

Browse ▾ Just In ▾ Community ▾ Forum ▾ Betas ▾

Story ▾ Search

Anime/Manga (/anime/) > 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   

< Prev

15. A Matter Of Tradition

Next >

Last Time on the Erased Chronicles: *After 6 Months of Training, the Dragon Team members reunite under the nostalgic site of martial artist competition, the Tenka'ichi Budōkai! Tenshinhan and Lunch appear unexpectedly among the group of those awaiting Goku's return. While Vegeta's aggravation seems to boil over noticeably, all rejoice upon the friend and beloved family member Son Goku. With Erasa meeting the father of her confirmed boyfriend, Gohan, the rest bask in a bout of happiness before signing in for the Tournament.*

With Mr. Satan's obvious commercialized takeover of the once proud Martial Arts Tournament, will things go as years past? Or will the ominous foreshadowed warning issued by Piccolo will come to pass? Find out, now, in the Erased Chronicles!

"Please hurry, the preliminaries will begin in just a few minutes!" One of the tournament monks called through a megaphone, ensuring his voice carried to the crowd at large. "All participants, please proceed this way! Spectators, please make your way to the stands until the tournament is resolved!"

The two respective crowds of people bustled off in different directions; the spectators, eager to see Mr. Satan fight in the ring, made their way towards the stands, while the main competitors followed the sound of the monk towards the tournament temple. The sound of chattering filled the arena again as the excited contestants began speaking with friends and foe alike, some discussing how they would use — and abuse — the prize money if they won, and others talking about precisely what round they would deliver a flashy finishing move. 'True' competitors indeed.

While they made their way towards the locker rooms to change, Goku, with Goten tagging close to his father, was using the opportunity to try and catch up with his friends using whatever brief time he had. So much had changed in seven years that, even with Piccolo's grave warning, Goku couldn't resist getting the lowdown on everything he'd missed due to being dead.

"So, Krillin, I thought you were bald," Goku gestured to his best friend's current hairstyle, surprised to see the shaggy mane covering the formerly bald scalp, "so what's with the new 'do? Did you get into wigs while I was gone?"

"I told you before, Goku, I *shaved* it," Krillin reminded him sharply, nonplussed that Goku had forgotten one of the first things he'd ever actually said to him, "it's something monks at the Orin Temple all do. Shaving your head, as they said, was supposed to aid in *ki* control. Even if I only did it to emulate Master Rōshi..." He trailed off after the last part, never fond of admitting the basis for shaving his head, due to one particular reason.

"I'm just naturally bald," Rōshi interjected shamelessly, causing Krillin to flush slightly.

"I'm aware!" He responded irritably, before turning back to Goku. "Now that the world isn't in danger anymore, I can wind down, so I don't need to shave my head anymore."

"I bet you did it to impress some woman," Goku chided smugly, knowing Krillin and Roshi were fundamentally the same when it came to their motivations.

"You'd be...half-right," Krillin grudgingly acknowledged what Goku had said, and gestured to Android 18, who was walking behind him. The blonde woman looked at Goku with her icy blue eyes, seeming neither fond of him or antagonistic towards him. While she loathed to admit some vestiges of her former programming lingered, Bulma had done a decent job ensuring 18's former programming would not cause her to have a compulsion to kill the Saiyan that stood before her.

"Huh!?" Goku gaped, stopping entirely to gawk at the cyborg, "Android 18!? Is that you!?"

"It took you long enough," 18 replied icily.

"18 and I are married," Krillin replied, smiling with a different sort of blush on his face now, "and she and I live at Master Rōshi's house. We even have a daughter — the little girl you saw earlier, actually."

"That girl was-!?" Goku exclaimed, unable to finish his sentence as he flashed a look at the very bitter Android 18, whose stare would freeze most men solid at this point, and the innocent-faced blonde baby she held close to herself. "That's impossible!" He leaned close to Krillin, muttering so only they would hear what he was saying, "I mean...how does a robot have a child?"

"She's not a robot, she's a *cyborg*," Krillin stressed the difference between the two terms for Goku to understand, "she's was formerly human anyway, Dr. Gero just fitted her and 17 with cybernetic enhancements." The latter earned a scoff from 18, who wasn't quite yet so hard of hearing and didn't consider anything Gero had done for her to be an 'enhancement'.

"Um, Mr. Goku?" Erasa approached Goku tentatively, fidgeting around as the deceased Saiyan turned his attention to the purple-clad girl. "Can I ask you something?"

"Just call me 'Goku'," The orange-clad man replied cheerfully, "and sure, feel free to ask away."

Erasa gestured towards Goku's halo before continuing, so as to immediately address the topic at hand. "You're dead, right? That's what the halo is for?"

Goku eyed the ring of light floating above his head, before replying with innocent cheer, "Yep, I'm about as dead as you can get! It's what the halo is for, after all."

"Well..." Erasa's eyes shifted briefly, as if she wanted to avoid the subject, but at the same time, knew she should broach it now, "my mother...she died seven years ago, when I was young. I was wondering, since you've been to the afterlife...maybe you got a chance to see her? You died in the same year she did, right? Was it possible?"

It was Goku's turn to cast a shifted glance away from the young girl now, and he scratched the back of his spiky-tresses nervously. "Well...that's a little hard to explain," Goku scrunched his brows, stroking his chin pensively, mulling over the ways to explain it to Erasa, "From what I've been told, only a select few people who've done noble deeds are allowed to keep their bodies when they die. I know your mom might have been a great person, but I don't think she and I would have met in Other World."

"So that's a no," Erasa looked down morosely; while she had certainly expected the reply, it didn't mean she wasn't disappointed, "I had a feeling you'd say something like that..."

Goku placed a hand on Erasa's shoulder and flashing a comforting smile at young girl. "I'm sorry. But I do know if your mom is anything like you, she's probably in a better place right now."

Forcing a smile, Erasa looked back at Goku, meeting this eyes, "Thanks...Goku."

"Ahaha, don't mention it!" Scratching the back of his head, Goku laughed sheepishly, "Truth be told, I'm a little jealous of you."

Erasa gawked, utterly stunned at this minor revelation, "Jealous...of me?"

"Yeah, a little," Scratching the side of his head, Goku's smile softened, "See, I never really had much of a childhood. I was pretty much on my own, and I only had my Grandpa, who I named my son after. But, before that, I fell down a cliff, hitting my head hard on the rocks, and almost didn't make it. As a result...I don't really remember who my real parents were or what my old life was like."

"Wow," The blonde girl swallowed hard as she tried to imagine not being able to remember her mom. This difference between her and Goku caused her to smile a bit more gratefully at this line of thought, "I guess I never thought about just remembering my mom is so nice. I mean, if they're anything like you, I'm sure they were good people too, right?"

"I'd like to think so," Goku smiled earnestly, crossing his arms over his chest and casting a glance towards the sky, "Though my only surviving family member that I've met didn't exactly give me your typical family reunion. So, you could say I have my doubts."

"If you don't mind me saying," Erasa began to respond, earning Goku's downward gaze with genuine curiosity, she continued with a beaming smile, "whether or not your parents were nice doesn't matter. The fact that you and Chi-Chi were such good parents to Gohan and Goten is what counts. One person's bad legacy doesn't need to be passed on to their children, right?"

"No, I suppose not," Goku smiled back, liking what he heard from the young golden-tressed girl. Placing his hands on his hips, he nodded approvingly at Erasa, "you got a good head on your shoulders, Erasa. I'm sure when the time comes, you'll be a great help to Gohan when he needs you the most. You guys might make a better team than his mother and I ever was."

"Thanks," Erasa smiled, if not a little bashfully as her cheeks briefly lit up in crimson, "I needed that."

"Thank you as well," Goku laughed lightheartedly, smiling genuinely pleased at her, "I couldn't have asked for a better girl to be by my son's side."

After some of their members making liberal use of the changing room, the Dragon Team members had amassed in the preliminaries hall, waiting for the announcement of the preliminary matches to begin. The group had trimmed down in the recent few minutes, as Chi-Chi, Bulma, Marron, and the other members of the group who either could not fight or were not partaking in the tournament beyond the festivities, had departed to the stadium grounds.

Goten and Trunks, on the other hand, had come to the stark realization they wouldn't be able to fight against Gohan, Goku, or Vegeta in this tournament, due to a new set of rules in place that restricted fighters younger than 15 from fighting with the adults, and had been forced to enter the Youth Division. The Youth Division lacked a preliminary round, and was already starting to make headway on the outside of the Preliminary Hall.

"Doesn't this bring back memories?" Tenshinshan walked over to Goku and Krillin, the latter of whom had not donned a Turtle School Uniform for the sake of fighting in the tournament, but rather chose to fight without a banner this time. The three competitors looked around the bustling building, and set about it were thick, wooden stages, no more 10 meters in diameter, meant to mimic the stage of the Budōkai, albeit on a smaller scale.

"I think the tournament gets bigger every time we compete," Krillin noted, smiling as he remembered his first time competing in the tournament, "if anything, there's more competitors now than ever before. How do you think that'll affect the match-ups?"

"Dunno," Goku replied, performing a few simple stretches, prepping himself for his first match of the preliminaries, "but I think there'll be more matches than normal this time around, unless they want to eliminate quite a bit of the competition of compensate."

"Do fools always become so lax when thrown into a lion's den?" A sneer caught the attention of the three; it was a voice that was only too familiar to them. Turning on their heels, they were confronted by a man clad in what seemed to be armor at first sight, but closer inspection revealed to be machinery grafted into his very body. Adorned with a pink chang pao, emblazoned with 殺 on the chest, the man himself was rather wiry, with a thin moustache and braided ponytail that hung past his shoulders.

"Tao Pai Pai!" Tenshinhan was the first to react, voicing shock at the appearance of his former teacher's younger sibling. "You...why are you here?"

"As if the answer to such a question wasn't obvious," the cyborg-mercenary smirked, his thin whiskers raising along with his lips, "I'm here to kill you and Son Goku."

"The same old song and dance, then?" Goku replied, his onyx eyes giving Tao a once over. Fitting for a cyborg, Goku couldn't sense the man's *ki*; despite this, Tao gave off a different vibe from before. Goku and Tenshinhan, who had encountered the man under similar and different circumstances many times in the past, could both tell the same thing; he had, at the least, improved. The question of how much remained to be seen. "I'd have thought you'd seen the error of your ways when you fought Tenshinhan in our last tournament, Tao."

"A simple defeat such as that is nothing more than a minor setback," Tao replied haughtily, the lenses he used as optic centers made a brief whirring noise, as if they were analyzing Goku, Tenshinhan, and Krillin. "Our last meeting may have been...humiliating...but I assure you, this time, there shall be no room for error. I will kill you both swiftly, and without mercy; enjoy the time you spend yet breathing." Turning swiftly, the man walked away, getting lost in the crowd.

"...He's always the charmer, isn't he?" Krillin sighed, watching Tao go with an air of irritability. "It's hard to believe he hasn't given up yet."

"Do you sense that other guy?" Goku queried, looking as if he was trying to place a name. "The Crane...something or other?"

"If you're referring to Master Shen, no, I don't," Tenshinhan replied, all three of his eyes glancing in different directions, "nor can I see him, even in the distance. It would appear that Tao, regardless of his plans, is alone."

"Who was that man, Gohan?" Erasa watched Tao leave, befuddled by the man's strangeness, "I couldn't sense his energy like everyone else's. There's a...void where he should be standing. Just like with Miss 18."

"I met him a few years ago, only a days before I first met you, actually. He's called Tao Pai Pai," Gohan replied, sighing, "and from the look of it, he's become a cyborg. Mechanical appliances interfere with the ability to sense *ki*, muffling it like a jammer does for wireless signals. When it comes to opponents who have been sufficiently altered by cybernetics, you'll have to rely on your eyes and intuition."

"So it hasn't been five minutes and I've already found a weird challenger," Erasa mused. She got the feeling that she'd be encountering quite a lot of people like this not only in the tournament, but the longer she stayed around Gohan. And yet she couldn't find it in her to complain.

The whine of a microphone filled the room, silencing the chatter that echoed so pervasively throughout the building. Everyone turned their attention to one of the several wide mats, where an elderly monk had stepped over the berth of it, and was currently trying to make the microphone match his diminutive stature. Clearing his throat, he stepped towards the mike.

"Welcome, one and all, to the Tenka'ichi Budōkai," The elderly monk wheezed, his thick mustache trembling with his speech, "I'm honoured to address so many spirited competitors. For years, masters from all over the world have trained for this day, each aspiring to attain the title 'Strongest Under the Heavens'. With 194 competitors, it gives me great satisfaction to bring the Tenka'ichi Budōkai to you all in its purest state."

Erasa caught more to the last few words than most people in the audience had. Master Rōshi mentioned earlier that Mr. Satan had tried to commercialize the Budōkai, but the staff had ruled against him. While he may be Videl's father, Erasa couldn't help but think the man had an insufferable aspect about him that she'd come to find unbearable. So the idea of the tournament staff undermining was something she found satisfying.

"While certain...others...may be displeased with our insistence to carry on the tournament in its original state as a matter of tradition, the monks of Papaya Island Temple feel it to be a necessary measure to ensure the authenticity of this sacred event," The elderly monk continued, a hint of acid in his voice at the mention of a certain 'other' that could only mean Mr. Satan, "and now, without further ado, let me explain the rules to all of you present."

Contestants who had entered the tournament before had their attention diverted elsewhere; they knew the rules like the back of their hands, and a refresher course wasn't necessary. It was only newcomers, such as Erasa, who paid close attention, to avoid making a fatal mistake, or Vegeta, who simply played along to ensure he would have his chance at fighting Kakarot in the actual competition. Disqualification in the preliminary round as not an option he could afford; in his impatience, the Saiyan prince tapped his foot and gnashed his teeth.

"All contestants will do battle atop these mats," The monk made a wide gesture to the thick platforms that dotted the room, showing these were indeed meant to symbolize the arena, "and if you fall off the sides, fall unconscious, plead "mercy", or cry, you will lose the match. Killing your opponent is **strictly** prohibited; additionally, the use of weapons, or wearing of armor, is forbidden as well. These actions earn immediate disqualification. To ensure the proceedings move quickly, the qualifying rounds have a time limit of a minute; go over the time and the winner will be decided by the judges!"

"These rules are ridiculous," Vegeta muttered incredulously; he had already abandoned the protective plating provided by his Saiyan armor, wearing only the jumpsuit. To a Saiyan from the Planetary Trade Organization, he may as well have been fighting in his undergarments. This alone was enough to embarrass him; and yet now he had to restrain himself against competition that wasn't even worth his time? Ludicrous.

"Due to the staggering number of competitors entering in this year's tournament, the preliminary rounds have been divided into seven blocks, and the two victors from each block — excepting the final block, due to Mr. Satan already gaining his entry spot — will be entered as the finalists in the first round of the tournament," the elderly monk continued, making his final touches to the speech, "and now, if each of you could please step forward and pick out slip of paper. Compare the number written on the paper to the numbers listed on the board, and proceed to the block with your number."

"This is starting to feel like qualifying for high school," Erasa whispered, causing Gohan to chuckle at the accuracy of the statement as each contestant drew a white slip of paper out from a box held by one of several different, bespectacled monks. After several minutes of drawing the lots, every competitor had a number, and the Dragon Team themselves found each of them split among multiple blocks; Erasa was in Block 3, Goku and Vegeta were in separate sections of Block 4, Piccolo was in Block 5, Krillin Block 6, Tenshinhan in Block 1 and Android 18 and Gohan found themselves in Block 2. None of the Dragon Team members found themselves in Block 7, the final Block.

"I'm not going to fight Gohan, I'm not going to fight Gohan, I'm not going to fight Gohan," Erasa breathed, making her way towards Block 2. If she could say anything, she was relieved; not only did she not want to fight Gohan, she knew she more than likely would lose if she actually tried. Against everyone else, she might have a fairer chance. She performed a brief stretch, getting her blood flowing as she approached the mat.

"The matches for Block 2 will now commence," The proctor monk announced, slapping a rod against a sign emblazoned with '2'. "Will numbers 25 and 26 please step onto the mat?"

Twenty-five. That was Erasa's number. She slowly clambered onto the thick surface of the mat, her cape fluttering with her movement.

"This little girl wants to qualify?" One of the other competitors in Block 2, not yet on the stage, questioned in disbelief. "She can't be much older than a high-school kid. And what's with that odd get-up?"

"Whoever her opponent is will be pretty lucky," Another man replied, smirking slightly, "a free win against a cute face."

The blonde girl's eyes twitched, her sapphire orbs glimmering with the fire of annoyance. However, the time to think about the remarks she was getting from the sidelines ran out quickly, as her opponent joined her in the ring. Erasa flinched instinctively at the sight of him; a rather muscular man with messy brown hair and a bushy mustache to match. He wore only the pants of martial arts *gi*, and had chest and arm hair so thick, Erasa briefly wondered if he was an ape that had mistakenly made it into the tournament.

"You have one minute! Begin!"

"So my competition is just a child, eh?" Erasa's opponent grunted with indignation, taking a stance. "Worry not, girl, I'll make your defeat swift!"

It was from that remark that Erasa's fear transformed into resentment; she flashed an affronted glare at the ape-like man before taking her own stance. If everyone was so quick to doubt her based on age and gender, she'd show them just how wrong they were. Knowing their seconds were ticking, Erasa lunged forward, diving right towards her opponent.

"An amateur mistake," The man guffawed, before cocking his fist back. "You make this too easy, child!" The man thrust forward with as much force as he could, aiming to knock Erasa unconscious. And yet, to his surprise, she vanished, a second before his fist made contact with her face.

It was a feint.

"Boo!" She crowed, and the man turned, just in time to see Erasa appear behind him. Finally able to stretch her muscles without restraint for the first time in months, the girl could feel power rushing through her body, and slammed her elbow directly into her opponent's chiseled gut. Doubling over in pain, the force of the blow sent him careening out of the ring, landing on the hardwood and losing consciousness.

"Number 35 is the victor!" The monk announced, much to the entire Block's utter confusion.

"Did you see that?"

"She knocked him out of the ring with one blow!"

"And she moved so fast!"

Whispers of the match carried throughout the competitors in Block 2 for several moments, but Erasa was deaf to them. Jumping out from the ring, she was looking at her hands, and began to flex her fingers. She could still feel the rush of power she had moments ago, although it was dying down now. And she came to a stark realization.

"I need to hold back against these guys," She thought to herself, turning her attention towards the mat as two new opponents, numbers 27 and 28, stepped up. One was a shirtless man with a bowl-cut hair style, covered in several scars. The other was a sharp-eyed, bespectacled woman who looked far more like a librarian than a martial artist. To her left, medics had arrived to remove her own opponent from the scene. *"When I hit that guy, I felt several of his ribs fracture...was it seven? No, it might have been eight. I don't want to cause anyone any lasting damage."*

The victor was announced, and though Erasa hadn't heard the number, she saw the librarian woman saunter off victoriously; casting an eye towards the ring, the bowl-cut man was on his knees, clutching his stomach. Had a minute passed? Or had he begged for mercy? She was so lost in her own thoughts she'd missed the entirety of the fight. Distracting her from her thoughts was a sharp tap on her shoulder; turning to look behind her, Erasa saw a girl with ebony-tresses, tied up in familiar twin-tails, and vivid blue eyes, dressed in a pink t-shirt, cut off to reveal her midriff, that was covered by a white tank-top, camouflage sweatpants, and thick, belt-strapped boots.

"Videl!" Erasa crowed, recognizing her best friend despite the minor changes to her aesthetics. "You made it!" She wrapped her friend in a hug that Videl returned with equal vigor, smiling brightly before they let go.

"Yeah, I'm here," Videl waved it off, continuing to smile, "and I see you won your preliminary match." Her bright blue eyes watched as the medics hoisted the man out of the room, already having procured a stretcher. Something was off about her gaze, as if she wasn't truly looking at the man himself.

"I can't believe we're both in Block 2!" Erasa squealed, oblivious to her friend's detachment. "What number are you?"

Videl looked at the slip of paper in her hand, which read 'forty' in black, block letters. She told Erasa her number, and the girl couldn't help but smile.

"That's great! We won't be matched up in the preliminaries then!" Erasa felt relieved.

"Yeah, that's fantastic," Videl replied in an offhand manner, and her eyes swiveled around the room, as if she was searching for someone. This did not go unnoticed by Erasa, whose happy expression turned to one of confusion.

"Is something the matter?"

"Not really...just looking for Dad, actually, but I haven't been able to find him," the ebony-tressed girl replied in a genuinely dejected manner, "so I guess he's still sulking that the tournament officials didn't take his recommendations to heart."

"Guess both of our Dads are running late," replied Erasa, chuckling weakly. She knew Videl was bothered by more than this, but a half-truth was better than a complete lie, and she scratched her blonde hair. "I couldn't find Dad when I got here, and since I had to go with the rest of the group when Gohan's Dad showed up, I'm just running under the assumption he's late. If I qualify, I'll make a point to find him before the matches are decided."

"The 'group'?" Videl inquired. Since when had Erasa traveled with 'groups'?

"Gohan and his family and friends," Erasa explained, wishing she could show Videl the people she'd gotten to meet in just one day. "You'd like them, they're all really some characters. And I even met Gohan's Dad! Son Goku is his name, and he's a really kind man. I was scared at first, but then I got to talking to him and...I really like him. He reminds me so much of Gohan."

"Son Goku," the name was the only thing Videl really registered, paying a passing irritable glare at the mention of Gohan introducing Erasa to his friends and family. Goku was the winner of a previous Tenka'ichi Budōkai, the 23rd. Her own father, Mr. Satan, had won handily in the 24th Tenka'ichi Budōkai, which was held a few years after the Cell Games. Snorting briefly at the irony, she knew one thing; if Goku was here, this could be her chance. Erasa and Gohan would surely be impressed if she could defeat Son Goku in battle, no? "So he's here, is he?"

Again, Erasa didn't miss the subtle shift in Videl's body language; the very moment Erasa had mentioned Goku's name, Videl's entire demeanor changed. She became alert, focused, and a determined expression that Erasa simply did not like had crossed the girl's face. But to avoid suspicious, Erasa nodded, motioning over to Block 4, where Goku, clad in the bright orange and blue of the Turtle Uniform, complete with a glowing Halo, stood out like a sore thumb.

Videl's eyes narrowed; she recognized him from newspaper clippings that her Dad had. That was definitely Son Goku. Not knowing the full depth of her ignorance, the girl smiled. She found her newest target.

The preliminaries proceeded smoothly, almost uneventfully, as the mundane fighters made their stands on the blocks. Nothing truly remarkable, like Erasa's match, happened until Vegeta stepped into the preliminary ring, and came face-to-face with his opponent.

His opponent was a dark-skinned, burly man who went by the name of 'Killa'. When the man spoke, nothing but gibberish, rushed and incoherent, escaped his mouth. Perhaps this was the result of one-too-many blows to the head, or maybe damage to the throat. Beckoning Vegeta forward, his lips curled into a smirk. Whatever he was saying, he sounded confident he could win.

"Of all the riffraff I could be stuck with in a first round match...!" Vegeta growled, grinding his teeth as a vein throbbed in his temple.

"You have one minute! Begin!"

"And *you* have one second to stand aside." Vegeta ordered sharply to Killa, who reacted with shock.

Speaking in turn with simply more gibberish, the tone made it obvious that he was denying Vegeta's — arguably generous — offer of mercy. Angered by the Saiyan prince's words, he charged forward, his fist cocked to the side.

"There truly *is* one born every minute." Vegeta jabbed the air in Killa's direction, the sheer force of his punch — no more than a love tap by his standards — created a funnel of wind that lifted Killa off his feet and sent him slamming into the nearest wall, through which he crashed, falling onto the hard concrete outside.

"W-W-W-We have a winner!" The proctor called out, before calling for the medics in a hurried panic.

"You could have gone a little easier on him, Vegeta," Goku admonished, as Vegeta hopped down from the mat, walking through the stunned crowd, many of whom avoided the man almost instinctively, "I think you may have broken something on him."

"And he should be lucky it's nothing more than that," was the Saiyan prince's crisp reply. He jabbed a gloved finger at Goku's chin. "I'm here for one reason, and one reason only — to fight *you*, Kakarot, in a place where you can't try and weasel out of it. All of this is just a sideshow until we get to our match, do you understand me?"

"Loud and clear, Vegeta," Goku replied, and he had to admit, even if he disagreed with Vegeta's methods, he was looking forward to the possibility of their fight as much as Vegeta himself.

"Act smug while you can, Kakarot," Vegeta thought, crossing his arms as he stared, uninterested, at the mat for the next match to begin, *"before this tournament is done, I'll have finally defeated you. Just you wait."*

"I almost feel guilty," Tenshinshan thought, as he thrust his own opponent out of the ring with relative ease. His match had only last five seconds, and wrapped up the first half of his Block. Stepping off the mat, he cracked his neck, his third eye taking in the stunned expressions with a kind of resignation. It wasn't anything he wasn't used to. *"The majority of these competitors aren't used to the power we're going to display in this tournament are beyond their level. It almost feels like we're taking a prize from someone."*

Brushing past him was a teenager with sleek black hair, tinted with the slightest green sheen, and spiked only near the back. He wore a simple, sleeveless yellow t-shirt and blue-gi pants, as well as black shoes without socks. Tenshinshan turned, analyzing the boy with all three eyes, and a smile crossed his face. *"I might be wrong about some of the competition after all."*

The announcer proceeded to call the numbers for the next match, and the boy Tenshinshan had just seen stepped onto the mat, followed by man with flaming red hair, wearing formal training *gi*. His most notable trait was a long scar running down his left eye that forced it shut; while most would cover this with a patch, this man left the scar to show. It would have made him intimidating to most; but not to this boy.

"You have one minute! Begin!"

"Heh" The boy slammed his fist into his open palm. "I was told to come to this tournament because it would make for a good training exercise, but I don't think that old woman knew what she was talking about. None of you guys look like you're going to put up much of a fight."

"Are all upstarts as mouthy as you are?" The red-haired man asked, keeping a surprisingly calm attitude in the face of the boy's smart mouth.

"You'll find plenty 'round my hometown," The boy replied smugly. "Now c'mon, our time is ticking, isn't it, old man?" The boy took a stance, and his opponent did likewise.

"What stance is this?" The man thought to himself in bewilderment. *"No proper defence erected, so full of holes."*

Tenshinhan had a differing opinion; this boy seemed like a natural. For one so young — he barely seemed older than Gohan or Erasa, and unlike the former, Tenshinhan believed he was assuredly human — he was controlling his *ki* finely. Unlike the other human competitors, who had either dim lights or flickering embers, this boy's energy manifested as a blaze that licked away like a finely controlled flame. Tenshinhan could feel it; just tensing his body caused his energy to rise. His opponent didn't have a chance.

With a roar, the boy's opponent launched himself forward, throwing all of his physical force behind his movement, the boy stood his ground. Refining the flow of his energy, he thrust his palm out, connecting with the chest of his would-be-assailant. There was a brilliant flash, energy expelling itself from his palm and forcing his opponent off the mat and into a wall, knocking him unconscious.

The proctor blinked, before deciding the strange new boy the winner.

"Seems the new generation is where the real talent is," Tenshinhan noted to himself, mentally comparing the new boy and Erasa, sizing them up. The two may be about equal; if they fought in the tournament, it could prove interesting.

In Block 2, Videl's first match had finally come around, and she clambered onto the mat, watched by an eager Erasa.

Number Forty-One, her opponent, followed her onto the mat. 'Number Forty-One' was a muscular man twice the height of Videl; he wore a frayed sleeveless white gi top with a pair of slacks of identical coloring to match. A red bandana was wrapped around his forehead, trailing down to rest just over his shoulders and the top of his back. White bandages wrapped around his knuckles over his palms up to his forearms were seen, along with similar wrappings positioned over his ankles up to his shins. With a red obi tied over his waist, the man had a look of experience and eagerness about him, truly wanting to test his mettle in the Tournament.

"You have one minute! Begin!"

"I won't waste our precious minute with too much talk, little girl." The man said hurriedly. "You're the daughter of Mr. Satan. I won't underestimate you. Come at me with everything."

"Arrogant, aren't we?" Videl replied briskly, before taking a stance. The mention of her father struck a nerve; not with her opponent, but with Mr. Satan himself. Videl had hoped her father would be here to watch the preliminaries, even if he didn't have to compete in them. And yet he was lazing about somewhere, when she wanted to show off to him. She hoped Erasa would at least appreciate the show.

Her opponent closed the distance within moments, slamming his fist towards the ebony-tressed girl. Videl ducked, feeling a gust of wind blast over her head from sheer air pressure — she could feel it. This man was strong. Retaliating, Videl thrust her fist forward, slamming it violently into the man's stomach. The pain caused him to double over, wheezing and Videl refused to waste an opportunity. She balanced herself on the palms of her hands, spreading her legs apart and rotating her body like a violent human helicopter. Spiraling towards number Forty-One, her legs slammed into the man repeatedly, before she leapt up into the air and descended, knocking him, with a sickening crack of either skull or wood, through the mat with a falling axe kick.

"W-We have a winner!" The proctor announced as the timer rang. "Please, someone, we have another for the Emergency Room!"

Videl hopped off the mat, brushing herself off and walking over to Erasa. "So, what did you think?" She asked eagerly, a sparkle in her vibrant blue-eyes. "Haven't I gotten better?"

"You've gotten better, that much is true..." Erasa cautioned, speaking slowly and deliberately, "but don't you think that was a bit...excessive?"

"Excessive?" Videl repeated icily.

"You didn't hold back anything on that man," Erasa explained, pointing to the hole Videl had created when she forced the man's head through the wooden fighting mat, "and you looked like you wanted to kill him, rather than fight him. You used excessive force on someone who didn't really need it; he was a spirited competitor, I heard him. It was more unsettling to watch than impressive, no matter how strong you've gotten."

"What about *you*?" Videl hissed like an angry cat, with an expression to match. "How many of your opponent's ribs did you break?"

"That was different, I was trying to hold back!"

"Don't give me that!" Videl snarled before turning on her heel. "I'm done talking, Erasa. I'll see you in the ring and we'll settle this matter there!" Without another word, she walked off towards the other edge of Block 2's fighting mat, looking thoroughly sullen.

"Videl!" Erasa called after her but her best friend ignored her, leaving Erasa standing alone and thoroughly confused.

The preliminaries continued with each and every Dragon Team member, as well as some unique and promising competitors, sweeping through their matches, until each Block had garnered the Champions meant to proceed to the first round of the Adult Division of the Tenka'ichi Budōkai. With all other competitors defeated and leaving the building — and several unfortunate encounters with the Dragon Team had led to others being rushed to the hospital wing — the winners of the preliminary round gathered in a line before one of the temple monks.

"Erasa! How'd you do?" Gohan smiled, hugging Erasa, which she returned eagerly, smiling brightly.

"I managed to pull through as one of the preliminary victors!" She replied, smiling as they took their place in the line. "It's already a given that you and your Dad are in. And," the blonde girl looked up down the line, seeing Goku, Vegeta, Piccolo, Tenshinhan, Android 18, Krillin, and even Videl taking their places in the line in front of the monk, "it looks like everyone we know pulled through as well."

"Is that Videl? Hey Videl! Over here!" Gohan called over to the ebony-tressed girl, waving and casting a friendly smile. Videl looked up to find the source of the sound, saw Gohan, scowled, and turned away. "Hey, what's wrong with here?"

"Nothing...I hope," Erasa replied untruthfully.

"*Ahem,*" The monk cleared his throat, and everyone in the line turned their attention to the portly, bespectacled man. "All of you assembled in this line, you fifteen competitors, have made it through the preliminary rounds to the first round of the Tenka'ichi Budōkai! Congratulations!"

If this congratulations was meant to garner a reaction from the line, it failed. While Erasa and Gohan smiled to themselves, and Goku waved cheerfully, the remainder didn't budge, and the monk quickly assessed the awkward situation and continued speaking.

"This is proof that each of you is one of the strongest martial artists alive in the world, and of this honour you should be proud! You're hereby dismissed until the conclusion of the Youth Division; consider this a temporary recess to regain your energy. Perhaps you'll eat a lunch; mingle with some of the guests arriving late, or go watch the final rounds of the Youth Division! The official match-ups will be decided when the Youth Division concludes; until then, good luck!"

The line filed out, with every competitor moving their own way, and the only truly large party remaining being the Dragon Team members, admittedly also the most dubious looking group of the lot.

"So what will we do to go kill time?" Gohan asked to no one in particular. "It seems we've got a little bit of a wait ahead of us. Should we go watch the Youth Division?"

"Is there any reason to yet?" Krillin smirked. "I don't feel Goten and Trunks actively fighting out there, and I think we all know the matches won't be anything worth watching until those two little squirts step into the ring."

"You've got a point," Gohan had to agree.

"Why don't we go grab a bite to eat?" Goku suggested, smiling. "I haven't eaten since I was with King Kai and I'm starving!"

"I second that!" laughed Gohan, eager to have a meal with his father again.

"Go on without me then," Piccolo suggested; he'd seen Saiyans eat before, and it had to be a bodily function he found disgusting, "I'll wait here and we can meet up when you're done."

"Sounds good!" Goku replied, and was the first to lead the group — followed by a begrudging Vegeta and an unwilling Tenshinhan — towards the cafeteria. Besides Piccolo, only Erasa didn't immediately follow, which caused Gohan to turn back.

"Aren't you coming, Erasa?"

"I'll catch up," Erasa replied, floating a few feet off the ground and beginning to make way for the exit, "I'm going to find my Dad first! Save me some good, Gohan!"

"Sure!" The Saiyan-hybrid replied, before following his father and the rest of the group towards their next meal.

"That girl..." Piccolo chuckled. "She asked a Saiyan to do the impossible." Never in his life had he seen a Saiyan 'save' anything at a table; the girl was more likely to walk into a scene where the table resembled a massacre than anything resembling an ordinary dinner.

"Hello. Are you on the one called Piccolo?" A smooth and eloquent voice caught the ears of the Namekian Warrior. Having thought he was alone, Piccolo turned in shock; surely, he would have heard the footsteps of an approaching entity, or at better yet, sensed their *ki*. Standing behind him were two men without presence; one short, and one tall. The shorter individual had the most intimidating demeanor, despite Piccolo's inability to feel a mite of *ki* from either of them, and he had purple skin, pitch-black eyes, with frayed white-tresses cut into a mohawk. He also wore a unique uniform Piccolo had never seen before; consisting of eastern style of a trim blue vest with crimson etched into the outlines splayed out over his lithe chest to part in an inverted V fashion above his waist; the vest furthermore curtailed loosely down his hips past the top of his thighs to stop just a hair above his heels. A pair of turquoise sleeves that puffed up around his shoulders adorned underneath his jacket, with his slacks tied nicely by a small orange dyed obi which tucked neatly into crimson silk boots covered his feet.

The taller man, standing dutifully at the shorter man's side, was possessed of a reddish-complexion, with a thoroughly lined face that showed great age, and long-white tresses that reached to his back. His uniform was a near match to the shorter man that stood abreast him; only meager differences were noted, such as the red vest instead of blue, yellow boots that adorned his feet as opposed to the shorter man's crimson. And both of them wore dangling yellow earrings.

"Y-Yes, I'm Piccolo," The Namekian replied, his onyx-orbs eyeing the duo warily. He wasn't sure precisely what it was, but he knew something was off about these two. And yet the Kami in him felt like he knew who they were. A simple appraisal of their ears alone told Piccolo they weren't from Earth, and yet at the same time, he felt as if he walked in the presence of two exceptional beings. It was a feeling that Kami had experienced once before, and to Piccolo, it felt like a distant memory.

"I'm glad to see my assumption was correct." the man with the mohawk replied, smiling in a way that only served to unnerve Piccolo further; his eyes slanted, almost squinting, and the smile itself seemed to hide a wealth of secrecy. "I wanted to speak with this world's Kami; specifically, the Kami with the power to take action. You were formerly that Kami, weren't you, Piccolo?"

"I was, yes," Piccolo replied with an air of seriousness, "Piccolo is the name I've continued to adopt long after fusing with the former Kami of Earth. Your assumptions are not baseless, I can assure you. But the two of you...who are you? You don't feel like an Earthling...in fact, I can't feel a thing from either of you."

Persisting in his utterly unnerving smile, the mohawk-tressed man replied with his smooth voice, "You can call me 'Shin'. As you call yourself 'Majunior' for this tournament, I too bestowed myself with a sobriquet for the sake of competing. This man, the tall silent one, is my ever present partner, Kibito."

Kibito responded with a noncommittal grunt in recognition of his Master's words, but did not acknowledge Piccolo directly.

"And you are correct, Piccolo, we're not of this planet," Shin continued as if Kibito hadn't made a noise, "and we're here to speak with you, the former Kami, about the doom destined to befall this planet. I'm certain you can sense it, both you and the young Kami that watches us speak from the heavens; the shadows threatening to encroach your world. To sense such evil, it must be stifling for the mortal mind. And yet it's true. I'm merely here to confirm your suspicions for now, and to assess your own capability as a fighter."

This shocked Piccolo. Shin, or whatever his true name might be, appeared out of nowhere, spoke of the darkness that Piccolo had sensed for a long time, and yet seemed as if he wanted to keep the information to himself. Just how confident was this man? Or was it arrogance that led him to act this way? Piccolo knew he had to speak.

"If you know anything, anything at all, then shouldn't you speak!?" He insisted. "I've gone out of my way to inform my own comrades of this; the depth, the terror I feel from this oncoming threat is too great for anyone to feel like they can handle it al-"

"Hold your tongue in this man's presence!" Kibito finally spoke, cutting Piccolo's words as cleanly as if he'd cut with a blade, his stern glare piercing. "You stand in the exalted presence of a man well beyond your stature, and yet you make arrogant demands!?"

"Kibito, that's enough!" Shin insisted, placing a small, purple hand on the man's chest. "We're not here to terrify Piccolo, we merely came to inform him." Shifting his gaze to Piccolo, Shin gave the Namekian a nod. "We'll see you in the tournament, Piccolo. I assure you, all will be revealed in due time." With these cryptic words, the two men floated off, leaving behind a very confused and agitated Piccolo.

"Where is he?" Erasa murmured, flying only a few feet above the tile, searching the temple grounds for any sign of her father. The monks had mentioned late arrivals, and if she hadn't seen Marque *before* the tournament, then he had to be one of those late arrivals, right? Deciding if she did find him, the sight of her flying might disturb him a little, the blonde landed and took to running, turning corners and heading towards the stadium stands.

Turning a corner without looking, the girl crashed into a figure that came from the other direction; both people were sent backwards onto the hard tile.

"Ow ow ow ow!" Erasa breathed, a grunt of pain mimicked by the man she had run into. Only after she'd gotten a second look, however, did she realize the man she'd run right into was the one she'd been looking for the entire time; Marque. Dressed in a fine brown suit, complete with a hat of matching colour, the man was rubbing his backside, entirely unaware he'd run directly into his own daughter.

"D-Daddy!" Erasa gasped, kicking up a gust of wind as she floated to her feet, landing neatly. Extending a hand, she helped a grumbling Marque to his feet. "I'm sorry! I was looking everywhere for you and I guess I didn't notice you right in front of me when the moment actually hit me."

"It's alright, sweetie," The man replied, his thick blonde mustache twitching with his fatherly smile, "and look at you! So, is this a uniform or something?" He gestured to Erasa's new outfit, moving his hands along the cape. "It's a bit flashy, isn't it?"

"Do you like it?" Erasa asked eagerly, spinning around on the spot, as if she was showing off a new dress to her father instead of martial arts *gi*. "Gohan's teacher made me this uniform, to show that I'm a member of their training camp. I personally asked for the new threads, since I wanted to compete in the tournament wearing Gohan's colours. Pretty spiffy, don'tcha think?"

"It looks fantastic on you, Erasa," Marque replied, smiling, "It may have just only been a week since I've last seen you...but you still feel so different. You've grown up so much, Erasa. Quile would be so proud to see you right now, doing this." He firmly gripped his daughter's shoulders — or rather, what he could grip, given the Namekian shoulder guards her cape possessed — and smiled, a twinkle behind the man's sapphire orbs.

"Thanks, Dad," Erasa smiled, her matching eyes locking with her father's. Erasa hadn't forgotten the original reason why she'd started down this path of training; her mother, Quile. She'd hoped becoming more like Gohan would let her move on from her mother's death, and while move on she had, she'd never forgotten, not for a second.

"And then there's me," Marque chuckled, releasing his hold on the teenage girl, "an old man watching his daughter grow up into quite a remarkable woman. I'm proud of you as well, Erasa. More than you can ever know. Now, and I never thought I'd ever have to say this; go on out there and bust some heads! I'll be watching your fights from the sidelines, so show me what you can do!"

"Of course, Dad!" Erasa wrapped her arms around her father, easily lifting him off the ground — much to his shock — before setting him down. "I'm gonna go on and meet up with Gohan! I'll see you when I'm in the ring!" Without thinking, Erasa lifted off from the ground, flying in the opposite direction before she was clear out of sight.

Marque stood there, stunned. "She...she can fly now? What won't she do next?"

"Are you watching up there, Mom?" Erasa thought, twisting around a pole that she narrowly avoided flying directly into. "*Goku said he didn't see you there, but I know you're in Heaven, and I bet you're thrilled to see me now, aren't you? Watch me for a little longer, please; I want you to see what I've become!*"

A/N: Okay, so this chapter was quite a chapter to get done. Let's see...for starters, I put it off until I did my Naruto one-shot, *Silhouette*. To any Naruto fans in the audience, I'd appreciate it if you gave it a look; it's not much, just a short story. Since I put this story off to write that, I've included a small segment at the top, in homage to the pre-episode rundown the anime used to have back in the day. I'll include these only when I put a chapter off for a prolonged period of time.

I really liked getting this chapter done. I was so looking forward to the Tournament and I think it's getting off to a good start. To anyone in the audience who knows math...pretty sure my math is off for the block to competitor to contestant ratio, but let's just say I'm really bad at math and leave it at that. The final match-ups are what's important, after all. And while we're talking about contestants, lemme say I'm not trying to make Videll seem like a bitch. I mean, that's definitely the vibe she's giving off, but she's got some issues and trust me when I say I'm going somewhere with this. You all will just have to trust me on where I take Videll because I hope I know what I'm doing.

I was GOING to show a few more matches but writing scattered and cluttered matches like that wasn't the best experience, and I had to resume this chapter in the middle, right after a week of being sick with whatever the Devil tried to throw at me, so it was a bit of a hectic writing process. I know, despite being the main character, Gohan had surprisingly little screentime this chapter; sadly, I can't even say that'll improve with the next one. I do not regret not showing his fight though; Goku, Piccolo, Krillen, 18, etc; I think it's obvious they'd have won anyway. I didn't think you guys would want to see me repeat the same "one-second victory" that Erasa and Vegeta had shown, so I tried to move it along as best I could.

Did anyone expect Tao? Anyone? I think I've mentioned I'm gonna try and have callbacks to the original series where I can make them, and bringing TAO back was too good to pass up. I've always liked Tao, and I think it'll be fun to have him here, even if only for the tournament.

And I think that's everything. I hope you guys like this chapter, and once again, let's thank my friend Demod20, who makes sure these chapters are in tip-tip shape for when I bring them to you guys! He also helps with brainstorming. Another friend of mine helped me refine the math to a degree; we both kinda said 'screw it' near the end but it was the effort! Anyway, everyone, I'll see you all in the next exciting chapter of the Erased Chronicles!

Name:

Type your review for this chapter here...

As ▾

Actions ▲

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

 (<http://blog.fictionpress.com>)  ([//www.twitter.com/fictionpress](http://www.twitter.com/fictionpress))  ([//plus.google.com/+fanfiction](http://plus.google.com/+fanfiction))