

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 7: Test of the only hope.

The four Kaios, forming a close knit circle, were discussing if they should reveal to the five here where the planet of Elad. This planet was home to an old race, a race almost as old as the universe itself. They could increase the power of one's mental abilities, most notably were telekenesis and telepathy. The north and west Kaio were in favor of telling them, while the east and south were against it.

"Listen! If Tenshinhan is allowed to run wild on Earth, we're going to have billions dead!" screamed King Kai. The south Kaio simply crossed his arms, and smiled. He enjoyed being at opposite ends of the north Kaio as much as possible.

"Who cares about one miserable little planet in your part of the galaxy!?" the east Kaio yelled. She got right into the face of King Kai, both of them ready to rip the other apart. Into the middle, the west Kaio split them up.

"Listen, Tenshinhan could move to our section of the galaxy as well. All of our planets and lives would be gone. We can not let him go unchecked!"

The four continued to argue. Enma sat at his desk, looking rather distraught. Four gods were in front of him, and two were coming close to throwing punches. He sighed, and continued to judge souls, sending them to heaven and hell as he saw fit.

"Damn you, you half dead bastard! You're always playing favorites to those Earthlings!" screamed the east Kaio. King Kai screamed back into her face, "Shut up! You're jealous that no one from your part of the galaxy could handle the test!"

The north and east Kaios continued, as the west and south were discussing it. They eventually came to terms, after all four got into a slug fest, with the south Kaio getting his testicles smashed, and the east Kaio being put into a full nelson.

"Fine, tell them, damn bastards..." sighed the south Kaio as he flew off. The east Kaio flicked them off, then flew off as well.

"Thank you." sighed King Kai to the German looking Kaio. He raised his hand, and he too flew off. The five guests walked to the god, and asked him what was going on. With a sigh, he turned to face Dende, Piccolo, Krillin, Yamcha and Chaozu.

"On the planet Elad, there's an ancient race, who learned to awaken the hidden powers of the mind, much the same way as the past Namekian Elder could awaken the power inside of a fighter. While this would be of no good to most people, Chaozu's mental powers would become much stronger, possibly strong enough for us to combine our powers, and break Tenshinhan's block."

The five began to smile. They would finally see Tien fall.

"Enma! I need your help. I wish to send these five people to Elad." yelled King Kai to the giant sitting at the desk.

"Uhhh...." sighed the giant red devil, trying to figure if he could do that.

"It is very important! We must not allow Tenshinhan to destroy Earth!"

"Well, seeing that he could pose a problem to everybody, no matter where they are, I will allow four people to regain their bodies, for one day!"

"But, there are five of us!" yelled Yamcha to the sitting man.

"I should not send any! Choose your four, and I will send you to the planet." retorted Enma, raising himself from his chair. Yamcha shrunk back, and turned around.

"I say we leave Yamcha behind. He's the weakest of us, therefore poses the least amount of help." offered Piccolo, crossing his arms. He expected the others to agree with his logic. That was, all except Yamcha...

"Ohhhhh no you don't, you giant slug, I'm going! How about if we leave you!? You'd be no good to anyone. You'd probably just die again!"

"Stop it!" yelled Dende. "I will be the one not to go with you."

"But, Dende, we might need your healing abilities!" interrupted Krillin.

"No. If you needed me, then someone would see it, and I would be the target. Then I'd be taken out, or you would be as you tried to defend me. No, the four of you go."

Yamcha and Piccolo stopped fighting, and Krillin and Chaozu hung their heads. King Enma smashed a marker on four papers, and in a flash, the chosen warriors left the room, and were sent to Elad. Around them, a barren land scape stretched endlessly in all directions, broken here and there by rugged mountains. A faint purple fog hung heavy in the air, and the four strove to see through it. In the distance, what looked like a temple was carved into one of the biggest mountains. They moved towards the building slowly. Lightning streaked the dark sky as they came closer to the building. From inside, they felt

a number of large powers.

As they came close to the building, they could make out steps carved roughly in the mountain side, leading up into a vast doorway. Faint light poured from the portal, and a few soft sounds floated out into the air, filling the ears of the four. Even Piccolo, with his super auditory abilities, could not make out what was being said.

"Well, we only have one day, better not waste it all here standing around." remarked Piccolo as he began to ascend the stairs. His white cape was soon swallowed by the dark, leaving only a very dim silhouette of the Namek. The other three followed behind, going more quickly to catch up. As they came near the door, they could see hooded figures flanking both sides of the door. As they passed within, the sentinels made no attempt to bar their passage.

Once they passed beyond the door, they found themselves inside of a massive hub. Halls extended in almost every direction from where they stood. They split apart slowly, walking around. Krillin stared into the dim light of a passage that ran deeper into the mountain. He could see hooded figures on the side there as well. On closer inspection, he could see that they were in every passage, even the ones that ran up and down into the mountain.

"May I help you with something?"

All four turned, and saw another hooded figure in the center of the room. While the others robes were black, and hoods drawn; this man's robe was a dark red with gold trimming, strange symbols and the hood was drawn back. He stood slightly over five foot in height, and was very narrow in the chest. His face was slightly reptilian. His eyes were set close together, and between them sat a slim nose. His mouth was curled in a natural snarl. Thin, stringy grey hair was neatly combed backwards, covering his small ears. He walked forward, to Piccolo.

"Sir, may I be of help? The guards here have informed me that you and your party have been wondering about for sometime."

"But...I didn't hear any voices." commented Yamcha, walking forward.

"That is of no matter." he slightly hissed. "The important thing is that I know that you are here, and can offer any help that I can."

"Yes. We're looking for an elder, capable of..."

The old man cut Piccolo short as he raised his hand, signaling him to stop. "I know why you've came. Please come with me." The man raised his scaled hand, and curled a clawed finger signaling them to follow. He walked to the center of the room, where he came from. On the ground, markings covered the floor, all inside a circle. He

ushered them all in to the circle, and raised his hand. The floor began to lower, taking them into the heart of the mountain. At first, the same sounds as before were heard. But soon, as they descended, the sounds became much more clear. Sounds of chanting drifted up, and became distinct. Something else caused them to strain their ears. It was an all too familiar sound. The sound of fighting.

"What's going on down there? Why do I hear fighting?" asked Piccolo, turning around to face the small man.

"I'm amazed you can hear that. We here can not allow everyone who wishes to gain mental power to come and get it. They must prove themselves. A guardian tests the strength of those who come. One must be of strong body here, to become strong of mind. Others have already arrived. But, they have come for the wrong reason. They will fall, as many have before them. The next group will start soon, from what the guardian is telling me. You will follow them. I hope this is acceptable."

"Yes. We have no problem waiting, for a little while."

"Good. Patience is a virtue. A very important one, as you may find out."

Everyone looked at the druid, but they were unable to read his face to see what he meant. They all uneasily shrugged it off, and tried to remain focused. The descent ended, and the druid ushered them forward, into a massive chamber. Inside were hundreds, possibly thousands, of people on seats carved into the sides of the room. They all were looking into the center of the room, where two short fighters in white capes attacked a larger warrior.

"That is the Guardian. He tests all those who wish to receive the power. Centuries of training have perfected his fighting style, and he possesses moves no one else in the known universe does."

The four stood in awe, as two beams from one of the men were knocked away with a swipe of a forearm. The second man charged the guardian, but was sent back with an open palmed thrust to his chest. He flew back, taking the other with him. The two smashed into the bottom of the box the seats were in. After they made no effort to move for several minutes, two druids came out of the shadows, and pulled them away.

From the same shadows the druids came from, three warriors walked forward. They were all slightly under five feet in height, and all were clad in armor, very much like that which clad the Saiyan warriors. Grey hair was pulled back into ponytails, and capes hung down their backs. Two, which flanked the third man, wore light indigo. The center man wore a dark crimson one. They walked forward, to the guardian, and moved to surround him.

"I am Yalira, of the planet Narro. These are my best warriors, Darniel and

Mielhal." Yalira announced to the crowd. They nodded their approval, and the three prepared to fight.

"NOW!" yelled the lead warrior, as he leapt at the guardian. The other two flew forward, and punched. Guardian raised his arms, and used his forearms to catch the punches. He kicked the charging warrior in the face, flipping him over and forcing blood out of his mouth. The two that struck together were knocked away with a swing from his massive arms. They sprawled on the ground for a moment, but got back up soon. By now, the lead warrior was charging again. His fist was knocked away with a swipe, but he threw his other hand in before the guardian could defend, and was rewarded with the satisfying thump of a hit landing.

"Sir!"

As the lead warrior's fist rebounded off the guardian's massive chest, leaving no mark, he turned to see one of the warriors get dashed into a wall. Before he could move to help, he felt his chest get crushed with a knee from the guardian. For several painful seconds, he hung in midair, impaled on the knee. He could sense a fist coming in, preparing to crush him. He closed his eyes, in preparation for the mortal blow. It never came. In shock, he forced his eyes open, knocking away the crusted blood, and saw that the remaining soldier had charged the guardian, and had smashed into him, knocking him off the knee.

"Regroup!!"

The warrior dodged the blow of the guardian, and leaped over to his fallen partner, and flew to his leader's call. With some effort, they flanked their leader, and began to power up.

"No choice... shadow blaze!"

With that, the leader smashed his hands together, palms open. They erupted in a wave of bright purple ki. He pulled them apart slowly, showing electricity running between his hands. After they extended the width of a foot, a small explosion in the center of the space gave birth. The small light began to expand, until it filled the space. He pointed it at the guardian, and let it fire off. The very demons of Hell could not match the scream the air gave as the beam ripped across the arena, on its way to the guardian. He crossed his arms, and braced for the impact. The two lesser warriors placed their hands at the guardian, and fired off their attacks. All three beams hit at once. The explosion rocked everyone in the room, but the building acted like nothing had happened, taking the explosion without the loss of even sand from the roof. Piccolo and the others raised their arms, blocking off the smoke that flooded the room.

"Damn...I wouldn't mind learning that attack!" commented Yamcha as the smoke cleared.

"Oh yeah? Why don't you look and see what it did?" uttered Krillin as he looked out, and saw that the guardian was unchanged, except he had been pushed back about three feet. He lowered his guard, and with amazing agility, leaped at the three. The leader jumped up as the guardian's arm swipped at all of them. However, the others were not fast enough. Both were sent across the arena, planting themselves in the wall. Orange blood slid down the wall below the crators.

"Damn you! Renzoku energy dan!" Yalira screamed. From his hands, ki flew down into the arena. The guardian formed a shield in front of him. The shots exploded harmlessly on it, as the guardian opened his right hand, forming a ball of ki in it. As Yalira's power faded, and the attack ended, the attack flew from the guardian's hand, and into his chest. The explosion was deafening. From the smoke, a body fell backwards, bringing wisps of smoke with him. His armor was broken, and his hair was free. Yalira hit the ground, and made no move to get up. After several seconds, druids came out of the shadows and pulled the three off the battlefield.

"You are next, my friend. Introduce yourself, and where you are from. Then, introduce your friends. Then, begin the fight." hissed the elder to Piccolo.

Piccolo began to walk forward, out of his shadow. The other three followed him. Piccolo stood dozens of yards from the guardian when he stopped. He spoke loudly, letting his voice ring in the air.

"I am Piccolo, from the planet Earth! These are my allies; Krillin, Yamcha and Chaozu!" Piccolo looked out, and the crowd nodded. "Well, try not to get beaten too bad." The four charged, powering up their various attacks.

While all of this was going on, 18 was coming close to the killer of her husband. Almost at the house, she began to slow, and loosed the grip on her daughter. In a few seconds, her feet touched the sands of the beach. Her shoes crunched the sand down, and gave Tien knowledge as to where she was, though he could still feel her power. He reached forward, and combined his fists into an ax-handle.

"Roshi?" asked 18 as she walked in. Tien sprung his trap right then, and swung down with all of his strength. 18 realized what was happening too late, and was caught in the face with the attack. Marron was dropped from her arms when the blow connected. She began to cry as soon as she hit the ground. 18 was sent flying out of the house, across the beach and across the water. She left massive waves in her wake.

Tien dropped down from his loft, and flew out the door, upside down. He turned himself upright, as soon as he came near her. 18 could barely see the human, but she launched an attack anyways. Her fist grazed his skull, but she felt her gut explode in pain. Looking down, she saw Tenshinhan's knee implanted into her gut. Red blood made it's way up her throat, and began to bubble out of her mouth. Tien saw it, and laughed.

"Bitch, this is going to feel so good!" he yelled as he uppercutted her jaw. The pooled blood was sent shooting out of her mouth as she flew higher into the sky. Tien laughed again, and exploded in ki. The power rushing off his body blew the blue-green water around below him. He tore off into the sky, and came level with the blonde. She thrust her fist out at him. He caught her wrist, and squeezed down hard. She screamed in pain as the pressure involuntarily opened her hand.

"What's wrong? I remember, a few years ago, I was the one who was weaker than you. You defeated me. But, then I became stronger. And now, I am more powerful than that slut body of yours could hope to become. Come, show me your power. Nothing less than full will suffice!"

18 spat, and kned Tien in the groin. She felt his grip lighten, and she again tried to pull away. Her arm began to move free, until Tenshinhan clinched down on it harder than before. Looking into his eyes, 18 saw a level of rage with endless depth. His coal black eyes began to burn into her, and his grip tightened. Again her hand was forced open, but this time the fingers began to bend in an unnatural position. She yelled out from the pain, and began to pound on Tien's chest with her free hand.

"Bitch!" he screamed into her face. His fingers touched with his palm. He had clamped on so hard, his fingers had tore through her flesh. Her eyes filled with tears, but no sound came from her mouth. She had passed out from the pain.

"Sometimes, I wonder why I was ever weaker than you, whore. I can't beat the shit out of you and enjoy it if you don't wake up. Oh well, I hear salt water is good for people."

With those words, he lifted his arm up, and with all the power his muscles could give, he threw the woman straight down, into the sea. 18 woke with a start, and took in where she was. Her left wrist began to throb with pain, and she could see her hand floating helplessly by a few pieces of skin and muscle. The salt water was making the pain unbearable. She began to fly in the direction her blood was floating. She was amazed how long it took her to break the surface.

"How did he gain such power!? Only the Saiyans are capable of that kind of strength..."

Her thought was broken short, for as her torso cleared the water, Tien plowed into her chest with a boot. With half of her body still in the water, the waves created by the movement were extreme. She felt that her body would rip in half.

"No! I won't let this happen!" she screamed at Tien. Reaching out with her right hand, she grabbed his ankle and, with great effort, pushed herself away from the foot. She looked up, and saw him laughing. A second later, she felt her left shoulder explode in

pain. A blue beam, originating from Tenshinhan's third eye, was shooting through her. She struggled with the pain, but continued to push against him. After a second shot hit, though, her resolve disappaited, and she felt herself again being hit with the boot.

Soon, the pressure ended. Tien flew backwards, leaving 18 to continue to pierce the green water. Red blood seaped down holes in her chest and back. She forced herself to fly up. Water, mixed with blood, poured off her and back into the container below.

"Well, I see you learned a few new tricks. But, do you think it will hold out. I do have a limitless supply of energy. You will tire long before I." she calmly stated as she flew towards Tenshinhan. A gust of wind began to blow her hair and his clothes around.

"Tricks? No, new power. You speak of limitless power? Well, what good will limitless power be if it can't harm me? It's like having all the knives in the world, while eating soup. You can't hurt me. And, honestly, I didn't fight you for vengence. Your body is the object of many men's fantasies, mine included." 18's face scrunched in disgust. Tien smiled. "Oh, yes. You'll love it. And, you don't even need to worry about Krillin. I've already taken care of him."

"Liar!" she sobbed. She knew, somewhere inside of her mind, that he was speaking the truth. "He's never done anything to you! NOTHING!!!" she screamed. In her rage, she let her power build. "You say my power can't harm you!? Well, we'll see!"

18 raised her only working hand at him, and shot off an orange beam. She stared in disbelief as Tenshinhan knocked it straight down with a single swipe of his hand. It exploded with the water, and sent spray everywhere. Now was her chance. She flew through the mist, and engaged. She tried to punch him, but his defense was too secure. Nothing could get in.

"Suprise!"

18's foot again found Tien's balls, and he let down his defense as he grabbed them. 18 put her hand right in front of his face.

"I hope the demons of Hell rape your ass until the blood outnumber the semen!" was her remark as she poured every ounce of her energy into the beam. After several seconds of the draining attack, she fell down into the water below. She never realized she was caught in two muscular arms, or bore back to Roshi's. She stirred slightly, and looked up, and saw Tien smile down at her. She knew the worse was about to come.

He landed on the beach, and walked into the door. Now, the fun was going to begin...

Back on Elad, the four warriors began their charge. Piccolo dashed into the guardian, knocking him off balance. He let out a low grunt as Yamcha caught him in the

face with a flipkick. He reached back and caught Krillin's fist as it came to land in the small of his back. The guardian jumped backwards, and threw Krillin forward.

"Why only me?" he thought as he flew past the other three. He managed to stop himself before hitting anything, but he was still a little shaken. He flew back into the action right away.

"Watch out!" yelled Yamcha as he saw Chaozu take a swift chop into the side. Chaozu hit the ground, and skid across the smooth surface, leaving a trail of blood. Yamcha was forced to raise his arms in defense, as the guardian tried to drive his elbow into Yamcha's forehead. The shot rocked Yamcha, and he didn't get the chance to defend against another shot, this time in the gut. He spit up blood, and was shot with a small ball of ki that shot him backwards. Yamcha yelled, and tried to push the shot off, but met the wall before he could. His vision dimmed, and his body went limp. He slumped over the shot that was continuing to push him on, further into the wall. It disapated, and Yamcha fell face first into the ground.

After the shot, the guardian turned and charged Piccolo. The two met in a smash, as fist met fist. They moved in a mirrored dance, every attack repeated by the other. Nothing given, nothing taken. Krillin tried to break the pattern as he came back into the fight, but a swift kick sent him into the ground, where he fought to remain awake.

"Very good, Piccolo!" the guardian remarked as he flew backwards. He extended one of his massive fists at Piccolo, and formed a ball of ki in it. He tightened his grip, and the ball was shot off into six smaller ones, that took a symetrical hexagon around his fist. The one at the top fired off, then shuffled down one, letting the shot behind it fire off. He had created a machine gun. Piccolo saw this, and began to fly up, to avoid the rapid fire device. He didn't follow. Inexperience would be responsible for that. Instead, he stopped firing and moved his arm...to where Piccolo was going to be, and reopened fire.

"What the hell!?" thought Piccolo as the shots came in. No one he had ever fought was that good. The thoughts passed from his mind as the shots began to rip into his body, spilling his purple Namekian blood on to the ground below. He was being held up by the firing.

"Look out, mother fucker!!!"

The guardian reached out, and felt the black haired human... Yamcha, he believed, charging him. With a great effort, he removed his hand from inside of the rotating balls, leaving them to continue to fire. His mind was on Yamcha now.

The human was moving to fast for his limited concentration to follow. He was impaled on his leg. Blue blood ran down both sides of his chest. The shots holding Piccolo went away, and he dropped down.

"Well, well. Guess we've won!" yelled Yamcha. He began to throw his fists in the air, when the guardian's voice came up to him.

"Good shot, but it takes more than that to take me down for good."

Yamcha looked down slowly, and saw the holes regenerate. The guardian stood up, and again towered over the human.

"Damn. It can never be just that easy, can it?" he asked to himself.

"Hang on, we're coming!" yelled Chaozu. His face was bloody, but he'd live. Krillin was bringing Piccolo with him. They landed next to Yamcha, and got into a battle stance. Piccolo's body regenerated the holes in his body.

"Kame Hame Ha!!!"

Yamcha fired off the shot, sending it right at the guardians' head. He was sure it would seriously hurt, if not kill, him. The guardian smiled, then his face went away.

"What the hell!?"

The beam flew into the nothingness, black as night. Yamcha ended the shot, and then the blackness went away. The guardian's armored head was there again. Yamcha then yelled in pain, as his kame hame ha came from behind him, and tore into his back. He was pushed forward, into the waiting fist of the guardian. Yamcha was flipped over from the impact, and laid unmoving on the ground. Blood began to run out of his ears, adding to the pool that came from his mouth and nose.

"I have moves that no other in the universe can understand. Your friend just experienced one of them."

Chaozu leaped forward, to Yamcha. He felt his neck, and made sure he was still alive. Looking down, he saw with every pump of the heart, more blood came out of the holes in his face. He looked up, and launched at the guardian. Before he got there, he banked left, and began to circle him. Once he got to his side, he raised his finger.

"Dodonpa!"

The yellow beam flew at the guardian's head. Before it could connect, he saw the same black open up, and absorb the shot. To Piccolo and Krillin, it looked as if it just disappeared. They stared, not moving. This brought a whole new concept to the fight. Chaozu's yell brought them back from their thought. They saw the black open up in front of Chaozu, and his dodonpa smash into his face.

Piccolo shot his arms out at the guardian. His hands locked into a pierce as they

came close to hitting the guardian's chest. Then, Piccolo saw the black, and felt his hands go into a depth of cold which he had never experienced before. The gate slammed shut, severing Piccolo's arms near the elbow. He drew them back, spraying the ground with purple blood. Piccolo shot out new limbs, and got into a stance.

"Krillin, listen. When I give the word, fire off a kakusan. I'll fire off my makankosappo, and try to occupy him. I want as many shots as you can get out of it. Hopefully the others will be up, if this doesn't take him down."

Krillin nodded, and began to power up. Piccolo brought his two fingers up, and began to charge.

"Damn...what the hell was that?" asked Yamcha as he slowly got to his feet. He was barely standing when Krillin's kakusan went flying by him on his left. The hair on his arm was singed right away. He leaped over, and a wave of nausea washed over him. He fell to his knees when he landed, and fought to keep the contents of his stomach in place. He heard Piccolo hand fly beside him. It was circling around the guardian. At the same time he felt the kakusan explode, sending it's shots down.

"MAKANKOSAPPO!!!"

Yamcha felt the corkscrew blast fire off. He got up, and placed his palm straight up. He gripped his wrist, and began to gather power. An orb began to form, and he gritted his teeth, forcing more power than his body could handle, into it.

The guardian raised several gates above him, allowing some of the kakusan shots to fly into it. The ones that got by slammed into him. Krillin, however, received the shots that were absorbed. His body was sent flying backwards, with smoke streaming off his muscular form.

Then, the guardian fell to a knee. The makankosappo had passed right through his chest, severing the connections between his two hearts. Blood poured down his sides. The crowd went wild. The guardian hadn't been injured in a very long time.

"Sokidan!"

Everyone turned, and saw Yamcha fire off a large red orb. The guardian looked up, and raised his hand. A gate opened, and the shot was gone. It opened above him, but Yamcha was ready. As it came out, he ordered it to go forward again. Again, the guardian opened a gate. However, this time the sokidan flew up, dodging it. Everytime Yamcha ordered the attack down, the guardian would attempt to swallow it in a gate. And each time, the sokidan would fly away, evading it.

The strain of opening and closing all of the gates was beginning to take its toll on the guardian. He fell to his knees, and opened one last gate. It held only for a few

seconds, before it collapsed.

"Now, Yamcha!" yelled Piccolo.

Yamcha nodded, and with great effort, opened the fingers on his hand. The sokidan split into five smaller ones. All were ordered into the hole in the guardian's chest, where they exploded. The guardian screamed in pain. He tried to walk forward, but all of his strength was gone. He fell to his face.

"Guys...what the hell just hit me?"

The two turned to see Krillin walking forward. His shirt was burnt off and he was missing part of the pants on his left leg, from the knee down.

"We beat him."

Krillin nodded his head. He looked around. The crowd, that was in silence from the collapse of the guardian, exploded in cheers. Krillin waved, and went to stand beside Yamcha. Piccolo, as always, stood away, several feet behind them.

"SILENCE!"

All turned to see the guardian raise himself. His eyes burned with an anger they had seen only in the eyes of Vegeta.

Krillin and Yamcha began to power up a kame hame ha. They unleashed it at the same time. Yamcha's yellow blast, and Krillin's blue, flew down upon the injured guardian. With a scream of rage, he knocked the two insignificant beams aside. Krillin and Yamcha tried again, and again their shots were knocked away. The crowd was loving this.

"Get down!"

The two humans turned and saw Piccolo's body covered in purpled flame. They hit the ground as they saw his put his hands out at the pierced warrior.

"Gekiretsukoudan!!!"

The massive blast flew down the length between them. The guardian tried to stop it, but the power was too great. The explosion filled the room with light. Sand and rock fell from the ceiling. The entire room shook to it's foundation as the once strong guardian became implanted into a far wall, some thousand feet away.

This time, the crowd went nuts right away. The elder walked out of the shadow, to the guardian. He placed his hand out, and streamers of energy floated down, healing the

body. He then walked to Chaozu, and healed him. The rest were healed as well.

"You have done better than any others who have ever tried. Please, follow me. You have earned this."

With a wave of his hand, a golden rectangle of light opened before them. He ushered them in, but did not follow. The door shut, and they were alone.

"Where are we?" asked Chaozu as he walked forward. The others followed, and were equally perplexed.

"You are in my home." came an elderly voice. They looked above, and saw a great bear sitting upon a crystal throne. "I take it you wish to receive the power? Well, come forward, the one who is to do so."

Chaozu looked at the others, and flew up.

"In this room, time goes more slowly than out in the rest of the universe. An hour here...is a day to you. This power up will take 14 hours. Two of your weeks will pass before you leave." he said to them all as Chaozu flew higher.

"How did you know how we measure time?" asked Yamcha.

"I am telepathic, remember? Humans. Sometimes, I wonder how I managed not to kill yourselves off with your stupidity."

Chaozu landed, and the elder placed his hand on his head.

"It will take some time. Try to move as little as you can."

The other three looked up. What had he meant? Humans had come here before? But, who? Before the Z fighters' birth, no human had ever been strong enough to fight off the guardian. It made no sense...

While the power up was going on, Tien had finished with 18. He was putting his clothing back on. 18 was crying. Not only because of the act, but because she had enjoyed it so much. She remembered how she had pushed back against him when he...no, she mustn't think about it.

"Well, I think we could go another round before I kill you. What do you think?" laughed Tenshinhan. 18 was about to say something, when she saw Marron in the corner of her eye.

"Mommy!! I'm scared!"

Tien turned, and laughed. 18 tried to go over to protect her daughter, but Tien kicked her in the face. Blood ran down the white skin, and began to sink into her shirt. Marron tried to run, but her wrist was caught by his hand. He picked her up, and grabbed the other wrist with his free hand. She was facing away from him, kicking.

"So, do you want your little girl back?"

"Yes, please. Don't hurt her."

"Awww, isn't that sweet. Well, here you go."

He began to lower the girl into her mother's arms. Inches away, Marron's face exploded in pain. She began to wail. Tien's third eye was firing off a beam that was eating through the little girl. In a matter of seconds, her life force was gone, and her body hung limp in his hands. 18 began to scream, as she saw her daughter dead in front of her. Tenshinhan simply through her aside, and began to laugh.

"You bitch! Monster! Beast!!!! I'll kill you!"

18 jumped at him, reaching to kill him. Tien sidestepped and drove his knee straight up. 18's body folded in half on it, and shot straight into the air. She broke through the roof and continued to gain altitude. Tenshinhan zanzokend above her, and knocked her into the house again. On his way down, he split into four once again. He flew down, and took separate sides of the house. All put their hands into the kikoho, and fired. In an instant, the house was turned into ash. 18's body was blown into the air. She began to move, but all the three-eyed warriors began to renzoku energy dan her body.

18's body was being blown to hell, and nothing could be done about it. As soon as a blast would blow open a wound, the intense heat would sear it shut. Soon, her body gave up the struggle, and she let out one last scream. Her fight was over. The four stopped firing, and recollected themselves. He ate one of the sensu, and began to float away. Things were good.

This story was written by Justin Kelley. Any thoughts, send them to JDKelley18@aol.com. Due to the graphic nature of this story, I wrote two installments. This is the tamer of the two. Please write to me to request the more graphic version. Thank you.

Next chapter: Slowly, the numbers dwindle. Who will step up the challenge? The prince? The hero? Who?