

Part III

By Kralia Blake

Tenshinhan was having a nice dream. At least it was until the earthquake started. He chose to wait it out; it would end soon. Or at least that's what he thought until he heard a voice in his head.

: Wake up, damn you.:

: No,: he sent back bluntly, rolling over in bed, hoping that would discourage her.

: You're going to get up now, or I will use force.:

: Hmm...go away already, I want to sleep.:

:I suggest you get up now, or I will give you two choices as to how you do. One will be that I push you out of your cozy nest there and deposit you on the cold floor. The other, and I prefer this one over moving your heavy body, is that I sit on your chest until you can't breathe. Now, which is it going to be?: she sent with a hint of humor.

"Fine, I'm up, I'm up." He opened his eyes and saw her face a foot away from his, smiling. He was tempted to hit her, but refrained. 'I'm really not much of a morning person,' he thought.

"You certainly aren't." she said, standing up straight, "I must have been shaking you for five minutes before you came enough into consciousness to speak telepathically to." Satira walked away from the bed.

"Will you quit that? You know I really hate it when you read my personal thoughts."

"And I really don't care. You don't shield them, I get to read them."

"I liked you better when I didn't know you that well. You weren't quite so annoying."

"Yeah, well, I could have told you that would happen when we met. And you're only annoyed with me because it's seven in the morning and you want to sleep in. Well, if I don't get to sleep in, then neither do you! Now get up and get dressed," Satira said, heading out the door, "I don't even *want* to know what you wear to bed." With that said, she closed the door.

Satira had known that waking Ten up wasn't going to be an easy task, but she thought that it would have been harder than it had ended up being. She knew that had the positions been changed, she would have been much more difficult. But she hated waking up early, unless by her own accord. 'Maybe working at night has something to do with that,' she contemplated.

She was still surprised he hadn't cursed at her or thrown her out of the room. Had it been her, she would have. 'Who am I kidding? I would have thrown him out the door, told him to go to hell, and slammed the door behind me before retreating to my bed again.'

Satira sat down on a comfortable chair and let out a yawn. She really didn't like being up this early. Unfortunately, she had important things to do yet today. Her brother had sent word telepathically that he was coming. He said he'd meet her at Goku's, being all the others were going there this afternoon.

It had been a month since they'd been here. She'd only spent about three conscious hours with the group and still didn't know any of the names. And chances were her brother would learn their names after the first ten minutes with them.

Ten chose this moment in her musings to make an appearance. Thankfully, he was fully dressed. However, he was still half asleep and not looking very happy.

"Would you mind telling me exactly why I have to be up so early," Ten grumbled, pinning Satira with a murderous gaze.

"No, not at all. You see, my brother sent a message yesterday that he'd be arriving this morning at about nine at the place we were meeting everyone else. I want to get there before than to see if there are any large sources in the area. We're too far away for even me to be able to tell. I'd go by myself, but I doubt...Goku?... would be happy with me dropping by unannounced."

"Okay, number one, yes it is Goku, and number two, I highly doubt Goku would mind. He'd probably run out and greet you on sight. Although his wife would probably have a fit, so that does have some backing, but not much. She'd calm down as soon as Goku introduced you, I'm sure. So, I ask again, why do *I* need to be up?"

"Well, I do need to get over there quickly. It would probably be around noon *tomorrow* if I walked there. In other words, you get to have the honor of flying me there," Satira explained, pasting a fake grin on her face.

"Quit being cute," he bit out. Satira gave him a serious gaze. "Fine, I'll take you," Ten gave in. At least she obliged to him. She could have done the puppy-eyes thing that Choazu would do every now and then when he didn't get his way.

Which reminded Ten, "Hey, where's Choazu?"

Satira shrugged, "Well if he's the last place I saw him, still asleep, unless our conversation has woken him up."

"You mean to tell me, you woke me up, but let his stay asleep?" Ten said, sounding very annoyed and angry.

Satira nodded her head, "Yep, he just looked so cute and angelic like when I peeked in to check on him."

"What is with you this morning? You're acting way too cheerful and ditzy. You never act like this."

Satira shrugged, "Probably because I woke up early. My brother always told me I act strange when I don't wake up at my normal time, which is quite a few hours from now."

"Yeah, I know, I usually wake up before you."

Satira shrugged again, only this time in nonchalance. She looked over at the clock. "Exactly how long do you think it will take you to get to Goku's?"

"A little under an hour. Why?"

"Because the clock says it's seven-thirty five. We should get going. I want to check a few things yet before my brother gets here."

"Fine, let's get going then," he huffed and left out the door, leaving her to get out of the chair and follow him, which she did.

They arrived at their destination around fifty minutes later. Tenshinhan

deliberately landed right in front of the house. He had an intuition that Satira really didn't want to meet anyone and that if he'd landed farther away she would have run off and shielded herself. Then he would have had a hell of a time trying to find her again.

Almost immediately after Ten's feet touched the ground, Satira moved away and Goku came out of the house. Ten figured Goku would feel them coming. Right behind Goku was Chichi.

"Tenshinhan, it's been a long time. You should visit more often," she said, barely hiding the fact that she was faking her politeness.

"I've been busy," he covered, and was backed up by Satira's nod.

At this time Chichi noticed the girl next to Ten. "Who is that?" she questioned.

Ten looked over at her. He had assumed Goku would have told Chichi about Satira. "This is Satira. She's the one who's been training me for the last four months," Tenshinhan stated.

: *Satira that is Chichi. She's Goku's wife.* : Ten sent rather than stating out loud. For some reason or another, he felt more comfortable speaking telepathically with her than vocally.

: *Thanks. I think I can remember that.* : She returned.

Chichi went on to say how nice it was to meet her and that she must be hungry and how she came to be here. She just made formal conversation and sounded polite. Satira nodded and smiled, while not at all paying attention. She was mentally doing a scan over of the area. She found there were four very large sources within a mile of the house. It wasn't until Chichi yelled her name for the third time did she come out of her trance, which she could do while standing and with her eyes still open. She focused her attention on Chichi, who looked very upset at being ignored.

"I'm sorry, I was checking the area for sources. I may need to use them later," Satira apologized, looking down at the ground.

Chichi lost all of her anger. Now she was curious. "What is a source?"

Satira explained everything about the power in terms she hoped Chichi would understand. Thankfully, she did. But she now looked frightened.

"Tell me there isn't going to be a fight here."

"Not in this immediate area, no. However, if I'm attached to a source before I go anywhere, I can still use it. So I will be able to use them, even if I end up a far distance from here."

During this entire conversation, Goku and Tenshinhan looked on, not saying anything. Goku, however choose this moment to break in, making Satira turn her head to look at him.

"Where is the fight going to be?" he asked, but only got a shrug out of Satira.

"WHAT THE...?" Ten said rather loudly. He had just had a sudden feeling of the earth shifting beneath him. However, no one else showed signs of feeling it.

"That was a portal," Satira said, for she had felt it too, but she'd also had that feeling many times before in her life, so wasn't caught off guard by it.

"Is your brother here already?" he asked.

"No, it wasn't my brother. It was who we are going to be fighting."

"They're here already!" Goku exclaimed.

Satira nodded her head. She knew exactly how many there were too, but, judging on the expression on Chichi's face, telling them that bit of information right now wouldn't be the best of ideas.

"Don't worry though, it will still take them quite a bit more time to do anything. We'll be more than ready, partially because you and your friends are more used to each other and they are not, and partially because they will have to regain their lost power."

Chichi let out a sigh, apparently she'd been tense, but that bit of information calmed her. 'She must think that if the other side is that disorganized just before a battle, they remain that way during battle as well. Too bad that's as far from the truth as a person could get,' Satira thought.

She looked around at the other people. They had started at laid-back conversation that didn't require that Satira listen. It was completely irrelevant to her. She cleared her throat to get the others attention and, once she got it, started speaking.

"I don't mean to be rude, but I really have things I have to do," and with this she waved and left at a brisk jog. She heard a few remarks behind her on her rudeness, but ignored them.

She slowed down after a while and searched all around her. She was looking for a clearing, a vale, an opening in the trees that wasn't right next to the house. Her brother didn't know where to connect the portal to on earth and she had to find a place that made sure he didn't end up smashing into a tree if he came through the portal fast.

She'd walked for about ten minutes before she located a clearing that was rather large. 'Perfect,' she thought, quite happy with the way things were turning out. 'Now for the hard work.'

Satira took a relaxed stance and concentrated the energy from the source through her body and pinpointed it on a small area about four feet in front of her. Though it wouldn't be visible to the naked eye, it was quite visible to anyone who could control the same kind of energy.

This was the ground for the portal. The portal would gather energy from this as well as appear right on top of it. Satira knew it was a while before the portal would need to be set up, but she needed to make sure that the ground wasn't so dependant on her for an energy source. Otherwise opening a portal over it might kill her.

Satira carefully moved the connection between her and the ground away from her and toward a nearby second plane river. It only took a few prods before it attached and didn't try to return back to her.

When she finished with this, Satira sat down and concentrated on sending her brother a message over billions of light years. It took quite a bit of energy and concentration as well as silence. It only took a few minutes and might have appeared to an outsider that she was just staring at a tree, which happened to be right in front of her.

Coming back to herself and the world, Satira got up and started heading back. She didn't need to do anything more for another good twenty minutes. She felt very calm. She didn't like to feel rushed, so she also felt content. She reached the edge of the clearing when she heard a rustling in the undergrowth. She took a guess as to which bush it came out of and reached in. She ended up pulling a little black haired kid out. She had him by the collar of his shirt and was holding off the ground.

She put his face in front of her own and looked menacingly at him. He just gave her a grin that, she assumed, was supposed to reassure her of his innocence. Satira just rolled her eyes.

“It’s not going to work on me, kid. Now, you mind explaining why you were in those bushes spying on me?”

The grin left the child’s face as quickly as it had come. Now he just looked crestfallen. “I wasn’t spying. You came to me. I come here to relax.”

For some reason Satira believed the child. She looked around the vale and smiled, “Can’t say I blame you, kid. It is rather peaceful here. I’d imagine it would be easy to loose yourself in your thoughts when your here.”

The child smiled again, happy that the woman had believed him and that she’d understood why he came here.

“Now, I’m assuming that you live here, being it sounds like you come here often,” Satira explained. The kid nodded his head. “Then it’s also safe to assume that your father is Goku,” she said, recalling the name just before she said it. The kid nodded his head again.

“What’s your name, kid?”

“Goten.”

“Okay, Goten, how about we head back for awhile. We’ll come back and I’ll show you the reason I was out here in the first place, being I’m sure it looked like I only came out here to stare at a tree, which, I assure you, is very far from the truth.” Satira said, placing Goten on the ground. Goten looked up at her, nodded his head, again, and ran off.

“Hey! Wait up, I’m not as young or energetic as you are,” Satira yelled, jogging after the hyper kid.

‘What is it with me and kids? I always seem to attract them like bees to honey (excuse the cliché). I just don’t get it,’ Satira reflected.

When Satira arrived back to the group, she saw that Choazu had come while she was gone. He was speaking animatedly to the others, while Tenshinhan stayed silent. Apparently Choazu would cover for Ten’s discomfort around people, especially those he didn’t know that entirely well.

Satira knew he didn’t have any problems talking to Goku or her, but Chichi might be a different story. Considering that up till today, Satira had never heard that name before, chances were Tenshinhan wasn’t very good friends with her.

Satira stood and listened to the conversation, which was about something that once again didn’t involve her, till she was bored out of her mind. She was just about to leave when Choazu addressed her.

“Satira, why did you leave so early?”

Satira turned toward her friend and explained her situation much the same way she had to Tenshinhan.

“I needed to do some important things, to sum it up,” she ended.

“Oh, so why did you only bother Tenshinhan. That’s not really like you.”

“Well, I didn’t want to interrupt your sleep, you’re are not the student. Plus

Tenshinhan will prove to be of more use to me before this is all over.”

“What do you mean by that?” Chichi asked.

“The more powers used to open a portal, the less likely someone will die. Even if it’s grounded and connected to a source, there is still a chance that it could become unstable and draw the life energy out of the creator. If that happens, I’ll die long before Tenshinhan even realizes that something went wrong.”

“So you’re putting yourself in greater danger?” Goku questioned.

“Not really. Chances are, if I die, so will he. The only way he’d live is if he withdrew the connection before it could kill him. But the chances that it would even kill me are very low. I’ve dealt with these a lot. It’s one of the things I do very well.”

“But what if it does?” Goku asked.

“If it does, and I’m sure it won’t, I’ll break my connection to it, if I can, before it kills me, then yell at anyone else present to get the hell out of there. But I will first do everything I can to make sure it doesn’t hurt anyone, even if I have to do it from beyond the grave.”

“So no one will get hurt?”

“With or without problems, no. I won’t let that happen. What’s with all of your questions lately?”

“I just want to make sure nothing will happen,” Goku stated defensively

“Nothing will. This is, after all, the way I got her in the first place.”

“Oh.”

They stood in an awkward silence for a few minutes before Satira spoke up again.

“What time is it?” she asked Chichi.

Chichi looked down at her watch and told them that it was about eight-fifty.

“Thanks. Come on, we better get over there,” Satira grabbed Ten by the wrist, not caring if anyone followed. She had too much on her mind to notice. Of course everyone followed anyway. They were all curious as to what was going to happen.

Satira drug Ten along for a few steps, making sure that he would follow, before she let go of his wrist. Ten pulled his arm back and gave her back a quizzical look. She was acting very strange today. Not at all like her. She was being, well, hyper and excited, and for the life of him, he couldn’t figure out why.

Ten trailed behind her. She was going at a moderate pace. Nothing that was too difficult to keep up with, but not a pace that one would go at if one wished to speak to anyone else around him or her. Judging by the crashing through the underbrush behind him, he wasn’t the only one following either.

They reached the clearing and Ten became curious. He could both sense and see the grounding she had laid before coming and retrieving him. He actually sensed it first, but after all she’d taught him over the last month, he now felt that using his sight was second nature and not something that required any concentration.

Ten marveled at the way the grounding was set up. Basically, it relied not on her, but rather on the river that it was attached to, but he assumed, she still had a great amount of control over it. And when he watched her reach out and start manipulating it, he knew that his assumptions were right.

He let his shields, which he now kept up almost constantly and effortlessly, down

when she made an attempt to connect to him. Her second attempt succeeded, being she no longer had any barriers. Connecting was something he still wasn't very used to, yet. It wasn't painful, nor was it pleasurable, it was more like having an itch on the back of your mind. Perhaps if Tenshinhan were to experience it more often, he would become more used to it.

When he had first voiced his complaints about it tickling, Satira had laughed at him. She told him that she'd connected to him a few times before, but it had only been a one-way connection. Which she found disturbing, considering that the natural reaction in such a phenomenon was to connect back to the person who had established the connection. She couldn't explain why it hadn't happened the first few times, but she assumed it might have something to do with his strength in ki.

She continued by telling him that it wasn't the connection that tickled him but rather something else. She figured the reason it tickled was because he still had a shield up against anyone he didn't trust. It was most likely caused by her when she broke through that shield, not the actual connecting.

When she had taught him how to use shields, she'd unintentionally taught him how to keep up a permanent one that had the sole purpose of protecting his mind from untrustworthy invading forces. However, it didn't protect his second plane abilities, those kinds of shields he would have to build on his own every time he didn't have one already up.

He turned his attention from his musings back to watching Satira work. She was starting to construct the portal. He heard 'take this' in his mind and 'saw' a thread of energy thrown at him. He acted instinctively and pulled the thread toward him to connect to it. She threw a good twenty or so of these at him before she started carefully manipulating them into a pattern.

She removed the connection between him and the lines as she placed them in the very basic pattern. It looked like strings placed parallel to each other that ran along the earth. She connected the energy to the ground she had constructed earlier. They went perpendicular to the soil when they hit the ground. However, they only went between seven and eight feet before they stopped.

Tenshinhan heard a snap when the last of the lines were connected to the ground and now stood with the rest. With his physical eyes he saw an outline of the rectangular portal above the ground. It actually was about two feet from touching the soil. He'd say that it looked like a door; only it was a few feet too wide to be described that way.

In the center of the rectangle a very bright light started to glow. It began to gain in intensity and spread out to fill up the entire portal. The rims of the portal were duller and glowed a more subdued green. Suddenly the bright light disappeared and was replaced with a scene consisting of a forest floor that looked very overgrown.

The scene startled Tenshinhan. It looked so tangled and chaotic. He couldn't imagine a person getting through that mess, let alone getting to the portal opening. He looked over the seven or so feet that separated him and Satira hoping that he'd get some reassurance that this was indeed where the portal was supposed to lead. Her posture and facial expression was all he needed. She looked composed and relaxed, and her face had a look of longing on it, like she wanted to be on the other side of the portal rather than

were she currently stood.

He presumed that this was indeed her home and not some mistake. For a moment he pitied her, doing all that work and creating a way to the home you long to see again, only to stand staring at it while someone else came over to you instead of you going over to them. But he was distracted out of it when he saw a movement out of the corner of his eye. A figure had appeared on the other side of the portal, and although he couldn't see it very clearly, he could make out the outline.

He could tell that it was a man, although he wasn't as built as Ten. In fact, this guy was slightly on the slender side. He headed toward the portal on his side and entered into the void between the two openings. There was a bright flash as he entered and by the time anyone could see again, the stranger was standing in front of the portal on earth.

Satira immediately began work on disassembling the portal. Within seconds it and the ground were completely gone. As soon as this was accomplished, she turned her attention to the man who'd come over. She covered the ground between the two of them and wrapped her arms around the guy's neck in a hug. They broke apart and began a conversation in a language that was foreign to his ears, but obviously not to theirs.

Ten looked around, trying to find a way to feel less uncomfortable, and noticed that Chichi, Goku, Goten, and Choazu were all looking at the speakers in confusion. Ten had forgotten that they were even there.

"Tenshinhan," Satira called, "this is my tobice, Relero."

"Tow...-beeche...-ā?" He questioned. Ten sounded the word out, trying to get the pronunciation correct.

"Oops! I didn't mean to slip like that. Tobice translated would be brother by ceremony. Umm...how do I explain this?" Satira thought, giving Relero a searching glance.

He just shrugged and gave her a weak smile.

Satira was becoming frustrated, "You're the diplomat, not me. You are better at explaining. Now, explain," she demanded.

"Fine," he addressed her, but turned toward the group of friends as soon as it left his mouth, "To make it easier, you must all realize that my society is very different than yours and that some aspects of it would shock you," he started, letting out a sigh to compose himself for the long speech ahead.

The others, besides Satira, just stared at the silver haired man. None of them had thought that he knew how to speak their language. Plus his accent was rather different than any other accent's they'd heard before, but it was easier to understand than most others.

"In our society, we have four different names for parents, and three different names for siblings. The first is what we call our biological parents. Every one of us has these, whether or not they are alive. They are the people who are responsible for your existence. The second is for those we think of as like a parent. These are the elders that we may not be related to, but look up to and respect like we would a parent. Not everyone has these, though most of us choose to. The third, and this is how Satira and I are technically related, is by ceremony. I guess it could be compared to marriage, but the two people don't become husband and wife. They never have the responsibility and

obligations of a spouse. Besides, there are things you'd do with a spouse you'd never do with a ceremony sibling or parent. Now all three of these also have a sibling equivalent. The fourth one doesn't. This one is adoptive. It's pretty much has the same implication in our society as it does in this one. A person whose biological parents are dead may be taken in by someone who wants children but can't have any or simply won't because of pain reasons."

Satira stood off to the right hand side of Relero with her arms crossed and eyes closed. She already knew all this, and it hadn't taken long for her to become bored.

"You mean to say that you two aren't really related in our sense of the word," Chichi commented.

Relero and Satira looked at each other, then at Chichi. "Do we even look like we are?" Satira questioned.

Ten looked at the two standing next to each other. She had a point. Where Satira had dark hair, dark eyes and fair skin, Relero had silver (yes, silver) hair and very light blue eyes, almost gray. And his skin was actually very close to the color of chocolate. And although Satira wasn't short by any means, no one would call her an Amazon. Relero on the other hand looked like he could be a male counterpart to the legendary tall women. He was even taller than Ten, and not by an inch or two either. It would have been quite a stretch for anyone to imagine them having the same parents.

By this time, Satira and Relero were once again talking animatedly in the foreign language. The others made the decision to go back to the house to eat lunch. Ten chose to follow them. He figured the other two would follow if they were hungry. And if they didn't, chances were they wouldn't be going anywhere. Where did they have to go after all? One of them had only been on the planet for fifteen minutes whereas the other had been here for four months, and she'd only moved around when he had. She had never had the desire to disappear before; he doubted she would now.

It was about mid-afternoon before the two came to the house. They arrived only minutes before the rest showed up. The others looked at Relero with a mixture of confusion and curiosity, for the most part. Relero returned most of the looks with a smile or a shrug, winning most everyone over. Satira had figured this would happen, and when he was introduced, by Ten for the most part, he made sure to say each name and memorize the face before the next person was introduced. The only one who made him uncomfortable was Vegeta. The cold reception he received was something Relero hadn't counted on.

As soon as introductions were done, Relero turned toward Satira with an evil grin. "Now, I want to see you say all their names."

'Damn him, he knows me too well.' She thought.

"What do you mean? She's met all of us before," Gohan defended. 'Bless him,' Satira thought.

Relero chose to ignore the remark. He continued to stare at his sister, waiting for her reply. She came back by starting to speak in her first language, but he stopped her after the third word.

"Oh no! You say it in a language they understand."

“You’re cruel,” Satira glared at him. He just continues to look at her with that evil grin on his face. He nodded, encouraging her to continue, as well as agreeing her snide remark.

“FINE! You know as much as I do that I have no talent for remembering names. It usually takes me about five introductions before I begin to remember. It takes about two more before I actually get it down. Are you happy now?” She stated the last question sarcastically. Most of the speech had been directed toward Relero, whom she was not happy with in the least.

“Uh huh. You’ve made my day.”

“Well, I’m happy you’re happy,” she bit out sarcastically, still angry with her brother.

“Are you sure your not truly siblings? You surely fight like them,” Choazu asked.

They both looked down at him. “Yes!” both of them exclaimed.

Choazu back up a step, his eyes widening. “Okay, sorry I asked.”

Satira turned and faced her brother, “Hey, we should probably head out. We are here for a reason.”

“Good point. How do we get there?”

“Fly,” Goku said.

“We don’t know how to. You already knew I couldn’t, why would he be any different?” Satira asked.

“I’ll carry you,” Yamcha said, heading toward Satira. Satira backed away.

Though she doubted he was trying anything besides being helpful, she highly disliked having people she barely knew touching her.

“That’s alright. I don’t think it would be a good idea,” Satira stated, heading to Tenshinhan, who at least she knew. “I hate to do this to you again, but I don’t really have a choice. I know I’ve made it clear that I don’t like depending on anyone,” Satira addressed Tenshinhan.

Ten just shrugged. At least she wasn’t heavy.

18 grabbed a hold of one of Relero’s hands, taking off with him in tow. When Kuririn started to protest, she stopped and turned around, facing him.

“Did you want to take him?” she asked.

“Well, no. But...”

“Anyone else here want to take him?” she asked the others. Everybody shook his head. “Fine then, don’t complain, I’m saving everyone else the discomfort. Besides, I’m only holding him by his hand. Come on, we’re barely touching.”

“Don’t worry guys. He won’t try anything; I know this for a fact. For one thing, he realizes what marriage is. He won’t disrespect the institution, even though it doesn’t exist in our society. Besides, he’s not very likely to be that interested in her in the first place,” Satira spoke up, “Now, let’s get going. I’m getting tired of waiting around.”

Everyone agreed with her, and they all took off, 18 dangling Relero and Ten carrying Satira, again.

In an hour, they reached the place. Everyone placed down in the open field, looking around for any signs of ambush. They didn’t see or sense anyone around. Satira

actually stayed rather close to Tenshinhan this time. Where as everyone else couldn't feel them, she could, and she assumed that her brother and Ten could as well. She also knew they would love to get their hands on her, and she actually knew what they would do if they did.

Without warning, about thirty people, mostly men, came into view. They looked very much like Relero only slightly shorter and lighter skin tone. They all eyed the group, though their eyes were eventually glued to Satira, Relero, Tenshinhan, and Choazu. They were the ones with the energy that was of use to them.

“Don't tell me we have to kill all of these people,” Yamcha said.

“Actually this is only about half of them, the weaker half,” Relero said.

“There's more?”

Relero and Satira nodded their heads. They believed it would be a half an hour before the others showed up and that it was time to sit tight till they did. Satira voiced this to others, who were slightly irked at having to wait, but choose to do it any ways.