

Memories

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Flameandria.

1. full moon

I'll see if I can attempt to clear this up. Flameandria/Fate is a woman that Vegeta was training back when he was 18. She disappeared because she knew a magic that allowed her to travel space and time, though she didn't know it (think Gohan with Radditz). She learns of it later and harnesses it but now she's not aged except a year and during all that time Vegeta's already on earth and Trunks is already a teen older than her when she's 15. So you have a guess at his age, old. So she's skipped a few years. She's come to earth and sensing her ki he finds her, she's invited to stay and this is where I'm trying to pick up. Please let me know if you can make any sense of this at all. see I started a story that explained everything that happened between them cause they get a close relationship but that was back when I was 11.. it was abandoned. I'll try to move it here though for those that can't make sense of this.... Thank you! ^^

Making sure the long sleeve of her robe wasn't caught in the door, she closed it, trying to muffle the soft click of the lock as it shut. It was late into the night and she was nearly certain she would be the only one up at this hour. Though Bulma had begged her to make herself at home she still felt like she shouldn't be burdening them. She hadn't been here long but she'd paced these halls so often the paths were etched into her mind, she could do them blindfolded if she had to. Which was good. She had to avoid any halls with windows, there'd be no light this night. Of all the Saiyans and mixed bloods.. only two had their tails still in tuck, Korone, and herself.(AN.1) Tonight was a full moon and she would not risk getting a glance. She may have worn elite armor but she could not control herself in Ozaru form. She would attempt to destroy everything. She'd be stopped certainly, but why cause trouble...

It was in fact because of the full moon that she was up at all. Though she would not transform unless she saw the moon, its very presence boiled her blood, made her jumpy and unable to rest. She'd spent hours in her room, tossing in the bed, sprawled in all sorts of poses and pacing until there were paths worn into the floor. Perhaps a change of location from room to halls would help ease her mind.

Her bare feet made no sound as they padded across the floor, down corridor after corridor, her body never becoming tired, and her mind ever as restless in the dark that even her eyes could barely cut through. Her mind wandered, racing far beyond her body, bringing the past, present and future together in one blur of memory and thought. Her heart was thundering in her chest and her head began to feel a bit light. Turning a corner the halls were no longer that of capsule corp. The smooth, picture-lined walls gave way to cold steel. The floor turned to ice so cold it burned her feet and made every hair stand on her body. Her breathing became quick and her chest tightened painfully. With a fuddled mind she moved forward hesitant steps at first, building, faster and faster to a full sprint through the nightmarish corridor.

Further and further she went, her surroundings blurring but never changing. The cold grey taunted her and her ears could hear the sound of the controls and radar beeping from the other rooms. Chills ran down her spine as it became harder and harder to tell herself that it wasn't real. She closed her eyes, willing it all way, head shaking violently. When her eyes opened again she was not alone in the hall. For the briefest of moments there was a man standing there, clad in white and tan armor, shoulder pads sticking out, hair tall and pointed to the ceiling. He turned to her and for just one moment the image remained until, as if snapped from a dream her surroundings flashed away. Up ahead of her was still the man she'd seen, though now his body wasn't clad in armor, instead only a pair of loosing fitting pants and a loose tank top. She'd never before seen him in such attire and it was shocking to see him as so for the first time. But all the same his face was comforting.

After having checked herself and finding that she was indeed back in capsule corp. she approached him. He hadn't grown much so he looked similar to the man she'd met all those years ago, but his presence held more dominance than it did then. She felt smaller to him now. "Did I wake you?" She questioned softly. He gave a look as if to prove to her how ridiculous such a statement was. "So the moon still affects you though you don't have your tail." She gave a soft chuckle at the irony. "That would make the both of us then." She took a place at his side, walking with him back the way she'd just come. He didn't say anything but she didn't get to close.

After some minutes of walking her mind began to wander again. This time it did not seem so dark though, she even found herself smiling over it and at points laughing softly. "This reminds me of the first time we walked together. I was lucky to have survived." She looked up to him with a gentle smile and though he didn't smile back she did see his features soften. Had she not known his soft side existed, she could have missed such a subtle change. "I thought for sure, if Frieza wasn't the one to kill me that you'd be waiting right behind him." She let out another soft laugh.

"You're lucky your mouth didn't get you killed any number of times brat." Naturally he was more familiar with the floor plan than she was. Opening a door to his right he revealed a lounge. Inside was a large fish tank softly lighted a couch and several one deater chairs. Without hesitation he sat himself in the middle of the couch. She entered in after a moments hesitation, taking a chair opposite him. "You were far too cocky for a low level. I hadn't expected you to make it through the first mission."

She gave a smirk. "Perhaps. But as I remember it Prince, I gave you a run for your money in our first spar. You were so cute frozen in my spell." She teased, tail twitching happily. "And you lasted only moments after I lost consciousness." He was annoyed. Most would consider it dangerous to have Vegeta mad at them but she found it quite exhilarating. She had done so since she'd met the man in the company of her father, Frieza. It had continued on through the time they'd spent training and destroying planets together. At this thought her mood darkened.

"I was asleep. The fight bored me." Vegeta crossed his arms smugly. When no reply came back he looked over to her. Since he'd know her she was not one to back away from him, even when he had her about the throat, feet dangling off the floor. Seeing her face he knew exactly what it was that she was thinking. Snorting he leaned further back into his chair, resting his head into the cushions. "It never goes away." He responded emotionlessly. "He'll always be with you." He knew just what she was seeing. He still remembered dragging her from the first planet they had been ordered to attack after she'd joined his squad. A piece of her mind had snapped that day and it would never heal properly. He knew then that she would never be fit to work under Frieza.

He remembered the first spar he had with the half breed. She was spirited. His pride would never let him admit it but she had been a challenge. He certainly would be smug of rubbing it in that she no longer stood a chance later. She'd fought tooth and nail, literally and he'd certainly

not come out without injury. However, he still remember realigning the vertabrea in her tail on a number of occasions and the scars and bruises that decorated her body under the make-up she used to hide. He was certain worse happened when he wasn't looking. "It just gets a little easier with time."

His mind wandered back. He was young then, only 18. He was a fool at those times. He had planned on defeating Frieza for so long he was certain it would be soon. He was certain after meeting her, that it wouldn't be much longer. Had she not been a halfbreed, he'd have had no doubts of taking her as his mate. She would be the only surviving female saiyan to his knowledge. If it hadn't been for that damn sword! In his mind he still cursed the thing. When Frieza took it from her she just wouldn't let it go. She had to get it back, even at the cost of her own life. She stole it back from him but there was no keeping secretsz from frieza on his own ship. She'd crossed him one too many times and he decided to just end it.

He still remembered dragging her through the halls, ducking in and out of corridors, trying to conceal her from the men sent to play search and destroy under Frieza's orders. And how he'd boxed them in. From what she lacked in combat she'd managed to make up for in magic. He'd never heard nor seen such skill before. But when she disappeared, when she was swallowed by the light before him, escaping, her certainly believed her. At that point they'd only been 3 or 4 years apart. When she reappeared in his life, here on earth they were much further apart. She'd not aged. Trunks is in his teen years. For kami's sake she was born two years before Kakarot and yet she was still somehow younger than him. She'd found someway to travel, bypassing time like his future son had done only without the assistance of some machine. She was still 15. Damn sword!

He had at one point considered taking her as his mate and now found himself considering taking her as his child. How is it that something like that happens? His eyes opened in surprise as he felt heat radiating from his side. Glancing to his left he found The halfbreed had snuck up had snuck up on him during his reminising. She looked drained, exhausted. She was tentative to lean on him, almost flinching when she felt herself touch his arm. She was close enough that he felt her breath deeply, taking in his scent, the scent of another saiyan. She found it comforting, relaxing. She felt whole again. For a year she'd lived without her memory, she didn't even know what race she was. She'd forgotten all about her father but had also forgotten all about the prince. Flameandria, that had been her name but she couldn't remember it, she'd been given another.. Fate. Her new name was Fate.

Feeling more secure now she leaned fully on him, hearing his heart with her own. This was what it felt to be with another of her own kind. He felt solid and powerful under her. He'd certainly become stronger since she last knew him. Much stronger. She found herself nodding off and it seemed the more she struggled to keep her eyes open, the harder it became for her to win. She was soon dozing against his muscled shoulder, breathing in the scent that was so familiar and fulfilling.

AN1- Korone, pronounced core-O-n, is Vegeta's half sister, born of the same mother some years after the destruction of Vegeta. She and several others survived in my universe.