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**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

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11. The Surprising Saiyan!

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The next morning after training, to Gohan's surprise, Erasa was active at the hour of the roosters, and to sate her eagerness, was quick to rise with her.

"I'm surprised," Gohan let a laugh escape his throat as Erasa dragged the turtle shell onto her back, reminiscent of a backpack. "After your training session yesterday, I'd have expected it to be necessary that I drag you out of bed with nothing less than full strength."

"Not a chance," Erasa replied energetically, performing a fist pump in the air, "They always say the first day is the hardest, but now that I've passed the gateway, I'm ready to handle the rest of it!"

"I'm glad you feel so confident, because, from this point on, you'll be continuing these exercises on your own," The Saiyan dropped this bombshell of information without warning.

"These exercises...solo?" Erasa queried slowly, as if trying to process what Gohan had said. He wasn't going to continue coaching her? For some reason, that bothered her. Was it insecurity? Or did she simply want Gohan to continue watching her as she strives to become stronger?

"I won't always be able to hold your hand for everything," Gohan replied firmly, handling the mannerisms of Piccolo without the harshness behind it. "I've laid the groundwork; now you need to walk the rest of this path on your own. As a martial artist, there will be times where you can only rely on your own quick wit and skill to get out of a situation; continuing these exercises without my hand guiding you will steel yourself for moments such as these."

These words hit hard with Erasa, who realised that Gohan was right; if she intended to become stronger, she would need to learn to handle herself, or climbing the proverbial ladder in strength would be a laughable feat.

"You're right, Gohan!" Erasa nodded in affirmation. "I'll do my best!"

Elche Island, Elche Island Wilds

"It's finally time to make good on that promise, Goten," Gohan and Goten had relocated to a secluded portion of Elche Island, an area that resembled Mount Paozu. For the Saiyan siblings, this would be a perfect area for them to train without disturbing the the main inhabitants of the island.

"You're really gonna let me train with you, Gohan!?" Goten exclaimed eagerly, nearly bouncing around in his excitement.

"Of course! A strong training partner like you will be the best way to sharpen my dulled skills," Gohan knew he wouldn't have any chance of facing his father, or even Vegeta now, if he didn't hastily begin training. As much as it pained that repressed, prideful side of himself to admit, he had become weaker in these times of peace — but the Saiyan side of him thirsted for the challenge that only fighting his father and Vegeta could bring.

"I'm ready, I'm ready!" Goten's excitement was only furthered at being called 'strong' by Gohan.

"Calm down, calm down," The older Saiyan sibling couldn't help but already begin to feel tired at Goten's seemingly limitless energy. Why couldn't he have inherited that from Goku as well. "We'll start with some light sparring; so tell me, Goten, do you know what *kumite* is?"

"Yeah, yeah!" The younger brother replied. "While you were always so busy doing homework, Mom used to teach me!"

"Mom...taught you?" Gohan blinked in surprise. With everything she put him through, she'd raised Goten in the exact opposite way Gohan himself had been raised. "She really has change a lot since Dad did, hasn't she?" Letting his own thoughts trail off, Gohan took a stance, motioning for Goten to do the same.

Within seconds, the two had vanished, crossing the distance that separated them and meeting in the center with a thunderous boom. The forearms of the two Saiyans met and struggled against each other like locked blades; as much as Gohan didn't want to admit it, the boy seemed even with him, even though this was all but a warm-up.

Gohan swung his leg towards Goten is a swift right kick, but using his small size to his advantage, the boy ducked up his older brother's swinging arc, before leaping upward, slamming his own head into Gohan's torso, pushing him back with great force and briefly stunning him.

"Take this!" The younger Saiyan landed onto the ground before leaping into the air, delivering a sharp snap kick to Gohan's cheek, forcing the Saiyan to stagger back. It didn't take long, however, for Gohan to recover, and strike back. His eyes had been locked on Goten the entire assault, and the first thing he'd picked up was Goten's nature as a grounded fighter. After any aerial attack, the boy landed onto the ground before striking again, and that was where Gohan's opening came in.

"Hah!" Gohan ducked to the ground, both hands planted firmly onto the cool grass, extending his leg in a sweeping arc along the ground.

"Uwoah!" A cute cry escaped Goten's throat as he felt himself thrown off balance, Gohan's foot upsetting the boy's own footing. In a remarkable feat, however, Goten to flip himself backwards as he tumbled to the ground, before Gohan could follow up his own attack, and gained a bit of distance from his older brother.

"*I can't fly like Gohan, so a real match is super tough,*" The younger Saiyan thought, a bead of sweat dripping down his scalp. In truth, Goten had never had a real match, beyond 'playing' with Trunks in their skirmishes that tended to destroy most of Dr. Briefs' million-Zeni garden. If he could have seen his face in the mirror, he'd have seen a smile on it; a sign of his Saiyan blood responding to the rising challenge of Gohan as a competitor.

"*I didn't expect Goten to be so strong,*" Gohan lamented his failed counterattack as he mentally praised his younger brother. "*He's only seven but he's far stronger than I was at his age. If I don't keep up, he may wind up being the strongest person on the planet!*"

"Hey, Gohan, can I show you a secret?" Goten asked, calling out to his older brother.

"Hm?" The elder Saiyan blinked in surprise at the sudden request. "Um, sure buddy, go ahead."

Goten took a stance, essentially a glorified squat, over the ground, clenching his fists as his *ki* began to build up. The ground around him began to shake and crack under the force of the boy's *ki* pressure. Dust and rubble kicked up as the boy's hair began to stand on end; his eyes changed themselves from a dark onyx to a vibrant, polished emerald. A guttural growl escaped the boy's throat as the feeling of surging *ki* flowed through his body; the energy proceeded to burst out, creating a fiery, raging golden aura.

"He can't be...!" Gohan thought in shock, the dust and debris flowing around him as he watched his younger brother power up.

"HAAAH!" A mighty cry roared from Goten, shaking the earth entirely as he was immersed in a violent flash of yellow light. When the explosion of luminescence died down, it was exactly as Gohan had predicted; Goten stood before him, surrounded by violent golden aura flowing upwards like flames. His eyes were a bright emerald, and his hair, formerly black, now stood on end, shining as golden as his *ki*.

"Amazing...Goten, you're a Super Saiyan!" Gohan breathed, awestruck at the sight of his younger brother enveloped in the golden light that signified a Saiyan's transformation into their next stage. "How did this happen!? When did this happen!? Does Mom know!?"

"Wait...what's a Super Saiyan?" Goten blanked out at everything Gohan was saying, as the boy, in truth, had no idea about the power he was using.

"You...You can become a Super Saiyan...but you don't know what it is...?" Gohan sounded exasperated at this point, as if shock was piling up and becoming too much for him. "Oh boy...I've never had to do this before. How do I explain 'Super Saiyan' to you?" It took Gohan a second to realize that, if his little brother was anything like their dad, actions spoke louder than words. "Alright Goten, watch this."

"Watching!" Goten replied with gusto, pumping his fist into the air.

Gohan took a deep breath, and there was only the slightest flash of pale yellow light before his hair erupted into a shining shock of golden tresses, his eyes, formerly a deep onyx, shone a deep, rich green. He flexed his hands and muscles, enjoying the sensation of his Full-Powered Super Saiyan state, despite the fact that Satan City ran him ragged through this form.

"That's so cool, Gohan!" Goten jumped, squealing like a little girl as his eyes shone with excitement. "You can become blonde too!"

"It's not referred to as 'becoming blonde'," Gohan quickly reprimanded the boy, as the term made him think too much of when his mother first reacted to his Super Saiyan form. If memory served, she'd panicked, called him a punk, and started crying about where her 'baby boy' went, "we refer to this form as a 'Super Saiyan', Goten."

"A Super Saiyan...?" Goten quizzically looked at his brother, his finger on his lip in confusion. "Does that make you a superman?"

"No no no no," Gohan raised his hands up defensively, "nothing like that." The teenage Saiyan wished there was something like a handbook on Saiyans to make this explanation for Goten easier; he wasn't the type for long winded explanations. "If I had to shorten it, the Super Saiyan form is a form we can undergo that makes us stronger for a brief period of time. Can you understand that?"

"Yeah, that's easy!" Goten nodded.

"This is just so surprising," Gohan continued, his hands at his side as he stood at full height, "you're a natural at this, Goten. And yet I had to work so hard to become a Super Saiyan...and you don't want to get me started on Vegeta; if he saw this, he'd be livid."

"Is it bad?" The younger Saiyan nervously inquired.

"It's not bad, far from it!" Gohan assured his younger brother, waving frantically. Unlike his mother, Gohan wasn't averse to the idea of a Super Saiyan; what he was confused was how Goten had achieved it. "Tell me, Goten, how did this happen? You becoming a Super Saiyan, I mean?"

"Um...it was kind of a flash of anger," Goten admitted. "I can't swim, and I was drowning; I got scared, and angry, and it just...happened."

Base of Mt. Paozu, Previous Year

"Faster, faster Kinto'un!" Goten was clinging to the Son Family's heirloom cloud like his life depended on it, the ball of yellow fluff rocketing throughout the sky. With his eyes wide open despite the wind pressure, the energetic Saiyan child took in the vast scenery of Mt. Paozu. This was the first time Gohan had ever let him use Kinto'un, and the boy, unable to fly on his own, eagerly took the cloud for joyride.

"Woohoo!" He cheered, waving an arm in the air in his own excitement. Never before had he experienced the feeling of a 'bird's-eye view'; to see everything from the perspective of the sky was truly a feeling of elation for this child. He'd always been jealous of how Trunks would gloat about being able to fly around in the world in only a few short minutes — regularly at that, and he kept bragging about beating his own records. Unable to find time to have his brother teach him, due to the older Saiyan's studies, Goten finally had to make do with the Kinto'un, a magical cloud Gohan said their father used to own.

"Kint'oun, go faster!" The boy urged, pressing on the cloud. As if responding to the energy level the cloud remembered from its first owner, the fluff ball was spurred on, leaving its yellow vapor trail behind it as it moved. "Now spin!" In the heat of the moment, Goten gave the cloud this new order, and eager to please, Kinto'un did several spiral turns in the air.

And that was when the accident had happened.

The sudden rotation caused Goten to lose his own slackening grip, and the boy found himself suspended in mid-air, before gravity took over. He felt a rush of air upward, with Goten accelerating faster and faster as he was propelled to the Earth. At first, Goten wasn't worried; he'd suffered worse accidents than this, even when he fell from the pterodactyl's nest into the ravine higher up on the mountain.

Until he saw his destination; roaring white rapids rushing down along a swift river. The boy hit the water hard, submerged in a frigid liquid. Despite the collision with the river stinging worse than any injury he had received since, Goten's half-Saiyan heritage acted as a shield, and the boy didn't die on impact. The issue, however, was something different, and it only hit Goten when he surfaced, gasping for air as the rapids carried him downstream.

He had never learned to swim.

"Mom!" Goten cried out before being swept under again, his cries being muffled by the freshwater filling his mouth. Surfacing again, he was treading water now, gasping raggedly. "Gohan! Mr. Piccolo!" Terrified and desperate, Goten was calling for anybody that he could, shouting for someone to help him as the rapids swept him away. Tears, mixed with riverwater, trailed down his face, as a new realization, different from desperation, filled his entire being.

He didn't want to die. He wanted to survive.

With a flash of anger and indignation at himself, Goten felt a surge of power flow through himself. His onyx eyes flashed a brilliant green, and his hair, darker than ebony before, stood on end and shone a gold as bright as a being of divinity. His *ki*, formerly bottled and contained in his tiny body, roared forth, pushing the waves and rapids away, splitting the river in half; Goten descended slowly onto the riverbed, which was now dry land. His tears were flowing upwards with his aura, his breath ragged but steady.

"*I'm alright...?*" He thought, feeling his now sopping wet body to check his own well-being. The feeling of power surging through him also created a large feeling of relief. His aura, gargantuan and furious, kept the waters at bay, and Goten made one final realization.

He'd saved himself.

"So that's how it happened..." Gohan was stunned; he remembered that day last year, where Goten had come home on the Kinto'un, soaked to the bone and red-eyed as if he'd been crying. He'd only told his mother and Gohan that he'd fallen into the water, so they hadn't suspected a thing. "Sorry I wasn't there, Goten."

"But I'm fine now, Gohan!" Goten assured him, wearing a grin that only a child could have. "And I'm even stronger now!"

"Ha ha...you're right, aren't you?" The teen agreed with his brother, and he settled into a stance. "So, let me see what you can do, little bro, as a Super Saiyan!"

"Right!" Goten crowed, launching into a violent spin kick that Gohan blocked with his wrist, the impact pushing him back slightly. Following his own attacks, the younger Super Saiyan proceeded to propel himself in a flurry of combo kicks that Gohan had to block with his palms. Their fight was becoming more energetic, and Gohan was retreating, Goten keeping him on guard as they trailed up the side of a mountain, parrying each other's blows.

Gohan responded to Goten's attacks with a swift kick from his left leg, with Goten succeeded in blocking with his left arm. Pushing forward, Goten flipped downwards using Gohan's leg as a ground, slamming an axe kick down onto Gohan's skull; he thrust his arm forward in an open palm strike. Gohan quickly blocked with both hands, and grabbed Goten by the wrists.

"Sorry little bro; time for the coup de grâce!" With overwhelming force, he threw Goten into the distance. The power behind his older brother's blow created enough air pressure to keep Goten was stopping his own movement. Gohan rocketed forward, lifting himself up into the air with flight and pursuing his brother. With the speed only an adult Saiyan could achieve, he closed the distance between himself and Goten in seconds, and raised his arm to land the finishing blow.

"N-no cheating!" Goten cried, thrusting his left arm forward. From the palm of his hand, he released a powerful blast of yellow energy.

Surprised at the *ki* blast, Gohan acted quickly, catching the super-heated plasma in the palm of his hand and throwing it off in another direction. This was all Goten needed to spiral to the ground, skidding along the grass to a complete stop, looking up at his older brother to flash an offended glare.

"What was that about, Goten!?" Gohan called down. "You didn't tell me we were using blasts now!"

"You cheated!" The younger Super Saiyan accused, jabbing his finger up towards Gohan as he puffed his cheeks out. "You were flying; I can't fly, so it's not fair!"

"You really...can't fly?" Gohan's voice cracked; he almost felt himself creak forward in exasperation. His younger brother could become a Super Saiyan but couldn't fly? "Whatever happened to doing things in order? I called you a Super Saiyan, but you're more like a Super Pedestrian!"

"A super what!?" A very offended Goten shouted.

"Calm down, calm down," Gohan descended to the ground, holding his hands up in defence, "how about this, Goten? Let's cut sparring short here, and I'll teach you how to fly."

"You will!? For real!?" exclaimed the younger Saiyan, who was unable to hold in his own excitement.

Other World, Grand Kaiō's Planet

Drip. Drip. Drip. With his body feeling completely wrecked; sweat beading onto his forehead, dripping down his chin and arms, his breathing harsh, Goku felt completely wrecked as he fell to his knees in exhaustion. Glancing upwards, he saw nothing but a deep, jagged trench for several miles ahead, and it took him a second to remember this new formation in the Grand Kaiō's holy planet had been a result of him.

"Goku!" The husky voice of the pudgy North Kaiō attracted Goku's attention as the blue-skinned god made his way over to his pupil, feeling of mixture of concern and amazement. "That was...remarkable! I didn't know you were capable of such power!"

"Trust me, North Kaiō, it doesn't feel quite so remarkable from my perspective..." Goku replied, unable to keep himself up anymore and simply collapsed onto the ground in exhaustion. "I haven't felt this low on energy since my first fight with Vegeta...I think I need to rest for a minute."

"For the North Kaiō's pride and joy, you certainly aren't a reliable fighter!" West Kaiō, a monocle-wearing, purple-skinned Shin-jin, and the North Kaiō's personal 'rival', snidely remarked. "You utterly wreck my prized Pikkon, and the most you can do is collapse on your rear without a hint of concern?"

"Well, I..." In all honesty, Goku was feeling far too tired to put up any sort of an argument right now. He'd never used that much power on anyone before, and the fact that it drained all of his energy, even the supposed 'infinite energy' of the dead in one fell swoop, was what made it truly shocking and exhausting towards his own body.

"West Kaio, if I be defeated that quickly with a blow like that from Goku, I'd have to kill myself in shame," A green-skinned alien, who could easily be mistaken for Piccolo at first sight, clambered out of the rubble that Goku had created, dusting himself off. His clothing was damaged beyond utility; his *gi* overcoat had been destroyed, the cylindrical hat he typically wore had shattered, and both his white pant leggings were ripped and his blue shirt shredded in its entirety, revealing muscles to rival that of the Saiyan that lay exhausted.

"I think we're already there, Pikkon," Forcing himself to sit upright, despite the exhaustion, Goku gestured towards the halos that adorned his head and Pikkon's, laughing weakly. "I'm surprised you're actually standing. Though I wouldn't have gone all out against you if I hadn't known you could taken it."

"My species are remarkably durable," Pikkon replied offhandedly, and true to this claim, his own body, while scarred with fresh wounds and mild burns, lacked the degree of damage that would be expected from the full brunt of Goku's attack. "Although I have to say, Goku, you're never short of surprises. To think you could contain that astonishing power in your own unimpressive frame..."

"To be honest, I didn't know I could do that," Goku replied, showing off his own achievements through the sheer ignorance of the actual method. "I merely applied another theory I'd discovered back in the World of the Living, while I was training to fight Cell. As I expected, the result was far more catastrophic...to use all of my energy for one singular attack..." He laughed, scratching the back of his head in a relaxed manner.

"Do you think you're ready, then?" Pikkon inquired seriously, crossing his arms as he looked down at his worn-out rival. "For that Tenka'ichi Budōkai on your home planet?"

"I'm as ready as I'll ever be," Goku replied, grinning, "it gives me chills; the thought of facing Gohan and Vegeta again."

Western Capital, Capsule Corp, Gravity Chamber

"Three...hundred...three...hundred...one...three...hundred...two..." Trunks strained as he was performing his three-hundredth set of one-finger push-ups. Sweat dripped from the boy's body, pooling down onto the ground as he forced himself to break his own limits. Not one to back down from a challenge, Trunks wanted to enter the Tenka'ichi Budōkai as well, and fight Goten.

His father, Vegeta, the Prince of all Saiyans, was casting his son sideglances as he performed his own training. "*Incredible!*" The man thought, pausing briefly to wipe sweat from his brow. "*To think the boy I dragged into this very chamber could barely keep himself from lying on the ground is now easily completing a three hundred set of push ups. On his index fingers no less!*"

Of course, Vegeta knew this result would only be a matter of time; the boy was his own child, after all, and nothing less than stellar results should be expected from his royal blood.

And yet Vegeta remembered a time when Trunks had given him a bigger shock than even this; a moment that made him proud, if even for a moment, to call the boy his son.

Western Capital, Capsule Corp, Gravity Chamber, The Previous Year

"Pick up the slack boy! Your future counterpart wasn't nearly this soft!" An angered Vegeta, embittered by his son's poor performance in their sparring match no minutes prior, was currently on the warpath. The death of Kakarot — colloquially referred to as 'Goku' by his Earthling companions — had not dampened the Saiyan Prince's drive to be superior. In fact, it only caused him to channel it through Trunks, his son, in the hopes the boy would become stronger than Kakarot's youngest son, Goten; the spitting image of his father, almost as if the man continued to mock him from the land of the dead. "I'm beginning to think your mother has turned you into a weakling!"

Trunks was currently lying flat on his back, his body succumbing the gravity of the chamber his grandfather had built, as well as the thorough beating his own father had applied to his being in their brief skirmish. In short, Trunks' body ached from muscle to bone. "I-I'm...trying, Dad...really!"

"Then try harder!" Vegeta swung his arm in irritation, growling at his only son. "If Kakarot's brat Gohan could handle being a Super Saiyan at only year older than you *and* mastering it, then my own flesh and blood should be able to do the same!"

"S-Stop it-!" The lavender-tressed child protested.

"This was a waste of time," Vegeta continued, his voice still thick with rage. "Here I thought you'd at least amount to something being my son, but you're nothing compared to the man who came from the futur-"

"STOP IT!" Trunks' voice was louder this time, his eyes watering as he snarled at his own father.

It was Vegeta's turn to snarl, "What was that, boy?!"

"STOP...COMPARING...ME...TO EVERYONE ELSE!" The boy shakily got to his feet, his body quivering with rage as golden tendrils of energy danced around his body. His hair, long like his mother's, began flourishing upwards, flashing from golden to lavender and then golden again. His blue eyes pierced his father's own, before they transformed into a vivid green.

"I'M NOT YOU, DAD! AND I'M NOT GOHAN, EITHER!" His voice reached a fever pitch as his own repressed rage began to boil to the surface. "SO STOP LOOKING DOWN AT MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!" A brilliant flash of golden light erupted around him, creating a blazing aura of golden energy that shook the entirety of the chamber, cracking the tile flooring.

"*I don't believe it!*" The Saiyan Prince thought in shock as he witnessed what should have been a technical impossibility before his eyes. "*That boy...he's actually done it!*" Vegeta was caught off guard very quickly, however, when Trunks launched himself towards his father in a rage.

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" Letting out a mighty bellow, Trunks lunged forward at Vegeta in a rage, unleashing a flurry of rage-infused punches, all aimed directly at the Saiyan Prince's face.

With his fighting instincts taking over, Vegeta inclined his head to the left, right, and backwards repeatedly, nimbly avoiding every blow from his now transformed son, his mouth agape in shock. -"*The boy...he's actually pressuring me...he's barely awakened this state and he has this much power?! Incredible!*" Slipping under Trunk's guard, the older Saiyan threw a crushing punch to his son's stomach, holding back enough not to break any ribs.

With a sharp exhale, Trunks' lungs were emptied of air; the rush of power faded as his hair reverted from gold, to pale white, and then finally lavender once more, his eyes closing as darkness overtook him. Letting the boy fall to the ground, Vegeta began to evaluate his own priorities.

"*Astounding!*" Vegeta's thoughts flashed quickly to his son's transformation and brief show of immense power. "*To transform while so young and put on such an impressive display. Sleep well, son; when you wake, I intend to grind every ounce of power out of you.*"

"Three...hundred...fifteen..." Trunks, unaware of his father's lapse in focus, was still straining himself to complete four hundred sets of push-ups.

"Trunks." Vegeta said shortly, causing Trunks to look up at his father. This simple action distracted the boy enough to throw off his balance, causing him to fall and hit his chin directly. "You can finish your set again from the beginning later. Enter your Super Saiyan state, and spar with me. I want to see how well your skills have been polished since last time."

"I don't really think I'm ready for that, Dad," Trunks was quick to refuse, standing up and rubbing his now stinging chin, "we all know you'd wipe the floor with me."

"Quit your whining, boy!" Vegeta snarled, but after seeing all this did was make Trunks flinch on reflex, he sighed in frustration. "Alright, let's cut a deal then. If you think you can't take me, I'll make it simple; land one blow to my head within three minutes. If you can manage this, we'll cut training short for today and I'll take you to the amusement park."

"You!? Really!?" Trunks couldn't help but get excited; when it came to his father, training was usually the most quality time they spent with each other. To Vegeta, any moment not spent training was a moment wasted, and the most Trunks could remember his father doing outside of training was eating in front of the television, and even then only because both activities worked well together.

"Alright then!" With relative ease, Trunks unleashed his power; a flaming golden aura enveloped him as his purple-tresses stood on end before transforming into vibrant, golden locks. His eyes changed from blue to green as the boy took a stance. With a smirk that only childish innocence could have, the prodigy child took a stance, before leaping towards Vegeta, delivering a swift kick to the side of his head.

The elder Saiyan parried with ease, blocking the boy's strike with his forearm, only to be caught off-guard when the boy hooked his ankle around his father's wrist, swinging forward with the ease of a pendulum to slam his right leg into Vegeta's skull. Quickly relying on his other arm to deflect, Vegeta released a spherical barrier of *ki* to deflect Trunks, before going on the offensive.

Grunting from the shockwave of the barrier's contact with his small frame, Trunks bounced on the ground once from the force. His eyes widened and nearly buggered as he saw his father's foot rush down towards his own head. Using ends of his fingers he grasped the floor's surface behind his head and flipped himself in the nick of time to avoid a powerful stomp that rattled the ground below.

After flipping for the fifth time in the air, the tips of his sneakers graced the ground before he'd rush at his father again. Rushing forward with his head cocked in front like a battering ram, it was easy for Vegeta to read the telegraphed move and raise an arm to block. Seeing that caused a devious grin to spread across Trunks face. Pushing his arms down before his father could blink with query to his smug visage, Trunks waited until the last second to jettison himself up and over his dad's flame formed hair.

Turning on his heels, Vegeta narrowly bent his head away from the flip kick of his son's heels. While he didn't feel a full hit connect, he did notice a light scuff of the sole scratch his forehead, causing him to grimace and gape in shock. Seeing his son turn around in the air to hit his father while his guard was down, Vegeta deftly sprung to the left, allowing his child to hit the floor of the Gravity Chamber with a loud crash.

"Owwww," Trunks rubbed his head as he sat upwards, feeling the failure to decelerate in time remind him over his throbbing skull, "that hurt..."

"It wasn't a hit but he certainly made contact on me. Can't believe it only took him this long in order to land a blow, even if it was a glancing one. This boy has more of me in him than I gave him credit for," Vegeta thought as he relaxed his stance. Standing tall, he exhaled slowly and breathed in just as purposely, causing the shine of his aura to dim, revealing only pale blonde locks and blue eyes to signify his continued use of the transformation.

"Huh? What's up, Dad?" Trunks asked, lowering his hands from his bruised head, looking up curiously at his imposing father.

"Get cleaned and dressed up. I'm taking you to the amusement park," Vegeta said in a curt tone, one not open for negotiation or questioning.

"Really?! Awesome!" Trunks pumped his arms, as a wide smile stretched across his face. Almost all at once his own transformation faded, his legs quickly rushing to the exit of the chamber while grabbing a tower from the side of the door.

"He probably doesn't even know he hit me. Hmph! What drives that boy is definitely not my blood," Vegeta thought bemusingly as he shook his head, grasping a towel off the chamber's rack, proceeding to shut it off with readiness, *"but I cannot deny his talent. One day he'll be stronger than I, regardless of what I think of him. Perhaps he'll even surpass anything Kakarot's brat has. I'll guarantee that it happens, without a doubt!"*

Elche Island, Elche Island Wilds, Late-Afternoon

"Look at me, Gohan!" Goten crowed. In just the few short hours since Gohan had cut their sparring short to teach the boy how to fly, he'd gotten quite the handle on the basics of flight. As Goten had a natural skill at using *ki*, that came with his Saiyan heritage, floating became second nature and he was now trying to make a game out of how high he could float. His current record was 32 kilometers in the air, but he kept trying to push it.

"Don't go too high, Goten!" The older Saiyan called out, floating upwards to meet his younger brother. "You're really showing record speed, little bro, but I'd rather not lose you somewhere in the ozone layer, so why don't we call it quits for today?"

"Awww..." Goten pouted as both he and Gohan descended to the grassy earth, breathing in the crisp air as they finally got their well-deserved break.

"I think Erasa should be finishing her training around this time as well, so let's go check in on her," suggested Gohan, ruffling the boy's hair. Out of the corner of his eye, Gohan saw something that made him stop; a glint of sunlight reflecting on glass, the sign of a hovercraft making its way towards them.

"*Who could possibly be on their way here?*" Gohan thought, before his eyes made out the girl in the cockpit. It was Videll. "...Please tell me she didn't."

"Is something wrong, Gohan?" Goten inquired curiously.

"No, nothing..." Gohan lied quickly. "Let's head back to the house. A girl from my high-school is going to be down there to see me." Immediately detecting a problem with Goten and Videll meeting, the teenage Saiyan immediately issued a quick warning, "Goten, whatever you do, don't show Videll how strong you are, and try to avoid turning Super Saiyan around her."

Goten agreed, and the two Saiyan siblings began to run through the thick wilds, making their way down to the spherical Son home. Gohan's thoughts were preoccupied with Videll's persistence. Did she actually bother to come all the way out to Elche Island just to force him to make good on his promise? A better question was how she'd found them to begin with.

Gohan hoped avoiding flight would work to their advantage, but he was proven mistaken when he saw the hovercraft land outside their home. Coming out into the clearing, Gohan heard the click of the bubble shield and saw Videll slide out of the cockpit.

KA-BOOM!

The ebony-tressed woman reverted the plane back into its Hoi-Poi Capsule, and she placed it in the case, turning around to see Gohan and Goten making their way over towards her.

"Hi..." Gohan said weakly, immediately picking up the sharp scent of confrontation he'd always detected around Videll. She was obviously not pleased.

"Hi!?" The girl snarled, Gohan jumping back almost immediately in response. "You promised to teach me how to fly, didn't you? So imagine how stupid I looked when I showed up at your house, fully expecting you to be there and keep your word, and I find that your 'entire home is gone!'"

"I-I can't explain!" Gohan offered immediately, but Videll cut him off.

"No need to bother," She snapped, her piercing sapphire eyes filled with irritation, "I spoke with Mark, and he told me all about your and Erasa's little 'training' trip. So, I told my Dad I was going to spend the next few weeks at Erasa's home — technically, I didn't lie — cleared everything with the school, and I proceeded to fly out here. You're not avoiding me that easily, Gohan!"

Gohan let out a defeated sigh; if he had to give Videll credit for not only finding his house, but then following him all the way out of this remote island in that hovercraft. "How am I going to explain something like this to Erasa...?"

A/N: *Whoo boy! This chapter! I'm surprised I managed to get this chapter out so quick; it only took a week and four days. I was actually really hyped to begin this chapter, which is probably why I got it out so quick. And why is that? Because I got to show GOKU! While this story may be about Gohan, Goku is my childhood hero, so of course I'd be excited. Also, let me explain something really quick; I may have included Pikkon, but that's only because I like him. When it comes to the afterlife, I adhere firmly to the fact that denizens of Hell do NOT receive bodies. Thus, as far as my story is concerned, Pikkon's little journey to Hell to kill Frieza and everyone did not happen.*

The funny thing is this was originally intended to just focus on Gohan and Goten; only after talking with Demo20 did I decide to go this new route, showing literally every available Saiyan as they prepared for the Tenka'ichi Budōkai. This chapter was originally just going to include Goten, Videl, Erasa, and Gohan and be done with it, but I'm glad I took this different route. Also, you have no idea how long I've delayed Goten's Super Saiyan reveal; two chapters, TWO CHAPTERS ago is when I wanted to show this scene. As you can see, unlike Toriyama, who simply said "Oh, both boys are Super Saiyans" and expected us to swallow that, I've provided reasons! Whether or not you choose to believe those reason is on you but it is better than "Hey, it happened".

I think that's it, actually. There aren't any puns in this chapter that need addressing! Once again, let's thank Demod0, my good friend, for reviewing this chapter, helping me brainstorm, and looking it over before I even post it up to you guys, to make sure it's in reading condition. He's such a great help!

Stay tuned, everyone, for the next exciting chapter of The Erased Chronicles!

< Prev

11. The Surprising Saiyan!

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