

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

"Vegeta! Vegeta!"

The prince slowly opened his eyes, and looked into the air. That damned Kakorotto was flying above him, still urging him to search. He smashed his gloved hand into the rock that he had been lying on for the past hour, while the nit-wit was looking into every shadow around.

"Damn you, Kakorotto, I am not moving from this rock until I am done resting! I've been looking around for almost a day, and I don't care if we find this person. After he kills everyone else, he'll come for me. Then I'll defeat him."

"But Vegeta, if we do that, a lot of innocent people could die." sighed Goku as he began to lower himself to the ground.

Vegeta stood up, and spat at the ground. "Baka! You think I care about those people? I'm going home. I'd suggest you do the same. You won't find anyone out here."

Goku reached out to grab ahold of Vegeta's shoulder. He stopped before he did. This would just end in a fight. And besides, he was getting hungry.

"It's okay, Vegeta." smiled Goku in his cheerful voice. "I'm pretty disappointed in not finding him by now as well. We'll rest a little, then go searching again."

"Kakorotto, search on your own. I grow weary of your methods. I will continue my search, I promise you, but only because Bulma desires it so."

Goku say that this was more of a compromise than he thought he'd ever get out of Vegeta, so he quickly accepted it.

"That's great, Vegeta!" he yelled in his cheerful voice. "I'll be ready to go in no time!"

With that, he exploded in ki, and shot off through the air, heading to Chi Chi. Vegeta continued to walk. No sense in speeding up to a place that would have Kakorotto

there until his woman decided it was time to go.

Goku continued to fly towards the Capsule Corp. building, when he felt a familiar power. Reaching out, he felt his younger son. Smiling, Goku dropped through the sky and landed close to him. His blue and orange gi stood out brightly in the dark forest.

"Goten! Goten!"

Goku began to walk forward. He pushed against a tree, to get it's branches out of his face, and ended up knocking it over.

"Oops. Guess they don't make trees like they used to..." he chuckled as he tried to set it back up. It stayed and he began to walk away.

Then he heard the crash.

The tree had fallen again. Goku continued to walk away, shaking his head. He continued to call for his son, until he got his attention.

"Father!"

Goten ran to his father, showing off a colored lizard.

"That's nice, Goten. But I don't think Chi Chi would like it too much. Come on, we're going home to eat!"

The young black haired boy dropped the lizard, and took off into the air, waiting for his father to join him.

"Trunks, I don't think it's smart to be out here by yourself. We'll make sure you get home."

The purple haired warrior nodded his head. "Thank you, Mr. Son."

The three began heading off to the Capsule Corp. building.

Vegeta took to the air. "Damn son. He needs to train more, instead of playing with that loser boy of Kakorotto's." He pushed his power up, causing the ki to explode around his body. He quickly began to cover the ground heading to his son.

"Papa..." said Trunks, his eyes glossing over. He came to a halt, and the Son family slowed down as well.

From behind, his father caught up. His blue jumpsuit showed off his muscular body as he passed in front of the purple-haired fighter. He pulled up close to his son.

"Trunks. You're going to head off with me. We're going home to train. I think a few weeks of an extensive workout will prepare you for whoever is out there."

"But, papa, how will a few days help? I mean..."

"Trunks! What will looking around for someone who obviously picks his target at his own choosing. The ones who have died must have known where he was at. So, we train, and get stronger. No arguing."

Trunks let his head drop, and followed his father. Goku and Goten stayed behind for a moment, before following.

"Vegeta! Wait!"

"Kakorotto, I don't care what you have to say. I will not allow my son to become weak, like yours."

Goten was getting ready to exchange words, when he felt his father's hand on his back.

"Let it be, son." he whispered.

All four continued in silence, until they reached Capsule Corp. Vegeta walked in to the main hall, and passed into the side leading to the housing complex before Dr. Briefs could come out. Trunks was right behind him.

"Dad, why didn't you say anything to Vegeta about Trunks?"

Goku smiled at his son. "I've known him for a long time, Goten. Vegeta does what he thinks is best. Don't worry, he'll go easy on Trunks, and Vegeta will go off training."

Goten shook his head, and followed, with his father, into the housing complex. Chi Chi walked over to Goku as he entered, and hugged him close. She did the same to Goten. Then, she stood up, straightened out her dress, and turned away from them.

"JUST who do you think you are, leaving us by ourselves here!? 18 left, and we've been scared out of our minds! And did you catch anybody? No! You scared us for no reason!"

"Sorry, Chi Chi..."

She turned and saw Goku's head hanging down. She never could stay mad at him.

"Well, just take me home. I feel safe there, with you and Goten."

She walked over to Goku, and put her arms around his neck. Goku picked her up in his arms, and went to a side entrance. He pushed the open button, and walked out. Gently, he took off into the air. Goten came behind him. They began to speed up, and soon could no longer be seen.

"Trunks, come with me." barked Vegeta, heading down into the training room. Built below the surface, was a massive training room, set up with the latest gravity machine Capsule Corp. built. Smaller rooms were found branching off the hall leading from the elevator to the training room. On the left, was a rec. room, for when anybody decided they had enough training for that day. Vegeta never used it, except when Bra wished to play there. On the right, was a room with three re-gen tanks, beds and showers. On the wall, was Vegeta's old suit, folded up and left sitting there, a reminder of past days.

"Trunks, you've become very lax in your training over the last few weeks." barked Vegeta as he walked into the hemispherical training chamber. It was built nearly two miles in diameter.

"Yes, papa."

Vegeta walked to a console next to the door way. He pushed a com button, and waited for the genderless voice to answer his request.

"Please describe what special training function you will require."

"Computer, set gravity at 150 standard units. For every direct hit I deliver to Trunks, increase gravity by 10. For every direct hit Trunks lands on me, lower the gravity by ten."

"Confirmed."

"Trunks, fight well, and the gravity will not become too much for you. But, once you start allowing me to get hits in, the gravity will increase beyond what you're used to, and thus allowing me to strike even more. So, the best bet is to at least hold me off."

Trunks nodded his head, and got into a fighting stance.

"Computer! Activate the training program!" he barked. The console was lost as armor slid over it, to protect it from energy blasts. The room took on a hazy look for a few seconds, as the gravity began pressing down on them.

"Trunks, begin!"

The purple-haired warrior needed no second invitation, and powered up to a

Super Saiyan. He flew at his father as fast as he could, who was remaining in his normal form. Vegeta would always push himself to his limits, before powering up. Trunks began with a barrage of punches. Vegeta stood solid, and deflected it all with one arm.

Seeing this, Trunks became infuriated, and pushed himself harder. Vegeta soon began to give ground, as he brought his other arm into the defense. Try as he may, however, he couldn't stop the golden fist from connecting into his face, as he tried to defend against one heading for his chest.

"Gravity reduced to 140."

Vegeta flew backwards, leaving Trunks continuing his attacks for a few seconds, before he realized what happened.

"Very good, boy. But, warm-up is over. It's time to get serious!" Vegeta screamed, as golden fire covered his body. The blood running down his chin was blown away by the rush of power.

Trunks flew at his father, and again barraged him. Vegeta, however, was not interested in this simple game, and reached out, seizing the boy by his ears, and planting his white boot into his face. Trunks flew away from his father, as the computer reported the gravity increase. Trunks flew away from his father, and tried to correct his trajectory.

Vegeta flew forward, to engage his son. By now, Trunks was coming around, and preparing for the attack. No more than a second had passed, when Vegeta was in attack range. Trunks flew up to avoid the leading punch. He drove his feet down, trying to connect with Vegeta's back. After missing, however, Vegeta had already turned over, so was in perfect position to catch Trunks' assault.

"What!?" yelled Trunks, as he felt hands on his feet, holding him up. He looked down, and saw it was Vegeta.

"Poor technique, boy!"

With that, Vegeta flew up, bringing Trunks out in front of him. He then forced Trunks straight into the ground. The floor tiles broke, and were forced up. Trunks began coughing up blood, as Vegeta prepared to strike again. His gloved fist sunk into the ground.

"Burning attack!"

Vegeta looked up from his miss, and saw a golden haze coming towards him.

"You can't escape, papa!"

As it began to get close, Vegeta forced his stuck hand open, and fired an attack, pushing him above his sons attack.

Sweat rolled down the forehead of Trunks, and his breathing became labored. His attack hit harmlessly on the wall. It was set with anti-ki material, ever since his father had blown this room apart after fainting from the extreme gravity and training. Trunks looked up, and saw his father coming down at him, fists pulled back in preparation to strike.

Trunks leaped back, trying to avoid his father. Vegeta almost hit the ground with his hands, but caught himself a few inches away. He exploded forward, and began attacking Trunks. Sweat ran off of Trunks' body as he kept his father away.

Vegeta tried to switch things up, and kicked against the ground sending his knee at Trunks' face. However, Trunks reversed the attack. As Vegeta gained air, he opened his hand, and formed a ball of ki, and pushed it into the crotch of his father, and ducked. The effect, was Vegeta in a lot of pain, and at a disadvantage. Trunks took advantage of the situation, and turned to face his incapacitated father.

"Renzoku energy dan!"

Trunks began to fire off the attack as a decoy. He zanzokened above his father, who had by now brushed the attack of him and was busy blocking the new attack, and planted his boots into the small of his back.

Vegeta was ready, and turned, firing off a charged galick kou into Trunks' chest. He screamed in pain as he was shot off into the air. Vegeta shot up, outrunning his son. He stood perpendicular to Trunks' flight path. As he crossed his father's line of sight, Vegeta tucked his left arm close to his body, pointed his right arm straight out and put his hand flat, with the thumb tucked into the palm as the fingers stood rigid, pointing out.

"Big Bang Attack!"

The purple beam exploded, and shot Trunks into the ground. Red blood poured from several wounds on his chest, now exposed. Floor tiles were broken from the impact. Dust, even in this massive gravity, was shot up from the impact.

Vegeta slowly lowered himself. He landed next to his fallen son.

"Weakling, get up!"

Trunks fought for every breath he took. And, with every exhale, he pushed blood out of his mouth. His eyes were rolled into the back of his head, and his left leg was twitching uncontrollably. Vegeta lifted him by what was left of his shirt, and began to fly to the exit.

"Computer, disengage the training simulation. Prepare regen-tank 1." he ordered as he hit the button by the door, allowing him passage to the rest of the training complex. His golden haired faded to black, and his green eyes changed to their true color. He walked over to the regen-tank, and placed Trunks in. The machine took over right away, as soon as it felt the weight. An oxygen mask latched over his mouth and nose, as the door closed shut. A light blue liquid filled the inside, and began to work with Trunks' body to repair the damage.

Vegeta looked at the graphical display above the healing tank. Trunks' wounds were not serious. He had simply gone into shock due to the pain. Estimated 82 minutes, and he'd be healed. Vegeta walked back into the training room, and set the gravity to 550 standard units. He also loaded the two training androids.

From the floor, two 6 foot androids, with the physical build on android 16, came out. Both were pale blue over their entire body. They were trained to adapt to any enemy's fighting style. Equiped with the same generator design Bulma had seen when she repaired 16, the combat droids had unlimited power.

Vegeta's hair flashed gold, as he powered back up. He was supposed to only fight these if he had powered up to Super Saiyan 2, but he never listened. Vegeta exploded is a sphere of ki, and flew at one of the left.

The android fired off a renzoku energy dan. Vegeta raised a ki shield over his body, allowing the shots to explod harmlessly on it. He felt the second android coming from behind. Vegeta side-stepped, and watched as the blue fighter smashed into the one in front of him. He dashed at them, laying down a barrage of ki attacks as he came in, and assulted the left android. His punches and kicks left dents all over it's body.

With a sudden burst of energy, Vegeta back flipped over the android he had left alone. He had stupidly allowed Vegeta enough time to dodge before he fired his attack. The cost was the other android was nearly destroyed. Before the remaining fighter could turn to confront Vegeta, the Saiyan thrust his fist through the bot's metallic torso. Electricity flowed into Vegeta's body, yet he still managed to raise his arm fast, slicing the droid in half.

"Computer, deactivate training simulation. Activate repairing program."

Vegeta's hair dropped to black as he walked to the exit. The room returned to standard gravity, as small machines began to repair the room. "Prepare regen-tank 2."

Vegeta walked into the room where his son was healing, and took a quick glance at the progress report. He still needed more then an hour. Vegeta kneeled down into the second healing tank, and fitted the oxygen mask over his face. The door shut, and Vegeta felt the liquid rush over his body. He closed his eyes, and waited for it to finish.

Yamcha continued to walk around. Two days had passed since Chaozu had started the power up. He and Krillin had sparred a little, but that had grown old. Neither wanted to damage the intricate design of the chamber, for fear of angering the one who's help they needed. So, Krillin just sat, below where the elder and Chaozu were located. Piccolo was where they came in. His legs were crossed, and was deep in meditation. He hovered several feet off the floor.

"Elder, there is something I want to discuss with you."

Yamcha stopped dead in his tracks, and turned on his heels. He watched as Piccolo walked towards the base of the pillar where the bear rested. His cape fluttered as he came close.

"You said something about humans not killing themselves off. Does that mean that humans have come here before?"

"Very insightful, Piccolo.", the elder's deep voice boomed. "Yes, humans have come here before. Some of the most powerful beings to ever exist." Upon hearing this, Krillin and Yamcha began to pay attention to every word spoken.

"What? Most humans are weak. Power levels don't go above 10, for the most part. On occasion, someone like these two will come along." Piccolo's clawed green hand swept at Krillin and Yamcha as he mentioned them. "But, their powers are nothing compared to mine or the Saiyans."

"Ha ha ha ha!!!" The bear almost lost connection with Chaozu during his fit of laughter. However, he managed to keep contact. With his free hand, he wiped tears into his fur and away from his eyes. "You speak of those two races as if they amounted to something. Piccolo, tell me, besides you, who was the strongest Namek warrior?"

"Nail. If I remember correctly, his power was 42,000."

"My point exactly. Why are you so strong, Piccolo? You had to fuse to gain the power to keep up with the others. Your power is due only because two others joined you. And the Saiyans, you spoke of, do you know how many of them never amounted to anything over a power of 20,000? There are ancient races of warriors that have triple that power as soon as they are formed, long before birth. The guardian you fought is one of them. Their race is sought out for body guards, due to their massive natural powers. The humans have put out warriors more powerful then you can imagine."

"What do you mean? I'm a "super" Namek. Goku, Vegeta, Gohan and the other Saiyans are Super Saiyans, and most of their powers out class me by a longshot."

"Super Nameks and Super Saiyans...ha! Humans, too, have such a level. However, none have reached this for some time...wait...what is this I see in your mind,

Chaozu?"

"It's is nothing." he hurriedly answered, trying to block the image out of his mind.

"No...when I talked of powerful humans, something came out of your mind. An image of massive clarity...there is a human, from Earth...Tenshinhan is his name. He has grown in powe...no, it can not be...not again..."

"What is it!?" Krillin and Yamcha called in unison.

"Oh no..." The arm that went to Chaozu began to shake out of control.
"Tenshinhan..."

"Elder!?" Piccolo called, flying to where he sat.

"Get away, Piccolo. I am fine. And I do have a name...Ursapha. However, what I have learned..."

"Tell us!" yelled Krillin, as he came level with Piccolo. They were slightly more than half the distance from the top of the pillar and the floor. Yamcha joined them quickly.

"Humans, you see, have a level such as the Nameks, Saiyans and almost every other race posses. However, this stage required such a massive power to begin with, all who attained it could have wiped out sections of space with the blink of an eye. Thankfully, so few reached it."

"We, have a hidden level!?"

Ursapha looked down at Krillin, and nodded his head. "It is inside of you, such as it is inside of all Saiyans that have not reached it. A few still exist, in remote corners of the universe, where they live as their ancestors did, in constant war with the other sentient species on the planet. But, that does not matter now. You, Yamcha...your friends Chi Chi and Bulma, all posses it, though it is hidden to you."

"Why? If we had this power...we could have stopped all of those that came to harm us! Why can't we access it?" This time, it was Yamacha who spoke.

"And what if someone, such as Dr. Gero, were to attain this level? He would have destroyed the world, and few would have been able to stop him. You see, long ago, humans were one of the most dominant species in the universe. Most planets had massive colonies." Ursapha stopped for a moment, as he saw the look of uncertainty on their faces. "You think Earth is your home world? No. The planet humans came from no longer exists, except in old books and the memories from those old enough to remember it. It was a casualty of one of these humans."

"But, how? Man has only reached the ability to travel in space."

"Man, as you know it. Before, man was everywhere. Almost all species bowed to them. Not because of their massive powers from birth, but because that they could reach powers higher than most ever could, even in their advanced forms. But, with so many people, there was a high chance that you could have an entire army of ungodly powerful warriors, humans in their advanced stage. A civil war broke out between two sections of the human empire. Some wanted to dominate everyone they came across. Others wanted to be more passive, and allow everyone to live as they were, and to join them when they reached the stars. Each side had warriors as strong as Chaozu here. And, each had an army of advanced humans."

Here, the elder stopped talking, and tears began to flow freely down his muzzle.

"The war they waged shook the entire universe. One moment, you'd be walking down a road, on your way to your love. The next, you'd see a handful of both sides engage in a fight in your skies. The next moment, your world would be gone. All you knew, gone. Then, neither side would offer condolences. The more primitive worlds would offer sacrifices to their gods, to apologize for how they had gone wrong. The more advanced, would, if it was possible, launch their armies against the humans."

Again, he stopped for a moment to collect himself.

"All the armies that were launched were wiped away. It was as if they were brushing away a fly." his clawed hand made the gesture, and again went to the arm of his chair. "So many people died...and in the end, the leaders of the two sides finally saw the futility of it all. They came together, with their top scientists, and decreed that the power they possessed should never again be unlocked. They found they could suppress the ability, but all humans had to undergo the treatment. This would have been impossible before the war. But now, barely 1 percent of the empire's population remained. They all received it. And now, the enemies from before came. All as one. Without the power from before, the humans were beaten down. But, they managed to wipe out the enemy army. But, they had lost so much. They broke up, after that. All planets alone."

"So...what does all of this mean?" Piccolo asked, sweat was starting to build on his brow.

"It has been long since that has happened. The change has begun to break down in a very few numbers. That is why you two are so strong, but the rest are not. But...Tenshinhan, it seems, is at the very brink of the conversion. One massive fight, if he survives it, should push it over the edge. He will go from human, to Meta Human." He began to shake, as if he had just been subjected to the cold. "I can't remember exactly what happens...but, believe me, Tenshinhan will become more deadly than everyone combined. Evil controls his heart."

"His power...would rival that of Vegeta and Goku's?" asked a frightened Krillin.

"His power would make Super Saiyan 3 Goku and Super Saiyan 2 Vegeta look like normal soldiers. He must be taken down, at all costs." he whispered.

All five became silent. Four of them had come across Tenshinhan, and his power was already beyond them. If he were to become a Meta Human...all stopped thinking when they reached that thought.

"Wait! What if...what if me or Yamcha were to become Meta Humans!? We must be getting close!"

"That is a noble idea. A very fine one...but you two are no where near overcoming the genetic block. But, I, like the elder Namek you met long ago, can power you up.

"But...only in the mind, right?"

"Well, yes. And that is where your power will come from. I will teach your body to cross as many of the boundaries that the genetic block set up in your body. Only you two can receive this. And I'm not sure how much you'll gain from this, but it will be power. Come, Krillin. You shall be the first."

Krillin gulped, and covered the last of the distance between the two of them. He landed a few feet away from Chaozu. Ursapha reached out with his free hand, and let it rest on Krillin's shaggy head. Krillin felt a tingle run in his mind, and it passed to his entire body. His eyes slammed shut from the sensation. His mind, however, opened its eyes wider than they had ever before. He felt secret depths of power being unlocked. He could actually feel the ability of going Meta Human inside of him, yet it, and many more secrets of power, were locked from him. He had nearly tripled in power, however, so he was not complaining.

"Yamcha, you are next."

Krillin drifted down to the level of Piccolo, as he watched a burst of red engulf Yamcha. He thought that must have happened to him too. He could already feel Yamcha growing stronger. At the end of the power up, Yamcha was over three times as powerful as before. Both humans were more powerful than Piccolo, and a good number of the Saiyans. And they felt that they could only become stronger after this.

"Be warned, however. You now know of the blocks in your body. All can be overcome, but I would not risk it. The power might make you insane, and none could stop you. Delve no deeper than I did. Continue to strengthen the way you have before.

Yamcha nodded as he leaped down, and came level with Krillin.

"I will call for food and drinks. I am sure, even here, you are famished."

His eyes closed for a moment, and a druid came in, carrying trays full of jugs and pots. These were set down on the ground, and the three converged on them. The druid passed into a golden door, and was gone.

Piccolo drank heavily from a jug of water, while Yamcha busied himself by consuming a wine-like substance. Krillin sampled a few, until he reached one full of tea. After the humans' thirsts had been quenched, they began to eat the meat pies, and fruit slices. Piccolo, however, stood up, and walked away, taking another jug of water with him.

Chaozu was too busy under going the power up to worry about food and drink. His race didn't need either as much as humans, and here, the thirst and hunger that was in him were suppressed.

Meanwhile, at the Capsule Corp. complex, Trunks was awakened by a beeping, telling him the rejuvenation cycle was over. The blue water was drained, and he was left nude as he came out. He went quickly to a locker built into the wall, and pulled a towel out. He quickly dried himself, and tossed the towel onto the ground. He reached in, and pulled out his favorite suit of clothes. He pulled them all on quickly, and pushed the towel into the laundry chute. He began to walk into the hallway, going to the elevator to leave, when he heard the voice.

"Where do you think you're going?"

Trunks silently cursed his father before he answered. "I am going out, to hang out with Goten, papa."

"Don't you think your training is more important than the half-wit son of another half-wit?"

Trunks finally snapped. Turning around, he let his power explode, and yelled to his father; "The only one who cares about training like you is you! No one cares who is stronger! You've wasted so much time in there for nothing! No enemy threatens us, and no warrior is left to claim supremacy over!"

"Kakorotto still remains!"

"Damn Kakorotto! You know if you ask Goku, he will tell you that you're stronger! It doesn't matter to him! Weaker, stronger; all he cares about is family, friends and the innocents. Life has meaning to him. You, however, lock yourself in that room, and fight your own demons of who's stronger."

"I am a royal prince, and you're father! You will not take that tone with me!"

"Prince!?! Prince of what!?! Prince of an almost dead race? Face it, papa, there is only Goku and yourself alive of your race."

Vegeta's eyes burned with anger, and he fought the urge to kill his offspring right there. Instead, he turned and walked back to the door. As he hit the button to open it, he called to his son. "Trunks, you are weak. You have always been weak. The Saiyan race may pass into extinction when Kakorotto and myself die, but at least I will know that I was a warrior to the end. It seems that my Saiyan blood, however, can not overcome the human blood in your veins. You wish to be weak, like the offspring of a lowly soldier. So be it. Weak at birth, weak now, weak at death. Pitiful!"

With that, Vegeta's muscular form passed into the room, and the door shut behind him. He reached out, and felt Trunks' power. He felt it increasing. Perhaps his words would stir up the desired response.

On the other side of the door, Trunks was losing the battle of self control. His father had insulted him too much. A disgrace, was all he was to him. His hair burned gold as he came closer to the door. He would show his father what a disgrace he was.

Vegeta silently urged his son on, to open the door, and take his place in battle. He willed his son to hit the switch that would put the two face to face, not as father and son. But, instead, as warrior to warrior.

However, that never came. Trunks gained control again before he hit the switch, and instead powered down as he walked away, to the elevator. He went in, and headed to the ground floor.

Vegeta's hopes that his son would prove himself were dashed. He spit at the ground, and walked forward. "Bah!"

At the Son house, life was better. Goku and Goten were busy eating themselves full, as Chi Chi tried to keep up. She knew she loved Goku and Goten, but sometimes, they were too much on her. However, as she was about to be stern with them, she looked into the deep eyes of her husband. The child-like innocence soothed her heart. The gaze of love was always there, and even now it reached out to her. She knew she meant more to him than the rest of the world. With her temper soothed, she continued happily to dish out more food to her family. She wished Gohan could be here. Nothing made her feel more proud than looking around her table, and seeing in their eyes, she was their world.

Gohan, meanwhile, landed at his home. He had searched all day for his target, but it had proven in vain. As he walked in, Videl was there to wrap him in her arms, and cover his lips with hers. She understood why he was out all day, and she was happy that

her husband had come back alive. His meal was ready, and their daughter was anxious to jump in. She couldn't eat as much as her father, but she ate more than her mother.

All three sat down, and began to eat, as Gohan explained to them both what was going on. He warned Pan time and time again not to go out looking, yet he was sure he'd find her gone one day, searching. He didn't mind. He loved his daughter, and would allow no hard to come upon her.

Gohan squeezed Videl's leg, and his eyes conveyed the message of what he wanted tonight. Videl squeezed his hand back, letting him know that she was needing it as much as he.

Trunks had gone into his room, and donned his blue jacket. And snapped his sword on, and walked out the front door, and took off towards Goten's house.

All the while, Tenshinhan sat alone at a restaurant, eating his fill. The few who noticed him nodded their heads in respect. The others gave him strange stares. He didn't care. The food was good, and all here would be killed as soon as he was done. A steak continued to go down his ravenous throat, as wine washed it down. Assorted foods covered his table, and were eaten slightly when the notion was taken. The table was clear, and Tien was about to wipe the city away, when he was a shadow moving towards him. He quickly powered down, and waited.

A woman sat down, in front of Tenshinhan. He looked up, and stared into the face of a beautiful blonde. She was tall, nearly the same height as he was, and slender. A large bust line drew Tien's eyes down, and he looked into her deep cleavage before looking back at her beautiful blue eyes. They were like small lakes that sat on a perfect field. She was fake from mostly head to toe, but it was good fake.

"Hi, I'm Nina. I couldn't help but notice, are you Tenshinhan?" she asked in a sophisticated voice.

"Yes, I am."

"This is so amazing! I've been a fan of yours ever since I saw you fight that bald brute. I was really young then, about 7." Tien's eyes lit up at her young age. She was only slightly over 20. "Then, when I saw you ready to fight Cell, I knew I was in love! I couldn't find you after that, though..."

"Sorry, I was training. If I had known, we would have met long before."

"Mr. Tenshinhan, can I ask you a favor?"

"Sure."

"Would you like to come to my house? I would love to learn everything about you. Your life seems so interesting, with all the fights you've been in and all. And, I love muscular men."

Tien saw what she was getting at, and he realized that when she said she wanted to get to learn everything about him, she had a certain area in mind. But, he wasn't going to question the lady's desires.

"Of course. However, I do need to pay for my food first."

"Don't think another thing about it! It would be my honor to pay for the meal of a hero such as yourself."

She waved a waiter over, and promptly paid for the large tab. He offered his arm, and she took it. They walked out into the cold night, and hailed a cab. They were headed to a large home, on the outskirts of the district. Nina cuddled close to Tenshinhan, as he reached out, looking for his next victim. Nina's warm body, however, pushed the thought from his mind, and he pulled her closer to his chest.

Thanks, unknowingly, to a young woman who wished to soothe her carnal desires, the world's greatest heroes was saved a death for at least one more night. All the warriors worried about the ominous killer, however, and continued to think of some way to best him. So little they knew, so little they knew.

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

Next chapter: Legend learned; Hell on Earth.