

# THE POWER FORCE

## Blast From The Past

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### Summary

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The warrior was knocked against the computer panel. He was surrounded by fire. It was hot like an inferno. Standing in front of the fire was a dark figure, and he stepped forward. The warrior, despite the injuries, stood up firm and held his sword tightly. "I will never surrender!"

"Well, what do we have here? A tough one?" Vegeta said with mockery.

"Yaaah!" Jack charged and slashed.

Vegeta blasted him. Jack, taken by surprise, was knocked against the panel again. The controls were broken, and the screen had static. It showed the face of a young boy, worried and screaming.

"Nebula...my good friend ... goodbye."

"Jack?"

Vegeta charged up energy and gave him a farewell blast. Boom! The entire building exploded.

"No...Jack! No!!!" Nebula screamed madly. "Jaaaaaaack!" He banged his fist on his laptop, breaking it. Tears came. "Jack..."

### 1: Surprise! A Name from the Past.

#### Contents

It was a bright and sunny day, so the couple decided to go out to the beautiful green fields. Tyson and Faith lay down on the grass, enjoying the breeze and calm sky. This day is the best day of the year, and it seemed like nothing could possibly go

wrong. The sky was light blue, and the sun was sparkling. Birds chirped and butterflies flew around. There were some puffs of clouds and the couple watched them go by.

Tyson was overall a good and kind-hearted man. He was in his early twenties, but he looked younger than that. He had an average height, black hair and black eyes. His favorite color is blue, so he always wears blue clothes. His casual look is a blue T-shirt with blue sweat pants and leather shoes. His kind heart came from his father, but parts of his personality was part of his mother's. This probably explains his aggression and desire for competition. Yes, he believes in his father's ideals, but when someone hurts his loved ones or is just plain bad, he doesn't hesitate to teach them a lesson.

Faith was the princess of Almerak. Her heart was pure and good. She's probably the nicest one out of the bunch, and everyone's favorite. She always wants what's best for everybody, even if it meant making herself unhappy. Her face was radiant with freshness and vigor. Right now she was twenty. She has her own life and choices, but she's still just a girl. A parent's girl. Childish, yet mature. Her favorite color is pink, and always dresses in pink. She wore a pink blouse with short-sleeves, a pink skirt, and pink shoes. Her father is a king, so she always lived in luxury until she lived with Tyson. But despite the chores and tough labor, she was happy. That's all that matters.

So, how did a sayan like Tyson met a princess like Faith? It all started awhile ago on that fateful day. Tyson was fighting a sayan named Kinesis but he was losing, and Faith dropped in from nowhere and saved him. Later, she explains everything to him; explaining that she's the princess of a doomed kingdom, and the leader of the Dark Society was a devil named Vega, who wanted to steal energy and take over both dimensions.

Thus, those from Faith's world and Tyson's world joined forces, and they became strong. In the middle of it all, they fell in love. But there was no time for easiness. They survived battle after battle, and finally, the battle with Vega.

"That one looks like a horse, doesn't it?" Tyson said, pointing.

"Yes. Oh, that one looks like a heart." Faith said, pointing at another one.

"You're right. It's a really big heart."

"Ahhh Tyson, I just love these kinds of days."

"Yeah, there's nothing better than just sitting back and relaxing. And I wouldn't have wanted to spend it with anybody but you."

"Me too."

He got on top of her and they looked each other in the eyes. Then they kissed romantically. Then a butterfly flew by, and Faith said: "Look!" She went after it, trying to catch it, and laughed.

"Silly girl." Tyke said. He continued watching her angelic movements, and he didn't know he was smiling. A while later he dozed off.

When he woke up, Faith was still playing around with the butterfly. She was smiling and giggling and laughing. It made his heart melt to see her so happy.

Suddenly, a gigantic object appeared in the sky and its shadow covered him. "Huh? What the?"

Faith looked up and gasped. "What in the world?!" The butterfly flew away.

The ship's engine was loud and ear-wrecking. A big light flared. Tyson winced and put his hand over his eyes. The winds were out of control. What could it be? What was going to happen next?

"Huh?" was the only thing that came out of Tyson's mouth.

A laser beam hit the ground and blasted Faith away.

"Nooooo!" he screamed.

The ground had a hole. Then a laser beam headed for him. There was no time to dodge. Everything was turned into shades of red. Then nothing but red. Then blackness.

Tyson woke up sweating and breathing hard. His heart was thumping loudly. Faith was still playing with the butterfly, grinning and giggling and laughing. Thank God, he thought, it was just a dream. Just a bad day dream. Hopefully it's not an ill omen.

A space shuttle was decreasing speed in the atmosphere. The clouds were thin and crystal like. The shuttle was on auto-pilot, and **Gamera** watched the person in the chamber with a smile on his lips. It wasn't an ordinary smile. It was a something-big-is-about-to-happen kind of smile. Gamera was an averaged sized sayan, one of the Elite Guards of the king. He wore thick leather boots, a black suit, black tight pants, and a cape that touched the floor.

"Finally. You have recharged."

The chamber opened. He came out soaking wet, and he was shirtless, wearing only black pants. He had muscular features, including a six pack. He had a beard and large eye brows. "Ahhh, I feel so much better." He looked at his fists, examining them.

Gamera: "You've been recharging for a while, **Vegeta**. For the time being, we can enjoy a little sight seeing on earth. But do not forget our main objective."

Vegeta put on some clothes. When finished, he was wearing an elite sayan suit with a "L" symbol on it, with shoulder pads and a red cape. "Are we on earth yet?"

"Yes. We are entering the atmosphere as we speak."

He smiled. Good. The wait is over."

"Before we get on with the mission, let's have some fun. What do you say?"

"Fun? Sounds good to me."

The two aliens landed themselves in the middle of a busy street. The people walked by, not noticing them. Vegeta and Gamera looked around. Then two guys stopped by them. They were both wearing caps, one was fat and the other had blonde hair.

"Hey look, it's aliens." the blonde guy said.

"Yeah." the fat guy followed. "Look at how funny they dress."

Vegeta stared at them.

The blonde guy was right in his face. "Are you lost or something, fella?"

Ahahahaha! Hey look everybody, he's lost!"

"He dresses like he's a general." the fat guy said.

Gamera: "These humans are so...ignorant."

"Yeah, a general!" the blonde guy said. "Woo look at me! I'm general stupid! Ahahahahah!"

Vegeta: "Are you finished with your idiotic non-sense, human?"

"Oooh he speaks! What happened there? Cat got your tongue? Ahahahahahahaha! Why don't you go back to your planet or galaxy, where ever it is."

Vegeta made a fist, opened his palm and blasted him against the wall. His chest was smoking as he collapsed.

The fat guy was scared as hell. Everybody stopped and looked at them. "What did you do that for, dude?!"

Vegeta blasted the fat guy. He collapsed on the road. A car almost ran over him, stopping violently. Vegeta smiled. Fearful chatter amongst the crowd.

"So much for sightseeing. Now, humans, it's time to panic!!!" he shouted. He blasted the ground.

People ran everywhere and panicked.

Camera: "You can take it from here. I'm going somewhere else."

Vegeta: "Very well."

Camera flew off. Vegeta started a rampage. He fired energy balls everywhere. A speeding automobile almost hit him, the driver stepped on the brakes, the tires screeched. Vegeta stood perfectly still, not aware of the danger. He touched the car and it pushed him back, his feet scraped the road. He grunted and got still, lifting up the car on its front. The driver got out of the car, fell on the floor, screamed and ran. Vegeta used force and pushed the car up, and it flipped 180 degrees, on the road upside down. This was his favorite hobby - destroying things.

On the railroad highway a fast bullet train came. Macintosh Tori sat by the window, with nobody sitting next to him. He was reading a book on science and technology. That's one of his favorite subjects in life, science. As a teenager he loved to learn about all the interesting things of science. He's a brilliant scientist and inventor of many new, yet not commonly used things. He's also a computer whiz, as they call him. Macintosh joined the heroes after his cousin, Lisa, introduced him to them. Tyson Spade was his role model. He always wanted to be heroic and brave and saving the world just like him. His friends call him Mac and sometimes Tosh, which was fine with him. He's the brains of the Earth Guardians.

Mac worked for a laboratory-type company called MC Technologies, Inc. He's the leading scientist there and worked six days a week, coming up with new stuff for people to use. His personal work area included a large computer room, where his main computer was, a storage room, and now the entire building as well. Nobody ever comes to see him anymore because the company crashed a few years ago. But he still makes his inventions there. He was too attached to the place to let it go. The owner didn't have any use for the building anyways, so he let Mac have it. So over time, it became 'his' lab.

Everybody looked out the window on the right side. There was fearful and anxious chatter. Mac looked at the window. "Huh?!" Vegeta could be seen shooting energy balls at buildings. "What's going on?"

As the train passed the road, Mac broke the window and jumped off the train. Some people shouted something like "Oh my God!" as he did. He landed on the road, then ran towards the bad guy.

Macintosh charged up electricity and fired the Shock Beam at Vegeta, who turned around and blocked it. "How dare you, infidel!"

"Who are you?"

"Who am I? My name is Vegeta, remember it, earthling.

Tosh froze. Macintosh remembered an old story he heard from Nebula and Tyson. Vegeta was a sayan general who came to earth to cause trouble. Even their father, Mason Spade, had trouble with him. The Spades were kids back then, but Tyson admits, even with his current abilities, he is not sure what will happen if he were to fight Vegeta. Nebula, on the other, claims he will kick his ass. However, one thing is for certain - this guy is dangerous.

"Veg-geta? You're Vegeta? General of the sayan army?"

"That is correct." he said, a little impressed that a human knows of him.

"I heard about you. Aren't you supposed to be dead?"

"Well, you are right. In a sense, I am dead. But I've come back from the grave to take revenge."

"Listen up, sayan, this isn't Arlia. This is earth. And here, we don't blow things up for no reason. So why don't you stop it?"

"Hmmm, you've got a lot of guts for a human. Maybe too many guts. I will rip them out for you!"

Vegeta opened his palm, shooting a fireball. Mac jumped to the side. He fired the Electro-Shockwave, and Vegeta knocked it away. Mac charged and did a karate kick, Vegeta blocked, then punched him. Pow! Mac punched, then Vegeta blocked his fist and slammed him down. Then he lifted him by the shirt, pulling him close to his face.

"Listen up. I'm not going to kill you, but I want you to give a warning to your fellow earthlings. I, Vegeta, will crush them all! Tell them to panic and run for their lives and tremble before me!" He dropped him.

Macintosh watched him fly away.

"Hah hah hah hah..."

Meanwhile, Gamera was in the forest, enjoying the environment. "What a wonderful place," he said, delighted. A fly bit his neck and he smacked it. "Why you lousy little vermon!" He became pissed off instantly. "This place is filthy!" he yelled. In an instant, his mood had changed completely. "Arrrrrrrrgh!" He blasted a tree.

While meditating under a tree, Faith sensed a disturbance in the spirit. A powerful force emerging. "What could it be?" Then she saw smoke from that part of the forest. "Huh? What is happening?"

She went there and encountered Gamera.

"So you are the one causing all this mayhem."

"What is it to you, earthling woman?"

"You are destroying the forest! Animals live here! They will have no homes."

"So? I do what I wish."

"You..." She was mad. Faith got ready to fight.

Gamera smiled, his cape waved from the wind. He watched Faith calmly, preparing to make a move.

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## 2: Sacrifice. A Tragic Loss.

As Gamera was doing harm to the forest, Faith showed to warn him.

Faith: "Whoever you are, I ask you nicely to stop harming this forest."

Gamera: "Heh. Do you think I am going to listen to **you**, a woman?" He was confident and saw her as inferior in every way.

Faith got offended. "Do you have a problem with me being a woman?" She made a fist.

"Oh? What are you going to do? Fight me? Ha ha ha ha."

"You need to be taught a lesson, scoundrel." Faith said, charging.

Gamera blocked her karate chop and dodged her fist. He moved back. Faith kicked and Gamera blocked. Then he punched, she dodged. He kicked her stomach and she fell backwards.

"Uhhh!" she moaned.

He was about to step on her, she rolled away and got up. She punched and he blocked. Then Gamera slapped her face. Smack! Her face turned instantly red and she fell from the force. She touched her face softly. Gamera laughed.

Tyson was walking along the fields in a happy mood, but that soon turned to worry. He sensed his lover was in danger. "Faith?" he said out loud. She was just in the woods ahead. He ran.

Gamera grabbed Faith's arm and squeezed it. She screamed. Tyson showed up. "Let her go!!!" he yelled.

Faith pushed his arm away and ran to the side. Tyson charged and punched the stranger's face. It was bruised. Gamera grunted and punched back. Kapow! Tyson jumped on him and they rolled over each other. Tyson got on top and punched him twice. Then Gamera got on top and punched his face. Tyson grabbed Gamera's face and squeezed it. Then he kicked him off. Both got on their feet and punched and their fists smacked. Bam! Gamera kicked him away.

"Take this!" Faith yelled.

She ran at the stranger and punched, then did a roundhouse kick. Gamera blocked, grabbed her arms and threw her. He lifted her up and got her in a headlock and her neck was being crushed slowly. She gasped for air.

Fay: "Tyson..."

Tyson: "Let her go!"

Gamera: "Take one more step and she's a goner!" He took out a gun and pointed her head.

Tyke stopped moving, his fingers made a tight fist. He grunted. Gamera grinned. Faith's eyes were closed, and her neck was not in a comfortable spot. Her hands were on his arm, trying to pull it off.

"Don't hurt her."

"Keep your distance, boy."

"Let her go. We never did anything to you." Oh crap. What should Tyke do now? It was a bad predicament. Faith's life was in danger. She could die any second. He couldn't just stand there and watch. How does anyone get out of a hostage situation without any deaths? Will he be fast enough to charge and...no, it's too risky.

Gamera moved a few paces to the side, dragging his human shield along. "That's right. Stay right where you are."

Tyson: "Just who are you?"

Gamera: "That is not important. This stupid bitch attacked me first."

Faith: "Ugh...don't listen to him. He's trying to destroy the forest. Ugh."

Tyson: "Destroy the forest? Why?"

Gamera: "I do what I feel like, boy. And there isn't a thing you can do about it."

Tyke lost control and took a step forward.

"Stay where you are! Or she gets it."

Tyke grunted and didn't move.

Gamera pointed the laser gun at him, then pulled the trigger. Bang!

Tyson's leg was shot. Bang! Tyson's other leg was shot. "Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!" He fell on his knees.

"Tyson!!!" Faith screamed in despair. "Nooooooooo!"

His legs were bleeding severely. He could no longer stand up or even kneel. He collapsed instantly.

"This is better than killing you. Now you're crippled! I want you to suffer. Just remember me, my name is Gamera."

Faith took a big bite of his arm. He groaned and pushed her away. She elbowed his stomach, then did an overhead throw. Gamera fell on the grass, a little dazed. The gun dropped. He was gonna pick it up, then Faith did a flying kick to his chest. It was an ouchie.

"Why you!" he said.

Tyson crawled to him and grabbed his legs, disabling his movements.

"What the?! Let go!"

With the golden chance, Faith punched the hell out of her enemy. Gamera stuttered backwards and fell. He ran away.

Tyson moaned and groaned in pain. Faith bent down and turned him over. "Are you alright?" she asked, almost crying.

"My legs...ahhh...it hurts..."

She gasped. "Tyson! Don't scare me!"

"Get me...back to the house."

So she supported him back to the house. It didn't turn out to be such a good day after all.

Back at the house, Tyson continued his screams of pain. Faith bandaged his legs, and the bleeding stopped.

"Oh Tyson, this is all my fault." Faith said, on the verge of tears. "I'm so sorry."

Tyson opened his eyes. "No, it's not your fault."

"Yes it is! If only I hadn't gotten in the way! I'm so worthless. I was only trying to help...and..."

"Faith..."

"I have to make it right!" She put her hands on his leg and did the healing trick. "Can you move it now?"

Tyke: "I don't feel anything."

"What? How can this be? Try harder."

"I can't feel it. Still."

"But I just healed you! It didn't work...it's impossible...why didn't it work?!"

"Faith, calm down."

"It has to work! It's always worked before! I have to try again."

"Don't waste your energy. Let's get some rest, and then you can try again."

Faith nodded. But deep down inside, she knew something is wrong. Very, very wrong. Her healing trick always worked. It always came through for her when her friends are injured. But not this time. What went wrong? Why didn't the princess's miracle healing powers work? It was a bad time indeed for this. As Faith went delusional over it, Tyson went delusional over his condition.

"How is he, doctor?"

Tyson was in bed sweating all over. The doctor checked his injured spot. "Hmmm, hmm..."

"How is he?" Faith repeated.

"Oh my. It's more serious than I thought."

Faith's throat became dry, and so did Tyson's.

"The wound, luckily enough, has not been infected. However, he lost a lot of blood and some of the nerves are damaged."

Tyke: "What does it mean? What will happen to me?"

"You will have to use a wheelchair, I'm afraid. There is a chance that you will never stand up or walk again. There's nothing I can do. The only thing you can do now is rest and do not do any physical activity."

The doctor left. The house became deadly silent.

Zelfire (Mr. Lang), a middle-aged man, is one of the most experienced of the group. Back when he was young he fought along side Tyson's father and mother. Together, they made a fierce trio. He believes in peace and tranquility and facing an

opponent with calmness and confidence. During his free time, he usually meditates on a lake or goes boxing to get some money. It was those underground arenas that paid the most, so that was where he went. People would throw money at the floor just to see some action. His strong spirit and will makes him as dangerous as Nebula.

The phone rang. "Hey Macintosh, what's up? - What did you say? - I'll come right away." Click.

"Did you say...Vegeta?" Nebula asked over the phone.

"Yes, it's true." Macintosh replied.

Nebula was Tyson's brother since he was seven. They were not biological brothers, however. His origins were in planet Nebulon, of which he was named after. Because of a plague, he was forced to go to earth to settle for a while, and met Tyson and his parents. They were kind to him he was overwhelmed. Margarita adopted him and took him as her own. Since then they had lived as brothers.

Nebula Spade was one year older than Tyson but they always considered themselves equal. He carried Jack's sword with him wherever he went, treating it like a priceless object. He was trained in the art of sword fighting and other forms of combat. His will and determination won't be less than his brother's, and his pride is strong. He was skilled and he knew and everybody knew he was one of the best, but he still was trying to accomplish the "true warrior" ideal that his mother taught him. He was close, but not quite there yet.

Upon hearing the name of his childhood enemy, he flashed back. Oh yes. He could still picture Vegeta's ugly, nasty face.

"He's back." Nebula said silently. "After all these years..."

"What?" Tyson asked in surprised. He was on the phone with Nebula. Faith was standing beside him. "Vegeta?! Alive?" He rarely spoke in one word sentences. This showed how much of a shock it was to him. "Are you sure?"

"No doubt." Nebula said from the phone. "Macintosh saw him. His description fits the Vegeta we saw years ago. He's already destroyed a whole block."

So they confirmed it was Vegeta. Then Tyson told him about his legs.

"You're injured? You've got to be kidding!" Neb shouted.

"I'm not kidding. My legs are...wounded." Tyson told him that he won't be able to help them. But he didn't mention he could be crippled forever.

Neb: "Alright then. We'll go without you."

Tyke: "Good luck."

Neb: "I don't need it." Click.

Zell: "Tyson is injured? Will he be ok?"

"Of course he'll be okay. He's got Faith, the miracle healer, remember?"

Zell: "Yeah. I keep forgetting that."

As Tyson hung up, Faith asked who Vegeta was. So he told her...

"So then..." she asked nervously. "Do you think...they will be a match for him?"

"Of course. This is Nebula we're talking about. He's my brother. I know his abilities."

With that said, Faith felt a little better.

Macintosh, Nebula, and Zelfire grouped up. Mac led them to the same block where he was originally beat up by Vegeta. Surprisingly, he was still there. The heroes confronted him.



Vegeta instantly recognized Macintosh. "So, it's your again, eh? And I see you brought some of your friends with you. You just sent them to their graves."

Nebula: "It **is** you, Vegeta."

Zelfire: "Shouldn't you be dead? How did you survive?"

Vegeta smiled. "Sayans don't die easily."

Neb: "You really are going to die!" He charged.

Vegeta shot a fire ball at him and hit the ground. Smoke covered the area. The heroes coughed. Vegeta flew away and vanished in the sky.

Nebula yelled angrily, punching the air. "Darn!"

Zelfire: "We can get him next time."

Vegeta returned to Gamera's space craft. They stood in the pilot room in front of the control panel. Gamera pressed some buttons.

"How did it go?"

"Some humans interfered. I didn't bother wasting my energy on them."

"Interesting. You will never guess who I met today." Gamera said.

"More humans?"

"No, not humans." Gamera pressed a button on his computer. Beep. The heroes' face pictures appeared on the computer screen. They were lined up horizontally, starting from Mason to Nebula.

"I didn't even realize it when I fought him, but I researched his profile, and it's an interesting one."

Vegeta: "Tell me about it."

"The one who killed your brother is an earth sayan, correct? His name is Mason Spade. His wife is Margarita Spade, the daughter of Jeremiah Florncia, a member of the Elite Four. And Mason and Margarita's son is Tyson Spade and Nebula Spade. And these are their allies - Macintosh Tori, Zelfire Lang, and Faith Midas."

Vegeta: "Those three...I saw them. They came looking for me."

Gamera: "Is that so? It looks like our mission has gotten complicated."

Vegeta: "Who was the one you ran into?"

"Tyson Spade. But we don't need to worry about him anymore. Let's just say he won't be able to stand up for a while."

Vegeta smiled. "I see."

"It seems that these earthlings have a grudge against you, or namely, your brother."

"They can hate me all they want. Nothing will change the fact that I am stronger than they are. This mission will be a piece of cake."

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### 3: Ties To The Past. Revenge Is The Key.

#### Contents

I'm usually not a grumpy person. In fact, I'm very carefree and happy. I just don't like it when I can't do anything...

Outside it was bright and cheery, but Tyson sat gloomily on the wheelchair in the bedroom that he shared with Faith. He was gazing at the window, not moving a muscle. Faith opened the door and came in. He didn't respond.

"Hey Tyke, what would you like for lunch?" she asked as cheerfully as she can.

He did not answer. The silence was unbearable.

"Well, if you have no opinion, then I'll decide."

He didn't move or speak.

"Don't you want to eat?" she asked.

"I'm not hungry." he said lowly.

"But you haven't eaten in hours. You have to eat something."

No answer.

"Why are you like this?! I know you how you feel. It's tough for you. I understand. But you still have to eat. Don't you know I'm worried about you?"

No answer.

"Alright. I'll make lunch. Come if you want to eat." She started leaving.

Just before she closed the door Tyson said: "Hey Faith? I want to take a walk in the city."

Faith's eyes brightened and filled with life. "Sure. I'll go with you." she replied. She was happy to do it. It lifted her spirits so just to hear him respond.

Tyson wonders how Nebula is doing.

Nebula had an angry face, as he flew with his comrades. "I'll get you, Vegeta. Mark my words." Nebula said grumpily. He was in Vespene City with Zelfire and Macintosh.

Macintosh: "The thing that I don't understand is that if he has so much power why did he run away from us?"

"He wants to play games with us." Zelfire said. "That, or he knows he can't win."

"Either way, he's going to get it." Neb said angrily.

Flash back time.

The warrior was knocked against the computer panel. He was surrounded by fire. It was hot like an inferno. Standing in front of the fire was a dark figure, and he stepped forward. The warrior, despite the injuries, stood up firm and held his sword tightly. "I will never surrender!"

"Well, what do we have here? A tough one?" Vegeta said with mockery.

"Yaaah!" Jack charged and slashed.

Vegeta blasted him. Jack, taken by surprise, was knocked against the panel again. The controls were broken, and the screen had static. It showed the face of a young boy, worried and screaming.

"Nebula...my good friend...goodbye."

"Jack?"

Vegeta charged up energy and gave him a farewell blast. Boom! The entire building exploded.

"No...Jack! No!!!" Nebula screamed madly. "Jaaaaaaack!" He banged his fist on his laptop, breaking it. Tears came. "Jack..."

(Jack!) he thought. "You should have stayed dead. You should have! Now it's my chance to get you!"

Zelfire put his hand on Nebula's shoulder. "I know you're angry, but don't let it get to you. I hate Vegeta as much as you do. Just remember to remain calm."

"I am **very** calm."

"Good."

Vegeta was standing on a high plateau, enjoying some wind. His cape flung to the side and his hair waved. "Hmm. Come and get me, earth warriors. I will dispose of you."

Faith walked down the alley, pushing Tyke's wheelchair. He eagerly observed the environment. He constantly mentioned how long it's been since he's out in the city, with people. It wasn't that long to Faith, but it was to him. Maybe it's got something to do with his physical condition and mental state. In any case, she was glad to take him out.

"Ahhh, it's been a while since I'm in the city. Fresh air is so good."

"Yes" Faith agreed.

A little further down, a group of gangsters were waiting for them. When the couple went to the right spot, the gang surprised them.

There were five of them, from all sides. They had jeans with holes in the knees and crazy jackets and one of them had blonde hair and the others had black hair.

Gangster A: "Ohhh, look who we have here."

The gangsters smiled and grinned. "It's a crippled man and a pretty girl."

The couple reacted with alert. "Can we pass?" Tyke asked as nice as possible. He knew these lousy ass punks were up to no good. He was in no condition to teach them a lesson. They just want some money or some trouble. Tyson just couldn't tolerate these kinds of people. They have more in number and they got weapons and all he's got is two broken legs and a woman who helps him move around.

C: "Pass? You've entered our territory. You can't leave so easily."

Tyke: "**Your** territory? I don't see your name on it."

D: "What are you? Some kind of wise guy?"

E: "Everybody knows this is our turf!"

D: "Oooh, miss, what's your name?"

Faith: "Get away from me, you scum."

Tyke: "Leave her alone."

D and E approached her. "Hey baby, wanna hang out with us?"

"Yeah. Why don't youse stick with us instead of that worthless crippled man? He can't even stand up."

Faith was extremely pissed off. "He's my husband. Just leave us alone."

A: "Your husband? Hahahahahaha!" All the gangsters laughed.

D grabbed her arm. "C'mon baby, we'll make better husbands than him. We can walk..."

"Let go!" she punched his stomach, then one in the face. His head titled sideways as her fist touched his cheek. He collapsed with spit on his mouth. He didn't even know what happened.

E: "What did you do that for?"

Faith kicked his face. Whack! B charged at her, and she gave him a good kick in the cheek. He spit blood. A took out a pocket knife and dived at Tyson. Tyson grabbed his hand just before the knife stabbed him. They grunted and struggled. Faith picked up a rock and threw it at A, hitting his head. Pom! He was bruised and fell semi-conscious. E ran, then punched. She lowered her head and ducked, his fist went past her. This left her a perfect opening to his chest and stomach area. Pow! She jabbed his stomach. He stepped back and groaned. She punched him against the wall. C panicked and ran away.

A was about to get up, then Tyson took his neck and got him into a headlock. He gasped for air as his neck was slowly being crushed. "Now, listen up, I will only say this once." Tyson began. "I don't ever ever want to see you hurt anybody again, you hear me?"

"Yes, yes!"

"You know what happens if you do."

"Yes yes!"

"Good. Now get out of my sight." He let gangster A go.

A and his gangsters ran away.

Faith: "I'm just glad they're gone. They need to be taught a good lesson."

Later on the same day, the couple ran into the other heroes. They froze as they saw Tyson on a wheelchair. Nebula didn't think it was that serious.

"Tyson...? How did you..."

"Don't worry Nebula. I will be fine. It'll be okay."

"Are you sure?" Nebula went to his brother and bent down. He touched his hand.

"Yes, I'm sure."

Zell: "Tyke, are you okay?"

"Of course I'm okay. Why should I be? I'll be fine. This is only temporary."

Mac: "Who did this to you? Was it Vegeta?"

Tyson: "No. You don't need to worry about that."

Neb: "We're going to get Vegeta. Wait for our good news."

Tyke: "Let me help you."

Faith, who's been silent this whole time, said: "No! There is nothing you can do to help them now."

Tyke: "But..."

Neb: "Don't worry. I can handle him. You're not underestimating me, are you? You don't believe I can do it?"

Tyke: "No...not at all. Of course you can do it."

Neb smiled. "I thought so."

Faith: "We'll be waiting for your good news."

The three heroes left.

"This should get their attention." Vegeta said to himself. He powered up. Red streams of energy formed around his body in a spiral, a red light flared in the sky. The ground trembled and rocks floated in the air.

Nebula, Zelfire, and Macintosh sensed it. "It's him."

"Is he close?"

"Yes." Zell answered. "His power is incredible."

Neb: "Guys before we go, I want you to promise me something."

"Promise what?"

"Let me handle Vegeta alone."

"Are you crazy?!" Zelfire shouted.

"Please. He killed my good friend Jack. I must have my revenge. This is my chance."

Mac: "Nebula, this isn't a personal vendetta. We have to work as a team."

"Are you guys doubting me?"

Zell: "No, not at all."

"We'll split up. Whoever finds Vegeta gets him. If I find him, then promise me you won't interfere."

Mac: "Alright..."

Zelfire sighed. "Just this once."

"Thanks, guys."

So they split up. As Nebula flew about, he had another flashback. It was a scene that he forgot, but just remembered.

Margarita was on the fields by herself. "This one is for you, Vegeta!" She powered up angrily and concentrated her energy into one spot. She formed an orb and aimed it at the mountain ahead, miles away. Boom! Everything was white. Within seconds, the entire background had changed.

Zelfire: "What was that?"

Mason: "That's Margarita. She sure knows how to blow up things."

Zelfire: "Yeah, I almost forgot how tough she can be."

Nebula also sensed it from far away. "Who did that? Tyson's mother is that powerful? No way..."

Using the sixth sense, they went deep into the Meridian Forest and found the kids. Margrit was about to greet her son, Mason dragged her and Zelfire behind a bush. They watched the kids train.

Margrit was moved by her son's dedication and strength. She was almost crying and wanted to give Tyson a big hug. "Wow...that's my little boy...he's all grown up now! We should all give him a big hug."

Mason: "No, don't. You'll only distract him from his training. We can reward him when he comes home."

Margrit: "I guess you're right."

Mason: "Let's go home."

Margrit: "You two go first. I'll stay a little longer."

Mason: "Okay then." He and Zelfire left.

In the middle of fighting, Tyson stopped. "Hey, Nebula, did you feel that?"

Nebula: "What?"

Tyson: "I thought someone was watching us or something."

Nebula: "Nah, it's just your imagination. Now, get back to training. You can't let anything distract you Tyson!"

"Right."

They trained some more, and they were both very tired. "Alright, Tyson, go take a break."

"Yay!" yelled the little kid. He ran off to the river and washed his face.

With Tyson not here, Nebula looked at the bush. "Okay, show's over. Come out."

Margarita stepped out. "How did you know?"

"Come on. You think I don't know when some one is behind me?"

She laughed. "I can tell you're special. You're not just some kid."

That was the first time anyone had said something like that to him. All his life he's been looked down at because he's a kid. Only Jack and Margarita saw the 'specialness' in him.

"I'd like to thank you personally for training my son."

"No prob. A promise is a promise." Nebula said.

"Do you have a grudge against Vegeta?" she asked.

"Yes. He killed my good friend Jack. I'll never forgive him."

"We have something in common. We both hate Vegeta to the death."

"What did he do to you?"

"Not much. He ust slaughtered my people and killed my parents." It was obvious that 'not much' was a sarcastic statement.

"Vegeta killed Jack. He was like a guardian to me."

"And you're stuck on this planet, huh? I guess you have it worse than me. Tell ya what, kid, after I kill Vegeta, I'll train you. Take it as thanks for training my son. Mason and I could've trained him ourselves, but we haven't found the time. Besides, he needs to be around someone his age, like you."

"You'd train me? Oh...thanks."

"I'll make you strong. When you grow up you'll be untouchable."

Neb smiled with his mouth wide open. "Wow..."

"That's if you train Tyson good. Deal?"

"Deal."

Wow, Neb thought, how could he forget such an important moment. His closeness with his mother was related to their similar hatred of Vegeta. He couldn't deny that. Hating the same person can bring such affections.

"My father killed you, Vegeta, and now you've come back. I don't care if you're a ghost or something, I am going to get you." Revenge is the key.

He flew across the lake. Frooom.

"I'm coming for you!"

Vegeta knew someone was coming. He waited patiently like a statue. Nebula finally showed up. The warriors did the stare.

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#### 4: Vegeta's Secret. A Glimpse of Arlia.

##### Contents

Nebula charged at Vegeta, throwing a punch. Vegeta dodged, flying to the side. They flew at each other and kicked and their feet collided. They landed on the ground.

"You are eager to kill me, aren't you?"

"You got that right." Neb replied. "I don't know how you survived, but I am going to finish what my father did."

"I hate to inform you this, but your hatred is directed at the wrong person."

"What the hell are you blabbing about?"

"I am not who you think I am." Vegeta said distinctly.

"What do you mean?"

"The real Vegeta is dead. I am his brother."

Nebula was shocked and it showed from his mouth hung open. As shocking as this was, it made sense.

"We look exactly the same and use the same name. We are twins. Very few know about our secret."

"That makes sense. That explains how you survived...or didn't. Nobody can survive my father's Death Star attack."

"I am glad we are clear on that." Vegeta said.

"So, lemme guess, you've come to get revenge for your brother?"

"On the contrary. I want to personally thank your father for killing my brother."

"What?" Neb exclaimed. Is this guy nuts?

"You see, he wasn't so 'brotherly' to me. In fact, he didn't even treat me like a brother. On planet Arlia, there is a tradition that states that if twins are born, they cannot live with one another. The older one gets to live and the younger is thrown away. I was the younger one. Just days after we were born I was left in the snow, crying and waiting for death. Luckily I was picked up by a stranger and taken care of."

"That is why you hate him? It wasn't his fault."

"I'm not finished. Years later we united. Though we lived under different areas and grew up differently, our faces were the same. It was weird looking at him. I'm sure he felt the same about me. It was like looking at a mirror."

"And..."

"Do you know what he did? He imprisoned me!"

"Why?"

"Why do you think? Because of my face! No two sayans must share the same face. That was the rule."

"He imprisoned you? Then what happened?"

"I'll tell you what happened! I was locked up in a filthy, four-walled cell with no window! It was full of rats and vermin and all dirty! Do you know how it felt to experience such a thing?!"

Little Sephia listened as her brother gave her some very important instructions. Her usual attire was a black ninja suit, with a red sweater on top. Although she's only a little girl, there's something unusual about her. Sayans are violent by nature, but she is extra violent, particular for her age. Maybe it's because she is Vegeta's sister. Or maybe it's just the way she is.

"You see, the two of us also had a little sister named Sephia. She was a precocious little girl. She's so naughty and always looking for trouble."

Little Sephia listened as her brother gave her some very important instructions. Her usual attire was a black ninja suit, with a red sweater on top. Although she's only a little girl, there's something unusual about her. Sayans are violent by nature, but she is extra violent, particular for her age. Maybe it's because she is Vegeta's sister. Or maybe it's just the way she is.

"Now listen, Sephia. I have to go on an important mission today. I am going to trust the lab with you."

"Okay." she answered with a big smile.

"So don't mess anything up in headquarters, got it?"

"Okay!"

And with that said, he left. He hardly told her anything. She thought this was because he considered her too young and naive and inexperienced. That really made her upset. Very very upset.

"Stupid brother! He has a mission so he left and I'm stuck here all alone! With nothing to do." Sephia sighed.

Sitting on a chair, browsing through the computer files was hardly fun. She yawned. "I'm so bored."

She went around the headquarters. She's never seen all of it, because her brother wouldn't let her. Well, he's gone now. So it wouldn't hurt to have a look around...

Sephia went to the dungeon. She just remembered her brother telling her there was somebody really dangerous trapped in here.

She reached a particular cell, one that was separated from the others. There was chained man inside. Darkness was all around him. Rats crawled up the wall. A big spider hung from a web. Suddenly, there was light.

The man looked up. He never had any visitors, so this was a surprise. He saw a little girl.

"Oooh, poor poor big brother. Trapped in here and all alone."

"Is that you, Sephia?"

"That's right. I'm the one and only Sephia."

"How did you..."

"My other big brother has left for a mission. So guess what? He left me here **all alone**. But from the way things look, you are more alone than me, aren't you?"

"Try being locked up by your own brother. I've been here for as long as I remember."

"Why would my dear brother be this cruel?"

"Because we are twins. I have no name of my own, so I use his name. He fears that one day I might become stronger and betray him. So if he betrays me first, then there will be no problem."

"I'll tell ya what. I can get you out of this miserable place if you promise me something," she said, flinging the keys around her forefinger.

"You'd take me out of here? Just name it."

"Take me to a fun place."

"A fun place, eh? It's a deal."

"Hehehehe." Sephia put the key into the keyhole. The bars went up.

Vegeta stepped out. He lifted Sephia up and they touched on the cheeks. They laughed. "Now, let's go have some fun, sister."

In a wrecked city, there was silence under a red sky. A little girl was crying. A soldier heard a faint voice and went towards the source. He found a little girl in a red dress crying on the floor. He went to her and bent down.

"What's the matter, little girl?"

"Waaah! I'm lost and I can't find my mama and papa!"

"Ohhh don't worry honey, I'll help you. I'll take you to headquarters and make a report, and then we can find your mommy and daddy."

She stopped crying. "You know what?"

"What?"

She smiled sinisterly. "You fell for it." Bam! She fired an energy beam through his stomach. He was completely taken by surprise, and fell and died seconds later.

"Oops. I didn't mean to. Hehehehehehe."

"What was that?" another soldier called out. A bunch of them stopped when they saw the girl with the fallen soldier.

"What happened?"

Vegeta landed in front of them and blasted them. Boom! Two guys died instantly. The rest were confused and shocked. A cloud of smoke formed and the soldiers ran out of it. When the smoke cleared, Vegeta and Sephia were seen.

"It's...it's Vegeta!" one of them yelled.

The brother and sister fired energy balls and hitting people. The Rebel forces arrived and fired laser guns. Bang bang bang. Vegeta and Sephia soared up. Vegeta went past a group of soldiers, who fired at him. They were nervous and scared. Boom! A fireball hit them and destroyed them. Sephia randomly fired energy balls in every direction, hitting someone or something every once in a while.

"Run! Run for your lives!" a rebel shouted. Boom! He died.

Vegeta and his sister laughed. He powered up. "Watch this." He blasted a big fireball, a move he called the Ultimate Dark Blast, and it looked like a comet. It hurtled towards the city. Boom! A piece of the ground blew up, creating a crater. Wrecked buildings around it were destroyed.

"That's your idea of fun?" Nebula inquired.

"It is to me."

"You're insane."



Vegeta continued with his story.

Vegeta and his brother were standing face to face. Sephia was on the side, watching them curiously.

"My brother...I should lock you back up and put you in that cell again. But, you **did** wipe out an entire Rebel faction. Somehow you've discovered their location by chance. We've been looking for them for weeks. You have done us a great favor."

"What does that mean?"

"I am going to spare you. Leave this planet at once and never come back. Hurry, before I change my mind."

"So, then, farewell, brother, and Sephia."

"Don't go!" little Sephia cried. "No...big brother, tell him to stay with us!"

Vegeta ignored her, watching his brother leave.

"And that's my story." the twin of Vegeta concluded.

"Why did you tell me that? So I won't hate you as much?"

"No, it's just that this secret has been buried up inside of me for too long."

"I'm sorry that this happened to you. I'm touched, really." Neb said, sarcastically. "Under normal circumstances, I'd feel sympathy for you. But you're no different than your brother."

Margarita was sitting, leaning against the tree. The shade covered her. Mason was standing and leaned against the same tree on the other side. The spring winds felt cool and comfy.

"You feel that, don't you?" Mason asked, the father of Tyson and Nebula. He was naturally good and kind hearted. He even feels compassion for his enemies. His motto is everybody deserves a second chance. Often he's calm and a thinker. But when he gets pissed he loses all logic and goes out of control with his power. He was born and raised as an orphan and studied under his master until he was a young adult. Later, he discovered he was a sayan and entered a perilous journey to stop a crazy war. That was when he met Margarita.

"Yes." his wife said. Margarita, a proud sayan, was from the colony that defended itself against the Dark Empire during the Great War. She loves battles, but also likes peace and love. She's definitely not the type to mess with or big trouble can be predicted. She's perfectly calm when it comes to normal problems (most of the time) but she's a time bomb waiting to explode. Her temper and patience is not her strong side. "The power force feels so similar. It's Vegeta, isn't it?"

"Nebula said he was still alive. I didn't believe him until now."

"So, after all these years, he's decided to come back."

"The question is, how did he survive my attack? I'm pretty sure he's dead."

Vegeta was done. "Here you go! One big serving of death!" He fired the ball of flames. Nebula fired the Nebula Blast, and Tyson fired the Energy Blast, and the two beams combined into one, and smashed into the flames. Bam!

Terry: "No way...the kids...they cancelled Vegeta's attack."

Neb breathed hard. "That's all I've got. I did all I can." He just let himself fall. And Tyson too fell from exhaustion.

"Blasted wretches. Here comes another one." Vegeta formed another Ultimate Dark Blast, and Terry was done charging. Both fired and watched in suspense.

The Death Star consumed the Dark Blast, and went up to Vegeta.

"No! Nooooooooo!!!" screamed the monster, as his body was demolished. **Kabam!**

Zelfire jumped to the roof, and grabbed Tyson and Nebula, and jumped out of there. The explosion was bright, and everyone stared at it with awe.

It was all over. Mason let out a laugh, then fell backwards. Splat.

Margrit: "We need to contact my brother."

"Yeah, that's a good idea. Oh by the way, Nebula called me earlier. He said Tyson is injured."

"What?"

"It's probably something minor."

"Let's go visit him. We haven't seen him in a while." Margrit suggested.

"Yeah, let's do it."

It was snowing. Snow flakes steadily dropped on the white ground. It was calm and quiet. The two warriors stared, not looking anywhere else.

"You may be right. But I have a mission to complete. The King of Arlia is giving me a second chance. Once I complete this mission, I can go back home. You can say I'm taking my brother's place, but I'm really fulfilling my own goals."

"Vegeta," Nebula began. "I challenge you to a duel. Just you and me, one on one. Do you accept?"

"It's an offer I cannot possibly refuse."

"That's what I thought."

They did the stare in the dead coldness.

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## 5: Nebula vs. Vegeta.

### Contents

The warriors got ready. Nebula had his knees bent, holding sword, pointing it at Vegeta. Vegeta stood calmly, crossing his arms. Light snow fell. It was cold but not that cold. Snowflakes landed randomly on their heads and Neb's sword. Both warriors are confident in their skills and at the same time careful not to underestimate the opponent.

They waited patiently to start. Vegeta smiled. Nebula had a gloomy, serious face. Suddenly, Nebula charged, slashed, Vegeta dodged. Nebula slashed skillfully as Vegeta moved his body from side to side. When Neb aimed low, Vegeta jumped.

He leaped back. Nebula ran and slashed, Vegeta dodged and Neb chopped a tree. It fell on the snow. Vegeta punched, Nebula blocked with his sword. Quong! Nebula kicked, Vegeta blocked with knee. His opponent punched his chest. Pow! Nebula spit saliva.

They backed to a certain distance. Nebula slashed and Vegeta grabbed his hands. The sword went into the air. Nebula kicked, and he kicked, then Neb swept. Vegeta fell. Nebula jumped, caught the sword and put it back in its case. He landed.

Faith walked along, pushing Tyke's wheelchair. He wanted to get some fresh air. He's been in the house too long. They traveled on the fields, which were now mocking him, since he no longer could walk on them. A strong gust of wind passed by. Leaves from the tree fell.

The couple saw another couple in front of them, about a yard away. It was hard to see their faces. The woman, on the left, was wearing a white dress. The man, who was a little taller, wore blue clothes.

"Mother? Father?" Tyke said.

"Son?!" Margrit shouted in surprise. "What happened to...you?"

"How did this happen?" Mason asked in the same tone.

Margrit bent down in front of him and touched his hands. "Who did this to you? Tell me! We'll make that person pay, you can count on it."

Tyson was silent.

Faith: "It's my fault."

Mason: "Say what?"

Faith's voice was trembling and regretful. "It's my fault! I'm sorry! If it wasn't for me..."

Tyke: "Faith..."

"He tried to save me and got injured. I only wanted to help out! I just got in the way..."

Margrit grabbed her shoulders. "Listen to me Faith! It's not your fault. Whether you like it or not that is the truth!"

That's an unexpected way to get to her. Tyson and his father watched in amazement.

Margrit: "You've done more than enough to help our son and us. We owe you so much for taking care of our son all this time. You're my daughter in law, my one and only. I know Tyson did it because he cares about you."

Faith looked at her.

"Right now, the times are tough and we need you. My son needs you. Promise me you'll take care of him until he gets better."

Mason: "Your mother is right. It's not your fault. The only person to blame is the attacker."

"Will you promise me?"

Faith: "I promise."

Margrit: "Thank you."

Mason: "Did Vegeta do this to you?"

Tyke: "No, it was someone else. You don't need to worry about it."

Margrit: "Very well, take care, son."

Mason: "May the best be with you."

All four waved goodbye. Tyson and Faith continued waving as his parents went out of sight. Secretly, Tyson clenched a fist. He wanted to kick Gamera's ass.

Vegeta chased Nebula through the trees. It was an air chase with Nebula on defensive. Vegeta shot fire balls, Nebula dodged by swaying left to right and right to left, and he blew up some trees. Neb landed on a tree branch and Vegeta landed. Nebula punched, Vegeta blocked with his wrist in front, and punched with the other fist. Neb stepped back, dodged, then kicked. Vegeta blocked his kick, then kicked his stomach. Neb fell on the dirt.

"Oof!"

He jumped down, Neb blurred, his foot almost stepped on him. Nebula, in an open spot, opened his right palm and gathered energy. His left hand was supporting his right hand to carry the heavy burden. Vegeta looked at him. Nebula fired the Target Energy Bomb, it flew like a cannon at its target. Vegeta jumped, the bomb went past him. Nebula motioned his hands and the bomb turned direction, heading for its target. Boom! It was a direct hit.

After the explosion, Vegeta's suit had some burns and his cape had holes, but he wasn't hurt.

"What? That can't be!"

He laughed. "Got anymore?"

"In fact, I do!" Nebula powered up and concentrated energy into his palms. He was convinced this was not the Vegeta who killed Jack, but he was just as evil. He must die.

He fired the Nebula Blast and Vegeta countered with a dark fireball. The two forces crashed and exploded. Boom! It could have been seen from the whole forest.

Waiting anxiously in the city were Zelfire and Macintosh. "I hope Nebula can do it."

Mac: "Are we just going stand here and do nothing?"

Zell: "He told us not to interfere."

Mac: "But-"

Zell: "It's a warriors' pride. If we interfere now, he'll get upset. Let him be."

The point of impact was closer to Vegeta, so Nebula expected him to be critically hurt. Surprisingly, when the smoke faded, Vegeta was barely scratched. Nebula was completely shocked. Nebula was actually scared. And when he's scared, he gets angry.

The warriors ascended to the air and shot energy beams at each other. **Kaboom!** Things blew up everywhere.

Two babies – twin babies – were crying. Their owner tried to soothe them. He was with another man. "It's a shame we have to get rid of one."

"You know the rules. We don't have a choice."

And thus, one of the babies were left on the ground, freezing in the storm. He was crying and crying, waiting for death. Luckily, a stranger came by and picked him up. And he took care of the baby for many years.

Later on, that baby became an adult by the name of **Voracious**. "Is it true?" he asked, looking at the window. "That I have an older brother?"

"Yes." said the old man, peeling a potato. "You've asked this many times. Don't think about it."

"But this is important. Why is it that he's the one who gets to stay in a warm home, while I was thrown away like garbage?"

"Because he was born first. I know it is not fair. But it is a tradition that must be kept. I don't want you talking about ... Vegeta. He's a disgrace to his entire race. He's a Sith, yet he lives as a sayan. He goes around and bosses everyone around like he owns them."

Boom, boom, boom! Vegeta dodged an explosion.

Blood splattered as General Vegeta killed a villager. "That's what you get for disobeying the Loyalists."

Voracious was hiding behind a house, and he was watching the scene with his sixth sense. He did not interfere, for he knows there will be trouble if he and his twin were to meet. So he ran away.

But Vegeta's sharp senses picked up his presence, and he chased him.

Voracious saw Vegeta running after him, and flew up. Bam! An energy ball knocked him to the ground. His face was covered in snow.

Vegeta slowly walked over to Voracious's body, and turned him over, and Vegeta gasped as he saw his own face on someone else's body. "Gaaah! Who...are you?"

Voracious got up, wiping blood from his mouth. "What a silly question. The face explains everything, doesn't it?"

"You're my twin brother? But aren't you dead?"

"Pretty much. I tried to keep invisible my whole life. I was the twin baby who was not allowed to live. But I have no grudge against you. If you leave me alone, we shall go our separate ways. I'll pretend I never met you." Voracious proceeded to turn around and walk away.

Vegeta gathered an energy ball and threw it. Voracious was caught by surprise, he dodged. Vegeta blurred behind him, and gave him a good whack. He fell unconscious.

"Sorry, brother." said the general. "You're the only one who knows my secret. I cannot have you walking around...with that face."

They charged and punched on the arm. Bam! Nebula punched his face. Pow! Vegeta punched his chest. Wham! Vegeta wiped blood off his mouth as Nebula drew his sword. He slashed wildly, but couldn't land a single hit.

"Come on, Nebulan! Attack me!"

"Yaaaah!" he screamed as he jumped and got ready to slash.

Vegeta saw the chance and jumped up, slightly lower, and put his fist into Nebula's stomach. He spit blood and collapsed, his sword fell on the snow with a soft sound. The blade was stuck into the ground.

Nebula was on all fours, coughing and bleeding from the mouth. He fell on his face. "I've...lost..."

"That's right. Now you see how hopeless you are. I will not kill you, however. I want you to reflect on this fight. You will never forget this moment of humiliation, because a true warrior would never accept defeat! I want you to suffer! Remember your defeat, warrior! Let this remind you and hinder you for the rest of your life. Hahahahahaha!" Vegeta looked at him like he was nothing but an insect. He walked away.

Nebula grabbed some snow in his fist. "I can't lose...I've lost...this can't be!!!" he cried angrily. This was the worse moment he had ever felt since Jack died. He had failed. He made a challenge and got defeated fair and square. There were no excuses. He felt worthless like garbage.

The snow storm seemed colder, much colder now. More snow fell, turning into a light blizzard.

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## 6: Neflite, the Prince of Sayans.

### Contents

Nebula was walking down the street as usual. But his walking was different, it was the walk of defeat and humiliation and embarrassment. How will he ever face his parents? he thought grimly. How will he face anyone? He was looking down the whole time, not realizing that his friends were in front of him. Harmony Park didn't seem so harmonious to him anymore.

"Nebula...what happened?" Zelfire asked with a concerned face.

"I lost." he answered with shame.

"You lost?" Mac said. "Vegeta is better than I thought. He's too powerful!"

"Arrrgh!" Zell said, pounding his own fist. "We gotta stop him before he wrecks anymore cities."

Nebula: "I...I am sorry. I can't go with you."

Zell: "What?"

"I am nothing now. Nothing more than a disgrace."

Zell: "Nebula...everybody loses once in a while. This is true for even the best of warriors."

Neb: "I have no excuses for it. I fought him man to man and lost. I am not capable of his strength." He walked straight away.

Zell: "Looks like he's in a gloomy mood. I've never seen him like this."

Mac: "He's out. Tyson's crippled. Faith's taking care of him. That only leaves us two."

"Yes, unfortunately."

Margarita and Mason were walking on the grass fields. Mason was in his usual clothing, Margrit was in her combat suit. Nebula was walking in the opposite direction of them, heading towards them. His head had been down all this time.

"Nebula!!" Margrit shouted excitedly.

"Hey son! We just visited Tyson. He's fine. How have you been lately?" Mason asked.

Neb was still facing down. "Mother...father..."

Margrit: "What's wrong, son? You don't look so well."

Mason: "Is something the matter? Come on. You can tell us."

Nebula: "I...I've...I've been defeated by Vegeta."

There was a moment of silence.

Margrit: "You lost to Vegeta?"

Nebula: "I'm sorry! I have failed you, mother and father. I challenged Vegeta to a fair duel, and I lost. I have lost to Vegeta! I am such a disgrace!"

Mason: "It's true then, Vegeta is still alive."

Neb: "Mother, you've taught me everything to know about being a warrior. You wanted me to become strong, to be one of the best. But I am not able to fulfill your goal. I am truly sorry. I have failed you."

Margarita grabbed his collar. "That's it? That's what this is all about?!" she said, as if his defeat meant nothing. "What? That's it? One loss and it's over? One loss and you give up entirely?!"

Nebula looked at her strangely, his mouth wide open.

"Then what kind of warrior are you? A warrior must know when he is defeated, and accept it!"

Mason: "That is right, son. We can't win every single time. Even your mother knows that."

Margrit: "Let me tell you something, Nebula, your loss does not matter to me. What matters is that you did your very best." She let him go. "As much as I hate to admit it, there will always be someone stronger than you. Always. It doesn't matter if you're the best. There is always someone better. Did you think that each time I lose I feel the way you do? Absolutely not! You learn from your mistakes! You learn from defeat."

"Mother..."

"Do you understand?"

"Yes...I do. I do." Nebula said, his whole face completely changed. It was as if he was reborn. "I know what I must do."

Margrit: "Good. That's my son."

"I just can't believe **our** son is crippled."

"Margrit, Margrit...I'm sure he will get well soon. I know he will."

"Oh Terry, even in the most hopeless situations you can still be so calm. That's what I like about you the most."

"What else do you like about me?"

"Well...everything."

"You're just saying that."

"No I'm not."

"Yes you are!"

They kissed on the lips and touched each other's face. When they finished the kiss, their senses went crazy. Terry looked up, then Margrit looked up.

"Huh?"

A spacecraft, similar to Gamera's, only bigger in size, descended close to the ground. Winds were produced and the sayans covered their faces. On the bottom of the ship a door opened, revealing a platform, and the platform descended to ground level. Two people were standing on that, on the left a woman with long, black hair and next to her a man in a fancy suit.

Terry: "Who are they?"

Margrit: "Duh. They're aliens who've lost their way."

The other couple stepped down and confronted them.

"Welcome to earth, strangers." Terry said in a friendly, yet cautious tone.

Something like lightning struck Margrit's mind. She knew the man. "Neflite?! And Sephia?"

"Ah-hem. That's **Princess Sephia** to you." replied the woman.

Terry: "Uhhh...you know them?"

Margrit: "Know them? Of course. This is Prince Neflite, a tyrant of Arlia, and an enemy of mine since childhood."

"Actually, I am **King Neflite**, ruler of Arlia. I took over the throne since my father died. You've been a little behind, eh Margarita...Florescia, or shall I say, Margarita Spade?" His sayan suit had a golden badge on it, signifying his royalty, and he had a necklace with a red gem. He had a black cape attached to his shoulders. His physical attributes include light brown hair and black, firm eyes.

Terry: "You are the King of Sayans?"

Neflite: "Indeed."

Margrit and Jerrell's father got killed by Vegeta, and the kids escaped. After flying for a while, Jerrell took Margrit on the ground so they could rest. Suddenly, Prince Neflite approached them.

Jerrell: "Huh?"

Margrit: "Who is that, brother?"

Prince Neflite: "Who do I look like to you? What do you think this golden medallion is, rebel?" He pointed at the golden badge on his chest proudly.

Jerrell: "No way! You're the prince of sayans!"

Neflite: "Well, that didn't take long. At least you still have a brain."

Margrit: "He's scaring me!"

Jerrell: "Why don't leave us alone, prince jerk!"

"It's Prince Neflite, you blasted rebel! And I'm the strongest kid alive!" he shouted angrily, yet proudly.

Jerrell: "What do you want from us?"

Margrit: "Leave us alone!"

Neflite: "I don't tolerate rebels! You and your sister should join us. I'll give you this rare chance, since you're only kids misled by your parents."

Jerrell: "Our parents didn't mislead us! We'll never join your side, never!"

"Yeah, tell him, brother!" she shouted confidently.

Neflite: "You morons...how dare you...that's it!"

He attacked Jerrell and they started a sayan kid fight. Neflite, as the prince of all sayans, showed his superior techniques. Jerrell ran and punched crazily. Neflite dodged skillfully, and stepped to the side, then tripped Jerrell as he went forward. While off balance, Neflite whacked him on the back, and the stomach, and punched his face. Pow!

Neflite kept on going, and gave Jerrell more bruises.

Margrit was half crying as she watched helplessly. Neflite gave Jerrell a few more hits. Pow! Wham!

Margrit: "Stop hurting him! Please! Stop it!"

As Neflite grabbed Jerrell, Margrit grabbed his arm and pulled him away. Then the little prince hit her and pushed her on the ground. She started crying like a baby and this really upset Jerrell. In a fiery rage, Jerrell attacked the prince vigorously.

Neflite jumped away. "Damn. You actually hurt me. That's not bad for a rebel. But my dad will get you for this."

Jerrell walked towards his sister and helped her get up.

"Are you hurt sis? Did he hurt you?"

"WAAAH! It hurts!"

Jerrell turned towards Neflite and attacked with words.

"No one hurts my sister! I don't care who you are, even if you're a prince. You're nothing but a spoiled brat!"

Neflite: "What did you say?!"

Margarita has hated him ever since that encounter.

Neflite: "Indeed, I am the King of all Sayans. I also happen to be the strongest sayan alive.

Margrit: "Rubbish! Why did you come to earth, Neflite?"

Sephia put her hand over her face. "My my, still as rude as you are, Margarita. You haven't changed one bit."

Margrit: "You haven't changed either, Sephia. Since when did you become a princess?"

Sephia: "Since I became engaged to Neflite."

"Oh great. This just gets better and better." She just didn't like princesses and princes. Her daughter-in-law was the only exception. They're too...what's the word...spoiled. Yes, that's it, spoiled. Spoiled and conceited and a royal pain in the butt.

Neflite: "Hmph. You over there - what's your name?"

Terry: "Me? My name is Terry Spade. But you may call me Mason Spade."

Neflite: "Ohhh, so you are the famous one, eh? Just the one I'm looking for."

Margrit charged energy into her left hand. "You two are not welcome here. Leave now or regret it. Your choice."

Sephia: "Now now, Margarita, let's not jump the gun yet. Don't you want to listen what King Neflite has to say?"

Neflite began to speak. "It all started after the end of the Great War. After Dark Spectre's untimely death, everyone in the Empire panicked. Those rumors have spread to our kingdom as well. Before we knew what happened, our Imperial Palace was raided."

King Neflite bent down and touched his son's shoulders. "Prince, you must run now."

Prince Neflite was only a kid, and he was crying. "But father-"

"Listen to me, you must go now. Run away. But one day you will come back and take over the kingdom again."



With that said, the king's followers took the prince away. And before they knew it, Rebels stormed the palace, and surrounded the king.

"It's over, your highness."

[B]

"I never saw my father die, but I knew he was killed. Me and the few followers who were with me had to run away from the Rebels. We had to live in the mountains to avoid being spotted. And we planned and planned for years – so that one day I will rule the land again. I thought about it everyday. After my father was killed, that bastard **Coitus** ruled Arlia. But soon that changed. After much preparation, me and my forces raided the palace, much in the same fashion as the Rebels did to us. And Coitus fled, still yet to be found."

Margrit: "That's great and all, but what the hell are you doing on earth?"

Neflite: "You see, as king, I've decided to exercise a **Purification**."

Mason: "Purification?"

Margrit: "Purification?!"

Neflite: "Yes! It is a right passed down since ancient times!"

Margrit: "You are out of your mind!"

"What does that mean?" Mason asked blankly.

Sephia: "Allow me to explain. A Purification is a purifying of the sayan race – meaning we will eliminate all those who oppose the Loyalists. Throughout our history, it has been done several times. And this ensures peace and order in our race."

Neflite: "I do think it's about time we had a purification of the sayan race. As King of all Sayans, it is my job to carry it out. All Rebels must be wiped away, so they will be forgotten. Only the strong and loyal shall remain."

Margrit: "What you're doing is despicable, there's not doubt about it. But I must ask: why bother coming all the way to earth to do it?"

Mason: "Good question..."

Neflite: "I want to kill every sayan in every single planet in the cosmos. Only then will our race be pure! We've already eliminated several run aways. Guess what? You're next."

Margrit: "Imbecile! The Great War is over already! It's been over for two decades! Why start the bloodshed now? Are you that foolish? Haven't enough people died already?"

Neflite: "My dear, the war is never over. Just because the Dark Empire fell doesn't mean everything is solved. We shall continue our glory and triumph."

Mason: "Ummm, listen: We don't want any trouble. Just leave us alone and nobody gets hurt."

Neflite: "Ahahahaha! You've got to be joking me. You are one of the strongest fighters alive, and that's all you have to say?"

Terry: "You better stop this! I don't want violence here."

Sephia: "How cute. He's a peacemaker."

Margrit: "Arrrgh Neflite! You're nothing but a spoiled brat. Let **me** tell you something, don't you think it was tragic enough so many have died for nothing during the Great War? Don't you? You're going to start another..."

"It was because of Rebels that there is war."

"Pah! Purification. Hmmmph. That's a big mistake you're making. And coming here to kill me and Terry. That's your second and final mistake." She was extremely pissed off by now. She couldn't hold back anymore. The volcano was erupting.

Terry sensed she was powering up inside. "Margrit...calm down. Not yet." He grabbed her shoulder. "We might be able to talk things out."

Sephia also noticed she was about to attack.

"Talk it out? They're so thick-headed! It's useless." She powered up. White sparks and waves surrounded her body.

Terry: "Margrit...no!"

Whoosh! She charged at Neflite.

"No Margarita!!"

Sephia intervened, kicking Margrit away. The women soared up and hit. Neflite flew, Terry followed. Bam! Terry punched Neflite's chest.

"If I knew you were going to be this much of a pain in the ass, I would have never spared your life back then." Margrit did a Flying Super Kick in the air, but Sephia dodged. She did it again and again, but kept on missing.

"Shut up, you idiot!" Sephia attacked with a combo and Margrit blocked. Wham! Margrit was knocked on the ground. Margarita got back up, astonished her back wasn't broken into pieces. Sephia landed softly then charged.

"Ha ha ha!" she laughed. She gave a hard fist.

Margarita grabbed her fist. "You call that a punch?"

Sephia grunted and got her fist free. She punched. Margrit dodged. She smacked her in the face. Smack! Sephia got up angrily. "You ruined my clothes!"

"Ohhhh poor princess! I dirtied your perfectly pretty dress! How not careful of me! Gee, I am so sorry."

"Rrrrrgh! Your constant sarcasm is a nuisance!"

"What's the matter, spoiled princess? Can't take it?"

"Lady, you've got the biggest mouth I've ever seen!"

Margrit smiled. "Why, thank you."

Margrit fired the Wrath Beam and Sephia got hit and blasted away. Margrit charged and blasted, Sephia soared up. Margrit followed. She did some flying kicks and kicked her chest. Sephia dodge and blurred. She appeared behind Margrit, then grabbed her neck.

"Ooh, your hair is so fine. What shampoo do you use?"

Margrit turned around and punched, Sephia vanished. "Don't you ever touch my hair!!!"

"My hair is better than yours and you know it!"

"I don't need make up to keep my beauty!"

Sephia put her hands together, opened her palms. Streams of white energy went into her palms and turned into a ball. Bam! She fired. Margrit powered up and her shield wiped out the ball.

"Nice try."

Sephia charged and they fought again. After much hitting, Margarita kicked her chest. She punched; Sephia blocked, then punched her face. Pow! Margrit's head turned sideways as she got punched. She jumped up, staring down. Sephia jumped as well, and they kicked each other. They hit on the knees, their feet almost touching the face. As they descended, Margrit punched her. She landed in a crouch, Sephia fell on all fours.

"Why you lousy..."

"Face it, Princess Sephia, this isn't the place for you. The battle field is for experienced fighters, not some prissy girly princess."

"Why you!"

"Why don't you go back home and put on some make up or something..."

"I know what this is about. You're just jealous of my good looks! I'm more beautiful than you can ever dream of."

"Just because Neflite said so it doesn't mean its true. Don't believe everything he says. He's a big liar."

"What?"

"I've known him way before you did."

"You insignificant peasant! You can never match up to royalty." Sephia said angrily.

Margrit and Sephia made a karate chop and hit on the wrists.

Margrit: "Can't handle it?"

"I'm not even breaking a sweat!"

They jumped back.

"Eat my Wrath Beam!" She fired the Wrath Beam.

Sephia fired an energy ball.

Neflite attacked viciously, while Mason went on defensive. He was talking as Neflite punched non-stop. "Wait a minute...stop this!! Stop!" He dodged a fist. "I said stop!" He dodged another fist. "Can't we talk this out?!"

"No!"

"Why won't you listen?"

"Because you are a Rebel!"

"Rebel? Aren't we the same kind of people. We're all sayans here."

"Wrong! There are two kinds of people - Rebels and the Loyalists. Nothing will stop me from completing my mission." He fired an energy ball.

Mason jumped. "But you're going to start another war?"

"So what if I am?"

Now Mason was getting pissed. "Listen, I only use force as a last reserve. Don't make me punish you!"

"If you don't want to fight, then just stand there and die."

"I'm warning you! This is your last chance. I don't want to fight."

"Oh, but I do."

Neflite punched, Mason blocked. "Alright, that's it! I've had it!" He kicked Neflite in the chest, sending him up into the air. Neflite regained control of himself and stopped. Mason flew and kicked him in the chest. Neflite fell on the ground hard.

Mason charged and attacked. Prince Neflite had pushed the line. Obviously, talking to him wasn't going to work. He had asked for it. Pow! He punched Neflite directly in the face. He punched, Neflite grabbed both fists. They struggled and grunted. Their energies caused the ground to shake and rocks floated. Electric sparks were seen. Veins popped in their foreheads.

"Arrrrgh Mason!"

They let go and Neflite punched his face. Pow!

"Low class sayan!"

"Now you're really going to get it." He powered up.

Neflite powered up. Mason fired the Energy Blast and Neflite blocked. Then Mason charged. He punched his face and collapsed. Mason got on top of him and punched his face a couple of times. Neflite kicked him off.

They got up and stared angrily at each other. Terry fired the Ultra-Blast and Neflite jumped up. The Ultra-Blast split into four beams and they went off course.

"What the?!" The beams surrounded him on four sides and hit him. Boom!

Mason fired a bunch of energy balls into the explosion. Neflite popped out and punched him.

The women continued fighting. They threw insults once in a while. Their fists and their mouths never seemed to be able to stop. Following an insult were counter-

insults, then some more fighting. That was basically what they did. But the biggest insults were just starting.

Margrit and Sephia kicked and landed. They panted for breath, staring at the opponent's eyes.

"You think you're so tough, don't you?"

"I can say the same about you."

"Ahahahaha! I've never met anybody quite as stupid as you. I am a feared sayan all around. I was living just fine with my family until you and prince jerk showed up."

"How dare you call my Neflite a jerk!"

"Cuz that's what he is, a big jerk."

"Let me tell you, we are engaged! And deeply in love. We are getting married soon."

"Ooh. Isn't that nice." Margrit said sarcastically.

"He is better than your husband will ever be."

"My husband...is a great man! Your Neflite...is nothing compared to him, you hear me?!" Sephia had made the wrong insult. Margrit was extremely pissed off. Rage overcame her. "My Mason is a great man, he practically saved the universe. Your fiancé is a spoiled brat who is his father's son and lives like a rat! He's nothing but Loyalist trash. All he does is killing people."

"It is because of people like you that we have so many problems. What he is doing is for the good of the race and future generations."

"Your ways will never be liked. You kind of people will never learn."

They punched.

Margrit: "Is that so? In truth, what you're doing is creating more problems. And to think, we've worked so hard for peace. All you need is one command to take it all away."

"Yes! That's the essence of power!"

"Unfortunately, it's in the wrong hands."

They continued fighting. Sephia was winning this time.

Mason beat up Prince Neflite badly, and this time, he felt little compassion. "Now, I'll give you one chance. Go back to your planet and end the purification. Or whatever it is you're doing."

"Are you crazy? I don't answer to anybody!"

Mason charged and punched his face. Whack! The he kicked his chest. Whak!

"Hahahahahaha! You...haven't won yet." Neflite smiled with blood on his mouth.

"You can't win every fight just because you are the king."

"That's where you're wrong!!!" Neflite's necklace suddenly began flashing. "This is my **Royal Amulet**, my secret weapon."

"Secret weapon?"

The Amulet was flashing and his whole body was flashing. Red energy waves appeared.

Mason was in shock. "Uhhh....uhh...." He winced from the power.

"It was passed down from my father to me. And my father received it from his father. This is the power of the Neflite family." Neflite laughed hysterically as he grew stronger and stronger, rocks broke apart.

"Energy Bomb!" Mason fired the Energy Bomb and Neflite flew at him and knocked it away. Mason fired a stream of energy balls and they hit him but had no effect.

Will Margarita and Mason be able to fight their old enemies?

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## 7: Rebels Vs. Loyalists. A Sayan Duel!

### Contents

Margarita and Sephia floated in the air, doing the stare. These two had a long history together. And it wasn't exactly pleasant.

"Go back to Arlia, you piece of scum." said Margrit.

"No one talks to me that way!" Sephia fired a double beam.

Margrit knocked them away like volleyballs. "You came here for a purification? Is that why you brought Vegeta back?" They hit on the arms. "I'll make you regret ever coming here!" They backed away.

"Margarita, you've always opposed me. But this I'll put you six feet under!"

"Try it!" Both fighters gathered energy and flew into each other. Wham!

Mason crossed his arms over his face and Neflite punched him, sending him backwards scraping the ground. Neflite flew up, then down. Mason was covered with dirt and he got up painfully. Neflite was about to dive at him, he ran out of the way, Neflite's body turned into a fireball and hit the ground. Boom!

Mason continued running, and suddenly Neflite was in front of him. Wham! He was sent flying backwards.

Margrit and Mason crashed into each other, hitting on the back. Sephia and Neflite regrouped.

Margrit: "We need a strategy."

"Yeah, no kidding. They're gonna clobber us at this rate."

"We better think fast." Terry said.

"We can beat them, right?" Margrit asked.

"It depends."

Sephia and Neflite fired an energy ball at them, they disappeared. The two energy balls crashed and created a huge explosion. KABOOM!

Suddenly, Margrit appeared close to Sephia and hit her. Mason appeared close to Neflite and sucker punched him. The princess fired energy balls, Margrit went side to side and evaded. She punched Sephia in the face, and for an instant everything was black. Sephia found herself on the ground with some pain. "Owww..."

Mason tried to land a punch, Neflite blocked and kicked him. Mason and Margrit stood together and got ready for their opponents.

Sephia: "Is the Amulet working?"

Neflite: "Working like a charm."

Margrit: "Bring it on! Attack!"

Neflite gathered energy and blasted at them. Mason formed the Electro-shield and protected him and Margrit. The glowing blue sphere knocked away Neflite's blast like a fly.

Margarita fired the Super Energy Bomb and Neflite and Sephia jumped, the bomb hit the ground. Mason flew up, followed by Margrit. The two couples attacked viciously and it seemed like there was no end to the madness.

Margrit fired an army of energy meteors at the loyalists, and they dodged easily. She kept on firing crazily.

Terry: "Stop, Margrit. You're wasting energy!"

She didn't listen.

"She's out of her mind." Sephia shouted as she dodged.

"Doesn't she know she can't hit us like that?" Neflite said.

"Margrit, stop!" Mason grabbed her hand.

Margrit panted for breath. She was tired.

Neflite fired an energy ball and it went between Margrit and Mason. Margrit charged at Neflite and unleashed a dozen punches of hate. Mason flew at them, ready to help, then Sephia got in his way. She spread out her arms, purposely blocking him. He fired the Energy Blast and it pushed her away.

Margrit punched Neflite's face and kicked him in the guts. Neflite grunted and smacked her. Smack! She fell on the ground with a splat. Neflite landed.

"I've got to try." Tyson tried to stand up, but couldn't. He fell every single time. "Oof! Aah! Uuugh!" Each time he fell his arms were scratched a little bit. But he didn't care. He just wanted to walk to again, that is all he wants.

"Tyson? What are you doing?!" Faith called out. She helped him up.

"Let go of me! Can't you see I'm trying to stand up?"

"No matter how many times you try, it is not going to work."

"Today I stabbed my leg with a knife."

"You did what?"

"I felt something! Do you know what that means?"

"You could be wrong."

"No. It can't be wrong. I know when I feel something. I still have a chance. Now let go of me."

"You're only hurting yourself."

Tyson sighed. "Maybe you're right. I need some rest."

"Tyson..."

"Can you get me back inside the house?"

"Sure." She pushed the wheelchair back into the house.

Margrit: "Neflite, I'm going to kill you!"

Sephia appeared behind Margrit and whacked her back, knocking her senseless. She fell and couldn't get up.

Mason dived at Neflite and hit him. Neflite kicked him away.

When Mason stood up, he looked different. He grunted angrily and powered up fiercely.

"What is happening?" Neflite asked nervously.

His entire body was flashing a blue color, and his eyes were different.

"Arrrrrrrrrr!" He ran forward like a bullet. Wham! Neflite didn't know what hit him.

Neflite and Mason grabbed each other's wrists and squeezed tightly. His Amulet was glowing crazily. Mason let go and punched him. He fired the Ultra Blast and made a direct hit. "AAAAAAAH!" he screamed as he got hit.

Neflite fell on the ground, his suit smoking. Sephia ran to him at once. "Neflite! Speak to me! Speak to me!"

Margrit and Mason watched them. "Good job, Terry. You taught him not to mess with us Rebels."

Sephia: "Neflite! Don't die! Please!"

Neflite groaned. "Uhhh...Sephia...I don't feel so good...I might not make it...I never thought this would happen. You better run...go..." He groaned.

"No!" She was crying.

Margrit: "It's time they both died. That will get rid of two more people this world doesn't need. Farewell." She opened her palm and gathered energy.

Mason was watching the woman cry and he was moved. Something didn't seem right in this picture. He felt he had done a great wrong. He grabbed Margrit's hand.

"No...wait."

"Why?"

"Margarita...we've made a terrible mistake."

She looked at him in shock. Then she looked at the fallen Neflite and Princess Sephia. "What...what do you mean?"

"Don't you see they're just like us?"

"Like us?"

"They love each other as we do."

Margrit stuttered for a bit. "So what? They're our enemies!"

"Are they?" he asked, and she became speechless.

Sephia's tears dripped on Neflite's face, and he moaned half consciously.

"Sephia...go..."

"Neflite, I won't leave you. No way!" She grabbed his hand and it put on her face.

Margrit continued watching them. Is what Terry said true? Is it wrong to kill people who have genuine emotions?

Vegeta: "The earthlings are hot on my trail. It's going to be difficult to cut them loose."

Camera: "There's nothing to worry about. Don't forget who you are. Continue destroying cities. Wipe out the east coast."

"As you wish." Vegeta left the room.

The three heroes came into another ruined city. On the town square, everything was either destroyed or cracked. The street was empty and silent. Pieces of rock lay where they shouldn't be.

Neb: "Darn it! We're one step behind."

Mac: "This is getting worse. He's wiping out city after city. If we don't stop him soon, there won't be any cities left to destroy."

Zell: "Macintosh is absolutely right."

Mac: "I think I know which city he is going to next. He's going south."

Neb: "Let's go."

"Oof!" Tyson fell on the grass. "I've got to keep trying." He grabbed the tree and made himself stand up, then fell. He tried a third time and fourth time. Every time it was the same result. He couldn't stand up for two seconds. His legs were useless.

"Tyson?" Faith called. When nobody answered, she looked outside. She gasped.

Tyson grabbed with his arms and pulled himself up. "Uuuugh. Almost there. I've got to do this."

"Tyson! What are you doing?"

"Faith? Don't help me. I must do this by myself."

"Are you out of your mind?" She helped him up and set him on the wheelchair. "This isn't doing you any good."

"No! I've got to try!"

"No!"

"I have to! Faith, leave me alone!"

Faith made a fist. She couldn't take his attitude anymore. "The doctor said you mustn't do any physical activity. It only makes your condition worse! Tyson, stop!"

"Just sitting here and doing nothing won't be any good! I have to try!"

She pushed him into the house. Into the hallway. Into the bedroom. "Now you stay here and don't ever do that again!"

"Why won't you let me try?!" he asked, his voice unstable. He was almost crying, his head facing down.

Faith couldn't see his face, but she knew how much pain he felt. "Tyson..."

"You have no idea what it feels like to be me right now. I've never been like this before! Why, I used to be able to fly everywhere and run faster than any normal person. I've fought with my friends and save the world. Now look at me! I can't do a damn thing! I'm practically a vegetable!"

She went behind the wheelchair and put her arms around his chest. "It's okay, it's okay. Tyke, I know how difficult this must be for you now. But we can get through it together."

He doesn't even realize how lucky he is to have a supporter like her. All he focused on was his disability. Is there no way out of this?

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## 8: Hope Will Never Be Lost.

### Contents

"We can never lose hope." Mason said. The room was quiet, very quiet. He stood by the window, looking at the brightness outside. The curtains were waving. "You see, Margrit, like I told you before, hope is our most powerful weapon, and sometimes most effective. We can never lose it. We musn't. Never. Even in the worst situations, hope is there. No matter how hopeless things may seem, there is hope. Even in a dark tunnel, where you can't see anything, and there is no way to go...imagine hope as small dim light far away. No matter what you must grasp it, reach for it, and go get it. If you try hard enough, then that light will turn into an exit. A big exit, bright and shining. Then you will go from darkness to light." Margarita listened attentively. "Hope is all around us. It's in the air we breathe, it's everywhere. I just pray that our son understands this."

"Tyson was raised to think like you." Margrit said.

"Yes, but this is the ultimate test. It is up to him now whether he will walk again. His life depends on it. He must find hope and hang on to it..."

In the bedroom, the wheelchair faced the window. Outside it was bright and sunny. The person on the wheelchair did not move.

The door opened slowly. Creeeeeeeek. Faith stepped in. "Tyke? Dinner is almost ready. You can come down if you want to eat." She put a glass of water on the desk. It was for him.

Silence.

"Don't you want to eat?"

No answer.

"Say something! You've got to eat. You can't stay like this forever!"

Silence.

"Fine. I'll be waiting for you downstairs." She closed the door.

Faith did not leave immediately. She leaned on the door silently for a few seconds and sighed sadly. Tyson had been like this ever since his disability. She was hoping he'll change, he'll get used to it, his attitude towards her would return to normal. But he didn't.



Tyson moved towards the desk and picked up the cup. He drained the water. He stared at the liquid. He regretted being so cold a little bit. Was he wrong to do so? He just didn't feel like talking to her. So was he wrong?

His stomach growled. Maybe it's time to eat...

He went to the kitchen. Faith was fixing something by the stove. He went close to her. "Shall we eat?"

Faith looked at him quite surprised, her eyes lighted up and sparkled instantly. "Oh...Tyson...of course. We're having your favorite - omelets."

"I can't wait."

Floating in the air, the heroes watched Gamera's space craft. "Vegeta is inside." Nebula said.

Gamera: "The earth warriors have found us."

Vegeta: "They're quite persistent, don't you say?"

"Mmm hmm."

Zelfire and Macintosh watched as Nebula charged energy and fired a ball at the space craft. Kaboom! It exploded. Two small dots came out and went to the trees.

Zelfire: "Vegeta got away! He went down there!"

The three heroes chased the dot. They landed on the ground. It was a barren wasteland. Nothing was on it but rocks. Vegeta stood in the open, waiting for them to show up.

The heroes paused. "Let me handle it." Zell said.

Nebula: "What?"

Mac: "You want to take Vegeta...by yourself?"

Zell: "Yes. You had your chance at him, Nebula. Now it's my turn. We did not interfere. I deserve the same chance."

Neb: "You're right, but I lost, did you not forget? How can you do any better?"

Zell: "That's because you suck."

This kind of comment coming from Zelfire was surprising. "Uhhhh..."

Zell: "Don't worry. I've fought Vegeta before. I'll get him."

Mac: "Go get 'im, Zell."

Neb: "Fine. Give it your best."

"Thanks, guys." Zell ran ahead, they remained on their position.

"It's just you?" Vegeta asked, disappointed. "I'm quite offended. Only one of you will fight me?"

Zelfire: "Hmmpf, Vegeta. Prepare to defend yourself."

"With pleasure." Vegeta powered up as Zelfire was on alert. Red energy waves surrounded him and the ground blasted apart. Rocks flew up and red streams came from below.

Zelfire powered up. White energy waves came from within his body and expanded. Winds blew fiercely. He charged and punched. Vegeta grabbed his fist, but he was pushed back from the force. His feet scraped the dirt and his feet were burning. He grunted and punched Zelfire's stomach. Zelfire stepped back, grabbing his stomach. It hurt.

Vegeta shot a fireball. Zelfire ran to the side. He fired the Energy Blast. Vegeta blocked it.

"Nice try."

The two warriors jumped and hit. They continued fighting in the air. Their movements were quick as lightning and their power was enormous. The sounds of them punching and kicking each other were loud and clear.

Nebula and Macintosh ran to the scene. "Does Zelfire stand a chance?"

"He is determined to win. His mind and will are strong." Macintosh answered.  
"I know he can."

Zelfire powered up more and kicked Vegeta in the face. It was an ouchie. As Vegeta headed for land, Zelfire flew at him and gave him a second kick, making him fall faster. Crash! He slammed into a rock.

Mac: "Yeah Zelfire! Give it to him!"

Zell fired a beam aiming down. It hit the ground. He hoped he hit Vegeta. He waited for the smoke to clear out. There was no sign of a body. Suddenly, Vegeta shot a fireball. Zell used the Power Punch and punched the fireball. Poof! It broke into sparks, but his hand was burned. Vegeta fired a bunch of fireballs and Zell dodged, each time it almost hit him.

"Z-Zelfire?" Tyson said. He turned towards the door.

"Are you ready?" Faith asked, setting up the table. Everything was ready. The dishes were set and his bowl of rice was ready.

"Faith, do you sense that?"

"Sense what?" she asked, ignorant of what he's talking about. "I don't know what you're talking about. Come on, your dinner is ready."

"I know you can sense it! Zelfire is in danger! I've got to help."

"Tyson...how would you know? You're just overreacting. C'mon, eat your dinner."

"Faith!" he yelled angrily. "Stop pretending! I know you're playing dumb. You **know** what's going on. You can sense it as well as I can"

She realized she could no longer hide it. "Yes." she admitted. "I do know." She spoke like there was no tomorrow. "Don't you think I'm not worried about him?!" she suddenly screamed. "Zelfire is **my** good friend too! Of course I know!" She put her hands on the table, her head facing down. After two seconds of calming down, she began to speak again. "You're so worried about Zelfire, but what about yourself! Can't you worry about yourself for once?"

Tyson was speechless.

"Tyson, can't you live just happily for once? Please! Is that too much to ask of you, my husband? I just don't want you to worry. I know what happens outside is very important, but don't forget about yourself ... and me! I haven't seen you smile since the day you got into that wheelchair. And to think, I tried so hard to make you happy. But you won't let yourself be happy. Why? Why?"

"All I know is that Zelfire needs help."

"There is nothing you can do to help."

Tyson's fingers formed fists. Faith was absolutely right. He could do nothing to help. Tyson was...what's the word...helpless. Yes, that's it. Helpless.

Zelfire charged like a bullet and kicked Vegeta in the chest. Wham! Then he gave a knee to his face. Vegeta grabbed his foot and slammed him down. His back almost broke. Vegeta started swinging him and after a few spins, he let go. Zelfire was shot into the air. Vegeta appeared behind him and whacked him. Whack! Zelfire hit the ground hard. Things didn't look so good anymore.

Neb: "Zelfire!"

Mac: "Oh no!"

"You haven't learned a thing from your friend Nebula, have you?" Vegeta said.  
"He was not able to defeat me. And neither can you."

Zelfire coughed blood and breathed hard. "You underestimate me, Vegeta. Do you think I'd give up without even trying?" He smiled.

"I wonder if all earthlings are as stupid as you."

"And I wonder if all sayans are as dumb as you." Zelfire charged and punched. Vegeta dodged, moving his head to the side. In those few instances, Zelfire knew he was gonna get it. Vegeta punched him in the stomach and Zelfire coughed blood on his face. Vegeta did not even blink when the blood hit his face. The pain was unbearable. Vegeta punched him in the chin and Zelfire fell a few feet off where he was hit.

"Zelfire! Oh no!!!" Tyson screamed. "He's dying!"

"Can it be true?" Faith asked in disbelief.

"I can't just sit here anymore! I have to help him." He rolled the wheels, making himself go forward.

"No, Tyson, no!" She grabbed the wheelchair. They struggled.

"Faith, let go!"

"No, I won't."

"Let go!" He struggled harder.

"Tyson, please stop!" she yelled desperately.

"I've got to do something!" He pushed her hands away and went forward.

Faith ran in front of him, blocking his way. She spread her arms out like a cross.

"Faith...get out of my way."

"No. Never. I've always listened to you, but I cannot this time."

Tyson pounded his wheelchair angrily. "Damn it! Why must you get in my way?!"

"Tyson..." Faith said. "Why...why are you doing this to me? Don't you know that...someone here really cares about you?"

Tyson looked up at her. Tears dropped on the floor. He was shocked and speechless. He just stared at her.

Faith's eyes were soaked and tears ran down her cheeks. These were not just childish, girlish tears she cried when she hurt her knee or something like that. They were tears of pain, true pain, sadness, and love. "Why do you keep doing this to me, Tyson?!" she cried.

After a few moments of crying for Faith and silence for Tyke, he went towards her.

He felt guilty and ashamed. It's true, what can he do in this condition? Is he hoping that a miracle will happen in the face of danger? Can he just stand up all of a sudden? Is what he's hoping for?

She hugged him real tight and he hugged back. She cried and wepted on his shoulder. "I'm sorry." he said.

Vegeta continued beating up Zelfire, and he was barely fighting back. The watchers could not bear to see this anymore. Zelfire screamed after every hit. His face was bloody.

"Enough! I can't let him do this to Zelfire." Nebula said angrily.

"No." Mac grabbed his shoulder. "Remember your promise. We are not supposed to help him."

"But...no!"

Macintosh was surprised. Neb started to run. "Wait! You did not want us to help, and we respected that. Zelfire deserves the same chance. Let him take a true warrior's defeat."

"But he's dying."

"Now is not time to be a hero."

"Hero? Who wants to be a hero? I just want to save a friend." Nebula answered plainly. He smiled, and then ran ahead.

Macintosh was amazed at what he just said. And he was more amazed by his smile. Neb had told the truth right out. He said what came out from his heart. Mac noticed he's changed. Changed a lot. Ever since his defeat. And maybe Neb was right - helping a friend was more important than anything else.

"Wait for me!" Mac yelled. "I'm coming too!"

Vegeta lifted Zell by his shirt, then tossed him down. Zell moaned and groaned. "Uhhh...uhhhh."

"Stop!" Nebula yelled, running.

Vegeta turned to the side and shot a fireball. It hit the ground and knocked Nebula away.

Macintosh lifted Zell's head. "Are you okay, buddy?"

"Uhhh...Macintosh?"

"Thank goodness."

"It's good to know that someone cares about you, doesn't it? With friends like you we can't possibly lose hope."

Vegeta looked at them. "Bye bye."

Suddenly, a gunshot was heard. Bang! Vegeta moaned as his arm was bleeding. Standing by herself was Lisa, aiming a gun. Her finger was on the trigger and smoke came from the barrel. She looked intense and breathed hard.

Neb: "Lisa? What are you doing here?"

Lisa: "Hey guys, nice to see you too. I'm in this too, you know."

"Die!" Vegeta yelled. He jumped up and went for Lisa.

Nebula saw it coming, and ran in her direction. Vegeta charged down like a comet and shot an energy ball. Lisa pointed the gun up and fired. Bang bang bang. She missed. Nebula grabbed her and pushed her out of the way just as the fireball hit the ground. Boom! The explosion almost got them. Neb and Lees scraped against the ground.

Lisa gapsed. "You're hurt."

Nebula's shirt had a hole on his elbow and it was bleeding. "I'm fine. It's just a small scratch."

Vegeta landed and put his hand on his wound. He grunted angrily. "Damn earthlings." His whole left arm was covered in blood.

Macintosh fired the Electro-shockwave at Vegeta and Gamera intercepted with an energy beam.

Mac: "What?"

Zell: "Huh?"

Gamera: "It's too early for you to die, Vegeta."

Mac: "Who the hell are you?"

Gamera: "Someone who is stronger than you."

Macintosh jumped at them. Gamera jumped and kicked him, Mac fell on his back.

Gamera: "Hmmm, that wound is pretty deep. It needs to be treated."

Vegeta: "Yeah, but first let me finish this." He powered up and gathered tons of energy.

He released a fireball and hit the ground, and the explosion was like a bomb. The heroes ran for their lives.

"Ta-ta." Vegeta and Gamera flew away.

Kaplooosh! The four heroes looked back at the glowing hemisphere, the end result of the explosion.

Macintosh supported Zelfire with an arm around him. "We almost didn't make it."

Lees: "We're friends for life. We always stick together, no matter what the dangers."

Neb: "Lisa..."

Zell: "Agreed."

Mac: "Agreed."

This event brought them closer to each other. Much closer than ever. Even for Tyson and Faith, they understood each other more. Will Tyson be able to walk again, or be crippled forever?

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## 9: Cure or No Cure?

### Contents

Tyson's house, which was made mostly of wood, rested in an open field. In front of it are the woods, which led to a thick forest. To the left of the house is path that leads a big hill, covered entirely of grass. It looked best at springtime. Many kinds of flowers grew here, and butterflies and bees fly around. Behind the house was a road surrounded by trees on both sides. This placed looked best in the fall, when leaves of many colors would fall on the ground.

The house itself wasn't big or small. It had two stories and that's about it. On the roof was a chimney, where smoke would come out when somebody was cooking. The front door, once opened, led to the kitchen and dining room. Behind the kitchen was a hallway. On the right of it were two doors, one was the bathroom and the other was the unused bedroom. At the end of the hallway was the living room, where the TV and sofa was at. Within the living room was a mini-kitchen, with a counter, stove, and a refrigerator. This part of the house was covered by a carpet except for the mini-kitchen. The walls were white and made of concrete. It had a door leading to the basement. Near the hallway was stairs. On the second floor was the bedroom that Tyke and Fay used, along with a second bathroom.

Nebula also lives in a house in the forest in another location. Zelfire lives in a house by a lake. Macintosh and Lisa live in the city.

"Dinner is ready, Mr. Husband." Faith said as she opened the door.

The person facing the window turned around. "Alright! Let's eat." Tyson said cheerily.

Faith pushed the wheelchair out of the room, into the hallway, and into the kitchen.

"Hey, that smells good."

"Yep." She made the wheelchair spin around. "Ta-da-da-da-da!"

He was getting dizzy. "Stop! What are you doing? Are you crazy?"

She pushed him in front of the table. "Welcome to your dinner, Mr. Husband."

"Wow." The food looked really. They smelled good, they looked good, and he was sure they'd taste good.

Through most of the meal, Faith fed him spoon by spoon. "Open up." she would say. Then she'll put the spoon into his mouth and he'll swallow the food. Then comes

the soup. She fed him and he fed her some. It was a very romantic dinner they'd never forget.

Tyson was getting full, but there still two plates left. "No, no, I can't possibly take anymore."

She stuck a fork into a pancake and put it in front of him. "Come on, please?"

"I'm really full."

"Please, Mr. Husband? I made this just for you."

"I'm really, really full."

"Pleeeeeeeeeeease? Pretty please?"

"Oh alright! Just don't look at me with those eyes." He ate it. Swallow. "Mmmm, not bad."

Eventually, it was time to sleep. Tyson forgot to go to bed and fell asleep on the wheelchair as he looked at the stars. He snored.

Faith came in and put a blanket on him. She was about to leave, but something made her try it. She bent down and touched his leg. She knew it wasn't going to work, but it was worth another try. It has to work, she thought, it has to! She just couldn't accept the fact that she had no more healing abilities.

Morning came. Tyson decided to go to a friend. Faith was asleep and he didn't want to wake her up to tell her.

There was a knock at the door. Knock knock.

"Who's there?" Mac asked.

"It's me." He came in.

"Tyson?"

"Hi Macintosh." Tyson said as he came in. Mac helped him close the door.

"What brings you here?"

"How is it going with Vegeta?"

Mac sighed. "No luck. He defeated both Nebula and Zelfire, not to mention all three of us together. He's a handful."

"Just what I expected. Actually, Macintosh, I came here with another purpose. Well, I don't think I have to tell you what it is. Look at me. I was wondering if you can help." he asked politely.

"I'd be more than glad to help. We're good friends, aren't we?"

"Yeah."

So Tosh took him to his laboratory to do some tests on Tyson's muscles. Those tests would help him find a solution, hopefully.

"You know, Tyson," he said as he was working. "I've always admired you."

"Really?"

"Yeah. Lisa told me many stories about you. You're a classical hero."

"Aheheheh, don't mention it."

"We make an amazing team, didn't we? It's such a shame that something this bad happens to you. But don't worry, I promise I'll do my very best to get your legs fixed. I'll do whatever it takes."

"Thanks."

After some more tests, it was finally over. It was evening.

Mac: "It's late. I think you should go home."

"Tyke: Yeah."

"Oh wait, I have something to give you."

"What?"

Knock. Faith answered the door, surprised to see Tyson. He came in with a happy mood.

"Tyson? Where have you gone to all day? I've been waiting for you."

"Is dinner ready? Boy, am I hungry."

"Well, it's almost ready."

"Hey look, Macintosh gave me a new wheelchair. Isn't it cool?"

"And look at this." He was holding a remote control attached to the arm pad by a wire. It had four buttons, up, down, left, right. "I can move around much easier now." He pressed the buttons, and the wheelchair went forward, then backward. "And look at this!" he said, making the wheelchair spin in a circle.

If he hadn't mentioned it, she never would've noticed. He definitely had a better wheelchair, it was more advanced and feature-filled.

The very next day, Tyson went back to Macintosh's laboratory, as they had planned. This time however, it was not just Macintosh and Tori alone doing the tests. They greeted him warmly and Tyson was surprised to see him with a bunch of other scientists and doctors.

"Hey Tyson!" Macintosh said cheerily.

Tyson went forward and Mac introduced him to his friends. "This **Dr. Cory Kading**, expert scientist, **Dr. Rumsfield**, expert in muscles, and **Dr. Hobs**, world-famous expert in chemicals.

Dr. Hobs: "Oh, this is the friend you were talking so much about, Mr. Tori?"

"Indeed. He's the one and only Tyson Spade."

Dr. Kading: "Don't worry, Mr. Spade, we're the best experts you can find. We will find a way for you to walk again."

"Thanks. And call me Tyson."

Dr. Kading: "Okay, Tyson."

Just like the day before, they spent the whole afternoon doing tests on Tyson's legs. Tyson, having no idea what the heck they were doing, just cooperated. They did X-ray tests, blood tests, radiation tests, and other stuff like that.

As they were doing this, back home, Faith did her chores and waited patiently for her husband to come back.

By evening, the scientists and doctors were able to conclude.

Dr. Kading: "I've got good news."

Tyke was happy to hear the phrase good 'news.' "Yes?"

Dr. Kading: "Your muscles are damaged severely, but not un-repairable."

Macintosh: "That means you have a chance!!!"

Dr. Hobs: "We're working on a new chemical that might stimulate the muscles on your legs. It might speed up the recovery process."

Dr. Rumsfield: "Just go home and relax. We'll contact you once we finish it."

So Tyson did as they said. Days passed without any word. Tyke was growing more and more impatient. Eventually, Macintosh called. At last.

Mac's friends have left as they had business elsewhere, but they gave Mac the formula for the new chemical. "Here it is."

"What is it?"

"It's M-23, a new chemical that's just developed. This might help improve your condition."

"All I have to do is inject it into my legs?"

"It's not that simple. This thing is untested. There might be some side effects. It's a risky bet. The choice is yours, Tyson. I do not know what it can do to harm you."

"Anything is better than being in this wheelchair for another second! I don't care, I'm willing to take the risks."

"Just what I thought."

Macintosh put the chemical into a needle and injected it into Tyson's lap.

"The effects should be felt in a few seconds. Do you feel anything?"

"Not yet." Suddenly, he felt something. "Ahh!" His legs didn't feel right. The pain was becoming greater and greater he grabbed his legs and squeezed them and screamed and grunted.

"Are you alright?!" Mac asked worriedly.

"Arrrrgh! Uuuuugh!" He fell off the wheelchair and made all kinds of painful sounds.

"Tyson!"

He fell unconscious.

Stuck in the house with nothing better to do, Faith decided to make a visit to Nebula's place, which was just a few miles south.

"Ummm, hi Faith? What brings you here?" he said.

She came into the house shyly. But as she began to speak she returned to normal. "How is it with...the situation with Vegeta?"

Nebula sighed. "I was not able to defeat him. Neither could Zelfire or Macintosh. He's destroyed several cities already, and I know he is going to continue destroying cities on the east coast."

"If only Tyson could help..."

"Yes, that would be nice. But unfortunately..."

"If only I could heal him."

"Oh yeah, I almost forgot about that. You can heal. How did you...lose that ability?"

"I do not know the reason for it. That is what makes it so frustrating. Have I told you about my history?"

Nebula scratched his head, thinking back. "Hmmm, in fact you did. Aren't you a Phenalian or something like that?"

"Yes. Since I was a child I had this special power. I first discovered it when I healed a tiger, and that tiger became my friend I was always able to help my friends and loved ones. But all of a sudden I lost this ability! How....how!"

"Ummm, maybe you used it too much." he said stupidly. He knew his answer wouldn't satisfy her, but she looked desperate to find an answer. "Or maybe the times are too tough right now. I'm sure they'll come back to you eventually."

"I can't take this anymore! It was originally my fault that Tyson is in this mess! And I can't even help him. This is the worse possible time for it to go away."

"Try it on me." he said. He gave her his bad elbow.

"Alright." And she did. She held his elbow firmly and her hand was glowing pink. But the wound did not change.

"It didn't work." Faith said hopelessly. "It can't be..."

"Then try it again." Nebula said seriously. He took a knife and was about to cut his wrist.

"What are you doing?!"

He cut himself. "Well, what are you waiting for? Heal me!"

So she tried it again. This time she concentrated harder. I have to do it, she thought, I'll do it right this time.



"No good, the wound is still there." Nebula said.

"I just don't get it. Why won't it work?"

After being unconscious for a while, he woke up. Tyke was on the examination table in the middle of the room.

"Phew." Mac said. "Thank goodness. You're alright now."

"Uhhh...what..."

"The danger is over."

Tyson sat up. "Owww. I feel so strange."

"It's the chemical. Hey, can you feel your legs?"

Tyson touched them. "Say...I can feel them!"

"That's great!"

"It works!" he cried joyfully. "It really works!"

"Now, remember, take a dose each day. There will still be side effects, but you'll have to get used to it."

"I got it."

The person on the lake was meditating, able to concentrate with the quiet surroundings. Zelfire sat on a rock on the lake, behind him was a waterfall.

Faith came to the scene. She just watched him, not wanting to disturb him. Suddenly he opened his eyes.

"Hey there, Faith." He got up, jumped, and landed in front of her.

"Mr. Lang..."

"What's the matter? Something troubling you? Stupid question. Of course. We're all worried about Tyson's health." He sighed.

"Recently, he's been going to Macintosh and so I'm left alone in the house. I didn't know who else to turn to."

"Oh, I see. You always have a friend to turn to."

She faced down. "The thing that troubles me the most is that I can no longer heal."

"Oh? I see. That makes sense."

"It just happened so sudden, for no reason at all. It doesn't make any sense."

"Faith, nothing happens without a reason."

"And I suppose he lost his legs for a reason too!"

"Umm..."

"It's all my fault." she said grimly. "It's all my fault."

"All your fault?" A lightning bolt struck in his head. "Faith," he said suddenly. "Tell me exactly what happened the day he was attacked."

"Well, this person named Gamera was destroying the forest so I went to stop him. But I could not, then Tyson stepped in. As they fought I stepped in to help but Gamera caught me in his grip and he had a gun. I was a hostage and Tyson didn't want to risk me getting hurt so...he just stood there...and Gamera shot him! It was all my fault. I shouldn't have come in to help. I thought I could help but I couldn't. I'm so useless."

"Faith...is it possible that..."

She looked up. "What?"

"That your guilt is the reason for this?"

"My...guilt?"

"Don't you see? It is because you feel that you are the one solely responsible for what's happened to Tyson. You convince yourself that it's your fault and it eats away at your conscience. Sooner or later you'll believe that it's your fault. It is because of this

guilt that you force upon yourself that's now allowing you to help him." Faith looked at him. This made a lot of sense. Zelfire put his hands on her shoulders. "Faith, let go of your guilt." he said plainly.

"I ... I understand!!!"

"Then what are you waiting for?"

She ran. Stopped. Turned around. "Thank you, Zelfire. Thank you so much." She waved, then ran.

Zelfire crossed his arms and smiled. "I'm a genius."

Tyson was almost home. He was so happy, yet he did not want to tell Faith the good news yet. He was going to take the doses of M-23 or whatever it was called. He'd do it in secret and when he can finally stand up, he'll give Faith a big surprise. Oh yeah, he could imagine that already.

As Tyson traveled slowly, taking his sweet time, Faith ran like hell. She ran and became breathless, but never lost speed. She was desperate to do this. (I'm coming, Tyson! Wait for me!)

"Wow, this stuff works even faster than I thought." Tyke said to himself. "I can't believe this!" His legs felt normal again. He was ready to try. His fingers got ready. He put his hand on the handle and put his feet on the floor, then stood up. Dun dun dun dun! He could stand up! "I can stand up! Yes!" he screamed. "Yeeeeeeeeeeeeessssssss! I can stand up! Woohoo! Yeah! Yeeeeeeeeeeeeessssssss!"

As he celebrated, he looked out the window and saw Faith coming home with the groceries. He quickly shut his mouth and sat back on the wheelchair and went downstairs.

"Hi honey, I'm back." Faith said, setting the bags of food down.

Tyson approached her. "Hey honey. I've got a surprise for you."

"A surprise? Oh Tyke, you know I don't like surprises."

"But I guarantee you'll like this one. Close your eyes. No peeking."

She covered her eyes. "Okay."

Tyke stood up and touched her hands. "You can look now."

Her eyes opened. She gasped and almost had a heart attack. "Tyson, you can stand up!"

"Yeah, I'm healed."

"Am I d-dreaming?"

"Maybe. I hope I'm not dreaming either."

They kissed and hugged really tight.

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## 10: Return to the Battlefield.

### Contents

The kid hid behind the rock cowardly, watching the warriors begin their duel of death. One was Jack, a young, charismatic, gray-haired warrior. He stood firmly, and on his side was a case with a sword in it. The other warrior had a horned helmet and body armor. His eyelids were black and his eyeballs were big and scary.

Warrior: "Are you ready to lose?"

Jack: "More than I'll ever be."

The warrior smiled and grinned. "You know you are no match for me. Why not give up and surrender. Then maybe, **maybe** I'll spare your life."

"A real warrior does not surrender before the duel even starts. Keep on dreaming."

"Alright, if that's the way you want it. I must warn you, my training is far superior to yours! My sword will crush you..."

The kid swallowed hard. Gulp. Who is going to win?

Jack remained silent, while the warrior continued his non-stop insults and bragging and non-sense. "This is your last chance! You are going to die before you know it." He laughed with his mouth closed.

"I must warn you, nobody has ever seen my sword and lived."

"Is that so? Your sword is old and a piece of junk." The warrior took out his own sword. "This one is the demon's sword! It can slice you in half." He laughed again.

"Are we going to start, or do I have to listen to your non-sense all day?"

"Fine then, prepare to lose!"

The warriors got ready. The armored swordsman was confident he was going to win. But little Nebula didn't know what Jack was thinking. His face was calm and cool.

They charged. Jack had one hand on the case, and the other, ready to pull the sword out. The warriors were really close. The armored man slashed. Jack pulled out his sword and slashed. They went past each other. Nebula was breathless.

Now, the two warriors faced opposite each other, waiting. The wind was silent. The armored man collapsed.

"Like I said, no one who has ever seen my sword lived." Jack said, putting the sword back into its case.

Nebula was dumbfounded. This mysterious man was incredible...he remained calm the whole time, unlike the other, who ran his mouth too much. As they met, Jack only had to take out his sword for an instant, and he hit the warrior. Fighting him was like sudden death.

Suddenly, he looked at Nebula's direction. "How long do you plan on hiding? Come out of there."

Neb was scared out of his mind. He ran like hell. Jack was in front of him. "Yipes!!"

"What are you doing here? Spying?"

"Umm...errr...umm..."

Jack stuck out his hand, offering it to the kid. "I'm not a bad guy. Come on."

Nebula was surprised. He took his hand and got up.

"My name's Jack. What's your name, kid?"

"N-Nebula."

"Nebula? Nice. Same name as the planet we live on. Did you know that?"

"Y-yes."

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm lost."

"Lost? Where are your parents?"

"I don't have any parents. I've been lost for a very long time."

Jack looked at him in wonderment. "Poor kid. Say, why don't you come with me?"

"Really? You mean it?" He couldn't believe this was the same man who just killed the warrior seconds ago.

"Sure."

(Jack, I'll never forget our first encounter. You were the most amazing fighter I've ever known.) Nebula thought as he was resting in bed. His head was on his hands and

his legs were crossed. He was always in this position when he's thinking. His bed was next to the window, and the morning light was blinding.

Jack: "You know that nobody who has ever seen my sword has lived. Until now. You're an exception."

"Uh huh..." Nebula nodded stupidly.

Jack was wearing combat clothes with a shoulder pad on one side. Nebula dressed similarly, he was like a miniature version of Jack.

"See this?" Jack asked, showing him the sword.

Little Nebula nodded.

"This is called the N-sword. Its shape is perfect for fighting. It's extremely sharp, allowing you to cut even the toughest metals. And it's light, easy to carry. The perfect weapon. Tell ya what. I'll make another one for you."

"Really? Gee, thanks."

"Don't mention it."

"You were so kind to me. You trained me and taught me everything you know. You were not just a guardian, but my best friend."

Jack trained him well, and soon Nebula became a skilled warrior with the sword. Along with that, Jack taught him basic survival skills in the forest and being careful about trusting people.

One day, as they were training...

"You've improved a lot."

"Thanks."

"Jack, how much I miss you."

Suddenly, the phone rang. Nebula picked up. "Hello? Oh Zelfire?"

"Listen, this is an emergency. Come to the lab."

"Okay." Click.

At Macintosh's laboratory, the heroes discussed Vegeta's next attack.

Mac: "He is going south, destroying each city on the coast. Most likely his next attack will be on Network City..."

Zelfire: "Network City? But that's here!"

Neb pounded his fist. "If we lose this city, we lose everything. We can't afford any more mistakes. Even if we have to risk our lives to stop him then so be it!"

"You have done well, Vegeta." Gamera said. "Our next target will be Network City. Once you destroy it, the entire NorthEast Quadrant will be in a mess. Your mission is almost complete. After destroying this city and killing the earthlings, you can go home."

Vegeta was putting on his suit and tying his cape. "I can't wait."

Tyson and Faith were sitting on the sofa, her head was on his shoulder and she was hugging him. They were very comfy and it was the best feeling in the world, but Tyson knew he had something to do. Something very important.

He got up. Faith was startled. "Where are you going?"

"I have to return to the battlefield."

"But you just started walking again. Do you have to go so soon?"

"Yes. And you know it. They need me." Tyson said, referring to his friends.

It was a sad fact, and Faith could no longer deny it. "I'll go with you."

Tyson nodded.

Vegeta: "Hmmmph. Those fools keep coming back for more."

The three heroes were running, and then stopped at the sight of their enemy.

"Vegeta!! You're finished!" Nebula shouted.

"Oh, am I?"

Without thinking twice, Nebula charged. Zell and Mac ran behind him. Neb punched, Vegeta dodged, then punched Nebula's stomach. Then he soared. Zell soared, gathered energy, and fired the Energy Blast. Vegeta blocked with just one hand. Mac fired the Electro-shockwave and made a direct hit, but it had no effect.

"What...uh oh..." Mac said nervously.

Vegeta shot a fireball at him with super speed and hit his chest. He fell on the ground.

Nebula got up and ran at Vegeta, and suddenly, Gamera showed up and blasted him. Blam.

Neb: "You again?"

Gamera: "Heh. Annoying little rat." He opened fire. Boom.

Zelfire charged and punched a dozen times, Vegeta dodged every single one. Doosh! Vegeta hit Zell's stomach, knocking him away. He flew to Zell, and kicked him, making him fall faster. Wham.

Mac: "Damn you!" He fired a beam, Gamera intercepted it.

Vegeta and Gamera stood back to back, and fired multiple beams. Bam. Bam.

Within a short time, the landscape was completely destroyed. The heroes were on the ground, biting the dust.

"Bah! Weaklings. Come fight me when you actually pose a threat." Vegeta said with pure mockery. He and Gamera flew away.

Later, Tyson came with Faith. The fallen heroes were shocked at his entrance.

Nebula: "Tyson? You can walk!"

He looked at them and smiled. "Not just walk. Once I regained control of my legs I can fly again."

Zell: "I knew it! I knew it! You're back at last."

Mac: "It was unbelievable. Vegeta beat all three of us. As of now you're our only hope. You're the last chance we've got."

"I know. Where did Vegeta go?"

"He went that way." Zell said, pointing.

"Alright." Tyson went there at once.

The heroes were still in disbelief. Nebula, for a second, thought it was a mirage. "He's back! Tyson's back!"

Faith: "And I am back to my normal self as well."

Zell: "You mean..."

"Yes. I still have it - the gift." And she healed them. Boy, were they glad she's their friend. This is indeed a glorious day.

Tyson came to the edge of a small lake. Vegeta was meditating on a rock in front of the waterfall. Suddenly, he opened his eyes, knowing who was watching him.

"So, Tyson Spade, you showed up at last."

"Vegeta!" Tyson said, pointing at him. "Your end is now!"

"Just the words I expected from someone like you."

"Hmmmph. What do you know about me?"

"I know that you must die."

"Isn't that right?" He gathered energy. When ready, he fired the Energy Blast.

Vegeta countered with a red beam and the two forces crashed and cancelled each other over the water. Splash!

"Let's get down to business, shall we?"

"I agree."

Vegeta took off his cape and let it drop. He removed his armor and tossed it. "Ahhh, much better!" he said, twisting his neck. Vegeta was shirtless and wearing just black pants and boots.

Tyson was ready to fight. He noticed Vegeta was very muscular and his veins were huge. His biceps were like stones and his shoulders were hard as steel. His chest was like a plate of metal. Tyson himself was muscular, but he had his doubts on who's the stronger one. "Let's do this."

Vegeta blurred and charged.

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## 11: Tyson vs. Vegeta.

### Contents

Vegeta soared at Tyson at super high speed. He had to react quick or he's gonna get hit real bad. A fist came at him, and poof, he was gone. He appeared above Vegeta and knocked him down. Vegeta bounced back up and fired a beam. Tyson dodged. He thought he could dodge completely, but he didn't. The fiery beam slightly touched his side and burned part of his blue shirt.

Tyke: "You almost got me." He ripped off his shirt and powered up.

Vegeta smiled and gathered energy. He released a powerful beam and Tyson blocked it with his Electro-shield.

They charged and hit on the fists. Bam! It was more painful than it sounded. Tyson touched his fist and it hurt. He saw that Vegeta felt the same thing.

"Here they are!" Mac yelled.

Neb: "We made it."

Zell: "They're still fighting."

The heroes came to watch their friend in combat. They stood at a good distance away, not wanting to intervene.

Tyson saw them from the corner of his eye. (Thanks for your support, guys. I won't let you down.) He powered up.

Vegeta noticed they came too. "Oh, your allies are here to watch your downfall."

Tyke ran and punched, Vegeta grabbed his fist. "You're going to lose! Arrrgh!"

"Wrong! The only one losing is you!" Vegeta let go and punched Tyson's stomach.

Tyke fell on his back and rolled several times. He got up on his knees and moaned from pain. Vegeta kicked him and he grabbed his foot, then made him fall. Vegeta quickly stood up, Tyke punched his chest. Vegeta punched, Tyke dodged, then kicked, Vegeta blocked his foot.

Vegeta fired a bunch of fireballs and Tyson jumped around to dodge. The fireballs were well aimed and each one almost hit him, he managed not to get hit, but it was extremely difficult.

Zelfire: "Come on Tyson, you can do it!"

Tyson flew up very high. Vegeta followed. Tyson fired an energy ball and Vegeta dodged. They fought in the air.

Faith: "Tyson...be careful."

Pow! Wham! Bam! The two warriors hit violently. Tyson was in a lot of pain and so Vegeta, but they continued, not wanting to lose. Pak! Tyson punched his face. Vegeta

kicked his guts. Tyson punched his chest and kicked him in the face. Vegeta kneed him in the stomach and whacked his back.

Mac: "Guys, do you think he's doing okay?"

Neb: "They've been fighting for fifteen minutes. Neither side is winning. But Vegeta has the advantage, that's for sure."

After some more energy attacks and explosions, Tyke decided it was time for it. He smiled as he got ready. "Well, Vegeta, I must say, you've been a formidable opponent. But...ahhh...you'll soon know what a big mistake you've made."

"Oh?"

"I've been keeping something from you."

"What might that be?"

"Watch." Tyson raised his arms in the air and powered up. Golden swirls of energy came from his legs and surrounded his whole body. His hair turned yellow in a flash and he was a super sayan.

Mac: "Yes! He's transformed. Vegeta doesn't stand a chance now."

Zell watched intensely. He's not so sure this will guarantee Tyson a victory.

Vegeta: "You...are a super sayan?"

Tyke: "Surprised?"

He was worried, but then calmed himself down. "Hmm. Nice little trick you got there. Show me what you can do."

"Sure. You asked for it." Tyson said, smiling with confidence. In a flash, he charged.

Vegeta ran and punched, Tyson blocked, then punched his stomach. He could hear the sound of his fist burying into the guy's guts. It sounded like hitting a sand bag. They punched and punched and kicked. Tyson tried to aim mostly for his enemy's face and stomach, while Vegeta aimed mostly for his chest and his kicks aimed at his face.

Neb: "Alright! Tyson has become a super sayan. Now we can win for sure!" He looked at Zell, who wasn't a bit happy. "What's wrong?"

Zell looked really worried. "No...Tyson isn't winning for sure."

Mac: "What do you mean? Of course he's winning."

They continued watching. Tyson was beating the crap out of Vegeta.

Zell: "No...he's made a crucial mistake. He transformed too soon."

Neb: "What do you mean too soon?"

"Tyson used his secret weapon too soon. He's now lost the advantage of surprise. Don't you see? Vegeta is studying his movements."

Mac: "Vegeta is losing anyways."

Zell: "That what he's trying to fool Tyson into thinking. Vegeta is holding back. I know he is."

Neb and Mac and Faith stared at him, astonished. They hoped he was joking or crazy, but no, his face was dead serious.

"I could sense it when I fought him. Vegeta has something up his sleeve. He's now fooling Tyson into thinking he has won. Tyson, I hope you don't fall into the same trap as I did. Don't get overconfident."

Vegeta shot a pair of fireballs and hit Tyson, but his golden shield protected him completely. Then Vegeta used both hands and shot four fireballs at once. They all hit him and exploded, but nothing happened. Tyson fired the Energy Blast and Vegeta dodged. Tyson punched Vegeta's face. KAPOW! As his fist was in his face, Vegeta was being pushed back, wincing from the hit. Crash! Vegeta crashed into a rock.

Neb: "Yeah Tyson! Give it to him!"



Vegeta recovered, his face bruised, and he was angry. He grunted.

Tyson: "I hate to say it, but you're not doing so well. Next time maybe you should think twice before destroying cities."

He laughed. "It is hard to believe that you're the same Tyson who was crippled. How did you heal so fast?"

"Why should I do tell you?"

"You don't have to. When I'm through with you, every bone in your body will be broken. You'll be a real vegetable." He gathered energy.

Tyson was ready for his next move. He was determined to block or dodge anything Vegeta threw at him. Vegeta threw a fireball, and Tyson dodged it easily. In the air, Vegeta kicked Tyson in the stomach and they fell into a rock.

The heroes could not see what was going on, but they heard hitting sounds. They sounded like thunder. As the warriors continued fighting, rock chunks blew from the ground and the ground itself cracked.

Boom! They popped out. They stood still, facing one another, giving angry looks. They waited a while, then charged. They hit at the fist, and a wave of energy was produced, the whole area shuddered. They fought and Tyson kicked his face, then fired the Wrath Beam, hurting him severely.

"Well done, Tyson Spade." he said with an attitude. "But there's something that none of your friends have seen yet."

"What?"

"You see, I have a little secret of my own to show you."

"Huh?"

"Don't worry. What you're about to see might frighten you. I will now show you my true form!"

"Your true form?"

Faith: "True form? What is he talking about?"

Zelfire was mortified. "No...can it be ... **that**?"

Neb: "What? Spill the beans already?"

Zell: "Nebula, remember when Vegeta came over years ago? What happened when your father defeated him?"

Neb: "Well..." And he gasped. "Oh no..."

Macintosh and Faith were clueless.

Neb: "You mean - his special ability?"

Zell: "Yes. That's what I meant by holding back."

Neb: "No. This isn't Vegeta. He told me while I fought him. He's actually Vegeta's twin!"

Everyone was surprised. "It doesn't matter!" Zelfire said. "If they are related by blood, then he also has that special ability."

Vegeta smiled sinisterly, and the rocks around him floated. Tyson watched curiously, yet on full guard. Vegeta hardened his fists and screamed as veins popped up all over his body.

Tyson watched in disgust. (What is happening to him? His power is going way up!)

His muscles grew in size and his veins grew as hell. He continued screaming from the pressure and pain. His face was changing as well...his forehead turned white as snow...his mouth stuck out and sharp teeth grew. His eyes twisted and turned red and his eyeballs were gone. His legs outgrew his pants and they shredded apart. His



toes were enormous now, and there were only three of them, like claws. His chest turned white and his shoulders turned into boulder-like things.

Tyson watched fearfully and dumbfounded. No words could escape his mouth nor could he move. He was a frozen statue.

Nebula saw it coming, yet he was still shocked. Zelfire almost pissed his pants at Vegeta's transformation. Macintosh could not even imagine this kind of change was scientifically possible. Faith thought he was a true demon. They all stared in horror.

The ground shuddered and electric sparks flared from Vegeta's body. Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzt... His upper body stuck out, giving him the shape of a hunchback. Spikes grew from his back and shoulders. He screamed in rage and raised his arms in the air as he powered up.

Within minutes, his physical transformation was complete. "Well, what do you think?" the monster voice said. He had become a monster, a big and ugly creature right before their very eyes. He was twice as tall as before, his entire body was stone white. His eyes were full of hatred and wrath. His teeth were waiting to chew up something. His arms were huge, ready to crush. His legs became lethal springs. His lower thighs were like armor.

Tyson: "Uhhh...uhhh...uhhh..."

Faith: "No...my Tyson... has to fight...that...thing?"

Zell grunted. "Is his super sayan powers enough?"

Vegeta: "Impressive, don't you say?"

Mac: "I've never sensed any power like this! Oh Tyson...you must be careful."

The hideous monster took a step forward. Stomp. "On planet Arlia, sayans aren't the only race that can transform. Only a select few sayans can reach the Second Stage, which you call the super sayan state. But us Sithians have a second stage as well." Stomp.

"Sithians?"

"Correct!" said the monster voice. "Sayans aren't the only inhabitants of Arlia. Long ago, the planet known as Arlia was ruled by three distinct races – Arlians, Sayans, and Sithians. These three races were in a constant state of war." *Scenes of soldiers killing each other.* "And sayans wiped out the Arlians, and then my race. There's only a few of us left."

Neb: (Vegeta is not sayan...but Sithian? Is this the secret his brother doesn't want other people to know? This is the reason he imprisoned him?)

Sith: "But there something you do not know. A Sith's second stage is stronger than that of a sayan's! HA HA HA!"

Tyson swallowed hard. He tried not to let his fear get the better of him. He forced himself back to normal and got into fighting position. "So you turned uglier. What does that mean?"

"AHAHAHAHHA I'm glad after all this you can still mock me. Mock me all you want. The loser will be YOU, whether you like it or not." He pointed his fist at his opponent. "NOW, TYSON, I will teach you the TRUE MEANING OF PAIN!!" He took one step forward. Like a giant, Tyke could feel the ground tremble.

"Nooo!" the hero screamed.

Super Tyson charged blindly and used the Power Punch. Wham! His fist went into the monster's belly. A second later, nothing happened. Tyson looked up, then muttered nervously. Vegeta was not hurt at all. Bam! The monster punched down, Tyson blurred just in time, and his fist went into the ground. Tyson fired the Super Sayan Beam and Vegeta blurred.

"He's amazingly fast for his size!" Tyson said.

Vegeta jumped into the air and shot fireballs, making a meteor shower of fireballs. Tyson dodged the best he could.

"Tyson, you can do it. I believe in you." Faith took out a rose and held it firmly between her fingers. "May the Spirit be with you."

Macintosh: "He can't possibly win. He's going to die!"

Zelfire: "You must believe in him, Macintosh, as Faith does."

Tyson kept dodging, moving from side to side and front to back. It seemed like Vegeta would never run out of energy. What should he do now? Keeping this up is impossible. Flying up and fighting close-range is too risky. Seeking safety on the ground would let the fireballs burn him up. As in all desperate situations, he had to think fast or things could get really hot.

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## 12: Sibling Reunion.

### Contents

After finally being able to walk and fly and do the things he can usually do, Tyson is ready for some action. But is he ready for Vegeta's challenge?

There is only one thing to do now, Tyson thought. It was risky, but worth a try. He formed the Electro-shield. Several fireballs touched the shield and turned into ashes. He fired the Wrath Beam and hit Vegeta. The beam pushed him back and he screamed. The beam was so thick that it was bigger than the monster, and traveled past him. Whoosh! It went into the air.

Just when Tyson thought he had won, he was proven wrong. Vegeta descended. "HAHAHAHAHAHA!"

"Oh man! I thought that would get him for sure."

He looked at Vegeta, realizing that the monster was running at him like a bull. Tyson stepped forward and punched, Vegeta blocked, then kicked him away. He slammed into a rock.

Zell: "Oh no, Tyson!"

Tyson popped out like a spring, Vegeta followed. They hit dozens of times in the air. Tyson knew he was losing it. WHAM! Vegeta punched Tyson's stomach, his fist went in all the way. Tyson's whole body bent, he spit saliva. He felt like he had been hit by a piece of metal flying at a hundred miles per hour. Vegeta punched his face. KAPOW! He could feel his face falling apart any second. Despite the pain, he continued fighting back intensely, but it was no use. WHAM! Vegeta slammed his knee into Tyson's stomach, which hurt even more than his punch. Then the monster put his two hands together like a hammer and whacked Tyson's back. He fell into the ground like a jet shot down. Boom!

Nebula: "Tyson is losing. Errrr what now?"

"Tyson..." Faith mumbled. At this point, her confidence in him was fading away fast.

Super Tyson still managed to stand on his feet, but he was not standing tall and firm. His back was bending and his feet were clumsy strings. "Uhhh..." Vegeta landed with a thump. Tyke's vision was blurry. He shook his head, then his vision returned to normal.

"I must say, you have done pretty well so far. But not even a super sayan can match me." Stomp, stomp, stomp.

As he approached, Tyson hardened his fists and gave it another try. "Wrath Beam!" He fired the Wrath Beam and Vegeta blocked all of it. "Wha-what?"

Vegeta opened his mouth wide and a fireball came out. Vroom. Tyson got hit and pushed back. His chest was burned badly.

Nebula could not take it anymore. "We can't just stand here and watch. He needs help."

Macintosh: "But there is nothing we can do. We will only be getting into his way."

"But he is dying!"

"Muahahahahahaha. How do you feel?" The monster picked up Tyson by his neck. The hero choked and groaned. Vegeta punched his stomach three times, then punched both his cheeks. The hero moaned and screamed. Vegeta tossed him like a frisbee into the dirt.

Tyson got on his knees and panted. He stood up, his head facing down. Vegeta charged like a bull and slammed him against his shoulder. As Tyson was lifted off his feet from the force, Vegeta punched his chest. Slam. He fell on the ground. The monster growled threateningly.

Tyke: "I came all the way here...just to lose? No, there must be a way."

Vegeta fired the Dark Blast, a thick reddish-blackish energy ball that was similar to the Nebula Blast, but it was more powerful.

Tyson watched it come for him, and he jumped to the side, the Dark Blast slammed into the rocks and went kaboom. Smoke covered the whole impact area. Tyson coughed, Vegeta approached.

(What now?) the hero thought hopelessly. Stomp, stomp, stomp.

Nebula's fists were as hard as stone now. "That's it!" He turned around to face his allies. "If you're not willing to help, then that's fine with me."

The heroes reacted with shock. What he he said made them look like Tyson meant nothing but a stranger to them. He ran forward.

"Yaaahhh!"

Macintosh: "Nebula, wait!"

Vegeta turned to face him. Nebula was nowhere near him. He opened his palm and blasted an energy ball. Boom! It hit the ground and Nebula was knocked away. It was so strong all the watching heroes were knocked away.

Tyson: "No!"

"So much for your buddies." He approached.

It was like a countdown to doom. Tyson just watched in horror and did nothing. Suddenly, a foot kicked the monster's face, knocking him unguarded. An energy ball hit his stomach and pushed him back against the rock wall and exploded.

"Huh?" Tyson wondered who could have done it.

"WHO DARES?" the monster roared angrily. "Huh?"

It was Jerrell! He smiled as the monster came.

Tyson, who was on his knees, looked up at him in amazement. "Jerrell?"

He raised his arms in the air and screamed. The ground shuddered and flashes of white energy popped out, surrounding them. Vegeta could not be seen from the brightness. He winced. With the chance, Jerrell supported Tyson and jumped onto the rocks of the mountain wall. They jumped to the very top and ran for it.

Vegeta, once the area was cleared, realized they were gone. "Where did they go?"

Nebula recovered. "Where's Tyson?"

Zelfire: "This way." He ran in that direction, the others followed behind.

The monster roared angrily and blew everything around him in a rage. "Where are you, Tyson?!" Boom. He blew up a rock. Boom. He cracked the dry ground.

On spot safe from Vegeta's rampage, Jerrell and his nephew were resting. The others came to the scene.

Nebula: "So you're here."

Zelfire: "It's you, Jerrell?"

Jerrell: "Yep."

Faith: "Oh thank god. Are you alright, Tyson?" She went to him.

"Yeah, of course." He hugged her.

Macintosh: "What brings you here, Jerrell?"

Jerrell: "Well that's a stupid question. Do you think that I don't know what's going here when I'm in the Galactic Police headquarters? I came to help."

Tyson: "Thanks, uncle Jerrell. You came just at the right time."

Jerrell: "So, it seems you aren't powerful enough to beat him."

"I did not believe it either, but now I have to admit it."

Nebula: "Guys, Vegeta is not far from here. We better move to a safer spot just in case."

Jerrell smiled. "Good idea."

A mysterious person walked by, seeing everything. She was very curious as to where they're going.

With the time that they had, the gang explained everything to Jerrell in crispy detail. They only left out the part that Tyson was disabled. He didn't need to know that.

Jerrell folded his hands and put his chin on his hands. He was sitting on a rock. "So...the brother of Vegeta is here."

Macintosh: "We don't know what purpose he has come to earth for. Most likely it is revenge."

Nebula: "No. He told me himself revenge wasn't his motive."

Faith: "There must be something we can do..."

Nebula: "Do you guys feel that?"

Everyone was on alert. The mysterious person approached them.

Jerrell recognized her immediately. "Margarita?"

Margarita looked at him warmly and her eyes brightened and almost cried.

"Jerrell? It's really you!"

They ran to one another and hugged. Then they looked at the face and smiled.

Margrit: "Why, you haven't changed a bit."

Jerrell: "Neither have you."

Faith: "Awww, what a wonderful reunion."

Everybody smiled as the siblings reunited.

Soon enough, Margarita explained the current situation thoroughly, as if it was a mission.

Jerrell was shocked at the key word. "Purification?"

"Yes." Margrit said.

"This is what it's all about, huh?"

The others were not sure what it meant.

Margrit: "They want to eliminate all Rebels. The purification has already begun in Ethiopia."

Jerrell bit his thumb. "Damn. This is against the law. The Galactic Law, that is. I'll make sure they understand this."

Margrit: "Brother, do you think these Loyalists care about your laws?"

What she said is true. Since when have sayans accepted foreign authority? Nobody can stand a chance against Vegeta, not even super sayan Tyson. Not good.

They're running away and Vegeta can't find them. Good. But how long can they keep running away? What action will they take next?

Vegeta shot fireballs crazily. "I will find you eventually! I will sense you out and hunt you like bugs!"

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### 13: Waiting and Stalling.

#### Contents

Things were bad for the heroes. So bad that it couldn't get any worse. The gang of seven were on the run for their lives, fearing Vegeta might find them at any moment. For that night, they slept on the bare ground. They had no blankies or pillows or other comfy stuff. It was a rough night, but eventually they all fell asleep.

Faith wasn't used to it, but with Tyson by her side she overcame the inconveniences. Though she still feared that bugs might bite her or rats or snakes might crawl. Nebula slept on a tree branch, a habit he developed as a kid. To him, it doesn't matter if it's a bed or a piece of stone. A resting place is just a resting place.

It was dawn. Tyson and Faith were the first ones to wake up, the others were still sound asleep. They began chatting quietly. Then Tyson suggested they go get breakfast so when the others wake up they have something to eat.

"Good idea." she said.

They went into the woods and picked some fruit and whatever they could find.

Margrit woke up with a yawn and stretched.

Jerrell: "Good morning."

"Morning."

"Had good sleep last night?"

"Nah."

"Me neither."

Zelfire came. "Good morning everybody."

"Morning." Jerrell replied.

Nebula and Mac joined them. But two of them were still missing. They wondered where Faith and Tyson had gone to. They grew worried, since they have a tendency to disappear.

Not long later, the couple returned with food. "We got breakfast."

Mac: "Awww. How considerate."

Jerrell: "Wow, those fruits look delish."

Zelfire: "Yeah."

Faith: "I apologize there's nothing great to eat. But this will have to do."

Neb: "What are you talking about? Look at all this food. It's great."

So they started eating. They finished and discussed a plan. But they couldn't come up with one.

Margrit: "Vegeta is stronger than any of us in his transformed state. If he finds us we're screwed."

Jerrell: "He must have a weakness."

Neb: "Does he?"

Zell: "We don't know anything about the Sithian race. Fighting him head on is not wise."

Mac: "I say, let's lead him into a trap."

Zell: "What do you have in mind?"

Mac: "I don't know, honestly. I haven't thought that far. If we were back at my lab I'd find something to use."

Faith: "We must not forget our current situation. He is still looking for us. If we fly, he will be sure to notice."

Tyson: "So, flying is out of the question."

Jerrell: "Hmph. This reminds of the days of war. We were always hiding and waiting for the enemy to come. But don't worry guys, I already called for reinforcements."

Margrit: "Reinforcements?"

Jerrell: "Correct. I came ahead of my officers because I was curious. That's a mistake. I know no single fighter can take Vegeta, but how about a few spaceships and GP-vessels?"

Zelfire: "So all we have to do is wait and stall until they come."

Jerrell: "Exactly. And we should stick together. This way our chances of surviving are higher."

Zelfire: "We do not necessarily have to go on the defensive. We still have on offense available to us - we outnumber him. Even if Vegeta comes with his ally, it's seven to two. A surprise attack will do."

Jerrell: "Excellent idea. We will wait until we recharge."

Tyke: "So it's decided then."

Jerrell: "For the time being, we must be on the lookout."

They agreed. The plan was to wait a few days or so for them to recharge their strength, and when Vegeta comes, they will ambush him.

"Vegeta, forget about Network City. Your mission is to destroy every last one of those earthlings." Gamera instructed inside another ship. "Find them and kill them."

"Understood." the monster said from the ground. He growled as he thought of those weaklings. He wanted to rip their flesh apart, break them bone by bone and burn them to ashes.

Gamera sat on his chair, thinking in darkness. "So, these are the warriors who took down the feared Magnificent Seven. But they'll tremble before Vegeta's power. Hmph."

"Oh Neflite! Please be alright." Sephia held her lover's hand and put it on her face. Her eyes were soaked.

Neflite was still unconscious in bed. There was no telling when he'll wake up. Mason stood by the window, motionless, thoughtless. "Neflite, I really regretted what I did. But you have to be strong. Sephia is here for you, see?"

Bored with nothing to do, Tyson and Faith went to pick some flowers. They were careful not to go too far from the others.

Jerrell trained. Zelfire, as usual, meditated in solitude. Macintosh worked on one of his new inventions.

He had no idea what it is yet, but it looked like a clock.

Nebula ran through the woods and chopped down some trees to practice and to get lumber.

Margrit spent her time throwing rocks into the river. "I'll kill you, Vegeta. I'll kill you, Prince Neflite." she repeated again and again.

Her brother came to join her. He sat down on the beachy rocks. "Angry?"

"You're damn right I'm angry."

"A lot has happened on our home planet in the past decade or so."

"I know. But I chose to ignore that diseased place and start a new life on earth. But no matter how hard I try to forget, the past keeps coming back to get me."

"But we've been through worse, haven't we?"

"Yes, I know."

Flying about, Vegeta could not find the heroes with his sixth sense. He realized that they are suppressing their powers, and this is frustrating to him. "Blast it. Where are you?" But, as he traversed the woods, he saw footprints on the dirt. "Aha. They cannot be far from here."

Tyson and Faith sensed something horrible. Without question, it was Vegeta close by. "It's him." They quickly ran back to the meeting spot. The others were already there.

Mac: "Vegeta is coming, isn't he? I knew it. We're all going to die!"

Neb: "At least we're going to die trying."

Margrit: "Arrrgh. How did he find us so fast?"

Jerrell: "Never mind that. What do we do now? We're not ready!"

Faith: "We run for it."

"No." Margrit stood up and showed her fist. "I've had it up to here with running. It's time we battled."

Jerrell: "This is what we'll do. Margarita and I will distract him, while you five run as far as you can."

Tyson: "What? No!"

Neb: "That's not a good idea..."

Jerrell: "That's the only choice we've got. Now go, go!"

Tyson: "But-"

Margrit: "No buts. We have to sacrifice for the next generation, right? Well, what are you waiting for? Go!"

So the gang started going. Nebula turned around. "You be careful, mother, and uncle Jerrell."

Margrit: "I will, son."

Nebula turned back and continued running.

Stomp, stomp. "Where are you, you lousy little brats? COME OUT AND PLAY!"

Margrit popped out from behind a rock and gave him a Super Flying Kick. Kack! Vegeta was hit on the face. Jerrell charged and kicked Vegeta's stomach. Wham! He crashed into a rock.

Vegeta approached them angrily and growled. "Stupid little sayans. I'm going to crush you like ants!"

Margrit looked at her brother. "Let's show him what we're made of."

He nodded. The siblings powered up to the fullest. Electric sparks and white waves surrounded them. They looked like two bright balls of energy. Vegeta was actually surprised by their enormous energy.

The monster shot a fireball at them and nothing happened. Margrit and Jerrell gathered energy and fired two curve beams, Vegeta jumped and the beams hit him at the same time. Jerrell flew and kicked the monster into the rocks. Crash! The siblings shot a stream of energy balls at the spot where Vegeta fell and created a ton of explosions. They landed on the ground.

Vegeta got back up and roared, the rocks around him blew away.

The siblings were on full alert. "Let's do it." They charged.



Vegeta punched, Jerrell dodged and punched his stomach. Margrit jumped and kicked him in the face. The monster spit saliva. The siblings continued to attack, the monster was unable to fight back as he got hit every single second. Margrit and Jerrell punched his stomach at the same time, and the pain was doubled. Wham!

After a few seconds of pausing, the fighting resumed. The warriors soared into the air. Vegeta punched fiercely as the siblings went on defense. Pow! Margrit was hit. Then Jerrell was hit. Vegeta slammed his shoulder against Jerrell and he fell and went splat. Margrit gave him some Flying Super Kicks. Vegeta blocked with his arms crossed. She gave him another kick, Vegeta grabbed her foot and punched her stomach. She was knocked far away. He fired an energy ball and hit her.

“Electric Storm!” Jerrell used the Electric Storm attack. It consisted of sending electric currents to a target, completely frying it.

Vegeta was hit, electricity ran through his body. Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzt.  
“Aaaaaaargh!”

Jerrell jumped and gave him a Flying Super Punch, and hit him in the face. Vegeta grabbed his arm and kicked him into the air. He soared and punched Jerrell. Then he grabbed him and tossed him forward. Then Vegeta kicked Jerrell's chest, pushing him into a mountain. Jerrell's whole body was embedded into the rock in a hole with his shape. He screamed in pain. Vegeta's foot was still on his chest. He stepped down harder, Jerrell moaned.

“АНАНАНАНАНА!”

"Jerrell!" shouted his sis. She fired a beam and Vegeta jumped.

She fired the Wrath Beam, Vegeta blocked it.

“Huh?!”

Vegeta punched, she ducked, then kicked his chest. As they fought, Jerrell slowly walked towards them, with one hand on his chest.

As the heroes ran for it, Tyson suddenly stopped and looked back.

Faith: "Tyson? What is the matter?"

Tyke: "We can't just leave my mother and uncle there. We must go back and help."

Zelfire: "No, Tyson. Don't you see? They're stalling for us so we can escape."

Tyke: "No...we can't leave them. They need our help." Not listening to his friends, he ran back.

Faith went after him. "Wait! Stop!"