Betrayal of Friendship

This story was written by Justin Kelley. All thoughts and comments can be sent to JDKelley18@aol.com. This story involves strong language, violence, death and other subjects of a very mature nature. If these subjects offend you, do not read the story. Well, here we go.

Chapter 10:   Enemy in the camp.

"Tenshinhan, something isn't right about all of this. It's like...something is going on, and I can't understand."

Goku turned his dirt and sweat streaked face towards the displays on the regen-tanks. Goten would take a few hours to heal from the ki burns, broken neck and various other injuries. Gohan's head would be healed in a matter of minutes. At the far end, Trunks' console read out that he'd have to spend a little over two hours in it. His tired eyes swept over them again and again, as he strugled with the words that he just couldn't grasp.

"Kakorotto, what is the meaning of this? You come into my training room, and destroy my equipment!"

Goku looked over wearily at Vegeta. Sweat and blood ran down the fine creases of his muscular frame. He had obviously been training for quite some time before they had came. He closed his eyes, and sat down quickly on one of the beds. He ran a hand through his black, spikey hair, and felt it come back into place.

"We fought the killer, Vegeta. In the town of Drata. Or, what was Drata. We got there right as the army was smashed. Everyone except Tenshinhan fought him until there was only me left. I was about to be destroyed as well, but then Tien came from the side and saved us. The killer took off. I don't know where he is now."

"You mean to tell me you fought him, and didn't even tell me!?!"

"Sorry, Vegeta. We launched off as soon as we heard about it. The thought didn't even cross my mind about coming to get you. I thought you'd have heard about it as well."

"Fool! Well, now you all see that training is needed now. As soon as my son heals, send him into the gravity room. When your sons heal, I would suggest you leave and train. The next time you fight him, I gurantee he will not fall surprise to the human's pathetic power."

Vegeta's laugh echoed in the small room, as he walked out to head into the

training room. A small trail of blood followed him, running down his left boot, staining it's white material a deep crimson.

Tenshinhan gripped his right fist, and prepared to strike the insolent Prince to the ground. He began to move his massive bulk, when he felt a warm hand land on his exposed shoulder. He turned his bald head towards the hand, and followed it to Goku's shoulder. He looked into his coal black eyes, and squinted his brow.

"Tenshinhan, thank you for what you did today. Vegeta might not apreciate what you did, and pass it off as a fluke, but I know if you hadn't been there, me and my sons would have been killed back there."

Goku gave his same old smile, and Tien felt his stomach begin to prepare to hurl. He choked it down, and brushed Goku's hand from him.

"It's no problem, Goku. What else are friends for?"

He forced his lips into an empty smile, and nodded his head. As he turned away, his smile turned into a snarl.

"There he goes again," he thought to himself, "always with the "friends" bullshit. Always trying to make the world right. What a fool."

"Goku, I think I'm going to go. I'll train in my own my way, to get ready for the next fight."

Goku nodded his head, and turned to look at his sons, still resting in the blue liquid.

Tien walked out the door, and took a left. He went to the elevator, and hit the switch to open the door. The cold, metalic covers slid openly with a very slight hiss, and revealed the sophisticated lift. He walked in, and pressed the solitary button. The lift's doors closed, and slowly began to rise, leaving the Saiyans and their offspring alone below.

Goku walked out of the small room, and took a right. The door was almost repaired, and he waited for it to slide into place. He hit the button to open the door, and stepped in. He looked around the room, and saw Vegeta. The Prince was busy stretching.

Goku called out to him, but he didn't answer.

"Vegeta!?! Mind if I train with you? Goten will need some time to rest, and I won't really have someone until then. Gohan doesn't need my help sparing."

Vegeta looked at him from the corner of his eye, and scoffed.

"As you wish, Kakorotto. But I suggest you stretch quickly. I am almost ready."

Goku nodded his head, and began to get ready for what he was sure would prove to be an interesting match.

"I could kill them all with one attack. But, there wouldn't be the joy I get from when they fall one by one. Too bad there's so few left. But I saved the best for last...the best for last."

He let the thought die out as the doors opened in front of him. He placed one boot through the threshold, when he heard the scream. He quickly looked up, peering forward with his three eyes. His earrings jingled softly, and came to a rest after a moment of movement.

"Tenshinhan! What happened!?!"

The blue haired vixen ran over to him, and looked up and down at him. Red blood slowly poured from a few open wounds. His large scar was surrounded by burns and small cuts.

"You're bleeding all over the place!"

"Sorry, Bulma. I'm just about to leave."

Her eyes went wide, and thought that maybe she had offended him.

"You don't have to go, Tenshinhan! I'm just saying you need to go wash up!"

Tenshinhan forced his lips into a rough smile, and nodded his head.

"I think that would be a good idea. Can you give me a new shirt? Like I had before?"

Bulma's brow wrinkled, as she tried to remember it's design.

"Yeah, I can do that. Let's go to the lab."

She drug the giant down into her lab, and sat him on a table.

"Now sit still. I have to clean you up! Droping blood all over my carpet! You'd think you'd been living out in the wild all your life!"

"I have been, Bulma."

The woman's face scrunched, and she shook her head.

"Oh yeah...well, still!"

Bulma fussed herself with the wounds. Soon, they were all cleaned, and wrapped.

"Now sit there! I'm going to get your shirt and all. I swear, sometimes the biggest men are really the biggest kids. Can't even dress themselves! It's suc..."

Her voice trailed off, and Tien jumped off the cold, sterile table. His heavy frame caused his black boots to sound off loudly on landing. He looked around the strown tools and items, and looked for anything that would have been of use.

His tanned hand reached out, to pick up a read out on twin space ships. Both were of the standard sphere design. However, both were installed with a new space guidance systems, making inner-planetery flight easier then the earlier models. Also, the training section was set for a maximum of 700 times Earth's gravity.

"Tenshinhan!!!"

The tri-clops let the paper fall back to the table he picked it up from. He slowly turned around and faced Bulma. She was absolutly furious.

"I told you to sit still!"

"Sorry, Bulma." He forced a smile and a small laugh. "I just had to walk around."

She eyed him slowly, and handed the shirt and vest to him. Tien could tell that she was in no mood to hang around and chat.

"Thanks, Bulma. I'll show myself out."

She crossed her arms, and watched Tien's muscular back as he walked up the steps to the lab, and leave. She sighed as soon as he left, and started cleaning up.

"Damn bothersome woman."

He put his clothes on, and left the complex through the main entrance. Dr. Briefs tried to talk to him, but he brushed him off, and took into the air.

Meanwhile, Goku was finishing his stretches.

"Okay, Vegeta. What do you want to start at?"

The Prince spun his head, and eyed Goku.

"600 times."

Goku's mouth fell open, and his eyes grew large as saucers.

"Vegeta! Don't you think that's a little high to start!?"

He cocked an eyebrow, and spit on the ground.

"If you want to train lightly, Kakorotto, then I suggest you leave. I'm not in here for fun, you know. I'm in here to make sure I win when the fight comes to me."

Goku shook his head, and agreed to the high level of gravity. Vegeta turned on the gravity machine, and looked over at his "partner" as the air began to get wavy. After a few moments, this was gone, and the only way they could tell the gravity had increased was the constant strain on their body.

"Okay, Vegeta. Just give me a minute to get used to...ahh!"

Vegeta, who was much more used to the gravity, drove his elbow into Goku's abdomen. He was sent several feet back, and he clutched his stomach. Goku coughed up a small amount of blood, as he noticed Vegeta on the offense.

"Wait!!!"

A boot upside his head shut Goku up fast. He was sent sliding across the ground, leaving a thin trail of blood after him. Vegeta knelt down slightly, and leaped high into the air. By the time he came to the pinacle of his jump, Goku was managing to stand up.

"Too slow, Kakorotto!"

Vegeta came down quickly. He tucked one leg in, and locked the other straight out. He exploded in blue ki, and zoomed in on his target faster then any human eye could track.

"Wha!?!"

Looking down the length of his leg, Vegeta saw his white boot in Goku's wounded stomach, but he wasn't going down. Instead, he saw that damned childish smirk on his face.

"Impossible!"

Vegeta pushed in harder, and was even more amazed when he saw Goku's smirk only grow bigger. Vegeta's hard eyes grew larger in perplexment, and his concentration

lapsed for a moment.

Taking advantage of the moment, Goku pushed out with his arms. Vegeta saw, to his dismay, that Goku had seen Vegeta's movements, and countered them. He had caught his boot, and held it away from him the whole time.

"Damn it!"

Vegeta flipped back, and pulled his foot from his opponet's hands.

The two stared each other, trying to find a weakness. Though neither were not in a fighting stance, each knew that the other was in perfect control of their defenses.

"Well," Vegeta thought to himself, "this is going to be a little harder then I expected."

With a great rage, he powered up.

Meanwhile, Chaozu came closer and closer to finishing his power up. Days had passed, and he could feel the power slowly opening his mind. However, the other three were becoming impatient. They couldn't stand to know their friends were being killed, and they could not help.

"Yamcha, come here real quick."

Looking up, Yamcha saw Krillin gesturing towards him. He got up to his feet, and walked over to where Krillin stood. His smaller friend looked up, and brought his finger up, and ushered him closer.

"I've been thinking. Maybe we could make Ursapha hurry up. There's no telling how long it will be before Tenshinhan decides he's tired of playing, and destroys Earth. I mean, it's been days out there! No telling who's dead. Maybe everyone. The point is, if Tien can become a Meta Human, and it's as deadly as Ursapha makes it out to be, we're too late already!"

Yamcha nodded his head, and turned it. His eyes zoomed up to Chaozu, and the giant bear. He gritted his teeth, and turned. He walked slowly towards the pillar they occupied, and took into the air.

Ursapha noticed his power coming, and looked down at Yamcha.

"Is there something I can help you with?"

"Yes, there is. I was talking to Krillin earlier, and he made a very good point. You told us that Tien must be brought down at all costs. Well, what's the point in that, if by the

time we're done, he's most likely going to have destroyed the Earth, and all the people on it!?!"

The bear closed his eyes, and shook his ears. His maw opened wide in a yawn.

"Well, I suppose I can foresake the waiting...this is a universal threat. I have been going slow with Chaozu. From now, I will work as hard as I can. It will still take about two hours, two days in the outside world. But, it'll get done much faster."

He was silent for a moment, and slowly opened his eyes.

"Yamcha, please bring Krillin to me. There is something I must tell him."

Yamcha looked at him questioningly, but followed the request, and flew down to the ground.

"Krillin, he wants to talk to you."

The small human looked scared. He was afraid he was going to be punished for suggesting the increase in speed.

"We...well...I gu-gu-guess I could go up-p-p there, r-r-right-t-t?"

Krillin slowly lifted into the air, and flew the distance between them.

"You wanted to see me?" He swallowed hard, and waited for him to answer.

"Yes, Krillin. I have discovered some...bad news."

Krillin's eyes went blank, and he braced himself for it.

"Yes?"

"While you were in here, Tenshinhan attacked more people. I'm afraid...your wife and daughter are dead."

The words nearly flored him. Small tears formed in his eyes. He shook his head, like he were waking from a dream.

"Can, can you say that one more time!?!"

Ursapha hung his mighty head, and said nothing. Krillin's body was rocked by silent sobs. He clutched his fists so hard, blood began to run from his palms, where the nails bit in.

"I am sorry, Krillin. It happened almost as soon as you got in here. There was no way we could tell Goku about it, so he could have stopped him."

Krillin said nothing, and slowly walked backwards. Tears dripped slowly down, landing softly. A trail was left in his wake. As he came to the edge, he continued to walk.

"Krillin, have patience. If you can hold it in, it will serve you well when it is time to face Tenshinhan again."

Krillin said nothing, and walked off the edge. His body dropped. His orange gi flapped from the rush of air. The crystal piers refracted and enlarged his floating tears.

All was silent, in the room of the great elder. Piccolo, still in meditation, payed no attention to anything. Yamcha stood silent, his head down. Ursapha and Chaozu remained silent. One by one, their thoughts turned to those left on Earth.

Silently, Gohan woke up. The machines in his regen-tank noticed his activity, and began to drain the healing liquid. He pulled the oxygen mask from his face, and waited for the hatch to open, and let him out.

He got out, and stretched his sore muscles. He heard a light hiss, as the pumps closed the hatch on his pod. He looked over, and saw Goten and Trunks still healing.

"Damn...I didn't know we'd be defeated so easily. I couldn't even slow him down, with all of my power. But, I know I didn't use everything I could from the start. Next time, I won't under estimate him. Next time, I won't let up and make foolish mistakes. Sorry, guys. I'll make it up to you two. I should have defeated him, and you wouldn't have to had experienced this pain."

Gohan turned on his heel, and walked out into the hall. He looked to his right, and saw that the training room was being used. He reached out with his senses, and felt his father and Vegeta inside.

"No sense disturbing them. They're probably training really hard. Well, I guess I'll have to go out on the lookout. I hope no one else has been hurt."

Gohan went upstairs, and prepared to leave by one of the smaller side doors. He stopped, and looked around the house. The familiar scenes of a house with a family inside triggered a reaction inside him. He quickly opened the door, and jumped into the air.

"Damn! Videl and Pan! They must be worried sick about me! And, if that monster knows who I am, then he could know about my family!"

He zoomed across the sky, as fast as he could. No one saw him, though. All over the world, people were hiding in shelters. After the latest attack, they only went out when

absolutly needed.

"Vegeta!"

The Prince flew forward, as a golden warrior, and layed into Goku. He tried to stay ahead of him, but was quickly overwhelmed. As Vegeta's fist sent him crashing into the wall, he powered up himself.

"That was a good shot, Vegeta."

Goku powered up, and thrust his body from the hole he made. Vegeta was right on him with another punch, sending him furthur in. As he drew back to strike for a third time, Goku grabbed hold of his fist. He smirked, and shoved Vegeta backwards. He climbed out, and jumped at his opponet. He started thrusting his fists forward, leaving hissing blurs in the air.

Vegeta began floating backwards, moving his muscular arms in a defensive pattern. He knocked Goku's fists away from his body, but he had to concentrate fully on that task. He didn't have time to set up an offensive plan.

After crossing a quarter of the room, Vegeta sensed Goku's power spike up. He took his chances, and jumped up. Goku shot his left arm out fast and hard, and hit only Vegeta's blur. Looking up, Goku locked on to Vegeta, as he swung his foot down, slicing the air.

"Damn it!"

Goku's jaw was snapped shut, and blood ran out of the side of his mouth. He landed on his back, and swung his legs up, flipping back over. Vegeta decked him in the mouth, and flew forward, kneeing him in the ribs. Goku zanzokened behind Vegeta, and drove his elbow backwards.

Quickly turning, Vegeta caught the elbow with his hand. He punched Goku in the back, near the end of his spinal cord. Goku screamed in pain, and arched his back, trying to take pressure off it.

"Vegeta! That's not fair!"

He flew into the air, and landed several dozen feet from Vegeta.

"Big Bang Attack!"

Vegeta fired off a quick blast were Goku stood, and watched him flip backwards, about twenty five more feet away. He fired again, three times. Each time, Goku leaped back. But, he was collecting his energy. When he landed, he put his hands at Vegeta.

"Kame Hame Ha!!!"

The blue beam ripped through the air. Right at Vegeta's chest. Vegeta took off into the air, burning with ki. He tried to zanzoken to the side of the beam, but it caught him hard in his left arm. Vegeta cried out in pain as the blue beam ripped out a considerable chunk of it. No blood came out, since the intense heat of the energy burnt the wound together.

"Son of a bitch!"

Vegeta quickly stepped up a level, to level 2. Electricity cracked around his body as he zoomed in at Goku. The other Saiyan tried to zanzoken to his left, to avoid Vegeta's attack. However, his speed wasn't enough to outrun the superior leveled Vegeta. With his hand in a pointed positon, Vegeta drove it down with all of his power. Goku cried in pain as it sliced into his right arm, breaking the bone and ripping the muscle. The blood pooled everywhere, and Goku ran his hand up and down the length of the wound, firing a small amount of ki, burning the wound shut.

"Well, Vegeta," Goku managed to laugh, though his voice was thick with pain, "seems like we're both out an arm, huh?"

Vegeta said no words, but instead charged Goku. Goku shot backwards, but Vegeta's superior level overcame him, and allowed Vegeta to knock him to his side, on the ground.

"Vegeta!"

Goku brought his legs up fast, flipping him over. Just in time, as Vegeta's boot smashed into several tiles where Goku's body was. Goku, after landing on his feet, began to ran forward. His useless arm moved as he sped along, causing pain with every motion. He was sure Vegeta was feeling the same. Vegeta, his mind clouded with the pain, didn't react to Goku until he was upon him. He brought his right arm up, and tried to defend himself. Goku's knee connected below his elbow, knocking the wind out of him and sending him back.

Goku, after regaining footing, jumped high into the air, and began a dive kick at Vegeta's out of control body. He sped up, pushing his body to his pain limit. He wasn't going all that fast, but it was fast enough to catch Vegeta in the chest, knocking him into the ground. He stood there, with his right boot pressing into the Prince's chest. Both were breathing hard, and blood leaked from several parts of their bodies.

With a deep sigh, Goku released most of the pressure from his leg.

"Vegeta, I think we've had enough for now. We're both in really bad shape. We can

contin...!"

Vegeta clenched Goku's calf with his hand, and squeezed as hard as he could, causing Goku's foot to begin to spasm. He lifted him up, and slowly rose to the ground, holding his opponet at arm's length.

Goku tried to break free by firing ki attacks, but they simply exploded on his chest, leaving no mark except dark whisps of smoke.

"Kakorotto, I will tell you when I have had enough."

Quickly, he snapped his arm down, bringing Goku's body into violent confrontation with the floor. Dust, sweat, blood and chunks of floor tile exploded up, covering a small radius around him. Vegeta picked him up once more, and exploded forward, bashing Goku across both sides of the floor as he flew towards the far wall.

"Ve! Ve! Vege! TA! STO! OP THIS!!"

"No problem, Kakorotto!"

With one last burst of speed and power, Vegeta flung Goku across the remaining space, and towards the wall. Though his leg throbed, and blood leaked from where Vegeta's gloved hand bit into his flesh, he managed to turn so his feet would point at the wall. He tried to stop, but could only slow himself before he crashed into it. The wall, exploded in a small crater as Goku's body pushed into it.

"Vegeta! I gave you a chance! Ahhh!!!"

Goku pushed his own body to level 2, and watched as Vegeta's eyes filled with anger and rage. These were always the best fights, when Vegeta became angry. From the rubble, Goku launched forward, towards his rival.

Vegeta rushed forward, and raised his hand, firing several blasts ahead of him. Once he got in close to Goku, he spun and extended his leg. Goku knocked it away, and punched Vegeta hard in the back.

The Prince flew forward, and turned, pointing his good hand at Goku's face. A stream of ki flew from it, and missed the Saiyan only by a few inches, as he took to the air.

"Damn it, Kakorotto!"

The two golden warriors met in mid air, and began to slowly rise up in a cork screw shape. With only one good arm apiece, it was filled with kicks. Blue electricity flowed from each other's body, and coursed over the other's. As they got closer to the top

of the room, their moves became more desperate. Finally, each cross choped the other's neck, causing them to reel in pain, and begin a hasty descent.

The two caught themselves above the ground and took off at each other. The blood still flowed freely from their battle wounds, but neither gave them mind. Their minds were focused on the other, and making sure they didn't make a mistake. They drew their arm up, and clashed. Golden fire flowed together, and became more pronounced. Their forearms were pressing against each other's as they pushed on.

They shot apart, and landed on the broken floor tiles. They stared across the expanse between them, and began to power up.

"Let's settle this once and for all!" yelled Goku.

"Fine, if you think you have the power!"

The two flared with all the power their bodies could provide. Each began to focus their power into an attack. They began their most powerful attacks, but with the limit of one arm, it would put alot of strain on their already injured bodies. Both completed powering up at the same time, and extended their arms.

"Final Flash!"

"Chou kame hame ha!"

The two beams extended from their hands, and hit head on. The flash from the connection blinded the two, but they didn't need their eyes. They continued to push every last ounce of power into their attack. The room began to shake as the power built to an amazing level. Both squinted through the pain, and began to slide backwards.

Finaly, their reserves nearly empty, the two stopped attacking. As the beams ended, the built up power exploded, knocking both of them down, and sliding them away. Blood streaked the tiles, and they lay there as pieces of the ceiling collapsed.

All was silent, for a few minutes. Vegeta slowly opened his eyes. He had been fighting to maintain his Super Saiyan 2 state, and his hair kept fading, showing he wasn't fully there. He slowly pushed himself up with his arm, and sat there. Several hundred feet away, Goku lay on the ground. His hair was still gold, but no aura of energy surronded him.

"Damn him! At least he's worse off then I am. This might be my only chance. Kakorotto, prepare to be destroyed!"

Standing slowly, Vegeta had to fight to maintain himself. He bent his bloody knees, and drew his arm close to his body. With a loud scream, his body burned in gold.

He launched into the air, blowing the floor tiles beneath him apart. He zoomed through the heazy air, until he was almost on top of Goku. Pointing his hand out, he let out a one handed galick kou. The purple beam tore through the air, coming closer and closer to the fallen Goku. When only a dozen feet seperated them, Goku opened his eyes. Without thinking, he sent his left arm, that had been draped over his chest, into the ground. The force destroyed more tiles, but sent him rolling away.

Vegeta looked in disbelief as Goku rolled onto his knees, then flipped back onto his feet. Pointing his left hand at Vegeta, Goku let out the kame hame ha he had been charging since he had fallen. The Prince had no time to even block before his body was washed over with blue ki. After a moment, his body fell down through the smokey air, fires covered his suit, and whips of curly smoke flowed all over his body. His body smashed into the ground, and stopped moving. His golden hair finally faded to black.

"Huh. I'm glad that's over."

Goku fell backwards, and let his power go down, dropping to his normal state. After a second or two of breathing, he sighed, and pushed himself back up. Looking around, he asked a question to no one in particular.

"Computer?"

"Yes?"

"Can you reduce the gravity for me?"

"Of course. To what level?"

"Normal, I guess."

"Confirmed."

Goku sighed as the great weight left his body, and the room took on it's normal lighting. Getting up, he walked over to Vegeta's fallen body. He reached down, and sighed loudly as he picked him up in a fireman's carry.

"Computer, are any of the regen-tanks open?"

"Affirmative. The one holding Gohan is now open."

"Can you prepare it for me? And, could you please open the door?"

"Opening door, preparing regen-tank two."

"Thank you."

The computer was silent, as it searched through it's voice responses, looking for one that had not been used in a very long time. "You are welcome."

Goku walked slowly to the open door. He could have flown, but he didn't have the power to get the entire way there.

After a few minutes, he was at the opening. He walked through, and took a left. He groaned slightly as he set Vegeta into the tank. The computer dropped the mask over his mouth, and closed the door. The healing blue liquid filled it, and the computer scaned him for injury. Goku looked up, as it displayed his body and injured points.

"Six hours!?! I didn't think I hurt him that bad. Too bad there aren't any open ones for me. Oh well. I'll just go home and rest. I'm sure I'll be good in no time."

He slowly walked to the elevator, and fell down. He breathed hard, and forced himself back up. He hit the up button, and fell back against the side, relaxing his tired muscles. The door opened a few seconds later, and he walked out. He stumbled out, dripping blood everywhere.

Bulma, hearing the door open, came out of the living room and saw the blood all over her carpet. Looking up, she saw the spiky black hair of Goku.

"Goku!?! What do you think you're doing messing up my carpets like that!?! Don't you know how hard blood is to get out!?!"

"Sorry, Bulma," turning around, Bulma saw how bad his body was injured. She gasped and ran to him.

"Goku! There are healing tanks below! Go get in one!"

"Sorry, I can't. They're all in use right now. So, I'm going to fly home and rest. I should be good in a few days."

"Goku, you're not going home. You'd never make it. Come with me. One of the new ships I'm building is equiped with a regen-tank. You can go in there and rest. Sorry for yelling at you earlier."

Goku managed a laugh, and contined to follow the blue haired vixen to the lawn outside, and slowly made his way up the stairs. He got into the small white pod, and fitted the mask over his face. He closed his eyes, and drifted into a pain filled rest.

"Five hours and twenty seven minutes. He must have taken a real beating. Leave it to Goku to drag himself back from a battle half dead."

She walked out of the pod, and back into the house. She left the stairs open, so Goku could find his way out easily.

"Gohan, wait up!"

The young man turned, and saw his bald ally coming from behind. He moved his hand, and blocked out the sun. He smiled, and waited for Tenshinhan. He wasn't sure if he was still alive, as the last time he had seen him was when Bulma had devised what had seemed like a good plan.

"Tien! Ha ha! You're still here!"

"Of course. I saw your fight in Drata. I was there."

"Really? When did you get there?"

"About the time I saw you and Goten go down. So did Trunks. I came and saved your dad, but I didn't stop the killer. I tried."

"Wow. I'd never expect you to fight him head on."

Tien squinted his eyes, and began to fly on. Gohan followed, and began to reach forward with his senses.

"Tien, have you seen Videl or Pan around? I'm kinda worried about them."

"Yeah, actually. I saw them just a few minutes ago."

"Really!?! Where?"

"They were leaving the house. They wanted me to tell you where they're at, so you can go with them. They say it's safe there, and they want you to be with them."

Gohan sighed heavily, and began to smile, ear to ear.

"That's the best news I've heard all day! More then a day! A week! I can't believe they're safe!"

Tien looked over at Gohan through the corner of his right eye, and held down a laugh.

"Where exactly are they, Tenshinhan?"

Tien smiled, and cleared his throat. He wanted to remember Gohan's reaction forever.

"In line, at Enma-sama's palace."

Gohan stopped in mid-air, and watched at Tien turned towards him. Suddenly, the white power on his body seemed very similar as that the man in Drata had on him. He shook his head, and saw Tien again.

"If that's a joke, it's not a very good one." Gohan delivered, his eyes filling with anger.

"Joke? No. What is funny, though, is Videl didn't seem like the kind of girl to shave down there. But looks can be decieving, you know. Sorta like who you think is a friend, could really be a cold blooded murderer."

Gohan clenched his gloved fists, and began to power his body up.

"I'm going to give you one chance to apologize before I wipe the floor with your sorry, weak ass."

Tien laughed, and reached into his shirt.

"Wipe with these. They're a little stained with love liquid, but it's still good!"

Gohan caught a pair of pink panties that Tien threw at him. He looked at them, and saw his wife's name embroidered name on them. These were some he had got for his wife on her birthday. As tears filled his eyes, he clenched the soft material in his hand.

"You bastard....how could you do this!?! We are your friends!"

Tien laughed, and was forced to wipe tears from his three eyes.

"No, never. Fool. No talking, okay? Just fighting. Me and you. I tell you now, that you alone have the power to defeat me."

Gohan flew at Tien, and punched his neck. It had no affect, but Tien quickly thrust his own fist out, and knocked Gohan to the ground with an overhead slam.

"If you fight like that, you won't win. Gohan, you know the power you have. If you strike at me again, and you're not fully powered up, I'll waste no time with you, and simply send your corpse to Hell."

Gohan spit blood onto the ground, and began to power up. White electricity flowed through his body, and onto the ground, spliting it open. The ground around where he stood began to be pushed up, as the power flowing from his body flowed upwards.

"Finally, a real challenge."

Gohan zanzokened up to Tien, and punched him hard in the gut. He flew back, and spin kicked him in the temple. Tenshinhan was sent flying to the side, and spit up blood.

"Well, I guess you're ready."

Tenshinhan split into two fighters, and began to circle the young warrior. They dashed in at the same time, and smashed Gohan's sides at the same time between their knees. Gohan coughed up mucus, and blood, but thrusted his arms out. He placed one on each Tien's chest, and fired off a powerful beam of ki. The two were sent crying in pain backwards.

"Bastard!"

Gohan took off, and began to fight the one on his left. He flew to the left, and watched as the other's foot smashed into the Tien he was just fighting. They combined, and he got into a fighting stance.

"Well, Gohan, are you ready to die?"

"Funny, I was about to ask you the same question."

This story was written by Justin Kelley. Any thoughts, send them to JDKelley18@aol.com.

Next chapter: Fall of the first.