

Tenshinhan's New Trainer

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List of Terms that may not be familiar

Second Plane Energy- energy found in a plane parallel to ours. No matter can exist on the second plane.

Line- a river-like strip of energy on the second plane.

Source- A place where two lines meet. Stronger than a line, but weaker than a juncture

Sight- the ability to see the second plane from this plane. Needed to use second plane energy.

Light- A small ball of second used as a light.

“You fool! What do you think you’re doing?”

Tenshinhan stopped concentrating on his task at hand and looked up at his trainer who had just scolded him, “Man, she looks pissed,” He thought.

“You DO NOT try to use that strong of energy until you reach a higher level, got it.”

“Yeah, sorry, didn’t realize it was such a big mistake.” Tenshinhan at least had the sense to look chastised, even if he was a little annoyed.

Do you have any idea what would have happened if you’d had kept on going. Look with your sight at the size of the source you were about to tap into. If you’d opened up a direct connection to it and let it run into you, you’d have been given a few seconds before you either turned to ash or were about a thousand separate little pieces.” She said, a little more calm now, “I’m fast, but I highly doubt I would have been able to stop it.”

“I didn’t realize that.”

“I never told you, so technically, it would have been my fault. I’m sorry I got so pissed, but I was frightened. I don’t intentionally try to blow up my students,” she stated, putting a smile on her face.

“Is there any other hazards I should be aware of?”

“None I can think of,” she said, after contemplating for a few seconds.

“Can I get back to training now?”

Satira laughed at this, “Sure.” She was amazed at how dedicated and devoted this guy was to training. She was used to student who preferred having fun. Then again, her students were usually pre-teens and young teenagers. They’re supposed to want to have fun.

Tenshinhan went back to his searching. He was working on connecting and disconnecting mentally with the surrounding sources. It was a lot more difficult than it sounded. He had to use almost all of his concentration in order to do it. Satira, his most recent trainer, was watching him on the other plane, making sure he didn’t do something stupid.

On the living plane, however, she was looking at the horizon, watching the sun. She didn’t want to be stuck out here at night. Not that she was afraid of the dark; she just preferred to not have to create a light. She didn’t think it below her, just as a waste of energy.

: *Foods ready!* : Chaozu sent into their minds. The two of them were quite a distance from the house, so yelling wouldn't have done him much good.

Satira got out of her trance and got up. She saw Tenshinhan was still concentrating on his task. She sent a mental slap to break it.

"Huh!?" He looked up and got a confused look on his face, "What was that?"

"A mental slap. Get used to it. Didn't hurt, did it?"

"No, it just surprised me."

"Good. That's what I was trying to do. Come on, it's time to eat."

Tenshinhan got up off the rock and went over to Satira. He picked her up and flew off. It amazed him that the girl, given all the ability she had, couldn't fly. But then again, she wasn't all that great at controlling her own ki, which was relatively strong. But even more amazing was her reaction to flying. She wasn't stunned or frightened. Instead, she acted indifferent to the ground speeding by under her.

They landed in front of the small capsule house Bulma had lent him. He put her down and was once again reminded of her height. She came up to his shoulder. She just walked away and headed to the back of the house to wash up. She preferred to use the lake behind the house over using the sinks inside. Tenshinhan just shook his head and opened the door to go inside.

He just got through the frame when he saw Kuririn standing in the kitchen with his daughter Marron. The short man looked up and saw his friend standing there. He smiled and told Tenshinhan hi. Tenshinhan replied and a conversation started with Tenshinhan standing in the doorway. Marron, who was about four, stood behind her father, terrified of the giant who'd just entered. She looked back at Chaozu, who was standing by the counter. He smiled back at her, totally understanding her fear of Tenshinhan. He felt much the same way whenever he saw someone Tenshinhan's height; especially if he didn't know the person. Marron had every right to be afraid, but she'd get over it in a bit.

Tenshinhan was about to ask Kuririn how 18 was doing, when he felt a sharp pain on his arm.

"Ouch!" He looked behind him. Satira had been standing there for a few minutes now, and she was hungry. She had gotten impatient and pinched him on his bicep. He looked behind him and made a face that told her he didn't appreciate what she'd just done. Kuririn just looked at him in confusion; he couldn't see the girl behind Tenshinhan.

"What do you want?"

"I'm hungry, MOVE!" Satira forcefully told him, showing her irritation.

"Did you really have to pinch me? Couldn't you have done that mental slap thing?"

"No, I'm having hunger pains, I thought I'd share some pain with you."

"Gee, thanks." He said not even hiding the sarcasm.

"No problem, now will you get out of the way?" She said sweetly, flashing him a smile.

Kuririn had stood listening to the entire confrontation, wondering who the second voice was. His friend's body hid her completely. 'She certainly doesn't sound like Ranchi,' he thought.

Tenshinhan decided to play a game, being Satira was being so rude. He stood in the doorway; not letting her in, knowing it would only make her more pissed. She glared up at him, not even moving a finger. Her hands were in fists and were jammed into her hips. She had her one leg bent slightly with her foot still on the ground, while the other was straight, causing her one hip to jut out. All of her weight was on the straight leg. Her head was tilted to the side and her face gave the appearance of being angry. Her brow was furled and her teeth were clenched.

Satira knew exactly what Tenshinhan was doing, and she was not happy. In fact she was getting fed up with his sudden show of immature behavior. She wasn't going to put with

it anymore. She gave no warning. Just pushed him roughly out of the way.

Tenshinhan stumbled back a few steps. He looked at her in surprise. She never was anything but serious. Even violence seemed strange coming from her. Granted, he'd only known her for a few months and the only person who knew about her, besides Choazu, was Muten Roshi. And even he didn't know the new trainer was a girl. Knowing him, he assumed it was a guy, just like everyone else would.

Satira entered the room, not even waiting for Tenshinhan to say anything. She knows with half a chance, he'd apologize; she just wasn't interested in one right now. Maybe later. She was so pissed off she barely noticed the short man standing in the middle of the room, looking confused.

Kuririn looked up at the new girl who had just entered the room. Tenshinhan had came up behind her and looked like he just made a mistake. The first impression he got was that the girl was tall. The second was from the way Tenshinhan looked at her. Kuririn had known the guy for years, yet he'd never seen the guy look at anyone that way. Even Ranchi had never gotten that look.

Satira stopped long enough to look Kuririn up and down, to which he blushed, then continued to the table. She sat down and looked at the three men in the room and little blond haired girl she'd just noticed. She was standing behind the strange man and was looking at Ten with fear.

"What's her name?" She asked.

"Huh... Oh, Marron." Kuririn answered, wondering if he should introduce himself. He decided against it when the woman started speaking to his daughter.

"Marron, hi!" the little girl looked over at the woman, "Are you scared of that big man over there," Satira said, leaning forward in her chair to bring her face closer to Marron's level.

Marron nodded her head and let go of her father's leg. She looked up at the dark haired woman and decided she liked her. She took a hesitant step toward her, looking at her papa for reassurance. Kuririn just nodded his head once. Marron ran over to the woman and started speaking a mile a minute, from things about her mother to her hair to how many toys she had. Satira just smiled and listened. She picked the little girl up and placed her on her lap. The girl continued speaking, barely stopping long enough to take a breath.

Tenshinhan watched this. Kuririn noticed his friend's attention in the strange woman. He walked over to him and started to speak to him.

"So what's with you and the girl?" he asked.

"Nothing. WHY?" Tenshinhan replied, barely masking his annoyance.

"You seem to be watching her rather closely. I've never seen you so interested in anyone, not even Ranchi."

Tenshinhan blushed and replied, "It's that obvious."

"To me, yeah. Probably not to her."

"I've noticed it to Ten." This was Choazu who had listened to the last couple compliments in the conversation.

"I didn't try to. I don't want her to know bec..."

"I know Tenshinhan. Her reaction to it wouldn't be what you favor. She's not very interested in anything from you but your ability with second plane energy. You'd be crushed by rejection, which she's sure to give." Tenshinhan's best friend informed him.

"What are you talking about? What is this second plane energy crap?" This was Kuririn who had listened to Choazu's explanation, zeroing in on the three words he didn't understand. He had said this statement rather loudly.

"It's what I'm teaching your dear friend, Tenshinhan, to control," this was Satira, who had heard the question Kuririn asked.

Kuririn looked afraid, Tenshinhan went even redder than what he was before, and

Choazu had an amazed look on his face.

“How much of that conversation did you hear?” asked the blushing Tenshinhan.

“Just that last statement made by the guy I don’t know.”

At about this time, Ten realized that he never introduced his friend to his new instructor.

“Oops. I guess you two would like to know each other’s name. This is Satira,” he pointed at the girl, “And this is Kuririn.”

“Hi. I’m assuming this delightful conversationalist is your daughter.” Satira stated, making Marron puff up with pride, even though she didn’t get what was said. She just thought it sounded good.

“Ah, yeah.” Kuririn couldn’t help but stare. THIS was Tenshinhan’s new trainer. Who would have thought? Roshi had mentioned the fact Ten had a new trainer, and he hadn’t been happy about it. He’d probably change his opinion if he knew it was a woman and not a man.

They all stood around for a while, except for Satira, who had the chatty Marron on her lap. The little girl was speaking like there was no end to the world, happy to be the only voice in the room. She probably thought everyone was listening to her. Satira certainly looked like she was.

Marron turned around and looked the woman in the face, asking her where she was from. Satira suddenly began to look uncomfortable. “A place a long way from here,” she simply stated.

“It got a name?” The girl asked, looking at the woman’s waist.

“Yeah, I just don’t like to talk about it.”

“Oh, what’s this?” Marron asked, pointing to something on Satira’s waist. None of the guys saw what Marron pointed at, so they assumed it was probably something on Satira’s shirt.

Marron, ever the curious creature, reached out and grabbed the thing she’d been pointing at before. No sooner had her tiny hand gotten all the way around did Satira let out a blood-curdling cry of pain. Marron looked up in surprise, then looked like she was ready to start crying.

“LET GO! IT HURTS!!!” Satira screamed, tears actually starting to stream down her face.

Marron, who was terrified of the woman’s reaction, let go, jumped to the floor, and ran to her father.

Satira let out a sigh of relief. She let her tail hang behind her. It went down to the floor, and was very visible. She knew this was going to raise some eyebrows, but she didn’t care, she was just happy she didn’t feel like she was being torn apart anymore.

Kuririn hadn’t expected what had just happened, and the tail left him in shock. He looked over at Ten, who’s expression mirrored his own, then at Choazu, who looked like he was about to faint. Apparently, they hadn’t known about it either.

“You have a TAIL!!!” Tenshinhan exclaimed in surprise.

“Yeah, I was kind of born with it.” Satira said sheepishly.

“How’d you manage to keep it a secret all this time.” Ten asked

“I played on your shyness. You’d never come watch me take a bath in the pond, so I knew you’d never see me in the nude. I hid it so it could only be seen when I had nothing on.” She’d managed to say this without going red, while the guys were quickly turning darker shades of the color.

They all looked at each other in shock. Choazu’s voice sounded in the two guys’ heads. Kuririn’s eyes went wide. He’d never had Choazu speak to him telepathically before. : *You have to admit, that is rather clever.* :

: *True, but it also was out and out lying.* : Tenshinhan sent back, not including

Kuririn in this one. He thought more than enough things going on in this house today probably frightened the guy. He should tell him it's not always like this.

Satira sat and watched the three stare at each other. Eventually she got bored and realized that her stomach was still empty.

"Hey, you guys! How about we sit down and eat. I'm still hungry." She told them. Marron, who'd been hiding behind her father's leg, peeked out and nodded her head, indicating that she agreed. It was time to eat.

Chaozu hurried and got the food on the table. Everyone sat down and began to eat. Kuririn watched Satira, expecting her to put almost all the meal away. Instead, she ate even less than Marron, who was a very fussy eater. He sat stunned for a while after the dishes had been cleared. How come a saiya-jin ate so little?

Tenshinhan had noticed the same thing as his friend, but long before. He already realized Satira's appetite. He thought all saiya-jin ate as much as they could get their hands on. No sooner did he get up to wash the dirty dishes, did he sense a ki die. It wasn't anyone that was powerful or even knew how to control their ki, but the way it went out and the fact he sensed it with his second-plane abilities intrigued him. He looked over at Satira and figured she sensed it too.

"This isn't good." She stated simply.

"What is it?"

"That person had a small amount of second-plane ability. Her death means more than you can imagine. She would have released some energy when she died, more so than a normal person. And the way her ki went way up just before she died, also means she had been tortured to death. I suggest we go check this out, except I don't think the kid should see this. I've seen mercenary fighters go green at the gills at these type of scenes."

"I can watch her. I don't really think I'd do much anyway." Chaozu piped in.

'Oh great, and what makes him think that that I want to see this.' Kuririn thought.

"Thanks a lot there Chaozu." Satira said.

"We better go." Tenshinhan said, grabbing Satira around the waist and leaving out the front door.

"I can walk."

"But it'll be quicker to fly."

With this he took off, Kuririn just on his heels.

"I could have walked out the front door. I'm not invalid."

"Quit complaining or I'll drop you."

Kuririn looked over at Ten in surprise at this remark. His friend wasn't always the warmest person, but he rarely made threat like that. What's going on between those two?

The three landed to find two other people already at the scene. Gohan and Yamcha had arrived shortly before them. Now they stared at the girl Tenshinhan was carrying. He set her down right away, meaning that he wasn't that intimate with her, but he seemed to keep his eyes on her as she walked toward the corpse tied to the tree.

When Gohan and Yamcha had seen the dead person, they had to fight to prevent getting nauseous at the sight. This girl, however, walked right up to it without even flinching at the numerous cuts and burns. The person had been very badly tortured and mistreated before she was allowed to die.

Satira said a name, with sorrow in her voice, just before she went around the tree and untied her friend from it. The corpse fell to the ground and laid in a heap, suggesting it hadn't been very long before it had breathed it's last.

The two strangers to Satira watched on in wonder. This person knew the victim. Gohan, ever the sympathizer, came up to her and placed a hand on her shoulder. She looked up at the man and nodded. Getting up, she mentally reached over to nearest river and connected. She used the new energy to remove dirt from a nearby area, thereby creating a

hole. Lifting her old friend with her mind, she moved her into the hole and covered her up. Gohan and Yamcha had no idea what had just happened. They finally turned to Ten and started asking questions.

“Who is this girl and was she the one who just did that?” Yamcha asked, followed directly by Gohan’s, “How did she do that and what is her name?”

Tenshinhan looked at them, not quite sure where to begin.

“Satira, and I did that as I have always done that every time I find these creeps’ massive destruction.” She answered for herself; slightly annoyed they’d asked Ten about her instead of directly asking her.

The two whipped around, being she had been behind them when they turned toward Ten, and one smiled while the other gaped.

“Satira, this is Gohan and Yamcha.” Ten said behind her.

“Hi, I’d say it’s a pleasure to meet you, but with the circumstances and all.” She said pointing to the mound of dirt.

“You know more than you’re letting on,” Gohan stated suspiciously.

“Correct. However, now isn’t the time to get into it. I want to find the bastard that did this to my friend and I want him to pay,” Satira had so much hatred in her voice, everyone took a step back, even Ten.

“Remind me to never get her mad,” Kuririn told Ten. Ten just nodded his head.

“I usually hold my temper better than most saiya-jin. Don’t worry about me attacking you for something extremely silly, like saying I’m weaker than somebody else, because chances are, I am.”

Gohan and Yamcha were both gaping at Satira now.

“You’re saiya-jin?” Gohan asked astounded.

Satira looked at the man and nodded. She already realized he was half saiya-jin, partially because Tenshinhan told her and partially because her sense of smell told her. All saiya-jin shared a unique scent. All the others in the race could pick it up too.

A group of four guys showed up. Three of them looked to be of her race, but they all had the distinct saiya-jin odor. Three of them had the normal black uncontrollable hair, whereas the fourth one had short lavender hair. This confused her.

A woman with shoulder-length blond hair appeared not very long after the men.

‘She looks like a shorter, lighter, blond haired blue eyed version of me.’ Satira thought to herself.

Satira’s black eyes glared at all the saiya-jin. They were in for the surprise of their lives when they realized what they were up against. Satira smiled at this thought.

“Hey guys!” Kuririn exclaimed.

“GUYS!!!” The blond glared at him.

“Oops, sorry.” He looked at her.

These two have something between them, must be Marron’s mother.

“Hey, who’s the girl?” One of the dark haired guys asked.

“Her names Satira. That’s Goku, Goten, Trunks, and Vegeta.” Kuririn introduced them. Satira felt Tenshinhan emotionally tense at the last name. One of the perks of having empathy. You never had to wonder what people felt about a certain subject.

Satira gave a weak smile and stayed quiet when the friends went off into a conversation. She noticed the Vegeta guy stayed out of it too. Oh well, not everyone likes to talk.

Satira felt a tug on one of the nearby rivers and swiveled her head to get a better sight of it. Someone had just connected to one the strong rivers she’d put hooks into.

The dark haired woman started to walk away. She had let her tail down and it was now swinging quite jerkily. Trunks had seen her leave and the tail and now stood with his mouth hanging open.

“What with you? Look like you saw a ghost.” Goten said, bringing him out of his shock. He looked at his friend, smiled goofily and pointed at the girl. Goten looked, and shouted.

“Holy Shit! She’s a saiya-jin!” Everyone looked at Goten and Trunks, and then to the person they were staring at. She was already a couple hundred yards away, but the saiya-jin in the group could still see her tail well enough.

“Who would have thought?” Goku said, smiling.

“Who is she, really? Satira is not a saiya-jin name,” Vegeta had grabbed Kuririn by the collar of his shirt and picked him up.

“How would I know? I’m not the one she’s living with. Back me up here 18.” He said pathetically.

“Not unless you’re hiding her away in a closet somewhere.” 18 stated, looking quite uninterested in the frightened man.

“I’m not, I swear.”

“Then who is she living with?” Goku asked this one, putting his hand on Vegeta’s wrist, squeezing until he dropped Kuririn quite roughly.

“Ouch, gee thanks.” He told them both.

“Shut up.”

“My guess would be Tenshinhan.” Gohan and 18 said simultaneously.

“What? Why would you say that?” Vegeta spat. He didn’t even think the three-eyed wonder had a house.

“She came with him and Kuririn.” Gohan said.

“Yeah, Kuririn had gone to visit him today.” 18 stated.

“Maybe we should follow her.” Tenshinhan spoke up, trying to take the attention off of himself. He didn’t want to explain everything yet. It worked. They all looked at the barely visible woman. ‘That girl can really move,’ Gohan thought. They all took off in the air after her. They landed all around her, trapping her and getting in her way as she walked. She accidentally ran into one the guys. She looked up, apologized and asked for him to move, a lot more politely than she had Tenshinhan earlier, then returned her attention back to the ground. She wasn’t sure what the guy’s name was, she hadn’t been listening too closely before when they’d been introduced. The only one she remembered was Vegeta, not because of the impression she got from him, but because of the emotional reaction from Ten.

No one moved when she asked, so she looked up again, this time slightly annoyed.

“Why are you trying to stop me?” Her voice had raised in volume.

“Where do you think your going, woman?” Vegeta grunted.

‘OH SHIT!! She’s not going to take that well.’ Tenshinhan thought, looking worried.

“WHAT DID YOU CALL ME!!!” Satira screamed, beyond mad, ready to kill. She gained control over her emotions quickly though, “Call me that again, and I personally send you to a place that make hell look like a top quality resort. And trust me, I have the power to do so. The Gods themselves are afraid of what I could do to them in a bad mood. You’re nothing.” She started this statement with clenched teeth, but had gained enough control to finish in a cold but controlled voice.

Vegeta just looked at her in shock. That was not the reaction he expected. It made Bulma’s outburst seem like whining. This girl was just way too controlled for his taste.

“Tenshinhan!” Satira addressed her student in a cheery voice now, “Look at the ground and use your sight. Do you see the red taint on the thin spread out energy?”

“This really isn’t a good time for a lesson.” He answered, looking embarrassed. She picked a perfect time to talk over his friends’ heads.

“Just do it already. Trust me, it’s more important than a simple lesson, though it will help you later.”

“THIS is your new trainer!!!” Gohan said, picking it up before everyone else.

“YES.” Both Satira and Ten said this together.

“Wow! You’re lucky. Spending that much time around a girl like that.” This was Yamcha. Ten turned a light shade of pink at this and Satira gave him a cold glare before shaking her head slightly.

“Anyway, back to the problem at hand, Ten please do what I asked you before.” Satira’s voice was very relaxed.

Ten’s face gave the appearance of concentration. He went into a weak trance, something he hoped he wouldn’t have to do eventually. Just when he was about to give up, he ‘saw’ a low red glow trailing along on the pale grey one.

His eyes widened and Satira had her answer even before he nodded his head. She smiled and said, “Good, then we can fly after the murderer instead of walking. If you follow that trail, you’ll find him. He stole energy from another, his ‘ki’ is forever tainted; you could follow him anywhere you wanted from now on.” She said, using words the others would understand.

He stared at her, letting the words sink in. A smile appeared on his face when he finally realized what it meant. He ran up to her, grabbed her waist and took off. The others, still confused, took a few seconds before they took off and followed.

Satira crossed her arms, hating the fact she had to depend on Ten so much. Normally she never let people touch her, and if it weren’t for her inability to fly, it wouldn’t be any different right now. Ten would be a smoking pile of ash. No one ever touched her hand, unless they happened to be one of the select few she liked enough to hug occasionally. Imagine how livid she must be at having another person’s arm around her waist.

It was about a half an hour later before they found the man; he’d portalled a few times in his flight. The group had done some backtracking as a result, but finally they’d caught up to him. Satira told Ten to go to the ground. The two descended, the others following right behind them. The man turned around and looked annoyed at their arrival.

Vegeta, ever the impatient one, flew full speed at the man, fist raised to hit him in the face. All he met was the wall of the man’s shield, which sent a strong electrical shock through him. The prince went careening backwards, past Satira, who watched him skid on the ground. She sighed and shook her head.

The others saw this, and made attempts to help the fallen man. No one went to pick Vegeta up though. Instead, they flew at the man, attempting the same thing as Vegeta. Though the man had taken the electric shock out of his shield, Satira knew it wouldn’t last.

Four of the men were attacking, the two boys and Kuririn were watching for an opening and the woman was trying to analyze the fight and figure out the easiest way to beat the guy.

Tenshinhan, when he attempted to leave to help his friends, had been stopped by a gentle hand on his arm. He looked behind him, fist raised, ready to strike down the person, till he saw it was Satira.

: *Why’d you stop me:* he sent a telepathic message.

: *Look at them fighting, they can’t even get a punch in, and he’s not even moving. He has a shield up; it’s preventing them from getting within three feet of him.* She sent back.

He turned and watched for a while. She was right. They couldn’t do anything. Even ki attacks were useless. They were just absorbed and thrown back by the invisible bubble.

Satira knew she hadn’t taught Tenshinhan anything about shields yet, but now was as good as a time as any.

“Go into trance and watch the shield with sight. However, keep your eyes open and watch the fight on this plane as well.” Satira ordered him, establishing a mental connection to him, in case he needed help.

Tenshinhan looked at his trainer like she’d just lost it. She was attempting to teach him something new now. He shrugged and thought, ‘oh well.’ He put himself into a trance

and concentrated on the shield. He struggled a bit with the opening his eyes though. At first he used ki sense to follow his friends. This gained him a mental slap. He then tried following them with their second plane energy. They emitted a little bit of the stuff too. Again he received a mental slap, this time a little bit harder. Finally, he opened his physical eyes. He almost lost his sight, but was able to maintain it miraculously.

The shield fluctuated and bent slightly with every hit it took. It bounced back every time though, which is why the fighters weren't getting anywhere. He watched the guys try for a while before he sighed and realized they weren't going to get anywhere with the method they were using.

: *You see it now.* : Satira asked.

: *Yeah, they aren't doing much are they?* : He replied.

: *That's why I didn't want you to join them. You wouldn't have done any better. Now, do you think you could find a weak spot? He's got a very obvious one.* :

: *I'm not sure.* : He searched with his sight, trying hard to see an opening. : *All I see is a strong, indestructible bubble.* :

: *Look at the ground.* : She hinted.

Tenshinhan trained his sight on the ground. The man was standing on a line, though he didn't look like he was connected to it. He didn't get it.

: *I'm still at a loss.* :

: *His shields end at the ground. He's not protecting himself from underneath.* : She explained.

He looked to confirm. 'She's right,' he thought, 'the guys completely unguarded from beneath. This shouldn't be too hard.'

"Don't attack him physically from beneath, use a plane attack. He must not realize that both of us have sight if he leaves such an opening. However, he's going to sense you a lot sooner if you use a physical attack versus a plane one."

"Really? He's that good?"

Satira just nodded her head yes.

The fighters were trying to attack in pairs now, with the exception of Vegeta, and weren't getting any farther than before. A few of them were starting to get frustrated. They were starting to throw weak versions of their strongest ki attacks. The attacks were only absorbed three feet from the man and thrown back. It was obviously at a stalemate.

The guy was starting to get bored with this. These inferior fighters were obviously no match for him.

Satira and Tenshinhan were on the sidelines, along with 18, planning an attack. 18 wasn't getting most of what they were saying, but understood well enough when they explained her part. Though she didn't like taking orders, ever, she figured the black haired chic knew what she was doing. She at least had a plan, unlike the other morons, who were just attacking blindly.

After the explanation was through, 18 did her part, as did Tenshinhan. 18 walked slowly up to the guy, stopping when she felt a resistance. She stood there and flashed the guy a cold smile. He just stared at her, stunned. This is not what he expected. The guys had stopped attacking when she'd appeared, afraid they'd hit her.

He was so busy keeping his eye on the girl, wondering what she was up to; he didn't notice the energy forming in ground beneath him. Satira had made sure one of Ten's first lessons was to learn how to create attacks far away from his hands and body. He was now putting this technique to work, though it took more concentration to do than the normal way.

Once the energy was done, he sent it up, towards the man. The man recognized the plan at the last second, but wasn't fast enough to dodge it or shield against it. Long arms of silver colored energy writhed out of the ground, surrounding the man. He let out a frightened scream before disappearing behind the curtain of energy. Ten stared, astonished at what he'd

just done.

“Good job. Remember to remind me of this the next time I’m working you too hard.” Satira patted him on the shoulder, and then ran up to the man. When she came to the resistance, she placed her hand against it. A red glow spread over the bubble before it shattered into hundreds of energy shards.

Satira walked up to the man and placed a hand on his forehead. He wasn’t dead by any means. She could tell that he could take extremely high amounts of energy before it had any effect on him. She kept her hand on his head for ten seconds before removing it and backing away.

“Did you kill him?” Goku asked. His hearing had picked up the man’s heartbeat.

“No, merely took away his ability to manipulate second plane energy. He won’t be able to create a shield around him now. I’ll let you guys kill him. Though I doubt he’ll be much of a challenge. He may last half a minute of your beating; it’s highly unlikely though. Maybe if you go easy on him.”

Around this time the man started waking up, moaning in pain. A few seconds later he got up and looked around at many angry and scary faces. He tried to create a shield, but it just wouldn’t work. He started to panic and started rambling on in a strange foreign language. Satira just laughed and told him something in the same language, or at least it sounded like she did. The man’s eyes widened and he looked at her in utter fear.

“Well, what are you waiting for? He will start running here soon and if you don’t want to chase him down, you should attack now.” Satira said.

Vegeta didn’t need anymore of an invitation. He went at the man, fists flailing. The man made a desperate attempt to defend himself, but within twenty seconds, he lay on the ground, bloody and broken, no longer breathing. Goku, as always, started preaching on how it was wrong to kill.

“Really? Try telling that to the dead man,” Satira spoke up, looking very peeved at such stupidity, “Do you even know anything about what he did?”

Goku shook his head no, as did everyone else.

“He would take a victim and torture them, sometime keeping them conscious and in extreme pain for days, even weeks. The more pain they felt and the longer they felt it, the better. When they finally were allowed to die, they would have their dying energy, in essence their soul, stolen and trapped in the mans control. He basically was a soul snatcher, and he’d drain the soul of all energy it contained, until there was nothing left. He was able to literally murder a person twice. I think he more than got what was coming to him, thought if I’d been in Vegeta’s shoes, I wouldn’t have been as swift or as nice.”

“That’s possible?” Gohan asked this

“Yes, I’d know, I’ve seen it happen in front of me before.”

“How awful!” Tenshinhan stated. Satira just sighed, tire of speaking. She wasn’t much of a speaker anyways.

“So tell us, how is it possible your saiya-jin and explain how you do all that stuff you’ve done.”

“Later, I don’t feel like talking right now. Let’s go home.” She turned toward Tenshinhan, placing her arms around his neck before she blacked out from exhaustion