of both warriors.

Once she saw her cat-like opponent take on her most powerful form, Paprika shifted her weight forward and, in a blast of wind, charged at the woman at full speed. The demon girl literally tore across the valley in an instant, appearing directly in front of Kure and swinging down at her with a wild haymaker. The impact caused an explosion equivalent to a small meteor colliding with the countryside, sending dust and rubble into the sky...

OOO

(Vegeta & Cal)

As for the Saiyan Prince, he was having a party on his own side of the continent. After forcefully dragging his foe away from Central City, the pair had decided to hold up inside a thick, redwood forest, where the ground was flat and the trees were immense. However, this didn't stop massive
explosions and shockwaves from ripping the land asunder, as both Vegeta and Cal squared off in a
battle for dominance, trying to find out who the best warrior out of the two of them was.

But it wasn't going to be easy. That much was clear. While their fight had started off relatively
clean, it had now boiled down to a good old slugfest, one where both fighters were now caving in
each other's faces and ribcages with blows that could crush planets.

Receiving a hit square in the guard, Vegeta was sent skidding back along the forest floor till his
spine slammed into the trunk of a massive tree. Growling, he then looked up at his foe, who he
saw lunge forward with his eyes burning a hot red. Knowing what was coming next, the short man
braced himself before he was hit squarely in the chest by the warrior's eye beams, which pushed
him through the tree behind him and through the forest at backbreaking speed. An entire line of
redwoods was felled thanks to that attack.

After crashing through half of the forest, the battered prince, with great effort, sprang back onto his
feet and flew in a wide arc around the area. Ducking and dodging trees, the man powered up with a
crack of thunder and sharply changed directions, tearing through a dozen trees before tackling his
opponent in the side. His blow sent Cal busting through another row of forest, which toppled over
like dominoes. When the dust and splinters lifted, the man in the black spandex was back on his
feet and glaring heatedly at his Ascended Saiyan opponent, who was panting from their scuffle.

Bleeding from the forehead and sporting a multitude of other wounds, Vegeta held up his hand and
waved Cal over, who was also bleeding from various wounds and bearing an orange skin texture.
This indicated that he was still in a powered-up state and was scrapping with everything he had.

"Come on, chump. What else have you got?"

Taking a deep breath, the humanoid alien then took a new brawling stance and focused his energy
into his arms. When his limbs ignited, the Saiyan Prince then watched in surprise as ki began to
gather around them, before they suddenly took shape. A split second later, Cal could soon be seen
holding a circular, Spartan-like shield in his left arm and a square hammer in his right, his energy
solidifying into glowing red weapons of war.

The sight of the tools had Vegeta frown distastefully. "Oh, that's just cheating."

Grinning, the gladiator of a warrior then let out a yell and darted forward, swinging at the Super
Saiyan with his hammer. The flame-haired man had a split second to dive out of the way before the
man's weapon cut through the tree behind him and slammed into the Earth. What followed soon
afterwards was an explosion equivalent to a nuclear bomb going off, which sent a pillar of dust and
rubble shooting into the atmosphere as yet another enormous crater was punched into the
continent.

When Vegeta landed several yards behind the man, the prince threw his hand forward and shouted,
"BIG BANG ATTACK!" A golden sphere of energy then shot from his palm and towards the
warrior like a missile. Just when it seemed like it was going to hit, the fighter in black spandex
spun around and effortlessly slapped the ball of energy away with his shield, sending it over the
horizon where it struck a distant mountain and exploded harmlessly. The sight of the man's
defensive play actually had Vegeta start to sweat. "Okay. Not bad. I'm actually quite impressed."

Spinning his energy hammer in his hand, the hulking fighter then threw his adversary a smile.
"Now... it's my turn." Frowning, Cal then lunged forward with a yell, swinging at his target with
his newly formed tool of destruction.

OOO
Blood dribbling down his chin and onto the ground in front of him, a thoroughly beaten and winded Gohan, his left eye black, his face covered in welts, and half of his orange gi top gone, set his battle-damaged body into a wide stance and cupped his hands at his sides. Ignoring the throbbing pain in his head as well as the fact that his knees were about to give way, the demi-Saiyan powered up, his golden aura bursting up around him while energy quickly began gathering between his hands. With his female opponent standing squarely in his sights on the other side of the great red desert in front of him, this was his moment to strike.

Lightning shot off of his body and scorched the sand into glass around him as a familiar chant filled the air. "KA-ME-HA-ME-HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

His scream was instantly followed by a terrifying howl as Gohan thrust his hand forward and let loose a torrent of fiery blue energy. His ki exploded from his palms and filled the sky in front of him, the beam swallowing up a good chunk of the ground as it rocketed towards its target like a comet, which tore across the surface of the planet and could clearly be seen from orbit.

Sandra meanwhile, despite seeing the brilliant glow of the attack charging towards her, wasn't swayed in the least. Sporting only a few bruises and scratches from her fight, the Empress merely clenched her fists and, with electricity coursing up and down her body, cocked her right fist back. As soon as she did, her entire arm lit up a hot gold, as she then focused all of her energy into a single point.

"Useless. Consecutive Senkos!" the female Super Saiyan 3 shouted, before suddenly thrusting her fist forward in a perfect right cross. While at first it seemed like Sandra had only thrown a single punch, while her attack was being thrown forward, her fist unexpectedly multiplied into several golden arms, all of which impacted Gohan's energy blast.

The result was biblical, as a terrifying shockwave caused by Sandra's consecutive power punches ripped right into the Kamehameha Wave and split it down the center. Seeing it firsthand had Gohan's eyes widen in horror.

"NO WAY!"

His beam split into several and was effectively deflected as the invisible blast from his opponent traveled down his, before slamming into him head-on. The force of several dozen super powered punches ended up knocking Gohan off his feet and causing the force of his own attack to rebound, effectively splitting the ground around him and causing several mountains behind him to explode into a shower of rubble. His body meanwhile, tumbling through the gale of his opponent's counter attack, eventually crashed back into the desert and rolled for about a kilometer.

Gohan managed to slow his momentum and use it to leap back to his feet. However, when he tried to stand, he then collapsed forward, gasping for air as his vision went out of focus.

With his muscles twitching and burning with pain, the teen spent the next minute trying to recover. During which time Sandra, flying over from her spot in the desert, landed several yards in front of her foe. Her shadow fell over the downed half-Saiyan like a cloud, letting him know that she was there and ready to pick up where they left off.

However, after looking her opponent over, she knew right away what the score was.

"Third time's the charm, I guess. Unfortunately, in your case, your third time backfired horribly."
After staring down at her foe for several seconds longer and seeing him glare up at her exhaustedly, a frown quickly appeared on her face. "Wait? Is that it?"

Gohan, hearing her question loud and clear, stiffened on the spot, his eyes glued upon the rugged lines of her face.

"Hmph. Honestly… I'm a little bit disappointed…"

OOO

(Grand Kai's Planet)

By this point in the battle, all confidence that the audience in the Otherworld had for Gohan securing a clean victory had been all but wiped clean from the board. The moment King Kai's group saw the demi-Saiyan drop to his knees and his opponent come to stand over him, they knew right away that he was in trouble.

Looking at the teen's condition from his seat and analyzing his status through his extra-sensory capabilities, the blue-skinned guardian of the North and overseer of that region of space bit his teeth together nervously. "This is not good."

Seeing the situation for herself, Baba frowned, "It certainly isn't."

Olibu, standing beside Pikkon with an equally worried expression in play, also lowered his head in dread. "The kid is on his last legs."

"If he keeps this pace up, he's going to die on his feet," Pikkon commented, having kept an accurate count of all the shots to the head Gohan had taken. Seeing him now, gasping for breath on a deserted red planet against an adversary who could clock his every move down to the last nano-second, there was no doubt in his mind that the teen had reached the end of his ropes.

The West Kai, having kept quiet for most of the session, nodded in agreement. "I definitely have to give the kid points for determination. No questions there. But let's face it; his opponent is just too fast and too skilled for him to beat on his own. I think this is the end." The man then looked across at his colleague seated on the fold-out chair next to him. "He should quit before he gets hurt."

At that, King Kai nodded in agreement. "I'm afraid it's over, guys."

"No!"

All eyes quickly snapped to the front, where they saw Goku leaning forward in his seat and staring at the screen intently. At first the man had been perfectly content just lying back with his feet kicked up and watching a pretty thrilling series of battles unfold on the box in front of him. However, about halfway through their viewing time, the Saiyan had quickly begun to notice how one-sided the battle was becoming, and had opted to paying even closer attention to his son's bout. This led to him glaring at the television screen, with a fearful and frustrated look reflected in his gaze.

Hands clenching tightly in front of him, Goku tapped his foot against the grass anxiously, all the while throwing in whatever support for Gohan that he could muster. "My son will never give up. He'll find a way to beat this girl… he has to!"

"Goku, look at him!" King Kai suddenly shouted, pointing at the screen and towards the demi-Saiyan's battered and exhausted face. "Even though they are exactly the same strength, his opponent is picking him apart piece by piece! I've never seen your boy take so much damage
before! If he keeps this up and doesn't back down, then she's going to beat him to death!"

"Yes… but-"

"But nothing, Goku!" the blue-skinned trainer yelled, his expression becoming one of firm and unyielding authority. "This girl is too much for him. Any more blows to the head and his brain is going to shut down… and the next thing you know he's going to be knocking on King Yemma's door and asking for the first ticket here. If he doesn't stop in the next few minutes, then I want you to contact him and tell him to stand down. No excuses!"

His pride and faith in his son's strength grappling with his need to save his boy's life, Goku gritted his teeth and balled his fists even tighter. He actually clenched his fingers so hard that his nails drew blood from the skin on his palms. As he watched his son tremble and gasp for air on the television, all the while trying to regain his sense of balance through a drunken and agonizing haze, the father desperately attempted to think of some kind of strategy to beat this female Saiyan.

But try as he might, no matter how he attempted to swing it, he just couldn't.

"What can he do? What can Gohan do?" Goku thought, drawing on all of his past experiences and battles for a solution. "I… I don't know. I don't know. I don't know. He's used every strategy, technique, plan and attack he could come up with, and it's still not enough! He's already given this girl everything he's got. If he tries even one more plan and gets shot down… then… I don't think he'll be able to stand up again." In simple terms, he wouldn't just be beaten… he would be killed.

It was as clear as day. In all their years of fighting and battling evil monsters, this was probably the first opponent that neither he nor his son would be able to defeat.

OOO

(Back on Mars)

When Sandra saw Gohan struggle to get back to his feet, his body shaking like a leaf as he attempted to divert all remaining power to his legs, the girl raised an eyebrow in surprise. "Oh? You want more?" Receiving no response from the hybrid but a snarl and a grunt as he desperately slammed his fist into his leg to wake it up, the female Saiyan smirked. "I've seen through every one of your attacks so far and cut you down more times than you can count. None of your attacks are even landing on me anymore. Face it. It's over! Why don't you just give it up before you do something that you're going to regret?"

His teeth biting together so hard that you could literally hear them grinding, Gohan then gave a loud yell and shakily began to rise, "Not… yeeeeeet!" The moment he finally managed to stand up, the teen then dropped back to his hands and knees, gasping for air as bolts of pain shot through his system.

Though the girl found his courage commendable, all she could do was continue to try and dissuade the demi-Saiyan into continuing this fruitless battle. "You can barely stand. How do you expect to put up any sort of fight in this condition? Or perhaps you have some kind of death wish I don't know about." When she noticed the boy continue to tremble from head to toe, Sandra then craned her head curiously. "Though your heart is telling you to go on, your body is telling you something else altogether. After all the hits it's taken and all the damage it's received, deep down in your subconscious, your soul is telling you you're about to break… and it's scared. Right now it's doing everything in its power to keep you down." Her smile conveyed nothing but her victory. "I think you should listen to it."
Gohan, amidst all his pain and fatigue, glared up at the woman. When he saw her cool green eyes glaring back at him, full of confidence, the teen felt his body shudder even more. "Oh no. This isn't good." His fingers digging through the hard, red earth beneath him, the Z-fighter then clenched his eyes shut. "My body won't stop shaking." When his arms and legs once again refused to move, the boy then curled forward even more. "D-Damn IIIIIIT!"

Breathing out a sigh, the female Saiyan then slid into her Kai Mui stance and brought her right hand back to form a fist. "You gave me one hell of a fight, stallion… the best one I've had in a long time. But I think I should put an end to this once and for all…"

Rearing his head back, a determined Gohan then did the only thing he knew would keep him from passing out.

"Shaking…" He then thrust his head straight into the rock beneath him, "STOP!" His forehead's impact with Mars's surface caused a comical 'thunk' to ring out, something that had Sandra recoil in surprise.

Even the audience watching the fight from Otherworld was baffled by the way Gohan shut down his anxiety attack, as indicated by how they were now gaping at the television screen.

A few seconds later, Gohan looked up with red bruise on his forehead, swirlly eyes and a stupid smile on his face, at the same time he could see stars dancing around him. Being in Super Saiyan 3, the expression he made was even more hysterical. "Uheh-heh-heh-heh-heh… there… shaking's gone," he replied in a goofy tone of voice characteristic of his family, "All better." He then collapsed onto his rear, still grinning like an idiot.

Blinking at the teen's unusual display, Sandra then snickered before breaking out into a fit of laughter. She then placed a hand against her head in disbelief and worked on steadying her breathing. "Man, you are one weird Saiyan, you know that?" Upon which she then looked up at the slightly dazed man with an admiring gaze. "As funny as that was to see, this doesn't change the fact that you're at the end of your ropes."

Mentally snapping out of it, Gohan then went back to glaring up at his opponent, who he could now see was preparing for a final bout. "Damn it. She's right. Even though I've still got juice to spare, I still haven't figured out a way to beat her. What the hell am I going to do?" A damage report quickly gave him an idea of his current position. "I've taken quite a beating, but it's nothing I can't stand up from. I just have to avoid taking more head shots. Increasing my power isn't an option, I'm almost tapped out… and using a booster at this stage will only burn out whatever stamina I have left trying to force my way through her defenses. There has to be a better way."

Gohan then began powering over both of their status levels as quickly as he could, all in an attempt to figure out some kind of weak point. "Her strength and power are exactly the same as mine, and her speed and reflexes are a little more refined. The only things I have going for me are my reach, accuracy, creativity and durability, but she counters all of these by having greater technique, footwork and hand speed. What's more she's able to perfectly predict and counter my every move by reading my rhythm and fighting style, so every attack I try, no matter how fast or powerful it is, is pointle-" It was then, right in the middle of his breakdown, the demi-Saiyan was struck by a sudden wave of inspiration. It occurred to him the moment he thought, "Wait a second… rhythm… my rhythm? My fighting style? My attacks?"

THAT'S IT!

Realization hitting him like a ton of bricks, a devilish smirk slowly spread across his lips. It was a change in his expression that Sandra immediately took notice of.
"So you can perfectly predict all of the moves and attacks I can throw at you, huh?" Throwing the woman this question gave him time to get back to his feet, as he then went about performing his final preparations. Sure, it was going to take all of his concentration and imagination, but he was positive he could make it work. After all, he was a stubborn son-of-a-bitch. "Alright then… if any attack that I try is pointless… then that leaves one option…” He then steadied himself, swaying from side to side when his world did a little bit of a spin. Upon securing his footing and taking a deep breath to settle his nerves, Gohan clenched his fists courageously and steeled his resolve. "Let's see how you handle it…” His eyes then shot up, locking squarely upon his opponent's face, "WHEN THE ATTACKS COME FROM SOMEBODY ELSE!"

Sandra squinted in confusion, "Huh?"

All of a sudden, Gohan's expression altered.

Eyes taking on a sharper and more aggressive tone, the boy quickly slid into a wide stance and brought his hands into open-palmed positions. Upon which he began striking the air in front of him at great speed, his arms waving about in circular and swiping motions. Giving a loud 'ha' in an uncharacteristically high pitched tone of voice every time he struck out, he then switched the positions of his feet and, assuming a much narrower stance, brought his arms about and arched them over into cobra-like positions, with his left being held out the furthest. "Ya-ya-ya-haaaa-HA!" He then shot his foe a firm and unwavering glare, one with a more prominent frown and even more prominent eyelashes than normal. "Are you ready? It's time to teach you a lesson!"

Sandra was baffled, leaning back ever so slightly in a worried manner. "UUuuuuuuuh… what are you doing?"

OOO

(Grand Kai's Planet)

On the sacred training grounds of Otherworld, the audience standing around the television was completely and utterly bewildered.

As relieved as they were to finally see their comrade's son back on his feet and ready for another round, in spite of their best efforts, the small group of fighters and trainers had still been unable to come up with some form of positive solution to fixing their current problem, which was a way of defeating the girl standing in front of the hybrid. However, the moment they saw the boy get up and reset his fighting position, every single one of them became stumped by what they saw him do next.

For some reason, the boy had abandoned his previous fighting form for another one altogether and was now going through some impromptu warm-up routine that involved a lot of high pitched shouts and fancy handwork. At first they thought he was just trying to get some feeling back into his arms and legs after the amount of nerve trauma he'd sustained. But when they heard his voice come through and heard the words that he spoke, they knew immediately that this was something else.

Pikkon, seeing the shift in tone instantly, then appeared just as taken aback as the female Saiyan on screen. "Hold on… Gohan's body movements have changed completely. What's he up to?"

"Beats me," Olibu commented.

Baba, still sitting on her orb, also tilted her head. "Strange. I've never seen young Gohan act like that before. Is he hallucinating or something?"
However, amidst the whispering, questioning and gaping of the audience, Goku, in the spur of the moment, had suddenly gotten out of his chair and moved directly in front of the screen. While the others sitting behind him craned their heads around to try and watch the television being blocked by their star player, the Saiyan father ignored them completely in favor of watching his son's performance. There was a great reason for his astonishment too.

It was perplexing. Though it'd been a long time since they'd last sparred with one another, the father hadn't seen martial arts strikes like that since-

Goku's eyes shimmered in disbelief as a smile slowly spread across his lips. "Those movements… and that pose… that's the Turtle School's Snake-Style Palm Fist! That's Chi-Chi's fighting style!"

No. It wasn't the fact that Gohan was using his mother's fighting style that was surprising; it was the fact that his movements resembled Chi-Chi's exactly!

What was he planning?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: Ooh, things are getting good. Sorry it's taking so long, but I've been busy with work. But I always write in my free time. So far the Gohan and Sandra fight is turning out to be my favorite, since it isn't just a mindless slugfest like the Super Saiyan 2 Goku and Vegeta battle, or any of the Buu battles. Here Gohan has to fight smarter and figure out how he can beat an opponent more skilled then him.

So what strategy does he come up with here?

Piccolo is also taking a different approach to his battle. This time there is no fighting involved, at least for him. Wonder what will happen next.

Once again, not afraid to admit this, a couple more TFS and DBZ Multiverse references, for all those who are big enough fans of the series to spot them.

Anyhow, now that we've reached this leg of the journey, let's take a look at Sandra's profile. She's my favorite character I've written so far and she's giving me a lot of joy to write in this next coming chapter. To go along with her complex character, I've also come up with a list of her abilities, which you can find below:

XXX

Sandra's Fighting Style and Techniques: Unlike other Saiyans (and other fighters in general), Sandra doesn't just rely on power to win her battles, but rather the use of refined skills and strategies to overwhelm her opponents. In comparison to most Saiyans like Goku, Vegeta and Nappa, who prefer using brawling and aggressive styles of fighting, Sandra instead uses a more technical form of combat that enables her to exercise her abilities to their full potential.

A master of positioning, Sandra fights primarily with an out boxer's mindset, utilizing her great speed and power to cut down opponents with well-timed, razor sharp blows and counters. This makes her an unorthodox fighter of sorts, enabling her to pick apart and dismantle an enemy's fighting style through use of her own, while also exploiting their weaknesses. Many have often referred to her core style as an anti-fighter fighting style, making her an incredibly difficult person to deal with since she actively avoids her enemy's blows, while simultaneously putting herself into positions that allow her to execute attacks that have a low-risk and high-reward. Though she is no
stranger to brawling, she prefers using her superior timing and ability to control the battlefield to defeat her foes.

One of the most interesting traits that define Sandra's methods is that she prefers using coordinated, close-range melee attacks over excessive long-range energy blasts. Doing so means she doesn't waste energy pouring all of it into big moves that have a small chance of hitting her targets. Instead, she chooses to focus it into her limbs and body parts. This allows her to maximize the effectiveness of her attacks by focusing all of her power into her fists or feet, allowing her to deal incredible damage to her opponents up close, with a higher percent chance of landing attacks as opposed to missing. This, coupled with her remarkable observational skills and reflexes, makes her a close-quarter specialist and the best hand-to-hand combatant the Z-fighters have ever encountered.

The only weakness to this particular approach is that Sandra has to get in close to her opponents to inflict damage on them, meaning she has to dodge and risk taking a lot of attacks thrown at long range. She will often use energy blasts to hit her opponents during a heated engagement, but only out of reflex or as a means to create an opening. Furthermore, she only has a couple of big energy attacks in her arsenal to fall back on if a fight ever boiled down to a beam struggle. However, despite the risks, thanks to Sandra's speed and reflexes, she has little issues bringing a fight into her range.

**Kai Mui** – Also referred to as Sandra's main fighting style, it is a martial arts form that the Saiyan Empress picked up while visiting one of the many planets in her quadrant. Very similar to earth's Muay Thai style both technically and physically, this martial arts utilizes all eight weapons of the body: fists, elbows, knees, and legs.

Unlike most fighting styles the Z-fighters practice, which are predominantly Kung Fu based and almost exclusively has all the practitioners standing side-on and narrow to their opponents in wide stances, this fighting style has Sandra facing her opponent completely, her body turned square to them, and feet positioned shoulder-width apart with her dominant side forward, allowing her to use all parts of her body effectively to attack and defend at a moment's notice. Because she's standing facing her opponent as opposed to standing side-on, she is able to minimize the rotation of her punches and kicks, cutting down on the time she needs to pivot while also improving her balance and her positioning capabilities. Due to her more upright and unorthodox stance, she is able to see everything her opponent is doing and respond to their attacks accordingly.

This martial arts form suits her preferred battle style well, which involves analyzing and countering her opponents with swift, precise punches and kicks. It also gives her good balance and, on top of her natural durability as a Saiyan, can also be used for effective brawling. The clinching style allows her to position her body so as to utilize her opponent's weight and movements against them. Instead of wasting energy in a battle of strength, any disadvantage she picks up during a grappling match she exploits by sharply reversing her enemy's weight, off-setting her own, and tossing them with relative ease.

The positioning of her stance also provides her an incredibly effective defense. Thanks to the fact that both of her arms are suspended in front of her body, it makes it difficult for opponents using more flamboyant fighting styles to land any clean hits, as her arms and elbows are in the way. Any punches and kicks thrown at her are swiftly shot down by her limbs, while also putting her in the perfect position to counter.

Sandra spent years learning this style and endured months of disciplined training. However, while this is indeed her favored fighting style, there is another form that she reverts to when put under extreme pressure.
'Yaju' – Sandra says that she has "bad habits", which she forcefully seals away during non-life threatening battles; they are essentially a tendency to want to brawl. "Yaju", which is translated as 'Wild Beast' in Kure's native language, is a byproduct of Sandra suppressing her bloodthirsty and animalistic tendencies of her Saiyan nature in favor of a calmer, more controlled approach to fighting, which allows her to execute and perform counters so perfectly. She disciplined herself for years attempting to master her Kai Mui form without the use of her brutal Saiyan instincts. The result of this training however created an emotional state within her that is often triggered when she's overcome by pain, anger, rage or extreme excitement, which occurs whenever she's pushed to her limits.

According to Kure and Maya, whenever 'Yaju' takes over, Sandra's offense is greatly increased, but her defense is lowered considerably, making her vulnerable to attacks. She also loses a great sense of her main fighting style, meaning she loses technique in favor of throwing power punches and big swings. Many would consider this state a sort of Berserk Mode, where Maya claimed that Sandra was pretty much unstoppable.

One of the key characteristics of this state is that whenever Sandra receives damage, she fights back even harder and becomes more aggressive. It's an aspect that often ends in the enemy being decimated by Sandra's attacks and the Saiyan receiving a great deal of damage in kind, due to the relentless nature of her state. Sandra also develops a very masochistic personality, in which the more pain she suffers, the more turned on and excited she gets, increasing the physical power of her blows.

Moon Drop – A technique used by Sandra and Maya, it is the two Saiyans learned to store Blutz Wave energy inside their bodies, and use it to provide them sudden bursts of power. Acting as a sort of booster and a "last resort", this ability allows them to tap into the power granted by the Oozaru transformation, but without actually having to transform into the Great Ape itself. In this manner, they are able to increase their strength and durability several times over, without compromising the speed, skills, techniques and abilities granted to them in their base forms.

Sandra claims that they learned this fighting technique after meditating underneath the ten moons of Corvus for the past two to three years.

Kyokusen – The Kyokusen or 'Curve Shot' is an unpredictable jab used by Sandra. What makes it different from conventional punches is that, unlike with most martial arts, the arm isn't retracted completely or brought down to the waist or chest. It stops halfway and then abruptly flies back at the opponent. Arm, elbow and wrist rotation is applied so that the punch changes trajectory in mid-flight, transforming it into either a hook or an uppercut. Depending on how they are bent, multiple punches can be thrown in the same combination: either a straight followed by a hook, a jab followed by an uppercut, or a hook followed by a jab, and so on. The speed of which the different punches can be stringed together can be quite staggering.

The way this punch is thrown gives the impression that Sandra's jab is 'following' or tracking its target. When an opponent attempts to dodge her punch or get around it, the punch suddenly changes direction and nails them while they're in motion. This makes the punch next to impossible to avoid. Due to the manner Sandra throws it also means that it has much greater reach than what her opponent can expect, as a lot of the punches are thrown in a flicking motion. Through a combination of shoulder rotation and deft footwork; she can hit her target even when they're standing several feet away from her.

The main weakness to this punch is that it lacks penetration power, meaning an opponent can force their way through to get in close, albeit by taking a few hits. However, this merely sets them up for a very nasty surprise, which Sandra has waiting behind with her right hand.
Senko – Also known as 'Flash', it is an attack used exclusively by Sandra, usually to counter, and is considered to be her Sunday punch. By focusing a substantial amount of energy into her fist, which causes her arm to glow a hot gold, Sandra is able to launch a power shot with speed that is almost impossible to track, even by a Super Saiyan. She usually attacks with it in unison with a lightning fast combination of punches, particularly her Kyokusen, luring her opponent in with a barrage of jabs, before striking them with an explosive left or right blow from a sharp angle. The degree of strength that is used in the blow depends on how long she has to charge it, which can range from a very nasty power punch to a devastating, planet-splitting blow.

When using her Senko in the form of a short-motion uppercut, a blow which is thrown with no motion in the body except the arm, she effectively transforms her punch into an effective counter that kills rush attacks. It's a very effective blow to use against brawling, swarming, close-range, and aggressive type fighters.

Consecutive Senkos – This attack is a variation of her original 'Senko'. By throwing multiple power punches at an untraceable speed, Sandra is able to produce a shockwave with enough force to rip apart a full power blast capable of laying waste to an entire Solar System. Sandra demonstrated this by tearing right through Gohan's Kamehameha Wave, with the remaining shockwave nailing him through the beam.

Dai Konran – Translated as 'Havoc', this technique is a rush attack used primarily by Sandra. This takes the form of a high-speed combination of rapid fire jabs and straights, variations of which can be thrown by the same hand. The resulting effect makes the attack appear like birdshot pellets flying in all at once in a deadly barrage, with next to no space in between punches, coming in at various angles. What's more, each individual attack that Sandra throws in this combo is thrown with intent to kill, meaning each punch is thrown with lethal power.

Raiko Yari– Translated as 'Lightning Spear', by focusing her energy into her kick, Sandra launches a high-powered and explosive energy blast from her leg, with enough force to disintegrate a planet.

Hyakuretsu Yari – Translated as 'Hundred Leg Spears' is a combination attack used by Sandra. Since her legs are the most powerful limbs on her body, even more so by Saiyan standards, Sandra is able to utilize them with relative ease, grace and agility. Almost impossible to completely evade, Sandra launches multiple kicks similar to her Dai Konran, nailing her opponent repeatedly with lethal blows that possess a ridiculous amount of hit damage. Using them in conjunction with her Senko, she can pick apart a person and tear them to shreds.
For a full minute Sandra stood in silence, watching as her opponent held his position several feet away from her, while at the same time trying to make sense of what he was now doing. Even with all her years of experience training across dozens of civilizations and fighting on over a hundred different planets, this was admittedly the first time she'd encountered something as unusual as this.

At the start of their battle, things had gone completely how Sandra had expected. The two of them opened up with big, obvious moves and wild attacks to gauge one another’s abilities, chipping away at the edges of their adversary's guards to see what they were hiding underneath. Once the female warrior managed to get a bead on her opponent's rhythm, she then proceeded to pick apart his attacks one after the other, conserving energy while at the same time using well-timed, compact moves against the demi-Saiyan until she was able to predict her opponent's patterns perfectly.

By the time she'd gotten an accurate bead on Gohan's habits, Sandra had already landed so many head shots against him that he was practically color blind. It eventually got to the point that she could so perfectly guess what he was going to do next that she was able to hit him with both eyes closed and one hand tied behind her back. This eventually led to the two of them standing on the surface of the big red planet orbiting the Solar System, facing each other down with one of them close to passing out.

Sandra was all set to finish her adversary off, not wanting to kill what she believed to be a valuable asset and companion in her future Saiyan Empire. However, just as she was about to knock the boy out and take him back to his world, he suddenly bounced back with a renewed surge of energy and was now squaring off against her with the most bizarre performance she'd ever seen in her entire life.

Shifting from left to right in a wide and narrow stance, the Super Saiyan 3 hybrid was smirking broadly with his hands positioned in a manner Sandra hadn't seen him use before. His fingers were curled and his palms were open in very snake-like gestures, which presented a rather unusual form of guard. Hell, even the positioning of his feet were odd in contrast to his previous stance, where he was shifting weight to his less dominant side. Nevertheless, Gohan was now giving the impression that he was much lighter on his feet this time, instead of being grounded to the floor.

All clues pointed to the fact that he'd changed to a different fighting style. However, while this did explain his change in hand and feet arrangements, it didn't explain why his expression had become sharper or why the pitch in his voice had gotten much higher. It was almost like he was imitating someone… most likely a female.

In the background behind her half-Saiyan adversary, Sandra swore she could see the silhouette of a middle-aged woman with black hair tied into a bun and wearing a yellow oriental martial arts dress. The sensation was completely trippy.
"What's the matter, girl? Feeling less confident all of a sudden?" Gohan suddenly asked in an uncharacteristically snooty, harpy-like voice, which had the female Super Saiyan look at him strangely. The hybrid then smirked and switched his hand positions again, this time leaving his index and middle fingers pointing, while the rest of them curled over. "Hmph. Tell you what; if you don't want to continue this fight, then I'll gladly take a step back and let you give up."

Confounded by the teen's offering of surrender and overwhelming confidence, the self-proclaimed empress scoffed before smirking widely. "Is that supposed to be some kind of joke, because if it is, it's a pretty weak one? I found your head banging performance a couple minutes earlier to be far more entertaining."

"Are those your last words? Very well," Gohan responded, still speaking in a higher pitch as his expression once again became more serious and... assertive? "Have it your way!"

Chuckling, Sandra then raised her left fist and clenched it tightly. "I don't know what kind of half-baked scheme you're cooking up in that head of yours, but it'll prove just as useless as the others." She then aimed down her knuckles towards her foe standing squarely in her crosshairs. "No one has ever defended themselves against my hundred percent accurate, light-speed punches." Her eyes twinkled with excitement when she saw her victory just moments away. "Face it. Just a few more hits and you're-" Sandra's eyes then widened in horror when the next thing she saw in front of her was Gohan, ":THE FUCK?!"

"HI-YAH!" the demi-Saiyan yelled, his right leg spinning around and clocking the woman in the side, which she barely blocked with her left arm, but still ended up taking the brunt of the damage.

The blow connecting with the force of a train, Sandra was knocked stumbling to the side with an alarmed look on her face. "I-Impossible!" She then freaked out when a left palm strike followed immediately afterwards, forcing her to evade awkwardly while the boy's hand grazed her face. The attack was so fast and strong that it left a burn mark on her cheek, upon which she hurriedly backed away, just in time to avoid an upward palm strike. When Sandra looked back at Gohan, her eyes reflected confusion and disbelief. "Am I reading him wrong? What's going on? I can't predict his attacks!"

OOO

(Grand Kai's Planet)

Standing in the background alongside his master, Pikkon's eyes widened when he saw the demi-Saiyan on the television screen attack. "That's odd. Gohan's regular movements have changed completely."

"Really?" the grasshopper Gregory chirped while looking back at the green fighter. "They look the same to me."

After analyzing the demi-Saiyan's opening blows and noticing the flustered look that came over Sandra's face, the once worried North Kai then perked up in realization. His glasses flashed and antenna twitched to convey his surprise. "Oh, I see what's going on."

Goku meanwhile, sitting directly beside the magic box to its left, grinned widely when he saw the confident expression on his son's face. "He copied her exactly. Gohan looks just like Chi-Chi."

OOO

(Back on Mars)
It was almost uncanny. His expression, his hand positions, his feet, his movement, his rhythm…
they all belonged to the daughter of the Ox King. The proof was all in the practitioner, as the demi-
Saiyan fixed his best Chi-Chi-like glare upon his opponent and grinned in a manner only his
mother would on her most competitive day.

"That sniveling look on your face tells me that you're not trying hard enough. Come on, girl! Get
those fists up!" Gohan exclaimed with a terrifying, high-pitched snarl, giving the impression that
he was really baring his fangs. In actuality however, he was just imitating his mother during one of
her recent training sessions with Goten. As harsh as it'd been, it was giving him some really cool
ideas. "Let it be known that Chi-Chi of the Ox Kingdom doesn't give a damn about leniency! If
you think I'm going to let you off with a warning, you're sadly mistaken!"

"Huh? What? I…? Huh?" Sandra babbled, unable to comprehend the tone coming out of Gohan's
mouth. She shook her head to try and clear it, all the while ignoring to scorch mark on her cheek.

Forming a grin, the fully pumped up Gohan whispered. "I may not come close to mum's level, but
I've learned a few things from her." The teen then dashed forward, approaching Sandra in a blur
before lashing out at her with a rotating palm strike. "Heart Fang Slicer! Ha! Ya-ya-ya-ya-YA!"
The moment he did, he began opening up on the female Saiyan with a series of wild finger and
palm shots, all of which came flying right for her head in a storm.

Sandra, barely deflecting the first couple of attacks, then began dodging erratically as the demi-
Saiyan lashed out at her with a flurry of blows. She was so preoccupied dodging his palm strikes
that she didn't notice him spin around and slam his knee into the thigh of her forward leg. Losing
balance momentarily, the girl quickly leant away, only to receive a swift palm strike in the stomach
followed by her chin, which knocked her head skywards. When she stumbled backwards, the
female Super Saiyan quickly threw up her guard.

"Shit! Where the hell did this come from?!" Sandra thought, beginning a hasty retreat when Gohan
came spinning at her a second time with an onslaught of low kicks and chopping strikes at her
head. Blocking an elbow and neck shot, the female warrior clenched her jaw. "Alright! Calm down,
Sandra! Even though the speed and intensity of his blows have increased, as long as he doesn't do
anything too fancy, I can still take hi-" THWACK! Receiving a palm slap to the face then forced
her into a hasty retreat, where she quickly leapt into the sky. When Sandra suspended herself
several stories above Mars, she suddenly saw her opponent leap into the air as well and, after
suspending himself above her, suddenly plummeted towards her spinning like a wheel.

"No escape! Spinning Cobra Kick!"

Panicking, Sandra brought her arms up high, just in time to block the blow that sent her dropping
back down to the planet. When she crashed down on one knee, she then sprang out of the way,
dodging the boy when he dropped down at her with a second kick. She wasn't able to get very far
when the hybrid sprinted after her shadow like a wild dog.

"Persistent prick. He's not giving me any time to recover." Sandra thought, blocking another series
of palm strikes before frowning. "Okay. Focus! I just need to read his rhythm and set up my Senko
to finish him off. That'll put an end to this." The woman then began backing down, dodging and
parrying the teen's blows. The attacks came flying at her from all angles, slicing and chopping at
her vital spots, forcing her to adjust her dodging techniques to accommodate for the difference.
After several more seconds of blocking, Sandra was once again ducking and weaving between
palm strikes with textbook efficiency. "One… two… three-four… five. One… two… three!" She
then saw Gohan stop and smirked. "That's it! I've got the rhythm now!" Bringing her arms up, the
Super Saiyan 3 female then primed her right hand, causing lightning to run up and down her body.
"So you switched to an open palm style, huh? Well, you almost got me there, but it's not quite going to be enough! Senko!" Her right punch then flew forward at a near untraceable speed.

Gohan, seemingly leaning towards the oncoming blow, saw it approaching him in slow motion. When it appeared he was going to take it, the teen's expression suddenly shifted; the lines on his face becoming more aggravated, the canines in his teeth more prominent, and large veins appearing to pulsate on his forehead.

In the blink of an eye, it happened!

All of a sudden, Sandra's fist was knocked off course when the demi-Saiyan's arm rotated upwards in a clockwise direction and parried the attack. When the shockwave from the punch misfiring occurred, Gohan then let out an animalistic growl and countered with a right claw strike, which corkscrewed towards his female opponent and caused her eyes to widen in shock. Sandra barely managed to slip around his attack, before her eyes followed the punch back to its owner.

"No way! He blocked it?!!" the girl shouted, before she suddenly saw Gohan step in close and drive a second claw strike directly into her stomach. He then followed-through with the blow in an upward direction, yelling out at the top of his lungs while his opponent was blasted off her feet.

"MAKEN SHO!" (Demon Blow)

Flying backwards with a cry of pain, Sandra hit the floor before back-flipping onto her feet. Landing firmly, she then directed a startled look towards her foe. "I was sure I had him! How did he manage to deflect my Senko?" It was then she noticed her opponent had taken on a completely different stance from before.

His legs set into a horse riding position, the demi-Saiyan could be seen standing square to his enemy. With both his left and right hands formed into claws, making it appear as though his nails had grown longer, the teen was also glaring across at his adversary with a far more aggressive expression in play. This drew attention to the fact that the details on his face had also become a lot more menacing, with a demonic grin pulled across his lips and his pupils dilated. It was entirely different from the sharper, more feminine appearance he'd taken on before, which told Sandra that her opponent had once again changed his tone and persona.

"You're a lot stronger than I gave you credit for. But that's nothing compared to me," Gohan spoke, this time in a deeper and rougher sounding voice. It quickly became apparent to all those who were watching from Otherworld which of his friends he was now mimicking. "It's time for Piccolo to show you how it's done!" He then gave an evil laugh at the end for extra measure…

OOO

(Meanwhile)

(Corvus)

While he was in the middle of moving one of the stone pieces on his side of the board, Piccolo, in the midst of a rather complex and daring plan of attack, suddenly experienced the uncontrollable urge to sneeze, and did so in the form of a loud outburst and a violent shudder.

The Namekian's unexpected shout had his foreign counterpart Gast sitting quietly on the other side of the table look at the warrior from Earth in bewilderment. Seeing the man wipe his nose on the back of his hand drew a blink from the elderly fighter, "Are you alright?"
"I'm fine," Piccolo sniffed, though his expression reflected a mild sense of confusion. After pondering on the unusual sensation and reaction, the former guardian then looked over his shoulder in annoyance. "I think... someone is making fun of me."

Staring blankly at his opponent for a moment, the Namekian in the yellow shawl and tunic smiled. "Such is the way of the universe, huh?"

"Yeah. I guess so," the hero from Earth responded. Choosing to ignore his strange encounter, the fighter decided to carry on with his game, placing his stone piece in the triangle diagonal from his counterpart's army of stones. "Mafe." Crossing his arms, Piccolo then leant back and looked at his adversary sternly. "Your move."

"Ah. I see what you're doing. Well done," Gast chuckled, before then picking up one of the pieces on the right hand side and pushing it forward. "Dole." He then placed his hands on his knees and beamed warmly at his opponent, whom he saw break out into a bit of a sweat. "Now it's your turn to defend."

Tapping his finger impatiently when he saw Gast force him into a pincer move, Piccolo frowned deeply, "Grr..."

OOO

(Back on Mars)

At this point, Sandra was beyond confused. "What the hell is a Piccolo?" Seriously, what the hell kind of game was this guy playing?

"Why don't you get a taste of my Wild Demon Fist!" Thrusting his hand forward, Gohan unleashed a golden blast straight at his opponent. The female Saiyan sprang over it and dashed forward, intent on intercepting the boy before he tried anything else. She unloaded a left cross, which the demi-Saiyan blocked with his forearm, before she then threw a roundhouse kick at his open side. However, just before her blow could land, the hybrid's eyes unexpectedly widened and the female Super Saiyan 3 was hit head-on by a concussive shockwave that knocked her to the ground.

Bouncing off of the floor, Sandra sprang to her feet and looked up, only to suddenly get clocked in the face by an elbow when her opponent caught her off guard with a dash. Gritting her teeth from the shot, the woman spun back and attempted to nail the boy with right hook, only to have him catch her wrist and nail her in the stomach with a body crunching knee, which caused the woman to spit up in shock. As soon as she crumpled forward, Gohan then turned into her, gripped her arm over his shoulder and tossed her across the desert.

When Sandra hit the ground face-first, she flipped back to her feet. Landing gracefully, the female Saiyan spun around and charged at her foe, yelling out in frustration. "Enough!" She then lashed out at him with punches, watching him head slip the first two before bringing his arms up and beginning to parry and redirect them. After uncorking a kick into his body that Gohan blocked with his knee, causing her to hop painfully from her shin's impact, Sandra then unleashed a rapid barrage of straights, which struck the teen's guard repeatedly. When she attempted to slip an uppercut in through the gap, Gohan suddenly caught it with his clawed hand and, after yanking her arm down, lunged forward with a mighty roar.

"YAAAAAAARGH!" He then struck her across the face with a killer right hook, knocking blood flying from her lips. The woman stumbled away in shock.
Before Sandra could recover, the demi-Saiyan speedily crouched down and sprang forward at an
alarming speed. The empress barely had enough time to throw up her guard to block the flying kick
that drove into her limbs, knocking her backwards under the force. During which time Gohan
smirked in a very Piccolo-like manner.
"You may be able to predict all my moves, but you don't know anything about my friends!" He
then suddenly twisted in the air and drove a left kick straight under Sandra's guard and right into
her chest. The attack struck with the force of a bomb blast and sent the female Saiyan flying back
at breakneck speed, a cry of pain leaving her lips from the vicious blow. When he saw her crash
and slide across the desert for a hundred meters, the Super Saiyan 3 from Earth touched down and
took a stance. "Every battle I've fought, every conflict I've resolved, and every lesson I've
learned… I will show them all to you!" His expression then switched instantly to a new one, his
eyes becoming round and his nose… disappearing? That's what it looked like when he then fired
off several punches before suddenly settling into a Mantis stance, fingers bent and thumbs pressed
against them. When he spoke, his voice became squeaky and higher in pitch, "Now let me
introduce the new master of the Turtle School, the fearless and incredibly handsome Krillin and his
Northern Praying Mantis style!"
Sandra, blood trickling from the corner of her mouth and body covered in more bruises than before,
picked herself up and snarled. "Don't get clever with me you-" All of a sudden, she saw her
opponent, who was standing half a kilometer away, vanish, a split second before his form fazed
into view a few yards in front of her. Preparing a counter, she then fired off a right straight, but
mistimed it when Gohan suddenly zipped forward at a lower height than she was expecting and
nailed her with a left seiken, which had her reel forward in shock. "He changed his rhythm again!"
In the blink of an eye, Sandra was suddenly bombarded from all directions by punches and kicks as
Gohan began darting around her. Seemingly acting like he was three feet shorter than his normal
height, he laid into the female Saiyan with lightning fast attacks, shouting with every blow he
landed. "Da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da!" was the string of yells that left the noseless Saiyan's
lips as he laid into the girl's ribs with repeated body shots, before finishing off with a jumping right
uppercut that nailed Sandra's head skywards and sent her back flipping through the air.
A cry of agony left the female Saiyan's lips, until she righted herself and crashed back down to the
floor. Dropping down onto one knee, the woman panted to catch her breath. Upon which she then
gave a harsh chuckle and looked up with a more enthusiastic look. "Interesting… VERY
interesting, Gohan!" She then wiped the blood dribbling down her chin and huffed, "I didn't think I
would find you this entertaining!" Rising up clumsily, the female Super Saiyan quickly steadied
her legs and powered up, causing her aura to explode around her with a flash of blue lightning.
Upon attaining a heightened state of readiness, Sandra then suddenly dropped into a horse riding
stance and cocked both fists at her sides. "You're a tough and tricky son of a bitch, I'll give you
that. But if you think putting on different faces and acting like an idiot is going to work on me, then
think again!" Lightning shooting off of her body, she then rushed forward with a mighty bellow,
right fist primed and ready.
Gohan, watching his opponent approaching with a serious glare, then raised both hands over his
head protectively. He looked all set to take her head on. However, struck with a sudden wave of
inspiration, the boy's expression once again changed.
Just when Sandra was lunging out at him with a roar, the teen suddenly dropped into a crouching
stance, pushing his right leg back, holding his left hand up and loading his right. His sudden drop
was accompanied by a manly grunt, as his face developed a look of overwhelming confidence and
manliness, with a twinkle in the corner of his eye. Making a low thrumming sound, like an
orchestra building up to an epic high note, the hybrid Saiyan waited for his opponent to get close,


before diving in as well, seemingly intent on meeting his foe head-to-head.

"Eat knuckle, you varmint!" A gung-ho roar left Gohan's lips as his right fist shot forward. "HERCULE PUUUUU-Gaaouh!" The Saiyan's epic attack suddenly transformed into a moment of pure comedy when his foot inadvertently, or deliberately, wound up catching on a rock hidden in the sand in front of him and his body was sent stumbling forward. His trip allowed him to barely dodge Sandra's punch and, much to the girl's utter shock, head butt her right in the solar plexus.

Gohan's slip, topped with the power built up from his punch and general momentum, transformed into an accidental counter that hit Sandra with the force of a buffalo. As such, the Saiyan Empress literally ended up having the air knocked out of her lungs, her body lifted off the floor, and her eyes bugging out of their sockets from the unexpected blow to the spot directly below her sternum. When the shockwave rang out, the girl choked up blood before she was sent stumbling backwards across the sand, clutching her gut.

Knees shaking, a stream of drool wound up falling from the girl's gaping mouth as pain gripped every inch of her body, almost bringing her to the point of collapse. Gasping, Sandra attempted to glare at her opponent, only to see three of him standing awkwardly in front of her, as her vision had become quite blurry, "You… I… *cough* I don't… understand. You were… right in front of me…" She choked in a strained voice.

He did it again! He changed his attack pattern!

Recovering from his "embarrassing slipup" like he knew the original owner of that technique would in a similar situation, grinning and rubbing his head like a buffoon, Gohan took yet another stand and lunged forward. "DYNAMITE KICK!" Before Sandra could comprehend the full degree of her fuck-up, the demi-Saiyan nailed her with an explosive heel to the chin, which struck with a thunderclap and sent the stunned woman rocketing into the sky.

The moment he'd sent his opponent flying, Gohan, clearing his throat, placed his fists on his hips, reared his head back and laughed in an uncharacteristically obnoxious manner. For some reason, to match his new change in persona, grinning and rubbing his head like a buffoon, Gohan had become bushy, almost afro in appearance, and his face looked like it'd grown an illusionary beard and mustache. There was only one person in the world that could fit that description. "Ha-ha-ha! You fell for it! Now let's see how you fair against the World Champ's fighting style! The Super, Ultra Secret, Satan Fist™."

Dropping to the ground and assuming a sprinter's stance, the teen suddenly sprang after his foe at a ridiculous speed.

"Tee-Em?" Sandra muttered under her breath, wondering what the hell that could mean. However, realizing she was getting lost in thought, the dazed girl recovered quickly and sprung back into an upright position. "Enough of this bullshit!" Her leg igniting gold, the girl swiftly raised her foot and prepared to fire a blast. When Gohan materialized in front of her, the Empress let him have it. "TAKE THIS!" She then yelled and launched a sidekick at him, firing a golden blast from her sole. Much to the female Saiyan's astonishment, before her blast could even leave the bottom of her boot, Gohan threw himself forward, mounted her leg with his hands, and flipped over her, causing her blast to misfire and shoot across the planet. Sandra looked completely alarmed when her foe performed his surprisingly acrobatic move. "What?" Before she knew it, Gohan suddenly had his arms wrapped around her stomach and was flipping them upside down.

"Mr. Satan doesn't give away his techniques; he provides a license for use." The hybrid then cracked a cheeky grin. "Try this on for size! Hercule Suplex!

ORAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!" the demi-Saiyan bellowed as he dive-bombed towards Mars's surface with the speed of a comet in freefall and his opponent trapped in his
muscular grip.

Seeing what was happening but unable to do anything, Sandra screamed in terror, her eyes wide as saucers and mouth agape. A second later, both Gohan and his adversary collided with the planet's surface, the former driving the girl into the floor headfirst. Their impact caused an explosion similar to an atomic bomb going off, literally splitting the planet down the center and sending a cloud of dust and rubble straight into Mars's atmosphere.

They damn near cut the entire world in half.

OOO

(Grand Kai's Planet)

Sweat drops appeared on a majority of the audience's faces, as King Kai and the others gaped stupidly at the screen. When they saw the cloud of dust eventually begin to fade, the warriors of the dead snapped out of it in their own respective manners, with Olibu being the first.

"Well… that was… unorthodox," the big blonde man in the tunic remarked, shaking his head and folding his arms. "Still, I've got to give the kid points for creativity. Even if it was a little bit unusual, that was still one hell of a move." Dropping his opponent into the surface of the planet? There was no way you couldn't pull that off and not look stylish. It was freakin' badass.

"Yeah. But let's not forget that he tripped over his own two feet just to set himself up for that suplex," Pikkon added, glancing across at his fellow martial artist with a distasteful look in play. "Did he do that deliberately… or was it by accident?"

"I think it was on purpose," Olibu answered with a shrug.

This response had the green warrior shake his head. "Seriously. Who in the world did Gohan have to impersonate to perform such a maneuver?"

"Apparently somebody who calls himself 'The Champ'," Olibu replied, an amused smile tugging at his lips as he then thought back on the name. "A man would have to be pretty strong and pretty renowned to earn himself that kind of title…"

"Yeah. Or a complete and utter bonehead," North Kai continued, watching the television with his hands and fingers interlocked in front of him. Honestly, out of all the fighters Gohan chose to imitate, it had to be that man. Granted it did allow him to catch his opponent completely by surprise, it was still a rather clumsy move… something that Gohan wouldn't normally use in that situation.

After a quick analysis of the situation, Olibu then looked over at the West Quadrant's champion and gave his fellow warrior an odd look. "There's something I don't quite yet understand. If Gohan already knew all of these fighting styles and techniques, why was he being beaten so easily before? Hasn't he already been using all of those movements as part of his regular fighting style?"

"It's because he didn't just change his style," the voice of the West Kai spoke up, drawing the group's attention down to the short man in the monocle. As soon as their eyes landed on him, they saw the purple guardian smile knowingly, "He changed his rhythm… his persona. Young Gohan did exactly what needed to be done. He noticed that his own patterns were being read, so he remodeled his movements after the people he's fought beside and trained with everyday, adopting not only their techniques, but also their mannerisms and habits. That's why his opponent was caught unawares and is now in a state of panic." Looking up at the warriors next to him, the West
Kai grinned. "Do you see now?"

Realization clicking in his head, Pikkon then looked towards the television with a smirk of his own. "That's pretty smart."

"Well… thinking outside of the box has always been Gohan's strong suit," a floating Baba remarked, keeping her hands folded and her eyes on the magic box. At that, her gaze quickly fell upon the back of the full-blooded Saiyan standing beside it. "It kind of reminds me of somebody else from our group who is a master of the unpredictable."

Her amused comment, clearly directed towards him, drew a sheepish laugh from Goku. "Sometimes the most difficult lessons we learn are the ones we never forget."

And believe it or not, Gohan had experienced the hardest and most trying lessons a person in his position can possibly imagine. His past battles and accomplishments were proof of that.

OOO

(Back on Mars)

When the dust settled in the crater formed in Mars's surface, a pair of smooth and incredibly attractive legs could be seen jutting out of the ground, with Gohan standing just a few yards away from them, hands on his hips and an obnoxious, Hercule-like grin in play. After watching the legs twitch for several seconds, he then saw them drop to the floor before the person they were attached to yanked their upper body out of the floor. With a gasp and a shout, Sandra's dusty form appeared from the ground, where she then remained on her hands and knees, coughing, spluttering, and regaining her bearings.

By the time she'd caught her breath, the female Super Saiyan 3's eyes snapped up, where she quickly spotted her foe grinning widely at her.

"Your technique is sublime and your fighting sense is astonishing. But even though you can perfectly predict your opponent's moves right down to the last millisecond, there's a massive blind spot in your routine that any fighter sharp enough can exploit," Gohan informed, before tapping the side of his head. "I noticed it just before you started using your Muay Thai style. The moment you memorize your opponent's rhythm, the fight is pretty much over for them and the battle becomes completely one-sided. However, it takes a certain amount of time for you to perfectly analyze a person's fighting patterns and match them to your own, which means any counters you try during the process end up messy. Since you're so focused on fighting based on numbers and using your perfect trace, you become flustered when an opponent does something you don't expect them to do and you have to recalculate. You panic, you lose focus… and that leaves you wide open."

There was no doubt in Gohan's mind that Sandra was, by far, the most skilled and technical fighter he'd ever had the pleasure of coming across. While Set had definitely been the most powerful, the goddess only relied on one fighting style throughout their battle and never once changed her approach against him, which emphasized brute strength and overwhelming telekinetic force over refined counters and tactics. Considering she was a deity of a single genre and was unanimously regarded as the strongest force in the universe, it made sense that she wouldn't give two shits about technique, approach, or any other forms of martial arts practiced by other civilizations, since she was so used to breezing through every single opponent who came her way and could shrug off blows that would normally be fatal to most.

Sandra was of a different breed to the goddess and, because the Empress's main strength lay in her sense of timing and fighting technique, the weaknesses she had were much different from an
opponent who relied primarily on power.

Hearing the teen's comments drew a growl from the battered girl, who powered up and sprinted at him in a fury. "Damn you!" Sandra practically screamed, opening up on him with a series of punches aimed for his head. When Gohan began dodging them, backing out of the crater at the same time, the Saiyan's impatience only increased and her attacks came in at a faster rate. "Damn you! Damn you! Damn you! Damn you!" After throwing a kick that was timely avoided, she then pulled back her right fist and took aim from a karate-like stance. "This is ridiculous! Why don't you pick a style and stick with it?" She then grinned menacingly as she then lunged forward. "Or are you just a damn copycat after all?!

The moment he saw his foe fire off another Senko in his direction, Gohan's expression changed. His eyes sharpening and his face becoming serious, the boy swiftly blocked the girl's shot, curved his arm around hers while it was still in motion, and performed a swift throw. "Hmph. Sheer ignorance." Sandra let out a yelp as her body was picked up off of the floor and tossed through the air, where she ended up crashing into a hill several yards away. When she leapt to her feet and turned her attention back to her foe, she suddenly saw him assume a wide stance with his hands outstretched. At the same time, she swore she saw a third eye hovering over the center of his forehead. "You'll never defeat me with such shallow thinking. All fighters know that to study martial arts, one must always begin with the art of imitation." With his palms open and arms outstretched, the demi-Saiyan grinned in a manner similar to one of his group's senior members. "Now, it's time for you to taste Tienshinhan's White Crane Style!"

Shaking her arm out after another failed attack, Sandra shook her head before rushing forward. "I'll break it down like the rest!" She then opened up with a series of swift punches and kicks.

The instant she started attacking however, Gohan began a series of fancy blocks and parries, his arms swinging around and redirecting all of the woman's blows. When she advanced, he backed off, using wide and graceful footwork to reposition himself and shift his adversary's weight around. After effectively checking a kick and deflecting a right chop, the demi-Saiyan then thrust his left fist up at his foe's chin, only for her to block it. Upon which his right fist came around and clocked her across the head, before then slipping both hands down and performing a double palm strike into her ribs. The attack knocked Sandra back and stunned her, allowing Gohan to duck in, grab the back of her ankle with his hand, and toss the woman.

Sandra flipped through the air before crashing face down into the floor with a yelp of pain. Glaring up, the Super Saiyan 3 quickly performed a break-dancing spin, kicking out at her opponent and forcing him to leap away. When she jumped back into a proper stance, she quickly powered up again and darted forward.

"I've got your rhythm!" Sandra shouted, catching her opponent seemingly off guard as she unleashed a roundhouse kick at his head.

Gohan blinked, spotting his opponent's attack coming right at him. "She's sped up her pattern reading, huh? If that's the case, I just need to change it up even faster." Cracking a smile, the hybrid then thought of another person closest to him and quickly switched over to their pattern. Expression changing, he suddenly darted forward and drove an elbow across Sandra's face, nailing her in the cheek and sending her flying. When he landed, Gohan then performed a very graceful swirl, before striking an elegant pose with his hand on his hip and the other running through his long hair. When he saw his opponent look at him in bewilderment, he then stuck his nose in the air and grinned in a feminine manner. "It's time for Zangya to take the stage. Come at me, girl."

Still appearing irritated, especially at the boy's incredibly flamboyant display, Sandra huffed and
vanished with a crack of wind. Performing an instant teleport, the woman suddenly materialized out of her dimension directly behind her opponent, coming at him with a chopping strike. Through quick reflexes, Gohan detected the girl's appearance and spun out of the way, avoiding her opening strike and the ones to follow. The teen then began an uncharacteristically graceful aerial dance, allowing him to dodge and avoid all of the attacks his foe was now chasing after him with.

Swaying around a punch, the demi-Saiyan darted in and nailed his opponent with a swift kick straight into her stomach, "Vicious Combo!" All of a sudden, attacks began raining down on Sandra from all sides, starting with a swift cross to her face and then a knee to the stomach, which lifted her higher into the sky. Upon which Gohan elbowed the woman in the back and kicked her towards the horizon. When he saw her recover and vanish into super speed, he quickly gave chase.

The duo darted across Mars at incredible speeds, their forms appearing as nothing but a pair golden blurs spiraling around one another. After a lengthy scuffle that saw them pretty much cover the planet's entire terrain, the duo then reappeared in the sky high above the planet, their legs slamming into each other through two simultaneous kicks. With Gohan effortlessly holding his knee in place, he watched Sandra growl before throwing a swift left jab his way.

Knowing that a curve shot was to follow, the demi-Saiyan quickly took action, performing a speedy swayback in order to avoid it. His move startled Sandra, but not as much as the next move when his legs suddenly shot up and wrapped around her waist, allowing him to perform a backwards throw that sent the girl spinning across the sky. By the time she halted herself in midair and turned to refocus on her target, she saw Gohan had once again switched out personas and was now looking across at her with his hands locked into taekwondo positions and an aggressive expression in play.

"You're catching onto my strategy pretty quick. Not bad. But being sharp isn't going to be enough to put Videl Satan down for the count!" His aura bursting up around him, Gohan shot forward in a flash, nailing Sandra in the guard with a sharp kick. At the same time his right fist cocked back and sparkled with electricity. "Catch this! Hawk Arrow!" A gutsy battle cry leaving his lips, the teen lunged in with a right punch, which Sandra hurriedly attempted to block. His punch collided with her arms with a deafening shockwave, before the blow corkscrewed through her guard and burrowed into the female Saiyan's face. The impact of the shot sent Sandra flying back down towards the planet, a cry of surprise echoing all around. Spinning as she fell, the empress then slammed her hands and knees into the desert, punching a huge crater several meters into the floor as the entire world slowed her momentum.

After Gohan saw his enemy land, he too dropped down to the planet not far from her position. As soon as he rose up, the young warrior, still imitating Videl's movements, then looked up thoughtfully and scratched his head. "Hmm… who should I imitate next?" Several seconds of contemplation later, a rather evil grin then crossed his lips. "Oh. I know."

Muscles stinging from taking the blow, Sandra looked up with a start and cursed. "This guy… is starting to get on my nerves." Gritting her teeth, the woman leapt to her feet and spun around, sensing her opponent had touched down somewhere behind her.

However, when she spotted Gohan standing several yards away, her mouth dropped at what she saw him doing next.

With an innocent and rather mischievous look on his face, the Super Saiyan 3 hybrid suddenly struck a ballet-dancer-like pose, standing up on the toes of his right foot while lifting his left knee to his chest. When he brought his hands and clapped them above his head, Gohan then yelled at the top of his lungs, "RECOOOOOOOOME…!" He then cocked his head to the side and grinned,
"KICK!" In the blink of an eye, his aura exploded around him and he rocketed forward so fast that Sandra lost track of him.

The female Saiyan only had enough time to gasp before she was struck in the face by the mother of all knees. The impact was marked by a colossal shockwave that shook the entire planet and sent her careening across the desert, blood trailing from her mouth and a bruise imprinted on her chin. After several miles of flight, Sandra shook herself out of her daze with a snarl and, back flipping into an upright position, softly touched down on the ground. "That's it! I'm sick of this!" She then powered up and charged back across the desert in the form of a golden bolt, tearing a path through the dunes until she was directly in front of her opponent. "You're going down!"

The second she was in range, Sandra threw a right hook, which Gohan blocked and retaliated with a right elbow, slamming it into his attacker's guard. What soon followed was a brisk and fast-paced boxing match, in which the female Saiyan began unloading lightning fast punches and kicks upon her half-blooded target, who proceeded to block, parry and slap away her blows in the most awkward and fanciest ways imaginable, similar in style to the member of the Ginyu Force he'd fought years ago. Shockwaves rang out as the pair ascended into the sky, circling one another while locked in a heated engagement.

Despite the fact Sandra was giving her foe everything she had, attacking him with a flurry of blows, the demi-Saiyan simply shrugged them off, all the while grinning in an obnoxious manner. While she continued to fire off attacks, Gohan then spoke in a bullheaded manner, "Ha! You've got some pretty nice moves, Sandra. But you'll need more then fancy punches and kicks to defeat the Ginyu Force!" Deflecting a kick, the demi-Saiyan suddenly raised his right arm overhead and yelled out, "RECOOOOOOOME…" By the time Sandra spotted it, it was too late, "ELBOW!" He then cracked her on the skull with a vicious elbow, sending her plummeting towards the ground.

When Sandra struck the surface of Mars, an atomic like shockwave rippled outwards as she was literally punched into the planet's crust. As the dust billowed into the sky, an airborne Gohan looked on as the earthquake he'd caused settled moments later and an amused chuckle left his lips. "Wow. What a rush." When he saw the fumes choking up the air begin to disperse, the young warrior then looked up and thought out loud, "Who knew acting and fighting at the same time could be such a blast? Maybe I can try imitating Frieza next. Though I don't have an extra long tail like his, I'm sure I can make it work if I try."

Unfortunately he was unable to finish his little breakdown.

All of a sudden, the ground several yards away from Sandra's newly formed crater exploded and, with her golden aura and lightning trailing off of her, the female Saiyan rocketed up towards the hybrid at a terrifying speed. With a mighty yell, the woman drove her knee into the boy's gut, lifting him up and causing a thunderclap to echo across the heavens.

A shocked expression appeared across Gohan's face, while his adversary cracked a triumphant smile of her own. "How do you like that?"

Gaping in pain, the half-human warrior remained where he was, hunched over the girl's leg and on the verge of throwing up. But then, just when Sandra thought her opponent was going to pass out, she suddenly saw his face turn to her and recoiled in shock when she saw a look of pure rage and anger staring back at her. Teeth clenched, brow furrowed and eyes a hollow white, devoid of any irises or pupils, Gohan snarled at his adversary like a wild dog, causing the female to back off worriedly. But just before she could pull away, the hybrid suddenly reared back, cupped his hands over his head, and slammed them down onto Sandra like a hammer, sending her plummeting to the ground with a sonic boom. When the Empress crashed into Mars's surface for the fifth time in a
row, the entire world shuddered violently as the once perfectly round orb literally distorted into a slightly more oval shape.

"RAAAAAAAAGH!" Gohan bellowed at the top of his lungs, his aura exploding off of him like wildfire before he shot towards the planet like a comet. "KAKAROOOOOOOOT!"

Stumbling as she got to her feet after her impact with Mars, Sandra attempted to regain her bearings. However, when she heard Gohan's scream echo down from above, she looked up just in time to get hit in the throat by the demi-Saiyan's arm crashing into her in the form of a charging clothesline.

Lifting the girl off her feet, Gohan rocketed across the landscape, tearing a path through the desert for several kilometers before happening upon the closest mountain. Flying straight into it, the boy slammed his stunned adversary into its side and punched a human-sized crater into the wall. The force of the collision bent the edifice and caused rubble to start cascading all around them. The moment Sandra was pinned, the powered-up hero leapt away and, still wearing his menacing expression, threw his head back and cackled in a very familiar manner.

"Hahahaha! What's the problem, Kakarot? Have you given up? That's too bad!" Gohan yelled, looking across the way to see his shocked opponent gaping back at him. Obviously the hit to the chest had taken the wind out of her lungs, giving the demi-Saiyan the perfect opportunity to gloat the way he remembered this particular person used to. "You don't have the power to stand up to the likes of me! I will crush you!" Giving yet another yell of rage, the boy then shot forward at blazing speed, catching his foe completely off guard.

Forgetting all style, grace and form, Gohan began laying punches into his opponent with reckless abandon. His fists came flying in from all directions in the form of full swings and haymakers, losing no speed whatsoever when his knuckles seemingly began striking his target from head to toe. In reality, he concentrated most of his attacks on his opponent's midsection and chest, determined to cave in her ribs in a way that Broly once tried to do to his father all those years ago. This quickly resulted in him pushing Sandra straight through the mountain, slowly but surely hammering her battered body all the way to the other side.

Sandra cried and choked in agony when she became riddled by Gohan's non-stop attacks, her back literally carving a path right through the enormous landmark. The huge slab of rock was split down the centre, with debris raining down upon the glowing duo. Moments later, Gohan punched Sandra out the other side, where she bounced across the desert for several miles and ended up crashing into another hill back first.

Spitting up blood all over her ruined battle suit, the female Super Saiyan 3 gasped for breath and quickly forced herself to her feet.

Once again her opponent was not going to give her any time to breathe, as Gohan speedily teleported directly in front of the stricken fighter with his arms folded and an arrogant, foxy smirk pulled across his lips. The hybrid's eyes had also become more animalistic; in a way that was hauntingly similar to a very powerful and dangerous goddess he'd met not too long ago.

"You think you'll rule this universe as the strongest? Ha! Don't make me laugh!" Gohan barked in a haughty and feminine manner, his Saiyan tail swishing about behind him as he struck a fighter's pose. "There is only one who is the strongest in this reality, and that is Set; the Goddess of Storms! If you pledge your loyalty to me, I will grant you eternal life and a place at my side."

Getting incredibly irked at his female impressions, Sandra lunged forward to strike at him with a sloppy jab, only to receive a swift elbow to the neck that dropped her to the ground. Leaping back
up, the Saiyan female tried lashing out at the hybrid again, only to watch him avoid her blows with head slips and parries, before suddenly countering her with sharp palm and fist strike to the body. When she countered with a right cross, Gohan locked up her arm and struck the joint at the shoulder with a finger blow, before suddenly dropping to the floor and spinning. His tail swept and knocked Sandra's feet out from under her, suspending the girl above the ground and allowing Gohan to nail her with a powerful side kick that sent her sliding through the dirt.

Twirling on the spot, Gohan calmly assumed a wide stance with his hands outstretched, the heels of his hands exposed and his fingers bent somewhat, resembling the claws of a predatory animal. Remembering Set's style perfectly from his battle with her, the boy smirked and edged his feet along the floor, all the while marveling at his handiwork.

"Let's rattle her brain a little more..."

Sandra was deeply hurting by this point in time, bleeding out of the mouth and clutching her ribs, which had most certainly been cracked. When she got up, she immediately reeled forward, placing her hands on her knees and taking the few precious moments she had to recover. Due to the way she was panting, her opponent knew right away that she was struggling and was not enjoying this part of the bout in the slightest.

Unfortunately Sandra didn't have much time to contemplate the sudden change in the battle's pace, as she instantly sensed a shadow fall over her and peered up to see Gohan, a childlike smile in play, beaming at her from only three feet away.

He'd ended up bending so far forward that his face was practically right up in front of Sandra's, which startled the hell out of the female Saiyan.

“What's up, big sis?” Gohan asked in his best impersonation of his little brother. The effort was clearly shown by the little giggle he added at the end. "Do you want to keep playing?"

Veins pulsing on her forehead, an incredibly frustrated Sandra stood up as fast as she could and, cocking back her right fist, threw it at her opponent in anger. "RAAAAH!"

Grinning cheekily, the demi-Saiyan was all ready for her haymaker and, taking a basic horse riding stance, promptly countered her attack with a combo he remembered his kid brother use too long ago. He jabbed out, intercepting Sandra's punch with his own and shouting at the top of his lungs. "ROCK!" As soon as their attacks collided, he lunged forward with a right straight, nailing his opponent in the eyes with his middle and index fingers. "SCISSORS!" When Sandra yelped and covered her eyes with her hands, Gohan stepped in deep and struck her in the chest with an open-palm slap. "PAPER!"

Skidding across the ground with a handprint engraved in the front of her suit, Sandra gasped in shock and hit the brakes. She managed to stop herself just several yards later and, watching the clouds of dust billow about her, looked up to see what her opponent was doing now. It came as a big shock to her when she saw him standing directly in front of her, just a few inches out of reach, his hands cupped at his side and lightning shooting off of his body.

A serious and focused expression framed his face as he took aim at the woman. "KA-ME-HA-ME-

"Fuck!" Sandra shouted, realizing she had no time to dodge when she sensed his energy spike. Unable to counter due to being off balance, the woman instead threw her hands up into a cross arm guard, covering her face and bracing herself for the inevitable impact. She shut her eyes and held her breath, ready to feel the burning sensation of a several billion megaton blast engulfing her
However, after a few seconds of standing there and not feeling anything, the woman cracked open an eye to see what was going on.

All of a sudden, a shockwave rang out and Sandra's entire body doubled over when her opponent's fist buried itself into her stomach up to the wrist. Eyes bugging out of their sockets, the female Super Saiyan could only gape in disbelief while Gohan, standing two feet in front of her, grinned mischievously and kept his knuckles pressed against her abs.

"Fooled yah," Gohan sung.

When he removed his fist moments later, he allowed Sandra to stagger away, trembling from head to toe and gripping her stomach with both her arms. The pain became too much for her to handle and eventually the girl dropped to her knees, curling forward and crying out in agony. Gohan, being the good sport that he was, simply watched and waited for his foe to come around. He even held out a hope that his opponent would give up, considering her stricken state and the amount of pain she was apparently in. Honestly, a part of him wanted to apologize for hitting her with such a strong punch.

But then, just when he thought it was over, Gohan saw the female Saiyan look up, her teeth clenched and fury burning in her eyes.

Huffing angrily, the haze filling Sandra's vision quickly cleared and revealed her opponent standing perfectly still several yards away. At that moment, the woman felt the overwhelming and irresistible urge to jump in and beat the living snot out of the smug teenager. "I'm going to rip that dirty bastard a new one!" But then, before she could power up and run down her opponent, the Empress suddenly stopped dead in her tracks. "No… wait a second… that's exactly what he wants me to do!" Looking at his face, she could see his plan all too clearly, as if he was telling it directly to her. He wanted to get her frustrated and make her panic, so that he could take advantage of her lack of focus and tear her down. "He's baiting me… waiting for me to slip up and make a mistake." After seeing him tilt his head, the female Saiyan frowned and, reaching up, brushed away the blood dripping down her chin with the back of her glove. "Attacking him while I'm flustered won't get me anywhere. I need to calm down and start over." She then closed her eyes.

Gohan looked on as he saw Sandra take several deep breaths. Watching her shoulders rise and fall, and her shivering lift like a bad spell, he then saw her stop and, after several seconds of meditation, glare up at him with a renewed glimmer of self-assurance in her eyes. This brought a serious look to the hybrid and prompted him to take a cautionary step back. "It looks like she's ready for another round." A bolt of lightning crackled from his forehead and struck the desert. "Okay; enough playing around and enough acting. It's time to get serious."

Rising up, a now calm and collected Sandra slid her feet into a completely new position and brought her hands up. Upon which an excited smile graced her face, "It seems I was right about you all along. Your speed, strength and skills are absolutely breathtaking, and the amount of talent you possess is beyond anything I could've imagined. All things considered, I can say without a shadow of a doubt that you've impressed me."

Her compliments put a grin back on Gohan's face, "Thanks. After all the things you've shown me today, I'd say that feeling's mutual. I've never faced an opponent as skilled and incredible as you before."

Sandra smirked, "Touché. But let's not get caught up in senseless flattery. I think it's time to begin round three of our battle." Widening her feet, the woman curled her fingers and assumed a stance entire body.
Gohan had never seen her use before. This put him on immediate guard and had him flex his fingers anxiously. "There hasn't been a single fighter capable enough to overwhelm my perfect trace. The amount of personas and fighting styles that you know is simply astonishing. But now it has me wondering…" The girl cocked an eyebrow at her foe, "Do you know more than me?"

This question had Gohan's heartbeat quicken with anticipation and his smile widen even more, "I don't know. Want to find out?"

Sandra licked her lips sensuously. "Let's."

Skipping on the spot in a very Bruce Lee like manner, Gohan then slid his feet into yet another stance and, bringing his right hand up to his chin while his left remained suspended around his chest, the demi-Saiyan took on the Jeet Kune Do form and steadied his breathing. Compiling all of the fighting styles he knew and pushing them to the front, the warrior prepared once again for what was to be a spectacular fight. His opponent meanwhile set herself into a narrow stance and what he assumed was the Baguazhang martial arts form, but figured it was a similar fighting style from a different planet.

As soon as both warriors had assumed stances, they powered up, their auras bursting around them and lightning filling the sky…

OOO

(Meanwhile)

(Vegeta & Cal)

For two of the dozen warriors back on Earth, their battle, which had started out explosive and full of energy, was now quickly coming to a head.

When Vegeta's opponent had began using his weird energy based weaponry against him, the prince's exciting brawl with the alien humanoid quickly transformed from a battle of wills into a glorified interstate-baseball match, where the extra terrestrial in spandex spent the next portion of their fight smacking every energy attack sent his way across the continent.

This development forced Vegeta to take on a more strategic approach to fighting his opponent, where he had to avoid the big swings from his foe's melee weapons and get inside the warrior's reach. He had no other choice, because as he found out rather painfully and unexpectedly during one of their exchanges, simply being tapped by Cal's energy weapons was enough to send him straight through a mountain. Being sure to keep an extra eye out for them, Vegeta started striking his enemy from different angles, out of range of the man's attacks. It wasn't easy, since the man was built like a brick house, but the prince was persistent.

By this point in time, the forests and mountains Vegeta and Cal had been fighting in had been reduced to a barren wasteland, with only a few logs and bushes left standing here and there. Random fires burnt across different parts of the country, filling the clear blue sky with smoke, signifying that the stage was set for a decisive and climactic finish between the two fighters.

Golden aura blazing around him like the fires of the sun, the prince, with the top half of his spandex suit disintegrated and blood caking a majority of his face, charged across the torn up battlefield like a bat out of hell. Roaring at the top of his lungs, Vegeta loaded up his right fist and prepared to deck his opponent in the face. Cal, also sporting a thoroughly ripped suit and a busted up mug, brought around the energy shield in his right arm and attempted to cut his enemy off.
Head-slipping the shield on the warrior's forearm, Vegeta then jumped when the large man swung at him with the energy hammer in his other hand, avoiding it and allowing him to hit the humanoid across the face. The blow landed with a deafening crunch sound, knocking Cal off his feet and sending him across the wasteland. By the time he managed to dig his feet into the ground to stop from sliding, the dazed extraterrestrial was able to ready himself for Vegeta's next attack, as he saw the Saiyan with his arm extended, and his thumb, index and middle finger pointed directly at him.

Lightning shooting off of Vegeta's battered and bruised body, the Ascended Saiyan gritted his teeth before bracing himself. "Final Impact!" A powerful golden bolt of energy then exploded from his extended fingers, flying towards his target straighter than the edge of a ruler and several times faster than the speed of light. Its path was marked by a high-pitched whistle, which tore a trench through the ground from the force it was producing.

Cal, his bloody face reflecting alarm, quickly dispelled his energy hammer and gripped his forearm where his Spartan shield was suspended. Doing so allowed him to focus whatever energy he had left into the energy dish and, upon taking a crouching stance, allowed his barrier to double in size. He managed to divert his energy just in time to take the full force of Vegeta's attack, which struck his shield with a deafening thunderclap, before bouncing off of it and flying back at its owner.

Vegeta, stunned to see his blast deflected, barely had enough time to throw up his guard before his own attack slammed into him and detonated with concussive force. The explosion sent him spiraling across the countryside like a ragdoll, bouncing several times across several hills, and eventually crashing at the base of a rocky slope. His landing punched yet another crater into the ruined landscape.

Body scorched and burnt from head to toe, Vegeta coughed up blood over his chest and glared across the smoldering valley. His eyes then shot wide open when he spotted his opponent descending towards him from above like a meteor, bathed in an orange aura and holding a war hammer made of pure energy above his head the size of a small trailer.

"Planet Crushing Hammer!"

With a deafening battle cry, Cal thrust his weapon down at the prince with all his might, slamming it into the surface of the Earth. The shockwave from the impact was so great it caused the entire countryside to bounce several feet into the air and parted the clouds in the sky. When silence fell, the extraterrestrial thought it was over.

However, after looking down at the spot where the face of his weapon had struck, he spotted his opponent lying there, arms pressed up against its edge and holding the hammer just three inches above his face. Teeth bared and a look of pain reflected in his eyes, the determined Vegeta let out a growl of effort as his aura roared to life, giving him the energy he needed to slowly push the giant energy weapon further away from him.

"Impossible!" Cal, shocked to see his foe was still conscious after managing to block the planet splitting hit, gritted his teeth and powered up to maximum. His orange aura blazing around him and supercharging his muscles, the humanoid warrior's energy hammer increased in size. Its structure pulsating, the energy weapon then proceeded to push down on Vegeta even more, the weight of several dozen stars multiplying three times over.

The ground giving way beneath him as he attempted to fight back against the increasing pressure, Vegeta tried to push back, only to find his arms steadily giving way. Limbs going numb and blood beginning to pour out of his nose as the blood vessels in his body began to burst one after the other, the Saiyan Prince tried to muster all the strength he could to stop from being flattened into the
planet. But try as he might, he just could not remove the weapon growing closer and closer to turning him into a pancake.

Cal sensed his opponent's approaching defeat and, wanting to avoid killing him, snarled at the man through bared teeth. "Please… surrender!"

Hearing his foe loud and clear, the Super Saiyan gritted his teeth as the veins in his eyes began to throb. "Never!" Snarling as the ground split and crumbled around him, the short fighter then began digging deep for whatever strength he could muster. Already at his limit, the man's hopes seemed lost. But this didn't stop the most stubborn man on the planet from putting up one last fight. "I… am… Prince… Vegeta! And I will not… be beaten… by a commoner… like YOOOOOUUUUUU!"

All of a sudden, a bloodcurdling cry echoed across the country as the prince's aura intensified, warping the space around him and covering the land in a bright, flashing light. A miniature lightning storm then fell around Vegeta's position as Cal, watching in utter disbelief, felt his opponent's energy levels skyrocket and watched his hair grow down to his waist. The locks fanned around the prince like a mane while his eyebrows evaporated with his aura, his sudden and explosive transformation quickly ending with a titanic shockwave that pretty much disintegrated the alien's energy hammer and sent rubble hurtling in all directions like snowflakes.

Skidding across the battlefield to a stop, an astonished Cal looked ahead in awe as he watched Vegeta rise up from the ground, his form shrouded in an electrical aura. When he saw the man's gaze fixate upon him, the large humanoid felt a chill of fear run down his spine.

"He… He can ascend to that level too?" the alien warrior whispered.

Lightning running up his body, the Prince of all Saiyans, sheathed in the glow of Super Saiyan 3, huffed confidently, "You're done."

Feeling his body trembling with fright, Cal quickly shook his head and clenched his fists, so as to stop his strength from running out on him. Even though his opponent's power had ascended to a level far beyond his own, the warrior was not going to go down without a fight. Being one of Sandra's most loyal and trusted friends, the gladiator of a warrior was determined to give this battle his all, and was not going to be dissuaded.

Powering up with a blast of orange flames surrounding his body, the humanoid alien rushed forward in a flicker and nailed his opponent in the face with a right cross. He immediately followed up with a few more blows, cracking Vegeta's mug over and over again with powerful hooks, before finishing with a sharp uppercut and a chopping right. However, though his blows landed with enough force to generate a string of earth quaking shockwaves, all his knuckles managed to do was knock the prince's head left and right a couple of times. As soon as he'd finished his combo, Cal stepped away in amazement, drawing a firm glare from Vegeta.

"Not bad," the prince remarked. "But…" All of a sudden, with speed Cal couldn't track, the Saiyan Prince drove a punch into the man's gut, nailing him with such force that it caused the large fighter to buckle over. "Not good enough."

His orange aura dispersing, the stunned warrior choked up whatever air he had left in his lungs. Unable to support him any longer, Cal's legs quickly gave way and, despite his best efforts to stay upright, dropped forward into a hunched over position. The man collapsing to his knees was all the signal Vegeta needed to retract his fist and, as his bio field continued to crackle around him, the new Super Saiyan 3 glared at his fallen adversary with a harsh gaze.
"Like I said... you're done." Taking this opportunity, the prince extended his right hand and held it directly above his foe. It was almost like he was preparing to finish his opponent off right there on the spot, which was made more apparent by his energy beginning to climb and the electrical currents running over his body intensifying.

Moments later, a look of genuine surprise crossed Vegeta's face when he saw his foe look up at him with a hard glare and a pained expression twisted into one of courage and grit. Though it was clear the blow had done a lot of damage, there was not an ounce of panic or dread on Cal's face. In fact, it appeared as though he was welcoming his opponent's final move with open arms.

The sight had the royal blink. "You're... not going to beg for your life?" Vegeta asked in confusion.

The kneeling man braced himself, "No."

"Why not?"

Taking a deep breath, the winded fighter then spoke in a hoarse yet clear voice, "For as long as I can remember, my entire existence has been spent resting underneath the heels of men more powerful than myself. To them, I was nothing more than a piece of trash... an insect groveling in the dirt. When Kure and her friends rescued me from that wretched hellhole of a planet I called home, they showed me I was more than what I was... that I was more than just scum." Struggling to his feet, the man shakily stood before his opponent, even as the warrior's hand was pointed squarely at his face. "For the sake of my friends and the people I now call family, I vowed from that day forward to never let anything break me... because if I did... I would go back to being a lowly insect." Cal shook his head firmly. "I would rather die than face that humiliation ever again."

Staring at the fighter now glaring him down with blood trickling over his swollen and cut-up face, Vegeta considered his words for a moment. After several bolts of lightning sparked down his arm, making it seem as though he was still going to finish his opponent, a smile then broke over the Super Saiyan 3’s visage.

Closing his eyes, Vegeta lowered his arm. "I must say, I'm impressed. Normally whenever I defeat someone in battle and have them kneeling before me, their first instinct is to whimper and beg for me to spare them like the cowards that they are," Chief examples included Cui, Dodoria, Zarbon, and Jeice. There was no conviction or metal behind their actions. No honor. No bravery. "But you my friend... you're the first one who's ever stood their ground and faced their defeat with pride... even after being beaten to the point of collapse. For that, you have earned my respect."

Hearing this drew a nod of understanding from the big man, who allowed his body to relax and drop from its powered up state. "I'm grateful."

Disengaging from his newly acquired Super Saiyan 3 form, Vegeta groaned and stumbled a bit, feeling the fatigue of the ascension hit him like a ton of bricks. Now he knew how Gohan felt after his first few days testing out his new form. Even two minutes in such an overpowered state was murder on the body.

Once he'd shaken off the flashes and the spottiness in his vision, the Saiyan Prince turned to his opponent and smiled at him. "Back in the day, there wouldn't have been a force in the galaxy to stop me from blasting you and scattering your ashes across the planet's surface. But now... well..." The man snorted and looked away, "I guess I just don't give a damn anymore. I think my time spent on Earth living amongst these fools has made me grown soft." Receiving no response but a curious blink from his wounded foe, Vegeta then looked up thoughtfully. "Shit. I'm supposed to be the Prince of all Saiyans... and yet here I am showing mercy to a stranger I just met. What's this universe coming to?"
Cal could only stare silently at the prince. When the Saiyan looked in his direction, the large warrior saw the much shorter fighter chuckle and turn away with his arms crossed.

"You don't talk much do you?" When Vegeta saw the warrior nod, the flame-haired man chuckled and rested his knuckles on his hip. "That's fine by me. I actually prefer people who don't say a lot. Makes my days on this ball of dirt a lot more bearable." As soon as he'd said that, Vegeta then turned heel and took flight for another part of the planet. His take off was shaky at first, due to the amount of energy he'd spent during his battle, but he was quick to correct and divert whatever ki he had left to stabilizing himself.

The large humanoid in spandex lifted his head curiously. "Where are you going?"

"Where do you think?" Vegeta spoke back, a smirk remaining plastered on his face. "To see how the other imbeciles are doing without me." He sensed two very powerful combatants clashing somewhere nearby on the continent, with both of them throwing some serious attacks at each other.

Needless to say, he was very curious to see how that battle was turning out and, with Cal following close behind, made all speed towards the disturbance…

OOO

(Goten & Trunks)

A very frustrated and bruised son of Vegeta gave a loud yell of effort as he unleashed yet another golden blast at his attackers, who simply dodged his technique and barreled towards him. Airborne several meters above a small village outside of Central City, the CAT droids assigned to do battle with the young Trunks flanked the child from both sides and began battering him with a vicious onslaught of punches. The boy managed to throw up his arms just in time to intercept the storm of blows, which immediately began hitting him like dozens upon dozens of very hard tennis balls.

Gritting his teeth under the barrage, the bruised and battered Super Saiyan opened up his arms and fought off the robots with a kick, smacking one in the head and knocking it away. He then dove in and proceeded to hammer his opponents mercilessly with punches, elbows and knees, his attacks landing with loud shockwaves, as well as bending and distorting their diminutive forms. Once his assault was complete, he then sent the two machines plummeting into the streets below with a swift punch and a kick, where one crashed into the tarmac and another caved in the roof of a parked car.

Panting after seeing the dust settle around his opponents, Trunks then looked down at his fists and waved them irritably. "Damn it. It's like smacking around a pair of beach balls!"

It was ridiculous. Not only were these things actually tough to hit, but they were also cushioned due to the unusual material that'd been used in their construction. This made attacking them exhausting because their bodies were able to absorb and nullify the hits from the people hitting them, meaning Trunks had to hit a lot harder than he was used to.

The results of this stressful realization were beginning to show, as Trunks took an offensive stance when he saw his two opponents look up at him with their expressionless faces. Before the boy could fire down at them, the CAT droid duo raised their hands and began lobbing energy spheres up at their target, forcing the hybrid to begin dodging rapidly and awkwardly due to the suddenness of the barrage.

Yelling when one of the shots barely grazed his head, the young warrior quickly threw his hand down and fired off a shot of his own, striking the ground between the two robots and sending them
tumbling down the road with the rubble. The moment they stopped rolling, Goten suddenly came dropping out of the sky to crash down in the tarmac nearby.

His own gi torn and face covered in bruises, the younger brother of Gohan looked up from his place to see his two opponents come diving after him, their fists held up and ready for a pummeling.

Reacting quickly, the boy dodged the attack from the droid that reached him first. Then, as soon as the second one dropped down behind him for an attempt, Goten brought his foot up and kicked the robot into its companion, sending both automatons down the road to join their friends, who had also been grounded.

Taking the initiative, Trunks jumped over the four robots kneeling in the middle of the road to land next to his friend. The moment he touched down, both adolescents cupped their hands in the center and powered up.

"Goten! Now!" the lavender haired boy shouted.

All at once, both children threw their hands forward and unleashed a simultaneous *Kamehameha Wave* at their foes. Their attacks melded together in midflight consumed the four little robots while they were still struggling to their feet, seconds before a massive explosion ripped across the town and rattled the surrounding buildings. People watching from nearby cried out in terror as they were pelted by dust and debris, the force of the attack shifting buildings off of their foundations and filling the sky with a fiery, mushroom shaped cloud. Eventually the plume faded into the atmosphere and, when the tired and beaten demi-Saiyan duo watched the space in front of them clear, they saw a massive crater emerge from the thick and four seemingly unconscious robots lying at the bottom of the crevice.

It looked as though their attack had been a success. But then, just when Goten and Trunks were beginning to think that their opponents were about to stand up again and carry on with a fourth bout, the pair suddenly saw the robot in the middle of the formation raise their hand and wave a white flag in defeat. This was especially hilarious to see coming from the little droid, as it continued to remain where it was, lying flat on its back in the pit surrounded by its beaten yet still remarkably intact comrades.

Nevertheless, seeing the white flag filled both Goten and Trunks with a sense of relief, as both boys soon collapsed shoulder-to-shoulder in the middle of the road. When their Super Saiyan forms dispelled, their bodies revealed the various cuts, bruises and blood splatters they'd sustained during their scuffle, indicating just how tough of a fight they'd had. Taking a few moments to catch their breaths, Trunks then raised his fist towards his friend and bumped knuckles with him.

"We did it. Way to go, buddy."

"Yeah," Goten chirped, "You too, Trunks."

After a full minute of kicking back and resting from the battle, the pair was suddenly roused from their daze by the sound of footsteps approaching. When they opened their eyes, they saw their four opponents, covered in scratches and dirt, holding up plastic water bottles and towels to them.

Surprised by the unexpected offering and even more confused as to where the four little CAT droids had managed to get those supplies, the kids instead threw all caution to the wind and accepted their help gratefully.

Goten giggled when he took the water bottle from the one closest to him, "Thank you very much."
In response, the cat robot raised a cardboard sign that said, 'You're welcome.'

Putting the warm towel to his face to wipe off the blood, Trunks smiled at the automaton in front of him and laughed, "Man. These guys are, like, the nicest opponents we've ever had."

"I know," Goten replied, while also taking a warm towel from the same robot in the middle. "Mum would love to have these guys doing chores around the house. I bet they'll be a huge help for her, since I'm not really good at doing dishes or anything."

"Doesn't your mum hate having pets inside the house though?" Trunks asked with an inquisitive look, as he was well aware of the incidents his friend's oldest sibling had experienced with his parent regarding their family dragon Icarus. "You know, because they get dirt everywhere and make a mess of the place."

"Yeah. But these guys aren't animals," Goten said cheerily, at the same time turning to beam at the squad of robotic cats standing at attention. "They're robots… and they're awesome."

While the two sat and enjoyed a breather, along with the four little critters who'd called it quits and were now helping their opponents, the pair were suddenly joined by a third party. Floating down from the sky above, the Saiyan youngsters saw a slightly burnt and disheveled Android 18 land nearby, with her arms wrapped around the three CAT droids she'd previously been fighting. Just like with Goten and Trunks, the little automatons were all in one piece, yet clearly showed the signs of a small beating.

"Hey, Ms Eighteen!" Goten greeted with a wave. "Did you have fun?"

Holding the cat robots as if she were cuddling them, the normally expressionless android put on a smile and tilted her head. "Yeah," she chirped. "A lot."

OOO

(Paprika & Kure)

Receiving a slash across the chest from her powered up opponent, which sliced through her top like crate paper, the enormous demon Paprika let out a snarl and thrust a kick into the beastly Kure's chest. The powerful blow smashed her foe backwards, which only served to enrage the cat woman further, who then spun on the spot and kicked at the demon's feet.

Shifting her foot back to avoid the blow, the white haired giant of a Makyan began a slow retreat as her opponent began striking out at her with various low and high kicks from the floor. Using moves and cartwheels very similar to what you would see in the martial arts Capoeira, Kure spun at her opponent with her legs and tail, slashing and sweeping at her foe repeatedly. When Paprika checked one of her low blows, the cat alien suddenly leapt at her with a right hook, drilling her across the cheek and sending blood flying out of her mouth.

Eyes flaring with anger at the sudden overhand blow, Paprika growled and threw a straight kick into Kure's torso, knocking the woman off her feet and tumbling across the battle scarred field. When the extra terrestrial rolled back into an upright position, she remained crouched on all fours with her tail whipping angrily behind her. From the looks on both warriors, with the Makyan covered in bloody claw marks and Kure sporting numerous bruises of her own, along with an impaled shoulder, the two Z-fighters had been giving one another hell.

And they weren't alone in that respect either. As Paprika bared her fangs and stomped towards Kure threateningly, the latter glanced behind her when she sensed the presence of two others.
nearby. Her eyes narrowed when she instantly spotted Yamcha and Videl, also covered in bloody scratches, bruises, ruined clothing and black eyes, panting exhaustedly and glaring in her direction. Hunched over and bleeding from the corners of their mouths, the duo had clearly taken a few hits of their own trying to get the jump on Kure, only to receive a thorough beating in return for their efforts.

Taking several deep breaths, showing she was close to reaching her limit, Kure then dug the elongated nails on her hands into the soil and whipped her tail in front of her. "Time… to end this." She then vanished with a crack of wind, her blur darting towards Yamcha faster than he could track.

However, just as her invisible form was making its way across the wasteland, a hand suddenly shot forward and grabbed her ankle. Being pulled out of super speed, a stunned Kure looked down to see Paprika had jumped forward and caught her leg, stopping her dead in her tracks. As soon as she had her, the large-horned, devilish woman yanked the feline warrior out of the air, tossed her over her shoulder, and slammed Kure into the ground. Hitting the surface with an earth-splitting crack, the Makyan gave a yell of rage and, spinning around, threw Kure into the air.

"DUST HER!" Paprika shouted at her teammates.

Yamcha, white aura exploding around him, pulled back both his hands and, with a loud yell of his own, thrust them forward, unleashing two simultaneous Spirit Ball attacks at his airborne target. The speed he launched the spheres meant that he was able to nail her right in the chest and torso, propelling the cat high up into the sky. When Kure spat up blood from the shot, Videl used that opportunity to finish the combo.

Clenching her fists, the battered human crouched low and pressed her right knuckles to her chest. "Okay… last chance. Time to use that technique I've been practicing." Steam rising off of her body, Videl shut her eyes for a moment to focus her energy. Then, as soon as she was ready, her head snapped up and her jaw clenched tightly. "Make it count! KAIOKEN TIMES TEN!" All of a sudden, an aura of red energy burst off of her and began gushing out of every pore on her body. Her muscles bulking up in response to the expulsion of power, the girl let out a cry of agony before vanishing in a blur of speed.

Her take off was marked by a sonic boom, a split second before her body materialized several stories above the stricken Kure, who was still ascending at high speed. Hands brought up and placed over her forehead, Videl, red aura burning around her like flames, then clenched her teeth and growled in effort.

"This'll kill me, but…KAIOKEN, MAXIMUM POWER!" Like dumping petrol over an open pit, her aura exploded widthwise and filled the sky with a raging inferno, burning a hole straight through the atmosphere and right up into space. A scream of agony leaving her lips when she felt her veins expand, all of which could clearly be seen pulsating along her muscles, the human girl then concentrated all of the energy she had into her palms and formed a golden sphere of ki in front of her.

With so much energy gushing through her body all at once, the vessels in a lot of her more vulnerable spots could no longer hold back the strain, as blood came dribbling out of her nose and ears. Ignoring the pain, the girl then let out one last growl and threw both hands forward, unleashing her attack with a mighty roar.

"SUPER MASENKO-HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"
In a flash, her attack left her hands with a clap of thunder and rocketed towards her approaching foe, filling the sky with a light brighter than the sun itself. A split second later, her attack struck Kure in the back, knocking her into Yamcha's spirit balls, disintegrating them, and sending the woman blasting back towards the planet's surface, with a stunned look slapped across the feline's face. When she slammed into the country's surface, an explosion similar to a thermonuclear bomb ripped the land asunder in a dome shaped blast of orange fire.

The continent rattling under the force of impact, a thoroughly drained Videl then dropped out of the air to land next to Yamcha. When her legs buckled, her fellow human ally was there to catch her, while Paprika came to stand defensively by their side. When the trio watched the explosion of the Masenko die out, they saw an enormous crater emerge from the blast, and when the smoke from the impact zone cleared, so did Kure.

Her suit all but shredded to the point of leaving her in nothing but a bra and underwear, her back seared and the rest of her body covered in second degree burns, a still transformed Kure forced herself to her feet. Trembling from the damage racking her body and the fire still burning on her limbs, it took several moments for Kure to get to her knees. When she did, the woman then threw a glare towards her opponents where, through a blurred vision, she saw all three of them standing together several yards away.

Paprika, stepping forward, then brought back her hand. "Now… FU-RI-KA-KE-HAAAAAAA!"
She then thrust her palm forward, unleashing an orange, hand-shaped blast that blasted towards Kure faster than a lightning bolt.

Jumping to her feet, Kure braced herself in time to take the attack head-on, feeling it slam into her and send her rocketing backwards for well over a kilometer. Her body consumed in the flames of the blast, the woman dug her feet into the ground and slowed her retreat. As the forces of the attack continued to rip into her and burn her skin, the desperate and still conscious woman then began marching forward through the fire, her teeth gritted and fists clenched. Like a rock against an endlessly flowing stream, she fought against the river and continued to stomp across the disintegrating landscape, to the point a scream of rage left her lips and the pain overwhelming her became next to unbearable.

Videl and Yamcha were stunned to see the woman withstand the full might of Paprika's most powerful and dangerous attack. Even the Makyan unleashing the blast was more astonished than they were. However, not willing to give up just yet, Paprika took a deep breath and, after concentrating more energy into her free hand, thrust that forward too and unleashed a second blast down the line. The reinforced attack shot towards Kure in a surge of energy and, a split second later, hit the young woman like a tidal wave, knocking her off her feet and sending her tumbling through the twister of orange fire.

The explosion that followed shortly afterwards was immense, as energy filled the sky of the planet and the force of the blast distorted the surface of the Earth. When the smoke faded several minutes later, it revealed a major indent had been formed on the edge of the continent connecting the land to the ocean, which could clearly be seen from space. By the time the last embers of the attack had dissipated, water from the sea had finished flooding into the newly formed basin.

There, on the shores of the burnt cove, an exhausted Paprika, Yamcha and Videl floated over from the beginning of the trench to find Kure, back in her base form and even more damaged than before, wafting with smoke along the banks. Coughing as she was woken by the tides of water washing against her arm, the woman forced open an eye and turned to find her opponents standing over her.
When she saw the three of them staring down at her and looking quite concerned at the amount of damage she'd taken, she knew right away what'd happened and what the results of her battle were. Unable to feel really anything, due to having been subjected to the most thorough sterilization process ever recorded, Kure's lips broke into a smile and a pained laugh escaped her throat.

"Looks like… that's game over for me," the cat woman coughed.

Videl, hanging off of Yamcha's shoulders due to being unable to walk anymore, gave the woman her own cheery smile. "Yah think?"

Hearing the response prompted Kure to beam at the trio, "There's no doubt about it… you guys are strong."

Yamcha, feeling a little sympathetic for the pain she must be in, grinned down at their extraterrestrial opponent as well, "Hey. Don't sell yourself short. It was three against one. You're pretty damn strong yourself."

"Even if it was one-on-one, I would've lost anyway," the female with the cat features wheezed, at the same time shooting a look up at the still transformed Paprika. When she saw the devil woman crane her head, the woman with brown hair nodded to her, "After all, that one's powers are well above my own. She purposefully held back on that last attack… to stop from killing me."

The two Z-fighters also glanced over at Paprika to see their ally nod in understanding to their defeated adversary. After sizing up the giant woman, who was now easily twice their height, pulsing with Amazonian muscles, and had two enormous devil horns that would put the Lord of Darkness to shame protruding from her spiky white hair, the pair of miniscule humans then gave her a slightly apprehensive look. When Paprika felt their eyes boring into her side, the teenage girl glanced down at them and blinked in surprise.

"What?" she asked in a butch tone of voice.

Videl threw a nervous smile at the Makyan. "Yeah… do you think you can change back now, Paprika? Please?"

"Huh?"

"Yeah. I'm going to have to back Videl up on this one," Yamcha stammered, before then gulping at the puzzled look the green woman threw them, which came off more intimidating than she intended. "Don't take this the wrong way, girl, but… you look fucking terrifying."

Agreeing with the pair's assessments, the burnt and battered Kure nodded quietly in support.

Blushing, the giant woman then, much to her friends' relief, reverted back to her normal form, giving her muscles and the group's nerves a rest. Considering all the hits they'd taken in the last couple of hours, they definitely needed it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: And that's another chapter come and gone, and now the Z-fighters' battle with Sandra's group is quickly coming to an end. But it seems like Gohan and Sandra's battle will be going on for quite a while, considering how stubborn they both are.

Can't wait to see how the next chapter turns out. Hope you all enjoyed it.
**Z-Fighters Fighting Styles:** Back in the early days of *Dragonball* canon, martial arts styles were featured more prominently in the series as a means of identifying different characters and their training, with each warrior practicing a different martial arts. This concept of warriors using specific fighting styles became all but non-existent in the *Dragonball Z* series, where the characters focused more of their attention on increasing their fighting power and strength in favor of technique.

While martial arts were still ever-present in the *Dragonball Z* franchise, the specific types of styles, movements, punching, kicking, kneeing and parrying techniques, were never touched on by the author, so one could never determine what level of fighting ability any of the characters were actually at. This is mostly due to the fact that all of the Z-fighters are so powerful that they rarely had to worry about skill or technique, as they believed having greater speed and strength was all that was needed to win. It's also impossible to tell which warrior used what kind of fighting style, due to their incredible speed and agility, as displayed in a multitude of their fights.

However, from the Z-fighters' points of view, all of them still practice specific styles of fighting, which greatly affects their overall abilities and skills. While in the *Dragonball Z* canon this is never touched on, the concept has been expanded upon in this series as a means of individualizing and defining each character.

Since most of the characters' fighting styles are never specified in canon, with only masters and schools ever being mentioned in the series, most of the fighting styles I've listed are either designed by me to suit their characters or based off of real life martial arts and assigned to the characters based on personal observations. For those who know their history, their sports and are open to other cultures, they should recognize a few of the forms that have been listed.

---

**Gohan's Fighting Styles:** Over the past seven years, many of Gohan's training sessions weren't just focused on increasing his strength and power. As it was shown in several of the previous chapters, the demi-Saiyan undertook numerous sessions with all the members of the Z-fighters, including Videl, Piccolo, Zangya, Krillin, Tien, Master Roshi, Yamcha, Vegeta, his father, and even the warriors on Grand Kai's Planet. During that time, Gohan learned dozens of different forms of martial arts from Earth, all in an effort to improve his punching, kicking, grappling, countering, and holding techniques.

In order to overcome and defeat Sandra's ability to perfectly predict and read his movements via his rhythm, Gohan adopted the patterns and characteristics of his friends and enemies, including their fighting styles, which he imitated with textbook accuracy. This made it next to impossible for Sandra to keep up using timing alone, which meant she had to change her strategy and ultimately her style. After mimicking his friends repeatedly, Gohan quickly picked up how to use their fighting styles while simultaneously changing his rhythm without having to resort to full personality changes, allowing him to start battling Sandra more fluidly.

The styles Gohan learned from his friends and used in this round of his battle with Sandra and their descriptions are listed below as follows:

**User - Goku**

**Style - Hung Ga**

**Real or OC - Real**

**Origin – Chinese Kung Fu**
Description - A southern Chinese martial arts, which belongs to the Southern shaolin styles of the Asian province, is a style of fighting used famously by legendary hero Wong Fei Hung. The hallmarks of this style include deep, low stances, most notably the Sei Ping Ma horse stance, and strong hand techniques, most notably the bridge hand, and the versatile tiger claw. Many punching, parrying and kicking techniques can be utilized from this style, due to its versatility and emphasis on brute force, control, concentration, and use of soft techniques.

This fighting style was used by author Akira Toriyama as a template to illustrate Goku's various movements in the Dragonball manga, which he also adopted for other warriors including Krillin, Master Roshi, Gohan, Piccolo, Cell, Kid Trunks, Goten, and to a lesser extent Vegeta.

XXX

User - Chi-Chi

Style - Snake-Style Palm Fist

Real or OC – Original creation based off of actual martial arts style

Original Style derived from - Shequan (Snake Fist)

Origin – Chinese Kung Fu

Description - A style similar to Shequan (literal translation 'Snake Fist' or Snake Boxing) in Chinese martial arts, this particular style was taught by Master Roshi to the Ox King, which was then taught to Chi-Chi at a young age. Like many martial arts imitating Snake Style, this form uses very serpent like movements, allowing users to entwine with their opponents in defense while striking at angles they wouldn't expect in offense. As emphasized by Chi-Chi during the World Tournament in her match with Goku and later her training sessions with Goten, she used a lot of open palm style and finger strikes, reminiscent of snake strikes.

XXX

User - Piccolo

Style - Wild Demon Fist

Real or OC - Original creation

Description - A style used by King Piccolo, which he named, it is the main fighting style used exclusively by the warrior in all of his battles, emphasizing powerful strikes, clawed hand movements and slashes. Though this style was named by Piccolo, it is actually a form of Namekian martial arts, used by many warriors of the old race, including Nail.

This was the main style Piccolo taught to Gohan when he was a kid, which he used in combination with his own style and strength to compensate for his short stature and lack of reach. It was ideal for the young demi-Saiyan starting out in his training, and he used this style as the foundations for the martial arts he would use in the future.

XXX

User – Krillin

Style – Northern Praying Mantis
Real or OC – Real

Origin – Chinese Kung Fu

Description - Also known as Shandong Praying Mantis from its province of origin, it is a style which emphasizes striking at vital spots with distinctive hooks and punches, and also the use of whip-like and circular movements. It is also known for its speed, elbow and knee strikes, as well as its complex footwork derived from the Monkey Style martial arts.

XXX

User – Hercule

Style – Shotokan

Real or OC – Real

Origin – Japanese Karate

Description - While it is difficult to place the exact origin of Hercule's fighting style, as it seems to incorporate techniques from numerous martial arts including Judo, WWE (lol) and kick boxing, the most distinctive feature of Mr. Satan's style is his low, horse riding stances and emphasis on the seiken punch, which is a fully rotating corkscrew blow thrown from the waist. This indicates that Hercule's main fighting style is derivative of karate, most likely Shotokan . This fighting style was first adopted by the Japanese military back in World War II as a physical conditioning system to instill the spirit of Bushido in the enlisted soldiers, and serves as the foundations for many styles used today.

XXX

User – Tienshinhan

Style – White Crane Style

Real or OC – Real

Origin – Chinese Kung Fu

Description - Also known as the Fujian White Crane , it is a Southern Chinese martial arts style that originated in the Fujian province. It was developed by a female martial artist, strongly associated with traditional fighting techniques, including long range, as well as close range and hand-to-hand combat skills. It is a very graceful style imitating the movements of a crane.

Because Tien and Chiaotzu originated from the Crane School, it is expected that their main fighting style would reflect aspects of or would be in some way related to this form. It is featured briefly in Dragonball Z Resurrection F , where Tien is seen fighting off Frieza's forces using movements reminiscent of this fighting style, as well as during the World Tournament arc of the original Dragonball.

XXX

User – Videl

Style – Taekwondo & Hapkido
Real or OC – Real

Origin – Korean martial arts

Description – Going off base from her father, many of Videl's movements and attacks are derivative of a lot of the techniques from these two respective styles, as the teen seems to favor using fast kicks and disarming movements, particularly against criminals and larger opponents. This is understandable as Taekwondo was originally derived from other martial arts including Japan's Karate and China's Kung Fu styles during the 1940s. This makes it a very holistic style, emphasizing quick strikes, kicks and holds. Hapkido on the other hand deals in self-defense and disarmament techniques designed to deal with people armed with weapons, as well as the flow of movement and motion, where the fighter would use the opponent's weight and shift momentum against them.

XXX

User – Set, Goddess of Storms

Style – Northern and Southern Dragon Style(s)

Real or OC – Real

Origin – Chinese Kung Fu

Description – A Chinese style of martial arts, these two forms rely on a variety of techniques that can be employed for a wide range of needs. It can cripple or kill an opponent if need be or be used to settle simple disputes. Both forms use a variety of hand, palm, fist and claw strikes, with the Southern style relying on upper body techniques as opposed to the Northern style, which the latter allows for a greater usage of kicks. The styles were created as aggressive combat arts, though control and softness is also encouraged by masters of these forms. The dragon-like smoothness of the blows also helps disguise a lot of attacks, making it difficult for opponents to effectively counter.

Since Set comes from another world that is not human, her main fighting style probably wasn't named the Dragon Style, but her movements and techniques are very similar to those practiced on Planet Earth. As expected, Set was a master of this form and used it very effectively to disable opponents, strike at joints and vital spots, upset their techniques, and attack with limited effort. When aggression was required, she could attack with fearsome power and precision. Because Gods like Beerus and Whis practice only one form of martial arts related to their respective cultures and genres as beings of absolute power and destruction, which involves a lot of pressure point strikes and swift, accurate blows with the hands and feet to deal the maximum amount of damage, they have no need to learn any other styles. Each of the Gods is a master of one style from their race, which is most often characteristic of their mythologies.

XXX

User – Zangya

Style – Changquan

Real or OC – Real

Origin – Chinese Wushu/Kung Fu
Description - Also known as Long Fist, it is a fighting style associated with wushu and Northern styles of Chinese Shaolin kung fu, emphasizing strong, extended kicks, speed, power, and fighting techniques, making it a long-range style that possesses terrific grace and form. It is a very complicated style often practiced from childhood, as it requires great flexibility and dexterity.

Though Zangya's fighting style originates from her race and home planet, many of the techniques she uses is strongly related to this martial arts form.
Million of light years away from Earth where all the excitement was taking place, on the pyramid shaped world owned by arguably the most destructive force in the universe, everything was peaceful and quiet. That was until the loud booming of explosions and shockwaves began reverberating inside the main temple, which not only shook the sweeping valleys and disturbed the water, but also the enormous tree growing out of its center.

From the sounds of it, it almost seemed like a couple of the residents had started up some sort of scuffle. But that was not the case.

Inside the enormous cavern like chamber that was Beerus's bedroom, where several hourglasses and platforms of rock could be seen floating about the room, the God of Destruction was roused from his sleep by a particularly loud bang. Eyes flickering open, the purple anthropomorphic cat with the large ears, long tail and wearing a white nightgown sat up from his circular bed and stared at the cliff wall of his bedroom groggily. Dazed and confused, he then looked over to the space beside his cot, where he spotted a handful of figures sitting atop a large couch he couldn't recall being there before, with their feet kicked up and a large box of popcorn sitting between them.

"Oh. Good evening, Beerus," the cheery voice of the dark elf in the silky white dress and strips wrapped around her body greeted after finally noticing the man sitting up in his bed. "Did we wake you? Sorry about that. Have a good sleep?"

Blinking away the haze of his surroundings, the purple feline raised an eyebrow, "Aphrodite? What the heck are you doing here?" He then noticed the other people sitting alongside her. "And who are they?"

Giggling, the raven haired girl gestured to the three people sitting alongside her. "These are your planet's guests. The man with the scars on his face and wearing the outdated Saiyan armor is Bardock, God of War from Universe 6… and the girl in the hot leather lingerie and coat is Cleopatra; Isis's apprentice."

"Oh. That's nice," the purple God responded with a deadpan voice, before the frown on his face became all the more prominent. "Why the hell are they in my bedroom?"

"Well… I was getting a little bored sitting around the fields checking Cupid's daily reports and paperwork all day long, so I decided to bring these guys in here to watch some television."

"Television?" Beerus murmured, before turning in the direction his three visitors were staring in. When he looked at another part of the cavern wall, he saw a two hundred foot, cinema-sized plasma screen television switched on and playing multiple recordings of some sort of martial arts competitions. Though the fights taking place on the flat screen were intense, what had the God of Destruction's immediate attention was the object playing the feed itself. "I don't remember having that in here."
Reaching into the large box next to her, Aphrodite pulled up another handful of popcorn and shoved them into her mouth. "I made a quick stop over at the closest star system and bought one, then had my subordinates install it." She then waved her hand flippantly. "I could've done it myself, but my boys can do it a hell of a lot better than I can... plus I pay them."

"Uh-huh," Beerus nodded sleepily, his brain still attempting to make sense of everything that was being said to him. Once he was done processing, he looked back at the trio with his half-lidded gaze. "While I don't mind you buying one, did you have to set it up in my room? There are plenty of other places you could've put it."

"This was the only room that didn't have a stupid glare coming in from the twenty suns sitting outside. I could've destroyed them, but Whis and Isis-chan would be cross with me, so I decided not to," Aphrodite said through a mouthful of popcorn. When she swallowed, she looked back at him. "Plus the acoustics in here are the bomb. You can practically feel the surround sound hitting you in the face." She then elbowed one of her friends in the side. "You guys think so too, right?"

Bardock, arms crossed and a serious look in play, responded with a shrug. "Yeah. Whatever."

"It's nice," Cleopatra replied, at the same time watching the battles on screen with a big smile on her face.

"So there you go," Aphrodite answered, using her magic to summon a bottle of soda out of thin air and taking a long sip from it.

From the look on Beerus's face, the God of Destruction didn't appear to find her reasoning very convincing. That or he was just a little annoyed from being woken up so early in his hibernation cycle. Glancing at one of his nearby floating hourglasses, he saw that he had a couple more years left on it before it was set to go off, which had his eye twitch in annoyance. However, before he could voice this complaint with his intruders, he unexpectedly saw his servant Whis teleport out of thin air and plant himself on the space directly beside the Goddess of Love.

A box of popcorn sitting in his lap, the man with blue skin, white hair, and wearing a pair of purple and yellow striped pajamas, smiled happily at the big screen. "My... this is so exciting. I can't remember the last time we had a movie night and a slumber party." Helping himself to his snack, he then noticed that his apprentice was awake, and didn't hesitate for one moment in waving him over. "Come on, Beerus-sama. Why don't you join us?"

Initially hesitant at his teacher's offer, the feline soon caught whiff of the freshly popped corn and, feeling his stomach growl, made the decision to join them rather than just lie on his bed and do nothing. Dragging his feet over to the couch, which magically extended to include another seat for him, Beerus planted himself next to Whis and, getting comfortable, accepted his master's offer of popcorn and beverage. When he turned to the channel playing on the wall, he saw a series of warriors battling each other over different terrains, on a world that didn't appear all that familiar to him. After glancing between the multiple cameras and shots, the God of Destruction spoke up.

"What exactly are we watching?" Switching from window to window, Beerus then proceeded to point out the combatants. "From the looks of it, there appears to be a couple of puny mortals squabbling senselessly with each other on two different planets."

Aphrodite shrugged when she heard the man's comment. "I heard from Cupid that a gladiator matchup of some kind was being broadcast across the entire Northern Quadrant between a few of my district's clients, so I had the television lock onto the signal so that we could watch it."

Finger tapping against his bicep, the ever-serious Bardock craned his head upwards, "To be honest,
it's starting to get really interesting… especially the battle between the two Super Saiyans."

"Super Saiyans?" Beerus muttered, scratching his cheek absently while also staring at the flat screen. "Hmm… I don't know why, but that name sounds very familiar to me… Super Saiyan…"

Seeing that the still groggy God of Destruction was lost in thought, a present Whis and Aphrodite chose not to interject, and simply fixed their attention back on the television. As they continued to watch the multiple screens intently, sharing the popcorn and taking sips from the beverages they'd brought with them, the fights taking place on screen quickly began heating up…

OOO

(Meanwhile)

(Bulma's Group)

A similar gathering had taken place over in King Koku's courtyard, where the aforementioned ruler of the land and his staff had taken up comfortable positions on a series of chairs, to continue watching the multitude of fights unfolding on the hologram in front of them. Even the kitchen staff had gotten in on the action, bringing out various snacks, confectionaries and drinks for all of the people sitting out in the sun. It certainly was a welcome relief to those who were present, as the once nervous crowd was now hanging on the edge of their seats and watching with anticipation who out of the remaining contestants would come out on top.

While Bulma sat beside the large spider tank San in the background, arms crossed and an anxious expression in play, she suddenly became aware of a few feet tapping down beside her. When she looked, she saw Krillin stroll onto the scene, accompanied by his two CAT droid opponents.

From the looks of it, he'd been through one hell of a brawl with the robots, both of whom were covered in band aids and bandages… oddly enough.

"So… what did I miss?" the short fighter asked, his attention set squarely on the projection in the center of the courtyard. "How are the others going?"

The blue haired scientist smiled and turned back to the broadcast. "They're doing pretty well actually. Goten, Trunks and Eighteen just finished wrapping up their battles. So has Videl and her group. They're still hanging around the newly formed inlet they'd created on the other side of the continent. And Vegeta is currently heading over to where Zangya is fighting Maya… albeit at an incredibly slow pace. Not surprising, considering my husband had the stuffing beaten out of him during his fight."

"Uh-huh," Krillin chirped, rubbing a swollen cheek before then glancing about the screen. "And what's the scoop on the ones that are still going on?"

"Well, Zangya is having a bit of trouble trying to get around her opponent's massive bulk. Even though she's big, that Maya girl can still move pretty fast… and she's got quite a few clever tricks up her sleeve," Bulma informed, turning her attention to the screen where she could see the Super Oozaru belching fire out of her mouth and trying to hit an opponent with a size equivalent to a fly. "The two of them are really giving each other hell."

"And… what's going on with Tien?" Obviously he was worried about the state of his best mate, especially one who was full-blooded human and not some extraterrestrial monster.

"The man fights harder than most of you guys combined," Bulma remarked, crossing her arms and raising an eyebrow at the screen featuring the triclops in question. "The problem is that his
opponent is armored and keeps using these strange counter measures to dodge all of his big attacks. It's almost like Tien is fighting a fast-moving submarine in a game of cat-and-mouse." She then glanced over at the largest window, which was showing the fight between the two main contestants in this interplanetary tournament. "However, the best fight that's going on is definitely the one between Gohan and Sandra."

"Ah. Our fabulous hero. How's he holding up?" Krillin blinked curiously, "Kicking major butt… or is that just me being optimistic?"

"Super now," Bulma answered enthusiastically, but then backtracked slightly. "At the beginning he was getting his ass kicked. Anytime Gohan tried to do something, his opponent would counter him with a punch or a kick to the face, and knock his lights out. He was getting beat on so badly that he was practically at the point of passing out. But then, out of nowhere, he started impersonating all of you guys and using your moves against his opponent. It messed up her sense of timing and gave him the upper hand." She then clenched her fists and brought them up. "Now it's dead even between the two of them."

"Where are the two wonder kids now?" Krillin asked, looking up at the screen and watching the two golden blurs clashing on an unknown countryside.

"Well… they've just finished trashing Mars," Bulma recounted thoughtfully. "All that's left of it is half of a now oval shaped planet and an entire field of debris orbiting it. Now they've decided to take their battle all the way to Pluto."

"Ah," Krillin nodded in understanding, moments before his eyes widened and turned to the woman in surprise, "Wait, what?"

OOO

(Meanwhile)

(Pluto)

The state Gohan and Sandra had left Mars in following their little scrum on its surface was, for lack of a better expression, a work of art. Just like Bulma had described, the once gorgeous, perfectly rounded planet had been transformed into an oval of red dirt, with its entire southern hemisphere blown to kingdom come. What's more, the remains of that half had been scattered around the planet's space, leaving it with its own veritable asteroid belt.

Following the trail of destruction, the pair's battle inevitably reached the very outer reaches of the solar system. There, on the smallest, coldest and most isolated planet in the region, the two Super Saiyans began laying into one another with reckless abandon, not caring how much damage they caused as long as their opponent felt most of it. However, this being more of a contest of skill as opposed to a contest of strength, the duo was making one hell of a show of it.

Shockwaves rang out across the frozen planet in droves. On the western plains facing towards the sun, imbued in the glows of their respective Super Saiyan 3 forms, Gohan and Sandra could be seen locked in a heated exchange of blows.

Parrying a series of kicks, Gohan ducked and countered with a kick of his own, forcing his opponent to block. Upon which both fighters threw a right cross at each other, their knuckles impacting in the middle and sending both warriors skidding back across the frozen tundra.

The moment they stopped, with a cloud of ice and dust billowing about them, both warriors set
themselves into low stances of two completely different fighting styles.

Clenching her fists tightly and cracking her knuckles, Sandra shifted her weight onto her back leg and held her arms straight out in front, one fist hovering over the other. From the looks of it, the stance she’d taken was reminiscent of the one found in Shao Bei Quan, but was really an extraterrestrial form similar to it.

Responding to her style accordingly, Gohan brought both his arms forward and assumed a wide, low stance with his left side facing forward. In addition to this, he also had his knuckles turned downwards and his index fingers extended, adopting the use of the phoenix eye fists. Judging from his own posture and arm positions, he was now using the Choy Li Fut style, emphasizing pressure point strikes and extensive use of the upper body.

Despite their battered and bruised states, both Saiyans were fired up and ready for another round, the pair of teenagers shooting their opponent a smile.

Letting out a yell as she rushed forward, Sandra leapt into the air and threw a side kick at her foe. Gohan attempted to block with his arm, but was sent stumbling back from the force of the blow impacting his limb. When he stopped, the demi-Saiyan blocked a second roundhouse kick, before being forced to catch a downward strike from the woman. Grappling with her momentarily, he then threw her arms off and dropped both of his on top of her. The female empress deflected his downward swings and returned fire with her own. Gohan backed away, using his forearms to block. After which he then stepped forward and drove two fists into her chest and stomach simultaneously.

Despite the hit, Sandra was able to counter her opponent with a sharp front kick to the chest, knocking the Z-fighter back under the force.

A winded Gohan quickly recovered from the attack and reset his position. As soon as he did, Sandra spun at him once again, letting out a yell as her arms flew at the young warrior from long range. Her fierce assault forced the demi-Saiyan onto the defensive, parrying her strikes one after the other. Due to the rotating nature of her attacks, Gohan was pushed into a steady retreat.

Following a particularly vicious string of punches, the demi-Saiyan lunged forward, swinging his arms in and attempting to clap his opponent on both sides of the head. Sandra moved back to avoid it. After that, Gohan then spun in low and attempted to hit her with a strike to the kidney, only for his foe to block it, spin around, and nail him in the side of the head with a spinning back kick.

The blow knocked Gohan tumbling across the planet, bouncing painfully off of the ground several times before flipping back into an upright position. Coughing up some blood, he then reset his stance, gritting his teeth to fight off the pain. "Okay. That hurt like hell." Thanks to that shot, he was now seeing double.

Before his vision had a chance to recover, the teen then had to block another barrage of punches and kicks when Sandra came swinging at him a third time, using the momentum of her rotations to drive all of her attacks in. After Gohan unsuccessfully attempted to counter her with a kick of his own, he then redirected several more punches, until Sandra slipped one through his arms and nailed in the shoulder with a loud crack. Gohan shouted in pain and skidded backwards, gripping his joint. "Fuck! That's another bone!"

Sandra, giving another yell, swung her right foot up and dropped an axe kick towards Gohan’s head. Catching it, the hybrid slipped under the woman's split, grabbed her other leg and tossed her over his shoulder, throwing her into the air. His maneuver however backfired when he received a swift kick in the ribs when Sandra used the momentum from his throw to hit him on her descent.
Gripping his side with a shout of pain, the battered demi-Saiyan stumbled away. "Her legs are too damn strong! I can't fight against such a flamboyant style with a form like this! I have to change it up again!" Taking a few deep breaths to clear his head, the demi-Saiyan calmly slid his legs apart and assumed a low horse riding stance. Bringing his right fist to his face and sticking his left all the way out, Gohan then focused all of his attention on his foe, while simultaneously switching to **Muay Boran.** "Let's see how you fair against this one!"

Muay Boran was the traditional form of **Muay Thai,** which relied predominantly on well-timed, powerful kicks, knees and elbows to disorientate and defeat enemies. With the sturdy defense and powerful offense provided by this particular martial arts, Gohan was confident he could shift this battle in his favor.

Looking at the new stance Gohan had taken, Sandra narrowed her eyes suspiciously. Figuring it was just another ploy to deter her; the female Saiyan sprang forward and spun in with another kick. However, the moment her leg came swinging around, her opponent caught her completely by surprise by stepping forward and slamming his foot in her face with a straight kick. The counter knocked her flat on her ass, allowing Gohan to reset his stance and smirk.

"Appai!" he shouted, before stepping back and switching to southpaw.

Springing to her feet and massaging her jaw, Sandra then leapt at her opponent with another series of wild kicks. Her legs swung in and up at her foe, all aimed for the body and head. However, despite the speed and ferocity of her attacks, Gohan was able to check, block and knock all of them back. When she tried to throw another left roundhouse kick at him, the demi-Saiyan brought up his leg and stepped on her thigh before it had a chance to come around, knocking her off balance. When she then tried to spin at him with another backhand, Gohan instead jumped up, checked her arm with his leg, and dropped an elbow right down onto her skull.

"Appai! Appai!"

The loud crack was followed by Sandra stumbling away in a daze. When she recovered, she then attempted to hit her opponent again. But every time she tried to get close, Gohan repeatedly checked or parried her, using his knees and arms to stop her in her tracks. Sandra tried for a kick, but Gohan checked it and shoved her away with his hand. When she tried to throw a hook, the demi-Saiyan responded by slamming a front kick into her shoulder and knocking it back with a painful thud. She then followed up with a roundhouse kick, which Gohan blocked and struck when she landed with a kick of his own. After which the hybrid began driving repeated left roundhouse kicks into her thigh and hamstring, nearly causing her body to buckle from the vicious assault. To finish up, Gohan jumped forward and kneed her in the stomach, dropping her to the floor.

Gasping from the sharp blow to her ribs, Sandra rolled out of the way to avoid her foe's axe kick, which split the ground beneath them. The evasion placed her at a distance and allowed the woman to leap back to her feet. Body stinging from the pounding, the female warrior cursed. "Damn, he's got some seriously brutal kicks. I can't take too many more of those." Because his kicks were short, he could nail her faster than her more flamboyant punches and kicks. On top of that, he was using knees and elbows, which was really starting to hurt. "Alright. If you want to play dirty... let's play dirty."

As Gohan watched his opponent carefully down his extended fist, he raised an eyebrow when he saw Sandra lower her waist, widen her stance, and bring both her arms across her body, her right fist hovering at her cheek while her left was positioned low and across her torso. She also appeared to be leaning towards her right side with her left shoulder elevated and weaving from side to side, making her movements look very crablike.
Initially this confused Gohan. That was until he remembered seeing a very similar style during one of his free study periods. "Cross-armed defense? No… her left arm is positioned much lower and her shoulder is pressed up against her chin. The shoulder-roll defense." Whatever style it was, it looked to be very boxing-oriented, as her movements were mimicking that of a first-rate ring fighter. However, when Gohan looked down at her legs, he noticed she'd lowered herself into a crouching stance, very similar to the horse-riding stance. But something was off about it that had the teen sweat. "What exactly is she planning?"

Deciding to throw caution to the wind, Gohan kicked forward and shot towards his opponent with a left jab the instant he blurred into range. However, the second he threw his punch, Sandra head-slipped under it and opened up on the Saiyan with a left-overhand that caught the demi-Saiyan by surprise, who managed to block the counter with his arm. The attack slammed into his guard with such force it sent him skidding back across the icy field.

Alarmed, Gohan began backing away at high speed as Sandra came charging at him in a zigzag motion, her head weaving from side-to-side so fast the Z-fighter could barely track it. Taking advantage of his surprise, Sandra unleashed a series of swift straights and hooks, which the hybrid was forced to block and parry while retreating. He attempted to counter with a left roundhouse kick, but his opponent punched his thigh the instant he came up and knocked it to the ground. The startled Gohan then leant back to avoid another hook and retaliated with a swift side-kick up to the woman's head.

Sandra blocked with her cross-arm guard and shoved her opponent off his feet, sending him flying several dozen yards to smash into an icy glacier.

A crater being knocked into the mountain's side, Gohan gasped in shock and reset his stance and arm positions. He reacted just in time to begin blocking and dodging a second assault from Sandra. The female Saiyan hammered him with wide arcing punches and straights, at the same time head-slipping the hooks and counters Gohan attempted to land on her. She also managed to throw a swift right Senko at him, her attack shooting out with the whip-crack of a rifle. But Gohan ducked just in time to avoid the golden bolt of her fist, which struck the mountain behind him and disintegrated it in a blinding flash of light.

Not willing to stand there and get beaten into submission, the demi-Saiyan then threw a knee up at Sandra's gut, which she blocked with her own. The maneuver allowed the hybrid to force his way into her defense, grab her behind the head with his left, and ram his right elbow into her neck, locking her up.

The pair then began to grapple, with Sandra trapping Gohan inside her grip by locking her hands directly behind his head and forcing him down. The gutsy fighter from Earth then attempted to sweep the Saiyan's legs out with his own, but his opponent would constantly slide them out of reach, predicting his trips while also pulling him further towards the floor.

With the struggle getting them nowhere, Sandra decided to stop forcing her foe into submission and threw him across the countryside, sending the Super Saiyan 3 crashing through several hills. Upon which she spun and shot her foot out, unleashing a golden blast from her heel that chased after her target.

Back flipping and deflecting the blast into the sky at the same time, Gohan thrust both hands forward and fired two ki blasts at his foe, only to see her teleport out of the way and reappear at his side. After blocking her left hook, the demi-Saiyan then lashed out with his own fists, only to see Sandra head slip his punches with ease, allowing him to aim a swift roundhouse kick at her leg. However, with her foot firmly planted to the ground, she blocked it with her knee. When Gohan...
continued attacking her legs and body with his roundhouse kicks, the woman either blocked them with her elbows or cut them off with her knees, repeatedly stomping her feet forward in between his attacks and wedging them inside the boy's stance, putting the hero off balance.

The moment she saw Gohan stumble Sandra stretched her arm across his chest and kicked his legs out from under him, knocking the teen into the air before dropping him into the floor. Smashing a crater into Pluto's surface, the demi-Saiyan spat up blood before the woman swung her leg up and dropped it down on him in the form of a glowing axe-kick. Deflecting the charged attack with a swift kick of his own and causing her foot to slam into the floor next to him, punching a hole straight down to the other side of the planet with explosive force, Gohan then began slamming scissors kicks into Sandra's outstretched legs, all in an effort to take them out. He then leapt off of the floor and kicked her square in the abs, only to knock himself back when she held her ground. He then lunged with a hook, but Sandra blocked it and drove a left straight into his chest, knocking the boy several yards back.

Stopping in his tracks, a winded Gohan looked up to see Sandra smirking at him.

"Sorry, stallion. But there's no way you'll be able to break my iron horse stance. In this position, my legs are as solid as bedrock and my body as strong as steel," Sandra gloated, gesturing to her lowered waist and straight posture. Despite the bruises on her face, the blood dribbling from her mouth and the massive damage she'd sustained from their fight, she was still standing firm and at the ready. "This form is the second most used in my arsenal and has allowed me to defeat hundreds of warriors across the cosmos... and it will do the same to you! Give me your best shot!"

Hearing this put a smirk on Gohan's face. "That's a pretty bold claim there. Fine. If this has become a game of endurance, then let's see who breaks first." Upon which he then slid his left foot out and brought his arms around in a smooth and graceful motion. When they stopped, his left arm was bent awkwardly while his right hovered over it, protecting his body in a forward position with a non-threatening and soft-looking kung fu style. Breathing deeply, as if he'd practiced this hundreds of times before, the Saiyan angled his toes inwards and smirked. "**Wing Chun**... Ng Mui."

Sandra chuckled as she once again assumed her solid, cross-armed stance, "**Iron Cat Fist**... Shiera Mao."

Upon announcing their styles and the teachers whom they practiced them under, both Gohan and Sandra paced around the icy field, their arms extended in their respective forms. As they lapped, both fighters powered up, their golden auras bursting around them and lightning beginning to dance across the planet's skies, till the bolts could be seen covering the entire planet. With the world crumbling beneath their feet from the very energy they were exuding, the stage was set for yet another, fast-paced hitting match.

"She's using a hard-fist style with an incredibly awkward defense that emphasizes a high amount of upper-body weaving, head slips and a low center of gravity. Her attacks are also ridiculously powerful and she seems to be favoring a very long-reaching left jab that doubles as a hook, so that makes counter attacks for the head and chin on my end impossible," Gohan thought as his eyes traced over every inch of Sandra's frame. Upon which he frowned. "Her swings are wide, but she compensates for this by being fast and aggressive with her attacks. I may not be able to go for her head, but her body and core are pretty much open season. Let's see if I can't work with that."

"You're thinking of going for my body, aren't you?" Sandra thought when she noticed his lingering gaze. "Go for it. I'll cut you down before you can land anything big." By this time she'd already finished her own assessment. "He's subtly changing his rhythm every time we engage, so I can't rely on my timing to finish the job. I'll have to use a more direct approach if I want to finish him
off. He also seems to have taken a narrower stance with forward hand positions, so that means the rotation in his punches and kicks will be minimized considerably. If my instincts are telling me anything, his attacks are going to be coming in much faster than before." If she had to guess, it would place him in the exact same category she was fighting in.

Interesting.

Sandra's eyes then flashed mischievously. "But by favoring speed, you're sacrificing a great deal of power in your attacks... and that means softer punches. I wonder how you'll cope."

After sizing each other up, the invader decided to make the first move.

Eyes widening, Sandra fired an invisible kiai at Gohan's head, who head-slipped it before diving into her range. He then ducked to avoid the opening jabs and long hooks that Sandra began swinging out at him with terrifying accuracy. Dodging her punches, Gohan unloaded swift bursts of chain punches into her chest and torso, landing ten punches with every one she threw. His attacks hit like beestings, aggravating the woman and prompting her to swing out faster, only to miss when he dodged and hammered another chain punch combo into her side.

When he avoided another right straight, Gohan snapped a kick into her back leg, only to see her parry it with her leg and swing at him with yet another hook. Slipping under it, the demi-Saiyan fired a swift body blow into her side, followed by a shot to her head, which she skillfully parried and countered with an uppercut. Gohan barely avoided the blow when it grazed past his cheek and forced him to perform a series of parries, before dropping low and unleashing more chain punches into her stomach. Seeing his head directly beneath her, a determined Sandra aimed a body blow for the side of his head, only to watch the boy tuck-and-roll between her legs, catching her back-leg at the same time.

This maneuver forced Sandra into a split when Gohan used his full bodyweight to dislodge her foot and drag her leg back with his roll. The moment they stopped, with the demi-Saiyan lying on his back and hugging Sandra's extended calf, the boy swung his own leg back and slammed a kick into the girl's face, releasing her at the same time and sending the Saiyan Empress bolting across Pluto's surface, tearing a massive trench through the ice. She crashed into a mountain a hundred miles away, which went up in a shower of rubble.

Rolling back to his feet, Gohan gritted his teeth and took a stance, waiting for his opponent to retaliate. After watching the clouds in the distance fade, his eyes then widened when he saw her teleport directly in front of him, already in motion to throw a punch. Before he could even parry, Sandra clocked him with a killer right overhand, knocking blood and spit from his mouth. She then proceeded to bash him.

Recovering quickly, Gohan parried her next blows and checked her kick, before catching the girl's hook with his arm and, simultaneously, landing a chop on her neck.

A crack rang out when Gohan's blow hit, but the boy winced when he realized the muscles in her collar had dulled his pressure point blow and broke his finger. Recoiling in pain left the hybrid wide open for a punch from Sandra and sent the hero stumbling away. Before the girl could follow up with another blow, Gohan snapped a kick out at her stomach, stopping her momentarily.

Recovering from the shot to the face, Gohan shook his hand out and brought his guard back up, where he was quick to meet Sandra's next assault. Blocking and deflecting her heavy punches with a series of elaborate hand checks, the teen tried to lock her left arm up when she attempted to nail him with an uppercut. He countered with a palm strike to her face. But Sandra blocked it, freeing her arm from his hold and retaliating with hooks. Ducking her big swings and blocking her
uppercut, Gohan then stuck his hand out at her face, alarming her and forcing the female Saiyan to bring both arms up to guard.

It was a good thing she did because the instant her arms went up Gohan unleashed a hell storm of chain punches on her arms that hammered her defense in a blur of motion. The sounds of rapid cannon fire rang out with every blow Gohan landed, Sandra's feet skidding back along the floor under the force of his assault.

Snarling through the salvo, Sandra forced Gohan's arms away and countered with hooks, only for the demi-Saiyan to block them and continue throwing chain punches at her. The boy maneuvered around the girl and her rock solid stance, peppering her body with endless chain punches, forcing her to curl up and move her arms around to protect herself. The moment her arms returned to her face, Gohan spotted an opening and slipped an uppercut right under her turtle guard, knocking her head skywards with a thunderclap. As soon as he did, he then uncorked a kick right into her chest and sent her sliding back.

Stopping, Sandra groaned and rubbed her chin, spitting out a tooth before looking at the footprint slapped against her breasts. Brushing it off, the female Super Saiyan 3 growled, slammed her knuckles into her chest like a wild woman, and brought her fists up into a boxing stance.

"COME ON! BRING IT!" she screamed, bolting forward with blazing speed.

Gohan braced himself and switched hand positions, before his eyes widened when he saw his opponent spin through the air and slice at him with an aerial heel kick, prompting him to cross both arms over his face.

The tremendous blow that followed powered Gohan across the planet, slamming into several mountains along the way. When he stopped several leagues across Pluto's surface, the young Saiyan brought his hands to his forehead and, powering up, chanted at the top of his lungs. "MAESENKO-HAAAAAA!" Golden energy erupted from his hand and thundered across the planet, shredding the surface as it traveled.

Sandra countered immediately by lifting up her glowing foot and thrusting a side kick towards the oncoming blast, hurtling a fully charged attack of her own across the icy land. "RAIKO YARIIIIII!" The two golden blasts impacted one another and engaged in a fierce tug-of-war match, which formed a golden, pulsating dome in the middle of the frozen countryside. The clashing blasts expanded, incinerating the land and sending rubble everywhere.

Seconds after the beams clashed, an enormous explosion went out, which gradually began to swallow up the entire celestial body. As Pluto started to split, inside the blast, both Gohan and Sandra charged at one another. Yelling at the top of their lungs, the pair of warriors collided in the heart of the cataclysm, moments before they vanished and the entire planet lit up like a thermonuclear firework.

For about ten seconds, the Solar System was graced with a second sun, before it vanished into nothing.

OOO

(While)

(Grand Kai's Planet)

As Gohan and Sandra's battle raged on, the North and West Kai contingents watching the fight
from the Grand Kai's front lawn via the television were clenching their fists in excitement; looking on as yet another planet was destroyed in their battle. While the fate of Pluto did have North Kai groan and slap his forehead, the other people there didn't give two flips about the ball of ice as they all began making bets as to who would throw in the towel first and which planet would crumble next.

Upon seeing the pair of Super Saiyans vanish via teleportation, Olibu leaned over and nudged Pikkon in the side, "A hundred thousand pushups says Mercury is next."

Glancing at his training rival and back towards the screen, the green warrior in the weighted training gear then cracked a smile, "A hundred and fifty thousand pushups says Earth's moon is next."

"Deal."

Goku, catching wind of the gambling going on behind him between his two friends, also turned around and held up a hand, "Hey, let me get in on that action."

While the three warriors began blurting out absurd, random numbers, since it was the only currency they had to spend as dead people, Baba, who was watching the screen with keen interest, floated closer to the television and narrowed her eyes. When she saw the two Saiyans remerge, plummeting towards the surface of the sun while simultaneously locked in combat, the old fortuneteller spoke up.

"Gohan and Sandra are nearly reaching their limits," Baba said, seeing the pair trade bone crushing blows to the body and face respectively. Her words drew the attention of the entire group, allowing the witch to turn around with a grave expression in play, "Even though the two of them seem to be holding up physically, they're still landing a tremendous amount of blows on each other. The fact that they're still able to see straight after all the hits they've received is astonishing."

"True. They may be powerful and incredibly gifted warriors… perhaps the greatest of their generation, the body can only take so much punishment," King Kai informed, his hands crossed and a bead of sweat trickling down the side of his face. "If this keeps up, both of them are going to end up beating each other to death."

"That is unless one of them burns out first," the West Kai concluded with a flash of his monocle, drawing a nod of agreement from his companions.

Hearing this line of talk caused the three apprentices in the troop to cease their elicit activity of wagering pushups and returned their attention to the television. There, they saw Gohan nail Sandra in the face with several chain punches, before the woman countered with a knee to his body. Hearing the sounds of battle carry on prompted the Saiyan father to clench his fists and narrow his eyes in determination.

"You can do it son. Just keep fighting at your own pace," Goku thought.

OOO

(Back on Earth)

(Tien & Mobi)

Dodging a hail of missiles fired from his opponent's back, the three-eyed martial artist, sporting burns and bruises all over his chiseled body, along with a fresh new scar across his abdominals, brought his hands forward and unleashed an onslaught of golden blasts at his foe. "Take this!" His
attacks arced towards the rotund, armored robot hovering several stories above him. But just when they seemed like they would hit, the automaton fired up a couple of boosters from its side panel and evaded, while at the same time discharging a cluster of electrical balls that caused the fighter's energy blasts to veer away and follow them. "Damn it! Stop doing that!"

"Beep-beep!" the robot replied. (But if I do, you'll hit me)

Grunting as he dropped altitude sharply in order to stay in sight of his retreating foe, Tien grumbled to himself. "You're right. Dumb request." He then powered up and, crossing his arms over his chest, concentrated on his next technique. "Alright then. If one opponent isn't going to work on you, how about ten? *Multi Form!*" In the blink of an eye, the human warrior suddenly split himself into ten identical copies, all of whom scattered and charged towards the robot from all sides, with the intent of surrounding him.

A group of three managed to get in front of the droid, who applied its airbrakes to stop from crashing into the group when they rushed him. Its cracked visor flickering with various numbers and calculations, the large robot was unable to process its opponent's intentions fast enough when it was suddenly assaulted from all sides by ten Tiens. The group of clones pummeled the robot's armor from above, behind, in front and below, driving home attacks with the hopes of piercing through and getting at the droid's soft underbelly.

However, its armor was tough, and even with their combined efforts, the Tiens were hard-pressed trying to land any good damage on it.

The fact that they weren't able to land a solid hit meant that Mobi was able to perform a daring and successful escape. The robot suddenly launched itself into a spin with its arms outstretched, smacking its attackers away, before using the rockets on its feet to blast upwards. In doing so it unleashed another cluster of electrical flashes, which scattered between a couple of the Tien clones and electrocuted them.

When the clones vanished back into its host, the remaining few then aimed their fingers up at the retreating droid and powered up.

"Not so fast!" one of the remaining Tiens shouted.

"*Dodon Ray!*" the clones yelled in unison, before unleashing multiple orange beams after the flying robot.

Spotting the incoming attacks, Mobi began maneuvering between the blasts as quickly and gracefully as it could. Performing rolls and flips like a jet fighter, the robot was able to avoid a majority of the warrior's shots. That was until a single beam hit it in the foot and knocked out one of its primary thrusters. Its rocket boot exploding in a shower of debris, the droid then began a long plummet towards the Earth's surface, with Tien letting out a successful yell of triumph.

"Bulls eye!" the bruised and battered martial artist exclaimed.

His victory was short-lived however. As Mobi was falling back towards the planet, the battle-damaged automaton suddenly took aim and fired a cluster of red energy balls at the martial artist, forcing him and his copies to avoid. However, the energy spheres didn't need to make contact with their targets to cause damage, as they all detonated prematurely and caught the original Tien in the center. The bald martial artist ended up falling out of the sky too; crashing into the landmass the pair had been fighting over. His clones quickly dispelled back into him.

After both fighters ended up burying themselves in the ground and the dust settled around them,
they then struggled to their feet and glared across at one another.

Lights flickering and blinking, the armored Mobi stomped out of the crater he'd formed and began marching towards Tien's position.

Seeing his opponent approaching, the warrior acted quickly and leapt to his feet. Setting himself into a firm stance, the man concentrated and held his hands up to form a diamond shape in front of him. Taking it a step further, Tien then used his *Four Witches Technique* to produce two more arms from his shoulders, and arranged them into a second diamond directly in front of the first. It was through this technique he intended to magnify his next attack and hit his opponent with several times the force he would with the conventional blast.

With his foe standing directly in his crosshairs, the Z-fighter was ready.

White aura springing up around him, Tien unleashed his attack, "**TRI-BEEEAAAM-HAAAAAAA!**" A deafening howl rang out as an orange blast erupted from his hands, tearing across the landscape and incinerating the ground it covered. When the head of the attack eventually reached Mobi, it hit the walking tank like a tsunami of light and fire, engulfing the robot and causing the land around it to crumble.

As the ground disintegrated inside the eye of the attack, the automaton continued to march through it, raising its right arm in an attempt to block out the storm. Tien continued to feed energy into his attack, gritting his teeth as he watched his foe draw closer and closer. Eventually, just when Mobi was several feet away from its goal, the blast finally got to him, the inferno of the attack knocking the robot off its feet and sending him tumbling across the countryside.

When Tien saw his opponent go down, he cut off the energy to his blast and powered down. Panting heavily as he watched the dust settle across the island, he saw that a massive, square-shaped trench had been carved through the earth all the way to the ocean. A great deal of water had been evaporated from the force of his attack, as evident by the enormous cloud of condensation hanging above the bay.

Limping down the length of geometrically perfect destruction, the battle-damaged and effectively shirtless rendered Tien arrived at a pile of broken pieces of armor. Sitting not too far away from it, he spotted the unmistakable form of his opponent lying under a mound of dust and debris. When he noticed it sift, the human immediately dropped into a defensive stance, expecting his foe to attack.

But when Mobi sat up, the bald martial artist blinked in surprise when he saw that, underneath the plates of armor, the robot was actually big, white, bubble man, with two black optical sensors for eyes, stubby arms, stubby legs, and a big torso. When he saw the robot turn to him and stare, Tien stared right back at it.

"Beep," (I lost) Mobi spoke.

Eye swollen, the bald Z-fighter tilted his head, "Umm… okay?" He then became even more perplexed when he saw the robot stand up, waddle out of the trench, and instantly find interest in a couple of birds fluttering around, which he absently followed. Tien watched the squishy robot walk off, completely losing interest in him and their fight. "So… what do I do now?"

Just let the robot wander off by his lonesome or take him back with him? Honestly, he was more used to destroying opponents completely and asking questions later. This was a first for him.
"Hey," the Namekian in the shawl spoke from his side of the rock, watching as the frustrated warrior from Earth glared up at him. "Just out of curiosity... how many of our kind have you joined bodies with so far?"

Piccolo blinked at the casual way his counterpart just brought this subject up... and in the middle of such an intense game too. "That's a rather odd question to ask... not to mention kind of personal."

"Call it an old man's curse," Gast chuckled, placing his hands on his lap as he leaned towards his brother in arms. "But just between you and me, how many? I'm well aware of all the techniques and rituals practiced by our people, and given that your energy level is so much higher than most other warriors I've encountered in the past, it simply begs the question as to how you were able to obtain such strength."

Mulling it over for a moment soon led the fighter from Earth to glaring down at the pieces in front of him. Seeing how many he had left in comparison to Gast and the positions of said numbers, he was at a bit of a loss as to what to do next. "I fused with two others of my kind... a native from our home planet named Nail... and the one the people of this world referred to as Kami, who was previously the good half of my previous incarnation."

"Your previous self was split in two?" Gast repeated with a look of surprise. "I'm sure there was a good reason for that."

"It was a sacrifice my original embodiment was willing to make in order to be accepted as the new guardian of this planet," Piccolo replied, before then giving a humorless shrug. "We were separated for over a hundred years... and in that time a lot of things happened, from storms, to wars, to worldwide disasters, to alien invasions."

"I can only imagine," the elder Namekian remarked, propping his chin on his hand while resting an elbow on his lap. "Some really terrifying battles must have taken place to prompt you into joining bodies with two others."

"They were certainly a necessity on my part," the warrior from Earth stated while closing his eyes. "The fusion on Namek was done partly out of kindness and partly out of a means to gain strength to defeat the one who massacred our entire race. The other was done during a time our group had hit a dead end and was desperate for a quick resolution." He then looked up and faced his counterpart with a no-nonsense glare. "Though I wound up outclassed at the end of every major engagement, I was still able to play my part in the battles and was a big help to everyone involved... and have been for many years."

A big smile spread across Gast's lips, "The path to self-improvement is always rife with challenges and adversity."

"What about you?" Piccolo asked, raising an eyebrow at his fellow Namekian, "Your power level is nothing to sneeze at either. How did you manage to get so strong?"

Gast chuckled and leant back on his stone seat, "You caught a glimpse of my history... so you should have some idea as to how I did it." When he saw Piccolo was still listening to him, the man then took a deep breath and craned his head towards the sky above them, where they could see three of the planet's moons floating in orbit. "I was born into a world connected to countless others..."
like it, filled with dangers and environments that were not fit to sustain life. But as treacherous as it was, I wasn't going to let any of it stop me. I went out there, faced the darkness… and overcame every bad guy, monster and obstacle that stood in my way." He glanced back at Piccolo with a smirk. "In the decades to follow, I worked as a mercenary, a body guard, a tradesman, a bounty hunter, a prisoner, and a slave… someone who fought and bled at every stage and turning point in his life, without pause. No matter where I went, there was always conflict… always a battle to be won. It soon got to the point where I'd fought almost every kind of alien in the known universe, from bugs, to primates, to self-proclaimed deities. My God…" A chuckle left his lips. "You should have seen me in my prime. I was unstoppable."

"Sounds like you've lived a very charming life," Piccolo commented, reaching forward and moving another piece around. "Dole." When he looked up again, he heard Gast give a short laugh at the strategy he was using, "I'd hate to see such an amazing legacy cut short."

"I'm not going to let it end either," the man in the shawl and sash answered, picking up a rock and nudging it forward. "Sho mafe." Seeing his opponent grit his teeth, Gast then crossed his arms and tilted his head. "But honestly, out of all of us, I'd say you're the lucky one. You ended up landing on a peaceful planet and making friends with so many good people. You were able to lead a life that many of us dreamed of finding."

"Do you really mean that?"

"I do," Gast admitted with a broad smile, "And I don't give out compliments like that very often. Believe me."

A smirk then tugged at Piccolo's lips, "A life of adventure doesn't sound so bad either. Gaining strength by battling countless warriors across the galaxy? Had the circumstances of our respective exiles been reversed, I wouldn't have minded ending up in your shoes. But that's just me speaking personally."

This drew a look of interest from the elder Namekian, "I see." When he saw the green man's expression change, Gast then raised a hand. "Very well, if that's the case, then permit me this modest proposal. Considering you've now learned the mechanics of this game, how about we up the stakes a bit with a little wager?"

Piccolo frowned, "I'm listening."

"If you win, I will give you everything that I own," Gast offered, gesturing to the planet around them, "This garden, the animals, my position… and all the secrets and techniques I've learned over the past three hundred years. With my knowledge and experience, I can make you the most powerful Namekian in the known universe and one of the strongest warriors in existence."

"Okay…" the Namekian from Earth then narrowed his eyes, "And if I lose?"

"Your planet has wishing jewels, am I correct?" When he saw Piccolo blink in confusion, Gast elaborated. "The magical crystals forged from a Namekian's life force that, when brought together, can be used to summon a great guardian dragon to grant the user a single or multiple wishes?"

"Oh. You mean the dragon balls?" Piccolo asked, clearing his throat, "Yes. We have them."

"Well, if you lose, I would very much like to use your crystals to make a small wish of my own. It's nothing too big or selfish like eternal life or anything like that, just something I would like to cross off of my bucket list," Gast explained, appearing both sincere and honest with his request.
Giving his opponent a long, silent stare, as if trying to determine whether the man had any ill intent behind his words, Piccolo quickly came to a conclusion and nodded. "Alright. Deal." As soon as he said that, he watched Gast raise his hand and telekinetically return the pieces on the board to their original positions. Having already played this game a couple of times, the Namekian from Earth wasn't at all surprised to see the man clear the slate and start the new round from scratch. "First one to reach a triple mafe wins?"

"Sure," Gast replied, at the same time giving his opponent a competitive smirk. "I'll let you make the first move."

And with that, a serious Piccolo then reached forward and pushed his first piece into one of the triangles…

OOO

(Zangya & Maya)

Dodging a massive fist flying her way, the Super Hera leapt from the top of a plateau and into the sky, avoiding a punch that completely demolished the tor she'd been standing on and sent rubble cascading over the battlefield. Ignoring the shockwave that chased after her, Zangya repositioned herself behind her immense foe and spun down at the Super Oozaru with a heel kick. Yelling out, she caught the transformed Maya across the face and sent the massive beast toppling to the ground, which she impacted with the full weight of her girth and sent a towering wall of debris and dust flying in all directions.

Flying up to a higher altitude, the battered and bleeding Super Hera 2, with burns and bruises covering most of her body, held out both her hands and produced a dozen green energy balls, which began orbiting her at a terrifying speed. After gaining speed and size, Zangya then thrust her hand forward and threw them down at her target one after the other, with each attack instantly being replaced by another, and another, and another. Soon a string of unending energy spheres began raining down on Maya's position, detonating with the force of miniature nukes and setting the already scorched battlefield ablaze.

The Super Oozaru 2's cries of pain filled the air as smoke and fire billowed into the atmosphere, choking up the area and blocking out Zangya's view of her opponent. At first it seemed like the Z-fighter had her enemy on the ropes. But just as Zangya was in the midst of her barrage, the woman suddenly saw the clouds part violently and her opponent launch another Mouth Energy Wave at her. The purple blast gushed out of Maya's jaws with a terrifying roar and rocketed towards the Hera, forcing her to dodge.

Dropping down to ground level and landing in an open field, Zangya glared across the landscape to see her opponent spring to her feet and spin around to face her. Reacting fast, the Z-fighter drew her hands back and thrust them forward, unleashing a net of barely visible telekinetic wires from her fingers. The strings of energy crisscrossed through the air and caught Maya in an instant, wrapping around her at light speed and binding her to the floor. As the woman tried to struggle against them, they proceeded to drain her energy.

Digging her feet into the floor when she felt Maya thrash violently, Zangya gritted her teeth and barked. "Oh, no you don't!" the woman yelled, curling her fingers and giving a hard yank, pulling her string back and tightening them around her hulking foe.

Crying out in pain when she felt the wires cut and dig into her skin, the transformed Saiyan used all her strength to bring her one good arm around. Stretching her fingers out, Maya grabbed an air full of wires, getting a good grip on them and holding them at bay. When Zangya balked in shock at
seeing her opponent fight against the restraints, the Super Oozaru on the other end then dug her feet into the floor and gave a hard pull. The next thing the Hera knew was her whole body being yanked from the ground and thrown into the sky, before slamming into the earth with a loud crack.

Lassoing her foe around, Maya pulled Zangya out of her crater and slammed her into the ground on the other side, punching another hole into the floor. Then, still clutching her opponent's wires, the Oozaru turned and hurled her foe into the sky, Zangya's wires finally dispelling and sending the red haired woman spinning towards the clouds. The moment the Hera was airborne the Saiyan opened her mouth and unleashed another powerful blast at her enemy.

Spotting the attack fast approaching, Zangya powered up and shot into the atmosphere, bringing her hand back and producing a sphere of crackling red energy. Her attack expanding and pulsing as she took aim, the woman shouted, "Beauty-"

Before she could finish her incantation, Maya suddenly powered up and rocketed into the sky after her, shooting right passed the diminutive Z-fighter. "Not so fast!" the Super Oozaru roared, flying above her adversary and thrusting her finger upwards. Aura and lightning intensifying, the woman's had then ignited with an orange blaze, "You're mine! Shine Shot!" With a yell, the Saiyan elite flung an enormous, crackling ball of fire down at her opponent, who had to swiftly adjust her aim.

Her own energy burning around her, Zangya gave a cry of effort and launched her attack skywards, right at the approaching energy meteor. "-TRIGGER!" She flung her ball towards the fireball, the two blasts impacting one another and causing a massive, sphere shaped explosion. The resulting cataclysm filled the sky with a huge orange blast, swallowing up both Zangya and Maya, and knocking the two out of the air.

The explosion was so large that it could be seen from the moon.

When Zangya leapt out of the blast wave, trailing smoke and bits of her outfit, she landed hard on solid ground. Ripping off what was left of her pants and leaving her in only her singed halter top and purple underwear, the red haired fighter cupped her hands behind her and powered up. "KA-ME-" Seeing her opponent crash down on the floor several hundred meters ahead of her, uniform also in tatters and fur singed from the fire, the Hera's green aura with golden lightning expanded tenfold. "HA-ME-" Blue sphere taking shape in her hands, Zangya then thrust it forward with a mighty bellow, "HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

The moment Maya saw Zangya's attack rocketing towards her the Golden Oozaru opened her mouth and unleashed another powerful pink blast at her. Her attack erupted from her throat and hit Zangya's head-on like a tidal wave; the two attacks clashing before the Saiyan's slowly started to overwhelm the Z-fighter's. In a matter of seconds, the pink blast pushed the Hera's back to its owner and proceeded to swallow her up, causing Zangya to skid back along the ground and the earth around her to burn away.

Gritting her teeth as she felt her skin hiss and burn from the energy coursing around her, she then leant forward and screamed at the top of her lungs. "YOU WON'T WIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIN!" In a flash, her energy came pouring out of her body with a thunderous roar, the green aura behind her expanding and warping the atmosphere. She exuded so much energy in fact that the lightning she produced solidified and formed into two golden, angelic wings behind her, which grew to match the size of her opponent. The moment they formed, her energy spewed from her palms in a great tidal wave of fire, "AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!" The resulting surge of ki powered through the pink beam and swallowed Maya whole, burning the Oozaru's body and sweeping her up, sending the woman tumbling down a tunnel of blue light.
Screaming in agony as she spun through the whirlwind of energy, Maya crashed through several hills and plateaus, all of which ended up disintegrated in the attack. The blast itself expanded and grew to such a size it not only engulfed an entire mountain range, it also punched a hole through the atmosphere and right into space. Such was the power put behind the attack. When Zangya eventually cut off the flow to her technique, she left an enormous trench in the land a mile wide, all the way to the edge of the country.

Lying in the center of the blast zone, a charred and battered Maya coughed and choked on the smoke rising off of her golden ape form.

Before she could sit up or recover, Zangya, her angelic wings still drawn, dropped down from the sky and landed on the woman's tail. Conjuring her three-pronged sword out of thin air, she then sliced off the woman's appendage, which quickly caused its owner to revert back to her normal form. Both Maya and her tail shrunk down to regular size, where the woman ended up dropping out of Super Saiyan 2 seconds later from exhaustion. What was left of her was a thoroughly burnt body, with her one-piece Saiyan suit torn and ripped in several places.

Dispelling her weapon, the equally exhausted Hera spoke. "It's over."

Gasping for air, the beaten and battered Maya looked up at her opponent. Seeing the transformed woman with golden wings glaring down at her, the female Saiyan cracked a pained and bloody smile, "Yeah. No kidding." After staring at her for a moment, she then shakily raised a hand, "By the way… am I dead?"

Zangya cocked an eyebrow, "No."

"Oh… good… because for a second there I could've sworn I was staring at an angel," Maya replied as cheerily and sincerely as she could, "You look absolutely radiant."

Appearing slightly taken aback, the Hera then blinked, "Uhh… thanks?" She then looked behind her at the wings she'd generated and waved them a bit. "Huh. That's weird. I wonder what this is all about?" Upon dispelling them, she then reverted back to her base form, by which point the fatigue of her battle hit her like a ton of bricks. "Damn… that was exhausting. You sure didn't make it easy on me, did you?"

"I'm an Elite Saiyan warrior. Of course I wasn't going to be pulling punches," Maya wheezed with a grin, her left eye open half way from the swelling in her cheek, "It was either you or me. There is no in between in this kind of competition."

"Hm. Good point," Zangya breathed, running a hand through her curly locks before then nodding down at her opponent. "Need a hand?"

"Sure," Maya answered, before slowly being helped up into a sitting position. Crossing her legs, the long haired fighter with dark brown skin looked at her opponent in a friendly and considerate manner. "Wow. You're the only woman besides Sandra who's ever beaten me this badly. That was one hell of an ass kicking."

"What can I say? I try?" the Z-fighter chirped with her hands on her hips.

Looking the orange haired woman over, Maya then cracked a cheerful smile, "By the way… do you have a boyfriend?"

On cue, Zangya face-planted the ground with a comical thud. Seconds later she leapt back to her feet, covered in dirt and face red, "W-W-What?"
Maya then shrugged, "I'm just asking. I mean..." Rubbing her sore arm, the young woman then looked away with a light blush on her face, "Since I'm always hanging out with my crew day in and day out, I haven't really had the time to meet many other men or women as striking as you. The fact that you're super strong to boot is also kind of a turn-on for me."

Mouth opening and closing several times in shock, Zangya then stuttered, "W-Well... I uhh... I, umm..." Nothing. She had no means of responding to this situation.

"Don't get me wrong; even though most of the guys on my crew are super hot, I'm not really that interested in dating any of them. I mean, Gast is way too old, Kure is as straight as an arrow, Cal is gay and reproduces asexually, and Sandra... well... even though she's awesome to look at and I've had a crush on her for years, I know she won't be interested in hooking up with her best friend. I'm just... really, really lonely right now... and just want to find a mate." She then beamed hopefully up at the blushing Hera, who she saw was growing redder and redder by the second. "Hey. If you're free tonight, would you like to go out, find a hotel and mess around a little?"

Before Zangya could utter some form of response to Maya, who was clearly now hitting on her and asking her to an evening on the town, she suddenly heard two sets of feet land behind her and a familiar, gruff voice speak up.

"What are you two doing?" Vegeta asked, his arms folded and a frown pulled across his lips.

"What are you two doing?" Vegeta asked, his arms folded and a frown pulled across his lips.

"OKAY...?" the Sura-jin in the black tights spoke slowly.

"What the hell's wrong with you?" the Saiyan Prince inquired, completely baffled by the woman's reaction, whereas Cal just scratched his head in confusion.

Realizing she'd just yelled at the two men, Zangya gathered her senses and gave the pair a nervous smile. "W-What's wrong with me? Nothing at all." She then laughed nervously. "You don't need to worry about me, Vegeta. I just got smacked around a bit while I was fighting my opponent here. She was one tough customer." After gesturing to the woman behind her, the Z-fighter then stuck her nose in the air and did her best to regain her composure, sniffing for good measure. "Yep. Just a couple of girls standing around and having a normal, everyday, completely age appropriate and non-sexual conversation with each other."

The Hera was so caught up in trying to explain herself that she missed the sight of Maya standing up, sneaking up behind her, and pinching her ass. Shrieking, the Hera leapt several meters away from the Saiyan and glared back at her in shock, who she saw was grinning mischievously in her direction.

Finding the woman's performance rather unusual, Vegeta and Cal decided to shrug it off as just the Hera wigging out after a tough battle. Ignoring her look of alarm and the bristled state she was in, the battered Saiyan Prince then fixed his attention on his equally damaged colleague. "Anyway, do you two happen to know where the brat and his opponent have gone? The big guy and I can't seem to find them anywhere."

Quickly realizing that they too couldn't sense their friends anymore, both Zangya and Maya began searching the skies intently. Stretching out their senses to see if they could locate Gohan and Sandra somewhere in their quadrant, the group of four warriors in the desert then picked a direction and searched it. However, after zooming out as far as they could go, all of them came up blank.
"Can you sense anything?" Maya asked.

"Nope. I've got nothing. Zip," Zangya replied, narrowing her eyes in worry and placing her hands on her hips. "Shit. Where did they go?"

"Maybe they're not in this galaxy anymore," Cal suggested, appearing just as confused and concerned by the development. "Since both of them had taken their fight into space, it wouldn't surprise me one bit if they'd managed to make it all the way to the Andromeda sector."

"Or… the two of them are fighting each other in slip space and are no longer in this dimension anymore," Maya shrugged.

Frowning, the Saiyan Prince glared in her direction, "What the hell does that mean?"

"Can your half-Saiyan friend teleport?" the female second-in-command asked, earning nods from both Zangya and Vegeta. "Well… Sandra can teleport as well. So if we're putting two and two together and both of them are still in this game, then that means our friends have-"

Just as she was in the middle of explaining where the group's respective teammates and would-be team leaders had gotten to, a loud sonic boom suddenly filled the sky. A split second later, two figures dropped down from the clouds and slammed into the earth several yards away from them. Dust and debris pelting their position, the four former-combatants quickly snapped their attention towards the crash site, where they saw two bodies tumble out of the crater and land in the desert. Uniforms tattered to the point of disintegrating and bodies covered in multiple bruises, burns and lacerations, both Gohan and Sandra were locked in a heated wrestling match; the two fighters attempting to trap one another in a strangle hold. Having managed to get his opponent from behind, the Super Saiyan 3 hybrid growled as he slammed Sandra into the floor and pushed her into the dirt, tightening the hold he had around her neck in an attempt to put her to sleep. Sandra meanwhile, grabbing the arm that was choking her, forced herself forward for dear life, gasping and snarling through her own teeth, while at the same time clawing at the ground.

Surprised by the pair's sudden appearance, Maya then pointed lamely at the wrestling duo, "Found them." Earning glares from Vegeta and Zangya, the audience of four then proceeded to watch the fight taking place before them.

Wiggling her leg around and propping it under her, Sandra then brought a hand up, grabbed the back of Gohan's head and, with a firm pull, threw the boy over her and into the ground. This forced the demi-Saiyan to let go and separate from his opponent. Seconds later, the two warriors wound up on all fours, facing each other with bruised faces and bloody lips.

"There's no point in worrying about the damage I'm taking!" Sandra panted as she watched her foe wipe the blood from his nose on the back of his arm. "This fight will go nowhere if I don't give it everything I have! Even if I break every bone in my body, I will defeat this man!"

With a yell, Gohan powered up and sprinted forward, at the same time his opponent's aura kicked up around him. Diving in, the demi-Saiyan opened up with a series of sharp straights, forcing his opponent to slip them and retaliate with a series of equally fast swings. When Gohan managed to nail her twice in the face, Sandra retaliated with sharp hooks and straights, hitting the demi-Saiyan across the face and forcing him back.

"Be brave! Don't back down!" Gohan shouted in his head, parrying a hook and countering with a flurry of hits. "I've been training for seven years for a fight like this! Everything I've done has led me to this moment. I will win if I use everything I've learned, from my family, my friends, and
myself!" He then lunged in with a left hook, only for his eyes to widen when he saw his opponent diving at him with her right fist burning a hot gold. "Another Senko! Stop it!" Without missing a beat, he changed his hook into a left straight, throwing it over his opponent's shoulder and clocking her across the temple, at the same time her fist grazed his cheek.

Sandra cursed as she backpedaled clumsily, avoiding the demi-Saiyan's kick. "Shit! I've used too many Senkos! He's got the motion down!"

Chasing after her, his aura blazing around him in a storm, Gohan intercepted his opponent as she sprang to the right. "I can't take any more of those! If she manages to nail me directly, I'll be finished in one shot!"

Leaping away to avoid another punch, fending the boy off with a left hook, Sandra then reverted to her shoulder-roll stance and began to move in a cautious and twitchy fashion. At the same time, her fists started to pop out and jerk in a threatening manner. "The Senko isn't my only trump card! I'll get you with these!" She then made it look like she was about to lunge in with an attack, but stopped herself short, causing her opponent to hesitate.

Bringing his fists up defensively, Gohan gritted his teeth. "She's coming! Sandra will use feints! I shouldn't worry about them!" Resting his knuckles on his chin directly under his nose, the demi-Saiyan took on the Peek-a-boo guard and began to weave in a figure of eight motion at high speed. His body blurred out, creating two after images on his left and right as he charged straight at his opponent. "If I weave my body, I'll be able to dodge them, including her feints! As fast as I can! FASTER!" Dust clouded the air as the demi-Saiyan pursued his foe across the desert like a raging bull.

Cal blinked as he watched Gohan stick to his foe like glue, not letting her get away as they leapt across the desert in a blur. "That's some incredible head weaving. He's trying to dodge all the feints and real blows at the same time."

"With that kind of movement, it'll be really hard for Sandra to corner her target and use counters, since his head is constantly in motion," Vegeta stated, finding the boy's strategy to be incredibly well thought out. "He knows his opponent will be aiming for a knock out, so he's going to do everything he can stop her from doing that."

Zangya, also watching the super fast battle in awe, grinned widely, "He's got Sandra on the run! Now he has the advantage!"

Despite hearing the confidence in her former opponent's words, the wounded and badly bruised Maya frowned uncomfortably. "It's not over yet." A sense of dread fell over her.

Looking at her friend and the condition Sandra was in, beaten, bleeding and fighting to the point of collapse, she knew exactly what was going to happen next.

The demon was banging on the front gates, just waiting to break free.

It was only a matter of time.

Getting sick and tired of being chased, Sandra quickly changed tactics and dove in. Her opponent did so too. When the two golden blurs crossed paths, the two warriors slammed into each other head first, their foreheads colliding with a colossal shockwave, which punched a crater into the desert floor. Earth trembling under the force of their impact, Gohan and Sandra snarled as they attempted to push through their opponent, their eyes burning holes into the other while their electrical bio-fields sparked around them violently.
Knowing that his opponent would not be able to use her vicious counters at this range and that neither of them could use kicks, the two eventually separated and began lashing out at one another at super close range. Hooks and uppercuts began raining down from both sides as Gohan and Sandra laid into one another with sharp and powerful blows. Using parries and blocks characteristic of Wing Chun, the hybrid Saiyan attempted to nail his foe on every turn, but the female warrior was able to stop his blows with elbow blocks and knees, preventing him from landing any clean hits to the vital areas.

Taking a left hook to the cheek, Gohan spat. "It's no good if I hit according to Sandra's rhythm! I'll return two for each of her shots!" With a yell, the Saiyan rushed in and nailed his opponent in the face with two straights. When she retaliated with a hook, he hit her twice in the body and again across the face. After she lashed out with another uppercut and hook, the hybrid once again struck with chain punches, catching her four times before she managed to block with her arms.

When Sandra caught another straight to the face, sending blood splattering down her front, the woman bellowed. "Damn you!" She then tried to nail Gohan with a right cross, but overcompensated and ended up getting nailed in the face instead by his left.

Seeing Gohan take several more heavy punches from the frustrated Sandra had Zangya grit her teeth with worry. "You don't see a warrior like Sandra every day. A woman with her kind of power and strength is an incredibly rare thing. Each and every attack she throws must be terrifying." Upon watching Gohan dodge another two punches and respond with a vicious onslaught of straights to the woman's guard, the Hera tensed up. "There's no chance of winning against that kind of tenacity if you're scared. Don't lose your spirit, Gohan-kun! Take it all the way to the end!"

All of a sudden, a deafening crack rang out when the group saw Gohan fly in and deliver a haymaker to Sandra's face, not only knocking the woman off her feet, but also deactivating her aura. Blood and sweat clouded the air as the female warrior was thrown several yards across the desert, causing Vegeta and Zangya to look on in amazement.

"That's the way!" the Hera shouted.

"You've got her, brat!" the prince also roared. "Finish her!"

Spotting an opportunity, Gohan tucked up, took on the Peek-a-boo guard, and went for it. "Sandra has stepped back!" the teen shouted, seeing the woman stumble and throw her left foot behind her to keep her from sliding. "GO FOR IT!" His aura roared to life as he lunged in, ready to deliver the final blow.

However, just as the hybrid was closing in, a smirk crossed Sandra's lips as she suddenly brought her arms up and cocked back her left. The instant she did, steam suddenly burst off of it as it ignited gold, a sight that had the fast approaching Gohan's eyes widen in horror.

"No!" Quickly noticing the woman step in deep with her right foot and spring off of her left, the half-breed immediately realized his blunder. "Southpaw! She used a quick shift to set herself into position! A LEFTSENKO!" Throwing his weight back as fast as he could, Gohan hit the brakes hard and crossed his arms over his face. But it was too late.

With a mighty roar, Sandra lunged in and uncorked the mother of all jabs into Gohan's guard. The punch drilled through the boy's arms and cracked them wide open with a titanic thunderclap, the shockwave parting the clouds behind her target and annihilating a miraculously still standing mountain. The empress practically clear cut the entire countryside with that one hit, as a stunned and wounded demi-Saiyan was thrown back by the force of the attack hitting his body.
"It broke through!" Zangya shouted with her eyes wide in alarm.

"Despite the guard," Vegeta also remarked, looking on as Gohan threw his feet back and stopped himself, burying his heels into the dirt.

Bringing her right hand up to protect her face, Sandra then extended her left hand and, with a quick pivot, fired off her long reaching jabs at her opponent. "Take this!" When two shots clipped Gohan in the arms, the woman suddenly stepped in a little bit closer and, just before her jab could fully retract, unleashed a hook upon her opponent. "Kyokusen!" (Curve Shot) And just like that, her attack slammed into her opponent's temple with a loud clap and a blast of sweat.

Vegeta and Zangya reacted in alarm, thinking that their companion had just been knocked out by the punch.

Or so it seemed.

Eyes widening when she felt her attack had been blunted, the Saiyan Empress hurriedly backed off and retook her stance. When she saw the cloud of perspiration fade around Gohan's head, she quickly noticed that the demi-Saiyan had brought both his arms up and formed a crucifix in front of him in the form of a cross-arm guard, which he held firmly in front of his face. It was through this defensive technique that he was able to successfully fend off his opponent's curved blow.

Maya was stunned, "That's-?"

"A cross-arm block!" Zangya said, a grin appearing on her face, "It's a defensive technique used by boxers in the professional ring. Since it has the user pressing both arms against each other in a locked forward position, it's able to stop blows from the heaviest weight classes." She knew this much from her spars with Gohan.

"But doesn't that defense make it hard to counter punch?" Cal asked, noticing the awkward positioning of the boy's limbs.

Vegeta nodded, "Yes. That means he has to rely on his legs to get in close."

The frustration Sandra felt in that moment prompted the woman to press forward her assault, in which she began viciously unleashing a hail of Kyokusen shots upon her adversary. Jabs, hooks and uppercuts started hammering at Gohan's guard from different angles, chipping away at his defense and attempting to slip through. But as the demi-Saiyan slowly edged forward and forced his opponent to retreat, it quickly became apparent that the jabs were no longer having an effect on him.

When Gohan pushed into her range, Sandra fired off several more curved jabs and growled in frustration. "Damn it! I can't stop him with my left! The bastard figured out how to get through! If that's the case..." Since her Kyokusen was no longer cutting it, the woman quickly changed strategies and, with a sharp pivot on her forward leg, slammed a full right hook across Gohan's face from a blind spot. After knocking his head to the side, the Saiyan Empress started mercilessly pummeling her opponent with wide hooks and overhands, nailing him repeatedly around his guard.

Vegeta cursed when he saw this, "Shit! The cross guard can't block those! It's next to useless!"

Zangya, smile still in place, clenched her fists, "Yeah. But if Sandra can hit him with hooks..."

"THEN SO CAN I!" Quickly dropping the cross arm guard in favor of the standard one, Gohan suddenly ducked the woman's right hook and, with a deep step in, chopped at his opponent with a counter. "TAKE THIS!" All of a sudden, a sickening crack rang out when the Saiyan's fist buried...
Eyes open in horror and her breaths coming out in gasps, Sandra stumbled away with a deep impression of Gohan's fist in her waist. "Fuck! That blow cut in deep! He just broke three of my ribs!" Knees shaking as she attempted to catch her breath, the woman's eyes then snapped up when she sensed her opponent closing in and recoiled when she saw him directly in front of her. "Damn it!" Trying to throw a counter, the Empress ended up catching Gohan's punches instead, and what followed shortly from there was the female Saiyan getting the beat down of a lifetime.

Unable to defend herself in time, Sandra started receiving crippling blows to the abs, chest and face, the repeated body blows knocking the air out of her while the kicks she received to the head knocked her brain about. After hammering her with multiple right straights, Gohan checked a kick before, leaping into the air, slammed a roundhouse into her head and sent his opponent flying to the side. When Sandra skidded to a stop several yards away and looked up, she showed a cut had been formed in her hairline and blood was now running down her face.

Seeing her friend receive such damage had Maya step forward in horror. "Sandra!"

"This is it!" Gohan thought, noting that his opponent had her guard down and was wide open. His aura bursting around him once again, the teen rushed at the female Saiyan in a veil of golden flames and blue lightning, ready to deliver what would be his final attack. "I'm ending this fight right now!" Clenching his left fist tightly, the young man closed in on his foe and lunged at her with a left cross, aiming to cut Sandra down with one blow.

Clenching her fists tightly to the point they were shaking, Maya gritted her teeth in anticipation. "There he is, Sandra! The man standing before you now is the man you've always wanted to see! He's the only one who can satisfy your hunger!" Stepping forward, she then yelled at the top of her lungs, "If you win, everyone will recognize you as the most powerful Saiyan in the universe! Win this, and prove that you're the best!"

Blood pouring down her face from the open wounds in her head, Sandra watched in bullet time as Gohan's fist slowly approached her. His fist howled with the force of an artillery cannon, threatening to split her skull right open and send her soul careening into the next world. As Maya's cries of desperation echoed through her head and her vision slowly turned red through the stream of bodily fluids dripping over her vision, something inside the Saiyan Empress snapped.

Her pupils glazing over and turning white, Sandra suddenly bit her teeth together in rage, revealing the set of razor sharp canines protruding from her gums. Then, as the blood caking her face molded perfectly into every welt and groove in her mug to form a thick layer of war paint, the Super Saiyan 3's expression morphed from one of anger into one that was damn near demonic.

"RRRRRRGGGGGMMMMMMMPHHH-"

All of a sudden, just as Gohan's fist was about to make contact, the enraged woman unexpectedly lunged forward with a hook and struck the man in the face with a wicked counter cross. A shocked look filled the hybrid's eyes as his skull was literally warped from the force of the punch slamming into his temple, sending a cloud of blood and spit blasting through the air with the sound of a gunshot. Then, as soon as his body was sent flying backwards, Sandra gave a loud and terrifying cry.

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA. Her bloody scream echoed with the roar of a wild beast, the likes of which none of the Z-fighters had ever seen before.
Her reaction was so violent and so aggressive that not only were Vegeta and Zangya horrified, but Maya and Cal were too, both of whom stepped back in shock.

"It's here…" the Sura warrior whispered.

"Yaju," Maya whispered, shaking her head in astonishment, "Sandra has finally let the beast free…"

OOO

(Meanwhile)

(Grand Kai's Planet)

When Pikkon heard the crunch of Sandra's fist echo off of Gohan's face, the man cringed, "That one connected at a really bad angle."

"Sandra's expression has changed completely," Olibu added, his own expression reflecting his concern and astonishment. "She must have lost it at the sight of her blood running down her face."

Before any more comments could be made from the most senior members of the troop, the audience on the lawn was jumpstarted out of their reverie when Goku darted forward and grabbed the sides of the television. As the trainers and fighters were about to protest against their companion for blocking their view of the fight, the group then heard the Saiyan yell.

From what he had to say, it was definitely not good.

"GOHAN! HIT HER! DON'T LET HER TAKE THE OFFENSIVE!" Gripping the sides of the box in panic, Goku then spoke under his breath. "You might not realize it, but you're damaged way beyond your limit! Both of you are! If you take any more direct hits, your body will shut down!"

He then shook the television and shouted once more, "ATTACK HER NOW, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!"

Sensing the desperation in his friend's words, Pikkon also looked at the television and yelled, "Come on, kid!"

"Fight back!" Olibu roared immediately afterwards, wanting to offer his support as best as he could, "Give it all you've got!"

OOO

(Back on Earth)

Sandra's outburst was only the beginning of things to come. Before Gohan could even begin to regain his bearings, he suddenly found himself being brutally assaulted by his opponent, who proceeded to unleash the biggest ass-kicking he'd ever received upon his person. Her rage burned around her as intensely as her aura and lightning, as every hook, elbow, punch and kick Sandra managed to land crashed against the boy's arms and body; smashing his guard open like the window of a car.

The sound generated by all of her attacks connecting one after the other was equivalent to that of an artillery bombardment falling upon the landscape, with the shockwaves actually mimicking the ferocity of one.

As for the female Saiyan, she no longer held the serious or composed expression she'd previously
been wearing. The instant she snapped, her face had transformed into one of unbridled fury. Coupled with her frenzied attack upon her adversary and it became clear that Gohan was no longer fighting the same Sandra he was before. The female Super Saiyan 3 cried out as she swung at her target with reckless abandon, pulverizing his guard several times with straights before splitting it open with a wicked uppercut. The instant his head was exposed, she then mashed him with hooks, before thrusting a kick into his chest, smashing him across the landscape and plowing him through the dirt.

Gohan, lying in a massive crater of his own making, spit up blood and looked up in shock, where he saw Sandra marching towards him with lightning dancing around her in a storm. By this point, a devilish grin had spread across her bloody face, indicating the Saiyan was excited.

"Come on, Gohan… get up. I know you've got way more than that in you! Hit me! Fight me!"

Running her tongue over her lips and sucking up the blood running down her face, Sandra giggled madly, her eyes blood shot and reflecting a look of hunger. "Show me the girth of a true Saiyan Warrior! A true Super Saiyan! Give it to me! Give me everything you have! I want it! I want all of it!"

Not willing to go down that easily, Gohan sprang to his feet and leapt at his opponent with a punch, only to suddenly get hit in the face by lightning fast hook from a sharp angle. Several more punches flew at him from random angles that he desperately tried to block, but no matter where he positioned his arms Sandra's fists powered right through his defenses. After several more crushing blows, Gohan retaliated with a right straight, but had his wrist caught by Sandra and pulled towards her. Bringing his face right in front of hers, Sandra then snarled at her opponent through a manic and beastly grin.

"You call that a punch? That was pathetic," Sandra growled, bringing back her knee and burying it into Gohan's stomach, knocking the wind out of his lungs. "I want you to hit me! To rip me apart with your bare hands!" She then grabbed his long golden mane, pulled him up, and began driving her fist into his face. Loud crunch sounds rung out every time she struck him, more and more blood becoming smeared over her knuckles with every draw, "Fight me! Fight me! FIGHT ME! FIGHT ME!

Quickly regaining a moment of consciousness in between her punches, Gohan yelled out and threw his head forward, his skull crashing into Sandra's face. The hit causing her to release her quarry, Sandra spat blood onto the floor and smirked broadly.

"That's the spirit!" Sandra barked, darting forward and slamming a fist into the man. "Do or die! Fight to your last breath!"

Stumbling, the demi-Saiyan barely had enough time to put up his arms before he was once again set upon by his adversary. From that point, both he and the audience of four standing on the sidelines could only watch helplessly as Sandra proceeded to pummel him into submission. Despite being able to stay on his feet, the attacks the woman landed smashed right through his guard, hitting him repeatedly in the face and body. What's more, not only were her attacks thrown with full swings and full power, but they were fast and continuous, coming in one after the other without pause.

Sandra yelled and grunted every time she threw an attack, kicking Gohan in the sides, battering his front with straight punches, and knocking his upper body from side to side with merciless hooks. Every once in a while she threw an uppercut into his body, burying her fists into his ribs and knocking the wind out of him. At first it looked as though the half-Saiyan would be able to withstand the assault, but as her punches and kicks continued to knock him about, it quickly
became apparent that he wouldn't. Soon, Gohan could no longer keep his arms up and was now staggering about, Sandra's fists impacting his head over and over again, sending his blood splattering all over.

Her fighting style no longer reflected the grace and choreography of a trained warrior. No. Every single attack she threw was that of a ruthless thug; one more animal than Saiyan. As a result, no mercy or quarter was shown towards her enemy. Just violence.

Zangya's expression reflected horror when she watched the dazed and barely conscious Gohan receive another crushing blow to the head. "GOHAN!" she screamed out.

Laughing in a psychotic manner, her enraged state preventing her from hearing the Hera's cry, Sandra let loose several more haymakers upon her foe, watching Gohan's face cave in and feeling his bones turn to mush beneath her knuckles. By this point, her gloves, once a clean and shining white, were now turned red from the boy's blood. When a bit more splattered across her face, the Empress licked it up and lunged in with another punch. "What's wrong, stallion?! CAN'T KEEP UP WITH ME ANYMORE?! Well, FUCK YOU!" she howled as she drove one more punch across his face, sending Gohan flying into a boulder. The instant his body collided with it and wedged into its side, leaving the teen lying unconscious against it, the female Saiyan powered up and charged in one last time, "DIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!

"STOOOOOP!" Zangya cried out, sprinting towards the pair several dozen yards away.

Looking up in alarm, Vegeta also leapt forward, "Zangya! Wait!"

Gohan's face was barely recognizable. Due to the amount of blows Sandra had landed, not only was both his cheeks puffed up like he had cotton stuffed into his mouth, but his right eye had swollen completely shut, he had blood running from his eyes, forehead, mouth, ears and nose, and a swollen temple throbbing in the corner of his hairline. As for the rest of his body, it was clear he had nothing left. No more punches, kicks, knees, or words left to give. He'd been hit so many times by Sandra's latest assault that he'd practically been broken. His arms were hanging limply from his shoulders and his legs could no longer support him, which was clearly shown by how he was lying against that boulder, waiting for the last punch now hurtling his way.

"W-What happened?" Gohan thought, unable to see anything but blackness, "Did I… did I lose? Am I… dead?"

No. He wasn't dead. But he was out of it. All he could feel was numbness and a cold fast approaching him. The clear signs of his brain shutting down and his body failing him.

"Who... who did this to me?" He was at a complete loss. The punches his brain had received had literally knocked him senseless.

There was no light in his one remaining eye, as it was staring vacantly up into the sky… into an unending darkness. Though he'd been knocked unconscious, he was still in his Super Saiyan 3 form, which was miraculously being held up by whatever willpower his body was gripping onto.

It wouldn't make much difference in the next few milliseconds though, as Sandra, approaching him in bullet time, unleashed a fully loaded punch towards his face, her knuckles corkscrewing through the air like a missile.

Unable to see it coming, the busted up Gohan could only stare into darkness and wonder who had knocked him out.
All of a sudden, from out of the shadows, he heard the sound of several low voices echoing all around, moments before a group of faces came flying right at him. When they stopped, Gohan found himself confronted by the demonic mugs of Radditz, Nappa, Garlic Junior, Turles, Lord Slug, Recoome, Ginyu, Frieza, Android 13, Doctor Gero, Broly, Hatchiyack, Cell, Bojack and Vulcan, all grinning at him and taunting him with a haunting chorus of chuckles and laughter.

"Wh-What's this?" Gohan thought with a confused look in play, watching as the bodies of his past villains stepped into view and stood over him, all cackling and grinning at him while bathed in a blood red glow. "What the hell are all of you doing here?"

Knowing who each and every one of them were and remembering what all of them had done to him and his friends, the sight of all these villains staring him down just… pissed him off. Really, really… really pissed him off.

"It's all…"

"…"

"…"

"It's all…"

"…"

"…"

"…"

Then… it happened.

"IT'S ALL YOUR FAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUULLT."

An explosion louder than anything anyone had ever heard suddenly rang out as a shockwave greater than a comet colliding with the planet rocked the entire continent, as Gohan, from out of nowhere, drove a punch right into Sandra's face. His scream of rage was drowned out by the impact of his blow, which reverberated through the heavens with the distinct sound of bones crunching. In that moment, Sandra's skull and jaw fractured, while her head was sent bending in the opposite direction she'd been moving.

So sudden was the attack that everyone, from Zangya and her lot on the sidelines, to the group watching from King Koku's Palace, to the Gods watching several hundred thousand galaxies away, stood frozen in astonishment.

Almost immediately after landing his meteor of a haymaker, Gohan set upon Sandra with an onslaught of blows. Moving so fast that his attacks blurred together, the enraged demi-Saiyan unleashed the most brutal rush attack his friends had ever seen him perform, the sound of multiple thunderclaps and bones being mashed echoing all around. With his fists and shins powering into her from all angles, the stunned Saiyan Empress was unable to do anything as she was battered around like a piñata. The instant Gohan's first body mangling salvo ended, blood spewed out of Sandra's open mouth, along with a strangled cry of agony.

"What the fuck?" Maya whispered, watching Sandra's body fly back and crash into a hillside, disintegrating it and every other hill stretching behind her for several miles in a cloud of dust.
"G-Gohan," Zangya choked out, having stopped in her tracks the moment she saw him wake up.

Or so it seemed.

With blood caking his face and his teeth bared, Gohan had taken rage-out to a whole other level. A snarling sound left his lips with ever breath he exhaled, steam leaving both his mouth and nostrils, and clouding the air around him. What's more, on top of the bodily fluids running down his swollen face, his eyes had creased in a clear display of fury, and his one open eye had glazed over with a shade of red. Since he was still in his Super Saiyan 3 form, his transformation made his expression look all the more beastly, as he stood in place panting like a wild animal.

That was just sugarcoating it. He looked down right terrifying.

To put it simply, the audience was at a complete loss.

"It looked like he was knocked out by Sandra's punches," Vegeta murmured, blinking as he watched Gohan sprint after his stunned opponent. "I don't get it."

"It happened while he was unconscious," Zangya spoke up, drawing the prince's attention towards her. "He must have snapped."

Maya looked across at the Z-fighters in shock, "W-What does that mean? What happens when he snaps?"

The Hera looked at the pair of invaders fearfully, "I've only seen him lose it a couple of times. But this is the first time I've ever seen him rage out like this." She then looked back to see Gohan close the final distance between him and his enemy, "I don't know what the hell happened to him while he was knocked out for those five seconds, but whatever did, it really must have gotten under his skin."

She had no idea.

When Sandra saw Gohan diving at her with a punch, the desperate woman attempted to avoid it. She leant back, hoping to sway under his blow, only to get nailed by another monstrous punch from below, which connected against her chin with a sonic boom. Feeling more blood fly out of her mouth, the pissed off female growled and flew back in, unleashing a storm of punches and swings upon the demi-Saiyan, all thrown with intent to crack his skull open. However, despite her speed and ferocity, Gohan dodged all of her attacks, his expression steeled with concentration as he suddenly lunged in, hit her in the temple with a cross counter, and struck her in the ribs with a bone-crunching body shot.

His attacks hit her so fast and so sharply that it almost looked like he'd thrown them simultaneous.

More blood gargling out of her mouth to pour down her top, the pissed off Sandra threw even more attacks with reckless abandon, desperately trying to catch her opponent in a pincer. Gohan, arms hanging at his sides, effortlessly avoided every single blow sent his way, her fists and kicks missing him by miles. When he dodged them all, he came back in with another lethal barrage of punches, which pulverized her waistline and doubled the woman over. When Sandra staggered away again, panting as heavily as Gohan was, the half-Saiyan sprinted at her and, with an animalistic snarl, uncorked a haymaker into Sandra's body, followed by another to her head, and one more to her side, bending her over and causing a strangled cry of pain to leave her lips.

Her legs almost buckling under the punishment and blood continuing to drool from her mouth, the wounded Sandra stumbled to a stop and gasped for air. When she saw Gohan's murderous eyes turn
to her, his teeth grinding like a mad dog, the female warrior then cracked a drowsy smile. "Yes. YES! This is it! Oh, you beast! I knew it! You're a fucking animal, just like me!" Straightening up, the Super Saiyan 3 chuckled excitedly as she ran her bloody hands up her body and squeezed her right breast, "Don't stop! Give it to me! I want to feel you against me! Fuck me! Ravage me! Break me! RIGHT NOW!" All of a sudden, the woman lunged forward with a laugh and threw a right haymaker.

Gohan responded and, with a yell of his own, struck his opponent in the face in a simultaneous exchange. What followed immediately after that was a glorified slugfest, as the two warriors proceeded to beat on one another without pause or restraint. While Sandra was ecstatically dealing and receiving punches, her opponent was smashing and powering into her with so many attacks it almost looked like he was trying to kill multiple opponents at once. It seemed as though he was fighting a bunch of people who'd caused him a lifetime of pain and suffering, and whom he hated with every fiber of his being. That was the only possible explanation for the carnage now taking place before the audience.

Faces were bashed in by knuckles, abs was crushed by well-timed knees, and ribs were repeatedly caved in by shins, even after blood started pouring from the pair's every orifice. After several minutes of an agonizing exchange of mountain crushing blows, in which the pair assualted one another senselessly and mercilessly, Sandra then dove at her opponent with a wicked right overhand, at the same time Gohan did with his left, their foreheads and fists slamming together and ending with the two grinding skulls against each other.

One grinning madly while the other simply glared the two then separated and attacked. Sandra went high while Gohan went low, which inevitably led to the latter hitting first with a crushing knee to the woman's gut. When the deranged female choked up blood, her legs finally gave out and she dropped to the floor like a sack of flour, while her opponent stumbled away, panting heavily.

As Sandra lay twitching and bleeding all over the floor, Gohan, watched on by the shocked audience nearby, suddenly blinked and shook his head. Life returning to his eyes, the young man then looked around in confusion, before his eyes landed on his opponent, who was now struggling to get back up.

"W-What the heck just happened?" the demi-Saiyan asked, his question earning bewildered looks from Zangya and the others. "Did I pass out or something? What was I…?" He then narrowed his eyes on Sandra, whom he saw form a fist in the dirt, "Why are you on the ground?"

Did he knock her down? What was going on? Thinking hard on it, all Gohan remembered seeing was the faces of all his past enemies leering and laughing at him, before his mental self proceeded to rush forward and beat the ever-loving daylights out of all of them. He'd been so convinced that the villains from his past had come back to haunt him that he'd lost all sense of self and control, which resulted in him annihilating every single one of them until they were just a series of bloody smears on the floor. At least that was what he'd envisioned.

But in the end, it had all been a dream, and the next thing Gohan knew upon waking up from it was finding himself standing in the middle of the desert, with his actual opponent Sandra lying in a broken down heap at his feet.

Needless to say, he was not happy. Far from it.

He was absolutely livid with himself.

"Did I seriously beat my opponent while I was out cold? How? When? And with what? Did I use a ki blast? A left jab? A right straight? An uppercut?! A kick?! A knee?! WHAT?!" Gohan growled,
his hands turning to fists as his frustration spiked to an unbelievable degree. "How the hell can I call myself a fighter if I don't know how I defeated my opponent?! Sandra was the one who challenged me to this battle and I promised to fight her in a fair and equal contest! If I walked away now, it would be like I'd won this fight through pure luck! That's not even funny!" Feeling outraged and robbed of a clean victory, with the pain he was feeling spurring him on and firing him up, the demi-Saiyan let his feelings known with a yell of fury, "If I don't beat you with an attack I remember… I'M NOT GOING TO BE SATISFIED!" Sticking his arm up, he then began spinning it, winding it up and generating a vortex of wind beside him, "STAND UP AND FIGHT ME, YOU BITCH! I'M GOING TO KEEP POUNDING YOU UNTIL YOU'RE BEGGING FOR ME TO STOP!"

His words were powerful and angry, designed solely for intimidation. However, while Vegeta appeared stunned by his rather aggressive outburst, Zangya seemed somewhat mystified by it.

"Wow…" Placing a hand over her chest, the woman breathed in deeply as her eyes shimmered, "I'm actually pretty turned on right now."


"Third," Maya also whispered, sounding a bit out of breath.

Though it was quiet, Vegeta heard all three of them clearly, and slowly took a big step away from them. A big step. Seriously, what was wrong with these people?

After coughing up a bit more blood and rising to her feet seven seconds later, Sandra faced off against her enraged opponent with a more alive expression than ever. Her eyes no longer blood shot but having rings under them, especially the left one that was starting to swell over, the female Super Saiyan 3 analyzed her opponent carefully. Taking a moment to think back on the last few exchanged and events that'd transpired in their wake, the woman kneeling on the floor then gave a harsh chuckle, which she directed towards her adversary.

"So… you've finally decided to show me your true colors?" Sandra chuckled, wiping the blood from her nose and smearing it across her cheek. "That's good. It's no fun when the people who are supposed to be fighting each other are holding back. It's far more exciting when they're going all out…" Slurping up some more blood that dribbled down her nose, the Empress grinned lecherously at her foe. "I really like what I'm seeing. Got any more to give me, stallion?"

"Don't bite off more than you can chew," Gohan shot back, his own manic grin appearing through his bloody and bruised face. The fact that it was so busted up made him appear even more menacing than he actually intended. "You may be enjoying this battle as much as I am, but I can tell you're on your last legs. That last spurt really took it out of you." To be honest, he was almost running on fumes as well. He had some reserves left in the tank, but he needed that to be able to walk or fly back home.

If he was going to finish this fight, he was going to have to use them.

Sandra wheezed out a laugh as she shakily rose back to her feet, "True. But it won't be long before your engine conks out as well. And when it does, you can bet I'm going to enjoy taking full advantage of you and your immobile body." Her voice was laced with the undeniable tone of want and flirting, something that Zangya couldn't help but notice and frown at. Brushing a couple bangs of her golden mane out of the way, the woman then smirked, "Let's give it one more try. No more tricks, no more tactics, no more playing around. Just a straight up slugfest between two evenly matched warriors. Agreed?"
"Agreed," Gohan replied, sharing a smirk with his opponent. They'd felt each other out, tested each other's strengths and weaknesses, and engaged one another in a high-speed game of chess. Now that they'd gone way beyond their physical limits, it was time to see who would fall or pass out first. This had now become a battle of wills. "Ladies first."

"As you wish," Sandra murmured, before narrowing her eyes and dropping into a deep horse riding stance. The instant her hands curled into fists, golden energy began erupting out of her body like wild fire, filling the air around her before forming into a dome of rotating ki. As the sphere expanded the ground began to shake, purple lightning started shooting off of Sandra's body, and a hot wind starting to kick up around the group. It was the moment a hurricane formed in the sky above that Gohan and the others suddenly noticed the Saiyan's energy was skyrocketing, which had everyone in the vicinity recoil.

Golden flames twisted around Sandra like a gale, burning the ground at her feet and incinerating anything that got too close. At first they thought it was just an ordinary power up. But when her golden aura suddenly turned purple and the lightning shooting off of her suddenly turned black, the audience quickly realized that this was something else. This became evident when Sandra, screaming in rage, suddenly began to transform. Her muscles expanded, her height increased, her teeth sharpened, and her expression became all the more feral, accentuated by the white in her eyes turning blood red. What's more, not only did her golden tail increase in length, but glowing, purple veins started to appear all over the parts of her body that were exposed, which pulsed and throbbed from all the blood rushing through them.

Once the popping and cracking of her metamorphosis finally subsided, the Empress then crouched down and dug the claws of her right hand into the dirt, at the same time steam started to pour off of her body in a hot cloud.

"Moon Burst!" Sandra growled in a beastly and agro tone of voice, which sent a shiver down Gohan's spine. By this point, the woman had grown to be a full half a person taller than her opponent, and was now leering him down like a hungry tigress.

With the way her veins were showing, she may as well have been.

Zangya blinked in astonishment, "Whoa. What's happening to her? She's gotten bigger."

"Her power level just… exploded," Vegeta exclaimed, unable to believe what he was seeing either. "What is she doing?"

"That move is called Moon Drop or Moon Burst. It's a technique Sandra and I developed on Corvus," Maya informed, gritting her teeth as she fought back against the winds hammering them across the battlefield. "Since we were constantly being exposed to the radiation being generated by the planet's ten moons, we spent the last couple of years learning how to gather and store that energy inside our bodies. If we ever wound up running out of energy during a battle, we would be able to tap into the Blutz radiation in our bodies, and use it to give us an extra burst of strength and power." She then turned to Zangya with a frown. "Saiyans increase their strength from the light of the moon and use it to transform into the Oozaru. But Sandra and I learned how to master that power and taught ourselves how to suppress the urge to transform completely."

This information had Zangya blink, "You can do that?" After speaking to all of her friends, she assumed that whenever a Saiyan looked at a full moon, they were unable to stop themselves from transforming. She'd even asked Vegeta about it and he was the source material for the Z-fighter on all things Saiyan related.

But it seemed like some members of his race have been experimenting with the process.
"While the massive bulk of the Great Ape form can have a huge advantage on the battlefield, there are some battles where the size of the Oozaru can prove to be a great hindrance. Not only can it cause a lot of unwanted damage to the surrounding area, the form's frame also prevents it from fighting smaller and more elusive opponents. Aside from the risk of glancing at a full moon and transforming in a densely populated area, the Great Ape form can also inadvertently endanger your comrades' lives. I learned that last part the hard way," Maya informed, before turning back to the battle taking place in front of her. "Both Sandra and I practice completely different fighting styles. While I prefer using the full transformation to increase my power and durability, she uses it to increase her strength and speed."

"With that much power coming off of her…" Vegeta murmured, sweat breaking out on his face as the full impact of what he'd learned finally hit him like a ton of bricks.

All things considered, it looked as though Gohan was finished.

However, just when it seemed like Sandra had the upper hand; the demi-Saiyan quietly and discreetly clenched his fists and teeth, before widening up his stance. Despite the fact every muscle in his body was screaming at him, telling him not to do this, Gohan knew he had no other choice and cracked a pained smile. "My body's going to hate me for this later… but… **Kaioken times-!**"

Before Gohan could finish his sentence, a deafening thunderclap rang out, followed by a purple flash as Sandra launched herself at her foe at full speed. The act of doing so caused the ground and the air around her to catch fire, while a trench was carved into the floor in the direction she was traveling. The audience didn't even have time to look surprised when, without warning, the Saiyan Empress drove a fist into Gohan's face, the impact of which caused a shockwave so great it sent a twister of purple fire blasting across the desert behind her target.

Several miles of rock, grassland and forest was practically incinerated in an instant by the force of Sandra's punch traveling over the planet, sending smoke and dust into the atmosphere and terrifying everyone near enough to feel the tremors. As the earth crumbled under the shockwaves rippling through the sky, Gohan's body was sent hurtling through the vortex, tumbling like a ragdoll while his female opponent pursued him. In an instant, Sandra set upon the hapless Saiyan with a vicious onslaught of blows, which rained down on the Z-fighter from all directions and pummeled him into submission. The attack was rapid, unending and fast, and continued to carry on as the duo rocketed across the planet.

From space, the satellites in orbit were able to spot a golden bolt of energy traveling around the Earth in its upper stratosphere. The object was moving so fast that it was able to lap the planet twelve times in only three seconds, leaving a trail of golden energy in its wake.

Sandra, being the source of this unusual anomaly, ignored the audience watching their battle and continued to attack Gohan with a ferocity that was unmatched. When her glowing form shot over a series of snow covered Mountain Ranges in the North, a little too close for the planet's liking, not only did the act of doing so carve a trench into the surface, but two seconds after they'd passed, a sonic boom rang out that caused all of the edifices for three miles to crumble to the ground. A split second later, the heat from the shockwave hit the countryside, incinerating the ground instantly and causing it to melt.

Just from flying over them, Sandra was able to transform a series of mountains from solid bedrock into an ocean of molten lava.

The same happened to a couple of other unfortunate high points that got in the way of Sandra's flight path. After several more laps of the planet, the Saiyan Empress's route became more erratic and spontaneous, as the woman flew circles, loops and arcs through the sky, all the while
continuing to hammer her opponent mercilessly with attacks. As the sky began to catch fire from the speed the two warriors were traveling, Sandra eventually ended her combo of attacks by grabbing Gohan by the leg and tossing him to the other side of the world.

As she flew after him, the woman yelled at him with a manic grin in play. "This form represents the sum total of all my years of hard work and training! With the power of the Oozaru behind me, our race's greatest and most recognized trait, I have become the closest living Saiyan to reach the coveted Super Saiyan 4 form in over one thousand years!" Catching up to her opponent, she slammed a fist into a stomach and sent Gohan rag dolling over the continent, smashing through another mountain, incinerating it, and then bouncing up into the sky, where Sandra quickly intercepted him. "The energy shunted from my body in this halfway state transforms me into a propelling force..." Grabbing him by the leg a second time, Sandra then spun him around several times, before then tossing him towards the ocean, "elevating speed and power beyond the limitations..." Intercepting him a second time, the woman brought her hands above her head before slamming her fists down into the unresponsive Gohan's back. "OF LIVING FLESH!"

As Gohan's broken body was sent shooting towards the planet's surface, Sandra was able to shoot past him and cut him off. Blazing across the ocean and evaporating much of the water, the woman then shot up into the sky and caught Gohan just milliseconds before he could hit the water. She drove her knee into his stomach, causing a deafening impact sound to ring out, as the clouds were parted and so was the ocean, right down to the seabed. Lightning shot off of Sandra's body and struck the surrounding sea, sterilizing the air before, with a scream of effort, the woman kicked Gohan straight up into space, his body shooting through the atmosphere at such speed he probably incinerated what was left of the ozone layer.

Traveling well over Mach 100, Gohan's body eventually impacted a solid five seconds after being kicked. When his body punched a crater into the surface he'd struck, the still remarkably conscious teen realized he'd not only been kicked into space, he'd left Earth's entirely. In fact, from the looks of it, Sandra had managed to kick him so hard he'd flown straight through Saturn, punched a hole in it, and straight into one of the planet's moons. Judging from the position of the ringed celestial body above him, as well as the debris orbiting the vacuum of his crash site, he'd apparently smacked right into the planet's moon of Rhea.

Still lying flat out in the crater, Gohan allowed the full realization of what'd hit him percolate in his mind. Upon realizing that Sandra had just hit him with everything she could possibly muster with her body alone, the demi-Saiyan then cracked an exhilarated smile and chuckled.

"Good one. Now... it's my turn," the half-Saiyan chirped, his skin glowing red with excitement. However, it turned out to be more than just an emotional response, as he'd discreetly activated his Kaioken form before Sandra could hit him, allowing him to withstand her following assault. After making sure that the most important bones in his body were intact and that he was still in one piece, Gohan clenched his fists and gritted his teeth. "Super Kaioken... TIMES TWENTYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY! AAAAAAAAGHHHH!" With a mighty scream, red energy began pouring out of his body and ripping the moon apart around him, his muscles bulking up and veins beginning to pulse with blood.

The instant he powered up, the boy then leapt to his feet and jumped off of the moon, causing the satellite to explode into a cloud of rubble as he left a trail of red ki in his wake...

Right back to Earth...
Having touched down on an island in the middle of the ocean, the still transformed Sandra stood panting raggedly and staring up into the sky. Her golden, spiky hair trailing down her more muscular body, with purple veins still visible and tattooing her skin, the powered up woman then hunched forward an clenched her fists.

"Using this form... places enormous stress on my body, similar to anaerobic exercises," Sandra panted, shaking her head as sweat dribbled down her face. "Since I'm drawing on Blutz radiation directly from my cells, it elevates my power to such a degree that without the Oozaru form to back it up, it rips my body apart every time I use it, thereby shortening my life span. Therefore it should only be used as a trump card for settling fights quickly." She then looked up with a smirk. "And it looks like... I won."

All of a sudden, a flash of light hit the ground several yards away from her and punched a massive crater into the ground, sending debris and rubble blasting across the island. When the shockwave and dust settled, Sandra couldn't help but gape across at it in disbelief as she saw a familiar person step out of the crater. No longer wearing his orange gi top, with only half of his blue top, with his pants tattered to the point of falling apart, a red-skinned Gohan emerged at the crest of the crater and smiled down at his opponent.

Despite having received the beating of a lifetime, the bruised and swollen Z-fighter looked surprisingly chipper.

"Did you miss me?" Gohan asked in his cheerful tone of voice. A split second later, a serious expression suddenly crossed his face before his red aura exploded off of him once again, forming a cone of fiery energy around him. This was further enhanced by a storm of white lightning, which trailed across the ground and left black burns across the dirt.

Unable to believe that her opponent was still alive, Sandra continued to gape up at the demi-Saiyan in bewilderment. Sensing his energy level had increased to a level far beyond the form she'd attained, the woman continued to stare at him with wide eyes, before she leaned forward into a runner's stance. In that instant, a wide grin spread across her lips, her expression intensified, and her heart started hammering against her chest in excitement.

"This man..." Lurching forward, Sandra broke into a light jog. Seconds later, her jog transformed into a full-blown run as she practically sprinted at her opponent standing in the crater several yards above her, "MAKES ME WANT TO GO ALL OUT!" All of a sudden, the woman's purple and golden aura exploded around her, as she then blasted right up at her opponent, vanishing with a crack of wind. A split second later, the ground Gohan was standing on was disintegrated as he was suddenly bombarded from all directions by his adversary, prompting him to shield his face with a cross-arm guard while Sandra unleashed a powerful string of attacks on him without pause or hesitation."RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA:

The island literally turning to dust around them from the power Sandra unleashed, Gohan decided to end the one-sided beating once and for all. Sticking his fist out, he caught his opponent flush in the stomach, hitting her with such force it generated a shockwave atop the ocean and sent a tsunami fifty feet high rippling out over the vast stretch of sea. As for Sandra, the woman's red eyes bugged out of her skull from the force of the hit, moments before she vomited up blood and was sent rocketing towards the mainland.

When her feet slammed into the shoreline of the continent and she skidded into a cliff, smashing straight through it and up onto the valley floor, Sandra then hunched over and coughed up more blood. Noticing the fist imprint in her stomach and the right side of her ribs, the transformed
woman laughed and looked up with an overexcited and bloody smile.

"That's it, Gohan! Let me feel the power of your Super Saiyan fists!" Licking the blood from her lips, she then spat on the ground and took a stance, "Kai… you're making me so hot! You definitely are an opponent worth defeating!" Golden and purple energy erupted from every pore in her body to surround her, the woman let out a mighty roar as she once again powered up, her strength multiplying to match the increase in her opponent's.

The moment she did so, Gohan came barreling at her across the ocean in the form of a red lightning bolt, which struck Sandra and propelled both adversaries up into the heavens. Not only did the land melt and cave in from their point of impact, but the sky was set alight from the sheer force of their take off. What followed from that point was both warriors engaging in one last epic clash in the skies, their red and purple auras leaving vapor trails of energy as they twisted, coiled, spun and collided with each other. Each impact caused the planet itself to shake and could be felt all around.

Those watching through the cameras following the pair could only look on in amazement as the pair struck and exchanged blows with the capacity to split entire planets. Unlike the rounds from before, where the two showcased superb technique and form, here there was absolutely no grace or skill at all. The two Saiyans were just battering each other with wild haymakers and attacks, not caring whether or not they were hit. They just wanted to break their opponent and put an end to this fight once and for all.

Their efforts eventually yielded incredibly painful results. As the pair lapped the planet in a running battle, attacking each other while traveling at speeds well above that of light, the sound of muscles popping and bones cracking soon began echoing all around. Both fighters winced when they felt their muscles shred, their bodies unable to maintain such high levels of energy as blood seeped out of their mouths, noses, ears and eyes. Eventually, when the pair slammed their fists into each other during the last of their exchanges, the pair felt all the bones in their knuckles and forearms fracture, with some of the fluid spurting out of their hands. This caused the pair to separate and scatter in the vacuum, where the two then suspended themselves between both Earth and Corvus floating several hundred miles away.

Gasping for air inside their auras, Gohan and Sandra then leered at one another excitedly, knowing full well that their fight was finally coming to an end.

"Damn, Gohan fucked me up real good. Eight broken ribs, a fractured arm, a broken jaw, a broken leg, cracked femur, seven busted toes, splintered wrists, broken knuckles on both hands, bruised fingers, fractures around my eye sockets, busted nose, two missing teeth, ten concussions, wicked bruising in the abs and midsection, torn muscles, and multiple internal injuries," Sandra thought, before licking her lips happily, "Kai… he's incredible…"

"Sunken eyeball, broken shoulder, three broken ribs, two cracked, eighteen concussions, fractures around the eye sockets, broken jaw, three missing teeth, a broken toe on each foot, hairline fractures in my shins, a busted arm, shattered knuckles, ripped muscles, tearing in the midsection and thigh, broken nose, and other internal injuries I'm still trying to count," Gohan also thought, rolling his shoulder and clenching his fists, "It's a miracle I haven't fallen apart yet. Kami, this woman is awesome."

Not wanting to lose out, both warriors powered up, their auras kicking around them in a blaze. Upon which the two leant forward and charged, battle cries leaving their lips as they rocketed towards one another with the intent to knock the other out.

It seemed like this battle would be decided by who could land the last punch. But just as the pair was closing the last few inches of distance between each other, their auras suddenly dispelled and
with it, so did their transformations. As a result, not only did both of them return to normal size, their hair went back to its normal length and color, their eyebrows grew back, and the veins pulsing on their muscles sunk back into their skin.

All of this happened with a hilarious and comical pop, leaving both fighters staring at one another in momentary surprise, before they suddenly started to fall out of the sky. Easily reentering the planet's atmosphere, the two Saiyans fell side by side, still staring at each other and still wondering what'd happened. When the pair saw the clouds start flying past them and saw the ground approaching, the two suddenly realized that they had no more energy and started to panic.

Unable to fly, the pair did everything they could to gain altitude. While Sandra started flapping her arms, Gohan hilariously tried to do breast stroke through the air. When that didn't work, the two warriors then started shouting.

"We're going to die!" Sandra screamed.

"No we're not! It's just a fall from over twenty thousand feet!" Gohan shouted back. "We can survive this! Think positive!"

After a moment, the female Saiyan cried out again, "I'm a hundred percent positive we're going to die!"

"HOW IS THAT POSITIVE?!"

"IT'S AN IMPROVEMENT!"

When the pair saw ground fast approaching them and details of the landscape getting larger and larger, the two warriors shrieked and latched onto each other. Since they had no means to stop themselves from falling, they were pretty much screwed.

"Gohan! Before we hit whatever part of the Earth we land on… there's something I really need to say to you!"

"Yeah? What is it?" the demi-Saiyan asked.

"You were the best opponent I've ever had!" the Empress shouted.

Hearing her loud and clear, Gohan nodded and yelled back, "The feeling is mutual, Sandra-san! You are the greatest, most awesome person I've ever had the pleasure of fighting!"

Sharing a smile through their bruised and swollen faces, their cheeks puffed up from all the punishment they'd sustained, the two then took a deep breath, before letting out two simultaneous screams.

Seconds later, the two crashed in the middle of a densely populated city, sending rubble and dust shooting up into the sky, and shaking the ground from their impact.

By happenchance, the two had ended up crash-landing in the center of Satan City.

OOO

(Meanwhile)

Over in King Koku's courtyard, the people watching the events unfold on screen shared the exact same reaction as every other person watching around the globe, which consisted primarily of both
bewilderment and blank.

Around this point, most of all the Z-fighters that'd been locked in battle with their opponents had returned to the starting point. Here, they'd been able to watch the fights between the remaining members of their group unfold, with Zangya and Maya's being the most recent. However, after watching the epic showdown between Gohan and Sandra, which led into the most astonishing slugfest and gladiator match in the history of the world, they then had the pleasure of watching both of them crash and burn in the most anti-climactic way imaginable.

This led to Bulma, Krillin, Tien, Kure, Yamcha, Videl, Choutzu, Android 18 and Paprika palming their faces or staring at the screen with deadpanned expressions, with the only ones not reacting in any manner being Goten, Trunks and the collection of CAT Droids standing around them. Even King Koku and his staff were confused by the development, which prompted the royal to turn to the Z-fighters for answers.

"W-What happened?" the man asked, unable to see anything through the smoke and dust clouding the crash site on screen. His question caused murmuring to break out amongst the crowd gathered around him. "Who won?"

"Don't know," Bulma replied, narrowing her eyes on the picture before turning to the enormous spider-tank standing next to her. "Do you think you can clear up the screen a little? Get one of those cameras closer?"

"I sure can," San replied, a secondary hologram popping up next to the big one, showing the tank manually seize control of one of its drones. Moving the mechanical sphere closer in, the automaton was able to give the audience a clear view of the situation. "There." When they watched the roving device zoom in through the clearing smoke, everyone saw a massive crater had been punched right into the heart of Satan City square, about eighty feet in diameter and twenty feet deep.

There, lying at the bottom of it, covered in dirt, bits of concrete and busted up pipes, they saw Gohan and Sandra, all bloodied and battered, with their faces in the mud.

Shocked at the sight, Videl quickly limped forward with her hands over her mouth, "G-Gohan."

"Geez. They look pretty bad, guys," Krillin spoke up, gritting his teeth in worry, "I don't see them moving."

"We need to get them some Senzu Beans... stat," Yamcha spoke up, turning to his friends hastily. "Does anybody have any on them?"

Upon seeing the senior members shake their heads, the ever-attentive Tien then stepped up to the plate. "Don't worry. I'll fly by Korin's place and grab some," the martial artist spoke, floating off of the ground while everyone else looked on. "I'm the least banged up out of you guys and I'm a fast flyer. I'll be back in a few ticks." Powering up, he then shot off into the distance, leaving a white vapor trail in his wake.

When the dust from the man's takeoff settled, Bulma quickly turned to her friends and pointed in the direction of the city. "We won't be able to do much good standing around here. Let's head over to Satan City and help them out." Accessing her helmet and pulling down her facial visor, the woman willed her suit's engines to life. As soon as her jets fired up, the woman then shot off of the ground and rocketed into the distance.

Following her lead, the battered and exhausted Z-fighters also took flight, with the CAT droids
helping those who couldn't move fly after them, namely Kure, Mobi, and Videl.

Upon watching the super heroes take flight, along with the enormous spider-tank that'd been relaying the fight to all of them, King Koku, his staff, and the visitors to the castle stood there looking around at one another. After several seconds passed, the ruler of the nation and the world narrowed his eyes, and then pointed across at his secretary and head of security.

"Get a transport ship ready! We're going after them!"

And so they did…

OOO

(Several minutes later)

The first to arrive at the crash site was actually the people living and working closest to the center of Satan City. People who had previously been watching the fights on their laptops, computers and televisions quickly abandoned their posts to go see for themselves the person who'd instigated the planet-wide battle, who was now lying in a massive ditch of her own making.

After a huge crowd had gathered around the crater, police were quickly called to the scene, with a majority of them bordering off the area to prevent people from going down into the crater themselves. While the officers on the scene quickly called in the military and news choppers suddenly came down in their droves, amidst the clamoring crowds, Erasa, Touya, Yukie, Sharpener and Sena appeared on the scene.

Forcing their way to the front, the group of teenagers looked down into the bottom of the hole, where they saw their best friend and classmate lying in a pool of sewage water.

Upon seeing the bloodied and battered state he was in, a concerned Erasa gasped in horror.

"Gohan-kun. N-No…"

"Damn. Our boy got the stuffing taken out of him," Sena whispered, not really knowing what else to say after seeing the state the teen was in.

"So did his opponent," Touya spoke up, gesturing to the raven haired woman lying several feet away from his position. "Even if he didn't win the battle, he still managed to take her down with him."

Swallowing nervously, Yukie looked across at the others, "Do you think he's dead?"

"Hell no," Sharpener said, clenching his fists and gritting his teeth. "He's our bro. There's no way he can get taken out so easily." Though he sounded confident, after watching the sheer brutality that had taken place during the fight, his gut was soon telling him otherwise.

Erasa however, not willing to believe her Gohan was down for the count, gritted her teeth and screamed down into the crater, "Come on, Gohan! Get up! Don't you dare let it end like this! Get up and win this thing! I know you can!"

The crowd gathered around the girl thought otherwise and immediately began calling this fight over. However, almost immediately after the girl's cries echoed out, the people surrounding the crater gasped in disbelief when they suddenly saw Gohan's body start to move. Silence rained instantaneously as everyone watched in astonishment as the burnt and battered demi-Saiyan shoved the slab of concrete off of him and struggled to his feet, at the same time his opponent did as well.
Rising up from the ground like a couple of corpses, both Gohan and Sandra revealed to the world the horrifying states they were in. Faces beaten to the point of being made up entirely swelling and bruises, blood dripping from various open wounds and cuts, and their clothes practically hanging off of their bodies in tatters, the two warriors choked and gasped for breath, stumbling as they attempted to regain their footing.

Straightening up as best as they could, the two barely conscious Saiyans shook themselves out of their dazes and, upon realizing where they were, quickly turned their attention to their opponents. When they saw them standing on opposite ends of the crater, the pair's expressions immediately hardened. Upon which the duo then went about regaining proper fighting postures.

While the crowds gaped down at the two nearly dead warriors, the Z-fighters arrived on the scene. Dropping down from the sky, both Bulma's group and Zangya's group landed inside the police barricades, with the crowds behind them taking a big step back when they saw the rest of the competitors arrive.

The police on the scene quickly considered drawing their guns on them, but they instantly thought against that idea, as neither of them was keen on tangling with the super powered group.

When the newcomers looked down in the crater, they could not for the life of them comprehend what they were witnessing.

"I don't believe it. They're still going?" Vegeta choked out, shaking his head.

"They shouldn't even be conscious," Android 18 murmured.

"They barely have any energy left," Yamcha uttered, narrowing his eyes when he saw the two Saiyans edge around each other. "Do they seriously want to keep fighting?"

"Neither one of them has been knocked out yet," Kure announced, narrowing her eyes on the scene and adjusting her glasses. When Maya and Cal moved over to her position, with San coming to stand behind them, the feline alien spoke up, "From what I can see, those two will keep going until one of them passes out completely or concedes defeat. There's no other way about this."

"I can't believe how much both of them want to win," Choutzu murmured, gulping when he saw the blood dripping down their faces and arms. "Saiyans are really incredible."

Cupping her hands together, Videl edged forward and stared down at her boyfriend, who she could see was swaying drunkenly on the spot. Hell, from all the damage she could see on him, he looked like he was about to keel over. "Please… finish this, Gohan. You can do it."

After several more seconds of panting, Sandra gritted her teeth and stuck her nose in the air. "I've said this before… and I'll… say it again… you are one tough bastard," she wheezed.

"And you are one… amazing woman," Gohan also gasped, his knees trembling badly.

Chuckling in a pained manner, the Empress then raised a broken finger and pointed at him, but was unable to focus properly due to how blurry her vision had become, "This… won't be over… until one… or both of us are either dead or unable to move."

Gohan smirked, "You… read my mind." Reaching down, the boy ripped away what was left of his top and yanked off the remains of his pants. When he tossed them to the side, he revealed his beaten up, muscular body, and the pair of black swimming trunks he wore under his gi, which were torn on the side.
Licking her lips when she saw her opponent cast his attire aside, Sandra decided to follow his lead. Grabbing her broken suit by the collar, she also ripped it free and dropped it to the ground. At first people thought she was nude, but as it turned out the woman was actually wearing a black thong underneath and a single strip of breast tape around her chest. As soon as she dropped her armor, she then cracked her neck and took a stance, not caring that her body was screaming at her to stop. "To the end?"

"To the end," Gohan parroted, before letting out a roar and powering up. His aura flickered several times, before his hair shimmered blonde and eyes turned green. His transformation to Super Saiyan was weak and pathetic, but it was all he could do just to stay in the game.

Sandra copied him, also letting out a gutsy yell as her own aura flickered around her and her hair spiked up. As soon as her locks flashed gold, the woman gave a spirited battle cry and rushed at her opponent, stumbling and zigzagging all the while.

The demi-Saiyan did so as well, almost tripping over his own feet as he practically threw himself at his opponent. Cocking back his right fist, he threw a hard straight punch at his approaching target, only to watch the woman duck under it and tackle him. The air was knocked out of his lungs as he was picked up and slammed into the ground. The moment he was down, Sandra leapt on top of him and began uncorking punches into his face, clocking him across the cheek several times before he grabbed her wrist and pulled her over. When the female landed in the mud and attempted to sit up, Gohan leapt at her with a knee to the face, cracking her in the nose and knocking her back into the floor before springing to his feet.

Seeing she was still down, Gohan cocked back his leg and threw a kick at her head. But the downed Sandra blocked the attack with her forearm, leapt from the puddle and nailed the hybrid in the stomach with a swift body shot.

From that point onwards, the slugfest continued, with both warriors stumbling about the crater, trading slopping punches and sloppy kicks in the mud, all the while desperately trying to stay conscious. When Sandra grabbed Gohan and shoved him into the wall, she attempted to punch him in the face. But the teen pushed off the crater and drove a kick into her gut, sending her skidding back with a loud thud. Stopping several feet later, the woman then raised her arms and parried an onslaught of punches, before countering with a right straight that nailed Gohan in the temple, sending him staggering drunkenly to the side. Not willing to go down just yet, the half-Saiyan let out a roar and lunged at the Empress, slamming a hook across her face, which threw her to the other side of the crater.

As the crowds watched silently as the fight between the two Saiyans chugged along, Krillin couldn't help but clench his fists and grit his teeth with amazement. "Damn. Even though they're Super Saiyans, both of them are so gassed out I bet even Master Roshi could beat them right now."

"Yeah. But even I don't want to get in between that," Yamcha remarked, cringing along with everybody else when they saw Gohan smash Sandra's chin with an uppercut.

The crowds stirred and murmured, not knowing what to do or what to say. This being a fight that was well beyond any of them and between people they didn't know who to root for, all they could do was watch and wait in silence.

Clenching her knuckles tightly as she watched the agonizing engagement unfold, Videl soon grew tired of standing in silence, and stepped forward with a yell. "GOHAN! You can win! Don't let that woman beat you! COME ON! GOHAAAAAN!"

Hearing his older sister figure begin to call out, prompted Goten to also voice his support. "Yeah!
Beat her, big brother! You can do it! I know you can!"

"Go Gohan! Fight her! Win!" Trunks also cried out, throwing his arms in the air as high as they could go.

When the people nearby saw Videl Satan begin to shout and cheer for the young man fighting down in the pit, men and women left and right quickly picked up on the mood. Piggybacking off of the trio's cries of encouragement, the rest of the crowd started cheering as well, urging the duo on and voicing their support for the one who was fighting for them.

"That's right! Fight! Keep it up, son!"

"Go! Go! Go!"

"Take it to her! You've come so far! Don't give up!"

"You can do it, Gohan!"

"You're both awesome! Keep going!"

"Fight for us, Gohan! Win!"

"Don't make it easy for him, Sandra!"

"Show that woman the power of an Earthling!"

The tension and excitement was just too powerful to resist. Everyone who'd tuned in to watch the battle on screen was now jazzed to see how the fight would end in person. So, not caring what was at stake or who would win, the crowd cheered and bellowed for the two to give it their all. Hearing the people of the planet cheer for their friend and comrade had Maya, Cal and Kure look around in amazement, before they too started to cheer.

"YEAH! GO SANDRA!" Maya screamed.

"Go for it, girl! Go for the win!" Kure also shouted.

Stumbling into the wall of the crater, the female Saiyan lay against it for a moment, panting for breath, before stumbling forward and hitting Gohan in the face with a haymaker. When the demi-Saiyan was flung back by the punch, trailing blood and sweat, the female warrior cocked her left hand and fired off a barrage of high-speed jabs. "Dai Konran!" Punches then flew towards Gohan at an incredible speed, threatening to pummel him into submission.

But the Saiyan, reacting fast, covered up with a guard and began weaving his head from side-to-side. Keeping his movements compact, the hero was easily able to dodge the woman's rapid fire punches, charging his way forward while avoiding punch after punch. Sandra, stunned to see her opponent avoid her barrage so easily, fell into a retreat while continuing to fire off attacks. However, despite her best efforts, she was unable to stop Gohan from slipping right into her defensive circle and nailing her in the side with a liver blow. The crunch of his knuckles landing against her ribs doubled the woman over and had her spit up blood.

Taking advantage of her state, Gohan began landing hooks and punches on his opponent without mercy, battering her about with heavy attacks. To end his combo, he then stepped in with a right hook, only to get nailed in the gut by a body shot from Sandra. She then proceeded to nail him with more haymakers, before being stopped by Gohan hitting her in the ribs with a roundhouse kick, sending both fighters backpedaling from one another.
Managing to stop himself from falling over, the badly swollen Gohan took a deep breath before bringing his hands up and stepping forward. The moment his leg hit the ground, his knee nearly buckled, causing him to wince. "Damn it! My legs are nearly dead! I can't kick anymore!" Shaking his head, he then rushed forward and, diverting the rest of his energy to his upper body, began to weave about in a figure of eight. "This will be the last attack! I'm taking her down right here and now!"

Sandra, also pushing forward, brought her arms up and fired off a series of sharp jabs at her opponent. Watching him duck and weave between them, she then attempted to throw a kick, but couldn't bring her leg up any higher than a step. "My legs have shut down! Alright! I'll finish this with my fists!" She then fired off a right straight, only to see Gohan disappear from her line of sight. Recoiling in shock, she then looked down and saw that her foe was weaving his upper body from side to side at high speed, leaving multiple after images as his head followed a figure of eight motion. "W-What the-?"

"That's the…" Videl whispered, recognizing her boyfriend's technique.

"I saw this used once in a documentary… so I know it will work!" Gohan shouted in his head, picking up speed as he closed in on his shocked opponent. "Dempsey Roll!"

Watching her adversary edge closer and closer at a terrifying speed, Sandra was then forced to lean back to avoid the blur of his punch zooming passed her, causing her to take a step back. After hearing the whoosh of his blow miss her by a hair, the female then felt her heart start to race, and a grin slowly pulled across her lips. "So, this is what it's come down to? You want to take my life by sacrificing yours with one last, desperate attack?" Her head turning in the direction Gohan had swung himself, the Saiyan Empress's pupils dilated as a beastly expression of excitement suddenly appeared on her face. "Alright then… if it's a brawl you want… IT'S A BRAWL YOU'LL GET!"

Twisting towards her opponent, Sandra cocked back her right fist and lunged at him with her signature punch. "You think I'll fall for such a simple technique?! I'll just telegraph your movement and match a counter to your punch! Sorry, stallion, but I'm going to split your skull open with my powerful right! SENKOOOOOOO!" She then let her attack fly.

Seeing the woman fire off her counter and seeing her crush turning into it with a hook, Zangya's eyes widened in horror, "GOHAN! LOOK OUT!"

Spotting the attack without being warned, Gohan gritted his teeth and hit the brakes. His feet screeching across the ground as he sharply reversed his momentum, the demi-Saiyan was able to slow himself down enough to avoid the punch. Feeling the full weight of her right shoot passed him with a blast of wind, the Z-fighter ducked right under it, throwing his body to his opponent's right.

The act of doing so caused a series of loud tears to echo out across the square, as every muscle in Gohan's calf ripped from the pressure.

Realizing she'd missed, Sandra spun around in alarm, "He dodged it?"

"Ignore it! Keep going! Keep going!" Gohan shouted in his head, spinning back around and coming back up at his opponent from her blind spot, whom he saw turn back to face him in kind. His left fist held out, the boy snarled as he threw himself at his opponent. "EAT THIS!"

"My fist will hit you first!" Sandra screamed out, copying his motion and swinging back at him with her left.

All of a sudden, a sickening crack rang out across the city as both Sandra and Gohan struck each
other at the exact same time, their head's jerking back with sweat clouding the air above them. Everyone cringed and groaned, as the sight of the pair's fists impacting one another looked gruesome and painful. However, this was not the end of it.

Twisting his body back around, a stunned and bleeding Gohan growled and swung back in with his right. "I've worked too hard for this! I CAN'T LOSE HERE!" he screamed, flying right back at his opponent with another wide hook.

Sandra, also bleeding heavily from the mouth, spun around and swung in with a hook of her own. "If this is your last stand against a fellow Saiyan Elite… I'LL TAKE YOU HEAD OOOOOOOOOONN!" With a yell of her own, she unleashed the mother of all hooks upon her target.

What followed from that point onwards was thunderclap after thunderclap as Gohan and Sandra began hitting each other over and over again, with every one of their attacks hitting at the exact same time. Following the same side-to-side motion, the pair continued slamming punches into their target, desperately trying to knock the other one down while at the same time stay conscious. However, as blood started to splatter across the ground and their respective visions started to blur, it became clear that this battle was soon coming to its end.

By the time their battle had reached this stage, the crowds in Satan City were soon joined by King Koku and his entourage. When they made their way to the front, they were able to watch as Gohan and Sandra attacked one another with their last spurt of energy.

Even Hercule Satan had arrived on the scene, but everyone was so caught up in the battle taking place that they didn't notice the Champ skulking about in the crowd in his gi.

"My gosh…" the bearded martial arts champion whispered, seeing blood cloud the air from the two Saiyans striking each other simultaneously.

Gohan, blood pouring down his even more swollen face, spun in with another hook, a cry of desperation leaving his clenched jaw, "Just a little more… just a little bit more… and I WILL WIN!"

"I won't lose!" Sandra also cried in her head, "I WON'T LOSE TO ANOTHER SAIYAN!"

As the two Saiyans continued to hammer each other with side-to-side hooks, the crowd gripped their metaphorical seats and started to chant, Gohan and Sandra's names echoing over the city and egging the two one. Quickly attaching themselves to the audience's collective cries of support, the Z-fighters also started to shout in encouragement.

"Gohan!" Krillin hollered. "Go for it!"

"Don't give up!" Choutzu shouted.

"You can do it, buddy!" Yamcha yelled.

"Beat her, Gohan!" Bulma cried out.

"Don't let her win!" Trunks called.

"Big brother!" Goten shouted.

"You're almost there!" Zangya shouted. "Gohan!"
"GO GOHAN!" Erasa screamed alongside Sharpener, Touya, Yukie and Sena.

"DO IT, GOHAAAAAN!" Videl screamed, tears flying out of her eyes as she did so. "WIIIIIIIIIIIN!"

After another thunderclap from their hooks landing rang out, Gohan and Sandra spun around one last time, their green eyes burning with determination and their jaws clenched for the final hit.

"THIS IS IT!" Gohan bellowed in his head.

"THIS MATCH IS MINE!" Sandra cried, her left fist uncorking for a full swing.

But then, just when Sandra's arm was extending, the woman suddenly felt her left calf jerk backwards as her ankle gave out, momentarily stopping her momentum. Feeling the tug in her leg muscles caused a shocked look to appear on the woman's face, a split millisecond before the clap of Gohan's fist slammed across her face and knocked her head back with a blast of sweat and blood.

Maya, tears hanging at the corners of her eyes, reeled forward in horror, "SANDRAAAAAAA!

Concussed by the hit, Sandra began to drop the ground like a rock, watching her blackening world fly passed her and the people up on the crater staring down at her. Hearing the cry of her best friend above the white noise filling her ears, the Empress looked up during her fall. When she did, she saw Maya, Kure, Mobi and Cal all standing on the cliff, all staring down at her in fear, concern, and desperation.

All of a sudden, the female Saiyan was bombarded by flashes of her past. Images from her childhood and young life filled her eyes, showing her the time she spent with Maya on that prehistoric planet, their life in the apartment, their first meeting with Kure and her race, their war against King Cold's brother Emperor Blizzard, their time spent as slaves in the gladiator pits, and their time spent on Corvus. Within those visions, she saw the smiling faces of all the people they'd saved and all the people they'd made friends with, all of whom were looking up at her with both hope and joy.

"I... I am..." In that moment a surge of energy rushed through the warrior's body, causing her half-lidded eyes to widen. "THE SAIYAN SANDRA!" Throwing her foot back, she was able to stop herself from falling and spun around, dropping her arms and standing as straight as she could.

A split second later, the crack of a gunshot rang out as Gohan, screaming at the top of his lungs, drove his last hook across Sandra's face. His fist impacted the woman's face with such force it split the ground beneath them, warped her head, and lifted her off her feet, sending her flying across the crater in a cloud of blood and sweat.

The moment his finishing blow landed was the moment every single person in the crowd was silenced, as they watched Sandra's body crumple to the floor like a pile of bricks.

When Gohan finally saw his opponent slide to a stop, on her back and staring up at the sky, the young man gasped for breath before, inhaling deeply, he threw his arms to his sides and screamed up to the heavens. "RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

His voice echoing into the distance, the teen staggered backwards, blood dripping down his face and onto the floor. Continuing to stare up at the sky, the completely exhausted and drained Super Saiyan warrior figured this battle was good and done.

But when a series of gasps and murmurs rang out, drawing his gaze back down to the ground, his
eyes widened in disbelief as he saw his opponent, still in Super Saiyan form, glaring back at him with a swollen left cheek and blood filling her hair. As he and the rest of the crowd gawked at the miraculously standing Sandra, they saw her raise her fists and take a stance, sending a cold chill down Gohan's back.

"I... I could've sworn I knocked her out," the boy gasped, feeling his body shake and tremble fearfully under the woman's gaze. "My energy is all gone. I don't have anything left." All she would need to do was tap him and he would fall over. Only sheer willpower and adrenaline was keeping him from collapsing under his own weight.

For a moment the demi-Saiyan had no idea what to do. He was at a complete loss. But then, when he saw Sandra shuffle forward, her boots smearing her blood over the ground, the Z-fighter from Earth gritted his teeth and raised his hands.

"To the end," he whispered, remembering the words the two of them had shared with one another. Seeing Sandra cock back her right fist prompted Gohan into action. With a mighty battle cry, he rushed forward. However, just as he was feet from engaging his opponent one last time, a couple of shadows suddenly darted down from the crater and jumped in his way, stopping him before he could make another step. All of a sudden, a pair of familiar cries rang out.

"GOHAN!" Zangya shouted, her arms wrapping around the boy's waist and holding the teen in place.

"STOP!" Hercule yelled, holding the boy's arm and stopping him from throwing a punch.

Surprised, Gohan looked down at the people who'd stopped him. When he saw their faces staring back at him, along with Maya who'd also leapt down to intercept him, the three interlopers then turned to where Sandra was standing. The demi-Saiyan followed their stunned and wide-eyed gazes, expecting to see one of his friends to have leapt in front of his opponent as well.

It came as a surprise to both him and everyone else when they saw Sandra standing there, still in Super Saiyan form, frozen in mid-punch.

Pulling out of his own attack, he felt Hercule and Maya release him, while Zangya held onto him, keeping him from toppling over. In the meantime, the Champ, amidst the stunned clamor of the crowd, slowly approached the frozen Sandra. Leaning towards her, the big man with the afro raised his hand and waved it a couple of times in front of her face.

Nothing.

"She's unconscious," Hercule said, loud enough for everyone to hear.

As the Z-fighters and crowd murmured amongst each other, Zangya blinked as she stared at the stationary Sandra, her fist halfway extended in her signature counter. "But... she's still a Super Saiyan," she said, noticing her hair was still blonde. It was almost like someone had taken a snapshot of her and posted her on the ground right in front of them.

She was frozen in time, unconsciously still fighting a battle inside her head.

As Gohan exhaustedly leant against his friend, Maya, staring at Sandra's bruised and bleeding form, stuck where she was, quickly realized what'd happened. Placing both hands over her mouth, the dark-skinned female Saiyan then started to sob, tears flowing from her eyes as she stared into her friend's eyes.
"She heard us," Maya whispered, feeling Gohan, Zangya and Hercule look at her. "Even though she was knocked out, her body responded to the cries and cheers of her friends… and everyone she'd saved." Sniffling, she then brought her hand up in an attempt to cover up her whimpering. "She wasn't just fighting for herself… she was fighting for all of us."

When he saw Maya start to weep into her hands, Gohan, not knowing what else to do, reached forward and placed a hand on her shoulder. When he felt the female Saiyan respond and saw the other Z-fighters slide down the crater to join them, he then looked up and allowed himself to relax. The moment his Super Saiyan transformation faded, he then spoke in a hoarse and tired voice.

"It's over…"

He'd won.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: Okay. That battle's over and done with… although Piccolo and Gast are still having their game up on Corvus. Who do you think will win? And do you think Piccolo will have another fusion?

Don't know. Maybe I'll let the audience decide.

As for this arc, I've decided that this will be the last of the long fights. I mean, three chapters… that's just overkill. I didn't really want it to stretch that far, but in a battle between two Saiyans who are equal in strength and power, and making a proper resolution to that battle unlike with the one between Goku and Majin Vegeta, it did drag on till the last one was knocked out of commission. Their pride as Saiyans wouldn't let either of them lose.

For the next chapter, I'm thinking of making it the last one for this part of the story. Maybe split the story up into two parts, since there is more story that needs to be covered before the finale.

But, as for this one, I guess I'll throw in some numbers, just for the hell of it. I don't really like writing power levels since it's annoying keeping track of them, but I'll just do it anyway.

I stopped doing them for my One Piece crossover and the others to follow, since it's just a drag doing them. I notice that the DBZ fandom focuses more on power levels than anything else, which really shouldn't be the thing you should concentrate on. The fighting, sure, but the story, yes.

Anyway…

**Power Levels:**

**Z-Fighters**

Lime – 500 riki

Chiaotzu – 7,500,000 riki

Yamcha – 17,000,000 riki

Krillin – 25,000,000 riki

Tien – 30,000,000 riki

Bulma – 2
Bulma (Saiyan Buster Mk III Armor) – 250,000,000 riki

Android 18# - 45,000,000 riki

Android 16#C – 40,000,000 riki
Android 16#C (Battle Mode) – 45,000,000 riki

Goten - 20,000,000 riki
Goten (Super Saiyan) - 100,000,000 riki

Trunks - 20,000,000 riki
Trunks (Super Saiyan) - 100,000,000 riki

Videl – 22,000,000 riki
Videl (Kaioken X10) – 220,000,000 riki
Videl (Maximum Kaioken) – 350,000,000 riki

Strongest Z-Fighters

Paprika – 31,000,000 riki
Paprika (Super Makyan) – 310,000,000 riki
Paprika (Super Makyan 2 – Devil Queen Form) – 510,000,000 riki

Piccolo – 310,000,000 riki

Vegeta – 30,000,000 riki
Vegeta (Super Saiyan) – 300,000,000 riki
Vegeta (Super Saiyan 2) – 500,000,000 riki
Vegeta (Super Saiyan 3) – 1,500,000,000 riki

Zangya – 30,000,000 riki
Zangya (Full Power) – 300,000,000 riki
Zangya (Super Hera) – 500,000,000 riki
Zangya (Super Hera 2) – 1,500,000,000 riki

xxx

Gohan – 33,000,000 riki
Gohan (Super Saiyan) – 330,000,000 riki
Gohan (Super Saiyan 2) – 530,000,000 riki
Gohan (Super Saiyan 3) – 1,530,000,000 riki
Gohan (Super Saiyan 3 – Kaioken X 12) – 3,600,000,000 riki
Gohan (Super Saiyan 3 – Kaioken X 20) – 4,200,000,000 riki
Gohan (Super Saiyan Fatigued) – 100

xxx

New Saiyan Empire

CAT Droids - 20,000,000 (each)
San – 30,000,000 riki
Mobi – 5,000,000 riki
Mobi (Armored Suit) – 30,000,000 riki

xxx

Gast, the Super Namekian (Full Power) – 250,000,000 riki

xxx

Cal (Base) – 29,000,000 riki
Cal (Meteor Burst/Super Sura-jin) – 490,000,000 riki

xxx

Kure (Base) – 49,000,000 riki
Kure (Super Kio-jin) – 490,000,000 riki

xxx

Maya – 30,000,000 riki
Maya (Super Saiyan) – 300,000,000 riki
Maya (Super Saiyan 2) – 500,000,000 riki
Maya (Super Oozaru 2) – 1,400,000,000 riki

Xxx

Sandra – 33,000,000 riki

Sandra (Super Saiyan) – 330,000,000 riki

Sandra (Super Saiyan 2) – 530,000,000 riki

Sandra (Super Saiyan 3) – 1,530,000,000 riki

Sandra (Super Saiyan 3 Moon Burst) – 3,200,000,000 riki

Sandra (Super Saiyan 3 Moon Burst Full Power) – 4,200,000,000 riki

Sandra (Super Saiyan Fatigued) - 100
Out in the country towards the North, in a diner along one of the main highways, the patrons of the small establishment currently had all of their attention glued to the one television set hanging from the corner of the dining room. While the group of three farmers, three truck drivers and two waitresses were staring at the screen in awe, listening to the reporter fill them in on the events taking place, they completely overlooked the sight of the two young teenagers sitting at the counter behind them.

Looking over the group's shoulders and up at the magic box, dressed in the same jackets and clothing they'd bought on their arrival several weeks ago, Pan and her sister Eva were also watching the broadcast, listening intently as they were given the full summary of the battles that'd taken place.

However, after watching the matches unfold for themselves as the feed switched between the various competitors, they were able to take in everything that they needed to. Though all of the Z-fighters had performed spectacularly and remarkably without fail, there was only one person that they'd wanted to see in action and that was their father, whom they'd just witnessed power through what would become known as the greatest fight of his life.

Eva, seeing the camera pan around Gohan's battered and bruised form, cracked a warm and adoring smile, "Mum always told us what an amazing man dad was."

"Now we finally get to see for ourselves that those stories were true," Pan said, her face reflecting the same look of adulation that her sister was also wearing. Gripping the bottle of grape soda in front of her, the raven haired girl beamed at the screen. "Wow. His strength is unlike anything I've ever seen before."

"He's even stronger than Trunks-kun and Paprika-san at full power," Eva chirped, watching her father move about on screen for a few more seconds before breathing a sigh of contentment. "I never thought we'd ever get to see him in action. We're so lucky."

"Mum said the match between him and Sandra was the hardest battle he'd ever fought on his own," Pan informed, smiling as she saw the cameras pan over the rest of the Z-fighters and the still unconscious Saiyan Empress. "If he was around when Sentinel returned, I bet we would've been able to beat that monster and stop our future from ever happening."

"Well… this is where we're going to set things right," Eva said, frowning as she looked back down at her drink. "We'll stop that freak and save our family and friends. Then afterwards… maybe we'll get the chance to go back to our time and see them again… mum, dad, Trunks-kun, Kaiser-san… everyone alive and well."

Seeing their dad and teammates fight Sandra's group filled the pair with a renewed sense of hope and confidence. It was like they could see a brighter light at the end of the tunnel, making the duo
want to reach it no matter what.

Upon sharing one last smile, the pair went back to watching the television from their seats at the counter, their feet tapping with excitement and anticipation. Unbeknownst to young warriors however, as they continued to observe the events slowly unfold on screen, they completely overlooked the sight of a tiny little fly landing on a shelf next to the kitchen window.

Keeping to the shadows and staying out of sight, the minuscule creature focused its attention on the girls, finding an interest in both their appearance and conversation. It wasn't an ordinary bug either. Zooming in on its position, the insect was in fact a miniature, four-legged microbot, with optical sensors in place of eyes, little propellers in place of wings, and the Red Ribbon Army symbol etched into its forehead.

Its lenses subtly locking onto the girls, its antenna picked up on their voices, matching them to records it contained in its memory while transmitting the information back to its receiver. Unfortunately for both Pan and Eva, the robot was able to pick up on every word they spoke…

OOO

(Thousands of Light Years Away)

Giving a big, tired yawn, the purple-feline deity Beerus rubbed his eye on the back of his paw and hopped off of the couch. Straightening out his nightgown, he then sluggishly made his way back towards his circular bed, scratching his behind for extra measure. "That was an interesting match. Though the power levels were pathetic, the performances were satisfyingly dramatic. The slugfest at the end was especially entertaining." Wagging his tail behind him, the yellow eyed God then smirked up at his bedroom ceiling, "Makes me think I should pay this Earth a visit next time I wake up and see what else this Gohan person has to offer."

"It certainly was invigorating, wasn't it?" Aphrodite chirped.

"Absolutely," Whis responded through a mouth full of food.

"It sure was," Beerus agreed, before then thumbing over his shoulder towards the open window. "Now get out. I'm going back to sleep."

While his rather blunt directive earned a raised eyebrow from Cleopatra, Aphrodite merely giggled at the man's harsh commands. "Oh, Beerus, you adorable little sloth, you. Would you like Auntie Venus to come over and give you a hot, sensuous kiss good night?" She asked this while striking an alluring pose with her leg sticking out.

The sight of the goddess's dress hiking up her delicious thigh had Bardock eye her skin with interest, as the woman was undeniably attractive.

For the God of Destruction however…

"Pass," Beerus grumbled, before leaping off of the floor with a comical spring and plopping down on top of his duvet. With one last yawn, the anthropomorphic cat was out like a light, snoring away with a bubble inflating and deflating from his nose.

While the Goddess of Compassion slouched in disappointment, the quiet and previously stoic Bardock looked back at the television screen in front of them. When he saw Son Gohan standing over the defeated and unconscious Sandra, with the rest of his friends moving in to form a defensive perimeter around the scene, the man then tilted his head thoughtfully. "This may sound a little bit strange to you guys, but I have a feeling that I know that young Saiyan from somewhere."
He then lifted his hand and rubbed his chin. "I just… can't quite put my finger on it."

Whis giggled as he took a bite out of something that resembled a hot dog, but was not a hot dog at all, as the stuffing was some kind of green paste. "Do you think he's a long-lost nephew or son of yours?"

"Perhaps," Bardock murmured, at the same time his forehead creased with seriousness. "There's no denying that he is an incredibly gifted warrior… with a personality and power level to match. He could be a member of my family."

"Hmm," Whis murmured while time taking another bite from the "hotdog" in his hand. A smile graced his lips after he chewed and swallowed, "Nevertheless, there's something very special about this one. I can tell just by looking at him."

As the television droned on in the foreground and the Gods continued to watch it, the ever-silent Cleopatra was unable to stop the warm smile from spreading over her lips as she gazed silently and adoringly at the screen. While the reporters went on photographing and documenting the scene under the watch of the Z-fighters and King Koku's forces, the raven haired goddess-in-training propped her cheek in her hand and sighed.

"He's just like how I remember him," the former ruler of Egypt thought, looking on quietly as the man from her past spoke with his friends and family.

Though her look of forlorn went on unnoticed by Bardock and Whis, Aphrodite's eyes suddenly cut across the couch to where the raven haired deity was sitting. Confusion racked the celestial being for a moment as the dark-skinned elf took in the expression on Cleopatra's face. When she sensed a strong feeling of love wafting off of the beautiful woman, Aphrodite then cracked a smile of her own and returned to her viewing.

OOO

(Back on Earth)

(Central City)

Up on the top floor of Talos Industries' main headquarters, which towered high above the sprawling metropolis that was the planet's capital, the head and founder of the second largest research and development company in the world was sitting in his large office chair, staring up at the hologram in the center of his room. With his office's drapes pulled all the way down, the boss was left completely in the dark, allowing him a clearer projection of the battles that were taking place.

Having locked onto the transmission being sent out by San and Kure, Kaiser had watched and recorded every single battle that'd been waged across the Earth and Solar System between the Z-fighters and the New Saiyan Empire. It was a broadcast that the billionaire entrepreneur was unable to ignore and had spent the last few hours reveling in the blood, sweat, tears, and fireworks that followed. He'd seen mountains fall and planets crumble, culminating in what was without a doubt the greatest and most exciting series of events he'd ever watched. The entire thing put a big smile on his face as the company owner leant back in his seat with his hands folded under his chin.

"So… now we have two more Saiyans on this planet?" the man whispered, pressing a few buttons on his desk and instructing the hologram to produce several more windows. The individual frames showed different angles of the other competitors, particularly Maya and Sandra, with a series of numbers and algorithms sitting alongside them. "Including Vegeta, Trunks, Goten and Gohan…"
that brings the total count of super-powered primates up to six." Wheeling about in his chair so that he was facing the drapes of his window, where he was barely able to see Central City peeking through from under the veil. "Interesting."

All things considered, this turn of events was presenting to him the perfect opportunity to collect more samples for his research. It wasn't everyday an entirely new planet with a habitable surface and life forms materialized out of nowhere directly alongside the Earth. If his understanding of the events were accurate, he expected this new group wouldn't be leaving anytime soon.

Kaiser's eyes shimmered with delight.

"It looks like I'm going to need to start planning and construction ahead of schedule," the entrepreneur muttered.

At first it seemed like he was speaking to no one in particular. But as he was staring at his window with his back turned to the hologram, two more figures that were also in the room made their presence known. Stepping into the light of the central projector, a raven haired young girl with an ox horn hairstyle and wearing a red qipao martial arts dress, and a purple haired woman in a black suit and skirt, appeared behind their boss.

Standing side by side and at attention, Chochi and Violet gave their employer their full and undivided attention.

"What are your orders, sir?" the former officer of the Red Ribbon Army asked.

Cracking a smirk, Kaiser then pressed his fingers together thoughtfully, "Head to East City and have the labs there begin prepping for the final stages of the fusion experiment." When he saw Violet nod through the reflection of his window, the man then turned his attention to his other asset. "As for you Chochi, I have a different mission for you…"

OOO

(Sometime later)

The climax of Gohan and Sandra's battle across the greater part of the Solar System marked the end of the Z-fighters' gladiator match against the New Saiyan Empire. With the two groups now resting at the finishing line of their epic race, all limbs present and accounted for, there were far worse ways the fights could've ended compared to the way they did. Thankfully things had more or less stayed within the realm of contest friendly and didn't result in any deaths whatsoever.

Yes, despite the fact that a majority of the planet's landscape had been permanently reshaped and several towns had been trashed along the way, there were no human or alien casualties to speak of. This wasn't even counting the fact that Pluto had been utterly annihilated, Mars had been turned into a cloud of rubble, Mercury had been pushed into the sun, and Saturn had a 38,000 kilometer wide gaping hole in it. After all the chaos that'd boiled over since the beginning of the gladiator match, this was all fixable collateral damage. Nothing that the dragon balls couldn't fix.

Although… there was a very good chance that Shenron was going to be incredibly annoyed at having to fix a whole bunch of planets for the third time in a row, something that the Z-fighters weren't all that comfortable in explaining how and why.

In hindsight, it was a hell of a lot better than having to bring one of their friends back to life… again.

The damages made to the Solar System however paled in comparison to the big dent that'd been
formed in the center of Satan City, which now stood as the ending point for the epic, planet-wide tournament. Here, surrounding the crater in the heart of the square, thousands of people were being held back behind police and military barricades, as officials and leaders were now trying to sort through the mess.

The only people who were permitted beyond the yellow lines and obstacles were King Koku and his staff, Hercule Satan, the Z-fighters, and the delegates of the New Saiyan Empire.

It wasn't like many of them had a choice. While the majority of the Z-fighters were there to support Gohan, the members of the Saiyan Empire had to tend to the unconscious Sandra, who was lying at the bottom of the fissure atop a stretcher. Among the other contestants who couldn't really move due to fatigue and broken limbs included Videl, Maya, Vegeta, Yamcha, and Kure.

About forty minutes after Sandra had been knocked unconscious, Tien returned from Korin with two big bags of Senzu Beans. His arrival was a Godsend for the tired and exhausted heroes, who wasted no time in consuming the miracle vegetables when they were passed around. For Gohan however, his recovery was going to take a little bit more effort.

Sitting cross-legged atop a partially unburied cement pipe, a still visibly beaten yet grinning Gohan was having a short, albeit exhausted, word with the people who were gathered around him.

"I think I-ow… I think-ow… there is a-ow…" Gohan said and yelped between the dabs of disinfectant being applied to the throbbing bruise and cut to his face from the still armor-clad Bulma, who'd accessed the medical pack on her belt to help the injured members of her troop. "Ow… I think there is a really important lesson to be learned here. Ow."

While Videl and Zangya, both of whom were standing next to him, giggled at the pained sounds he was making, and Erasa, Sena, Yuki, Sharpener and Touya laughed quietly in the background, the blue haired scientist performing the treatment on the half-Saiyan hero shook her head in amusement.

"Let me guess: is it to not get punched in the face by a woman who is just as strong as you?" Bulma asked, pulling back the cotton ball and dipping it in the disinfectant bottle in her other hand. She then brought it back to his bruise and continued dabbing.

"Ow. No. Ow," Gohan said before chuckling, "Don't mix too much pork with the fermented vegetables. It spoils the flavor. Ow."

Bulma sighed and smiled, "You're an idiot." Disposing of the cotton, the woman stood up and stepped to the side, watching as Tien walked over with the bag of Senzu. "Okay. He's ready. Kai knows if what I did helped in any way."

A smile graced Tien's lips as he got his first good look at the state Gohan was in. "You feeling alright there, buddy?" he asked while pulling out a handful of beans. "You look like hammered shit."

The demi-Saiyan shrugged, "Well… both my legs are numb, I've lost all color in my vision, I have a splitting headache, an aching pain in my torso, and this strong taste of copper in my mouth… but all in all, I'm feeling pretty good."

"Oh. Okay," the human martial artist replied in a cheerful tone, before turning around and starting to walk away.

"Hey! Hey! I'm kidding! I'm kidding!" Gohan comically freaked out, waving both hands towards
the warrior, "Come back!"

Letting out a laugh, the three-eyed fighter walked back over and dropped three Senzu beans into one of Gohan's open hands. "Don't worry. I'm just messing with you, man."

Bringing one bean up, the teenage Saiyan grinned at his comrade through his thoroughly bludgeoned face. "Thanks." He then popped it into his mouth, then the other, and then the other.

As Gohan downed each of the Senzu in turn, his collection of friends, Bulma and Tien included, watched in fascination as the bones in the teen's body popped back into place and his face steadily returned to normal. The swelling subsided, the cuts and burns faded, the breaks in his bones and organs mended, and the bruising slowly vanished. By the time the third bean was downed and digested, every single wound the boy had sustained was gone, leaving him looking as good as new, save for his lack of a gi and the dirt and dried blood on his skin. Once all the pain and stinging from his resetting frame and muscles subsided, the young Saiyan was back on his feet and skipping on the spot.

"Woo. I feel a lot stronger than I was at the start of the day. This is awesome," the young Saiyan chirped, before stopping moments later when Bulma walked up to him and gave his head a scan with her suit's gauntlet.

Once the computer was done breaking down the three-dimensional rendering of the teen's brain, zooming in on all the microscopic portions it was able to dissect digitally, Bulma then lowered her computer and looked at the screen. She then nodded and typed away at the buttons, filing away the images for future diagnosis. "No trauma, bleeding or any other abnormalities detected. All your brain cells and nerves are perfectly intact."

"Seriously?" Touya asked, having overheard what the woman had to say from his spot.

"After all the head shots he received?" Sena asked, looking over at the spiky haired teen cautiously. "Shouldn't Gohan have gotten, like… a dozen concussions or something?"

"We all watched his battle and saw the amount of punishment he took," Sharpener said, keeping his arms crossed as he eyed the president of Capsule Corp seriously. "Honestly, I'm worried he might develop a… brain tumor or an aneurism or something."

"Believe me… it's not that easy to physically incapacitate someone of Gohan's background and caliber," Bulma responded, turning her attention back to the hybrid in question. "He shares the same genetic advantages as my husband and son. Due to his body's reinforced bone structure, self-regenerating cells and healing factors, he is naturally immune to all forms of degenerative brain diseases, including dementia, Parkinson's and Chronic Traumatic Encephalopathy, which a lot of contact sport players often suffer from. Considering the amount of blows he and the others sustain on a weekly basis, this is an incredibly useful biological asset to have." She then grinned at the boy standing in front of her. "Guess you have your genes to thank for that."

Gohan grinned proudly and placed his hands on his hips, "Damn right." While his posturing had Bulma roll her eyes and Zangya shake her head, the demi-Saiyan then directed his attention to where Sandra was lying, surrounded by her friends and teammates. The sight of the worried visitors prompted the hero to speak up. "What about them? Are they okay?"

Realizing who Gohan was referring to, Tien then held up the bag of Senzu Beans he was carrying, "All of them are alright, but Sandra is still unconscious and bleeding all over herself. I wasn't sure whether I should give them any of these." He was quickly cut off when the demi-Saiyan walked up to him and held his hand out expectantly. Glancing at the boy's palm quickly told the human what
Gohan wanted to do. "Huh? Are you sure?"

"Yes," Gohan answered with a firm and serious nod.

"Okay then," Tien replied, plopping the bag of beans into the teen's hand and watching him march over to Sandra's troop.

The Z-fighters, all of whom were scattered around the crater along with the few people who were invited into their area, watched the half-Saiyan curiously as he made his way to the other side of the pit.

When Gohan arrived at the visitor's circle, he was immediately greeted by Maya and Cal confronting him, assumed in defensive stances, which had him stop in his tracks and raise his hands. "Whoa, now. I come in peace." He then nodded down at their leader, who he could see was being tended to by both Kure and Mobi. "Is your friend doing okay?"

Frowning, Maya spared a glance down at her battered friend. "She's still alive, thankfully. But after all the damage she's taken, it may be a while before she regains consciousness. Even Mobi is having trouble healing a lot of her injuries." She then looked warily back at Gohan, whom she could see was still standing there with his serious expression in play. The face he wore had Maya rub her arm anxiously. "You're… one hell of a warrior."

"Thanks," Gohan answered gratefully, giving the woman a smile and causing her to shirk slightly in discomfort. Approaching the ring formed by the group, the teen nudged his way past Cal and knelt down next to Sandra's stretcher. When he did, he then held up three Senzu Beans and showed them to Kure. "Here. Get her to try and swallow these."

Puzzled by the sight of the beans, Kure slowly reached over, picked one up, and looked at it closely. "What is it?"

"It's a Senzu Bean," Gohan informed with a warm smile, "It's a medicinal herb grown only on this planet. It'll help her get better faster."

"Really?"

"Yeah. I mean…" He then leant back and gestured at his body, "Look at me."

When Kure inspected the half-Saiyan, she quickly noticed through her sharp eye that all of the wounds and bruises he'd sustained had been wiped clean. Gaping momentarily in shock, the woman then began analyzing the bean in her hand. Sniffing it, rolling it around, and scanning it with a small device from her pocket, she then whispered, "Fascinating. Are you telling me that a person can recover from even the most grievous and life-threatening of injuries by consuming only one of these agricultural pits?"

"That's right," Gohan answered, reaching into the bag and rummaging about for another one. "Though it can't cure bacterial infections, it works wonders on physical wounds and starvation." He then proceeded to give each of the members of Sandra's crew a Senzu, "This bean is a real life saver. Here. Try them."

Though skeptical at first, Maya, Cal and Kure ate the beans. After chewing and swallowing them, the trio initially felt nothing for the first couple of seconds. But then, just as they were in the process of becoming restless, a rush of energy suddenly shot through them and the group of travelers from another galaxy looked down at their bodies in shock. Their reactions drew a collective grin from most members of the Z-fighters, as this was probably the first time the alien
team had ever experienced such a miraculous recovery.

"W-Whoa!" Maya yelped in shock.

"My vitality… it's restored," Cal exclaimed, clenching and unclenching his fists, before then moving to pat his abdominals down. "All of my wounds have healed."

The spider tank San, who was standing off to the side, raised her arms and waved them above her fervently. "Wow. All of your energy and vitality levels just took a big jump, you guys. They're back to normal."

Gohan chuckled when he saw the astonished fighters look one another over, at the same time tossing the bag he was holding up into the air and catching it. "Told you. These little things have been around for hundreds of years and saved our lives more times than we can count." He then took a step over to Maya and tapped her on the shoulder, drawing the young woman's attention to him. "Not only are they easy to carry…” Pointing over her shoulder, he had Maya turn towards the edge of the crater to look at a random wall. A mischievous grin then crossed Gohan's face as he drew his hand back and aimed his fingers at the lower vertebrae of her spine. "They're also handy to have for a quick fix!" He then swiftly jabbed her spine.

"KYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY
Gohan chuckled, "It's a... bit of a funny story. You see, Kana took me out to this planet on the other side of the quadrant for a date and showed me this awesome watering hole she regularly visits. When we got there we had a couple of beers, got a little tipsy with each other, talked about some stuff, started a massive bar fight, met my grandmother, and ended up limping home feeling better than ever." When he saw Vegeta and everybody else staring at him in silence with strange looks on their faces, the demi-Saiyan gave an anxious laugh and scratched his head sheepishly. "I'll... tell you more about it later."

His response drew a shrug from Yamcha, "Fair enough." Considering everything he knew about Gohan, all of it seemed to add up.

When everyone turned their attention back to the comatose Sandra, the majority of the heroes were able to watch as Kure and Gohan proceeded to give the woman the beans as well. Though they struggled in getting her to swallow them, the pair eventually managed to do so through a little bit of coaxing and a little bit of manual assistance. This pretty much involved Kure crushing one of the beans up and feeding it to the sleeping girl one bit at a time.

Just like before, the two groups were able to watch the injuries on the young woman's body disappear in front of their very eyes. Kure was especially astonished by the development, as she used her hologram scouter to record the entire procedure for posterity.

About a minute after Sandra had taken all three beans, the Empress was looking as good as new, minus the lack of clothing and the dirt on her exposed skin. She was also still unconscious. This wouldn't last long however. Hearing the group leader groan and mumble under her breath a couple of times prompted Gohan, Kure and everybody else to lean in. As they were attempting to understanding what she was saying, the entire group then leapt back about two feet when Sandra suddenly bolted upright with a scream of terror and a flurry of punches.

Her fists wound up striking nothing but the empty space of the stretcher around her. When her vision finally cleared moments later, the Saiyan Empress batted her eyes and took a couple of deep, calming breaths. Surveying the area to see the stunned faces of the Z-fighters and the crowd on the ridgeline surrounding her, Sandra lowered her arms and opened her mouth.

"Uuhh... what... what happened?"

Kure, relieved to see she was alive, shuffled into Sandra's line of sight and smiled, "You lost, girl."

"And what a loss it was," Maya remarked, grinning broadly while crossing her arms over her chest and wrapping her tail back around her waist. "Even when you were unconscious, you still wanted to keep fighting."

"You ended up passing out on your feet," Cal informed, keeping his arms crossed as well when he saw the raven haired female glance up at him. He then gestured back to the group behind him, "A couple of their friends had to jump in to stop you two from killing each other."

"Really?" When she saw her teammates nod and Sandra noticed the Z-fighters looking seriously at her too, the woman then stared down at her body and analyzed the damages. Seeing none and figuring she'd ended up being healed, the Saiyan female breathed a heavy sigh and let her arms drop to her sides. "I lost, huh?" Her head lowered in disappointment, "Damn. And all this time I thought... I... I..." She swallowed nervously, "I thought that I could make a difference... that if I fought and tried hard enough, and showed that I was the strongest in the universe, I could build a new world where the Saiyans of this generation could live and work together with other races in peace and harmony. And no one, not even men like Frieza, would be able to push us around and
force my people… or any people, into servitude or slavery. Everything I did was in pursuit of that dream… of a free and just quadrant." Sandra then brought her knees to her chest and, inhaling deeply, pressed her chin to her legs. "I guess I… wasn't strong enough…"

At first no one knew what to say, as her friends and most of the Z-fighters could only look at the woman with pity. After watching her fight so hard against Gohan and wondering why she refused to back down, they finally understood the real reason she wanted to win so badly. If she'd emerged victorious, she would've formed a coalition with the Earth and brought the entire planet under her banner, with which she would then be able to build a society that the rest of the galaxy could follow and look to for an example.

This lent credence to the fact that Sandra and her group weren't conquerors, but just another band trying to find and build a place in the universe where they could belong. It was a desire held by many in the world; recognition as an individual, a group, a community, and a nation… and it made sense for such a mixed team to want that as well.

From the story they had to tell, the Z-fighters knew Sandra and her friends had been through a lot, fighting to survive and relying on the same dogma for the past several years. It must've been a big upset, especially for their leader, to have endured so much, only to hit a roadblock here.

Before Sandra could immerse herself further into a state of disappointment and defeat, one person amongst the crowd decided to interfere. And wouldn't you know it…

"You are."

Perking up, Sandra quickly turned her attention to Gohan, whom she could see was standing right next to her with his hands on his hips.

When the female Saiyan's eyes fixated on him, the half-Saiyan smiled, "Honestly, you gave me one of the best fights I've ever had in my entire life… by a wide margin. And I'm not just saying that because the fate of our world was at stake or anything. You fought me with an earnestness and fairness no other enemy I've met has given me before, and you didn't let up from that path. Not even once." Kana and Paprika were notable exceptions to this rule, but both had been contested under differing circumstances. "Not only that, but you're also the toughest and strongest opponent I've had the pleasure of exchanging blows with. You came at me with everything you had and poured your heart and soul into the match. The way you were able to weave in tactics into your fighting style as well was absolutely sublime." He then threw her his trademark Son family grin. "You are without a doubt, the best opponent I could've asked for."

Gazing up at the boy in awe for a moment in awe, Sandra suddenly felt a little flutter in her chest that had her draw breath sharply. However, when she saw her vision start to become a little hazy and her muscles start to tense up, the woman quickly shook herself out of her bemused state and sat up on the stretcher. "Heh. Complimenting your opponent so highly is unbecoming of a Saiyan Elite. You should feel ashamed of yourself for being so generous with your words and letting your emotions get the better of you," Sandra chuckled, looking up at the young man to see him blink a little in surprise. She then smiled back at him. "But, in hindsight, it's not the worst thing you can do after emerging victorious. As it so happens, I too feel the same way about you. You were incredible." After a moment, she then added a small amendment to her statement. "Conversely, I can also say without hesitation that you are the strongest and most honorable Saiyan I've ever encountered; a warrior worthy of the highest honors and praise."

Hearing this swelled Gohan's chest and had the boy lift his nose with an iota of pride. He then beamed back at the Empress brightly. "Even though we come from different worlds, I can see that you and I share the same hearts and values. The beliefs we follow and the principles we embody…"
when put together, they can stand for something greater than ourselves and help bring peace to people all around." He then tilted his head cheerfully, "I hope that in the future, the two of us will be able to fight alongside one another as equals rather than against one another as adversaries. I think both our planets could benefit a lot from an alliance."

Sandra's eyes widened a little at what the Z-fighter was implying, "Wait… you mean…"

The demi-Saiyan's grin broadened, "I would really like it if our two groups could join forces with one another… to team up." A chuckle left Gohan's lips as he reached up to massage his shoulder. "After all the battles we'd been in over the years and all the pain we've had to endure, we could really use a few extra friends on our side. I mean, I'm not saying we should do it right away, but if we play our cards right… I think we can make it work. What do you say?"

Staring at the boy quietly from her seat on her temporary bedspread, the Saiyan Empress at first didn't say anything. Even the people watching from the sidelines remained silent; some stunned by the hybrid's proposal while everybody else listened in with intent. Perhaps it was the suddenness of the proposal that was causing such a stir. However, after several moments of deep contemplation, Sandra eventually returned to the real world and nodded in understanding.

Gohan grinned, "I look forward to fighting with you in the future, Ran-chan."

At that, the Saiyan Empress suddenly gritted her teeth, a tick mark forming on her head and steam shooting out of her ears, "HEY! WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?! DON'T YOU DARE CALL ME BY THAT NICKNAME!" Her exclamation had all the Z-fighters nearby stumble about in shock from the volume of her yell, while the people at the top of the crater had to clamp their ears shut.

Gohan however remained unaffected by her shout and tilted his head curiously, "Why not?" He then used his finger to start penciling the air, "It looks pretty cute when you write it out in hiragana."

His reasoning had the girl blush and look up at him in momentary alarm, "H-Huh?"

The amused half-Saiyan shot her a friendly and very dashing smile, to which he then winked for good measure, "I think you and I are going to have a great time together." His entire face seemed to light up and sparkle with an ethereal light, which seemed to come from out of nowhere. In no less than a few choice words, it was breathtaking.

The result was instantaneous. Sandra's face lit up red as her heart literally throbbed a loud ba-dump, causing her to stiffen on the spot and stare up at Gohan's face in shock. Feeling heat rush to every part of her body, particularly her face and chest, the raven haired Saiyan suddenly found it even harder to breathe and maintain composure. Gripping the sides of her stretcher uneasily, the teen then began shifting about in her seat in a clear sign of discomfort, thighs pressing together tightly, shoulders bobbing up and down, and her eyes wandering back and forth from Gohan to the floor. The frequency at which she did so increased when she realized that the boy was almost stark naked and was standing there in all his Spartan glory. To make matters worse, she was also in a less than panty clad state, which had her curl up even more. These were all clear signs of embarrassment.

In a matter of seconds, thoughts of a very impure nature began bleeding into her head, all revolving around her and the handsome Saiyan male in front of her.

For a majority of the crowd, the irregularities in the girl's movement went completely over their heads.
But for some of the others, it was all too obvious.

Videl, Erasa, and Zangya’s eyes widened and shoulders slumped in disbelief as they all uttered in unison, "Oh, no."

Shaking her head to dispel her dirty thoughts and clearing her throat, Sandra suddenly stood up, stepped off of her stretcher and turned to her comrades, all of whom were listening quietly from the sidelines. "Maya… Cal… Kure… I have made a decision." When she saw them all stand at attention, the Saiyan Empress raised a finger. "As of this moment, the New Saiyan Empire and all of its states shall ally themselves with the humans of Earth and the Republic that governs them. I believe this will not only be more economically beneficial for our side, but I also feel that a union between two parties will strengthen our political position in the universe." She then threw her hands out and directed her proclamation towards the people surrounding the crater and the roaming cameras orbiting their position. "Hear me, people of Earth. Thanks to this young warrior and his comrades, who have fought and battled valiantly for you today," she said while gesturing to Gohan and the Z-fighters behind her, "we have decided to leave your planet as it is and, instead, form a partnership with it. These men and women have proven themselves worthy as both heroes and guardians, possessing honor, benevolence and strength beyond compare. And I know it will be a great honor and a privilege to live and build a world alongside them for the next many generations to come."

While the crowds on the cliff looked around at each other and clamored with uncertainty, Mr. Satan, noticing their doubts and suspicions, frowned and marched forward with a loud stomp in his step. Nudging past Cal and the others, the man stood beside Gohan and Sandra, and turned to the crowd before him. Throwing his signature cape back so that it unfurled on the wind, the afro-headed champion spoke up at the top of his lungs. "Listen to the woman!" Hercule shouted, reaching up and wrapping one of his massive arms around Gohan's shoulders. His presence causing a massive stir within the crowd, drawing stunned murmurs and exclamations from the people, the martial arts champion used that moment to his advantage and to assert his position. "This young man, his family and his friends, have risked their lives countless times to save us and our planet from destruction! They fought for us, they bled for us, and they died for us, and despite all their hard sacrifices, they never once asked for anything in return! Not ONE thing!" He then jabbed a finger across at the rest of the Z-fighters, all of whom were remaining silent and still. "They were there when that giant monster from space came down to Earth and attacked our cities! They were there when the aliens infiltrated the International Martial Arts Tournament, murdered the contestants, and threatened to do the same to the rest of the people! And they were there at the Cell Games, where they fought against the monster Cell and stopped him from destroying our world!"

The Z-fighters' jaws dropped in disbelief, while Videl and Gohan looked up at the man in amazement. The people up on the crater's ledge, able to hear the Champ's voice loud and clear, stood baffled and astonished at what their great champion had to say.

Feeling a great weight lifting off of his shoulders with every word he spoke, Hercule's smile became more sincere as he then stepped away from Gohan and gestured the crowd towards him. "In fact… this young man standing right here, Son Gohan… was the one who defeated Cell… not me. Without him, or his father, Son Goku… none of us would be standing here today." It was these words that rang true across the planet, as well as every other across the quadrant receiving the transmission's signal.

It was an announcement that caused the entire world to stop moving for a full minute.
As the reality of Hercule's words started to sink in, King Koku, being the most collected man in the audience, also took to the stand and turned to the cameras alongside Hercule. "That's right. Every single one of us here has many things to be thankful for. All the days that we've lived, all the peace and prosperity that we've gained, and everything we've been able to accomplish over the past seven years… none of that would've been possible were it not for efforts of the brave warriors you see standing before you." Reaching up to pat Gohan on the back, the recognized ruler of the planet then held his hand up towards the people and spoke to them directly. "This boy, his father, and his friends have done us many great services over the years, and received no rewards or recognition for their actions. Well… that changes now!" Koku then turned to Gohan with a grin. "Statues will be erected in this city, Central and all other places of significance where these great warriors have made a mark on our world, in honor of their accomplishments, and their families will be awarded the Blue Star Medal for their deeds. Furthermore, I officially recognize these… these…uhh…"

Thinking on it for a moment, Bulma suddenly tiptoed up to the blue king and whispered into his ear, allowing the dog ruler to continue his declaration, "these Z-fighters as this planet's champions and protectors!"

Grinning broadly, Hercule threw his fist into the air high with a loud shout, "Well, what are you people waiting for… LET'S HEAR IT!"

And with that, a great cheer rang up throughout the crowd, as every man, woman and child present gave the King and the Z-fighters a well-deserved round of applause. The volume of their merriment only increased when Hercule, laughing loudly, grabbed Gohan's hand and lifted it into the air as well, causing a deep shade of red to appear on the hybrid's cheeks. The sight had Sharpener, Sena, Yukie, Erasa, and Touya cheer even louder for their best friend, who they knew couldn't stand being acknowledged without suffering from fits of embarrassment.

Lime, who'd also arrived at the scene on Icarus's back and was standing at the top of the crater, also cheered and clapped for the demi-Saiyan's success.

"Way to go, Gohan-kun!" the brown haired farm girl exclaimed.

Even the rest of the Z-fighters standing nearby had the common courtesy to look bashful. Well, Krillin, Yamcha, Chiaotzu and Goten appeared nervous, but the others accepted the cheers raining down on them with open arms. Tien was smiling with his arms crossed, Android 18 also cracked a small one, Bulma was posing heroically in her armor, Zangya flicked her hair back and beamed proudly, and Trunks was waving his arms about in the air like he'd just won the World Cup Final. The only people who didn't appear joyous about the whole thing were Vegeta and Paprika, both of whom were just looking around the roaring crowds with unchanging expressions and hands folded.

As the crowd continued to applaud, cheer and whistle, King Koku, posing for photos alongside Gohan and Hercule for a couple of minutes, then turned to Sandra. Approaching her, the ruler of the nation then held a hand out to the raven haired Saiyan. "Ms Sandra, as the lead political representative of planet Earth, it would be a real honor and a privilege to recognize the New Saiyan Empire as an ally of our world and would like to make the future coalition between our two governments official through formal documentation."

The Saiyan Empress looked surprised at first. But after realizing the King was offering a proper declaration of allegiance, Sandra was quick to respond with a smile and a firm hand shake. "S-Sure. No problem." Her moment of nervousness was dispelled with a clearing of her throat, "Always glad to make new friends, your highness."

"If you would like to arrange a time and place to perhaps hash this out on neutral ground—"

"Oh. If we're going to be discussing politics, then you're going to want to speak with me," Kure
quickly interjected, stepping forward with a big smile on her face and tail wagging behind her happily. She placed a hand over her chest in earnest, "I am the official liaison and negotiator of the New Saiyan Empire and the Republic of Savannah. As the primary representative for both organizations, I'm sure that the two of us will be able to arrange an agreement that is fair for all parties involved. I hope this isn't inconvenient for you in any way, sir."

The anthropomorphic dog stared up at the woman momentarily, before turning to her with a big smile under his bushy mustache, "Oh. Of course not, Miss. That isn't a problem at all." The two then moved off to the side, where they then went about the business of government.

As photographers and reporters from all over continued to capture pictures of the people down in the crater and the police continued to hold back the majority of the crowd, Gohan was quickly approached by Zangya, Videl, Sharpener, Goten and Krillin.

The latter member of the entourage shot his best friend a smile as the taller Saiyan stood there with a sheepish look in play, "It's about time, huh?"

"Yeah. I guess," Gohan chuckled, at the same time running a hand through his spiky locks. "Honestly, it doesn't matter one way or the other whether people know what we did or not. I'm perfectly fine with the way things are… and I'm sure the rest of us are to."

"Well… it looks like all that's going to change," Zangya commented, walking up to the teen and leaning against his shoulder. After sharing a smile with him, she then turned her gaze to Videl. "Thanks to your father, the whole world is going to know what Gohan and his family have done."

"I didn't think my dad had it in him," Videl said, placing her hands on her hips while glancing across at her father, who was standing a couple of feet behind Gohan. "But… this isn't the first time he's surprised me. I'm just glad to see him actually step up and finally tell everyone the truth."

When she saw her old man scratch his head nervously from her remark, the daughter's gaze softened and a warm smile spread across her lips. "To say all that in front of the entire world, much less an entire crowd, takes a lot of guts. I'm really, really proud of him… and I'm sure mum would be too."

"You know people are going to start asking questions about that day," Krillin said, looking at the girl in concern. "More secrets are going to get out, not just about the Cell Games, but about everything else that happened afterwards."

Videl shrugged, "Don't worry. I can handle it… and I'm sure my dad can too." Her head then lowered a little from the small feeling of worry and dread that came over her. "After all… I am the Champ's daughter… and we are part of the same family…"

It was from her downtrodden comment that Gohan suddenly spoke up, "You've been your own woman for a long time now." Seeing his girlfriend's eyes turn to him, the half-Saiyan beamed, "Years ago you told me that you wanted to follow your own path, to become your own person… someone who could stand on their own two feet and change their destiny… someone who wasn't just viewed as the daughter of Hercule Satan. You spent the last seven years training and pushing yourself in order to fulfill that goal. And after all the time we spent together, I can tell you right now that you've become that and more."

Enamored by the boy's words of confidence in her, Videl quickly broke out an expression reflecting warmth and positivity. This then led to her elbowing Gohan in the stomach, "If you weren't such a smooth talking snake charmer and my boyfriend, I would have half a mind to step on your foot, Mr. Hero." Her statement earned a laugh from the boy, which drew an affectionate smile from the human fighter in return.
Zangya, also cracking a grin of her own, then looked the teen over when she noticed something off about his appearance. "By the way, Spike… when exactly are you going to put on a new change of clothes?" She said this while gesturing to Gohan's body, which was still clad in only his martial arts boots and a pair of tight black swimming shorts. "Not that I don't mind you staying like this, but…"

Thanks to the woman's intervention, the hybrid finally noticed his half-naked state, "Oh. Shoot. I almost forgot." A moment of concentration later, a flash of blue light surrounded Gohan's body, which quickly faded to reveal the boy dressed in an entirely new orange and blue gi. Testing the weight of the material, Gohan then gave his friends the thumbs-up, "There. All good."

"Aww," both Zangya and Videl groaned, while Sharpener just stared incredulously at his best friend.

"Damn. I've never seen you do that before," the jock said, only to reach up and massage the back of his head, "Actually, I've never seen you do any of that stuff before. Heh. This whole thing is kind of a new experience for me." If he hadn't known Videl Satan already, he would be more shocked than he already was.

Krillin, hearing everything the blonde had to say, chuckled and slapped him on the back, "It's new for everybody, kid. Hell, even those of us who've been at this for years still get surprised."

The highschooler took the man's words to heart. Once everything had finally sunk in, Sharpener walked up to Gohan and wrapped an arm around his pal's neck in a bro-like manner. "Well, even though this guy here can probably destroy the entire planet just by sneezing in the wrong direction, I bet I can still beat him in a game of Ping-Pong."

Gohan smirked at him, "You're on." When Sharpener finally released him, the teen was immediately set upon by Goten, who leapt into the air and landed atop his shoulders. The kid's presence earned a laugh and a head rub from the older brother, "Hey, squirt."

The youngest demi-Saiyan grinned, "You were awesome, big brother. I've never seen you fight like that before."

"It was a first time for me as well," the hero responded good-naturedly. "Powering up the way I did took a huge chunk out of me. Next time I'll have to be a lot more careful with the way I expend my energy."

Goten looked down at his eldest hopefully, "Do you think I can be as strong as you some day?"

"Well, there's only one way to find out." Gohan then reached up and tickled the boy in the side, causing his youngest sibling to fall into fits of laughter. "If you're up for it, I'll train the heck out of you till you can beat me in a Super Saiyan arm-wrestling contest."

Gohan spent the next couple of minutes talking with his little brother, Zangya, Videl, Krillin and Sharpener, telling them all about his battle with Sandra. During which time the group was suddenly interrupted by the arrival of the Saiyan Empress herself. Stepping over to the gathering of Earthlings, the raven haired woman rubbed her arm nervously and, gathering up her courage, took a more confident stance under the group's collective gazes. Her new mod look was spoiled slightly however due to her current state of dress, since all she was currently wearing was her boots, gloves, a white breast strip and a black thong.

"I'm… *rghm*… I'm very interested in seeing what this planet and its cultures has to offer. Do you… mind if I stick around for a little while?" She then lost a little bit of her nerve when her eyes
met Gohan's and she averted her gaze momentarily. "If… if that's okay with you."

Looking at one another, the five then looked back at Sandra, with Krillin taking the lead by pointing up towards the sky, "Seeing as how you're parked right next to us, I don't see why not."

"And it's not like your planet is really going anywhere," Zangya shrugged with an amused grin.

When Sandra's eyes switched back over to Gohan, she saw the boy scratch his head before then nod affirmatively, "Sure. I guess we can show you around." His answer had the young woman's face light up with joy. But before she could get carried away or take off on her own, the demi-Saiyan quickly raised a hand and pointed down at her lamely, "Of course… we're going to have to do something about that first."

Sandra followed his finger, where she quickly saw what the problem was… and the reason why a majority of the people standing around her were blushing and looking awkwardly at her. "Oh… right. Clothes."

OOO

(Meanwhile)

It was an intense match, but after what felt like hours of exchanging vicious blows and dealing countless moves of tactical brilliance with one another, a winner between Earth's former guardian, Piccolo, and Sandra's personal counselor, Gast, had finally been decided. Sure their battle wasn't as exciting, action-packed or groundbreaking as the fights that had taken place down on Earth. But it was still an invigorating contest of metal and strategy, where two bright minds were pitted against one another in a test of intellectual prowess.

As it turns out, the victor went to the man in the white cape and turban.

Both still seated on either side of the stone board, showing an arrangement of pieces standing in favor of Earth's representative, the two Namekians took a deep breath and looked at one another firmly.

"Well… I guess that's it then," Gast said with his sincere, trademark smile.

"Yeah. I suppose it is," Piccolo answered, keeping up a stoic visage as he stared back at his older Namekian counterpart.

Standing up and stretching, the aged warrior then gave a low groan, "Even though I lost, it was still one hell of a match. I haven't experienced a match this exciting since my duel with Red Spider back on Perbothimus 3. The energy webs that guy put up were a real piece of work." Stepping away from the table, Gast then walked out into the open clearing of the alien world, where he slowly approached the giant, three-legged reptilian rhinoceros dozing by the lake. "Honestly, out of all the foes I've encountered in my journey across the cosmos… demons, aliens, cyborgs… you were definitely the most satisfying. And that's saying a lot." Stopping beside his friend Seshu, he gave the creature a gentle pat on the head. The giant rhino grunted happily at his gesture, which had the old warrior beaming fondly. "I'm really happy that my adventure led me here to this planet. I've really got Sandra and Maya to thank for that, those damn brats…” A chuckle of amusement left his lips following that particular remark.

It was these words that then prompted Piccolo to rise from the ground, where he then faced his older counterpart with a no-nonsense glare. "So… regarding our little wager…”

"Ah, yes. The wager," Gast replied, clearing his throat and turning around. When he saw the
distrusting look the Earth warrior was throwing him, the Namekian in the shawl inhaled deeply. "You have no reason to be concerned, friend. I am a man of my word and, as I have done on countless occasions, I make sure that all my debts are repaid." He then raised a hand and placed it over his chest in a gesticulation of good will and honesty. "I am yours."

His remark had Piccolo raise a brow at the strangeness of his comment. "Uhh… come again." From the way he said it, it sounded like Gast was soliciting himself… and not in a good way.

Gast chuckled when he realized the Namekian mistook his words, "I was quite clear, wasn't I? If you were to win, I would give you everything that I had; my possessions, my properties, my knowledge and my experiences. Would you like for me to read the fine print for you again?"

Piccolo's frown deepened, "You're not seriously suggesting that you-

"I am," the butler replied, his own expression becoming stern. "And just so you know, I was willing to accept these terms the moment we sat across from one another."

"But… why?" Piccolo asked, completely baffled by why this Namekian was offering him this, of all things.

Taking a deep breath, Gast then looked down at the grass at his feet. "I've been wandering from galaxy to galaxy for over three hundred years. I've visited alien worlds, fought in interplanetary wars, endured slavery and starvation at the hands of tyrants, survived famines, hunted criminals, saved lives, and encountered monsters that only existed in your worst nightmares. I even found friends who were willing to take me in and make me part of their family. By all accounts, the life that I lived was a long and good one, filled with both happiness and sadness." After a moment of silence, Gast then raised his hands and looked down at them. "But the years have taken their toll on me… and now I'm no longer the man I once was. I've gotten old, with no children or significant others to pass my legacy on to. Thanks to all the hell I've suffered, I lost that ability long ago… and all I can do now is wait out the rest of my life on the sidelines to get reincarnated again. Sure I'll go on, but it's not the same." He then looked up at Piccolo and saw the warrior staring at him with an unflinching gaze. "I don't know. Maybe I just want to pass my knowledge and abilities on to someone who I believe is worthy of them… particularly a member of my own race. I believe you fit that bill nicely."

Processing everything that the man had to say to him, the Namekian from Earth blinked, "So you're willing to give up your freedom so willingly to another?"

Ambling towards the younger fighter, Gast faced his compatriot with a look conveying calm and confidence. "In the years since Sandra unlocked the power of the Super Saiyan, the number of alien races demonstrating supernatural and ethereal abilities has grown exponentially and, during the same period, the number of potentially galaxy ending events has grown at a commensurable rate. All things considered, there may be a causality behind these incidents." The man then raised his hand and gestured towards the Namekian. "Our increased strength invites challenge. Challenges incites conflict. And conflict… breeds catastrophe."

Furrowing his brow, Piccolo glanced at the ground. "I see your point." After all, everything the Z-fighters had gone through since their adventures on Namek followed the exact same pattern that Gast was explaining to him. Every time the group made some kind of leap forward in strength, there was always another villain or disaster lying in wait to challenge them. The Androids, Kana, the monster Zeru, Set, the assassins sent after Gohan… it was as if their very existence on Earth was drawing all of these villains towards them, like moths to a flame.

Somehow the universe was using them as a measuring stick for worse beings to follow, creating a
hierarchy of perpetual chaos. Kind of a grim prospect if he was being honest with himself.

"What's the end game then?" Piccolo asked, wanting to get Gast's two-Zeni on the matter.

"There are dark forces in motion… monsters and aliens far more powerful than Sandra and myself out there in the universe," Gast stated, pointing up into the sky over Corvus and across the Solar System. "There are those who created the governments of the universe that we know today… and there are those who wish to disrupt that balance and incite war." He then pointed to himself and Piccolo. "You and I are part of one of the oldest races in existence, with powers and potential few can comprehend. Before I pass on to my next incarnation, I want to be able to make an impact on this world, and I believe that it is through you and your power that I'll be able to make that impact… if you'll have me."

Biting his lip, the green man in the turban and cape took a deep breath and looked Gast squarely in the eye. "Are you sure you really want to do this? You can always say no."

Gast smirked, "Like I said; I've lived a long life. Of all the things I have yet to do, this is the last thing on my list. Perhaps this'll open a gateway to something new and exciting for the both of us."

"I wouldn't get your hopes up. For all I know, it's pretty crowded in here," Piccolo joked, cracking a smile of his own. "Two others are stuck with me too, you know."

"Oh, I'm sure we'll learn to live with each other," Gast said, reaching up to straighten his top. After dusting it down the fabric, he then inhaled deeply. "Well… I suppose this is it then."

"Is there anything else you want to say before you do this?" Piccolo asked, watching the elder Namekian approach him slowly. "I'm still not a hundred percent about doing this myself, but since you're being so insistent, I can at least ask you this much."

Murmuring thoughtfully when he stopped in front of the younger warrior, the planet's caretaker then looked towards the sky. After several seconds of silence, Gast finally answered, "Tell Sandra, Maya, Kure and Cal to take care of themselves… and for Maya to get a haircut. She looks like a torcupine."

"Will do," Piccolo said, straightening up as he raised his hand. Looking down at the palm for a moment, he then glanced towards his counterpart one last time. "By the way, if you'd won that game, what were you planning on using the dragon balls for?"

"Oh?" Gast balked, before then grinning, "I'll tell you about that later."

"Huh?"

"You'll see." Clearing his throat, Gast started following Piccolo's hand as it extended towards him. "Now, I'm sure you're already familiar with the technique."

"Right," Piccolo replied, pressing his left against the elder Namekian's chest and garbs. As soon as it was there and firmly set, the two Namekians locked eyes.

"Alright now," Gast breathed, at the same time giving a smirk of mischief. "Lower…"


"Hmph," Gast closed his eyes, "I didn't think so." He then inhaled slowly, as if readying to follow through with the process. The Namekian from Earth braced himself for it, expecting the man to go up in blue flames at any moment.
However, a split second before it seemed like Gast was about to disappear, the old warrior slowly lifted his own hand and pressed two fingers across Piccolo's brow. Before the former guardian could ask or even comprehend the reason why the old mercenary was doing that, Gast's eyes suddenly shot open and a loud yell left his throat. A blue aura sprung up around the old Namekian's body, the fires of his energy sending ripples of wind across the planet's surface, stirring the animals and drawing the attention of the nearby Sesha.

Moments later, a blinding white light filled Piccolo's vision as he watched Gast dematerialize right before his very eyes, with the essence of his being phasing into his body. The ethereal rays filled the skies and lit up the surrounding jungle, moments before it faded to reveal only one Namekian standing in the center of the field.

Cape unfurling behind him as the winds finally died down, the confused Piccolo then looked down at himself to see if there were any unexpected changes to his body. Moving from his hands, to his arms, to his legs, the former guardian found no abnormalities. No extra limbs, no changes in color, no injuries or organs out of place. Yep. Everything was all there and accounted for.

However, one thing was clear to him: he felt much, much more powerful than he did before. Hell, he didn't think he could possess this kind of strength. It was unreal.

His attention turning to the planet around him and to the board game sitting nearby, Piccolo stared at it for several moments. When that time passed, the Namekian smirked.

"I don't believe it. You lost that game on purpose," Piccolo whispered.

A few seconds after asking that question, a voice then echoed through his head, "Yep."

Hearing that response had the Namekian from Earth recoil and stare ahead of him in surprise, "What?"

OOO

(Meanwhile)

(Somewhere in the Multiverse)

(Just off Parallel Universe #4066987342690)

Across the vast expanse of void serving as the space between spaces, several hundred thousand universes away from the timeline where the battle between Gohan and Sandra had taken place, another tournament of a higher class was currently wrapping up. However, the results of this competition were far bloodier than the one that'd just been waged between the New Saiyan Empire and the Z-Fighters of Earth, and much darker than most people would be familiar with.

This was of course the Universe 6 and 7 Gods of Destruction Selection Martial Arts Tournament, which was an off the books contest set up by the Gods Beerus and Champa of Universes 6 and 7 respectively, featuring participants from both timelines. The wager for this competition was simple. Should Beerus win, he would be given the six Super Dragon Balls that Champa possessed. Should Champa win, he would obtain the seventh of the Super Dragon Balls, and wish that the Earth of Universe 7 was swapped with the one from his universe. It was a simple contest of overly hyped proportions, where the strongest denizens of both worlds would battle to decide who was superior.

Following the final match, which pretty much ended with Beerus's universe as the victors, and the
King Above All Zeno's arrival, it seemed like the tournament was off to a smooth and gratifying finish.

However, just as the spectators and competitors were watching Zeno interact with Goku and the feline tournament organizers, every single person present in the stadium was suddenly cut down by an unseen specter, which materialized in the center of the ring atop the Nameless Planet, directly behind the hosts.

The Gods, Zeno, his bodyguards, Goku and all the Z-fighters there set upon the phantom with intent of stopping them. But in a span of only a few seconds, all available bodies in the area could now be seen decorating the stands and moon in the most grisly fashion imaginable.

Beerus had been impaled by dozens of unidentifiable black pikes jutting out of the ground and, barely conscious, was dripping blood all over the ring. Frost's body was drawn and quartered all over the visitor stands, Auta Magetta had been ripped to pieces and was lying all over the place, Piccolo's headless body was impaled on the giant self-portrait of Champa, the Supreme Kais of both universes were lying in a broken and bloody heap near the center, Zeno's bodyguards had been turned into piles of limbs and tattered clothes, and the rest of the Z-fighters were lying in varying states of consciousness or near death across the spectator lawn. Even the children weren't spared from the massacre and were lying comatose on the floor.

The only ones who were conscious in any way were Whis, Vados, Goku, Vegeta, Hit, and Champa, but neither of them was in any fit state to stand. Whis was on his knees, missing an arm and bleeding profusely from the head, Champa had a hole in his stomach several inches wide that he was trying to cover up, Vegeta was lying on the floor missing both his legs, Hit was also missing his left arm and had half his body burnt black, Vados was attempting to stand from having her own scepter shoved through her ribcage, and Goku was bleeding heavily from various, x-shaped wounds all over his body.

As for Zeno, he was currently being held by the throat at the mercy of the phantom standing in the middle of the ring. After several seconds of holding the tiny Omni King above the ground, there was the sound of bones breaking and a harsh wind, moments before the blonde woman in the oversized witch's hat and eye patch tossed the tiny Zeno to the floor and turned to glare at the remaining warriors.

After watching the woman end the King Above All's life, Vados, unable to open one eye, looked up at her in horror. "S-Such power…"

"What kind of a monster is she?" Champa choked out.

Gritting his teeth, the bloodied and bruised Vegeta let out a roar and transformed to Super Saiyan Blue, his aura tearing a crater into the floor around him. "That bitch is MINE!" the legless man roared as he took off from the ground and flew right at the witch at full speed. "I don't give a damn anymore! SHE KILLED BULMA!" With a howl of fury, the enraged warrior lunged at the woman like a bolt of lightning.

Watching the Saiyan Prince approaching her, the one-eyed stranger merely frowned and, waiting for the man to get in range, countered his attack accordingly. In a flash, a feint transparent light shot from her pupil and hit Vegeta squarely between the eyes. The act of which not only caused the prince's Super Saiyan God form to dissipate, but also caused his body to hit the floor and slide to a stop just inches from the witch's feet like a toboggan. A dead, vacant stare was all that remained on the great warrior's face.
Whis gritted his teeth when he saw the attack that killed Vegeta, "A cohesive beam… right through the brain."

"VEGETA!" Goku bellowed, also powering up and leaping into the sky at terrific speed.

Following the Super Saiyan God as he soared into the air above the ring, the one-eyed witch then watched him barrel down at her with a spinning heel kick, which she casually avoided by stepping to the side. When the man struck the ground beside her, she then dodged a series of punches from him, before summoning a massive, golden spear twice her height in length out of nowhere and twirled it at him. Slamming his feet against the staff, Goku sprang off of the weapon to avoid being cut down. Almost immediately afterwards, the woman held the staff behind her and blocked Hit's punch that came at her from a blind spot, while simultaneously summoning a barrier and deflecting a kick from Champa materializing in front of her.

Cornered between the two warriors in a two-on-one grappling match, Whis and Vados quickly darted to the witch's open flanks. Once there, the two trainers then held out their hands and unleashed two powerful ki blasts at her. The attacks slammed into one another in the center and swallowed the witch up in a dome of twisting green fire, with enough compressed energy to wipe out the entire universe. As the inferno caused the ring and the planet to crumble, Goku teleported above the fireball and, after cupping his hands at his side, thrust them forward.

"KA-ME-HA-ME-HAAAAAAAAAAA!" the Super Saiyan warrior bellowed, a blue wave of energy erupting from his palms and slamming into the dome from above. His attack joined the pair's and forced the sphere to expand, the sheer amount of power causing the sky above them to splinter and the dimension they were in to begin shaking itself to pieces.

But just when it seemed like their combined attacks had managed to incinerate the phantom, a clap of thunder suddenly ripped the energy ball to shreds, sending a shockwave blasting outwards and slamming into Whis, Vados, Hit and Champa, hurtling all four of them and a cloud of debris into the stadium walls. Each of the fighters and Gods collided with the barriers with considerable force, before dropping to the floor like sacks of flour.

Goku was also sent arcing across the sky from the attack, where he then plummeted a fair distance from the ring.

Hit, springing to his feet quicker than the others, leapt onto the partially intact ring and darted at the witch. When the phantom became aware of the approaching assassin, she turned towards him with an unflinching stare, to which the warrior in purple aimed his one remaining fist.

In a flash, time suddenly seemed to stop around the witch as Hit thrust his fist towards the woman, intent on finishing her with a pressure point strike. But just when it seemed like he was going to land his blow, the woman suddenly brought her hand up and caught the man's fist while in the midst of his \textit{Time Skip}.  

"N-No way." Eyes widening in shock, Hit was unable to respond quickly enough when the witch in front of him casually raised her other fist and tapped it against his stomach.

The blow from the one-eyed woman was instantaneous, creating a shockwave so powerful that it liquefied her opponent and sent Hit splattering through the air and across the ground, where all that was left was a bloody stain on the tiled floor.

After retracting her fist, the witch then turned around when she sensed someone else attacking her from behind, and spotted Vados charging at her bathed in a sphere of blue energy. The moment she spotted the woman with the scepter wound in her chest, a long stroke from the Universe 6 overseer
buried into the phantom's side and caused the witch's top half to explode in a shower of blood, bones and entrails.

It looked like the surprise attack had done the trick. But as the witch's top half was scattering to the wind, the cloud of body parts suddenly stopped and got sucked back into the bottom half at light speed. Like tape being rewound, the shower of limbs and gore quickly reformed into the witch's top half, leaving her completely unscathed.

The stunned Vados was unable to do anything when her target suddenly held her hand to her face and, without so much as a blink, caused the trainer to explode into a cloud of dust. When the dust cleared, the blonde witch glanced the other way and saw Champa powering up a blast from a distance.

Purple orb of energy pulsating in his hand, the purple cat deity drew it back with a roar, "Die you scum!"

As he was moving in for the pitch, the one-eyed intruder raised her finger and, taking aim like a pistol, fired off a golden flash from her nail. What followed was the nucleus of the blast in Champa's hand being pierced by a lightning fast beam, which not only ruptured the sphere but caused it to detonate in the user's hand, engulfing the cat God and sending half of his corpse bouncing out of the explosion.

When the witch lowered her arm, she noticed that a majority of her limb had begun to burn and fall apart. After the decaying remains of it fell away seconds later, the blonde witch clicked her tongue in annoyance and looked over her shoulder, holding up her remaining good arm to deflect a kick from Goku. When the shockwave from the blow disintegrated a decent chunk of the ring beneath them, the Saiyan then vanished through a quick Instant Transmission.

The blonde witch tracked the Saiyan with her eye. Calculating his trajectory and eventual reappearance, she once again summoned her spear out of thin air and, allowing it to spin above her palm, chucked it into the sky above her. The moment the lance left her fingers, the weapon also vanished in a teleport. As a result, the instant Goku rematerialized behind his opponent ready to attack her, the spear the witch threw materialized behind him and went straight through his back. Drilling through the hero's body in a flash of light, Goku's transformation faded in an instant and his dropped to the floor, at the exact same time the golden weapon swiftly returned to its owner.

Twirling it between her fingers, the unfazed attacker looked down to see her missing arm regenerate and flexed her newly grown fingers.

She was so focused on looking at her hand that she seemingly missed the sight of Whis appearing behind her and striking out at her with his staff. It looked as though he was going to take her head clean off with the end of his scepter. But just as his weapon was inches away from cracking the witch in the skull, a pair of arms suddenly shot out from the phantom's back, caught the staff, and grabbed Whis firmly by the neck. When the blue-skinned trainer gasped in shock, he suddenly saw the blonde witch pull a T-1000 and body warp around, her face, chest and stomach bleeding out of her back until the front side of her body had switched places with her back, and she was once again facing her opponent without even moving an inch.

Throttling her opponent to his knees, causing the planet beneath them to crack and splinter, the witch then glared at Whis, who she could see gawking up at her and struggling to draw breath. The moment she had him at her mercy, the witch then spoke in a low and intimidating tone of voice.

"You should've killed me when you had the chance, master," Orthros hissed, before opening her mouth and beginning to inhale air at an astonishing rate.
What happened next was comparable to a black hole sucking up an entire planet, as Whis, screaming through the gale, had his face and the skin on his body sucked into the witch's mouth. The phantom continued to inhale the man's form at an accelerated rate, his body transforming into dust as he was absorbed into her body one cell at a time, until all that was left was his skeleton. When Orthros closed her mouth moments later, she watched the trainer's skeleton crumble into nothing, forming a pile of ash on the floor in front of her.

Deed done, the blonde invader then turned and marched over to where Goku was lying with a five inch wide hole in his body. Seeing the man was barely alive, choking up blood and twitching from his feet and fingers, the blonde witch stopped and tilted her head at the man like a bald eagle.

Spitting up more blood, the fallen Saiyan wheezed, "Wh-Why… would you… do this?"

"Why?" Orthros asked, before shrugging dismissively, "Because I can. Because I could. Your existence… this pathetic excuse of a universe… the Gods and mortals residing within it… they are all meaningless. The perpetual circle of motion you call the cycle of life and death is all just a sick, twisted game, prolonging the inevitable. As it is written, everything that exists in this world, from the tiniest atom to the largest star cluster, is destined to die and fade into darkness… as is the fate of all things." She then narrowed her eye on the man. "Even you."

Staring up at the woman in terror, Goku gasped, "Who… are you?"

Remaining silent for but a moment, the woman then answered with two words. "The end."

Glancing around the area and noticing all of the fallen bodies and remains, the witch considered them for several seconds before opening her mouth and beginning to inhale again.

However, unlike before, the people she began to suck towards her suddenly evaporated and burst into individual blue flames. Transforming into the same wisps of fire that all deceased took the form of when entering the Check-In Station in Otherworld, the souls of the broken and murdered Z-fighters, warriors and spectators, Zeno, Vegeta, Hit, Champa and Vados included, were drawn towards Orthros's mouth. Leaving trails of heat through the air, the plus four dozen spiritual wisps were sucked down the witch's gullet, before every single corpse and body part scattered across the Nameless Planet had been absorbed into her being.

Once she was finished, the only two people of significance who remained were Goku and Beerus, both of whom were purposefully left alive to watch the spectacle.

Clean up done, Orthros then looked up, where she saw the six individual Super Dragon Balls orbiting overhead. Dead expression unchanging, the blonde witch then took up her large, floating golden spear and tapped it on the ground. A loud chime of metal rings then echoed out across the fractured neutral space, which caused the giant crystalline spheres to start glowing and flashing brightly.

As the planet sized dragon balls started to react to one another, a transparent sphere of white energy then surrounded the stadium and spectator stands, picked them up, and floated them off of the planet. Pulling away to a safe distance, Goku, Beerus and Orthros watched as the Nameless Planet they'd been fighting on cracked and fell apart, before exploding and revealing the last Super Dragon Ball hidden underneath.

Unsurprised by the turn of events, Orthros then moved forward and, with the aid of her scepter, projected her voice at the top of her lungs. "Teenakawo Iganeteshiso Uyurinomika Yodei…" Stopping for a moment, the witch then jabbed her spear at the dragon balls and spoke in a commanding voice. "Come forth and face your death, dragon of the realm!"
All at once, the massive dragon balls lit up a brilliant gold, flashing and sparking with currents of lightning. Seconds later, a mass of light greater than any in existence burst forth from the collection of orbiting spheres and filled the cosmos. Undulating, twisting and burning through the vacuum of space, knocking galaxies and planets out of alignment, the nebula of ethereal energy soon took the shape of a massive dragon, whose tail stretched across the entire quadrant, sweeping past galaxies and planets as if they were grains of sand.

The moment the dragon appeared, its glowing red eyes piercing the tiny orb containing the ruined stadium, the witch Orthros then jabbed the end of her staff towards the dragon. As soon as she did, literal red chains of fire suddenly shot out of the spear and towards the beast at unheard of speeds, growing to gargantuan size till they were the same size as the intergalactic dragon itself. Multiplying and whipping around the serpent from all directions, the red chains surrounded the creature before snapping together, solidifying, and binding the celestial entity in its web. A bloodcurdling shriek of agony left the dragon's maw, as the red chains burned and ate away into its flesh, preventing it from moving lest it shred itself to pieces.

Upon seizing the dragon's otherworldly mass in its entirety, from head to tail, Orthros then twisted her spear and began to retract the chains, drawing the entire creature in with them. Before Goku and Beerus's eyes, the great dragon Super Shenron began to shrink and evaporate, breaking down into golden streaks of light that gravitated towards the tip of Orthros's staff. It took a full minute for the dragon's form to completely compress to the size of a marble, but once all of his light had disappeared into the void of the weapon, all that remained of the immense beast were the grey, crumbling asteroids that were the now empty Super Dragon Balls.

Once the act was complete, Orthros lowered the weapon to eye level and peered into the center of the overlapping drill head.

Inside the crystal marble sitting within the blade of the spear, she saw tiny, winged creatures circling around inside of it. Looking closely, one could see they were dozens of dragons, all of different types, colors and origins, flying and orbiting around each other inside a literal pocket dimension.

The sight of them put a small smirk on Orthros's previously emotionless glare.

"This will make the 11,931st dragon I have obtained," Orthros informed, turning around to face the half-dead Goku and Beerus, both of whom were now gawking at her in terror. "Only a few more left before I'm ready to move on to the second phase of my plan." She then walked towards where they were both lying, unable to move or mount any form of defense against her. Not that they could even when they were in top condition. "You think this is the first world I've invaded and burned? Well, you're wrong. No universe, however large, however small, is denied to me. The twelve continuums that make up your tiny branch of creation are just a small cog in a much larger and far reaching multiverse, made up of infinite timelines, infinite worlds and infinite possibilities. I plan on wiping them all from existence and starting a new world from scratch; one that doesn't suffer from the faults and inadequacies of the old." Stopping beside Goku, she then glared down at him firmly. "Once my plan is complete… all of reality, the new one born from my design, and all its little intricacies will revolve solely around me… and the people of the new infinity will finally know true peace."

As Beerus and Goku stared up at her, the wounded Saiyan's eyes then widened in disbelief, as he was finally able to match a profile to the one-eyed woman's face. "Y-You're-

"Just so you know; I didn't have to fight any of you. I could've wiped every single one of you out without even lifting a finger and stolen your dragon balls without expending any energy
whenever. I merely wished to alleviate the unpleasantness within my chest that was my boredom by humoring you with a little bit of drama, at the same time giving you a small glimmer of hope that maybe- just maybe- you had a chance of beating me, before having that light snatched away from you… just like how it was torn away from me," Orthros stated before narrowing her eye on the crippled Saiyan. "Since you and your friends were kind enough to indulge me with your performances, I shall grant you and Beerus a swift passage into your next reincarnations." Her one eye glowing red and her staff flickering with golden electricity, she then performed one last act upon the two survivors.

In an instant, Goku and Beerus's bodies vanished into puffs of sparkling blue light and were replaced by tiny blue flames, which were then sucked up by Orthros. Once she'd swallowed them, she took a deep breath and murmured in satisfaction, before allowing her eye to wander in another direction.

Blinking as she stared across the cosmos, the witch then smirked and spoke in a low voice, "Congratulations, Gohan. You defeated the Saiyan woman. But I wonder how you will fair against the next one?"

After a few seconds, the witch vanished in a golden flash, leaving behind a white sphere of pulsating light that ruptured moments after her disappearance. When it exploded, the blast not only wiped out the two universes it was resting between, but all twelve of them in a series of gargantuan fireballs, cleaning the entire branch and leaving nothing behind but a black, endless void…

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Author's Note: Hey there. Just another quick chapter of the events following the Saiyan Invasion Arc, which has now come to an end. Expect more adventures and humor to follow as Sandra attempts to adjust to Earthling civilization.

As expected, we also catch glimpses of what the other villains in this story are planning, with the last one being a personal favorite scene of mine.

There's something morbidly satisfying watching Orthros clean house of the DB Super world. She's pretty much a big FU to both Dragonball Super and Superman respectively (to be clear, I don't hate Superman, just the OP versions of him. My favourite one is from Justice League Unlimited. Love that guy. Epic series. Hate that they finished it). Of course, she is completely inspired off of Othinus from To Aru Majutsu no Index. If you don't know who she is, you can look her up. She has the same powers and abilities as Orthros.

I thought she would be an awesome villain to really test Gohan's mettle.

Anyhow, I've done another bio, so feel free to read it below.

Character Biography:

Name: Orthros

Other names: Videl, Alter-Videl, One-Eyed, One-Eyed Witch, Odin

Epithet: "The one who wields the power of God"

Race: Human
Gender: Female
Occupation: N/A
Hair Colour: Pale-blonde
Type: Magic God/Jinn/Reality Warper/Abstract Existence/Essokinesis
Age: Appears 18, but is countless years older
Home Planet: Earth

History: When Pan and Eva make a direct trip back in time to the months prior to the 26th World Martial Arts Tournament, due to the number of inter-dimensional turbulences occurring in that period, their actions inadvertently draws the attention of a mysterious wanderer from another reality. At first remaining hidden in the shadows and causing several events to unfold prematurely, the hidden force soon reveals itself to be a vengeful Goddess named Orthros. The literal translation of her name means "Early Dawn", and is also the name given to the Twin Headed Dog of Ancient Greek Mythology, the brother of Cerberus. This coincides with the character's deceitful and two-faced nature, while also signifying the newfound danger she brings with her presence. It is also the name given to a ritual practiced in the Eastern Orthodox Church and the Eastern Catholic Churches.

Though appearing at different stages throughout the story as a phantom witch with one eye and a bell at the end of her oversized hat, the mysterious female is, in actuality, a Videl from an alternate universe and timeline, who has been travelling between dimensions, studying them, and causing chaos in every realm she's visited. Unlike her normal, human counterpart, who is kind-hearted, cheerful, and has a strong sense of justice, this version of Videl is cold, ruthless, and malicious, and is willing to sacrifice anything to achieve her goals, regardless of how much destruction and misery it brings upon others.

Though originating from a universe very similar to the original canon timeline, the events that unfolded in that world following the Z-fighters' final battle with the demon Majin Buu transformed Videl from a once mediocre fighter into one of the most dangerous enemies Gohan and his friends will ever encounter.

During the fight with Super Buu, while Goku and Vegeta were trying to rescue Gohan, Piccolo, Goten and Trunks who were trapped inside the monster, something went horribly wrong. In a surprising twist of fate, Super Buu managed to corner both of the Z-fighters inside of him and absorb them. However, while the heroes ultimately lost the battle, absorbing all the strongest warriors of earth had an interesting side effect on Buu's personality, convincing the demon to spare the planet from destruction. As a result, the pink fiend wished all of the people of the planet back to life and left to explore the cosmos. The ending however was not without its cost, as Videl, stricken by grief and sorrow, spent the next many years of her life training, determined to rescue the man that she loved from the monster's clutches. Through use of the dragon balls' power, she was able to travel to the God of Destruction's home world and receive training from the life forms Whis and Beerus, achieving mastery over incredibly powerful techniques and various forms of magic.

During her long sessions, Videl meditated and bathed under the Falls of Truth, a sacred pool on an unknown planet, to cleanse her spirit and gain full control over godly ki, allowing her to tap into enormous wells of power. The result caused her hair to turn a ghostly blonde and her skin white.

Eventually, after decades of hard training and self-sacrifice, she ended up engaging Majin Buu in
battle who, over many centuries of invading and pillaging, had managed to absorb over two thirds of the universe, including Beerus. She fought against the demon in an epic, intergalactic scuffle, which inevitably resulted in the loss of her right eye. When Videl finally managed to subdue the creature, she then demanded that he release Gohan and the others from his grasp. However, the demon, now referring to himself as Zen Buu, said that the boy and his friends were long gone, having been assimilated into his bio mass with the trillions of other souls in his collection. Realizing she couldn't bring back the man that she loved, the girl's mind snapped and, in a fit of blind rage, she disintegrated Buu and the entire universe. Several other universes suffered the exact same fate before the Z-fighter eventually calmed down.

From that point onwards, the lone goddess began an unending journey across the multiverse, visiting countless worlds in an effort to reunite with her Gohan. After failing at every turn and crossroad she encountered, the girl's sadness grew and her anger festered, transforming her into a cynical individual with a warped perspective on life. This caused her to become detached from all events past, present and future transpiring across the cosmos, and instilled the belief in her that the everyday struggles of mortals were 'pitiful' and 'a pathetic waste of time.'

Though Videl's deepest desire was to find a Gohan whom she could live a normal life with and could succeed where every other version of him had failed, due to her laundry list of experiences across multiple worlds, the teen had come to the conclusion that no such Gohan existed and that all of them were fated to die. She soon developed the mindset that every single thing in creation was destined to fall into darkness and, given her position as an outsider in reality, the woman has become determined to see this revelation through to the end. Her newly forged goal is, in essence, to acquire the power necessary to destroy all of reality, while simultaneously allowing her to restart it from scratch so that the sins and sufferings of the past can never be repeated.

Orthros/Videl, also known as Alter-Videl, was trained as a goddess by both Whis and Beerus, making her the most powerful human in her universe and the only human to ever achieve Godhood. She has even imitated Odin in multiple timelines on numerous occasions, killing the original Norse God and taking his place. However, following her victory over Zen Buu and the destruction of her world, she has long since surpassed her limitations as a goddess, having cast aside her mortal bonds and ascended into a higher plain of existence.

Countless years of travelling and living on the precipice of reality transformed Orthros into one of the most powerful entities in the multiverse. An exiled Magic God in space and time with 5th dimensional capabilities, she is essentially a life form capable of bending all things in the world without exception through use of her magic and powers. Her control over Namekian, Elysium, Celestial, Saiyan, Empyrean, and other forms of energy, grants her the ability to shape reality to her will, as well as manipulate matter, time, morality, probability, causality, and the natural laws of creation. She can even devour and seal people's souls within her own body, multiplying her already immense supernatural powers and increasing her strength to an incomparable degree. Due to all the universes she has visited, the number of souls she has in her possession is unaccountable. She can also travel freely throughout time and space without the use of a time machine or external elements, meaning she can jump to any universe and to any time period at her leisure, indicating she has an intimate knowledge of all historical events. It is also implied that she can read peoples’ intent and minds, as she is fully aware of what everyone, particularly what Gohan is thinking and feeling.

Orthros is also not bound by any rules or limitations, as she can cross dimensions freely, and even enter people's dreams and nightmares. This makes her literally omnipotent, as she is 'everywhere and nowhere' at the same time. Since her powers are so perfect, they encompass every single possibility in existence, meaning she has an equal chance of succeeding and failing; essentially making all of her powers and attacks a 50/50 shot. Since she is able to execute attacks in such rapid
succession, the instances of her smaller attacks failing are barely noticeable. It is only when she uses large scale techniques, such as ki blasts capable of maiming people or destroying entire planets; the attack will reflect and cause notable damage to her body instead of to her intended target when a rebound occurs. However, in order to overcome the 50/50 restriction of her abilities, Orthros is able to unify her infinite possibilities by channeling her attacks through a weapon or tool capable of quantifying her techniques, allowing her to focus her powers and control her techniques with murderous precision.

Her primary weapon is the **Spear of Longinus**. Also known as the **Spear of Destiny**, it is a legendary weapon that, according to the Gospel of John, was used to pierce the side of Christ while he was hanging from the cross. In actuality, it is a powerful extraterrestrial artifact that is an amalgamation of dozens of other legendary weapons, such as Zeus's **Lightning Bolt**, Kronos's **Sickle**, Gilgamesh's **Ai**, the **Super Dragon Balls**, and Odin's **Gungnir**, which enables her to pierce through universes and immobilize beings with god-like power. Aside from granting her a 100 percent success necessary to use her powers, it can also be used as a throwing weapon, allowing her to hit targets without fault and provide a counterpoint to deflect her opponents' more destructive techniques. Wielding the **Spear of Longinus** also grants her the ability to successfully destroy (or create) multiple universes with a single swing and, due to it being forged from magic, grants her free control over life and death. She can even summon corpses of deceased fighters she's killed to battle on her behalf.

Orthros also possesses a form of immortality, a skill granted to her through her mastery of all forms of energy that allows her to effortlessly warp reality. Because of this, whenever she encounters 50 percent failure, any damage she receives from an attack or an opponent's attack, even a critical one, will be healed instantaneously through her regenerative capabilities. Even losing her head or being atomized can't kill her. It is only when she encounters a power that can defy possibility and logic that she is unable to heal from injuries sustained by an attack.

Orthros's power is such that she can destroy any universe on a whim and overcome multiple opponents without exerting any effort whatsoever, be they mortal or God. When she encounters Odin after she invaded Asgard, the all-powerful ruler stated that "she has more power in her little finger than a palace full of Gods of Destruction." She even disrupted the Universe 6 and Universe 7 tournament and killed all the participants with her own two hands just for the heck of it. Because she has destroyed countless universes and timelines, it is expected that she's encountered beings like Zeno, Beerus, Zamasu and Whis on multiple occasions. She has killed several hundred versions of the Omni King and thousands of different versions of Whis and Vados, placing her in a completely different category of her own. A direct blow from Orthros has the power to wipe a target from existence.

However, despite seemingly being the most powerful entity in existence, Orthros still has several major weaknesses.

Arrogance makes up one of the major flaws in her character, as she sees herself invincible and someone who stands above every other life form in creation, which makes her ignorant to opponents who can actually harm her in battle. Because of her invulnerability and invincibility, she is also prone to carelessness, and often lets her guard down to attacks that completely destroy her body. Her techniques also backfire horribly against enemies that defy her understanding and can be effectively nullified by a force that refuses to yield. She also fears the entity that is the 'Hidden Power' that Gohan possesses, as its strength far exceeds that of her own. It being one of the defying forces in the multiverse, she seeks to acquire its power as a means of reshaping reality safely through an appropriate anchor point, but is unable to control it directly as it repeatedly migrates from host to host. This is why she seeks to control the Legacies universe/Universe 7L Gohan, who is the current host of the 'Hidden Power' and the only one who can successfully wield it.
Varax of Universe 7L has proven at a number of points in the story to have knowledge of her existence. Whether or not alternate versions of him do is unknown. The only enemies that can match Orthros in terms of power and abilities are: Esdraelon, the legendary dragons that create and destroy universes, the Gods of the multiverse, and the titans, with Esdraelon being the only thing Orthros truly fears can kill her, which is why she chooses not to engage the monster directly, but use it to test Gohan.

Gohan’s Enemies - Summary

All of the enemies that Gohan has fought have had a significant impact on his growth and development as a character. Each villain has presented a trial for the young Saiyan to overcome, whether mentally or physically, and has also spurred on the other members of the Z-fighters to grow as well.

**Cell** – An artificial abomination made out of monsters, and the personification of hatred and malice. This android is the sum total of all of Goku's past failures and the very creature that served as a test of Gohan's vigilance and worthiness of inheriting the title of hero from his father.

**Bojack** – An intergalactic demon and mercenary who would be the one to define Gohan's destiny: either as the *boy who would remain a child and grow up to be continuously saved by his father* or *the one who would grow up to become the new hero and protector of the Earth*.

(This is where the great diverge from canon and *Legacies* occurs. When Gohan is saved by his father from Bojack in the 9th movie, he doomed himself to forever live in his father's shadow, which leads to the weak Gohan in the Buu Saga. By fighting and winning this battle in *Legacies* under his own power, he cemented himself onto the path of the hero and would forge his own destiny as a man.)

**Kana** – An alien freelancer who would serve as the agent that would officially assert Gohan's role as the guardian and defender of the Earth. She is his first true test as a fighter inheriting his father's role.

**Paprika** – The daughter of Garlic Junior and a villain inadvertently created out of Gohan's past actions; a person who seeks revenge against the demi-Saiyan for destroying her home planet and a majority of her race, despite not caring much for them, and would also be the second enemy Gohan and his family convinces to have a change of heart.

**Zeru** – A mindless, planet-destroying monster, representing the unpredictable nature of the universe, the only known survivor of the prehistoric world, and is an enemy that could not have been defeated without the combined strength of all the Z-fighters.

**Set** – The first true deity the Z-fighters ever encounter, embodying hatred as the harbinger of death and destruction, revered even by her own kind. She would prove to be Gohan's greatest test of spirit; showing his personification of good could overcome the personification of darkness.

**Kaiser** – Is the exact opposite of Gohan both physically and mentally; a villain that relies solely on his intelligence against the demi-Saiyan's overwhelming power. He is the most dangerous opponent that the Z-fighters will ever face.

**Vulcan** – An agent of a greater evil, sent by Kaiser to kill Gohan, and is the first enemy to not only best Gohan physically, but also reveal *all* of the Saiyan's weaknesses.
Varax – The embodiment of evil and ambition.

Orthros – The sum of all of Gohan’s failures.
Things moved really quickly following the interplanetary tournament. The media swept in to cover all the details of the story, from the victory of the Z-fighters, to their commendation, right up to the King's proposal to form an alliance with the new visitors from space. This being the first time any sort of interstellar relationships had ever been discussed between two planets on Earth, the news behind this development was to die for. That wasn't even counting the fact that Hercule Satan had confessed to the entire world of only having played a small part in Cell's downfall, as opposed to having destroyed the android with his own two hands.

The press was lucky to have received only a few minutes to get an exclusive with the Z-fighters and the Champ. However, everyone knew that there were even bigger problems to take care of first, namely the damages caused to the numerous cities and towns the battles had gone through.

This was quickly rectified by Kure and her personal army of CAT droids, whom she immediately sent out to repair all the damages. The little robots got straight to work, starting with the crater in the middle of Satan City, which they helped fill and patch up through use of their resources. While they worked under the supervision of the feline representative, San and King Koku, the latter of whom wanted to make some changes to the square, the Z-fighters used that opportunity to return to their homes.

Bulma, Mobi and Yamcha stuck around with Kure, so as to keep an eye on the woman and make sure reconstruction went smoothly, while Vegeta and Trunks returned to Capsule Corp with Cal in tow. Krillin, Tien, Choutzu and Android 18 flew back to Kame Island, with the latter insisting on taking one of the CAT droids as her own, for both her and her daughter. It was a request that Kure was more than happy to oblige, the blonde woman leaving the city square with a big smile on her face and a new companion in hand.

Most of Gohan's high school friends went off on their own way. As for Gohan, he, Goten, Videl, Zangya, Sandra, Maya, with Erasa and Lime accompanying, flew back to Mount Paozu where the first rounds of their interplanetary tournament had began. While they were airborne and flying over the lush countryside making up the majority of the East District, Goten riding atop Nimbus, and Lime and Erasa perched high up on Icarus's back, the group engaged one another in casual conversation.

"This is a really beautiful planet," Sandra spoke, wind rushing past her as she took the time to admire the mountains and forests that passed under them, "Such green and fertile lands, with a blue sky that seems to stretch on forever. No wonder you fought so hard to defend her."

Gohan beamed across at the woman as they glided along, "This place isn't just good to look at. It's
also our home. Of course I was going to fight hard for it. You'd do the same for yours."

"Indeed," Sandra replied, watching a series of rivers and farmlands below drift past them, along with the clouds they were soaring over. "A jewel like this deserves the very best protectors the universe can offer. It's a shame I wasn't sent to this place when I was a baby."

Hearing her remark loud and clear had Zangya smirk across at the Saiyan Empress in their formation, "If you had wouldn't you have just destroyed it along with the millions of people living here? You know… because it was your mission?"

It was this question that had Sandra pause for a moment before glancing away sheepishly, "Oh. Good point."

Videl laughed a little when she saw the look of embarrassment appear across the warrior's face, "Your fantasies kind of fall apart when you look back at the place you come from and realize what could've really happened, huh?"

"Yeah. If my dad hadn't fallen down that cliff and bumped his head when he was a child, who knows what might've happened," Gohan said, looking ahead of him with a sigh. "The future would've been so much different."

Flying in closer on Nimbus as the yellow cloud puttered along, Goten gave his brother a curious look. "Dad was sent here on a job to destroy this planet, wasn't he, niichan? That's what you told me a long time ago."

"Uh-huh. But thankfully things didn't pan out that way," Gohan replied, flipping over while flying and placing his hands behind his head. Staring up at the sky as he literally glided through the sky on his back, the Saiyan chuckled in amusement. "Dad would've never met our mum, and you and I would never have been born."

"And I never would've met you," Videl spoke, flying into position above the Saiyan so that she was flying directly over him. Just a few inches of space hung between them as both teenagers ended up staring into one another's eyes intently as a smile framed the girl's face. "I would have lived my entire life not knowing of the amazing things out there in the universe, because I never would've met my soul mate. How tragic does that sound?"

Gohan grinned, "Very."

Their little aerial engagement earned intrigued looks from Erasa, Lime and Zangya, with the pair riding on the little purple dragon exchanging grins of mischief. As for the Hera, while she was flying at her own pace and watching the pair have their little moment, she suddenly felt someone else pull up alongside her and looked to see Maya flying next to her with her arms crossed…

A little too close for her liking, as her shoulder was damn near close to nudging against hers.

Freaking out a little at their sudden proximity, Zangya stuttered when she mounted an inquiry, "W-What's up?"

Maya, unable to hide the blush on her cheeks, threw a couple of furtive glances at the Hera-seijin. "Nothing. Just flying."

"Just flying?"

"Uh-huh?"
"Right next to me?"

"Yep. Right next to you."

"Like, literally right next to me?"

"As close as I need to be."

"How close?"

"Close enough," Maya replied without missing a beat, even daring to move in a bit and cause Zangya to lean away with uncertainty. Almost immediately upon doing so, the dark-skinned female's expression became one of want, appreciation and fondness. "Your sweat smells just like wild flowers in bloom."

"Oooo-kay," Zangya said, nervously extending the 'o' before swallowing the fluid that built up in her mouth. She then turned to look across at Gohan with her face showcasing a completely new shade of scarlet, the likes of which didn't even exist in nature. "If you guys will excuse me I'm… taking a lap."

It was this statement that had Videl look across at her teammate in confusion, "A lap of what?"

"Anything!" the flustered and embarrassed Hera shouted, before powering up and shooting off towards the East Coast as fast as she could, leaving a vapor trail and several sonic booms in her wake.

Seeing the orange haired female leave so quickly drew a series of surprised blinks from the crew. All the while Maya couldn't help but snicker and continue gliding along with a triumphant smile on her face. It was quite clear she was happy with the way Zangya had reacted to her flirting and only served to spur on the advances she had planned for the future. Noticing this drew an amused look from Sandra, who'd watched and listened to the entire conversation firsthand.

"Keep it in your pants, Maya," the Saiyan Empress warned, though this was clearly a half-hearted attempt.

"Just admiring the craftsmanship, ma'am," the alien warrior sung, yet was unable to keep her sly tone from leaking out. "She has such smooth and supple lines."

"I bet she does," Sandra chuckled, really not in the mood to argue with her horndog of a best friend.

It didn't take long for the group to finally arrive back at Mount Paozu. As soon as the troop saw the Son Residence glint into view on the horizon, Gohan and his entourage of powerful fighters gracefully descended upon the property, where they all touched down one after the other just a few feet from the front door. With Goten springing off of Nimbus and Lime and Erasa unsaddling Icarus, the team then approached the steps, where the half-Saiyan wasted no time in knocking on the wooden barricade. Almost as soon as he finished the third knock, the door swung open and out stepped Chi-Chi, dressed in her usual yellow qi pao and white apron, and her knuckles planted firmly on her hips.

Gohan took a nervous step back when he noticed the harsh glare his parent was throwing his way, prompting him to chalk out one of his usual, sheepish laughs, "H-Hey, mum. We're back." It was impossible for him to hide the fact that he'd not only brought Lime, Erasa and Videl along with him, but both Sandra and Maya as well, all five of whom were arranged behind him in a rather cliché yet fashionable arrangement.
The son returning to the house with a plethora of gorgeous ladies? A mother could interpret that in so many ways.

Choosing to forgo a pleasant greeting to start with, Chi-Chi simply scowled with her typical impatient demeanor as she surveyed the troop in front of her. After panning over the two strangers, who she easily recognized as the warriors who'd fought both her son and Zangya, the Son mother then inhaled deeply. "So... I take it the fight went well?" When she received simultaneous, quiet and obedient nods from Gohan, Goten and Videl, the home owner narrowed her eyes even more dangerously. "No one got killed?" The trio shook their heads. "No cities were destroyed?" Again, the group shook their heads. "Are you sure?"

"Weellll..." Videl began, pushing her fingers together and looking up innocently.

Before the crime fighter could answer, Chi-Chi's façade finally cracked and a smile reappeared on her lips. The woman shook her head as she ambled forward, "Normally I would be screaming my head off right about now and telling my boys how reckless and inconsiderate they were. But as long as no one got seriously injured, then I'm completely fine with however the fight turned out. Especially since it was our side that came out ahead." Her last statement carried an inflection of pride in it, which was a note that did not go amiss by any of them, especially her family. A few steps later placed the mother directly in front of Sandra. "I hope my son gave you a satisfying battle."

Recoiling a little at the woman's remark, the Empress in the white and revealing one-piece Saiyan suit straightened up and nodded, "Yes. He did." She then bowed to Chi-Chi in a royal manner. "I apologize for causing you any undue stress or anxiety with our feud."

"Ah, there's no need." A wave from the mother was her immediate response, "I've watched my son fight in dozens of battles ever since he was little. Believe me, I'm used to it." Chi-Chi then rested that hand at her side and grinned. "Now, since all the fighting is over and done with, how about we go inside, have some tea, and get ourselves ready for a celebratory dinner? Since the day's been so pleasant this afternoon, I figured we could have our meal on the back table under the old oak." She then gestured to their new guests. "The two of you are more than welcome to join us."

A smile appeared on Maya's face as she nodded back in appreciation, "Thank you. That's very kind of you."

"I wouldn't be such a good hostess if I was to turn away every single friend Gohan brought home," Chi-Chi replied, smiling at the two Saiyans before turning around and heading inside. "I'll get the kettle started."

"I'll help you, Chi-Chi," Lime offered, nudging past Gohan and giving the teen a fond smile, upon which she then skipped after the woman.

"Me too," Goten chirped, running up to jog alongside his mountain neighbor, all the while singing cheerily, "I want to bring out the cakes and biscuits! I'm so hungry!"

As the three disappeared into the home with varying moods of joy and enthusiasm, Sandra approached the spot where Gohan was standing and gave him an appraising stare. "Your mother is a very strong and generous individual. To invite a couple of troublesome strangers into her home so willingly is the mark of a woman with great purity."

A chuckle left the Saiyan's lips, "That's mum for you."

Videl smirked and glanced across at the two Saiyans, "Wait till you see the other side of her. Then
you'll be in for a shock."

"Though don't let her catch you saying any of that," Erasa whispered, feeling a phantom shiver run up her spine when she remembered the time Chi-Chi had to chase off a dinosaur that had wandered onto their property. That day did not end well... for the dinosaur that is. "She'll kick your ass three times before you hit the ground and fight off an entire army barehanded just to prove a point."

"Considering her current power level that definitely seems like a possibility," Gohan remarked, looking down at his blonde haired schoolmate with a grin. "Rule number one at the Son household; never mess with our mum... especially when it comes to housework."

"Except for me. She loves me," Erasa said cheekily, at the same time head-butting the boy in the arm.

"Oh yeah, I'm not going to argue that," Gohan chuckled, reaching up to rub his chin. "There's something about you that mum really enjoys, I just can't quite put my finger on it."

"I'm a people-person," Erasa added with a wink, before reaching up to pinch the man in the arm. "Heck, even Vegeta laughed when I told him my story of Touya and the pineapple."

Gohan blinked in disbelief, "Wait? Vegeta laughed? Like... genuinely laughed?" When he saw her nod, the half-Saiyan chuckled, "Wow... go you." He then shared a crisp high-five with the girl, an exchange that went over the heads of both Sandra and Maya, and earned an amused look from Videl.

Following that brief exchange on the lawn, Gohan and his friends quickly retreated indoors. Once they entered the small country domicile, the demi-Saiyan showed Sandra and Maya around the place with Erasa providing on the spot commentary. He introduced them to the dining room, the kitchen, the bathroom, the living room and his bedroom, the latter of which he explained were most of his studying took place. The Empress in particular became extremely fascinated by his living quarters, commenting that she never expected a warrior of his incredible power and stature to have been brought up in such small and simple dwellings. This then led to the hybrid telling her about how their family had always lived off of the bare minimum, this being whatever money the father and grandfather were able to rake in, with most of their earlier days being piggybacked on Goku's winnings at the martial arts tournament.

Sandra accepted this history breakdown with welcoming arms, to which she then stated that her and Maya's childhoods were spent wrestling in similar financial and domestic circumstances.

Not long afterwards the entire family and their guests sat down at the dining table for tea and cake. Goten finished early and took Erasa into the next room to play video games on the console, as if completely unaffected by the day's events. Chi-Chi meanwhile used that opportunity to lightly probe Sandra and Maya for information, wanting to hear more about where they came from and how they ended up where they were now. Though they were brief on the details, the Empress did divulge some very interesting facts about how she governed a whole star system and controlled an entire planet, which she considered as her personal estate for all her years of suffering.

"How did you and your friends come across your planet anyway?" Gohan asked, holding his tea in one hand while watching Sandra sniff hers with interest. "If what all the stuff Kana told me is true, terrestrial worlds capable of sustaining life like the Earth are really hard to come by."

Maya, enjoying the scent of the various teas and treats in front of them, crossed her arms over her chest and leaned back in her seat, "Believe it or not, we actually came across Corvus purely by accident."
"A few months after our battle in the Maelstrom arena, Kure and I were performing a routine flight around the quadrant searching for a group of pirates who'd attacked a nearby star system. Since we pretty much liberated that entire area of space from Emperor Mao Kogen when we defeated him in the pits, every single planet previously under his rule elected us to be their new leaders, so we decided to stick around," Sandra informed, setting her tea down and staring across at both Gohan and Videl thoughtfully. "While we were checking the outskirts of the Vulpan quadrant, the two of us stumbled across an enormous nebula, which the civilizations of that region referred to as the Doorway of the Gods. It was there we found the planet orbiting around a rogue star, along with two gaseous giants and three smaller planets."

"Originally it was only one terrestrial planet with two moons," Maya said, picking up two biscuits and holding it up in front of her. "But after we constructed our base on its highest peak in the northern hemisphere and set up the shield generator, we also borrowed a few more moons from the same system and placed them into orbit of the planet. Kure arranged them into a pattern that not only created gravitational balance, but also helped mask our ki signatures from the rest of the quadrant."

"Not that the nebula we were orbiting didn't already do that," Sandra interjected with a shrewd grin. "There was so much celestial activity going on in our area that it made picking up our energy signatures next to impossible. This was especially useful in keeping a low profile, so that interstellar governments and people looking for Saiyans wouldn't be able to find us." She then chuckled and rubbed the back of her head, "We… got into quite a few skirmishes over the last couple of years, so there's a good chance we may have made a few enemies along the way."

"Join the club. We've got jackets," Videl remarked, at the same time gesturing across to her boyfriend sitting comfortably next to her, "This guy and his friends killed most of their enemies, but about fifty percent of them came back for revenge. That's not even counting the number of criminals the two of us caught while cleaning up Satan City."

Blinking, Sandra and Maya looked at one another before turning to stare back at the pair in confusion.

"Killed… most of your enemies…" Maya parroted.

"But fifty percent of them came back?" Sandra muttered before shrugging, "How does that work?"

The hybrid host rubbed his chin for a moment before holding a hand out to his guests, "Okay, first of all, spoiler alert. Second of all, this is going to start getting very complicated very quickly. I don't even know where to start." Scratching his head, Gohan then grinned and snapped his fingers. "I guess we can start with my dad's childhood."

"Kakarot, right?" Maya asked while nodding to the boy, "Bardock's son."

"Yeah," Gohan nodded, folding his arms on the table in front of him. "My dad got wrapped up in quite a few adventures while he was living here on Earth."

This remark earned a grin from Videl. "He also killed a ton of bad guys when he was a kid… a lot more than you would expect from a man like him. Most of them came from this massive military group called the Red Ribbon Army and a cult working for Piccolo's dad," Videl informed, as she remembered all the stories Gohan and Goku had told her when they went to visit him up in Otherworld. "All of this stuff happened way before his father even realized he came from another planet. Heck, he didn't even know anything about the Saiyans or his real parents."

"But then my dad's brother Radditz came to Earth and the entire game changed for everyone," the
demi-Saiyan continued, waving his hands through the air to illustrate the gravity of the event. He then started recounting the tales and adventures as briefly as he could. "While my father and I were visiting friends on Master Roshi's island, Radditz appeared, kidnapped me and held me hostage, threatening my dad to kill at least a thousand people if he ever wanted to see me again. Shortly thereafter, my father and his then arch-rival, now best-friend Piccolo ended up teaming up and fighting the bastard, in which Piccolo killed both Radditz and my dad when he sacrificed himself to hold him down. At first we thought that would be the end of it."

"But then they learned from his uncle after Piccolo pretty much blabbed about the dragon balls that two more Saiyans were still out there and would be coming to Earth in about a year or so," Videl informed.

"Dragon balls?" Sandra repeated, not knowing what the duo was referring to.

"Uhh, the… orange crystals that the Namekians use to summon a mystical dragon to grant wishes," Gohan explained.

"Oh. Right," Maya nodded in understanding, "Our friend Gast mentioned something about his people creating those."

"Well, long story short, Piccolo kidnapped Gohan and trained him for about a year. Several months later Vegeta and his partner showed up and started wasting everything in sight," Videl said, beginning the next chapter of her boyfriend's tale. "They destroyed all of East City the moment they stepped out of their pods and laid waste to an entire naval fleet. I read about it in our school's history books."

"After we wished dad back to life using the dragon balls, my friends and I fought against the Saiyans, in which most of us ended up being killed by Nappa," Gohan explained, breathing a heavy sigh as memories of that day flooded back into his head. "Dad finally showed up, saved us, crippled the Saiyan brute, and then watched in disbelief as Vegeta finished him off. After that me, dad, Krillin and Yajirobi fought against the mercenary prince and beat him half to death." He then shook his head in amazement. "Man. No matter how many times he got hit, that guy just refused to go down."

Sandra let out a chuckle, "That's a Saiyan Prince for you. He will not take no for an answer." She then gestured to the boy to continue.

"Anyway, since Piccolo sacrificed himself to save me during the battle with Nappa, we knew that the dragon balls wouldn't be able to work, as their power was directly linked to his life force. So we decided to head to Namek to try and find some there. But when we arrived, not only did we run into Vegeta again, we ran into Frieza and his group as well. Vegeta killed most of them, but when the Ginyu Force showed up and came after him, we got the crap beaten out of us."

"How did you survive?" Maya asked, narrowing her eyes on the pair. "Those guys were Frieza's elite. The best of the best. You couldn't possibly have beaten them on your own."

"Nah. My dad did," Gohan said, smiling when he looked across at the women. "He showed up and kicked each and every one of them to the curb with barely any effort at all. Initially he left them alive, but Vegeta -being Vegeta- finished them off and killed the red guy by himself. We even fought Ginyu when he came around and beat him too… well, after he switched bodies with a frog that is."

This part caught Sandra while she was in the middle of drinking her tea, which she ended up spitting out and laughing in disbelief. "W-What?!"
"Yeah. Dad threw a frog at that weird beam he fired from his mouth and he switched bodies with it." His casual reveal of this information had Sandra and Maya staring at the kid for a moment, until both women broke out into outrageous fits of giggles and laughter. Once everyone managed to calm down and catch their breaths a full minute later, Gohan was able to continue his story. "Though we killed off his entire crew, the guy's still hanging around. He's actually living in one of the animal sanctuaries Bulma has set up over in Capsule Corp."

OOO

(Meanwhile)

(In West City)

In the lush, green garden that served as one of the many research plantations at the billion dollar industrial headquarters, along one of the dozen creeks passing through the manmade paradise, a collection of about a hundred small reptilian and semi-aquatic animals were gathered around the shallows. There, sitting atop the tallest rock, was the easily identifiable off-green, spotted, red-eyed amphibian from Namek that the soul of Captain Ginyu currently inhabited.

His loud, throaty croaks filled the entire area with a gentle, calming melody that accentuated the serenity of the garden as he addressed the various animals in what most people would believe was a speech preaching peace and harmony for all creatures, great and small. However, when Ginyu-Frog’s words were translated back to a language that was understandable by humans, the words he uttered carried a completely different tone.

"Hear me, my fellow amphibian and reptilian brothers!" Ginyu-Frog croaked loudly in an expression hauntingly similar to the late Stalin, "Today is the day you’ve all been waiting for! The day that the creek folk of the Southern quarter rise up against the mammal oppressors dominating the hills to the North!" Bringing up a flippered hand, the frog slammed it to his chest and croaked out even louder. "Long have we endured pain and humiliation at their teeth and claws! No longer! Arise! Arise warriors of Ginyu's Army! Though our bodies shall be broken and our fangs shall be splintered, our spirits will carry us on to a new day! A red day! And the sun RISEEEEEES!"

All at once, every single frog, toad, snake, turtle, lizard and iguana standing before the alien critter rose up and cheered, showing whatever limbs they had in support of their brilliant, tactical leader. In that moment of glory and under the roaring adulation of his followers, Ginyu-Frog also thrust his flipper into the air, rallying his soldiers to him and hollering at the top of his lungs.

"Fight! Fight with me! And the memory of your name shall be remembered forever, by your children and your children's children!" Ginyu cried out with a fierce and undying passion. "We're going to die today and it's going to be AWESOOOOME! WHO'S WITH ME?!" Another cry of support came from all the reptiles and amphibians present. The moment their cries rang out, Frog-Ginyu turned and faced the hills further up the stream they were gathered around, and pointed them forward. "Give thanks, men; to all those who've fallen and to all those who will fall! TO VICTOOORRRRRYYYYY!"

And with that, every single toad and reptile behind Ginyu-Frog followed the amphibian up the stream and hill. As if expecting the attack, the various furry mammals living in the grasslands and bushes in the northern part of the garden, including the mice, rats, possums, armadillos, cats and otters, had all gathered in preparation for the war to come. The moment the first frogs burst out of the bushes and attacked the mice on the front lines, all hell broke loose.
What followed from that point was a glorious battle, reminiscent of all the great charges in modern cinema.

However, pulling back from the battle now taking place across the clearing; seeing an army of tiny reptiles attacking an army of equally tiny mammals was quite an unusual sight. This much was obvious from the bewildered reactions of the two scientists on duty standing just a few meters away from the squabbling critters.

After a minute of watching the determined Ginyu-Frog and his allies tackle a large possum to the ground and bite into its flesh, the female scientist with the glasses and brown hair tied in a bun turned to her black haired male colleague quizzically.

"This is the third time this week. What is wrong with these animals?" the woman asked incredulously.

OOO

(Back in Mount Paozu)

"So after that battle, dad needed to be thrown into a healing tank so that he could recover. While that was happening we wished Piccolo back to life and Frieza showed up, and boy was he pissed. From there it was just chaos, mayhem, Vegeta and Krillin dying, and dad going Super Saiyan for the first time when he finally joined the battle," Gohan said, crossing his arms proudly but then shrugging afterwards. "We thought they both died when Namek blew up, but as it turned out dad and Frieza managed to survive."

This news had Maya raise an eyebrow, "Your father didn't kill him?"

"No. He thought Frieza would actually learn something from the ass-kicking he gave him and left him barely alive to soak it in, but that only made things worse. He came to Earth years later to get revenge on dad by killing all of us," the half-Saiyan informed. "Unfortunately for him he never got that chance and ended up getting killed by Trunks."

"Trunks? As in…?" Sandra spoke, lifting a thumb and gesturing over her shoulder, obviously referring to Goten's adolescent best friend in West City.

"Oh, no. Not that Trunks. Another one who came to us from the future," Gohan chuckled, watching Sandra and Maya's faces twist into expressions of confusion. "See. I told you it would get complicated."

"That's not even counting the other battles they fought in between those ones," Videl informed while gesturing towards the demi-Saiyan. "There was that Garlic Junior guy Goku and Piccolo butted heads with a month before Radditz's arrival. Then some crazy robot doctor named Wheelo decided to mess with the planet while Goku was gone. After that some Turles fellow showed up… then this planet conquering Namekian named Slug…"

"Oh yeah, and Garlic Junior came back a second time and attacked Earth while dad was up in space," Gohan added with a shrug. "Funny stories. Terrifying battles. Tell you about them later."

This earned a couple of understanding nods from their Saiyan guests.

"After Mirai Trunks killed Frieza, Goku finally came back to Earth. When he did, our half-Saiyan friend from the future told us that a couple of androids would emerge to wipe us all out," Videl said, placing a hand on her hip while glancing over at Gohan. "These guys were created by the head of the research and development team of the Red Ribbon Army, which Gohan's dad destroyed.
“He blamed my father for all of the pain and loss he suffered since that day and spent the last decade designing a group of cybernetic soldiers to kill him,” the demi-Saiyan added, taking his cup of tea into two hands and staring down at it with a look of dread. “Thanks to Trunks’s warning, we thought we would be ready for when they arrived. But the truth is we weren’t. Even though my father, Vegeta and Trunks were all Super Saiyans, the androids managed to beat every one of them, including our friends. We had to pull back for a bit and rethink our approaches, and even managed to find an old room in another dimension where we could get special training to increase our power in a short amount of time. While some of us stalled, the rest of us trained in that room and we thought for sure we had a way of winning.”

“But the worst was yet to come,” Videl interjected, her expression becoming grave. “The three androids who came first and their Plan-B counterparts were only the start. Doctor Gero apparently had a Plan-C hiding in the depths of his laboratory; a biological android crafted from the cells and DNA of all the strongest fighters on Planet Earth, including Goku, Vegeta, Gohan, Nappa, Trunks, Krillin, Tien, Yamcha, Frieza and King Cold.”

This news had Maya’s eyes widen in shock, ”Damn. Are you serious?”

“Yeah. He was a monster made out of monsters. A creature from your worst nightmares and the most dangerous villain we’d ever fought,” Gohan said, his expression remaining serious as he glared across at the two Saiyan women. “He was designed to use all of our abilities and techniques, and had a ridiculous power level to match. What’s more, and though I never actually saw this, he could absorb people into his body by drinking them through his tail.” This piece of information had Sandra and Maya cringe with disgust, and earned a scoff from the teen. “Yeah. And that’s not even the worst part.”

“What’s worse than being sucked up through that monster’s tail?” Maya asked. It was honestly the most horrifying thing she’d heard from another person, as she’d obviously never encountered a creature that could do something like that before.

“The creature went through evolutionary stages similar to an insect. By absorbing two of the other androids created by Doctor Gero, he could modify his physical form and attain heightened levels of power. This eventually led to him achieving what he called his perfect form and gave him the self-proclaimed title Perfect Cell.” He then looked up at the Saiyans with a grim look on his face. “The power he had in this form was unlike anything we’d ever seen before. A single attack from him could wipe out the entire solar system.”

Videl shivered at remembering seeing that creep on television and turned to look at their Saiyan guests. ”He had so much confidence in his power that he created an event called the Cell Games, in which the planet’s greatest warriors would face him in one-on-one combat to decide its ultimate fate. He pretty much had the whole Earth as his hostage.”

“Every single member of our group reached new levels of power leading up to that final battle,” Gohan said, clenching his fists tightly while looking down at his hot tea. ”My dad and I especially. But when dad called me up to battle Cell in his place and I stupidly refused to fight back at full power, that monster began goading me by torturing my friends. He did this through a form of cellular mitosis, in which he produced several clones of himself and sent them after dad and the others.” His gaze quickly shifted back up to Sandra and Maya. ”When he killed one of them, my rage finally got to me and I transformed to the second level of Super Saiyan.”

Sensing the boy’s pain and feeling the gravity behind his words drew a sad yet understanding nod from Sandra. ”That was a rough time for you. What you went through was probably far more...
"I was only eleven when I fought that battle," Gohan stated, inhaling deeply at the memories of that day. "With my new power I killed Cell's clones and took my anger out on that beast, and I thought I had everything under control. But then he did something that I never expected him to do…" He tensed up on this next part. "He threatened to blow himself up… and take the entire planet with him. When his body set itself to combust, I knew I'd screwed up." His eyes shimmered when he looked down at the table's surface. "My dad jumped in and sacrificed himself to teleport the bastard away to another planet. But that wasn't the end of it. Cell regenerated and came back stronger than before, and I was forced to fight him one last time and finish him off… when I could've easily done it when…" He stopped there, shaking his head furiously.

The negativity in Gohan's voice as well as his mood was easily picked up by the other people in the house, Goten and Erasa stopping their game to listen, while Chi-Chi and Lime glanced over their shoulders through the kitchen archway. Sandra and Maya also respectfully remained quiet when they sensed the distress in the young adult's voice and gave him the time he needed to catch his breath and settle his thoughts.

Observing that Gohan was having a hard time recounting that final part of his story, Videl reached over and gently gripped his hand. Her gesture helped calm the boy down and settle the bundle of emotions gathering inside of him. When his glazed eyes turned to his girlfriend, he saw the crime fighter give him a smile of assurance.

Feeling cheered up, Gohan beamed back at his guests. "A lot of things happened that day… and nothing that I don't regret. I just have to live with it."

Sandra also gave the teen a smile and, leaning forward, placed a hand on his arm. "Believe me, I know how you feel." Her eyes meeting his, the pair of Saiyans stared at one another for several moments in silence. When that time passed, the woman leant back with a grin. "Why don't you tell me everything else that happened afterwards? I doubt your epic tale of adventures and battles ends there." She said this while grasping the cup of tea in front of her.

After recovering from his bout of gloom Gohan, together with Videl, went on to talk about the other battles and mind-blowing events that followed. This included the Intergalactic World Martial Arts Tournament where Bojack showed up with Zangya and his gang, the visit of the envoy Kana from the Planet Trade Organization's preservation branch, Paprika's first appearance at the World Martial Arts Competition, the monstrous parasite Zeru coming down on the continent's West Coast and wrecking havoc on the planet, leading to a resurgence in the Earth's life-force, the battle with the God of Storms Set, and finally the mech-suit assassins. Needless to say, Sandra and Maya were absolutely rapt by these stories and regarded the boy with their utmost attention.

"Gods, demons, cyborgs, assassins, mystery, excitement…" Sandra counted on her fingers one after the other, before then grinning across at her partner and best friend. "I think I'm going to like it here."

Nodding in agreement, Maya quickly turned back to the demi-Saiyan with an expression reflecting determination. "If you and your friends ever need our help, don't hesitate to ask. We'll be here to support you however we can."

When Gohan accepted the women's words with a grateful dip of his head, they were then interrupted by the return of Chi-Chi and Lime from the kitchen.

"That's good to hear," the mother interjected in a cheerful tone, to which she then directed a happy smile at their guests. "The Earth's been attacked by so many monsters and aliens in the last two
years alone, we could use with some more allies. Honestly, you guys have been the best invaders we've had since Kana, and even then she smashed through several buildings and properties before even finding her first opponent. You guys even sent your own personalized greeting video."

It was then Maya rubbed her chin thoughtfully, "That reminds me, I have to realign the satellite dish on top of the castle and patch it through to the one setup on moon five. The signal we gave off on that first entry was shocking."

Taking another sip of her tea, Sandra nodded in approval, "Your plans have been duly noted."

Staring between the two women for a moment, Chi-Chi couldn't help but catch on to one of the key bits of info the second in command had to say. "Hold on. Back up a little. Did you say you two say that you own a castle?"

"Hm? Of course," Sandra replied, appearing confused for a moment. "It's pretty much the only property we own, apart from our planet's moons." Almost immediately the woman balked and threw her hands up in disbelief. "Ah! Damn it! I forgot to collect the deposit we put down on that apartment we rented back on Argo!"

Also remembering this, her dark-skinned Saiyan colleague cursed under her breath and looked at her friend, "Shit! How long ago was that?"

"Nine years ago!"

"Ah. Crap. Well, it's gone now."

Despite the pair's sudden lapse back to their childhood years when they were planet hopping across their part of the universe, the Son mother couldn't help but become enthralled by the new information they were now sharing with her. Almost on cue, Chi-Chi began asking the Saiyan Empress about her estate, with the most standout questions being about her furnishings and income, which she guessed was probably through the roof. This soon transformed into a rather entertaining conversation about how Sandra and Kure were constantly bickering with one another about what kind of drapes they wanted to have hanging around the castle hallways displaying their various galactic banners.

Sandra wanted purple and Kure wanted green, a color that the Saiyan Empress was completely against.

Shortly thereafter Chi-Chi returned to the kitchen to continue making dinner with Lime, leaving Gohan and Videl to entertain their new friends, all of whom weren't quite finished with their drinks. This allowed them a chance to discuss other things around the table that weren't as relevant but were no less entertaining. When it involved a group of some of the best warriors on the planet, what else could they possibly talk about than their respective battle histories?

If they weren't knocking heads, they were measuring egos. It was one of the fun things about being a person in their shoes.

However, while the group was in the process of exchanging fight records with one another, recounting the various wins and losses they'd experienced in their lives, the congregation of super-powered fighters were soon interrupted by the arrival of Zangya. Looking even more haggard than before and sweating profusely from what they could guess was one hell of a training session, the Hera slogged past the living room and down the corridor, her intentions focused solely on a shower.
Noticing the frizzy-haired woman walking by the wall, Gohan couldn't help but lean back in his seat and watch his friend stagger down the hallway with slight concern. "Hey, Zangya. You alright?"

"I'm fine. I'm fine," the blue fighter replied groggily, at the same time waving over her shoulder, "Just… going to dunk my head in a barrel of cold water for the next couple of hours. Then I'll hit the hay."

"Oh. Okay," Gohan answered, not willing to argue with his exhausted partner, "Have fun." When he heard the door shut behind Zangya at the other end of the corridor seconds later, the spiky haired Saiyan turned back around, appearing slightly confused. "Flying a couple dozen laps around the planet doesn't normally tire her out. The fight she had today must have taken a lot more out of her than I thought."

Feigning ignorance to the Hera-seijin's current condition, Maya quickly hid her smile behind her tea cup and glanced away offhandedly, suddenly finding an interest in Chi-Chi's china collection on the nearby shelf. "Yes. The battle. Let's go with that."

Sandra shook her head at her best friend frivolous reply and plucked another biscuit from the plate, "Give her until tomorrow morning. I'm sure your friend will be back tossing mountains over the horizon in no time." After nibbling on the crumpet and giving it an appreciative look, the Empress then looked up at Gohan and Videl. Noticing how close the pair was sitting next to one another and how both teenagers were interacting, the boy feeding the girl half of his biscuit before poking her in the nose, the raven haired woman tilted her head curiously. The scene, showing the playfulness of the boy's character as well as his affection for his loved ones, then led to Sandra cracking a smile of her own and returning to her drink, quietly filing her observations away for another time.

Things seemed to quiet down even more after that, which saw Gohan taking Sandra and Maya to their backyard to show them the far reaching borders of their estate. Not gonna lie, there was a lot more than just grass and bushes to show off from their front porch, as there were hundreds and hundreds of acres of infinite greenery stretching out beyond the first row of mountains on the horizon. The visitors to the humble little home were certainly impressed.

By the time the sun started to set, the entire household was gifted with a feast fit for a king courtesy of Chi-Chi and Lime, complete with an otherworldly aroma that had Sandra and Maya practically salivating. They pair looked as though they were going to dive right onto the table. However, containing their baser instincts, the two women sat down on either side of the bench with the best dining etiquette they could muster. Of course this didn't stop the pair of hungry warriors from digging in alongside Gohan and Goten, which put more than a couple of amused smiles on the rest of the family's faces as bits of rice went flying everywhere.

Seeing two other Saiyans, particularly female Saiyans, stuffing their faces with food next to the two local bottomless pits was absolutely priceless. Erasa and Lime even snapped a couple of pictures of the four eating in perfect sync for posterity.

Eventually all the food was gone, with nothing but bones and crumbs being left behind. Once the slate was cleared, Sandra and Maya didn't hesitate one bit in giving Chi-Chi and Lime the most spirit lifting and sincere reviews on their cooking that they could. They practically spouted lines of poetry in their appraisal of their abilities and even helped to clean up most of the dishes. Needless to say they were the best visitors the Son mother could've possibly asked for.

In return for cooking, Erasa cleaned up all the dishes, allowing Chi-Chi to rest and giving Lime a chance to have a few rounds with Goten and Maya on the game console, which inevitably resulted
in a rather vigorous onscreen contest between the two Saiyans over who the superior talent was. As the mood in the house settled, Gohan spent the rest of that evening chatting with Sandra and Videl on the benches outdoors, watching as the stars gleamed into life and their new planetoid neighbor pulled into view from over the horizon. When the trio finally came back inside with a set of empty glasses and plates, they quickly joined the rest of the family by the television, where they then showed off a movie to their intergalactic guests.

One after the other, as the minutes ticked on into night, the kids started to drop off. Goten and Maya were the first to fall asleep, followed shortly by Erasa and Lime, both of whom collapsed next to one another on a couch and beanbag respectively. Their light snores filling the room with a gentle atmosphere, Chi-Chi and Gohan quietly tiptoed about collecting the spare pillows and sheets they had stashed away in the laundry, which they then laid out over the dozing guests. Once that chore was done, the heads of the Son household and Videl moved over to the hallway and looked on as Sandra took her boots off and got comfortable on the sofa.

"I always wondered what it would be like to have a sleepover at a friend's place. I'm afraid that experience was lost on me in my years of traveling from planet to planet," the Saiyan Empress remarked in a whisper. She then turned towards the owners of the house and gestured to the cushions next to her. "May I?"

"You're our guest. Help yourself," Chi-Chi answered.

Sandra returned her words with an appreciative nod. "Again; thank you for your hospitality." The three then watched curiously as the gleefully smiling Empress laid back on the couch's pillows and, giving one last yawn of satisfaction, quickly fell fast asleep.

Needless to say, it'd been a long day for all of them.

Switching off the television as well as the lights to the main rooms, an exhausted Chi-Chi turned to her eldest and placed a hand against his cheek. "You get a good night's rest too, son. You need it."

"Thanks mum," the hybrid replied. "And thanks for letting them stay over. I'll make up for it tomorrow."

Gazing up at her boy lovingly, the mother then leant up and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek, before heading for her room. When her door at the end of the hallway locked shut, Gohan and Videl shared one last look with one another in silence.

Noticing the bags under her boyfriend's eyes, the raven haired girl giggled and reached up to brush his hair. "Hell of a day, huh?"

"Oh yeah," Gohan chuckled tiredly, giving a wide stretch that had the muscles in his back pop one after the other. "Hey. If I ever decide to use Kaioken and Super Saiyan 3 at the same time again during a fight, please feel free to give me a good, hard slap. Seriously. Using that form almost killed me."

"More than Sandra?" Videl asked jokingly, while at the same time thinking back to how much the pair had brutalized one another during their battle across the Solar System.

"Oh, no. What she did to me was way worse," the Saiyan laughed, before then cringing at the phantom pains that went shooting through him. He then glanced back into the living room, where he and Videl could see the woman was fast asleep on the couch in a very Vegeta-like manner.

"Sandra Could-kick-Gohan's-Ass… that's her official new last name from now on," Videl said with
a broad grin in play. "How close did you think she came?"

"Honestly… it wasn't that far off. Out of all the people I've encountered over the years, Cell, Frieza, Zeru, the Ginyu Force… she gave me the hardest fight I've ever had," Gohan stated, without an ounce of hesitation to be heard. "I know I may have said that a lot in the past, but the amount of times I thought I was going to pass out or die when getting hit by her was just insane. Every attack I threw was just sheer agony."

"Poor baby," Videl whispered in a very motherly tone of voice, reaching out and wrapping her arms around the teen's neck. When she felt the hybrid's hands rest firmly on her hips and pull her towards him, the raven haired girl gazed at him approvingly. "Remember to keep your guard up and your chin down next time."

"Don't worry, I will," Gohan murmured, looking into his girlfriend's eyes and rocking her from side-to-side. "The last thing I want to do is mash up this perfectly good mug for you."

"Hmm… maybe it's not just your mug that I'm interested in," Videl replied, narrowing her eyes suggestively as a mischievous smirk formed on her lips.

"What is it? My hair?"

The girl bit her bottom lip. "Mmm… no."

"My chin? My hands? My magnetic personality?"

Videl's grin only seemed to widen, "Keep digging."

For the next minute the pair stood there, just appreciating one another's company. Affection and warmth shimmered in both their eyes, accentuated by the dark of the living room on one side and the light of the hallway on the other. In those few seconds of silence the young couple seemed to draw even closer to one another and, for a moment, it looked like Videl was going to say something. By the way her cheeks turned red and the way her lips seemed to part in a faint exhale, the question she wanted to ask was obviously intimate yet nerve-racking at the same time.

Her heartbeat quickened when the urge to utter her words became more and more perilous. Even Gohan seemed to pick up on her dithering nerves. Feeling his face starting to become hotter and hotter as he stared down at Videl's soft expression, the Saiyan suddenly found it much more difficult to maintain his composure in her presence. Gone was the confidence and charm he'd built up interacting with his friends and loved ones over the last seven years, and gone was his ability to communicate and function at his usual capacity. The man's courage was quickly replaced by nervous quivers, as his mouth opened and closed a couple of times in a vain attempt at a coherent response.

In their minds, both teenagers knew what the other one wanted to say and could sense what was going through their minds. The evidence was staring them right in the face and being held in their tender loving grips. However neither one wanted to make the first move for simply stepping into this new territory was rife with uncertainties and new experiences too terrifying to even contemplate.

Moments later the ice was broken.

"Well…" Gohan said, clearing his throat and drawing a surprised look from his girlfriend. "It's… uhh… it's getting late. I think we should turn ourselves in for the night." He then gestured her down the hallway. "You want to have a shower first or-?"
"Oh. Umm…” Videl stuttered, before putting on a small smile. "Yeah. Sure. I mean, after being thrown through hillsides, trees and farm houses for most of the day, a shower sounds really good right about now." She rubbed her shoulder nervously after stepping out of her boyfriend's arms. "Goodnight, Gohan."

"Goodnight, Videl," the hybrid replied, watching his girlfriend slowly amble down the hall.

Feeling he was missing something important, which probably accounted for a lot of things in his life, the half-Saiyan hero decided to head to his room, where he figured he could organize a hot water barrel out back and scrub himself down before hitting the hay.

Unbeknownst to him and Videl of course, they missed the sight of a pair of eyes watching them from the dark, as the seemingly asleep Erasa followed their conversation from her place on the couch…

OOO

(Later that night)

The quick dip in the barrel out back had Gohan feeling both clean and refreshed, as he was able to use the entire period to rid himself of all the kinks in his system. Once he'd emptied out the water and extinguished the fire, the spiky haired hero of Earth returned to his room for a long and much deserved rest.

Adorned in a pair of grey fleece pants, Gohan cleared the space on his desk, tidied up his books, and dropped down onto his mattress. Hands placed behind his head and on his pillow, the boy spent the next few minutes staring up at his ceiling, counting the multiple smudges formed in the paint and contemplating the various events that'd transpired in the wake of Sandra and her planet's arrival. Though it seemed pointless and borderline obsessive repeatedly replaying the same battles in his head over and over, the truth was that he was merely doing this out of some nervous effort to cover up the feelings currently surging through him.

These were of course the ones regarding Videl.

After powering through such a long and hard battle that had him sweating blood, it made sense for his body to have produced an insane amount of endorphins to compensate for the loss of other minerals. The chemicals pumping through his system made him feel happy, excited, and played a significant role in blocking out a lot of the pain he'd suffered as a result of the experience. The exercise he undertook from such a rigorous workout gave him a powerful form of 'runner's high', something he assumed was thanks to his Saiyan DNA kicking in and adding their juices into the mix.

The sensations of excitement he received were overwhelming. That being said, it wasn't so much of a stretch to believe some of the 'other' parts of his anatomy would be acting up in response to the chemical fireworks going off inside him. It was a completely natural response.

His hormones and adrenaline helped emphasize the many other emotions he felt on a day to day basis and most of these were aimed directly at the girls closest to him, especially Videl. When he'd held his girlfriend in his arms and gazed into her eyes, whatever feelings of love and desire he felt for her in that instant had been multiplied tenfold, and resonated throughout his entire body like a strobe. It fired him up, made him feel anxious, and compelled to act on his instincts.

So profound were these sensations that Gohan, scared of what might happen next, was forced to retreat and gather his thoughts. This was one of the reasons why he decided to take the long dip in
the tub. Even when he had all the confidence in the world to go through the most dangerous and daring trials a person could face, all of that nerve and resolve went away the moment he was faced with the reality of what might've - what most certainly *would've* - happened in that hallway.

This was the human part of him acting up: the innocent, rational, realistic, and levelheaded side of him that would always come into play when dealing with a new and unfamiliar situation. It made him curse himself and grit his teeth, thinking how much of a coward he was for backing away like that.

He loved Videl and he couldn't even muster up the guts to approach her and take their relationship to the next level. That had been the perfect opportunity to do so and he missed it.

"Well... I'm going to make up for it right now," Gohan thought, a determined look coming to his face as he leapt out of bed and headed straight for his bedroom door. He then grasped the handle and swung it open, only to come to an abrupt stop when he found Videl standing right there in a white over-sized t-shirt, looking as though she was about to knock. The two jumped in surprise. "V-Videl?"

"Gohan?" the tomboy murmured, hastily lowering her hand. At first not knowing what to say, once she realized the demi-Saiyan was standing directly in front of her, Videl averted her gaze and blushed, "M-Mind if I come in?"

Recovering from the shock, the hybrid Saiyan gently smiled and ushered her inside, before shutting the door behind her, "You don't need to ask to see me, Videl. You're always welcome in my room."

Videl walked in with her hands behind her back, feigning interest in the various furniture around them, "I... didn't wake you up, did I?"

"No. Of course not. Why?" Gohan asked, keeping his smile up as he watched his girlfriend pace about his room, "Were you standing outside my door this entire time?"

"N-No," Videl replied defiantly, trying to put on a tough exterior. Failing when she saw the Saiyan's eyebrow arc upwards, the raven haired girl then rocked on her heels bashfully and kept her gaze on her bare feet. "Well... only for the last couple of minutes. *But that's it.* All I wanted to do was check to see if you were doing alright."

Sensing she was trying to play off the real reason why she was here, Gohan smiled warmly, "You don't need to worry about me, Videl. I'm fine. There's no way I'm going to let myself check out that easily." He then sat down on the edge of his bed and smirked at his visitor. "I don't plan on doing that for a while."

Videl giggled lightly as she lingered in place for a moment, "Sometimes I forget I'm dating the toughest man on the face of the planet." She then tiptoed forward and stopped within arm's reach of her boyfriend. "That and the fact he always seems to find himself in some kind of trouble."

Without even missing a beat, she straddled the teen's lap and draped her arms over his shoulders. "You know you love it," Gohan said, reaching up to gently rub Videl's cheek. Feeling the girl's delicate hands begin skimming over his shoulders and back, the hybrid then brought both hands down and laid them on her lithe waist, which he easily felt through her oversized T-shirt. This move earned a kiss from said girl, "So what, if I may ask, have you come to see me for then, babe? Were you hoping for a chance to nurse me back to health?"

"Oh, I can do a lot more than just nurse you back to health, stud," Videl replied, teasingly giving
him another peck on the lips, at the same time her hands started to become a little more adventurous. She then moved back a little to stare into his charcoal eyes. "Did you just call me 'babe'?"

"Uh-huh," Gohan nodded with a mischievous grin. "Problem?"

"No. None at all," Videl answered with a giggle, her expression deepening into one reflecting appreciation, excitement, and a range of other profound emotions. Seconds ticked by as she sat there gazing at her boyfriend and admiring the contours of his handsome profile. Her heart started to race a little faster, causing her expression to twist into one of desire and longing, until her wall of restraint finally gave way. "Gohan… I can't wait any longer."

"Yeah. Me neither," the hybrid replied, swallowing nervously when he felt his girlfriend slide a little further up his lap. "I wanted to say something before… but I… I guess I was nervous."

"So was I. But not anymore," Videl whispered, shaking her head in disbelief as her breathing quickened, "Kami, I want you so bad."

"Me too." Feeling his girlfriend's hands start running over his chest with need, Gohan immediately responded by slowly moving his palms around her waist to grip the full globes of her ass. "Do you think it's a good idea… right now? I mean, with so many people-"

"It'll be okay," Videl replied with a mischievous grin, "Just try not to make too much noise."

The Saiyan responded with a smirk of his own. "I'm pretty sure that's supposed to be my line." He was promptly silenced by Videl grabbing him by the back of the head and crushing her lips against his in a passionate embrace.

"Ass," Videl breathed affectionately when they parted, before quickly going back to their newly rescheduled program.

(Lemon)

With their wants, needs and objectives established, the pair began setting the mood the best way they knew how as first timers. As Gohan proceeded to familiarize himself with the curves of Videl’s body, his hands slowly sliding up her hips and under her shirt, the pair once again became locked in a passionate embrace. Their kiss, which was chaste and tender at first, quickly became heated as the pair’s tongues intertwined with one another and hungrily devoured their partner’s mouth.

Their energy escalating, Videl made her intentions known by beginning to grind her hips into Gohan’s pelvis, who reciprocated her actions by grabbing both sides of her waist and pushing her down. Feeling the heat between them growing and the intensity of her boyfriend’s actions increase, the raven haired girl pulled away and moaned softly.

“G-Gohan?” Videl gasped, looking down to see Gohan’s arousal pressing against the panty covered apex of her legs. She then grinned mischievously, “Damn. You’re really ready for this, aren’t you?”

“Have been for a long time,” Gohan retorted, before then feeling his girlfriend start rubbing herself against him even more. A groan was released from his own lips when he felt her hand reach down to palm his aching erection, “And you’re not messing around either.”

Videl giggled before leaning forward to kiss along his jaw line. “Well I know what I want and I’m tired of waiting for it. So go ahead and give it to me,” she whispered in a sultry tone, before letting
out another sound of appreciation when she felt her boyfriend nibble at her ear and start moving down her neck.

As he suckled on her flesh, drawing even more groans from the hot tomboy, Gohan’s hands ventured further up Videl’s shapely frame under her top, before finally resting on her ample chest. His quick discovery had Gohan raise an eyebrow and grin against her collarbone. “No bra?”

“D-Didn’t need it,” Videl stammered, before gasping when she felt her boyfriend give her breasts a testing squeeze.

“Good. Makes things much simpler,” Gohan whispered eagerly, proceeding to leave a trail of kisses back up her neck and to her lips, at the same time rubbing and kneading her breasts under her shirt. He then promptly silenced his girlfriend with another deep kiss when her excitement started to get more vocal.

Their mouths battling one another in a vigorous lip lock, the pair continued on with their ministrations; Videl’s hands moving over Gohan’s hot muscular frame while his palms continued to explore the amazing body she had under her shirt. In the midst of their engagement, the raven haired angel slowly pushed the demi-Saiyan onto his bed, where she wound up straddling him and grinding against him from a dominant position.

With their enthusiasm escalating, the pair started to get more adventurous. Videl’s hands slid down Gohan’s abs and began rubbing them shamelessly, while the demi-Saiyan was already attempting to slide off her panties.

But just as they were about to get into the good stuff, the bedroom door suddenly opened, and a large shadow fell over the duo. Looking up with a start, the two youngsters on the mattress looked across the room to see Zangya, clad in a white robe, standing in the doorway. Her blue skin reflecting the light of the moon and giving her an enchanting glow, the orange haired woman stared at the pair with an unflinching expression and a firm stance.

Seeing Gohan and Videl, caught smack bang in the middle of their brazen activity, caused the young Hera’s face to slowly transform into one of surprise and embarrassment; cheeks turning red and her fingers curling and uncurling repeatedly. Seconds later Zangya felt a warm sensation rush through her entire body, causing her limbs to tremble and her breathing to quicken.

While she was standing there, looking as though she was about to scream or flea, a second figure suddenly poked her head around the doorway and stepped into view. “Ooh… what’s going on here?” Erasa’s chirpy voice suddenly cut in.

Finally registering to the fact their two best friends were now in the room and watching them, both Gohan and Videl’s moods switched instantly, as they quickly found themselves staring back at the intruders with their respective deer-caught-in-the-headlight expressions.

“Z-Zangya!” Gohan stuttered. “Erasa?”

“Th-This isn’t what it looks like.” Videl sat up off of Gohan, unable to hide the fact that her hair was a mess, her shirt was ruffled, and her panties had been tugged slightly down her hips, “We were just, uhh…”

Grinning, the most popular blonde in *Orange Star High*, clad in her signature green halter top and dangerously revealing blue, leather short shorts, took a couple bold steps into the room with her hands placed on her waist. “It seems like we caught you guys in the middle of something naughty,” Erasa remarked in a mischievous tone of voice as she turned to look back at her fellow gatecrasher.
“Can you believe it? Gohan and Videl were trying to get some nooky-nooky time with each other and we weren’t invited.”

Zangya however wasn’t listening, at least not completely.

Biting her bottom lip momentarily and fidgeting restlessly on the spot, the woman with the orange locks stood in silence for several seconds, confusing Erasa, Gohan and Videl with her disposition. But then, out of nowhere, the anxious Zangya wordlessly rushed passed the blonde teenager and leapt at Gohan, throwing her arms around his neck and crushing her lips against his in a searing kiss. The attack was so sudden and so passionate that the Saiyan, in the midst of his confusion, was too shocked to respond as he sat there looking at the woman with wide-eyes while Videl, still perched on his lap, gaped at the Hera-seijin.

After remaining like that for several seconds, pressing her bosom into Gohan’s chest and clawing at his body like a lifeline, Zangya pulled away, red-faced and breathing heavily. When she gazed into the young man’s eyes, seeing his astonishment and awe reflected in his charcoal irises, the powerful Hera spoke in a raspy voice. “I can’t take it anymore, Gohan-kun. I just can’t. I want you…” Hands running up and down his back before resting on his neck, the woman shuffled closer to the boy and wrapped a long leg around his waist. “I want you right now.”

“Zangya?” Gohan whispered.

Her expression showcasing nothing but sincerity, the blushing and obviously excited woman ran her hands over the boy’s chest wistfully, “I’ve been running myself into the ground for the past month trying to keep my feelings for you in check. But with every day that’s passed us, I’ve found it harder and harder to hold myself back. What with the flirting, the teasing, the fun and games we have together, and not being able to do more than just look… all of it is driving me crazy. What’s more, seeing you fight and go wild against Sandra today, unleashing that beast from inside you, made things even worse.” She then gazed hungrily into his eyes. “Now, no matter how hard I try, I just can’t stop thinking about you.”

“Me?” Gohan asked, as if the answer was the most shocking thing in the world.

“I love you, Son Gohan,” Zangya whispered, running a hand up Gohan’s head fondly. “I love you so much it feels like my chest is going to burst… and now… I want to show you just how much you mean to me… how much I want you.” She then proceeded to run her hands down his back yearningly, moving one to the front to ghost tantalizingly down his abs. “Do you… want me too?”

Blinking, the demi-Saiyan cracked a smile. “Zangya, I…” It was then he realized the current position he was in and looked at Videl, whom he could see was still on his lap, watching and listening to them carefully. Freaking out a little when reality came full circle, the red-faced Gohan stammered fearfully, “I… don’t know what to do. I’m not sure what I should…” He was at a complete loss. This situation was a complete first for him.

After staring at her boyfriend and the Hera for several moments, the previously embarrassed Videl then put on a smile and, leaning forward, draped her arms around her boyfriend’s neck once again, resting her arms on top of Zangya’s. “Geez. You can stand up to a monster capable of destroying an entire planet, but the moment another girl throws her arms around your neck and confesses her feeling for you, you get cold feet. Honestly, you’re such a push over.” A sly grin then came over her face as she sifted her fingers through his spiky locks. “Why don’t you show us the same confidence you do when you’re fighting? Maybe then it will make things easier… and a lot more fun for me.”

“Huh,” Gohan whispered, before feeling his girlfriend lock lips with him in another deep kiss.
When she pulled away moments later, the hybrid took a few seconds to catch his breath, while at the same time gauge the implication of what the girl in front of him was now suggesting, “Are you serious?”

“I am,” Videl replied, her eyes shimmering with admiration. “I know in my heart that I’ll never be able to find another man as kind, strong and compassionate as you… not in a million years. But as long as I’m with you, I know I’ll always be happy, even if I have to share you with more than one girl.” She then looked across at Zangya sitting next to her, “Especially since they love you just as much as I do.”

Nodding, the Hera also looked up at Gohan and looked into his eyes, “You mean more to me than any other person in the world, Gohan… and I’ve visited a lot of worlds. Of all the countless galaxies and the millions of people living in them, the warmth and kindness that you showed me when I came to this planet was unlike anything that I’d ever known. You opened your heart and soul to me… and in return you opened mine.” She then glanced back at Videl, “You feel the same way too, right?”

This drew a soft smile from the raven haired beauty, “As long as I’m his first, you can have him as many times as you want. Deal?”

“Deal,” Zangya agreed without a second thought.

And with that, the pair looked back up at their crush, with Videl beaming with self-assurance, “Well… what do you have to say to that?”

Hearing his girlfriend’s words put a relieved smile on Gohan’s face, moments before a serious glimmer flickered through his eyes. “Alright… if that’s what you wish.” Placing his hand behind Videl’s head, the Saiyan stole a third kiss from her, crushing his lips against his girlfriend’s and surprising her at his intensity. Pulling away seconds later, he then turned his attention to Zangya and, wrapping an arm around her waist, pulled her in to kiss her too.

Caught completely off guard, Zangya quickly responded to his gesture with a fiery passion, her hands running over his naked body adventurously and clawing at him for extra purchase. In the heat of the moment, her over leg wrapped around his waist and pulled her towards the handsome hybrid, allowing the Hera to grind up against him. A string of moans left Zangya’s lips when she felt Gohan’s hand run down her back to grip her buttocks, at the same time Videl leaned in to kiss along the Saiyan’s jaw and neck.

When Gohan pulled away from Zangya moments later, the heat of his breath mixing with hers in a mist, a very Saiyan-like grin spread across his lips, “To answer your question, Zangya… I love you too.”

Her face lighting up in joy, the Hera-seijin kissed him one more time, before moving around to nibble him lightly on the ear. “Just for that, I am going to rock your world tonight, stud.” Nipping at his lobe, she then moved her hand down to his boxers and gripped his erection through the fabric, which drew a groan from the Saiyan and a gasp from Zangya.

While the three were busy having their bout of fun on the bed, they completely forgot about Erasa, who was still standing in the doorway and watching them.

At first Erasa wanted to tease Gohan and Videl a little more, having caught them in an act so promiscuous, she knew that it would embarrass the hell out of them for many more weeks to come. However, her plan quickly backfired when she saw Zangya jump into the fray and, after hearing her confession loud and clear, watched in silent wonder and amazement as her three friends
expressed their love for one another in the most erotic manner imaginable.

Stunned by the development and unable to say a word after hearing Videl and Zangya’s non-aggressive pact with one another, the astonished Erasa’s expression slowly morphed into one of envy, a deep shade of scarlet crossing her cheeks and her thighs rubbing together as she saw Gohan take her best friend’s lips in his.

As the trio’s passion escalated, so did Erasa’s arousal. Her right hand sliding down the front of her shorts while her left hand moved to paw at her bosom, the blushing blonde then bit her lip before deciding right then and there what she wanted.

If the other girls were going along with it, then why not her too?

Unbuttoning her shorts, sliding them down her long legs and kicking them off her feet, leaving her in her white thong and green halter top, the blonde rushed forward and, clambering onto the bed, wrapped her arms around Gohan from behind. Pressing her ample chest into his back, the blonde drew the attention of the half-Saiyan and the girls already in front of him, causing them to stop their activity prematurely.

“I… I can’t hold it back anymore either, Gohan,” Erasa said with a red face, looking Gohan squarely in the eye as hers irises shimmered with want and need. “You’re the most amazing, selfless guy I’ve ever met. You’re smart, strong, kind, handsome… everything that I’d ever want and love in a man. You see me as someone more than just some girl… more than just some piece of ass… and I don’t want to lose you ever.” She clutched the boy desperately, pushing her chest further into his back and causing the boy to blush brightly. “Please… let me be part of your life too.”

Initially appearing surprised, Gohan then smiled and nodded in understanding. “Yeah. Absolutely, Erasa.”

A joyful laugh left Erasa’s lips as a positive glow filled her eyes. Quickly reaching a hand around his head, the blonde pulled the demi-Saiyan towards her and planted a deep kiss upon his lips. Slipping her tongue into his mouth and allowing it to dance with his for several seconds, she then pulled away with a gasp. “You’re so hot, Gohan-kun… I need you so bad.”

“You’re not the only one,” Videl also spoke, turning Gohan back to her and pashing him for a few seconds. “Mmm… let’s keep going.”

While Erasa kissed and nibbled on Gohan’s neck, at the same time letting her hands roam freely over the front of his body with Videl mimicking her actions, Zangya snuck in a second taste of the demi-Saiyan’s lips.

As their exchange started to get a little more salacious, the Hera suddenly pulled away for a reassessment of the situation. “W-Wait a second. Since there’re four of us now… we’re…” Her blush developed a deeper shade at her next line of words, “We’re going to be making a lot of noise.”

Stopping her own venture short, Erasa looked up worriedly, “Yeah. You’re right.” She then looked at the man she was embracing from behind. “Where should we go?”

Thinking on it for several seconds while the girls stopped having their way with him, the sandwiched Gohan then perked up and smiled. “I know a place. Hold on.” When the trio braced, the young Saiyan focused for a moment and vanished in a flash of gold, their bodies disappearing from the room via countless individual streaks of light.
A second later, the four rematerialized atop another bed, a large two-person spread with curtains drawn and open. When Videl, Zangya and Erasa looked around, they found a white room surrounding them with a big, circular window on the far side, double doors, shelves, oriental style furniture, and a table and cabinet set up against the wall. It was a small, modest little domicile with very little in it, but it still felt like home.

Videl actually did a double take when she recognized the interior. “Isn’t this-?”

“Your great grandpa’s house?” Zangya apparently also recognized the establishment, “The one sitting on the other side of the tree line?”

“Yep. Just a hundred yards away,” Gohan replied, leaning back to survey the place. “The family helps keep the place in good condition. The bed, the cupboards, the floors… everything is cleaned and dusted once every few weeks in case we ever have a guest who can’t find a place to sleep.” He chuckled when he remembered the current number of people at their home. “Luckily everyone decided to crash where they dropped, so we have this room all to ourselves.”

Erasa, sitting on the mattress beside the other three with her hands in her lap, murmured thoughtfully, “A hundred yards, huh?” She then raised an eyebrow and smirked, “Think that’s far enough?”

“Well, we’ll soon find out,” Videl replied, gripping the bottom of her shirt, “In the meantime…” She then lifted the white fabric away and tossed it to the floor beside the bed, leaving her topless before the trio. When she saw Gohan, Zangya and Erasa react to her exposed cleavage, particularly the man of the hour, the leering girl then slowly crawled towards her boyfriend like a hungry lioness, “Let’s pick up where we left off.”

Feeling Videl’s fingers creeping up his chest as he gazed at the beauty before him, Gohan was then nudged in the side and turned to see Erasa sliding over to him as well. Cheeks hot with excitement, the blonde beamed expectantly at him. “Do you mind?” she asked while raising her arms.

Getting the message, Gohan gently helped pull Erasa’s halter top over her head, revealing to everyone there that she wasn’t wearing a bra either. Once it was removed, the demi-Saiyan watched the blonde rotate around and give him a perfect view of her ample breasts.

Erasa, seeing the hybrid’s eyes glued to her chest, giggled in amusement and grabbed her boobs playfully in each hand. “Well… what’cha think?” she asked, pushing her breasts up a bit for emphasis.

The nervous Gohan gulped at the sight of the topless blonde. “Th-They’re amazing.” While Videl was certainly well-endowed herself, sporting a perfectly round C-cup, after seeing what Erasa had to offer he guessed she had to be a large D, maybe even a small E-cup. Feeling his erection tighten inside his shorts, the young warrior was interrupted from his open inspection by a pair of arms draping over him. He turned just in time to see Zangya leaning into him, pressing her own bosom into his skin.

“Don’t forget about me,” Zangya replied, shrugging her shoulder and allowing part of her robe to slide down her arm. Their gazes meeting, Gohan quickly engaged the beautiful Hera in a tender kiss, during which time he reached up to untie her robe. Sliding a hand up the kimono and rubbing her breast, the boy coaxed a low moan from Zangya, prompting her to slide her hand completely down his abs and into his boxers. There, the woman seized the boy’s burning arousal, which had her stop her kiss short and look down. “Whoa… is… is that you?”

The blushing Gohan chuckled, “Well, I can feel you grabbing me so… yes.”
The woman swallowed as her face lit up, “Damn. I can’t even wrap my fingers around it.” Proceeding to stroke him through his tight shorts elicited a pleasurable groan from the boy, putting a smirk on Zangya’s face. “Do you like that, big boy?”

“Oh yeah.” Grinning back, Gohan then moved his other hand down the woman’s body and, without pausing for a second, slipped it into the apex of her legs, “Allow me to return the favor.” A wash of triumph flooded through his chest when he heard Zangya moan loudly as his fingers massaged her pussy, followed by a cry of pleasure when he slipped two fingers inside of her.

As he slipped the rest of the woman’s robe off, leaving the blue beauty sitting completely in the nude, Gohan and Zangya continued to stroke each other into bliss, until the Saiyan had his head turned towards Videl for another passionate kiss. While his girlfriend embraced him, Erasa came in from behind and, snaking an arm around his waist, pushed her hand into his boxers to join Zangya’s.

The blonde licked her lips excitedly when her fingers grabbed hold of the monster hiding inside. “Wow, Gohan. You’re huge.” She then grinned at the Saiyan making out with Videl, “How do you manage to fit all of this inside here?”

“With great care and a mild feeling of discomfort,” Gohan replied after his lips left Videl’s. Continuing to work his fingers in and out of Zangya’s pussy while she continued to stroke his shaft and suckle on his neck, the half-Saiyan then got a wicked idea and, snaking his hand around the firm globes of Videl’s ass and into her underwear, slipped them into her pussy from behind, causing his girlfriend to cry out in a combination of surprise and pleasure.

Stimulating both Videl and Zangya at the same time, while the Hera and Erasa worked him in return, Gohan started lavishing attention to all three of them at a more vigorous pace. He did this by kissing down Videl’s neck and collarbone to her breasts, while at the same time working both girls a little bit harder. His thumb brushed against Videl and Zangya’s clits, causing his lovers to shift, lean into him, and moan even louder.

“How is he so good at this?” Biting her bottom lip, the incredibly turned on Zangya encouraged Gohan to continue his actions by reaching up to his head with her free hand and gently scratching his scalp through his hair. Videl at the same time ground against Gohan’s incredibly skilled palm, wanting to feel more of him while whimpering and moaning into his ear.

Hearing his lovers coaxingly coo encouragement to him was like music to Gohan’s ears as he buried his face into Videl’s chest, gently suckling and licking around her areola. He used his tongue to tease the girl even more as he routinely switched sides, before then moving over to Zangya, much to the two women’s delight.

Watching Gohan pleasure Zangya and Videl simultaneously had Erasa squirm, as she was feeling a little left out. Removing her hand from the Saiyan’s shaft, she then focused her attention on her best friend, who she could tell from the sweat running down her face and rapid breathing that she was getting close. She placed her delicate fingers on Videl’s cheek and turned her towards her.

“That face you’re making right now is so hot, V. Is Gohan really that good?”

“Y-Y-Yes. He… He’s amazing,” Videl panted, finding it hard to speak from the bolts of pleasure rushing through her as she felt herself getting closer and closer to an explosion.

Erasa’s expression then transformed into one of lust, as her eyes traced over every inch of Videl’s naked body and the delicious grooves of her lips. Without even giving it a second thought, the blonde leaned in and captured Videl’s mouth in a hot kiss. At first surprised by her best friend’s
sudden gesture, the human fighter quickly responded with gusto, clumsily moving her tongue out and around Erasa’s lips, begging for entrance. In that moment, the blonde obliged, and engaged her best friend in a battle for dominiance.

Erasa wrapped her arms around Videl’s body, reveling in the smooth and subtle feel of her skin, at the same time the pair became lost in their lustful dance. While Zangya gripped hold of Gohan even tighter and started breathing even faster, Videl, struck by a wash of inspiration, snaked one hand down her blonde friend’s hourglass figure and, slipping it into the front of her panties, started rubbing her fingers against her most precious place.

This caused Erasa to disengage from their kiss, latch onto Videl and give a loud cry of passion. Feeling her fingers start working her clitoris, the blonde began to wantonly grind against her, before moving down to kiss and suck on her breasts, simultaneously massaging them with her hand. Smiling triumphantly, the raven haired girl also slipped a hand into Gohan’s shorts to replace Erasa’s, joining Zangya’s in rubbing him off.

She wasn’t able to carry out this task for long as several seconds later Videl felt the walls of her restraint about to be breached.

The crime fighter moaned loudly, “G-Gohan… I… I can’t-”

“I’m cumming!” Zangya cried as well, panting as Gohan hungrily suckled the nipple of her breast while moving in time with each entry and exit of his fingers.

The tempo of Gohan’s ministrations increased. Then, moments later, both Zangya and Videl let out simultaneous wails of passion as they both reached their limits. Their bodies spasmed for a couple of seconds as they were overcome by fits of fiery bliss, before eventually coming to rest against Gohan’s chest and shoulders, panting heavily from their climactic finishes. When they both recovered and looked up at the Saiyan, they saw the young man lick at the fingers on his right hand, which caused the two girls to blush at his bold gesture.

Gohan chuckled at their reactions, “What can I say? You girls taste pretty good.” He then leaned over and kissed Videl.

Still not sated despite their extended foreplay session, Videl responded to the boy’s probe in kind, being sure to thank him as best as she could with her mouth and tongue. Zangya and Erasa also got some face time with the man and after taking it in turns to show their appreciation, slowly pushed him down onto the mattress until he was resting on his elbows. Once he was in position, Erasa distracted Gohan with a fierce make out session, allowing Videl and Zangya to move down to his waist and remove his obscenely tight shorts.

The pair blinked in surprise when his erection sprang free of its confines and, kneeling side-by-side, took a moment to marvel at its glory.

“Oh, wow…” Videl murmured, her eyes shimmering with awe and hunger.

“I’ll say,” Zangya also whispered, estimating the monster before them to be at least twelve inches.

Taking the lead, the raven haired girl took a hold of Gohan’s cock and quickly continued the good work she and Zangya had been doing before, with the Hera joining her soon after. The pair smiled with lustful delight as they noticed their fingers couldn’t completely go around the boy’s shaft, prompting them to take a duel-handed approach to the situation.

“Mind if I join in?” Erasa asked cheerily, nudging into place alongside the pair. It was here she was
finally able to see for herself what had her friends so worked up. “Oooh. Now this is going to be a very fun night.” Reaching in, the blonde added her own hand to the fray, leading to one of the most sensational, albeit crowded hand jobs ever.

Overwhelmed at the cooperative effort going on downstairs, Gohan happily allowed himself to get swept up in the pleasure as the three women went to work on him. All of a sudden, the Saiyan male threw his head back and gave a long groan when he felt Videl leaned in and envelop the head of his cock with her tongue, an action mimicked by Zangya and Erasa. The two females ran up and down the entire length of his shaft, leaving no inch untouched or unexplored.

“You’re so big, Gohan,” Erasa remarked as she sucked and nibbled along her lover’s cock.

“With such a strong scent as well,” Zangya also commented, finding enjoyment in her own piece of the action.

Wanting to taste the fruits of her labor as his phallus throbbed under their combined assault, the ever eager Videl then ducked down and took half of Gohan’s cock into her mouth in one go.

Feeling the hot, moist cavern of his girlfriend’s orifice around the head of his length threw Gohan into an inner frenzy, gritting his teeth and clenching the sheets of his bed as the tomboy alternated between long slurps and short sucking motions. Zangya and Erasa assisted their fellow lover in this endeavor; the Hera gripping the base of his cock and massaging him up and down at a rapid pace, while Erasa fondled his balls.

“Ah. Th-That’s great,” Gohan said, wincing when he felt a particularly strong bolt of enjoyment shoot through his waist. “Keep it up.”

Sensing he was getting close, Zangya and Erasa moved in and began to suck the boy’s cock with Videl, who started bobbing her head up and down even faster. Their ministrations and efforts caused the demi-Saiyan to thrust his hips into their mouths, sitting up on his hands as more moans of delight started to leave his lips. The three girls worked him in tandem, intent on bringing their man to heel just as he had done for them.

Their patience was rewarded seconds later.

“I-I can’t anymore. I’m gonna…” Gohan called out before, with a groan of finale, thrust his hips upwards and came, his seed exploding into Videl’s waiting mouth.

Swallowing as much as she could, with some spilling out from the corners of her lips, the raven haired girl pulled away, upon which Gohan’s cock shot a few more ropes out onto the waiting girls’ faces. Shocked and awed at the quantity, Zangya and Erasa caught as much as they could. The moment his throbbing ceased, the trio moved in to clean up the mess.

“What an incredible amount of semen,” Erasa murmured, taking Gohan’s cock and sucking on the head. She then passed it over to Zangya, who also gave several long sucks of the man’s amazing phallus.

“Here. I’ll share some with you, Erasa,” Videl said, leaning over to her best friend and giving her a passionate kiss. In doing so, she gave the blonde the overspill she had in her mouth, allowing her friend to slurp it out.

“Mmm… there’s so much,” the blonde replied gleefully, sucking on Videl’s tongue before giggling and licking around her mouth, “I’ll clean you off.” Getting on her knees and shuffling closer, she then began kissing down the tomboy’s face, moving to her breasts to lap up the splatter.
While she did so, Erasa took a hold of her friend’s tits and started rubbing them, kneading one while licking the nipple of the other.

This drew a series of low and delighted moans from Videl, who rubbed Erasa’s head affectionately to let her know she was doing well and pulled her face closer, coaxing her to continue. While this was happening and Erasa started to grate against her friend’s thigh with need, Zangya suddenly came up behind Videl and, wrapping both arms around the human girl, groped her breast and stroked her thigh firmly. The Hera’s unexpected actions caused Videl to squeak in surprise, especially when she felt Zangya’s breasts press into her back.

“You have an amazing body, Videl,” the orange haired temptress whispered, causing the raven haired girl to shiver. “It’s really starting to turn me on.”

“Z-Zangya?” Videl gasped, before letting out a cry of pleasure when she felt Zangya’s fingers slide up her leg and into her pussy, where her digits began massaging the insides with vigor.

“Hope we get to have some one-on-one time tonight,” the Hera spoke softly, nibbling on the side of her ear to get some more sounds out of her. She grinned victoriously when the raven haired girl responded with some beautiful music, at the same time bucking against her out of reflex.

Allowing Zangya to take Videl’s reins after feasting on her breast for a few more seconds, Erasa quickly turned her attention to Gohan, who she noticed was gawking at them in silence. Obviously seeing the three women closest to him locked in a passionate embrace and playing with one another was a big shock to the system, especially since the teen had never seen a scenario like this before. Not every man’s first time involved multiple girls in the same bed at once, all three of whom were also inexperienced and fumbling their way through this as best as they could. Nevertheless, it was a night all of them wanted to make the most of and remember.

Crawling over to Gohan and finding his cock was still rock hard and ready to go, Erasa came up beside him, looped her arms around his neck, and beamed up at the teen mischievously. “I think she’s ready for you, tiger,” Erasa said while rubbing her body against the Saiyan. “Go get her.”

Getting the message loud and clear, Gohan calmly crawled over to the other two girls, where he saw Zangya gently lay Videl down. Overcome by the Hera’s generous massage, the panting Videl allowed Gohan to turn her onto her back and slowly remove her underwear. After flinging her panties to the side, the demi-Saiyan positioned himself directly over his girlfriend, resting on his hands and knees and gazing into her beautiful blue eyes.

Taking a moment to look her over, Gohan smiled warmly, “You’re beautiful.”

Videl blushed and smiled up at the Saiyan, “Thank you, Gohan-kun.”

“Do you… need me to take it easy on you?” the Saiyan asked half-jokingly.

The crime fighter playfully slapped him in the shoulder, “There’s no need. All the training I did made sure of that.” When she shifted beneath him to adjust his tip at her entrance, Videl then tensed up slightly when she felt the Saiyan graze her folds. “Just… go slow at first, okay? You’re… really big.”

Nodding in understanding, Gohan took a moment to move into position and then, with a single, gentle motion, he entered Videl. The girl’s moan filled the entire home as her boyfriend buried himself fully inside of her, stopping several seconds later so that she could get used to his size.

Once she’d gotten used to the full feeling of her boyfriend’s length and girth, Videl reached up,
pulled Gohan down, and kissed him on the lips, “You can go anytime now, Gohan-kun.”

Unable to hold back any longer, the calm yet blushing Saiyan slowly began working his hips. Using long, deep strokes to set the pace, his opening momentum quickly drew a series of loud moans and cries of ecstasy from Videl, who started to writhe and twist under his actions. She was incredibly tight, something that he expected from their first time with each other, but didn’t make it any less mind-blowing to have her wrapped around him. Gohan could feel his heart racing inside his chest and he was pretty sure Videl was experiencing the exact same thing.

Sensing the Saiyan’s eyes on her as his hands caressed her body and held her hips in place as he moved in and out of her, made Videl feel like the most important woman in the world. Gohan had his attention fixed entirely upon her person as he made love to her, filling her with a warmth and pleasure that she’d never experienced before in her life. Even the erotic motion of her breasts jiggling back and forth by his body moving into hers couldn’t tear Gohan’s eyes away… that is when she could tolerate the bolts of pleasure shooting through her to keep hers open.

Gasping and gripping the sheet she was laying on, a blissful Videl looked up at her boyfriend with need. “Come on, Gohan-kun *pant-pant* more… harder,” she breathed heavily, reaching up to run her hands down his back. Feeling his hard, powerful muscles working to keep his body moving had the girl lick her lips eagerly. “Show me… how much you love me.” Doing something completely unexpected, she moved her hand down to grip the base of his tail, not knowing what kind of response it could elicit as she began massaging it firmly.

The sudden static of pleasure that shot up his body drew a low growl from Gohan, causing his pupils to flash a shade of teal. Grabbing one of Videl’s legs and propping it over his shoulder, the Saiyan then placed his girlfriend on her side, allowing him to hit her from a completely different angle. What’s more, his sudden surge of excitement prompted him to start thrusting his hips even faster, drawing cries of delight from his girlfriend as his manhood plunged in and out of her hot, wet center. Hearing Videl scream had the Saiyan increase his tempo even more as he kissed her calf and ran his hands up and down her well-toned leg.

All her training kept Videl in fantastic shape, as Gohan joyfully marveled at the tightness of her ass and the flatness of her stomach, all of which moved in time with his thrusts and the rapid succession of her breaths. Her combination of moans and cries were like music to the young man’s ears, and every plunge and dip of his hips was done with intent to elicit even more of these heavenly sounds from her.

While the pair became lost in one another’s bodies, Zangya and Erasa, who were watching the pair quietly from the sidelines, looked on with expressions of awe and excitement as they both started shamelessly playing with themselves. The Hera fondled her bosom and rubbed her legs together, whereas the blonde had one hand squeezing her breast and the other fingering herself, with the latter working in time with Gohan’s thrusts. The thought of having the Saiyan inside of them, giving them the same attention that he was now showing Videl, was driving both of them crazy.

Videl felt like Gohan would split her in half from their newfound position and she loved every second of it. The sensations her boyfriend was instilling inside her prompted her to sing out her satisfaction in response to his forceful ministrations. His girth was incredible, as was the power he exerted every time he moved inside of her. Through her panting and her cries, she gleefully called out his name, periodically telling him to go ‘deeper’ and ‘faster’, to which the teen happily obliged.

Feeling a tightness building up inside of her as Gohan’s thrusts sped up caused Videl to call out between breaths, “D-Don’t… uh… stop, Gohan-kun! I’m so close!”

Grinning, the half-Saiyan spoke between grunts, “Well, V… let me… uh… help you get there.”
He leaned forward some more, increasing the speed of his movements, and grinding his hips up against Videl for extra measure.

A white haze filled her eyes as Videl felt a surge of electricity pass through her, causing her mouth to open in a cry of ecstasy, “Oh… fuck! Gohan-kun… you’re incredible! Oooh! So good! Uh-uh! Do me harder! Ohh! Harder!”

Seized by a desire to see her reach the height of ecstasy, Gohan increased his efforts, working his cock in and out of her with extra vigor. She looked so beautiful, her naked body dancing to the rhythm of his thrusts as her second climax for the night fast approached.

“Oh! Ohh! I’m gonna cum! OHH! I’M GONNA CUM!” Several seconds later, it happened. Eyes widening in shock, Videl’s head reared back as a high-pitched scream then left her lips, “OOOHHHHH! FUCK YEEEEESS!” Her orgasm was like an electrical earthquake, causing her toes to curl, her pussy to clamp and contract around Gohan’s shaft, and her juices to come erupting out of her core to coat Gohan’s manhood.

Stopping for a moment as his girlfriend’s body bucked and convulsed in his arms, Gohan allowed Videl to ride out her orgasm, groaning when he felt the pressure from her release squeeze around him tightly. After feeling her trembling start to subside and her back return to the surface of the bed, before she’d even had a chance to catch her breath, the determined Saiyan continued his current course, thrusting into her and drawing another round of cries from the elated tomboy.

“Oh… oh fuck, Gohan! D-Don’t stop! Keep… uh… fucking me!” Videl cried, gripping the sheets beneath her tightly as her hips moved in sync with his thrusts. When his momentum changed, the girl panted in approval, “Y-Yes! Like that! Ohh! Just like that!”

Videl hoped above all that the walls of this building were thick and that the people over in the main house could not hear them, lest they end up waking them. In the end she didn’t care, as long as Gohan fucked her like this whenever they hooked up, they could know whatever they wanted.

For several more minutes they carried on, their passions being unleashed bit by bit as both Gohan and Videl poured their love for one another into their actions, enjoying the feel of the other’s body and prolonging this moment for as long as they could. The heat that they felt, the pleasure they received, and the sensations they were experiencing were completely intoxicating, and for a second they wished they could make this last for eternity.

But like all good things, even this wonderful engagement had to come to an end.

Inner muscles clenching as she felt a tightness building once again, the blissful Videl moaned loudly, “Gohan-kun…ohh… I-I’m…”

“M-Me too,” Gohan whispered back.

“Inside…” Videl panted, looking up at her boyfriend desperately, “I want it inside.”

Not willing to argue with her as he too could also feel himself reaching his limit, Gohan set his girlfriend onto her back and lifted her other leg onto his shoulder. Leaning over, he began plunging even deeper from a new position, drawing louder cries and moans of rapture from Videl. During which time, the Saiyan leaned over and covered Videl’s lips with forceful kisses that she returned right back, wrapping her arms around his neck and moaning into his mouth as their tongues danced and their lower halves met in a series of erotic motions.

Disengaging from the kiss seconds later, Videl shrieked in delight, leaning towards Gohan’s ear
while he buried himself into the crook of her neck, kissing and biting along her collar bone. “G-Gohan! Uh-uh-oh! Fuck! I-I’m gonna cum!” Feeling him respond in kind and speed up his thrusts, Videl was unable to hold back any longer. Clawing at his body for dear life, toes curling and a shiver running up her spine, the girl met her end with a wail of finality. “OHHH! I’M GONNA CUM! OHHHH! I’M CUMMIIIIIIING!” She screamed at the top of her lungs as her orgasm crashed over her like a tidal wave.

Gohan, feeling Videl clamp down on him and pulse around his member, followed shortly afterwards, shooting his load inside of his willing lover and hearing her let out a soft, sexy moan when she felt his white jets saturate her inner walls.

“Amazing…” Videl gasped, a blissful smile spreading across her lips, “So much… is pouring in…”

Gohan pumped the rest of his load into her, rubbing her thighs and squeezing her pert buttocks as he admired the beautiful angel beneath him, who now appeared to be glowing after their raucous session. Leaning over when he saw Videl look up at him in a daze, the Saiyan then gave her a warm smile. “We’re just getting started.”

“I sure hope so,” a hot voice suddenly breathed into Gohan’s ear, bringing his attention around to see Zangya’s chin resting on his shoulder. “Did you two enjoy yourselves?”

Blinking in surprise, Gohan then smiled, “Yeah. I believe we did.” His remark earned a few silent laughs from Videl.

Arms encircling the man from behind, Zangya then began running her hands over the Saiyan’s body teasingly. “So… I believe it’s my turn?”

A flicker of mischief and excitement passing through his eyes prompted Gohan to pull out of Videl, much to her vocal displeasure. But as the demi-Saiyan was drawn into Zangya’s arms and away from his number one partner, the raven haired girl then saw Erasa move over her and, seeing the blonde’s eyes staring into hers, quickly blinked back into reality.

“While they’re having their fun, I think I’ll play with you for a bit, V,” Erasa chirped, her face red hot as she lay down and pressed her ample bosom into Videl’s.

“Huh? Erasa?” Videl murmured, only to suddenly have her lips seized by the blonde’s. Feeling her best friend’s tongue slip into her open mouth drew a moan from the tomboy, who then responded to the teen’s gesture by snaking her hands up and around her body, pulling her closer.

As the two girls made out and started feverously grinding against each other nearby, Zangya pushed Gohan onto his back and slid up his body, her breasts squishing into his chest in the most tantalizing manner imaginable.

“I want you to do the same thing to me as you did to her,” Zangya whispered, leaning in to give him a hot kiss on the lips. After a quick pash, the blue Hera suddenly moved up and hung her perfectly round breasts over his face, swaying them for good measure. “Come on.” Doing as he was instructed, Gohan leant up and took a nipple into his mouth, reaching with his hands to grope the girl as he sucked. Moaning shamelessly as she felt the man lavish attention to her bosom, the woman dropped down with her hips and began grinding against him, feeling his member rubbing against her pussy.

Switching attention between her breasts a couple of times, much to Zangya’s delight, Gohan then watched as the girl slowly turned around, bringing her face to his crotch while her lower half hung
over his head, putting them into a 69 position. Using her hand to guide his manhood towards her, Zangya opened her mouth and immediately went down on him, swallowing half his cock in one go. A pleasurable groan left Gohan’s lips as he felt the Hera work him back to length, before he too leant up and began licking her folds.

Zangya moaned around the teen’s cock when Gohan sucked on her clit, prompting her to begin bobbing up and down even faster, relishing in the taste and the sensations this new situation brought. As the pair devoured one another in their respective ways, drawing muffled groans and gasps from both fighters, Zangya decided to get a little more daring and, bracing herself, took as much of Gohan’s dick as she could, and deep-throated him.

The act of doing so had Gohan stop and inhale sharply, “Z-Zangya… that’s… great!”

Grunting in response, Zangya continued the same motion for several seconds, slurping up his cock and whatever juices that came out of the tip as her tongue also worked his shaft. Both his taste and his scent were intoxicating, coaxing the Hera to work even harder to get more out of the man she loved. To counter her delightful actions, Gohan hastened his own efforts to help his lover reach her own climax, bringing his fingers up to bury into her snatch and pleasure her thoroughly. Feeling his tongue suckle on her bud and his fingers slide deep inside of her sent bolts of pleasure shooting up her stomach, causing Zangya to pull away prematurely to cry in ecstasy.

“Do you like that?” Gohan asked from below.

Trembling and panting rapidly, Zangya nodded, “Ohh! Y-Yes. Yes. Ah-oh… Gohan… that’s amazing. Ohh!” Her composure and restraints collapsing instantly, the Hera quickly disengaged from her oral work and shuffled her body forward. Turning around so that she could straddle her lover’s hips, the red-faced woman looked down at him with desire and lust burning in her eyes, at the same time she slowly positioned herself over his cock. “I can’t wait any longer, Gohan-kun.”

Hearing her voice carry a small waver of uncertainty and fear, Gohan sat up and gently placed a hand on her cheek. Feeling her hot face shiver beneath his touch, the teen leaned forward to give her a tender, reassuring kiss on the lips, before leaning back with a warm smile. “It’s okay, Zangya. Go ahead. I’ll be gentle.”

His words earned a loving smile from the Hera, who nodded in understanding. Courage reaffirmed, after wrapping her arms around his neck and feeling his hands rest on her hips, Zangya lowered herself onto him. His phallus immediately penetrated her tight walls, filling her and stretching her like nothing ever had before. The invasion drew a scream of pain and pleasure from the blue beauty, and prompted her to latch onto the teen. “Ohhh! G-Gohan… you’re so big!”

“Zangya,” Gohan also panted as the pleasure of feeling his lover clamping down around him filled and overwhelmed his senses. Given that he was inside a woman who was practically the same strength and power as him, the feeling of her gripping him was absolutely sensational. It made the Saiyan lean forward and suckle her neck lovingly, “Relax… it’ll start feeling better soon.”

Nodding silently, Zangya took a few deep breaths, waiting patiently as her vaginal walls loosened and molded around his enormous cock. Once the pain subsided, the woman found herself floating in a sea of pleasure, which had her begin grinding against her partner and causing both of them to moan. However, before the pair could get started, Gohan’s hands trailed down Zangya’s sides and cupped the weight of her full buttocks; holding her in place and making the woman mewl with need.

Her body desperately wanting to feel the warrior moving inside of her as her desire to have him climbed, Zangya grated against the Saiyan weakly as hot, heavy pants left her lips. “Gohan…
please… I want…” the Hera whispered, holding him tighter as she felt him begin rolling his hips, teasing her mercilessly with his light movements. This wasn’t what she wanted.

“What do you want me to do, Zangya?” Gohan asked, using every ounce of self-control he had as he felt the burning walls of the woman’s cavern contract, begging him for more. His Saiyan side, the one that piloted him into battle, was yelling at him—screaming at him to fuck her senseless, to sate the desire burning inside both of them. But what he wanted more than anything else was to hear it from the woman herself, to hear her command him with the same strength he knew her for. It’s what his body demanded. “Tell me.”

At first looking at him with defiance, after several moments of torment, the woman then ran her hands down his back and dug her nails into his skin, moaning when she felt him bury himself just a few millimeters more. “Gohan… I want you to fuck me. Right now!” Zangya ordered, now at her breaking point.

Giving a satisfied grin, Gohan pulled the woman down and thrust into her as deep as he could, impaling the Hera all the way onto his rigid cock.

The result was instantaneous as Zangya threw her head back and gave a loud cry of pleasure, at the same time the man of her dreams quickly set a strong and vigorous pace. As the hybrid began moving the woman up and down on his shaft, simultaneously pushing his hips to meet hers on each descent, the Hera gyrated against him in kind; dropping down every time he thrust into her with his cock. The size of his manhood meant that she felt every inch of him inside of her as he stretched her, sending bolts of pleasure shooting through her body and causing her to moan and cry with every erotic motion.

After a minute of moving in one another’s arms, Zangya suddenly pushed Gohan down onto the bed and, after grinding against his hips, began bouncing up and down on him on her own accord, his hands resting on her hips and helping her move. Seeing the strongest man in the world and the man she loved laid out beneath her, his powerful muscles and torso on full display, had Zangya lick her lips hungrily, as she placed her hands on his abs and began running over them, marveling at their feel. Desperately wanting to taste more of him, she leant over and kissed and licked his skin, feeling his muscles jump under her tongue. Once she did, she then pushed herself back up and started working her hips with verve.

For Gohan, hearing the woman’s screams fill the room, feeling her clench down on him every time he buried himself inside her, and watching her breasts jiggle with every spring, was the hottest and most erotic thing he’d ever seen.

“Uh-uh-oh… Gohan! Yes!” Eyes closed in pleasure and a lustful smile present on her lips, the woman’s mouth hung open as more cries echoed from her throat. When she moved up so that the tip of his cock was barely inside her, she then dropped back down, his phallus penetrating her even deeper, right up to her womb. “Ohh! Kami! I love… having you inside me… inside… my pussy! Uh-uh-oh!” When she felt his hands run up her body to grab her breasts, more moans flowed from her mouth as the Saiyan began kneading them, prompting her to double her efforts. “More! Fill my pussy more! Oh! Please… I want you to fuck me deeper! Ohhh! Don’t stop… don’t ever stop!”

“Okay, Zangya,” Gohan panted, bringing his hands back down to her hips where, after seeing her move up, pulled her back down and thrust into her. This action caused Zangya’s cries to turn into raw screams of pleasure. As she rode him, he thrust back into her, the erotic sounds of their hips connecting and slapping together growing louder and filling the room with the chords of their passionate tryst. Gohan gritted his teeth when he felt Zangya grind against him, “Kami, you’re so tight, Zangya. I can feel your pussy sucking me in!”
“Oh, yes! That’s it! Fuck me harder, Gohan! Oh! Ohh!” Zangya cried out, the hands she had on his chest giving her the purchase she needed to move in time with Gohan’s hips as his dick plunged into her depths, hitting her womb on every descent. Seeing his herculean form thrusting back into her as his muscles moved to give him motion, turned Zangya on even more and had her gazing down at him with want. “Ohhh! You’re going to split me in two! Uh-uh! Oh, fuck! Do it faster! Harder!”

“Do you like that, Zangya?” Gohan asked, his hands repeatedly pulling Zangya down as her full breasts bounced in front of him, her dark blue nipples moving up and down hypnotically, “Do you like riding me as I fuck you?”

“Yes… Yes! I love it! Don’t stop! Keep fucking me!” she screamed, almost hoarse from pleasure as she felt each thrust from the Saiyan seemingly bury even deeper than the last. It was during this period the orange haired beauty then felt a familiar pressure building and gasped out in between breaths, “Oh… oh fuck, Gohan! So good! You’re so fucking good! Uh-uh! I… I’m going to cum!”

“Let it go, Zangya,” Gohan whispered, encouraging her as he moved his hands to cup her firm ass. “Just… uh… let yourself go.”

Consumed by the wild passion of their love making, time seemed to slow towards Zangya’s impending release. Then, after several more seconds of feeling Gohan’s natural spear power into her, the woman threw her head back in a cry of elation, “Fuck! S-So deep! I…I’m gonna cum! Ohh, I’M GONNA FUCKING CUUUUUMMM! AAAAAHHHHHHH!” The girl’s back arched as she hit her euphoric high with a surge of electricity, insides erupting into wild convulsions as a white hot fire hit every nerve ending in her body, at the same time bursts of brilliant colors filled her eyes.

It was heaven.

Feeling Zangya tighten around him and her inner walls pulsing almost pushed Gohan over the edge as well, as he sat up and wrapped his arms around the girl’s waist and buried his head into her bosom. Allowing her to ride out her orgasm for several seconds, Gohan then felt Zangya lift his head up with her chin, where he found himself staring into the flushed and excited face of his lover.

Eyes reflecting passion as her breaths came out hot and heavy, the Hera then leaned over and passionately took Gohan’s lips in hers, their tongues dancing in a heated battle for dominance. After practically devouring one another’s mouths and clawing at one another hungrily, Gohan then set Zangya onto her back. Remaining connected, the Saiyan got up onto his knees and, gripping his lover by the hips, proceeded to thrust in and out of the girl at a rapid pace.

Head lolling back into the mattress as a new series of passionate shouts left her mouth, Zangya’s fingers gripped the sheets to the point of tearing them when she felt Gohan plow into her from above. His hips snapping into her with wild abandon caused the Hera’s body to shift back and forth repeatedly as he plunged into her over and over again. Keeping her lower back and hips off the bed while her upper body was pushed into the sheets, Gohan leant forward and began hitting her even deeper, causing Zangya to holler out even more when she felt him hit her sweet spot.

“Ah! AAHHH! Fuck! Gohan! Oh! Ohh! So good! So fucking good!” Zangya felt so full, as with every stroke his thick member reached all the way to her back, pounding against her entrance and sending all sorts of wonderful sensations washing through her system. Kami, he was better than she’d ever imagined and, from the way he was taking her, pounding her the way he was, she was in absolute bliss.
She wanted more and, with her body acting on its own accord, began moving to meet his thrusts, rocking into his pelvis as it slammed into her.

“Oh… so good… you feel so good, Zangya,” Gohan panted, quickly grabbing her leg and, without even breaking their connection, rolled her onto her front.

When Zangya felt her chest and stomach press into the sheets, the woman gleefully looked up at him, “Yes, Gohan… take me like this!” With her body lying flat out on the bed and the Saiyan positioned directly behind her on the back of her legs in the tight squeeze position, she then felt Gohan begin plunging into her from a new angle, causing her to sit up on her arms and arch her back in joy. “OH, FUCK! YES! OHHH! THAT’S IT… RIGHT THERE! AAAAAH! AHH! YES! POUND ME!”

With his own blood boiling with sexual energy, Gohan knew it wouldn’t be long before he reached his end too, yet he soldiered on. Heavy drops of perspiration ran down his back as the musky aroma of sex filled his nostrils with every breath. The vocal encouragement of his lover, topped with the feel of her moist canal pulsating around his cock, pushed him towards his climax and he joyfully savored the feeling of fucking the blue beauty from behind. He admired the way her hot, tight body moved in time with his own, as with every slap of his pelvis caused the full cheeks of her luscious rump to ripple from the force and her back to arch in pleasure.

From the position he was in, plowing into her and utterly dominating her body, it gave him a sense of wonder and enjoyment he’d never felt before. It was almost primal.

Several minutes later, Zangya felt her limit fast approaching and gasped out in bliss, “Uh-uh! Gohan… I’m cu-cumming again!”

“M-Me too,” Gohan said between thrusts, his hips snapping faster and faster. Deciding to get a better angle, the Saiyan reached forward and, wrapping his arms around her, lifted her up so that she was on her knees and sitting in his lap, allowing him to thrust up into her. With his hands cupping her breasts from behind, squeezing and massaging them as he sped up his assault, the teen coaxed a new round of delightful yells from the woman. “So close.”

“UH! AHHHH! YES! OHHH! GOHAN… FILL ME! SPRAY YOUR HOT CUM INSIDE ME! OOHHH! ALMOST… THERE! OH! FUCK ME! YES! FUCK ME!” Zangya begged, feeling Gohan’s right hand grope her breast while his left suddenly snaked down and started rubbing her clit. The act of doing so was all it took to send her into a frenzy and, eyes widening and head flying back, Zangya came in a gush of hot steamy fluid and a scream of ecstasy, “OHHH FUCK YEEEEESSSSSS! I’M CUMMIIING! AAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!”

When she came, her pussy tightening around his cock like a vice, Gohan came too. Shutting his eyes and giving a loud groan, the Saiyan came inside her, his balls tightening almost painfully as a tide of thick seed erupted from his manhood and flooded her core.

His dick pulsed inside of her, spurting several jets of semen into his lover as he held her tightly and felt her body twitch and tremble in his grip. Once the euphoria of their respective orgasms finally passed and the tidal wave of pleasure finished crashing down around them, the two panting lovers snuggled against one another, at the same time feeling the sweat of their passions trickle down their numb and throbbing bodies.

Chests heaving as they took huge lungfuls of air, Zangya gazed back at her partner groggily and, after looking into his deep charcoal eyes, reached over with her arm, wrapped it around his head, and pulled him in for a deep, sloppy kiss. Their tongues intertwining in gratitude, she then pulled away with a gasp.
“That was… incredible,” Zangya whispered.

Gohan grinned, “Is this how you imagined your first time would be?”

The girl shook her head, “Even better.”

Chuckling, the demi-Saiyan then looked down as he felt Zangya’s pussy squeeze him a couple of times, coaxing him back to full length. “I came a lot. Aren’t you a little worried that, you know…?”

“Don’t worry. It was a safe day.” Zangya beamed as one hand rubbed his cheek while the other rested over her stomach. “Not that I wouldn’t mind it.”

Sharing a loving smile with her, Gohan was about to kiss her a second time until the sounds of more moaning and cries drew their attention forward. When the pair looked across the bed, they saw the other two members of their foursome engaged in their own delightful foray.

While Gohan and Zangya had been busy pleasuring one another and enjoying the feel each other’s bodies, Erasa had pulled Videl into a scissoring position and, straddling one another’s legs, were now wantonly grinding their pussies against their partner in a salacious display of desire and passion. Both girls gasped and moaned avidly as they set a fast tempo, sweat dripping down their hot bodies as they ground against the other girl in a carnal tryst.

As the two girls made love, Erasa couldn’t help but glance out of the corner of her eye and smile when she caught sight of the other two watching them, both wide-eyed and overwhelmed with excitement and arousal.

Wanting Gohan to enjoy the show as much as she was, Erasa moved forward and laid Videl onto her back, to which she quickly took control and began rocking her hips into her friend’s. The way she was positioned made her clitoris bump against Videl’s, causing them to gasp in sexily as a shudder of pleasure rippled through them. Feeling a pressure building in her once again prompted Erasa to increase her speed, groaning loudly as she repeatedly thrust her burning entrance into her best friend.

Not caring that the blonde was being the dominant one, Videl arched her back and cried out, her head shaking back and forth as her body moved in time with her friend’s thrusts. “Ohhh yeah! Erasa! Do me… ohhhh! Do me faster! Ohhhhhh! Oh God… DO ME FASTER!”

“Uhhhh… okay…” Erasa replied, having trouble talking due to her own heavy breathing and moaning, “I’ll do you… uuhhh… faster! Ohhhh! Fuck!”

As requested, Erasa sped up her assault, increasing the pace of her thrusts as her hips slammed into her best friend with vigor and aggression, causing the raven haired angel’s body to rock back and forth and her breasts to jiggle even wilder. The bolts of pleasure surging through them had the pair holler in sheer delight, Videl responding to the blonde’s thrusts by moving her hips to meet hers midway as Erasa pounded her pussy with everything she had. Soon enough, the heat from their venereal exchange reached its inevitable breaking point.

“Oooh… oh… Erasa… I’m gonna… I’m gonna…”

“Videl… oh fuck… I’m cumming again… I’m…”

Grinding her pussy against Erasa’s as she felt the woman plow into her one last time, the pressure in Videl’s stomach finally burst as she arched her back towards the ceiling in ecstasy. “AAAHHHHHHH! YEESSS! ERASAAAAAAAA!” the girl wailed as a wall of pleasure came
crashing down around her and a blast of hot fluid burst from her nether regions.

“OHHHHHHHHHH! VIDEL! FUCK! OHHHH!!” Erasa also cried out, her body bucking into her best friend’s as she also came in a tidal wave of euphoria.

Their bodies seemed to spasm for several seconds as the hot, electrical sensations of their orgasms ripped through their insides. Once it ended, Videl collapsed into the sheets, while an equally exhausted Erasa shakily managed to hold her ground. Upon removing herself from between her friend’s legs, the blonde crawled over her lover’s numb body and, seeing her pretty mouth wide open, leaned in and gave her a long kiss of appreciation. Upon which she then turned her attention to Gohan and crawled her way over.

Knowing what was to come, Zangya moved out of the way just in time to see Erasa slide her way up Gohan’s body and snake her arms around his neck. Pressing her ample bosom into his chest while she straddled his hips, the girl gazed longingly into his eyes. “I hope you’ve saved enough energy for me.”

Gohan beamed as his hands ran down her sides to her hips, “Don’t worry. I’ve got plenty.”

Face lit up with excitement, the blonde then leaned up and captured the boy’s lips in a searing kiss. Her soft hands moving over his muscular shoulders and down his back, sending shivers throughout his entire body, Erasa circled her tongue around his, moaning when his hips jumped up to meet hers. Feeling his manhood rubbing against her entrance, the blonde responded by pushing against him more aggressively, rubbing her hips against his lap to work the boy into a frenzy. When she heard a groan of pleasure leave his lips and felt his hands move to cup the full cheeks of her ass and keep her in place, she knew she had him.

Floundering in a rising tide of desire, Gohan then felt Erasa’s mouth leave his to run a trail of kisses down his jaw and neck, where she bit into the skin playfully. Upon which she then slid silkily off of his lap and began moving down his chest, her hands marveling at his hard muscles as they jumped and tightened under her feathery touch.

The feelings and desires Erasa began stirring inside Gohan was almost maddening. As much as the young Saiyan wanted to take her right then and there, to throw her onto the bed, ravage her and have his way with her, he just couldn’t bring himself to stop the blonde vixen as her hands and lips sensually worked their way down his body.

When Erasa finally arrived at the juncture between his legs, the blonde stopped and threw a wolfish grin up at the young man, whom she could see was panting with excitement. Feeling her own desires raging, the blonde then reached down and gripped Gohan’s throbbing manhood in her hand.

“Mmmm… Gohan… you’re so hard,” she purred as she sensually stroked the man from base to head. Her gaze fixating upon him in a lustful trance, the blue eyed girl then leaned forward, her full lips parting as her small tongue darted out to lick the bulbous crown. This action drew a loud groan from Gohan, encouraging Erasa to concentrate on this action as she swirled her tongue around his engorged member, lathering up and down his length before sucking the tip into her mouth.

“Ohh… Erasa!” Gohan groaned, eyes shutting tight as he felt the head of his cock become engulfed by Erasa’s hot wet orifice, her plush lips squeezing him tightly. Once her mouth settled over him, the blonde’s tongue slithered out to按摩 the underside of his shaft, before she earnestly began to suckle. Erasa moaned sweetly as her hand stroked the base of his organ while her head bobbed up and down, taking more of him in with every descent.
Relaxing her throat, Erasa took as much of his dick into her mouth as she could. The torrent of groans that flowed out of Gohan only seemed to excite her further as she slid back up to his pulsating tip before plunging back down, repeating this action over and over as she deep-throated him.

Caught up in the moment, Gohan moved his hands into the girl’s hair and rubbed her head gently, causing Erasa to look up at him approvingly as her hand and mouth worked him even harder. It was then the Saiyan noticed her breasts. Though she almost never wore a bra due to her regular choice of clothing, Erasa’s cleavage was full and bouncy, and jiggled every dip of her head. They were definitely larger than Videl’s and Zangya’s, but not so much that they appeared comical or artificial. They were perfect and, as much as he tried to contain himself, he couldn’t help but become mesmerized by them.

Reaching down, Gohan cupped one of the girl’s large breasts and kneaded it. When he did, he felt Erasa pull her mouth away from his cock and, after giving a soft moan, leered up at the boy. She then teasingly swayed her tits from side to side and bounced them on her hands. “Do you want them?” When she saw him nod the blonde then leaned forward and slipped his cock into her bountiful cleavage. Squeezing her orbs around his pulsating shaft, Erasa dipped down and enveloped the head of his cock in her mouth.

As she suckled the weeping head, Erasa began sliding her chest up and down, massaging his thick organ and timing it with the rhythm of her bobbing head.

Overcome by the torturous pleasure, Gohan quickly felt the familiar pressure building quickly at the base of his cock, “Oh! Fuck! Erasa! Nhh! Your breasts feel amazing!”

Moaning around his mouth, Erasa sped up her ministrations, feeling her own loins pulse with excitement as she continued to devour his delicious length. She was determined to please the boy and make this night a memorable one for them both. As much as he was trying to suppress it, she could feel his orgasm approaching, as his cock twitched between her lips.

“Oh Kami! Suck it, Erasa… oh… so close…” Gohan’s pleasure-filled words had Erasa’s heart racing and aroused her further.

In her mind she imagined him spraying his seed all over her face, marking her as his with his hot cum, just like in her fantasies. But at the same time her hunger for him was unyielding and she wanted to taste him.

One last, long suck was all that it took to finally shatter Gohan’s restraint, a loud yell filling the room as his seed exploded into Erasa’s mouth in long ropes. Moaning when she felt her lover hit his peak, she then felt the Saiyan grab the back of her head and pull her further down onto his cock, allowing her to gulp down every drop of his thick, tasty cream. Once the boy had finished firing, Erasa pulled her mouth away from his phallus, gasping as she looked up at her lover.

“Mmm… you’re delicious,” Erasa purred, savoring his flavor while leaning down to lick the remainder off of his dick. It was then she noticed to her delight that he was still rock hard, which had her take one last, long slurp of his shaft and position herself onto her knees. Without an ounce of hesitation, she carefully straddled his waist, aligned herself over his rigid cock, and plunged right down onto it, causing her to cry out in pain.

It hurt. His dick was inside her so fast that it sent a white hot pain shooting through her loins and up her body, causing Erasa to seize the boy’s shoulders and bury her nails into his skin. Heart thudding loudly in her chest, the blonde looked up through her haze to see Gohan staring at her in concern. Bringing a hand up to her cheek, he then leant in and kissed her deeply, drawing a soft
moan from her as he ran his other hand down her waist.

When he pulled away, he whispered, “You okay?”

“Y-Yeah… I’m okay,” Erasa hissed back, moving a bit as she attuned to the feeling of his dick inside her. He felt so hard and impossibly large, unlike anything she’d ever felt before. Not even her fingers could compare to the sensation the boy was now stirring inside her. So she sat there, waiting for the pain to subside and for her pussy to adjust to his presence.

“Don’t try to push yourself,” Gohan said, tentatively running a hand through her gorgeous, golden hair as he beamed into her tear-strung eyes. “The last thing I want to do is hurt you.”

Feeling her chest swell at his words, Erasa beamed lovingly and leaned forward to nip at his nose. “You’re so sweet.” She then leaned in and kissed him tenderly on the lips. The combination of emotion and reassurance helping to quell the flare from the initial entry, the girl then moved back and started shifting her hips slowly and teasingly. “Alright… you can move now, Gohan-kun.”

Giving an understanding nod, the raven haired Saiyan then seized the girl by her narrow waist and started to move, her first descent drawing a loud shriek from the blonde as he started to bounce her up and down on his shaft.

“Oh! Gohan! Ohh! You’re so big!” Erasa cried out, closing her eyes as she enjoyed the dick that was inside her. Pushing him down onto the bed and placing her hands on his delicious abs, she then began to ride and bounce on him on her own accord, meeting each of his thrusts as he worked his hips into her. The strength of his motions increased when he gripped her buttocks and helped pull her down, matching his timing and drawing even more heavenly sounds from the girl as they made sweet love to each other. “Mm, yeah baby, keep it up… like that!”

Noticing her breasts bouncing up and down hypnotically, Gohan, unable to resist the temptation, sat up and captured the enormous orbs in his hands, burying his face into her right breast as his tongue flicked out to tease the pink bud. When he caught her nipple between his lips and suckled on it, he new chorus of passionate cries from Erasa filled the air as the blonde ground her hips against his even harder.

“Ahh! Kami! Gohan! Th-That feels so good!” Erasa bellowed in delight as she felt Gohan switch between her breasts, lavishing attention on them equally.

As the two of them fucked, they absently noticed Zangya and Videl kneeling a couple feet away, the raven haired girl positioned behind the Hera, arms wrapped around her, and massaging and squeezing her tits with both hands. At the same time, the orange haired alien was making out with the raven haired beauty, moaning and gasping into her mouth.

“Mmm, Videl… ohh…” Zangya murmured, her tongue looping around her friend’s and her lips sucking on it with need. While she was distracted, she suddenly felt one of the girl’s hands leave her breasts to tantalizingly slide down her stomach and over her pussy, before her fingers slipped inside of her with ease. Feeling Videl working her nether regions had Zangya cry out in delight, “Ohh! Fuck yes! Uhh! More…”

The sight of Zangya and Videl playing with each other turned the other couple on even more; Erasa starting to grind against Gohan even more while he massaged and sucked her tits. After a few minutes of passionate gyrating and feeling the other’s body working against her own, the blonde then suddenly slid off of her partner and turned around. Positioning herself on all fours, the horny blonde stuck her ass out and swung it side-to-side enticingly. “Come on, Gohan-kun. Fuck me doggy style,” Erasa purred lewdly, her eyes molten with desire as she gave the Saiyan the most
inviting look imaginable.

Too aroused to say no, Gohan quickly got behind Erasa and, seizing her slender waist, stepped through and in one fierce motion, slid every inch of his rock hard cock into her moist channel, right up to the hilt.

“AAAAaahhhhh! Sweet Kami!” Erasa shrieked, feeling her body shudder and her pussy tighten when his impossibly long shaft all but ripped her in two. A white flash filled her eyes followed by a series of spots as the gaping blonde panted before her trembling arms gave way and put her face onto the mattress. Drool leaking out of her mouth, Erasa looked back at her lover in amazement. “He made me cum… just by putting it in.”

Sensing the girl’s orgasm pass, Gohan leant forward with a smile. “You alright, Erasa?”

“Y-Yeah,” Erasa replied breathlessly, before slowly forcing herself back onto her hands. Pushing back against the boy and feeling his cock reach in even further, the still incredibly excited blonde then spoke in a commanding voice, “Now fuck me. Fuck me with everything you have, Gohan-kun.”

Happy to follow her demand, the grinning Gohan pulled his hips back, drawing his member out to the tip, before snapping his waist back in, setting a fierce tempo as he began to fuck the blonde beauty from behind.

Unprepared for the fresh assault, Erasa’s mouth opened in a loud wail of ecstasy as she felt the boy’s cock begin plunging in and out of her core, rocking not only her body but also the bed beneath them. In all her life she’d never felt anything like this; the fullness of his cock inside her, the static pleasure of his enormous shaft massaging her insides, and the force… oh, it was divine. Wanting to feel even more of these wonderful sensations, the girl quickly responded to his assault by moving back into her lover, rocking her hips in time with the thrusting of Gohan’s enormous cock.

“Oh Kami! Yes… yes… fuck me! Ohhh! Fuck me harder! Ohh! Harder!” Erasa shouted, pleading for her boyfriend to give it to her.

An involuntary growl left Gohan’s throat as he felt Erasa’s plush, inner-walls begin suckling his shaft, begging him to go deeper. “O-Okay! Ahh… I’ll fuck you, uhh, harder!” Doing as he was instructed, he drew back from her warmth only to slam back into it once more, doing so again and again till Erasa and the bed were shaking. The sound of hips slapping filled the room with the chorus of their lustful acts.

Their movements quickly became synchronized; when Erasa rocked forward, Gohan would move back, before thrusting after her and impaling the girl to his base. Their passion and excitement climbing, the pair picked up the pace, consumed by the wild fervor of their steamy tryst. Time seemed to slow for them as their hips slammed together, their intensity growing as Gohan’s groans became more wolfish and Erasa’s moans became more high-pitched, promising the arrival of a mind-blowing climax.

“Ah! Ahh! Ah! Go-han! Fuck! Ohh! So good! So good!” Erasa blabbed as Gohan’s hips snapped into her with long, deep strokes, causing her arms to fail her and put her on her elbows. “Ohh… Gohan-kun… I… I love you!”

“Ahh… I love… you too, Erasa,” Gohan moaned, grabbing her hips tightly as he rocked her in time with his motions. It felt so good inside her; so hot and tight, and he could feel her walls vibrating around his shaft, molding to his every entry. As his tail whipped around behind him,
Gohan couldn’t help but marvel at the way the girl responded to his moves.

“Oohhyessss… Gohan, right there! Don’t stop! Don’t stop! Uhh! You’re… you’re going to make me cum!” Erasa panted. By this point the air was thick and heavy with the musky scent of sex and the sounds of wet slapping of flesh meeting flesh was all too prominent. The pressure in her stomach building once again like lava, the blonde moaned loudly as she felt the very walls of her spirit about to give way. “UH-UH-OH! GOHAN! GOHAN! YES! YES! YEEEEEEEESSSSSS-OOOOOHHHHH!” His last jab sent her into an erotic fit as Erasa cried out with rapturous joy, her back arching, her pussy squeezing tightly around his cock, and her body twitching with an orgasmic convulsion.

Seeing Erasa collapse onto the bed had Gohan pause for a moment. After feeling her second orgasm subside, he then quickly rekindled his prior passion, and continued fucking her. Pulling out, he rammed back into the blonde with force, causing Erasa to arch back with a shriek of delight. Grunting, he set a new pace as he began pounding her with long, fluid strokes, which had Erasa rocking and grinding against him lewdly.

“AHH! AH! AHH! AHHH! YES!” Erasa cried out in ecstasy, drool leaving her lips as her body moved to meet Gohan’s and tightening around his swollen arousal as he quickly propelled her to another release. “UH-UH! GOHAN! YES! FUCK ME! FUCK ME! HARDER! HARDER! YESSS!” From the way he was taking her right there on the bed, she knew she was becoming addicted.

This feeling went beyond just plain sex. Gohan was filling her like nothing ever had before, fulfilling and satisfying her way more than any of her own fantasies ever could. Thanks to her string of orgasms, she could feel every minimal movement of his cock inside her. His motions were dominating but considerate, he was rough but also restrained, and he was claiming her while worshipping her at the same time, just like he did Videl and Zangya. In the end, she was glad… thrilled to have had her first time with such an amazing man.

Gohan held nothing back; feeling his limit fast approaching as he relished in the sounds of Erasa’s pleasure driven mewling and the sight of her ass rippling under each of his thrusts. Adding some more power to his movements, Gohan leant forward, molding his chest with her back while his hands ran up Erasa’s toned stomach to grasp her large, swinging tits. Roughly kneading them in his hands and pinching the nipples for good measure, the Saiyan drew even louder wails from the blonde. The sensation was incredible; she was hot, tight and slick with longing, drawing him in every time his pelvis slapped against her succulent rump.

“OOohhh Kami! So… so deep… ohh… so good! K-Keep fucking me, Gohan! Harder! Harder! Yes, yes, yes, YESSSS!” Erasa cried senselessly, her head rearing back as her eyes glazed over.

“I’m going to cum, Erasa,” Gohan grunted between thrusts, feeling Erasa’s pussy begin to convulse.

“Inside,” Erasa gasped, looking back as she felt Gohan’s thrusting intensify. “Cum inside me, Gohan-kun! Make me pregnant with your thick cum!” After several more thrusts, the blonde was finally pushed over the edge and, with a wail of finality, cried out as she came. “OHH! FUCK!! GOHAAAAAN! AAAAAAALHAAAAHAAAAHHH!” The erratic spasms of her inner walls helped the Saiyan reach his end too, their combined howls filling the room as he filled Erasa’s insides to the brim with his sperm.

Erasa felt her eyes roll into the back of her head as her pussy milked him of his essence, her insides boiling as she felt his cum slosh around inside her and a little bit dribble out. Seconds later, the blonde’s world went black and she collapsed onto the bed, with Gohan carefully laying her down.
Erasa’s eyes blinked open as she slowly regained consciousness, allowing a few extra seconds for her vision to clear and light to return to them. When it did, she became vaguely aware of the world around her shifting, a shadow hanging over her, and a rather pleasant feeling of something hot rubbing up against her. Upon looking up to see what was causing these anomalies, the blonde recoiled in surprise when she saw a sweaty Videl lying on top of her, poised on her hands and knees, and her breasts rubbing against hers as she was moving back and forth in a metronome-like fashion.

It was only until seconds later that Erasa realized her best friend was being fucked from behind by Gohan, whom she saw had positioned her on top of her and was stimulating both her and Erasa in a completely new position. What’s more, Videl’s mouth was currently being occupied by Zangya, the blue bombshell kneeling in front of the raven haired girl with her pussy in her and Erasa’s faces, and being passionately licked and devoured by the crime fighter.

Realizing that all of her lovers were locked in an entanglement of carnal lust and passion, Erasa soon started moaning as well, as the feeling of Videl’s breasts rubbing against hers and Gohan plunging into his girlfriend from behind was stimulating her as well. Grinding her body and rocking her pussy into Videl’s, where she could clearly feel Gohan’s cock and hips slamming into them, the blonde’s panting soon turned into cries and moans of renewed delight, as she felt herself quickly being pushed towards another orgasm.

Wanting more, the blonde shimmied down and buried her face into Videl’s tits, capturing a nipple in her mouth while her hand groped and fondled the other, squeezing it as her hand trailed down to finger herself.

Their moans and groans echoed throughout the room as the four made love together, Gohan gripping Videl’s hips tightly while Zangya fondled and massaged her breasts, pinching her nipples in excitement as she cried out shamelessly.

“Oh, Videl! Gohan! Ah-ah-ohh… I can’t anymore…” the Hera babbled as she felt Videl’s tongue swirling around inside her. “Ahh! Ah! I-I’m gonna cum!”

“M-Me too!” Gohan also panted, his hips snapping into Videl’s at a fierce tempo, filling the room with the sounds of flesh hitting flesh as the force of his thrusts rippled through her pert buttocks. “Oh… so tight…”,

Disengaging from her oral play, Videl also cried out. “OOHH! KAMI! AH! AAAAAH! FUCK! I’M CUMMING!”

“I-I’M C-CUMMING TOO!” Erasa called out, clutching the raven haired girl as she arched her back into her body in ecstasy, her pussy tightening around her fingers, “OH! OHHHHH! YEEEEEEEHSSSSS!”

“GOHAAAN! OOOOOH FUCK! AAAAAAAAAAH!” Videl cried out, her face pushing into Zangya’s pussy as the Hera also came.

“OOHHH! VIDEL! OOOOOHHHHH!!” the Hera cried, one hand gripping her lover’s head while the other gripped her breast.

The four youngsters wailed out in orgasmic bliss as they climaxed together, Gohan letting loose his
load inside Videl while the girls drenched one another in their hot fluids. Once the trembling and the writhing from their respective ends finally ceased, the group collapsed onto the bed in a heap of post-coital bliss, surrounded by the ruffled sheets of the bed and the damp areas of sweat, sex and perspiration.

(End Lemon)

Panting as he lay there on the blanket, Gohan soon felt a pair of bodies snuggle up against him, along with a third. Looking down, he saw the hot, naked bodies of Videl and Erasa curled up on either side of him, while an equally satisfied Zangya had crawled on top of and was now lying with her chin on his chest. All of them smiling tiredly, the demi-Saiyan returned their loving and warm expressions with one of his own.

“I love you girls,” he whispered hoarsely, wrapping his strong arms around the three as he felt their hands roam tentatively over his torso.

“I love you too, Gohan,” Videl whispered, rubbing her stomach from the warmth inside of her as she kissed and nibbled the Saiyan’s neck affectionately.

“Me too,” Erasa chirped, running her hand up his sexy abs.

“You were amazing, stud,” Zangya said, giving a soft moan as she embedded herself onto Gohan’s still hard erection.

Groaning when he felt the girl slip his manhood inside her, the demi-Saiyan looked up at the Hera in amusement, “You want to keep going?” His answer was Zangya giving him a deep and tender kiss, while Videl and Erasa’s hands started exploring his and her body with a little more enthusiasm.

The tired but still willing and excited Hera replied in earnest, “Oh yeah. For the whole night.” Zangya then gave him a sly, challenging grin, “That is… unless you can’t.” She then shrieked and laughed when Gohan suddenly flipped them over, leaving the blue beauty lying flat out beneath him, her breasts pressing into his chest and his manhood buried deep inside her pussy.

His own eyes reflecting eagerness and excitement spurred on by the Zangya’s teasing, the half-Saiyan hero smirked down at his lover, “Challenge accepted.” When the Hera giggled, he then leant forward and captured her lips in a searing kiss, her giggles transforming into moans of pleasure as Gohan then kissed Videl and Erasa, who crawled over to make out with the man.

Soon, more groans and cries began echoing out of the small mountain home and over the hills, a chorus that rang all throughout the night and into the earliest hours of the morning.

By the time they were done and their passions had finally subsided, the four lovers wound up snuggling together under the sheets of the bed, sleeping safely in the arms of the ones they loved most.

(END)

Author’s Note: GOHAN, MY BOY! YEAH!

Anyway that’s another chapter down and another series wrapped up. I tend to write my arcs in seasons, so this chapter is an epilogue to a series of arcs, so I can have a rest in between posts to catch up on other stuff.
Now I can decide whether to continue posting on this story or split it up and create a new story continuing *Legacies*.

On a serious note, I really did let myself go when writing this chapter. I measured this out to be about eighteen pages of lemon, so, there you go. I know a lot of you were looking forward to this chapter, so I’ve given it to you with interest.

Just so you know, I **plan on replacing this with a censored version in a couple of days**, so whoever gets to this first, good on yah. For all those looking for the **uncensored versions**, find my profile on [Archive of Your Own](http://archiveofourown.org). Both ‘Long Night’ and this chapter, as well as all future stories with heavy lemons will be there.

Anyhow, I just want to wrap this up with a brief foreword.

I wrote *Dragonball Z: Legacies* because of my disapproval and disgust of how Gohan has been treated in the Dragonball Z franchise after the Cell Games. He’s been beaten down, robbed of his character, and shamelessly pushed out of the limelight to join the plethora of other irrelevant characters in Dragonball, including Tien, Yamcha, Videl, Choutzu, Bra, Uub, Launch, Android 18, Krillin and so on and so forth, with most of the episodes being handed over to Goku, Vegeta, and characters I consider products of Dragonball Z’s marketing.

It is clear that I am not a big fan of *Dragonball Super* (or the two new movies for that matter). In fact I hate them with a passion and am not afraid to admit it. It’s like the author is trying to redesign Dragonball to be more like One Piece and other Shonen shows, which really explains why he’s brought back a bunch of previously forgotten and forgetful characters from Dragonball, and has Vegeta and Piccolo acting like Zoro and Sanji respectively, when they clearly never have previously. What’s more a lot of the storylines don’t add up and, even though Godly ki was hyped up to be this universe bending element in the show, thanks to the recent episodes with Mirai Trunks and Zamasu, it’s now just become a useless gimmick. Power scaling doesn’t matter anymore, even though the author showed how formidable God characters could be at the very beginning of *Super* and in *Battle of Gods*, where a single tap from a character with Godly ki could immobilize a Super Saiyan 3 character. No matter how much you try to argue, that shit makes no sense.

It makes the fanfictions created by the fans of the Dragonball Z show more canon than Dragonball Super is, and I send this compliment out to all Dragonball Z writers and fans out there. Keep soldiering on.

The original *Dragonball Z* harkens back to the comic books and anime of old that I enjoyed when I was younger, including Slayers, Ranma, Astro Boy, and even the classic movies from the eighties, including Star Wars, Terminator, Star Trek and Flash Gordon. You can see bits and pieces of their inspiration littering all of Dragonball Z. Goku’s arrival on Earth being an inspiration from Superman, the androids and Cell being inspired by Terminator, and more. They even had villains whose motivations were clear.

My intentions for this story were to bring the world back to the Dragonball Z we know and give Gohan the story he deserves, with epic fights, a big universe, multiple love interests and terrifying villains. I always imagine the most graphic and epic fights to include into the story, and imagine how they would translate to screen, which is why I always try to vividly capture them as best as I can, though I do tend to go overboard.

Anyhow, I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter and hope to see you in the next one.
Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!