

Dragonball Z - The Other Child

By Karibi_MGS

Submitted: March 23, 2006

Updated: April 22, 2006

The first chapter of a story I never finished. But I think I'll finished it someday, if people really want to see the rest.

Provided by Fanart Central.

http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Karibi_MGS/30526/Dragonball-Z---The-Other-Child

Chapter 1 - Dream Come True	2
Chapter 2 - False Hopes	5

1 - Dream Come True

She slowly looked around. She didn't know why she was there. He hated her father, her family, her. She had known of this place but had never been there. She never learned how to fight and, therefore, would not know why he would want to train her. Her father wouldn't train her because he didn't want her to get hurt, and her mother said girls don't fight. It was different for her. She wasn't human, not completely. She had made a wish to be completely Saiyan, an alien. Her father is a Saiyan, and so was her new sensei. He was the prince of Saiyans. Was, so to speak, because they were nearly extinct. But there were only men left, until she wished to be a full-blooded Saiyan. She sat there, confused, and waved her monkey-like tail around curiously.

“Put these on,” the man said, and threw blue spandex shirt and pants at the girl, along with white gloves and boots. “That gi that Kakarot has is repulsive, Kari.”

“I told ya, m' name is Gosei! An' m' tousan's name is Goku! What? Are ya dumb or somethin'?” She stood up and changed into her new training clothes.

The man stepped toward Gosei, clenching his fists and frowning, “What did you say?!”

Gosei stuck her tongue out at him, “You're worse th'n Piccolo, Vegeta. At least he wasn't this mean.”

“Put that tongue away unless you are going to use it...” he smirks at her while he crossed his arms. “And don't ever compare me to that Namekian.”

Gosei quickly pulled her tongue back in her mouth, “m just sayin'. You should lighten up. I did help ya quiet a lot-“

“When I never asked for your help,” Vegeta interrupted.

Now that Gosei had a tight fitting outfit on, it was easy to see her near perfect figure. She flicked her hair around playfully, waiting for the next `order' from the prince. And just as Yamcha had told Vegeta earlier that day, she certainly was a D, but why would he care?

“Are you ready, Kari?” he asked as he checked her out subconsciously.

“Hai, `m ready,” she responded after a deep sigh. “C'n we get this over with? We both know `m gunna die fightin' ya.”

“Will you quit whining? Would you prefer we run in the plains and pick daisies?” Vegeta said sarcastically, raising his eyebrows.

“Oh, that sounds nice!” she said, cheerfully.

Vegeta immediately went back to his ever famous look. "You will never see me pick daisies!" he said, slamming a fist at Gosei, missing her by an inch and hitting the wall behind her.

Gosei's eyes widen, and she bit her bottom lip. "No need ta get all steamy, Vegeta-sama."

"Oh, it has yet to get `steamy'. And don't call me `Vegeta-sama'"

"Uh...Vegeta-san?"

"Nai." He leaned in a bit, frowning more.

"Th'n what?"

"Just Vegeta...or...better yet...Vegeta-ai..."

"But...Vegeta...wouldn't that mean...I mean, ya don't feel that way do ya?" She started to shake a bit, afraid of his answer and yet, glad. She had had feelings for him since she was 14, but he, a grown man, was older then her father. She was scared because he was much stronger than her, and could easily hurt her. He was the second strongest person on Earth, and quite possibly, the universe.

"Feel what way?" He raised his eyebrows. "Oh, you mean if I love you?" He smirked, then placed his hand that wasn't against the wall on Gosei's cheek. "Please, tell me if this answers your question."

"Nani? What do ya-"

Vegeta leaned in so close to Gosei that his lips pressed against hers. Just as that happened, her eyes widen to their widest. Her heart pounded, racing in her chest.

Is he messin' with me? Does he really...love me?

All kinds of questions ran through her head. But, before long, he pulled back. Gosei hadn't realized that she closed her eyes. She was dazed and confused about what had just happened.

Vegeta looked at Gosei, then tilted his head and raised an eyebrow. "Well, did it?"

Gosei opened her eyes slowly and looked at the man who gave her her first kiss. "Huh? Did it what?"

"Answer your question, baka."

"What question?"

"Do I love you?"

Gosei blushed. "Well, ya haven't told me yet."

"Well, then, Kari. I will."

“Yosh. Go on.”

“Kari, I...” He blushed and looked down a bit. “I...love...you...Kari...”

-End-

Footnotes:

Gi: a training outfit. Goku's orange and blue clothes together is called a gi.

Tousan: Informal for father. `Daddy`, `Dad`, etc.

Hai: `Yes`.

-sama: Very formal. Usually for gods, kings, lords, etc. `Lord Vegeta`.

-san: Usually for adults. `Mr.`, `Mrs.`, etc. `Mr. Vegeta`.

-ai: Used for a loved one, for someone one loves.

Gosei is currently 16 in this story.

Nani: `What`.

Baka: `Stupid`, `idiot`, etc.

Yosh: `Okay`.

The way Gosei speaks is very informal. It shows no respect.

2 - False Hopes

Gosei awoke gently from her soft bed. She looked around the room with a mellow, yet coy smile on her face. This must be the greatest day ever, so far. She sat up and looked at the closed door, the sheets clinging to her body. Her arms rose into the air with a stretch as she yawned. Vegeta must've already gone out to train, like always. She arose from her bed and cheerfully got dressed in her Saiyan spandex, and pranced into the kitchen.

Vegeta was not out training as usual, he was sitting down in the kitchen at the dining table with a cup of coffee. This was quite unusual, especially for him. She set that aside, since now he was different. She stood there at the kitchen doorway and looked at him for a moment, then strode over to him and kissed his cheek, not to long before she blushed a bright pink.

Vegeta straightened quickly and turned a bright red, his eyes widening. He nearly choked on his coffee. He turned slowly to Gosei as she walked to the refrigerator, and stared at her.

“Do you mind explaining to me what the hell you think you are doing?”

Gosei whirled around and looked at him, her hair whipped behind her. “I gave you a kiss on the cheek,” she said, smiling shyly.

He slowly slid his chair back and stood up. “And why in Kami's name did you kiss me?”

“You....Um...I mean..” She turned a deep red. “Didn't you tell me yesterday that you loved me?...And you kissed me too.”

“Me? Kiss you?” He laughed out. “You must be insane. I wouldn't kiss you if I was given invincibility in return.”

She blinked and looked down at her feet. "So...it was all a dream..I'm such a fool!"

He looked at the window just above the sink and crossed his arms. "I could have told you that."

She ran to the kitchen door, opened it, and ran outside. Vegeta turned to the door just as she slipped out. She took off flying.

It was a dream. Just a dream. She's had the same dream every night, consecutively. But she hadn't realized she was having this dream until now. And she had always known how to fight, and fly, and use her powers. But why was it such a weird dream?

She flew to Kami's Lookout and landed on the tile, then looked around. She saw the all too familiar green, pointy eared man in the distance, his cape flowing in the wind.

"Pi-...Piccolo..." she murmured.

Piccolo made a half turn in Gosei's direction. He was on the opposite side of Kami's Lookout, looking down at the rest of the world. He slowly made his way to Gosei and noticed that she was depressing, which was an odd sight for her. She normally cheerful, and bouncy.

Gosei stepped into Piccolo, which surprised him. "G-..Gosei?"

"It...happened again."

He lowered one ear. "The dream?"

“Yes...and...it wasn't true..” Tears began to fall from her eyes, down her cheeks.

He placed his hands on her upper arms. “You mean...you didn't-“

“I did...and..”

He sighed deeply. “I'm sorry, Gosei. You know how stubborn he can be.”

She looked up at him. “Please, Piccolo. Tell me anything you know.”

“Gosei, you know I can't..”

“Piccolo, you hear all kinds of things. And I know he talks to you. Tell me, please.”

He turned his head away, breaking any eye contact. “I can't..”

“Piccolo...onegai?...”

He sighed deeply again. “Fine...he said...well, he...he's deeply in love with you. He just won't show it. You know that.”

She looked up at him wide eyed and in shock. “He...he really does?”

“Yes..”

Gosei turned to the edge of the Lookout, leaned forward almost falling, and flew off as fast as she could back home.

Home. Home was a building in the forest that Bulma had made. A special capsule house, just for Gosei and Vegeta. Just for Gosei and Vegeta. How ironic. It was built with three bedrooms, standard living room, kitchen, dining room, den, a bathroom in each bedroom, and a built in gravity chamber. The GC was created within the house so as not to destroy itself from taking too much ki, and not to damage the house it was in. It was also much bigger than the one at Capsule Corp.

She slammed open the door and glared at the prince. "You lied to me."