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**The Erased Chronicles**

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In an alternate timeline where Gohan encounters Erasa, Videl's friend from childhood, what happens when they develop a romantic relationship? Explore the Erased Chronicles, an alternate timeline where Gohan and Erasa try and balance their relationship with all the chaos of Majin Boo's arrival on Earth! Things won't always be what you expect, in this new tale of Dragon Ball Z!

Rated: Fiction T (https://www.fictionratings.com/) - English - Romance/Supernatural - [Gohan, Erasa] Videl, Majin Buu - Chapters: 51 - Words: 298,236 - Reviews: 803 (/r/10393414/) - Favs: 641 - Follows: 701 - Updated: Apr 6 - Published: May 31, 2014 - id: 10393414

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"Alright Mom!" Gohan was already dashing towards the door, slinging his book-bag over his shoulder, comically slipping on his shoes as he gingerly opened the door and felt the crisp morning air fill his nostrils. "I'm heading off to school."

"Alright honey!" Chi-Chi called out to her son from the kitchen, where she was doing dishes. "Have a good day at school, and tell Erasa I said hello!"

"I will!" Gohan called back, smiling to himself at Chi-Chi's change in attitude. "Kinto'un!" His cry echoed throughout the mountains, and the Somersault Cloud came pelting his way, settling down onto the ground. Gohan clambered aboard his father's heirloom cloud, and it rose into the air, before taking off with a resounding sonic boom, tearing off above the treetops.

"To think Mom would be so accepting of Erasa..." Gohan was smiling broadly as Kinto'un flew full pelt towards Satan City. *"I was surprised that they both seemed to hit it off at dinner, even with Goten's impromptu interruption."* Gohan chuckled weakly as he remembered his younger brother's precocious behaviour.

Gohan had to admit, he wasn't looking forward to returning to school. It wasn't the typical teenage reasoning — slothful behaviour and the like — but simply because it cut into his time to spend with Erasa, and it also cut right into her training. Though, he couldn't help but appreciate the fact that this would give him some casual time to spend with her that they couldn't always get focusing on her training.

As the familiar skyline of Satan City loomed over the horizon, Gohan took the return of school as a positive situation. Little did he know his comfortable life would be interrupted by the events to unfold today.

"So, do you think Videl is going to actually make it to class today?" Erasa posed the question to Gohan as they two were making their way from the lockers to their classroom. As was their usual, Gohan had picked Erasa up on the Kinto'un and they came to school through the rooftop. It was only now — after they'd exchanged their hellos and finished their own catching up after only a night of being apart — that the topic of Videl was approached.

"Videl?" Gohan blinked in obvious confusion at Erasa. "Oh, that's right, she *has* been skiving off classes, and you did mention yesterday she seemed to be running herself ragged." One couldn't blame Gohan for having Videl slip his mind; the girl was Erasa's friend, not his, and everytime they even met each other in the halls, the daughter of Mr. Satan made her dislike very apparent for Gohan by staring daggers at him. He'd made a point to avoid the girl by now.

"Yeah, I'm actually starting to get worried," Erasa's forehead creased in stress; she really was worried for her friend's well being. "I think she might be overexerting herself, trying to do schoolwork, helping the police, and keeping up her training all at the same time. It has to be taking a toll on her..."

"There's no need to be worried," The Saiyan-Human hybrid tried to reassure her. "Videl's tough, if nothing else. I'm sure she's doing fine." Gohan naturally had know way to know this, but he did know Videl wasn't one to quit without some kind of stubborn resistance.

"You're right," Erasa agreed, exhaling a sigh of relief at Gohan's comforting words. "Videl's tough as nails."

The two made it to Classroom 3B, and the first thing that caught both their eyes was that Sharpener sat alone; Gohan and Erasa had yet to file into their own seats, and Videl hadn't yet arrived. Erasa shot Gohan a look, but the two didn't say anything yet. Erasa hid her worry as they made their way to their seats.

"Hey Sharpener, have you seen Videl?" Erasa quickly asked Sharpener the whereabouts of her friend, taking the blonde-haired boy by surprise.

"Actually, no," He replied with a simple shrug of the shoulders. "She's been looking pretty worn down lately, after all; she's even been skipping classes and doing her homework and other assignments by correspondence. She's probably been buckling down on her hero duties ever since the Golden Warrior has been making those regular appearances."

"If I let some cocky vigilante steal the spotlight, not only will I forever be stuck in my father's shadow, but I might not even be able to save the stragglers that the Golden Warrior overlooks, or is just plain careless with! Just you wait — when he and I meet again, face to face, I'll show him who the real hero of Satan City is!"

Erasa remembered Videl's firm determination when they'd met up for a practice match just the other weekend, but she didn't think the girl would go so far just to prove her point. "Videl..."

Mr. Fahcolty entered the classroom, silencing any and all conversation with a sharp clearing of his throat. Satisfied that he could no longer hear Kuzetsu and Jōgen chattering off in the far back corner of the room, he made his way over to his desk. After a quick roll call — in which Videl was marked absent — the overworked instructor turned to his students, "Alright, class, let's begin the lesson..."

As the teacher began his lecture, time seemed to flow by like normal. Questions were asked to the more astute, making examples for those less prone to be vigorous in their studies. Special equations were made on the board and minute classroom activity was given, if not but lift the dreary cloud that passively hangs over the teacher's head.

Before anyone would know it, an hour would pass, and the bell would ring for the class's end.

The class began to pack their bags, stuffing their notes on the ancient philosopher 'Diarrheus' into their bookbags and filed out for the ten-minute break period before their next classes. Erasa and Gohan were lagging behind, however, the former still worried that Videl had missed the first class of the day entirely.

"She really didn't make it to class..." Erasa sighed as the two descended from their seats down to the main platform. "What is she thin-"

Before Erasa could finish her thought, the door slammed open to reveal a slightly gaunt, and very clearly exhausted, Videl. Two weeks of stress and overwork was finally beginning to physically take its toll on the teenage girl; she seemed slightly pale, with dark circles under her eyes, and she even looked a little thinner — though not to an extreme, it simply seemed that weight loss was just now starting.

"Videl!" Erasa cried out as her friend stumbled into the room, still looking very ragged, and carrying a folder in her hand. The ebony-haired girl ignored Erasa, shot Gohan a half-sincere death glare, and made her way over to the teacher.

"Here, Mr. Fahcolty," The girl handed him the folder, her voice slightly horse. "My homework and classwork from the previous week."

The wizened man took the folder, placing it on his desk next to the other assignments he'd collected over the hour long period. "Videl, if you'd like advice, you really should ease up on your responsibilities. Leave the crime fighting to the Golden Fighter and the police; it's plain as day that you're under an immense amount of stress."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Fahcolty," The exhausted girl brushed him off. "I refuse to let that bleached-hair 'hero' wannabe handle everything. We can't trust him, so I'll pick up the slack!" As if on cue, her wristwatch began to beep. "Videl here!" The girl replied, answering.

"*There's two armed robbers in Backpack town!*" The panicked voice of the police officers rang through loud and clear, catching the ears of Gohan and Erasa, as well as Mr. Fahcolty, who looked at Videl with a resigned look on his face. "*We're in pursuit along Route 81, towards the mountains!*"

"I'm on my way!" Videl replied firmly, making a dash for the door. As she made it to the exit, the girl slipped, falling to her knees due to dizziness.

"Videl, rethink this!" Erasa rushed over to her friend frantically, trying to help her up. "You can't fight any crime in your current state! Think about this!"

"Let me go, Erasa!" Videl shouted as she tried to shrug her friend off. But due to the girl's exhausted state, and the side benefits of Erasa's new-found training, gave the blonde a vicegrip on the ebony-tressed girl's shoulders that surprised them both.

"How did you get so strong...?" Videl questioned, with acid in her voice. This would normally be an average question, but Erasa could already detect the suspicious accusation behind it. "It's because of *him*, isn't it?" The blue-eyed girl shot Gohan a look of pure venom that brought to mind the phrase 'if looks could kill'.

"Well, I..." Erasa stammered, loosening her grip as she tried to think of some way out of Videl's accusation.

Her friend, however, shook her off, clambering to her feet and dashing out of the building.

"Videl! Wait!" Erasa called out frantically but Videl disregarded her entirely, vanishing around the corridor. "Videl...why are you doing all of this...?"

Gohan's eyes narrowed in obvious frustration, and he handed his bag to Erasa, who looked at him in surprise.

"Erasa, hold my bag, please. And make up an excuse for me when you get to our next class." He turned back to her, smiling a broad smile full of confidence. "I'm going to go help her, and bring her back. Before she winds up getting killed."

The sound of police sirens filled the air as two men sped along the highway in their getaway hovercar. Both parties were opening fire on the other, the police desperate to damage the getaway car before the criminals managed to make an escape.

"Stop your car or we'll be forced to shoot!" The officer in the passenger's seat called out the window, aiming his pistol once more and firing three rounds at the trunk of the car.

"Ain't ya already shootin', officer!?" The skinnier of the two criminals shouted back, pulling the trigger to find an empty firearm. "Damn hypocrites..." He grumbled, retreating inside the vehicle again.

"Finish 'em off, Zain!" The larger of the two robbers, a burly man with a completely shaved head and thin moustache, called to his cohort as he made a sharp left turn along the side of the highway.

"I'm on it, Bōmono!" Zain replied, reaching into the back of their car and pulling out a panzerfaust — a pre-loaded, anti-tank weapon — and aiming it directly at the center space between both pursuing cop cars. Squeezing a lever located on the weapon itself, it launched the projectile towards the police. It collided with the highway concrete, exploding violently and taking the cars and police out in a flurry of fire.

"Woohoo!" Zain cheered wildly as he watched the fireworks.

"Huh?" Bōmono's eyes were attracted to the sight of something very odd in the center of the street; a young girl standing in front of a hovercraft embroidered with the bold letters SATAN. He slowed the hovercar down, not out of concern for the girl, but to avoid crashing into the hovercraft parked directly behind her.

"You're in the way, girlie," The muscled man said, stepping out of the vehicle and onto the road. "Step aside, or I'll make you move."

The haggard Videl held up a clanking pair of handcuffs, shooting the man her now trademark death glare. "Put your weapons down now, and put your hands up! Unless you want to get hurt!"

Bōmono chuckled, amused. "Did'ja hear that, Zain? Betty over hear thinks she can take us!"

Zain, however, was no fool, and recognized Videl the instant he'd stepped out of the vehicle. "Bōmono, hold your horses man. I've seen that dame on TV! She's the daughter of Mr. Satan!" His hands shaking slightly, he was holding his pistol towards the girl, poised to kill. "She prides herself a 'hero of justice'."

"Is that right?" Bōmono smirked, giving Videl a quick once-over. "She's a lot cuter 'n her dad. And I do like 'em young."

"Sicko..." Videl hissed, blinking rapidly to keep herself awake. Refusing to believing she was in over her head, the girl cast the handcuffs to the side of the road. "If you want to play it rough, that's a dance for two!" Rushing forward, she leapt into the air, delivering a deliberate, mid-air snap kick to the man's chin, stunning him as it knocked him back and to his knees.

He chuckled, grinning at her and wiping blood from his chin. "Whaddya know? You ain't too bad, kid." His shoulders shaking with his own snickering, he stood up, cracking his knuckles. "But I like the ones with a little fight in 'em. Though I can see, you ain't in no condition to fight me. Why don't you be a good little girl and come with us?"

"Feh!" Videl spat, landing shakily onto the ground, struggling to maintain her balance. "I can easily handle riff-raff like you even in my current state..." Of course, Videl was never one to properly assess her own condition. Two weeks of nothing but training, vigilante work, and schoolwork with minimal sleep and even skipping meals wasn't good for the human body, and Videl, no matter what she said, wasn't in any state to fight these thugs.

"Keep talkin' big, kid," Bōmono sneered, walking over to the girl with a menacing gate. "I'm going to love shutting that mouth of yours." Before Videl could react, the man slammed his fist directly into her jaw, stunning her and hitting it with enough force to lift her up off the ground.

Saliva flew from Videl's mouth as the blow connected, and she felt a sharp pain in her skull as the thug yanked on her left pigtail to keep her from moving too far, dangling her in the air by her hair like one would hang out laundry to dry. The girl began to flail wildly, but in her weakened state, Bōmono may as well have been getting hit by feathers.

"Alright kid, give it up!" He cried, and forcefully slammed his knee directly into Videl's gut, knocking the wind out of her and forcing her to cough up blood due to the force of the blow. The viscous red fluid dripped down her lips, splashing onto the concrete of the highway. At this point, Videl's body simply gave out; darkness overtook her vision as exhaustion finally set in and the girl entered the void.

"Would ya look at that, the girl finally gave out," Bōmono shook Videl by her hair, earning no response from the fainted girl. "When it comes down to it, the unconscious ones have their appeal as well. Tho' to be honest, I'd love for her to be awake so I could hear her scream."

"Bōmono, you can't be about to do *that* out here?" Zain protested quickly. "We're out in the open and the cops are tailing us! Wouldn't it be better just to take her back and throw her with the rest of the girls you got?"

"It'll be awhile before the cops pull their sorry asses our way," The burly man retorted, and to be fair, he had a point. It had been several minutes now, and no other police vehicles had made any form of pursuit. "This girl made me go through so much effort, I'm going to get some payment in return!" Pinning the unconscious girl to the ground, and it was only now that he properly got a good look at her. "The girl is even dressed to make this easy for me; bike shorts and a t-shirt. I couldn't ask for a better prize." The man pulled at the hem of the black, skintight shorts, whilst simultaneously attempting to undo his belt buckle one-handed.

A few minutes earlier...

"That girl," Gohan grumbled to himself as he made it out of the school building. He had no idea in which direction she'd gone, and given the girl had such a low *ki* signature, he may as well be searching with his eyes. "*I need to get to a high point, and search for her ki from there.*"

Ascending to the top of the school, Gohan perched himself on the rooftop, and closed his eyes, searching the area for Videl's *ki* signature. As he had no idea where Route 81 was, this was the only way he could find her. After a few minutes, he felt a powerful — by human standards — spike of *ki* in the west.

"There!" Gohan stood up, immediately turning towards the source of the *ki*. Within seconds, he'd transformed into a Super Saiyan, bringing the Golden Warrior back to Satan City. In a burst of golden light, Gohan tore through the skies, finding himself traveling high above the highway. He passed over an utterly destroyed portion of highway, and he knew he was headed in the right direction.

"This is horrible..." He thought to himself, gritting his teeth. Was was with this city and its criminals?

Flying for only a few more seconds finally brought Gohan to the scene of the crime; his eyes quickly took in the scene, with Zain standing off in the background, and Videl, unconscious and pinned to the ground. Bōmono had perched himself on top of the girl, and was in the middle of removing her shorts.

Gohan took one look at the man's face, and an inexplicable feeling of rage came over him. This man's face, his familiar visage, brought back bitter memories of years ago. That horrible fight with the Saiyans who invaded Earth; Nappa and Vegeta.

"DIE!" The bald, muscular Saiyan cried out as he released a furious blast of white energy towards the cowering Saiyan child. Even though his training had taught him better than this, the boy's age was catching up to him, and he froze up in terror, raising his arms in front of face as if to shield himself. The ground trembled as Gohan's vision became nearly enveloped in a flash of white.

He was going to die.

But then, faster than he could see, a shadow appeared in front of him, obscuring the light almost entirely. Gohan's eyes widened in shock. It was his beloved teacher, Mr. Piccolo.

A bloodcurdling, guttural scream filled the air as Piccolo threw his body in front of Gohan as a shield; the energy blast collided with the Namekian, ripping into his flesh as his screams filled the air, shocking everyone present. An explosion of pure white energy enveloped the scene, causing the ground to quake even further as dust billowed from ground zero.

The Saiyan, Nappa was visibly panting, having exhausted most of his ki reserves in the effort to finish off one half-blood child. Firmly believing them to be dead, he smirked to himself, content with his work. However, the smoke cleared, to reveal a thoroughly beaten and battered Piccolo, still standing in front of Gohan with every intention of keeping the child of his worst enemy alive and well.

"P-P-P-Piccolo!?" Gohan stammered, confused as to why the man who was supposed to be so strong stood before him, a dead man walking.

"It's...okay kid...no sweat..." The Namekian grunted, heaving with every breath as pain rocked his body. Chuckling to himself, he suddenly felt his body give way as every organ collapsed under the pressure and he fell to the ground, unable to move a muscle.

This moment; who would have thought it would haunt Gohan well into his teenage years.

The time the ruthless Saiyan Nappa had killed his teacher in cold blood. And yet here that man stood before him, alive and well. Could that even be possible? With a face of fury, Gohan descended to the concrete. The gentle click of his shoes against the ground, as well as the obvious descent of a teenage boy from midair, caught the attention of the two thugs.

"You..." Gohan's emerald eyes shot a piercing glare directly at Bōmono.

"What?" Bōmono looked at Gohan as if the boy was out of his mind. Stopping himself in his tracks, he took his hands off Videl — whose shorts were mercifully on her body, Gohan, it seemed, had arrived at just the right moment — and stood up, glaring at the Super Saiyan. "Who the hell are you? You got a death wish, kid?"

The visage of Nappa, clad in Saiyan armor, crossed Gohan's eyes, merging with the appearance of the thug as his clenched his fists in anger. His golden aura ignited, gentle flames turning into a furious blaze of golden light. When Gohan spoke, it was less of his normal, soft voice, and instead a very audible snarl that escaped his throat. "How could I forget...that evil face of yours!?"

"B-B-B-Bōmono!" Zain was trembling with fear at the sight of the positively enraged Gohan. "That's the Golden Warrior! Get off the girl and let's bail, now!"

Bōmono turned towards Zain, eyes wide in shock and fear. "What!? The Golden Warrior!? There's no way that can be right!"

As if the final words were the removal of a cork, Gohan felt rage surge through his body. "Never again...I won't let you hurt anyone else...EVER AGAAAIIIN!" His aura flaring further, causing the air and highway to quake under the pressure. He'd crossed the distance between himself and Bōmono within seconds, almost as if he simply materialized there with a fist raised, primed to strike.

"N-N-N-N-NO, WAIT!" The man called out in a frantic plea. "Please! Mercy!"

Mercy. The word that stopped the Super Saiyan dead in his tracks. His father, even after all Nappa had done, didn't kill the man, even after crippling him; his fist halted just shy of connecting with Bōmono, but the force he exerted on the wind sent a focused concussive wave of pure wind pressure into the thug's face, shattering his jaw and sending him headlong towards Zain, knocking both men out with an audible crash.

"What was I about to...?" Gohan blinked rapidly, steadying himself. He'd almost killed a human, and over what? His own repressed issues? He let out a quivering sigh; it had been a long time since he'd ever felt emotional unrest as a Full-Powered Super Saiyan. It was only then that he remembered Videl, unconscious on the highway road.

"*You should have listened to Erasa...*" Gohan thought to himself as he picked the girl up and propped her up against her own hovercraft. He'd take her back to the school's nurse's office, but his ears could detect oncoming sirens, and knew the officer's back-up would arrive and it would be best that Videl be taken to a proper hospital.

During the following week, Videl's injury in her latest vigilante escapade was kept a hushed secret — which of course, meant that in a high school of talkative, inquisitive teenagers, the entire student body knew about it by the end of the following day.

It became the talk of the school, and the teaching staff, including a poor Mr. Fahcolty, had trouble getting their students to focus on the tasks at hand. Some of them — again, like poor Mr. Fahcolty — simply surrendered control of their classes to the gibbering oafs they called students, while other teachers took far more drastic measures in discipline.

Due to their new-found freedom in class, Erasa and Gohan had plenty of time to talk about Videl's current condition. Videl was being kept in the hospital wing that Mr. Satan had built into his mansion for such an occasion; she received constant visits from her very worried father, showing he had at least one redeemable quality.

"I told her she shouldn't have gone..." Erasa bit her thumb nail nervously. While Erasa knew Videl was certainly getting the best medical care possible, she couldn't help but worry. Videl had always been stubborn and eager to get in over her head — Erasa recalled a time when the girls were four and Videl had gotten into a scuffle with a large dog — but the blonde had hoped Videl would have learned to gauge her own capabilities.

It would appeared that would never be the case.

"Gohan," Erasa said softly, deliberately avoiding Sharpener's range of hearing. "I don't want this to happen to Videl again. What if you'd gotten there too late? Or something worse had happened? I want to continue our training, and I want to get stronger. So I can protect Videl, in case something like this happens again." She slipped her smooth, thin hands into Gohan's, gripping them tightly, her sapphire eyes meeting his onyx ones. "I want to keep her safe, Gohan."

Squeezing her hand gently in return, Gohan was at a loss for words. While blushing slightly due to the close proximity of the girl, seeing Erasa's determination took him back to his own childhood; back when he was so eager to train with his father and Piccolo. How he'd beg his mother to let him train and participate in the battles his father was in; to be able to do his part for their planet. And now he realised Erasa shared his spirit, the urge to protect those you love, that feeling that you *had* to get stronger.

"I know," Gohan replied firmly.

It only took five days for Videl to recover enough to be able to walk and attend classes again, due to the wonders of modern medicine.

Within this week, Gohan and Erasa had nearly doubled their training. While they'd initially resolved to train on the weekends only, Erasa's new resolve to protect Videl had caused them to balance their schoolwork and training in the evenings. To compensate for this, Gohan would often assist Erasa in her assignments, a simple task as the coursework was easier for him to finish than other students.

With their homework out of the way, the two teenagers would practice flight in the evening, before the sun set, until the weekend finally set in and they had an entire two days to themselves. Buckling down on both Saturday and Sunday, the couples' efforts paid off; Erasa was no average talent, and by Sunday evening, she was flying freely through the air.

"You've done it!" Gohan cried, lifting himself off the ground and into the air after Erasa, who began to perform spiraling loops as she crowed with laughter.

"I'm flying, Gohan! I'm flying!" She was laughing and cheering like a small child; the feeling of flight was everything she'd imagined it to be. Uplifting, and so very freeing, she almost didn't want to touch down to the ground again. Seeing Gohan was following after her, Erasa turned, barreling straight towards Gohan, hugging him earnestly; an action which Gohan reciprocated.

"You really did it, Erasa," Gohan replied, smiling widely. "In only a week, you managed to fly. That's so remarkable I should be stunned speechless!"

"I can't believe it," The blonde girl replied, her azure orbs brimming with excitement. Then, as if losing herself in the euphoria, Erasa's lips met Gohan, kissing him deeply as she threw her arms around his neck. It took Gohan all of five seconds to process what was happening; the warm feeling of her lips, her body pressed against his; the shock quickly changed to elation as he responded with equal fervor.

Completely oblivious to their surroundings, the two began an unconscious descent to the ground, both of them still locking lips; Gohan pulled Erasa closer to himself as the kiss deepened. It was only when the two made contact with the Earth again that they were brought back to reality and they pulled apart, blushing deep crimson.

"I...guess we can't really say there's nothing between us anymore, can we?" Gohan asked quietly. In spite of everything, he felt very pleased with himself, and with this new development.

"I don't see that as a bad thing, to be honest," Erasa replied, scratching her cheek nervously. She hadn't expected this to happen, not at all, and to make it even more embarrassing, she'd simply thrown herself at Gohan. But when she looked at him, she saw he wasn't unhappy in the slightest, and a feeling of joy shot through her entire being.

"I guess the only question now is," Erasa began, her joy being replaced with dread.

"Is how you confront Videl with this." Gohan finished, realizing their new predicament.

Little did either of them know, the source of their predicament was watching from a hillside. Videl, after her week's rest in the hospital, had plenty of time to deliberate on what her next move should be when concerning Gohan and Erasa. While she didn't know the details entirely, she knew it had to have been Gohan — the Golden Warrior — who saved her. He was the only one who knew where she'd have been at the time, and could have caused that much damage to a normal person alone.

So she did what anyone in her situation would do; researched Gohan's home address in the student registry and followed Erasa to his house to spy on her friend's meetings with Gohan. And unfortunately for the two of them, Videl had witnessed the entire kiss through a pair of binoculars. Albeit bandaged, with one arm in a cast, Videl managed to utterly crush the binocular pair in her working hand, the plastic and glass cutting into her hand as she grit her teeth in frustration.

"Son Gohan..." The girl growled to herself, her face red with anger.

The Following Day

"Gohan!"

This was the first day that featured a change in Gohan and Erasa's usual morning routine. With her new-found flying abilities, Erasa, first thing in the morning, woke up and flew directly to Gohan's house. Calling out to him when she arrived, Gohan shoved his head out of his bedroom window, wearing just a t-shirt and boxers, seeing the floating figure of Erasa outside.

"Erasa! What are you doing here already, it's not even seven 'o clock!" Gohan called out, and while he tried to sound frustrated, all he could do was smile and laugh at the girl's over-eagerness. "Why don't you land, I'll get dressed and ready!"

Erasa landed neatly onto the ground, blushing slightly to herself due to Gohan's half-dressed state, but kept any comments to herself while she patiently waited in the crisp mountain air for Gohan to come out. Smiling to herself, she reflecting back to their kiss from yesterday — remembering the warm feeling of Gohan's lips on hers — and she wondered; did this change anything between them?

She heard Gohan's voice from inside the house, though what he was saying was muffled by the door, she assumed he was telling Chi-Chi why he was up so early. When she heard the door open, she saw Gohan, now fully clothed and wearing his bookbag across his back.

"Uh...hey..." He smiled, and the two's eyes met. Both obviously remembering yesterday, they quickly averted their eyes, pale faces flushing pink in the morning light.

"H-Hey yourself," Erasa giggled, uncharacteristically shy at the sight of Gohan standing in front of her. She placed her hands behind her back, and shuffled her feet as she looked at Gohan, and then quickly at the ground.

"So..." Gohan began, extending a hand in a gesture.

"I didn't peek!" Erasa cut him off quickly, still unwilling to look the Saiyan in the eye.

"Wha...!?" Gohan was taken aback by the sudden outburst, unable to even complete his sentence. He looked at Erasa, perplexed. His confusion was understandable; Gohan was a man who, as a child, would swim naked with his father while fishing in the river, and this would qualify as quality bonding time. Shame wasn't something Son men usually experienced.

"Nothing!" The girl replied shrilly, covering her face to hide her beet red visage from Gohan, and letting loose a muffled laugh into her palms at his innocent bewilderment.

"Okaaaaay..." Gohan cleared his throat, eager to dispel this awkward atmosphere before it got even worse. "How about we get heading to school now? We can probably take our time, given how early it is..."

Erasa nodded, smiling brightly. "Yes, please!"

Smiling, Gohan rose into the air effortlessly, almost showing off in his flawless deployment of his *ki* energy. He beckoned Erasa to follow. "C'mon! Why don't we take the scenic route this time?"

Erasa laughed joyously as she followed Gohan into the air, albeit a few seconds slower than himself. "Any more scenic than usual?"

"We can always make it up as we go," Gohan replied, gently taking her hand in his and pulling her along with him. "Like running on water, or shooting through the cloud?"

The blonde girl's face blushed again at the contact of skin, the warmth filling in her face despite just having faded. She wasn't deterred, however, and returned his light grip with a firm one of her own. "I never thought about doing things like that on my own before, let alone with you."

"Well, now's our chance," Gohan nodded his head forward, grinning. "Let's go!"

"Right!" Erasa replied firmly, and the two took off towards Satan City.

The two made it to school with plenty of time to spare, given how early they'd left — even taking a tour around a nearby mountain range — the two landed, Erasa and Gohan retrieved their books from their lockers, before making their way to their classes.

"Darn!" Gohan groaned in frustration, realization hitting him. "Erasa, go on into class without me. I forgot a few books, I need to go get them."

"Hm? Alright, I'll be in class then," Erasa agreed. At first, she was contemplating going with him, but in case the bell rang while Gohan was getting books, she needed to be there to make an excuse so he wouldn't be marked late.

Gohan turned the combination lock, opening his locker and taking the books he'd left inside, chuckling at his own forgetfulness. Closing the locker door, Gohan nearly jumped through the roof as he came face to face with an angry Videll, shooting him that look of loathing she reserved just for him.

It took Gohan only moments to scan the girl over with his eyes and see she was still very much hurt; her left arm was slung into a cast, and her right hand was covered in bandages as well — little did Gohan know they were acquired but yesterday when the ebony-tressed girl crushed her binoculars whilst spying on Gohan and Erasa.

"V-Videll...!" Gohan stuttered cautiously; he once again picked up the scent of confrontation emanating from Videll, that same pungent, cinnamon scent that struck his nose when Videll was particularly angry. "You...you're looking well! Up and about I see." Gohan was terrible at trying to talk his way out of situations like this, and with Videll's attitude now, no small talk could possibly save him.

"You've been busy, haven't you, Gohan?" Videll snapped, wasting no time in forcing her suspicions on poor Gohan.

"Busy?" Gohan blinked, for once, he was thoroughly confused. What was Videll getting at?

"Well, let's see, why don't we?" Videll walked away from Gohan briefly, pretending to count whatever offences she planned to hurl at him off in her head. "...vigilante work as the infamous Golden Warrior must be really difficult to balance with our coursework and *seducing my best friend*. Suffice to say, you've been just as busy as I am!"

"The Golden Warrior?!" Gohan felt a bead of sweat drop down his face, the uncertainty apparent in his voice. "We've been over this before, you've got the wrong guy! And about this whole 'seducing' your-!"

"Erasa also told me that," Videll nodded, cutting the Saiyan-hybrid off as she stared daggers. "And I'm not quite sure what bewitchment you have Erasa under, so much that she's so firmly in your corner, but I saw your entire fairy tale kiss moment yesterday. You can't argue your way out of that, Gohan."

"You...you saw that, did you?" Gohan chuckled weakly, only to round on her a moment later. "Wait, how!? That happened by my house, how did you even find where I live!?"

"I looked you up in the student registry," Videll replied airily, leaving Gohan's mouth agape. "But this isn't about me; I know you're the Golden Warrior! You were the only one besides Erasa who knew where I would have been when I went out to fight those criminals who can cause that kind of damage to a human body. I've seen what you can do as the Golden Warrior."

"What kind of evidence is that!?" Gohan exclaimed, slightly disturbed by this girl's persistence and analytic skill, and yet he could still point out most of what she said was pure conjecture.

"You're telling me all I need to know right now," Videll smirked, only furthering Gohan's confusion. "Your body language and your voice are betraying you; I can see you twitching and sweating. You're a terrible liar, Gohan."

Speechless, Gohan hung his shoulders in defeat. He couldn't truly argue against this girl's logic, but he had to wonder, did women just specialize in reading body language? Erasa was the same way, only she didn't use it to back him into corners.

"Please," He pleaded. "You cannot tell anyone this!"

Videl frowned; she was very eager to blow Gohan's cover. Nothing would make her happier than busting the resident Superman for his vigilante activities. She also remembered the paramedics told her she was propped up against the hovercraft when they found her; Gohan must have done that, to make her easier to find. So he wasn't all bad. However, if he was that desperate, she could take advantage of this easily. "Silence comes at a price, Gohan. So how about I make you an offer you can't refuse?"

Gohan felt a feeling of dread creep up his spine; he could tell Videl wasn't going to let him off easy.

"First, I want you to teach me how to fly, just like you taught Erasa," She sounded, if anything, actually dejected that Gohan showed Erasa something like this and not her as well. "It's not fair if only you two can do it."

"S-Sure," Gohan agreed, deciding not to tell Erasa that nearly everyone he knew was capable of flying. Even his mother showed the ability to stay aloft, if only temporarily.

"Great!" Videl grinned, her first condition being accepted rather easily. "Second...you entering the Tenka'ichi Budōkai six months from now?"

"The Tenka'ichi Budōkai!?" Gohan had only heard about it a few times in stories his dad had told him that came from when he used to be a kid and competed. The Budōkai had been discontinued for some time, so Gohan was surprised to hear they were bringing it back.

"Didn't you know?" Videl asked, smugly. "They're bringing back the old tournament to find out who is the 'Strongest Under The Heavens!'" As a true competitor, the idea of a tournament like this positively excited Videl, and Gohan could sense that. Her *ki*, minimal as it was, rose feverishly when she mentioned it; the thought of competing in this tournament made her blood boil. "In their previous two attempts to reinstate the tournament, my dad was the previous champion...before that, I don't know what he looked like, but the champion was a man named Son Goku..."

"Yeah...?" Gohan absolutely hoped Videl wouldn't put two and two together and conclude Gohan was related to Goku, but by this point, he figured his luck with this girl had run out.

"The same family name as you," She said pointedly. "Not many people have family names these days, especially ones living out here. If I had to hazard a guess, I think this Son Goku is your *dad*. Am I in the ball park?"

"What!? I mean...!" Gohan, not learning from his earlier failed attempts, tried to formulate a lie as quickly as possible. "*Sh-She's too smart...*"

"Looks like I nailed it!" The girl grinned triumphantly. "So...you're going to enter, aren't you Gohan? This chance is too perfect; the incumbent champion's daughter fighting the previous champion's son! This can be the perfect chance to decide who will be the sole protector of Satan City; you, the Golden Warrior, or myself!"

"N-No thanks!" Gohan refused almost immediately; it wasn't that he didn't enjoy a good fight, that wasn't it. There was always part of him that enjoyed the thrill of battle, even if he kept it hidden. But the idea of fighting, as himself, in front of hundreds of people, at a tournament that would be televised worldwide, didn't sound ideal. "I'm not into this kind of thing."

"If you do~n't, I'll tell everyone that Gohan is the Golden Warrior~" Videl replied, almost sing-song as she knew this simple sentence would make Gohan do what she said.

"...Alright, you win," Gohan sighed, running his hand through his spiked tresses in exasperation. "*What have I gotten myself into now?*"

"Yay!" The girl exclaimed, fighting the urge to do a fist pump due to her injured arms. "You're the only one who can give me any competition, this is perfect!" She walked off, her task completed, positively beside herself. "I'll see you in class, Gohan."

"Oh man...a tournament?" Gohan grumbled to himself, standing alone in the empty hallway. "How did I let her rope me into something like this?"

"*A tournament? That sounds like it could be fun! Whaddya say I go too?*"

Gohan looked all around, trying to find the source of the voice that came to him out of nowhere. He was fairly certain the hall was empty now. Then realization set in. "Wait...that voice out of nowhere...was that...!? Dad!? Is that you!?"

"*It sure is!*" The ever cheerful voice of Son Goku rang throughout Gohan's head. While the boy couldn't see his father, Goku was communicating with him from the afterlife, through the abilities of the North Kaiō. "*How've you and your mother been, son?*"

Gohan couldn't believe this; after seven years, he could hear his father's voice again. "We've been fine, Dad! How have *you* been!?"

"*Pretty good, pretty good,*" Goku quipped, finding it amusing Gohan would ask a dead man how he's been. "*I'm still dead, though.*"

"You just said you're coming to the tournament...can you really do that!?" The teenage Saiyan was nearly at a loss for words.

"*Yeah!*" Goku was as excited as Gohan was at the thought of being able to see his family again, and not only that, returning to the World of the Living left the possibility of squaring off one-on-one with Gohan or Vegeta. As always, Goku's Saiyan mind could turn anything into a primarily combat-related situation. "*For certain dead souls, we can get one day to visit the World of the Living, and I'll make sure I return for the Budōkai! If you're competing, son, I want in on this too!*"

"WOOHOO!" Gohan crowed, his voice echoing through the hallway. "This is too good to be true! I'll have to go tell everyone about this, Dad! I know you'll want to see Vegeta and Piccolo at an event like this!"

"*If Vegeta's going to compete too, I can't really pass this up, now can I?*" Goku replied. "*Well, see you later — at the Budōkai!*"

The end of the school day arrived, and Gohan and Erasa were among the first two to exit the classroom, immediately heading to their familiar spot on the roof to get away from Videl and the other members of the class. In private, Gohan was able to explain to Erasa what Goku had told her, and, suffice to say, she was shocked.

"Your dad...is coming back from the dead...for a day!?" She blinked rapidly, as if her brain was working in overdrive to process this breach of the laws that governed the natural world. "And he wants to compete in the Budōkai!? That's great, Gohan!" In a fit of excitement for Gohan's luck, Erasa threw her arms around Gohan, pulling him into a celebratory embrace. "While Videl was a bit...*pushy*...I'm happy this managed to work out for you somehow!"

"I'm going to go tell everyone that Dad's coming back," Gohan gently hugged Erasa back, careful to hold his strength in despite his excitement. "Why don't you come with me? This could be a great chance for you to meet my Dad's friends!"

"I'd love to meet them!" The blonde replied energetically.

West City, Capsule Corporation

"Goku's coming back?" Bulma looked up at her young friend from her kneeling position besides a hovercycle she was constructing, a cigarette in her mouth. Smoking had been a bad habit of Bulma's since early adulthood, but she seemed to have made it semi-regular since Goku's death.

"Yeah, he got a pass to come back from the dead for a single day, and he's going to return to compete in the Budōkai!" Gohan breathed excitedly, while Erasa looked around casually; this was her first time coming to the inside of Capsule Corp., and any normal person would kill for this kind of opportunity.

"Now that I think about it, a similar privilege was granted to your great-grandfather back when Goku and I were kids," Bulma smiled, remembering the tournament Uranai Baba hosted when Goku and her friends needed to find the final remaining Dragon Ball to resurrect Bora, a man who was killed when helping Goku. "Wonders never cease when the Son family is involved, do they?"

"Kakarot's returning from the Land of the Dead, eh?" Vegeta's gruff voice came from around the corner hallway as he sauntered in, hands in his pockets, with the young Trunks at his heels. This was a new sight to Gohan; Vegeta in casual clothes. He'd only seen it once before, when Vegeta wore a hilarious BAD BOY pink shirt, and bright green pants. It appeared the Saiyan Prince was now in charge of his own wardrobe, as he was wearing a long sleeved blue shirt, and grey sweatpants, in addition to dark black laced-up shoes. "And he's competing in the Budōkai? If both of you are going to compete, I'll go too."

"Even you, Vegeta?" Gohan looked at the Prince of all Saiyans in surprise.

"This'll be a good chance for you, Gohan," Vegeta said pointedly, sharply glaring at the boy in disappointment. "You look out of shape. You've grown soft in these peaceful times; a bit of competition might bring you back up to snuff."

"Are Dad and Gohan going to fight?" Trunks asked excitedly.

"So, Gohan, who's the girl you brought with?" Bulma asked curiously, gesturing to Erasa, who was examining a silver, spiraling sphere with multiple rings around it; one of Bulma's recent inventions, it was perched on a nearby shelf, and Erasa inspected it with innocent curiosity.

"Uh...she's..." Gohan wasn't sure what to explain to Bulma; she hadn't met Erasa just yet.

"My name's Erasa. I'm a friend of his from childhood," Erasa offered helpfully, feeling Gohan's stuttering even with her back turned. "He and I go back quite a ways, and we met back up when we entered high school."

"Oh, I see," Bulma shot Gohan a knowing smile; it was quite clear she was no fool to the two's relationship.

"That goes quite a long way towards explaining your lackadaisical attitude," Vegeta snapped in irritation. "I expected better of you, Gohan."

"Uh...well..." Gohan had nothing to say in reply; he couldn't deny Vegeta had a point, but Gohan had a life to live. He wasn't like Vegeta or Goku, content to spent his entire life in training.

"Why don't you go tell Krillin next?" Bulma intervened before Vegeta could say anything worse. "I'm sure he'll love this!"

"Yeah!" Gohan agreed, eager for a chance to get himself and Erasa away from Vegeta's permanent scowl.

Kame Island, Kame House

"Goku!? Really!?" Krillin exclaimed after Gohan's explanation of the news his father had given him. Krillin — who now sported a full head of hair, as he stopped shaving after the fighting had stopped — was utterly shocked to received such news.

"That sister of mine," Master Rōshi chuckled to himself, surprised Baba was doing something like this without gaining anything in return. He could only assume she was getting a handsome sum of money in return for bringing Goku back to life, or she wouldn't bother to do it herself. "That boy never ceases to surprise me. We haven't seen him in ages."

"M-Maybe I'll enter as well," Krillin folded his arms, muttering to himself, obviously referring to the tournament. "But with Goku, Gohan, and Vegeta all entering, how can I even hope to win?"

"Come on, Krillin, try it!" Gohan urged. "The top five contestants all win prize money!"

"How *much* money?" Android 18 inquired sharply.

"Let's see..." Gohan scratched his head, trying to recall the figures. "The winner, ten million Zeni, second place, five million, third place, three, fourth place, two, and fifth place, an even million."

"Do it, Krillin!" Android 18, spurred on by the thought of the winnings and finally being able to move off this island — and thus moving as far away from Master Rōshi as was humanly possible — demanded. "I'll enter too!"

"I-I guess..." Krillin replied, obviously at his wife's beck and call.

"I'll come observe," Rōshi concluded. "Watching you youngsters go at it in the ring, that sure takes me back."

"Don't tell Piccolo, Gohan," Krillin suggested, suddenly recalling the Namekian might also be participating. "It'd be really difficult for me to make it to the top five if he's competing too!"

"Aw, I can't do that Krillin!" Gohan replied, eager as he was to see Piccolo again. "Speaking of that, we should be heading there next. Erasa, let's go!" Saying their good-byes, the two lifted off into the air and out of sight.

"That boy..." Rōshi watched Gohan and Erasa fly off into the distance, smiling a smile of satisfaction. *"I can tell he's training that girl in martial arts...he's stepping into his father's shoes well. Sacrificing yourself wasn't in vain, Goku — your son is growing into a fine young man himself."*

Kami's Lookout

"Goku is returning to compete in the Budōkai? A prospect most intriguing," Piccolo folded his arms, a thin smile crossing his face at the idea of competing with his old rival in the Budōkai once more. Unlike his pupil that stood before him, Piccolo had not slacked off in seven years of peace; having learned from Kami's mistake, Piccolo had remained ever vigilant in watching the Earth with Dende, and ever persistent in increasing his training regimen. "I'll be there, Gohan. It's been far too long since your father and I have had the chance at serious competition."

"Awesome!" Gohan grinned, excited at the prospect of seeing Piccolo in action again. "What about you, Dende?"

The Guardian of Earth, the replacement for Kami, had grown very much in the seven years since the Cell Saga. Not quite up to Piccolo's physical build, due to Namekians age, often taking centuries to reach the same physical build as an adult human, depending on the situation in which they find themselves, Dende was still a few heads shorter than his Saiyan friend, but he finally looked the part of a God of Earth. His staff held tightly in his hands, he shook his head in a polite refusal.

"No thanks, Gohan," The Namekian replied. "Some Namekians are warriors, and others are healers; I'm not fit for a tournament like this."

"You know, Gohan," Erasa began, slightly nervous at interjecting between the conversation Gohan was having with these strange men. "I might enter this tournament as well. I can't say I'll be a real match for any of you, but it might be a good way to test my skills."

"That's a great idea, Erasa!" Gohan was surprised they hadn't considered the possibility earlier. Sure, Erasa might not win, but it would be a good way to see the fruits of her hard work.

"This girl...she isn't a normal human...I can feel the beginnings of a tapped well of power." Piccolo analyzed Erasa with a sharp look, which might have seemed off-putting and even threatening to the girl, had she been paying attention. "Gohan, is this girl your student?"

"Huh?" Gohan was taken aback by the sudden question, looking at Piccolo in confusion; he hadn't expected Piccolo to pick up on that at all. "Yeah, you could say that. I've started teaching Erasa the basics of *ki*, and her training is going to expand starting tomorrow."

"I see," Piccolo smiled, looking at Gohan as a proud father would to his son, and placed a hand on Gohan's shoulder, firmly gripping it. "I've known you since you were a boy, Gohan. To see you standing here, not just as a man but as a teacher as well? I'm proud to have once been called a master by you.."

Gohan stared in awe at Piccolo for the longest time. Rarely had Piccolo given out any form of compliments to anybody, even as a boy he heard them far and between. To hear such words come from his first martial art teacher caused a bright smile harking back to his childhood. Being the respectful man he was, though, he'd quickly bow to Piccolo, as a student would to his master, "Thank you, Piccolo!"

With all the details given to everyone of importance, Gohan and Erasa took off from the Lookout, flying back down towards the Earth.

"I think, if we're going to properly train for this competition, we'll need to take some time off from school," Erasa said as the two descended towards the surface before pulling up into a level flight path. "I think my dad would be okay with it, if I tell him about the prize money involved; he's always wanted me to get some kind of scholarship anyway and this would be an easy chance, if I win."

"Mom's the same way, actually," Gohan chuckled to himself, imagining how simple it would be to convince his mother to let him train for this tournament once he mentioned the prize money involved. "So, I'll see you tomorrow then? First thing in the morning?"

"First thing in the morning," Erasa replied, smiling as both of them turned to fly in the opposite direction towards their homes.

East District 439, Base of Mount Paozu, Son Residence; Later That Night

"What!?" Chi-Chi shrieked, her very voice nearly rattling the Son household. "Goku's coming back for a day to compete in the Budōkai!? Why didn't you tell me sooner!?"

The two sons of Goku watched their mother shriek like a maniac before she settled down, absolutely ecstatic with the situation. "Isn't that great, Goten!? You'll get to meet your Daddy for a day!"

Goten, who remained fairly clueless as to what was going on, looked up from his ricebowl at his mother in bewilderment, but said nothing. If she was excited, meeting his Dad had to be a good thing, right?

"The dead don't age, do they?!" Chi-Chi ran her hands along her face, fussing now about her appearance. "And I've gotten so old, oh no! Why didn't I go to more spas!? How many years has it been now? Seven!?"

Gohan simply watched as his mother continued to chatter, eating quietly deciding he had to break his silence. "Hey Mom, can I compete in the tournament as well? The top five contestants all win prize money, so if I win, it'll be like receiving a large scholarship. The first prize is ten million zeni, the second place is five million—"

"Ten million zeni!?" Chi-Chi exclaimed, thrusting her hands down onto the wooden table, causing all the dishes to shake and clatter. "Gohan, you've *got* to enter this thing! That's fifteen million between you and your Dad!"

"You know there's no guarantee I'll wi—" Gohan began but his mother cut him off.

"Oh please!" She waved a finger at Gohan. "One of you is going to win for sure! You can catch up on your schoolwork later, I want you to train hard for this!"

Gohan breathed a huge sigh of relief, relieved that all he really did need was to mention the prize money and he was able to get this discussion to go the way he wanted without having it boil over into an argument. With Chi-Chi making an offhand comment about the money that her father, the Ox-King, would periodically send was running out, Gohan turned to his younger brother.

"Hey Goten, why don't you help me with my training, starting tomorrow?" The older hybrid asked, despite knowing how eager Goten would be that he was finally taking the boy up on his offer to train with him. "While I get Erasa's own regiment started, I could use a powerful sparring partner!"

"Sure!" The boy ecstatically agreed.

From this moment on, for the next six months, the Dragon Team and martial artists from all around the world would begin their training with the hopes of only one thing in mind: to be crowned the "Strongest Under The Heavens"!

A/N: *Whoo boy! Finally finished chapter seven and I have to admit it's looking pretty fine! I'm sorry it took quite awhile to get out, but this is a very important chapter (hence the name of it), and there were several things I had to make sure I did right, so as not to get a bad reaction. One thing I liked best about this chapter; I got a week done in one chapter. The slow progress of time in my story was a personal gripe of mine, but that's been fixed with this chapter! Also, before anyone in the comments mentions Chi-Chi can't*

fly, in the anime, Goku and Chi-Chi's fight had a cool extension where they fought in the air. So I mentioned that as a throwaway line.

So, as per the usual, I should explain the punny names I came up with for these minor characters. The two noisy students were named "Kuzetsu" (口舌) which quite literally means "tongue" but can also mean "talking recklessly", and Jōgen (冗言) which quite simply means "chatter". This refers to their nature as talkative students (though the class at large is like this). The two criminals, Zain and Bōmono, both come from Japanese words that refer to criminals. Zain comes from the word "zainin" (罪人) and literally means "criminal" or "sinner". It can also double as a pun for "vain", which would fit a criminal.

Bōmono comes from the word ranbōmono (乱暴者) and literally means "thug". So, as you can see, this chapter is setting the stage for the upcoming parts of the series; Goku's return, the Tenka'ichi Budōkai, and Gohan and Erasa's first kiss, which sets the stage for their relationship to evolve. I loved writing this chapter, even though it took quite awhile, and some things were changed and altered when new ideas hit me; always a glorious feeling. While I try not to take three weeks to do a chapter, I like to give it my all, and my life, with friends, family, my job, and just trying to find some "me" time during all of it, does tend to hamper my writing progress to a degree, but I promise I will try to bring you the best quality writing as quickly as I can! And hey, I got this chapter out before August, so I'm happy with it!

Sorry I rambled on here; stay tuned, everyone, for the next exciting chapter of The Erased Chronicles! I'm glad I made this one more eventful like I promised, and I ensure the next chapter, while it will be a little more peaceful, will deliver well! And, as always, let's thank my friend Demod20, who is a big help in both brainstorming and proofreading!

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