

Rock, the Girl's Biggest Target

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I find this as my most hilarious fanfic. Please read and comment and if possible, put up with my wacky humor

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1 - Rock and the Trouble With Girls

Disclaimer: I don't own SNK Playmore or KoF or Garou Densetsu. I own a Rock Howard plushie. That's all.

Rock Howard rests his head on the headrest of a rusty, eight-year-old '97 Corvette, his crimson eyes staring into space with an almost longing look. In the driver's seat sits Terry Bogard, Rock's teacher and mentor, driving them to Lord Knows Where. Rock boredly fiddles around with the radio dial until he finds a station he likes. Suddenly, the radio blares some loud and annoying country music.

"Terry-san! I was listening to that!" Rock whines.

"I didn't do nothing. We must be outta that station's range. After all, we're almost to West City. I'm meeting my cousin Bulma there. She said that you could meet her friend's niece..."

"Shut up. I don't wanna meet no monkey-girl..." Rock snaps.

Terry silently pulls up to a dome-shaped building with the Capsule Corporation logo. Outside sits a teenage girl with chin-length brown and blond streaked hair, grey-blue eyes, a thin-but-muscular frame, skateboarder clothes, Chuck Taylor shoes, and a crimson-brown monkey-like tail. Her eyes dart directly to Rock as she approaches him; Rock stares at her and sweatdrops.

"So you're that girl Terry was talkin' about?" Rock asks.

"Yeah," The girl huffs. "What's it to ya, Rockford?"

"WHO TOLD YOU MY FULL FIRST NAME?" Rock snaps.

"Bulma did," The girl sneers back.

"I hate being called Rockford!" Rock pouts.

"I hate my first name, which is Radizinne. I prefer my middle name of Cricket. Short for...Cricketta." The girl smirks.

"Okay...Radi..." Rock smirks evilly.

"Rockford..." Cricket hisses.

Rock flinches as though he's been hurt. "Meh...nice meeting you. I'm getting some jumbalaya."

"No you ain't!" Cricket smirks. "You're having my homemade baked tortellini. Got it?"

Rock stares at her, twitching his left eye.

"NO JUMBALAYA?! YOU MUST BE INSANE!!!!!!!!!!!" Rock screams.

"Nope. I'm just your friendly neighborhood niece of Goku."

"Oro?"

"I said I'm Goku's niece."

"I heard that one. I just don't believe it. Prove it."

Cricket shows the DNA records of herself, her father Raditz, and her uncle Goku.

"That proof enough for you that an eighteen year old girl can be Goku's niece?"

With that, Rock faints, his sixteen-year old body hitting the ground with a nice, loud thud. Some time later, he sees Cricket standing over him with a smirk.

"You just don't get it, do you?" She snickers.

"Can I get up now?" Rock asks.

Cricket sits on Rock's chest. "Only if you can throw me off..."