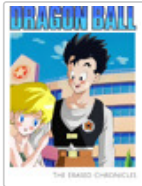


Anime/Manga (/anime/) &gt; Dragon Ball Z (/anime/Dragon-Ball-Z/)

**The Erased Chronicles** Follow/FavBy: LastationLover5000 (/u/5708835/LastationLover5000)  (https://www.fanfiction.net/pm2/post.php?uid=5708835)

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

A+ A- A   

&lt; Prev

17. Proving My Worth

Next &gt;

With the Youth Division of the Tenkaichi Budōkai concluded, and the 30-minute recess before the Adult Division nearly reaching its end as well, the Dragon Team began to make their way towards the wings so that the drawing of lots could begin. Within that simple 30-minute break, Goku, Vegeta, and Gohan had nearly cleaned out the kitchens — having returned for a second meal during their wait — and the three Saiyans were feeling full of both food and energy.

Stepping through the entryway, the announcer looked over from speaking with one of the monks. Upon seeing so many familiar faces standing together in one crowd, he reacted with absolute, but utterly elated, shock.

"Oh my God! It's you guys!"

"Yo!" Goku waved cheerfully.

"Been awhile," Krillin nodded at the announcer.

"This...this is incredible...!" The announcer couldn't stop himself from reacting like an overzealous fan, losing absolutely all dignity in the presence of these fighters. "I never thought I'd live to see the day when you all would show up again!" He wrung Goku's hands in a very energetic manner. "I've been waiting so long for this day!" Leaning in closer, away from the prying ears of the others, he said, specifically to Goku, "Tell me the truth, it was you guys who killed Cell, wasn't it? Not that Mr. Satan?"

This earned a resounding chuckle from more than half the group; it was clear they were all eager to see someone who wasn't following Mr. Satan around like a loyal sheep.

"The Budōkai's been an absolute snooze without you guys," The announcer groaned, expressing his frustration for the first time, "all of these posers, so many low-intensity fights. I saw your son compete in the Youth Division, Goku! Now *that* was a sight for sore eyes. So tell me, are all of these people your friends!?"

"Yep!" came Goku's quick confirmation (and a scoff of denial by Vegeta quickly followed).

"That's great!" The announcer crowed excitedly. "This tournament is going to put all the others to shame!" He then flashed a nervous look directly at Tenshinhan and Piccolo, chuckling weakly. "Also...could you two try your best to leave our tournament with a ring intact this time around? We can't have you destroying it with every tournament."

"...We'll try our best," was Piccolo's dry reply.

"Oh, Goku, what's that strange glowing ring on your head?" The announcer gestured towards Goku's halo.

"Oh, this? It's a halo. I died fighting Cell, but I came here today with a special pass so I could fight in the tournament."

There was a very brief silence; whatever the announcer had expected to hear, death was certainly not on his top ten list. He laughed it off, however, a laugh with a slight nervous edge to it. "I...I see! You know what, I'll believe anything when it comes to you guys! So you're dead, you're dead!"

"*Ahem!*" There was a sharp clearing of the throat that brought an abrupt end to the conversation. One of the monks, standing next to a small box with a hole atop it, flashed the announcer a very stern look. Chuckling nervously, the man regained some of his professional air, waving to Goku and his friends, and rushed back towards the monk.

"That man...never changes..." Tenshinshan remarked, his normally narrow eyes widened with a bit of shock at the randomness of the entire situation that he'd just borne witness to.

"Okay, everyone is here!" The announcer waved the competitors over him, holding the roster that listed the names of all of the fighters. "It's finally time to start drawing the lots to determine the match-ups! When I call your names, please step up and draw a number from the box sitting next to me!"

"*Seems that pretty much everyone made it.*" Erasa thought with a bright smile, looking around at the competitive line-up. Everyone besides her own companions had seemed to be doing their own thing; Videl was standing off on her own, a very sour expression on her face. Erasa tried to flash a smile at her friend, but it was to no avail; they locked eyes, and, if possible, Videl's glower became worse, causing Erasa to shrink back for a moment.

"*She's still angry...*" Erasa thought dolefully. Turning her attention to the other competitors, her eyes settled on the rough-looking boy with the sleek black-green hair. "*For a human, he seems pretty strong. I wonder just how good he actually is...*" Her sapphire orbs flickered to the two muscular, bald-men standing apart from everyone, each with a large black 'M' stamped onto their forehead. Just sensing their *ki* caused Erasa to involuntarily shudder. "*Their ki...it's horrifying! What even are they?*"

Gohan felt Erasa shudder, and immediately turned to check. "Erasa, are you alright? Is something the matter?"

"N-No, not entirely..." Erasa replied slowly. "I just felt something...really dark. A dark energy." She pointed quietly at the two mystery competitors, who had yet to realize they were the center of attention. "Their *ki*...I've never felt anything like that before; just pure, unadulterated hatred."

Gohan's eyes narrowed, focusing on the two strange men. To find out Erasa could sense the evil in a person's heart was surprising, as neither he, his dad, or even Vegeta could sense the intentions within an individual's *ki*. That was something that Krillin and Piccolo were far more adept at. "In that case, they must be someone we're going to have to watch our for. Let's keep our eyes peeled."

"Okay, if everyone can please pay attention, we're going to start drawing lots!" The announcer said, and the conversation stopped. While still wary of the two bald men, Gohan and Erasa had to pay attention to the announcer now. Clearing his throat, he called out the first name. "Kibito."

A man with long, flowing white hair, and skin, tinged red, stepped forward. Piccolo instinctively flinched. It was one of the men he'd met earlier. Walking towards the box, he placed his hand inside, pulling out a sphere with a number printed in bold.

"Let's see here..." The announcer peered in over his shades, glancing at the number emblazoned on the orb. "16!" At the declaration of Kibito's number, one of the monks turned to scrawl his name underneath the number 16 on the match roster.

"Tao Pai Pai."

With a smirk, Tao stepped up, reaching a mechanical hand into the box and drawing out a sphere. The announcer cast him a very shrewd look. It was clear he hadn't forgotten the moment Tao had pulled a knife on Tenshinhan in a previous tournament; as they were pressed for time, however, he kept quiet and called out Tao's number (3) for the monk to scribble onto the roster.

"Son Gohan."

Erasa smiled, nudging Gohan forward. Smiling back, Gohan walked towards the box, pulling out an orb for himself. He showed it to the announcer; on it was the number 15.

"So I'm going to be fighting that guy?" Gohan looked in Kibito's direction, but the man didn't acknowledge the boy's own stare. Feeling a hand on his shoulder, Gohan looked behind him to see it was Piccolo, gripping his shoulder in a fatherly manner.

"A word of advice, Gohan," The Namekian said cautiously. "Don't get cocky and overestimate that man. He's not...normal."

"Yeah..." Gohan agreed, looking from Piccolo to his future opponent, and then back again. "I sort of got that vibe from him. Or rather, it's a vibe I'm not getting. And yet..."

"And yet?" Piccolo repeated.

"I'm feeling pretty confident. After all, I've got some of the best training under my belt," Gohan grinned at his former teacher, who returned a very wry smile.

When Erasa's name was called, she swallowed loudly. Flashing a nervous grin at Gohan, who returned it confidently, she walked towards the box, placing her hand inside the opening. While she was certainly pleased that she wouldn't have to fight Gohan in the first round, that still left nearly everyone else. She knew outright that being thrust into battle against Goku or Vegeta would be a very bad situation indeed; she also didn't want to be matched up against Videl, though this was for personal reasons.

As she pulled out the sphere, Erasa's heart backflipped — emblazoned on the orb she clutched tightly was a bold number 1.

"N-Number 1? I'm in the first match!?"

"Don't stress over it," Gohan said soothingly as Erasa walked back towards her group, the monk writing her name up onto the match-up board. "I'm sure you'll do just fine; remember your training, and maintain your composure. If you think too much, you'll lose precious time when you're trying to perform any kind of maneuver. Don't worry; I'll be right in the wings, watching and cheering you on."

"T-Thanks, Gohan." Erasa smiled weakly.

"Number 18."

18 walked over to the the announcer, who looked at her curiously.

"Is 'Number 18' your real name?" He wasn't able to stop himself from asking.

"What can I say, 'Dad' had a bad sense of humor," the woman replied dryly as she reached into the box and withdrew an orb labeled '4'. There was a snicker from behind her; her icy-blue eyes turned lazily to see Tao Pai Pai chuckling to himself, as if amused at the prospect of fighting 18. Sighing, she set the orb down, and walked back towards the group, ignoring Tao entirely. Fighting another cyborg would prove to be entertaining at the very least.

"Tenshinhan."

Tenshinhan stepped forward when his name was called, pulling out an 8. He returned to the group, his mind on the possibilities of who he would be fighting. He had wanted to fight Tao, and it was obvious Tao was hoping to fight either him or Goku — only to have his hopes dashed by Number 18 — but that would have to wait until either the finals, or if Tenshinhan had a 'word' with Tao after the tournament proper. *"I wouldn't mind fighting anyone here, to be honest. Fighting Goku is always a thrill, but seeing how Gohan has matured could be exciting in and of itself. Then of course, there's the chance to put Vegeta in his place."*

The Three-Eyed Clansman had obviously not yet forgotten the havoc the Saiyans wrought when they arrived to Earth.

"Son Goku!"

Grinning, Goku walked over to the announcer, who broke into a similar smile.

"Do me a favour, Goku, and knock 'em dead when you go out there!" The blonde man said appreciatively. "Your kind of fights are what I love to see!"

"Heh heh heh...!" The Saiyan scratched the back of his head; such praise wasn't something he was too used to. Mr. Satan was the one who received this kind of admiration, and to be honest, Goku found the sensation odd. "Don't you worry, I'm only here to give the best fights I can! Now, which one will it be?" Drawing out a sphere, he glanced at the number. "This is...five, right?" He held the orb at eye level, and there was indeed a '5' inscribed on it.

"Yes, Goku, that is a five." The announcer replied, sounding slightly surprised as the monk scribbled Goku's name down under the number 5.

"Videl."

Walking forward, the girl thrust her hand into the box, almost snatching the number out quite violently. Glancing at it, she saw it had the number 14 on it, and showed it to the announcer, before asking, "Have you seen my Dad at all?"

"Oh, Mr. Satan? The monks told me he's taking a break, so I'll draw for him later."

Grumbling in dissatisfaction, Videl sauntered back off to her corner.

"Rayo!"

"About time my name was called! I was starting to get impatient!" A boisterous voice responded; it became clear the voice belonged to the young teenager Erasa had seen earlier, a boy with a very sharp expression and slicked black hair with a minor green tint. With a smirk, he walked up towards the box, reaching in and pulling out a number. "Let's see what I got!" Proudly showing off the ball to the announcer, the blonde man saw number 2 in the dim light of his sunshades.

"Number 2!" He called out for the monk to write onto the board.

"Two?" Erasa perked up when Rayo's number was called. "*So he's going to be my opponent...*" In full force, Erasa felt the nervous wash over her like a cold wave. But this time, it was mitigated by murmurings of excitement and relief. She was happy not to be fighting Goku, Vegeta, or anyone else from her group. And she now had an entirely new round to wait before she had juggle the possibility of fighting Videl. This new unknown had at least saved her from both of those terrifying prospects; in addition, she could feel his energy and he felt to be on a similar level to her own.

Now she had a real chance to show what she could do, just how far she could go, with everyone watching.

"Ma Junior!"

Piccolo took a silent walk forward, withdrew a ball labeled 9, and walked back.

"Ma Junior?" Goku leaned in, curious about Piccolo's choice of alias.

"I decided to adopt that name again, rather than use 'Piccolo'," The Namekian explained briefly, "I don't think the masses would take kindly to remembering the Great Demon King."

"Spopovich."

Lumbering forward was one of the bald, muscular men that Erasa had taken notice of before. Only after hearing his name did she realize he wasn't a stranger to her at all; at least, not in the sense that she hadn't heard of him. Spopovich had competed in a previous Tenkaichi Budōkai, fighting against Mr. Satan. She remembered it had been a popular subject in celebrity magazines for quite awhile, and, if she recalled, Spopovich had looked different.

"*Oh that's right, he had hair back then.*" Her memory fixated on the fiery mop of red hair she'd seen while flipping through a magazine. Lost in her little memory stroll, Erasa barely heard that Spopovich had landed the number 13 — this meant he was to be fighting Videl.

"Shin."

When this name was called, Piccolo became quite rigid, like a board. He became alert, attentive, and it was a change that Gohan had come to associate with danger. Eyeing Piccolo warily, Gohan was only dimly aware of the purple-skinned, mohawked man who walked smoothly towards the announcer.

"*Why is it I react this way when this...Shin...steps into the area?* Piccolo thought, stunned. "*Have I possibly gone mad? Lost my mind?*"

"10!" With his number drawn, Shin had his name written onto the tournament roster, directly next to Piccolo on the brackets. With a motion that was simply gliding, Shin floated over to Piccolo, smiling his strange, disconcerting smile. "It would appear as if we are opponents, Ma Junior. I look forward to a thrilling match."

Piccolo simply remained quiet, the sensation of being unable to articulate a response hitting him for the first time in his life.

"Vegeta."

Finally having an excuse to move from his spot, Vegeta went to retrieve his number. If fate was said to work in mysterious ways, never was that more apparent than when Vegeta laid eyes on the number he'd drawn from his ballot.

"Number 6."

There was a collective stir from the fighters gathered in the room, at least the ones who were allied with the Dragon Team.

"What?" Goku looked over at the brackets, wondering if he'd heard the number correctly. And yet his eyes didn't deceive — written under the numbers 5 and 6 were 'Son Goku' and 'Vegeta'.

"Y-You're kidding me!" Krillin gulped. "Goku and Vegeta are going to be fighting in the first round of the tournament? Are we even ready for this!?"

Vegeta, however, couldn't be more thrilled with the outcome of his draw. A sneer crossed his face, the first emotion resembling 'joy' he'd felt since he'd arrived at this aggravating tournament. "*Yes! I've waited for this day for far too long! A chance to prove my true Saiyan abilities; a battle against Kakarot!*"

Grinning to himself, Goku felt excitement run through his veins, coursing quickly like blood. "I suppose it figures...!"

As Vegeta walked back towards his post against a brick wall, he and Goku exchanged a glance that told each other everything that needed to be said without words. Neither one of them intended to lose, nor did they intend to hold back in the slightest.

"Next is Mr. Satan, but I'll draw for him." The announcer reached his hand into the box, pulling out a large 12. "Mr. Satan is number 12!" With barely anyone taking notice of the announcement besides Videl, the man cleared his throat, and called for Krillin to step forward.

"Alright, my turn!" Krillin grinned. He was feeling fairly confident now that Piccolo, Gohan, Goku, and Vegeta were matched up. Tenshinhan was a powerful competitor, but he felt a bit more levelled facing a fellow human than he would an alien. The mystery man standing next to Spopovich certainly looked frightening, but Krillin felt confident, even feeling that evil power, that he could handle it. Reaching into the box, Krillin pulled out an orb.

Inscribed on it was the number 7.

"Would you look at that...Tenshinhan, you're going to be my opponent!" Krillin waved the number towards his fellow bald-friend, who cast the moving sphere an appraising sort-of look.

Tenshinhan's eyes — all three of them — widened briefly before he smiled. "I couldn't have asked for a better opponent." In truth, Tenshinhan was excited. He had never fought Krillin before, but from witnessing Krillin's battles, he knew the man was an ingenious fighter. In fact, as far as Tenshinhan knew, when it came to human fighters, Krillin was the best competition there could be.

As his name was written up on the board, Krillin walked past Tenshinshan, and they exchanged another brief glance. To say both were eager would be an understatement. A battle between the protégés of the Turtle and Crane schools was always filled with tension, but this was a new kind of tension; the tension between two friends and respected warriors eager to prove themselves against each other.

"The last competitor is Yamu," The announcer called forward the final man who had not drawn his lot, the other bald individual standing next to Spopovich. "He gets the final number, 11, which will pit him against the might of Mr. Satan!"

"With this, the fights of the first round are determined!" The announcer gestured to the roster for everyone to read. "The first round of the Budōkai will begin shortly! Until then, please follow me into the waiting room!" The competitors followed him, some talking, others silent, into the waiting room, while the announcer himself bid them good luck before leaving them for the arena.

"Hello again, fans of the Tenkaichi Budōkai!" He crowed into the stands, his voice ringing from all sides. "It's finally about to begin! The Adult Division of the Tenkaichi Budōkai!" Wheeling the match-up roster out from the waiting room, he showed it off for the whole of the crowd. "Listen carefully, I'll read out the match-ups in order!" Gesturing broadly to the roster, he called out each and every match-up out loud for the entire audience.

"MATCH NUMBER ONE! ERASA VS RAYO!"

"Erasa's in the first match?" Marque spluttered from his place in the stands. Surely, he'd wanted to see his daughter fight, but wasn't the pressure a bit much for the first match of the first round?

"MATCH NUMBER TWO! TAO VS NUMBER 18!"

"MATCH NUMBER THREE! SON GOKU VS VEGETA!"

"W-what!?" Bulma nearly dropped her soft drink in surprise.

"Goku and Vegeta fighting right off the bat?" Chi-Chi's eyes were wide as saucers now.

"It looks like we're going to get our money's worth after all," Yamcha replied weakly. He was worried now; if those two fought, there was guaranteed to be very little left of the stadium.

"MATCH FOUR! KRILLIN VS TENSHINHAN!"

"Now that's a match-up I didn't think I'd get to see," Master Rōshi chuckled to himself. "Now, if only that old Crane Hermit were here to see this!"

"MATCH FIVE! MA JUNIOR VS SHIN!"

"MATCH SIX! MR. SATAN VS YAMU!"

"MATCH SEVEN! VIDEL VS SPOPOVICH!"

"MATCH EIGHT! SON GOHAN VS KIBITO!"

"There he is! My boy's the last match of the first round!" Chi-Chi called down to anyone who would listen.

"And there they are!" The announcer called out, parroting Chi-Chi. "All of the matches are as I've listed! We've got a fine crop of fighters out here in the Budōkai this year, but the million Zeni question is: who will take home the gold!? I'm sure you're just as eager to find out as I am, so without further ado, let's begin the first round!"

There was a roar of approval from the audience, and the announcer wasted no time calling forth the first two fighters.

"Match One: Erasa vs Rayo!"

Back in the waiting room, Erasa took a deep breath when she heard her name called. *"It's finally time...fighting in front of the crowd..."* She was trembling again. As eager as she had been when she arrived on the island, the pressure was starting to eat away at her once again. *"Dad's out there...Gohan's going to be watching...I'm the product of his hard work, but what if I'm a disappointment?"*

"You're letting it happen again," Gohan leaned forward, a gentle smile on his face as he looked at Erasa's slightly quivering form. "I know how much the pressure can be before your first fight, trust me. Especially when you've got quite a bit to prove. But I'm not going to be watching your fight to judge you, Erasa. This is your moment, isn't it? Focus on you, and give it your best!"

"Gohan..." Erasa blinked, her shivering beginning to subside.

"You were trained by my student, right?" Piccolo's harsh voice seemed calming as he spoke to Gohan's student. "Go into your fight with a level head; don't get cocky. A long time ago, my father overestimated his powers and lost to a technique called the Mafūba. Whether you're strong or weak, how you fight can determine a victory. When you step into that ring, use everything at your disposal and win!"

"R-Right!" With Gohan and Piccolo's words of encouragement behind her, Erasa stepped into the light, followed by the teenager called Rayo.

"And here are our competitors! Believe it or not, here we have two first timers! This is Erasa's first time competing in the Tenkaichi Budōkai, however, she is associated with Son Goku, who, as you all know, fought many heated battles in this very arena many years ago! She's looking to prove herself by competing, and I'm sure we can expect great things! Rayo, likewise, is a virtual unknown! However, word has it he's been trained by an elderly spiritualist known for many powerful techniques! To say this has the makings of a great battle is the understatement of the century!"

"So you're the one I'm going to be squaring off against?" Rayo's eyes, sharp and piercing, narrowed as he smirked. He cracked his knuckles, a sign that he was more than ready to go. "When that old bag told me that entering this tournament was going to be part of my training, I thought it was going to be a waste of time."

A vein throbbed in Erasa's head at this; was he implying she was too weak for him? With Rayo's bold words, all of Erasa's nervousness — every bit of lingering doubt — vanished in this moment. What was left was her own determination; with Gohan and Piccolo's words, and Rayo's own arrogance, Erasa now drew herself up to full height.

"I can see the fire in their eyes!" The announcer called from the sidelines. "Without further ado — BEGIN!"

"Just so you know," Rayo grinned, as he spread his feet into a ready stance, raising his arms up akin to a boxer. "I don't have any qualms about fighting a girl, so long as you can put up a decent fight in return."

"Good," Erasa replied, bending at the knee as she spread her legs apart into a stance; she raised her left arm up in front of her body, allowing her right to rest at her side. Piccolo immediately recognized the stance as one of his own. Flexing her fingers, she took a deep breath. This was going to be her first true opponent; her first real match. She could already sense Rayo's *ki*, and it was far more on her level than any other human she'd met thus far.

"The tension in the air is palpable as these two fighters seem to be giving us an old fashioned stand-off!" The announcer's voice rang loud and crisp over the silence. "Who will make the first move!?"

That question would soon be answered — and simultaneously, no clear answer was given — as Erasa and Rayo crossed the arena with marked time, neither wanting to give the other the first move. Swiftly, Erasa let loose a flurry of jabs towards Rayo's head, only for him to dodge them in equal fervor. With a surprise bit of ingenuity Erasa hadn't expected so quickly in the match, Rayo flipped backwards using nothing but pure leg power, thrusting the toe of foot forward towards Erasa.

*"So fast!"* Erasa, unlike Rayo, had to utilize her ability of flight to properly avoid flip, spiraling backwards as if she too had merely backpedaled, though in actuality she was propelling herself far more agilely with her *ki*. Landing neatly onto her feet, she stood tall again in time to see Rayo barreling towards her at breakneck speeds.

"Look at these two go! For two teenagers, they're certainly some of the most fleet-footed fighters I've seen to date!" Whether the announcer was just generalizing or not remained to be seen, as Goten and Trunks were certainly faster fighters, and their small sizes had made their speed even more apparent. Then, of course, was Goku and Piccolo's fight, which he had also bore witness to.

Responding quickly, Erasa dashed forward, and swung her left foot forward. The sole of her foot collided with Rayo's chin, stunning him. She lifted them both off the ground, forcing him higher while her foot was still connected to his chin, before she flipped backwards, using her foot to throw Rayo directly under her. Finishing the combo, Erasa slammed her right foot onto Rayo's chest, sending him hurtling downward to the ring.

"How about that?" She called from the air. "Taking me seriously now!?"

Gasping briefly, Rayo rose up, rubbing his chin, wincing. "Ow, that smarts!" He groaned, still rubbing his chin where a red bruise has grown, and his chest, where pain throbbed violently. When he saw Erasa flying, however, the pain briefly faded in his surprise. "You can fly? That's a new one. I guess you're not too bad after all."

Rayo wasn't the only one who noticed Erasa's skill. The crowd began to mutter to themselves, as if planning a dissent; their mutterings full of doubt and awe.

"Is she really flying?"

"Didn't those two boys do that too?"

"Don't believe anything you see! Mr. Satan says all of these things are tricks!"

The only normal human who wasn't doubting what he saw was Marque, who was watching his daughter proudly. He hadn't quite accepted the feats she could perform yet. Such as chucking that poor boy into the air, but when he realized she seemed so alive while practicing martial arts — more-so than he could ever remember seeing after Quille's death — he couldn't find it in his heart to feel anything negative towards what she could do, what their World Champion called 'tricks'. His daughter was more real to him than anything Mark would say.

Rayo began to make short leaps from side to side, flexing his muscles after such a painful fall onto the polished marble floor of the Budōkai arena. *"If she's going to be spending her time soaring like that, I'm going to have to find a way to bring her down. But how? She seems to be flying entirely unsupported; no wind, nothing. Ugh...it's not like me to have to think so hard on something that looks so simple!"* Rayo was trying to wrack his brain for a solution on how to get Erasa literally back on his level, but he didn't have to wait long.

Much like a bat out of Hell, Erasa soared towards Rayo, thrusting her fist forward with the force to rend the air around her. With his palm, Rayo blocked her blow, tightening his fingers around her fist and jerking her forward. He then slammed his knee into Erasa's stomach, winding the girl through the force of the blow. Releasing her arm, he gave her a second to stumble back, clutching her stomach.

"Nice to have you back down on my level," Rayo snarked, aiming a firm punch towards Erasa's winded form.

Unfettered, Erasa summoned her strength and took the skies once more, Rayo's blow missing, causing him to stumble beneath her, a look of mild frustration on his face as he looked up at her floating form.

*"It pains me to admit it, but he's pretty good."* Erasa thought to herself, rubbing her stomach. Though her breath was haggard, she worked hard to steady it. *"I only have one real tactical advantage, and that's my flight. As far as brute force goes, he and I are about equal. I'm going to have to take him off guard, and my flight has already lost surprise value. I could try that...no, I don't know if I can control it yet."* She frowned.

"What's Erasa doing?" Goku asked, looking up at the girl's floating form. "She hasn't made a move in a few minutes."

"She's assessing the situation, Dad," Gohan explained, a touch of pride in his voice. He was quite pleased with her performance in the battle thus far, and didn't think that taking a moment to regroup when that chance presented itself was a bad thing. "Erasa's a smart girl, so I don't doubt she'll figure something out."



"This has all made for a very fun little warm-up, but I think I'm gonna put your flight show on the breaks!" Rayo called upwards at Erasa. He grasped at his right wrist with his left hand, making a gesture towards Erasa that was familiar to any child fond of cowboys; a finger gun. An electrical current began to crackle around his hand, localizing itself around the tip of his index finger as it formed a glowing sphere of azure energy.

"Shooting Range!" Rayo bellowed, before letting loose the sphere as a quickly traveling bullet of *ki* — a powerful sphere that shot directly towards Erasa, rendering the distance she put between herself and Rayo entirely pointless.

"What's this!?" The announcer voiced everyone's question aloud as he watched the display of power in awe. "Rayo has just let loose a quickly travelling bullet of light from his fingertips! And it's heading right for Erasa!"

"*I knew that kid was more than he let on.*" Tenshinhan thought, observing the phenomenon with all three eyes. "*It's not every day you see a human who can release a sphere that strong at his age.*"

Surprise had overwhelmed Erasa, who wasn't able to properly perform a true counterattack. The most she could do in this situation was shield her body with her arms as the sphere of heated plasma collided into her, causing an explosion that shook the air. The crowd gasped as a plume of smoke erupted where Erasa had been floating.

Rayo waited patiently, expecting Erasa's body to come falling down from smokescreen within moments.

But it didn't come.

Instead, he saw something bright, white with a yellow outline, came whizzing out from the veil of vapor, blasting apart to reveal Erasa, floating, slightly frayed but no more worse for wear. As if replaying the previous moment, it was Rayo now who was taken offguard as he extended a hand to fend off Erasa's yellow *ki* blast. The ball collided with him, forcing him back with a large explosion.

"*I spoke too soon. Gohan's student is a talented one as well.*" Tenshinhan thought.

"*Just like I thought, even forming a sphere is still a bit much.*" Erasa mused, glancing at very minor burns on her skin. Trying to force *ki* into a shape was still a bit difficult. Not impossible for her, as she'd just shown, but for now, she was still more comfortable with hand-to-hand battling than *ki* blasts; uncontrolled, they tended to spiral out and explode on her. "*Of course, with this guy, I might not get the luxury of something like only melee fighting.*"

She was going to have adapt, and fast.

Standing up, Rayo wiped a trickle of blood from his chin, grinning. It was obvious to anyone who could see his face that he was enjoying this fight — a sentiment that Goku and Vegeta could appreciate. "*That old bag said I'd meet some weird and strong opponents if I came out to this tournament. Naturally, I didn't believe a word of it, so I didn't expect to meet someone this good in the first round.*" He crackled his knuckles, the loud popping noise audible to even Erasa's ears.

Settling into a comfortable stance once more, Rayo was tearing off towards Erasa, and she responded in kind, moving fleet-footedly across the marble tile arena. Quickly side-stepping a punch thrown by Erasa, Rayo slammed his knee hard into her back, causing the girl to gasp and stumble. Pulling her back by the collar of her *gi*, he threw her forward, before performing a quick elbow jab into Erasa's stomach, winding the girl for a second time. He thrust his fist forward, only to be sent staggering back by an invisible force.

Erasa, winded though she was, shot a sharp glare at Rayo; a glare that released a very powerful *Kiai*. Taking a sharp intake of breath, it was her turn now. She thrust her right leg up, swinging it in an arc before it connected with Rayo's face, stunning him. Pushing her hand forward, Erasa released another *kiai* — this was a common style of technique in the Demon School — and it forced him back along the marble tiles.

Rayo was quick to recover, however, and he only reciprocated Erasa's physical onslaught. With a smile on his face despite the beating he'd received, he bat an incoming punch away with his wrist. Evenly matched, the two began a swift exchange of blows, thundering cracks of physical force that resounded within the confines of the arena. Fist and arm met, clashing, bouncing apart before reclashing again.

The two fierce opponents began to dash across the stadium, still locked in combat. The rest of the crowd was beginning to lose track of where Erasa and Rayo were — even the announcer couldn't accurately commentate anymore, his observations were always several moments behind Rayo and Erasa's next actions — and tracking through sound was the best method now.

It was only when Erasa closed in that she realized an error in judgement.

Thrusting her fist forward, Rayo caught it in his free hand, causing her to let out a surprised gasp. Pointing directly at her stomach was Rayo's finger gun, and he was wearing a very smug grin.

"Looks like I got you."

"*I fell for it!*" Erasa thought in shock as she tried to pull her fist free, but found herself unable to escape his grasp. Rayo's hand crackled with electricity that flared once again into a sphere of bright white *ki* with a vivid blue outline.

"Shooting Range!" He crowed, releasing the sphere from his fingertip. It detonated point-blank, creating a booming explosion in the center of the arena.

"What's this!?" The announced crowed, happy to have the fight back at speeds he could process.

Gohan watched, waiting for the smoke to clear with bated breath. That blast wasn't lethal, he could sense that much. But sensing *ki* only told one so much; the scope of any injuries she could have sustained wasn't something Gohan could accurately gauge.

The smokescreen finally cleared, and when it did, the sight was quite interesting to behold. Erasa was still standing, her free, unrestrained hand was in front of her stomach. On it were burns, bright and freshly red, but intact. A small grin was on her face; she was obviously satisfied with herself. Rayo, on the other hand, looked less than pleased. Much like Erasa, he was looking worse for wear; both, in fact, were suffering from a multitude of scuffs and scorches from his Shooting Range alone. As smart as it may have been to lure Erasa towards him, launching that attack at point blank range without a back-up may not have been the best idea.

"Are her hands burned?" Krillin queried, able to notice the fleshy redness even from where he stood.

"She's a resourceful one," Piccolo noted with a smirk. "Though she's lucky she didn't lose a hand from the stunt she just pulled."

"I think she must have mitigated the *ki* blast with one of her own at the last second," Gohan surmised, smiling slightly more than he ought to have been given the circumstances of Erasa's injury.

"Who knew it'd start to look this bleak?" Rayo asked rhetorically. After the shock of the explosion, his grip had slackened, and his energy was running low. "*I'd reckon I only have about two good 'bullets' left in me. If she's going to draw our match out, I can't afford to squander that little bit of ammunition...*" He flexed his fingers, feeling his energy flow out through his body, covering his fist in a warm glow.

"*Channeling his ki?*" Erasa thought, witnessing the blue glow enveloped Rayo's hands. "*He seems to be as low on reserve energy as I am right now; I don't think he's got too many more of those large blasts left. So he's conserving it through that — compressing it all into a punch with the force of one of his bullets.*" But *ki* flow was a skill Erasa had mastered as well. Taking a deep breath, Erasa steadied the flow of her *ki* out towards her palms, enveloping them in light.

Rayo's eyes widened slightly, but he felt a sense of respect for Erasa growing steadily within himself. "You really aren't any ordinary opponent. I don't think I've ever met anyone who can take everything I throw at them and return it in kind. You're one hell of a stubborn bastard, aren't you?"

"I almost thought you had the capacity to say something nice," Erasa replied, a bitter expression crossing her face. "But even your compliments are backhanded, aren't they?"

"I get that a lot," Rayo shrugged, smiling.

Erasa couldn't help but let out the chime of a laugh, before a look of determination crossed her face. Regardless of how she may think of Rayo, an opponent is an opponent; that much was clear. Foregoing their conversation, the two vanished, moving at their fullest speed. They clashed once again in the dead center of the arena, their energy enhanced blows creating claps of thunder once more.

"After a tense few minutes, our competitors are off again!" The announcer called out excitedly. "I'm sad to say I can't even follow their movements at this point! It's clear they're trying to end this quickly!"

That much was true. Erasa and Rayo were fighting fiercely, exchanging physical blows with vigor. For every attack that landed, another was blocked or parried. When Rayo's fist connected with her face, Erasa responded in kind with an enhanced, double palm thrust that sent a violent shock of pain through his body. The force of the blow sent him tumbling backwards, but Erasa didn't falter, pursuing her target without stopping.

And yet Rayo was in no position to give up. He knew what kind of Hell he'd be in for if that old woman heard he lost his fight in such a pitiful manner; even more was that his pride wouldn't be able to handle it. And thus, when Erasa neared him, he propelled himself into a flying kick that connected with her breastbone, and it was the young blonde girl's turn to be sent spiraling backwards.

"*This fight isn't going to end...not unless one of us gets the other to expend more than just our physical energy.*" Erasa thought, breathing heavily. She had to have a way to coax Rayo's energy out, without making it seem obvious. And then she remembered something critical — the one advantage she had that Rayo himself lacked. Standing up, the girl began to float in the air once more, much to Rayo's ire.

"*That flight! She's still got enough energy for it!?*" The black haired youth thought in irritation, as Erasa came flying towards him. Bracing himself, he saw her cup a single hand to her side; it was glowing brightly with yellow energy. Extending her hand, Erasa sent a *ki* blast hurtling towards Rayo. Raising his hand up, he forced it out of his vision, but this temporary obscurity bought Erasa the opening she needed.

"Gotcha!" The girl crowed, slipping her arms under Rayo's, putting him into a Full-Nelson to restrict his movement.

"What the hell are you doing!?" Rayo growled, struggling to escape Erasa's grasp.

Ignoring his protests, Erasa began to rise into the air, keeping a firm hold on Rayo as she increased her speed, shooting into the air like a rocket. Everyone's eyes were on Erasa now, the entire crowd watching her ascend with her new cargo.

"Erasa's pulling a peculiar move!" The announcer declared, trying to keep her slowly shrinking form onto focus. "Putting Rayo into a Nelson hold, she's rising ever higher into the air! I know it's a beautiful day, but a view of the sky from up there can't be any better than down here, so what could she be planning?"

While the announcer remained ignorant of Erasa's intentions, for Rayo, the end result was slowing becoming clear. The arena was becoming smaller, until the people were no longer visible and even the stadium itself was a speck. *She was going to drop him.* Erasa began to spin, making vast circling motions in the air, akin to a satellite circling its planet. With a sudden jolt, Erasa tore back to the ground in a nosedive, spiraling downwards.

"*Shit!*" Rayo thought as the force of the descent began to bear down on him. They were falling down like a rock and he knew they would hit hard. And yet he was wrong on one part; there would be no 'they'. With a massive force, Erasa flipped over in the air, letting Rayo loose with a mighty throw. She cast him down towards the arena, the speed of his initial descent only increased by both gravity and the force of Erasa's strength.

"This is insane!" came the announcer's shocked voice at Erasa's surprise maneuver. "After ascending several feet into the air, Erasa has thrown Rayo from an assuredly crippling height!"

"*H-He's right!*" Rayo thought in a wild panic. If he collided with the marble tiled arena floor from this height, and moving at this speed, he wouldn't walk away from that without a few broken bones. "*I don't have a choice! I've got to expend the last of my energy if I want to live to beat the crap out of that girl!*" He extended his hand downwards — the air pressure making this a very difficult feat — and began to charge his *ki* into his fingertip. He needed to time it just right.

With only moments before a collision, Rayo removed the dam blocking his energy flow. "SHOOTING GALLERY DUPLEX!" From his finger exploded one bullet, large, vibrant and blue, and then a second. They collided with each other, twisting and melding into a singular large bullet that exploded as soon as it made contact with the arena. The updraft from the explosion pushed Rayo backwards, slowing his descent from a fatal speed to a much softer fall.

And yet his desperate to survive had taken his attention away from his opponent, and distraction would cost him. When the updraft had forced him backwards, he felt a sharp blow collide with his back, forcing him harshly onto the tiles of the Budōkai arena. Erasa has taken advantage of distraction, his squandering of his final two bullets, to land a surprise attack from behind, knocking him down onto the ground. She landed behind his fallen figure, panting heavily.

"Did...did I do it?" She gasped, and it was only when she spoke that the announcer realized he had to start counting.

"One!" He thundered through the microphone. "Two — Three — Four — Five — Six — Seven — Eight — Nine —!" And yet he was unable to make it to ten before he saw the unconscious form of Rayo begin to stir.

"He can still move...!" Erasa muttered aloud as Rayo forced himself into a sitting position. The air was tense; Erasa took a fighting position, ready to expend the last of her energy to make another attempt at fending Rayo off until —

"I forfeit."

The words that escaped Rayo's mouth left the entire crowd stunned. After a seat-gripping battle with a heart stopping near-finale, Rayo, despite managing to move after a near ten count, had forfeited the match.

"W-Why?" Erasa asked blankly, as confused as the others. Rayo stood up, rubbing his shoulders and stretching. "Forfeit? You escaped the ten count, you survived my last blow; why give up?"

"I think it's fitting," Rayo shrugged. He walked over to Erasa, extending a hand. "Your ploy used up the last of my energy. Even if we continued to fight, I wouldn't be able to put up a very good counterattack. Additionally, I might have some fractured bones from my kiss with the ground. No, I think you've got me beaten here." He pushed his hand towards her a little more insistently this time, and Erasa, while still confused, smiled and grasped it in a handshake.

"You...you're a very bewildering person, Rayo," Erasa said, chuckling.

"You heard it here, folks!" The announcer stepped into the ring, shouting through the microphone for everyone to hear. "The victor of the first match, by way of forfeit, is Erasa!"

Removing her hand from Rayo's, Erasa turned to wave into the crowd, hoping her father could see her from where he was sitting, before turning towards the waiting room and waving happily at Gohan, who returned her eagerness with a very proud smile. "I won, Gohan!" She shouted, as if the announcer hadn't quite made it clear. "I did it!" In the stands, Marque was wearing a smile all his own; a man proud of the progress his daughter made as she tried to prove herself.

**A/N:** Okay, so this chapter had quite a turbulent development process. I went into this new chapter very eager — a little overeager, in fact. But I think that was a bad thing; I'm not sure if I was suffering from writer's block, but for a good portion of the month, I wasn't able to work up the true drive to write this chapter. Which is sad, as this was Erasa's fighting debut. To add to that, I'm trying to balance work, my writing, my friends, and my constant desire to play Dragon Ball Xenoverse, as well as my family, so it's difficult. However, not impossible, as I've shown. Regardless, I'm sorry for the wait on this chapter, and I pray it's to everyone's liking.

As short as it seems, I rather like Erasa's first fight. She's a very nice girl, but at the same time, she was trained by Gohan, who was trained by Piccolo, and I wanted that to show a bit in the way she fights. And yet at the same time, it's difficult not to make her come across as uncharacteristically callous, especially with her final move of the fight; throwing a human from that height can seem like a very evil thing to do, but in the end, I think it worked, given Erasa wasn't actually trying to kill Rayo.

*Something I'm trying to keep consistent is character interaction; just because this is DBZ doesn't mean I want to make it all action. Showing Piccolo give Erasa and Gohan some rather fatherly support — as well as showing Marque, Erasa's actual father — was probably among my own personal highlights for this chapter. Goku may be my childhood hero, but I don't see him as a father, which is why I use Piccolo for situations where Gohan needs some fatherly guidance.*

*So the mystery boy with the ability to shoot finger guns finally has his name revealed — in the same chapter he's defeated, poor guy. Like all DBZ names, this one is a pun. In this particular case, the term Rayo refers to the 'shaft' of a vegetable root. I only now realize just how hilarious that is, as he wound up planted in the ground at the end of the chapter. I actually could not decide precisely how Rayo was going to be defeated; I didn't want Erasa to out and out win her first fight, not just through sheer power. I was setting Rayo up as someone who was a bit more on her level; a talented, remarkable human. And thus, I figured it would be best to have him forfeit without losing outright. Can't wait to see how that is received.*

*Well, as usual, let's give thanks to my friend Demod20, who proofreads these chapters after I finish to make sure they're fit for viewing! I'll see you guys next in, in the next exciting installment of the Erased Chronicles!*

< Prev **17. Proving My Worth** Next >

Name:

Type your review for this chapter here...

Post Review As ▾

Actions ▾ Share Follow/Favorite

[Help \(/support/\)](/support/) . [Privacy \(/privacy/\)](/privacy/) . [Terms of Service \(/tos/\)](/tos/) . [Top](#)

[W \(http://blog.fictionpress.com\)](http://blog.fictionpress.com) [T \(//www.twitter.com/fictionpress\)](http://www.twitter.com/fictionpress) [G+ \(//plus.google.com/+fanfiction\)](http://plus.google.com/+fanfiction)