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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!

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A+ A- A   **Tenkaichi Budōkai, Youth Division; During The Adult Division Preliminaries**

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"This sucks!" Trunks grumbled, shuffling off towards a wall near the locker room as he and Goten waited on the Youth Division to begin. "Who had the stupid idea of creating a division for the kids anyway!? I wanted to fight with the adults!" His face working in anger, the young Saiyan prince-ling slammed his fist into the stone wall, causing it to crumble where his fist had made contact.

"I know, it's not fair!" Goten protested, equally as upset as his best friend. "By the way, Trunks, what's a division? It sounds like something yummy!"

Trunks looked blankly at Goten before hanging his head. The two may have known each other for years, but they were different when it came to intelligence; being the son of a multidisciplinary scientist probably helped in that. "Goten, I'm not dignifying that."

The poor Saiyan boy didn't quite understand that Trunks was insulting him, even if he did think something was off with Trunks' tone of voice, and simply let the comment slide off. "When do you think they're going to start?"

"Does it really matter?" Trunks asked, groaning. "No one here is going to beat us. I can't even feel the *ki* of half of the kids here, they're so weak! And even the ones that look like they could be fighters don't have any higher powers than the average household dog!" If anything was clear, Trunks certainly had the same bad attitude Vegeta did.

However, as if the announcer had been listening in, a rotund monk entered the building to alert the gathered children that the matches were all about to begin, which garnered excitement from everyone except Trunks. Even Goten was excited, as he was hoping to find someone strong. He probably wasn't too good at sensing *ki* if these were his expectations.

"Since it's going to come down to the two of us regardless, what will you do with the prize money, Goten?" Trunks queried, crossing his arms.

"I'm gonna buy lots of toys and snacks!" The younger Saiyan replied, grinning broadly. His wild imagination was already working against him, causing him to think of all the foods he could eat with the prize money. As much as he loved his mother's cooking, Goten just loved eating in general. And then there were the new toys he could get; some that just came out in the City. He'd seen a few of them when he went shopping with his mother before. "What about you, Trunks?"

"Hmmm...I'm not sure." Trunks replied shiftily.

"Your family is the richest in the world, so you already have everything!" Goten replied, and Trunks was inclined to agree. He didn't really need the prize money, when he had more than enough Zeni as it was.

"Listen to you two dweebs!" A sneering voice came from the side of two children, and Trunks cast an indifferent eye in the direction of the sound. His sapphire-irises settled on a person whose appearance was as annoying as his voice; a muscled, teenage boy with a blonde mullet and a very sour expression. "You're way out of your leagues, punks. Why don't you just go home now?"

Trunks, naturally, wasn't going to simply stand here and be badmouthed by this boy. "Are you simply too stupid to know when you're outclassed, or is that mullet digging into your skull?"

"What was that!?" The blonde-mulletheaded teen snapped, jerking in a way that seemed as if he was going to punch Trunks, but thought better of it due to the adults present. Instead, he contended himself with glowering, shuffling off. "Just wait 'till I wipe the arena with your face, little brat!"

"Keep talking!" Trunks' called back.

On the outside, the Tenkaichi Budōkai Announcer, a blonde man wearing dark shades — that he never seemed to remove, even indoors — was crowing for all the crowd to hear. He'd been announcing the Tenkaichi Budōkai since Goku was a child, and his age was starting to show, if only a little. The poofy blonde hair-do he'd cultivated since he was young was now marred by a slightly receding hairline, and his face, while not wrinkled entirely, was beginning to show creases. And yet, despite this, he had as much energy as he ever had, and put it on display for the audience who had turned up.

"Welcome, everyone, to the Tenkaichi Budōkai!" He crowed into the microphone, which magnified his voice for the entire stands to hear, despite being connected to no cord. In response to his words, the entire crowd cheered, the stadiums roaring with the sound of human and anthropomorphic voices alike. "But before we begin the main event, its time for the Youth Division! As you know, all children 15 and under are admitted without a preliminary session, and we have 22 spirited youngsters with us today!"

The next cheers in the audience came from the parents; only Chi-Chi and Bulma weren't getting worked up, as both were confident their little boy could win the tournament and take home the prize. So it came as a great annoyance when a heavyset woman with a face like an overfed pug took a seat next to them in the stadium, wearing a sneer that could put even Vegeta to shame. "I don't even know why we're bothering with this little tournament," She wheezed; perhaps she was choking on one chin too many. "My boys are going to take the entire championship home!"

"Puh-leez!" Bulma snapped, sounding briefly like her teenage self again. "Your kids won't stand a chance against ours!" She motioned to herself and Chi-Chi, who nodded fervently in agreement.

"*Your* kids?" The plump woman looked at them with a scornful kind of skepticism. "I suppose science is capable of anything these days. Though I suppose it's to be expected; neither of you look like you could land a man."

"Are you implying what I think you're implying?" Chi-Chi growled, her onyx-eyes narrowing with the fire of anger.

"Why don't you keep your mouth shut!" Bulma hissed, and both she and Chi-Chi made violent moves to push the woman from the stadium before they were grabbed by Yamcha and the Ox-King.

"C-Calm down, you two!" Yamcha cautioned. "We don't want to cause any trouble before the tournament even starts, right?"

"Chi-Chi, don't you want to see Goten compete?" The Ox-King tried to hold his furious daughter back.

Forcing themselves to calm down, the mothers breathed in before settling on the same idea simultaneously: seeing their children beat this woman's kids in the ring would be far more satisfying than beating her themselves.

"The rules for the Youth Division is the same as the Adults!" The announcer called from the center of the arena. "They lose if they give up, fall out of bounds, stay down for a 10 count, or remain unconscious for the same amount of time! The Youth Division winner will take home ten million Zeni; the runner-up will take home five million! And we have a special reward for the lucky kid who takes home the championship! An exhibition match with a special celebrity! Specifically, with the World Champion Mr. Satan!"

As if on the cue, the entire crowd, sans the friends and family of the Dragon Team, began to roar and cheer. Responding to the crowd that cheered him on, Mr. Satan came running from his quarters out into the arena, throwing a double peace sign into the air, practically soaking in the cheers and screams of the crowd.

"YEAH!" He roared in response, dashing across the stone path that led to the ring, leaping onto the tile. His landing, however, was botched; he slipped on his heels and fell hard onto the marble tile that created the arena they stood on, feeling a splitting pain in the back of his skull that caused him to shout. Sitting bolt upright, the man clutched the back of his head in pain.

This however, shocked the crowd. Certainly, the great Mr. Satan couldn't be hurt from the stone tile, right?

Mr. Satan, ever the one to notice a shift in an audience, immediately caught onto this. Standing up, he recovered remarkably quickly, before letting out a mighty laugh the echoed throughout the silent stands. "DON'T YOU ALL KNOW!? I WAS JOKING! HA HA HA HA!"

The crowd, ever the gullible, swallowed what he said and recovered their usual fervor. "SATAN! SATAN! SATAN! SATAN!" They crowed, their cheers overtaking their hero's voice once again. Mr. Satan, meanwhile, breathed a sigh of relief, trying to ignore the throbbing pounding in the back of his head.

"Mr. Satan, how are you feeling today?" The announcer asked enthusiastically, pointing the microphone to Mr. Satan

"Unfortunately for any competitors who want to fight me, I'm in the best shape of my life!" The World Champion crowed for the entire stadium to hear with his magnified voice. This earned a derisive chuckle from Chi-Chi and Bulma, who knew their husbands would be taking home the championship.

"And you know, you'll be fighting the kiddo who wins the Youth Division, right?" The announcer queried, to which Mr. Satan gave a huge, false laugh, and replied with mock fear.

"Oh no! I hope he goes easy on me!"

"Thank you, Mr. Satan!" The announcer crowed, as Mr. Satan took his leave. "Mr. Satan will be waiting in the wings, while we get the Youth Division underway!" Reaching for a sheet of names, the man looked at the list of match-ups. "Match 1, Bart: Age 12, vs Pepperone: Age 14!"

The matches proceeded from that point rather uneventfully; the children in the competition lacked any spirit of enthusiasm for martial arts, and a good half were in the competition simply because their parents wanted to make a quick buck with the cash money. Unlike the adults, which had some competitors that showed promise beyond the basics, these children put on a pitiful showing. Goten and Trunks, watching from the sidelines, had devolved into idle chatter as some truly embarrassing matches had taken place. The most recent, match 8, ended with one of the competitors bursting into tears.

"Match 9!" The announcer called out. "Trunks, Age 8, vs Laem, Age 15!"

"It's about time," The lilac-tressed boy sighed, pushing himself off the wall and walking out into the arena, followed by a familiar face he was far too annoyed to deal with now; the blonde-mulleted boy, 'Laem'.

"LAEM, MOMMY'S HERE!" The pug-faced woman shouted at the top of her overly large lungs, and this in itself earned Bulma's ire.

"So *that's* her kid, eh?" The woman's cerulean eyes narrowed, and she called out towards the ring: "TRUNKS! WIPE THE FLOOR WITH THAT BOY!"

"You ready for this, you little brat?" Laem sneered, grinning toothily. "I'm gonna kick your ass and drag you across the tile!"

"Probably best to ignore him..." Trunks muttered to himself, placing his hands on his hips as he walked up the steps to the arena. In all honesty, Laem was trying the very limits of the young half-Saiyan's patience, but Trunks was trying his best to have a bit more control.

In the audience, one of the members was laughing as he took a swig from a beer can, "An eight year old kid going up against a 15 year old? That ain't fair for the poor boy!" Several people around him murmured their agreement.

"Now BEGIN!" The announcer gave the 'okay' for the match to begin and proceeded to move towards the sidelines.

Taking a stance, Laem smirked. "Alright, kid! Try and hit me if you can! C'mon, you get a freebie before I destroy you!"

"You really do like to talk a lot," Trunks groaned, not bothering to take a stance, as he knew something like that would be wasted, "but unlike you, I don't need the encouragement. I'm going to kick your butt." Before Laem could even process how Trunks had moved, the boy crouched, sliding his heel along the tile, sweeping Laem off his feet and tumbling back onto the arena. "Hup!" Trunks thrust his foot upward, kicking the teenager into the air, and simply let him fall to the ground, straightening his obi as he walked off.

"I wonder if I shattered any ribs," Trunks muttered, as Laem's mother crowed with shock at her son's defeat, "I should really learn a bit of control."

"Laem! My baby!" His mother shrieked at the top of her lungs, earning a very smug smile from Bulma.

"The winner is Trunks!" The announcer called out as Trunks walked off into the wings.

"This is why we should have been placed with the adults," Trunks muttered to Goten, who nodded eagerly.

The matches continued without anything truly exciting happened until the end of the 15th match (Webli vs Pyonatt, another match that ended with the former breaking down crying, shocking Pyonatt). With a flourish, the announcer read the names of the contestants off of the list he held in his hands.

"Match 16! Goten, Age 7, vs Ikose, age 14!"

The two contestants made their way towards the ring, Goten's face plastered with innocent naïveté. He was followed by a boy who looked remarkably like Laem; a boy with a brown-tresses worn as a mullet, and the same sneering face.

"Ikose!" The pug-faced woman barked down towards the brown-haired boy. "Don't get careless like Laem! Keep your guard up and destroy that runt!"

"Goten! Make sure you show some restraint, sweetie!" Chi-Chi called down into the stands for her boy to hear.

"It's almost unfair my boy has to fight that low-class brat," The larger woman replied with an air of a long-suffering individual; she nearly began biting a handkerchief in frustration. "I'm going to complain to the monks when this tournament is over!"

Goten, ever the polite child, took a bow before Ikose, while the older boy looked down at Goten with some semblance of relief. Perhaps he hadn't learned from his older brother's mistake, but he was judging Goten by his size and innocent countenance, and he thought he was in for an easy match.

"*Haven't I seen that face somewhere before?*" The announcer thought to himself, looking at Goten and realizing the blank expression and distinctive spiky-black tresses were very familiar. "*Goten'...Oh! He has to be Goku's son, that's it! He looks just like Goku did when he was young...minus the tail of course. But if Goten's competing...*" A spark of excitement ignited within the announcer that he hadn't felt in nearly two decades. If Goten was competing, and he was Goku's son...could Goku be competing in the Adult Division of the tournament? But he didn't have time to dwell on better times in the past.

"Now begin!"

"You know, trash like you shouldn't even bother coming here," Ikose drawled, taking a stance like his brother had before him, "but don't worry, I won't hurt you too bad, kid! Now, take this! The Ikose-patented Murder Punch!" After performing some much unneeded hopping in place, the teenager cocked his fist back, thrusting it with as much force as he could muster towards the much younger Saiyan.

With ease, Goten extended a single finger, blocking the punch without giving an inch. His blank expression didn't change; in fact, he looked bored. This registered quickly with Ikose, who was becoming unnerved. For his attack to be stopped by a single punch, and for the opponent to look so calm while doing it; he'd never seen that before. In response, he spun his left leg towards Goten's skull. The boy reacted in kind by blocking it with his wrist.

"C'mon, can't we fight for real?" He asked placidly.

Ikose couldn't keep his surprise forced down here, and it took all of his composure not to leap back and gain some distance from Goten. He had a feeling he could circle this entire arena and it wouldn't get him far enough away from this little monster. "Hmph!" He scoffed, trying to maintain his arrogant personality, though his composure was quickly collapsing. "So you've been trained in martial arts too, haven't you? Then let's see how you deal with this!"

'This' was Ikose's saddest performance; with a yell, the boy let out a flurry of punches and kicks that were easily parried by Goten, through the use of only his palms. Without missing a beat, Goten thrust his fist at Ikose, determined to stop the annoying boy in front of him.

"I wonder where all the real fighters are," Goten remarked, bowing slightly at Ikose fell to the ground, stunned from the force of the blow.

By the time the Youth Division was reaching its end, the preliminaries for the Adult Division had already concluded. Goku, Gohan, Erasa, and the others had long since gone to eat, having decided that, until they could feel the spark of *ki* that would indicate Goten and Trunks were in the ring, nothing in the Youth Division would be worth watching.

This was the right approach; for the duration of the Youth Division, Goten and Trunks steamrolled through the competition with the ease of an ape walking over molehills. Just as everyone had expected, it was to be a fight between the son of Goku and the son of Vegeta in the finals of the Youth Division. It was here that the adults from the preliminaries made their way into the stands, watching from a balcony.

"Look at this!" Goku gawped as he took in the immense size of the arena and the stands that surrounded it, "the Budōkai is like a party now! The stadium is huge, compared to when I was younger!"

"And yet the soul has shrunk," Piccolo replied bitterly. Like Rōshi, Piccolo seemed to be perturbed by the commercialization of the Budōkai. Nearly two decades ago, the ring had been much smaller, and the audience was content with standing in what amount to a mosh pit as they watched martial artists compete for the title of the Strongest Under The Heavens. But now...it may as well be a circus.

"I agree, it's a bit too fancy now," Krillin nodded, "but you could lighten up a little, Piccolo. Goku's back, so let's enjoy ourselves!"

Piccolo looked like he had half a mind to tell Krillin what he thought about being told to 'learn to relax', but thought the better of it, and occupied himself with the tournament ring.

"It's time for the final match of the Youth Division!" The announcer called out to the stands, and was met with a roar of approval from the crowd. "You know them, you love them, they're the stars of the show! Son Goten and Trunks Brief! The two youngest competitors in the Youth Division are the opponents in the semi-finals! Showing remarkable strength, they've made it this far with their overwhelming skill and determination! What's more, I hear they're best friends!"

In the wings, Mr. Satan was sitting in a recliner, drinking an alcoholic beverage and smoking a cigar. Perhaps not the best way for a martial artist to spend down time, but Mr. Satan had not done true training in several years, and he wouldn't start now.

"Mr. Satan, perhaps you ought to come watch the finals of the Youth Division?" A monk suggested, his glasses flashing. "The two finalists are very powerful young boys."

"So two strong kids?" Mr. Satan repeated, exhaling a plume of smoke from his mouth. With a sigh, he shrugged and stood up. "I suppose you do have a point; I have to spar with whichever little kid wins, so why not go watch the final match?" If only he knew just how outmatched he was.

"Are you excited, Gohan?" Erasa asked, leaning on the railing as the announcer was beginning to declare the start of Goten and Trunks' match. "Your little brother made it all the way to the finals, and now he's about to fight his friend. You think you'd look a little more geared for the match than that!"

Gohan let out a chuckle, casting a wary eye at Goten and Trunks. "I suppose there's always something in me that's excited to see a good fight. But Goten and Trunks are still young; I'm hoping they know the meaning of the word 'restraint', fighting in such a cluttered and cramped arena."

"Without any further ado..." The announcer immediately proceeded to vacate the arena, "please start the finals of the Youth Division!"

"I'm not going to hold back, Goten," Trunks spread his legs into a squat, with his right arm held out into a tight fist while the left formed a clawing motion perpendicularly in front of his forehead. "If you don't go all out against me, you're going to lose."

"Hmph! I'm not holding back either!" Goten replied, leaning forward towards his right leg, with a clenched fist bowed parallel to his leg. He lifted his other arm up in the opposite direction, balling his fist up, forming a straight line from one set of knuckles to the other. The ring was silent; neither of them moved. Perhaps they were sizing each other up, and gauging the strength of their competition. The two Saiyan boys were very close to each other in strength; Trunks had a slight edge, due to being a year older, but even he admitted this was a very small gap in strength. If Goten was crafty enough, he could surpass Trunks in this battle the moment the prince-ling let his guard down.

"Haven't I seen those kids before?" Mr. Satan muttered, as he arrived down in the wings, looking out at the arena. Both Goten and Trunks looked very familiar to him. Particularly Goten. But where had he seen them before?

Without warning, Goten and Trunks exploded from the tile, causing it to crack under the force of their movements as they clashed. The two rammed their arms into each other, creating a sickening crunch that had nothing to do with the shattering of bone. Before they broke apart, they slipped past each other and landed on opposing sides of the ring.

"Look at them go!" Goku crowed, amazed at the prowess his youngest child was showing in the ring. "They've got talent, that's for sure!"

"Takes you back, doesn't it Goku?" Krillin grinned; seeing the miniature Goku that Goten was duke it out in the middle of the ring brought back quite a few fond memories of his childhood, back when he fought Goku in the Tenkaichi Budōkai so many years ago. Why is it the kids always showed the most promise?

"*I-It's them!*" Mr. Satan, unlike Goku and Krillin, was far from amused. He could barely keep up with the action the two children were performing in the ring, and this brought back negative memories of those strange 'Gold Fighters' from the Cell Games. But these kids couldn't be related to any of those fighters, could they? Why would his past come to haunt him?

"Heh!" Goten grinned, flexing his fingers. "You really are good, Trunks! Now let me show you something my Grandpa Ox-King showed me in training!"

"Bring it!" Trunks beckoned Goten forward, and the boy didn't need the coaxing. Vanishing within a split second — he hadn't truly disappeared, but no one aside from trained fighters were going to perceive just how quickly he'd crossed the field — he thrust his fist forward at Trunks, crying out "Rock!" This was, however, nothing but a simple punch that Trunks easily caught with his bare hand. Grinning, Goten extended his forefinger and middle finger, jamming them lightly into Trunks' eyes, causing the boy to roar with pain.

"Scissors!" Goten shouted, as the pain of having two fingers thrust at his eyes caused Trunks to lose his grip on Goten's fist entirely and clutch at his eyes. "PAPER!" With the final blow of his combo, Goten unleashed an open palm strike, pushing Trunks backwards, the half-Saiyan tumbling across the tile.

"Now that's one I haven't seen in awhile!" Goku himself used to use the Fist of Rock, Scissors 'N' Paper. Ox-King had to have taught it to Goten, he'd seen Grandpa Gohan use it several times before. "It's like watching a little me on the battlefield!"

"Goten...!" Trunks growled, struggling to his feet. His eyes weren't terribly damaged — a perk of being partially Saiyan — but this didn't mask the pain. His vision was swimming and he could barely make out the blurred form of Goten rushing at him, and there was certainly not enough time to react. Orange, blue, and black filled his vision as he felt a sharp blow meet his chin, sending him flying upwards. Goten was overpowering him!?

"Don't get ahead of yourself, Goten!" Trunks shouted, forcing his vision back into focus through sheer willpower. Able to see properly once more, Trunks countered the oncoming Saiyan child, slamming both of his hands down onto Goten's skull with a double axe-handle, forcing him downward towards the ring.

"Now that's the way, Trunks!" Vegeta's praise was light, and far from loud, but it was obvious he was proud of his son for regaining his composure so quickly in the middle of battle. His training was bearing fruit after all.

Goten recovered quickly, flipping and pushing off in mid-air, narrowly avoiding becoming a crimson stain on polished marble tiles. Trunks followed him to the ground, descending lightly. Regardless of how skilled they were in flying, the two were more comfortable fighting on the ground than in the air. The tension between them was palpable; no one in the crowd breathed, and yet the announcer was still speaking to anyone who would listen.

"Did you see that, folks!? Such a well executed Sledgehammer from Trunks!" He crowed, positively thrilled. Yes, *this* was how the Tenkaichi Budōkai should be! "For two pre-teen boys, these two sure pack a punch! I can feel the thundering blows even from where I stand!"

In an explosion that rocked the arena, causing it to rumble and shake against the grass, the two children were off again. Meeting in the middle of the stage, two punches from furious tiny fists connected at the same time, followed by a strike to the jaw from each combatant. The blows became fiercer still as Goten and Trunks rose into the air, blocking and parrying each other's blows. After a brutal exchange, Trunks managed to gain the upper hand, grabbing Goten by his undershirt and throwing him directly towards the stadium.

All he had to do was touch it, for even a split second, and Trunks would win by an out-of-bounds. Perhaps not the most satisfying victory but a victory nonetheless.

"No no no no no no no!" Goten cried as he was flung towards the stadium stands. Determined to take control of the situation, Goten released his *ki* like he'd learned during training with Gohan, enabling flight, and flipped himself over in mid-air, barely an inch away from a crowd who had been scurrying out of Goten's way. Smirking, the boy floated back towards the ring, and Trunks began to rise as well. And as if they were cannon balls, they shot towards each other again, pummeling each other viciously.

"You almost can't tell they're friends!" Erasa cried; a mark of her training was that she was able to follow the action, even if she lost track occasionally. Their movements were savage; Goten would slam his fist into Trunks' face, only to be met with a blow of similar ferocity merely a second later. When Trunks would kick, Goten would dodge, vanishing and reappearing behind Trunks in a surprise attack that was parried and countered with an elbow strike to the chest. "*Though now I wonder...would Videl and I ever hold back if we had to fight each other in the ring? Or would we go at it with everything, like these two boys?*"

"It reminds me of when Krillin and I fought as kids," Goku grinned; he was pleased to see Goten was taking such an active role as a fighter. As a both a Saiyan, and a father, it made him proud.

"Those were the days." Krillin nodded, reminiscing of his childhood battles with Goku.

"Up in the air! A white hot battle up in the air!" The announcer cried into the microphone as Goten and Trunks clashed without pause, never touching the ground, remaining afloat no matter how hard they were struck. Even the crowd was amazed at that they were seeing.

"Are they...flying!?"

"No, it has to be a trick! Remember what Mr. Satan said!"

"Yeah!"

Breaking apart, the two flipped backwards to gain some distance, landing apart from each other in the middle of the arena. Despite their fierce exchange of blows, neither truly seemed to be showing any wear apart from a few bruises and minor tears in their clothing. In fact, both of them were smiling, as if they were having the time of their lives.

"Not bad, Goten," Trunks commended his friend, "you've improved a lot in just a few months."

"Mhm!" The younger Saiyan nodded in agreement, but didn't offer thanks. "I trained with Gohan and Erasa and I learned a lot!"

"That's true..." The lavender-tressed boy nodded, before taking a stance. He crouched slightly, and raised both of his arms on either side of his body a little above his head. "But can you do this?" Yellow light began to flicker and crackle around his hand in small bursts, before they formed two full energy spheres, white-hot orbs of plasma outlined with a yellow glow enveloping both palms.

"Wait, what is he thinking!?" Gohan shouted in a panic, gripping the railing. "Is he going to unleash an energy attack from right there!? He's going to hit the stadium!"

Krillin, as if it could make matters worse, recognized Trunks' stance as being similar to Vegeta's Final Flash. "This isn't good...what's going on in that kid's head, letting loose that kind of power!?"

"Now now, give them a chance," Goku said warningly to both Gohan and Krillin. "You're underestimating them both. Watch the flow of Trunks' energy when he releases that blast."

Thrusting his palms forward, the two energy spheres merged into a single orb before exploding into a gargantuan blast of concentrated energy. It focused itself into a swiftly travelling beam that crossed the arena towards Goten. Naturally, this threw the entire crowd into a panic; even the announcer, quick witted as he was, recognized this kind of technique from seeing Goku and his friends perform them several times before. And Majunior, when he competed, used them to deadly effect!

"Hup!" Goten, with no regard for the safety of the crowd behind him, jumped into the air and the energy wave flashed beneath him, barreling right towards the crowd, all of whom began to panic once more. Before Krillin or Gohan could even tell Goku "I told you so", Trunks thrust his hands upward, and the energy wave bent as he willed it, shooting towards the sky before it lost power and dissipated. The announcer wiped his brow in relief.

"Didn't I tell you?" Goku smiled, happy his intuition was correct.

The crowd below began to murmur and mutter amongst themselves. "What was that? A rocket?"

After such a display, Mr. Satan was trembling behind a large billboard, looking on in pure terror. "*I...I've seen something like that before! Those freaks at the Cell Games set off explosions just like it! But it can't be! Why would my nightmares come all the way out here just to haunt me!?*"

"Whaddya think!?" Trunks bragged, hands on his hips as he stood to his full height — a feat that made no real change due to his age and short height. "Wasn't that pretty cool?"

"Ooooooh, I can do that too!" Goten said eagerly. "Gohan showed me how to do it!" Crouching down, he cupped his hands to his sides in a pose that was all too familiar.

"C-Could it be!?" The announcer cried into the megaphone. "Unless my eyes deceive me — and they could be, I never take these shades off — we're about to bear witness to a legendary move! The Kamehameha!" The announcer knew the move well; he'd seen it performed by Goku and Jackie Chun several times before, and it was a sight he'd never forget. "It's a move that was devised by the great Master Rōshi years ago! I didn't think I'd ever live to see it used in the Budōkai again!"

"Ka...me..." Light began to spiral in between Goten's cupped hands, before he moulded it, rotating it violently into a sphere of superheated energy. "...Ka...me..."

Trunks couldn't help but snicker. "Even I know it's Kame**h**ame, idiot."

"...HA!" Regardless of his mispronunciation, the son of Goku let loose a bonafide Kamehameha, the signature technique of the Turtle School, whose colours Goten proudly wore. Enveloped in a bright blue burst of energy, the sphere stretched into a beam that shot towards Trunks with blinding speed.

"AND THERE IT IS!" The announcer screamed at the top of his lungs. "THE KAMEHAMEHA IN ALL OF ITS MAGNIFICENCE! EVEN THOUGH OUR YOUNG COMPETITOR GOTEN COULDN'T GET THE NAME QUITE RIGHT, THAT IS DEFINITELY A KAMEHAMEHA!"

Trunks reacted with perfect calm; he could see that Goten's energy blast wasn't controlled well. It wouldn't take much effort to dodge an attack of that level. Inclining his head to the right, he remained stoic as he felt the heat of the energy and the rush of wind when it shot over his shoulder, colliding with the tournament building directly behind them, destroying part of the ornament.

"Well, he can do it, but he can't really control it," Goku observed, glad Goten had been aiming away from the ground at the very least. "He'll get there."

Grinning, Trunks adopted the Kamehameha stance as well, his blue-eyes glinting maliciously. "Now, why don't I show you how you really do it? Ka...me..." His hands began to glow with a bright blue energy, deep and vibrant. "...Ha...me..."

"T-Trunks can do it too!?" Gohan gasped as Goten became more alert.

"HA!" Once again showing no regard for the competitors behind Goten, Trunks released a vivid, cerulean-hued energy blast from both of his palms. To Trunks' satisfaction, the technique seemed to make contact...only to pass directly through Goten, who flickered and faded away like an illusion.

"*An afterimage!?*" Trunks reacted furiously, looking around frantically to see Goten charging downward at him from the air. "Oh no you don't!" Trunks bent the Kamehameha once more, pulling it away from the crowd once more, redirecting it at Goten. It collided head-on with the boy, who had been so single-minded in his pursuit of Trunks that he hadn't paid attention to the Kamehameha after he put it out of his mind.

And now, tumbling through the air, it was costing him dearly.

"I'm not through with you yet!" Trunks called, flying after Goten and grabbing him by the ankle. Pulling Goten downward, Trunks released his ankle and punched Goten mercilessly. "Give it up Goten! Just say you give up, and we can call the fight off!"

Goten, while not a lover of pain, was also not a quitter. Glaring at Trunks, Goten's immediate response was to duck the next oncoming punch, before slamming his head into Trunks' stomach. A crude, yet effective way, of stunning the boy. Without giving Trunks a second's breath, Goten thrust his fist into Trunks' gut, winding him further, following with a sharp elbow jab to the jaw, sending Trunks reeling.

"Wily little...!" Trunks growled, staggering back as he glared at Goten. "If you want to play dirty, I'll show you!" The boy made several quick hand seals, before placing his palms forward, with the thumbs and index fingers touching each other to form a diamond shape. "I'll knock you right out of the ring with this one, Goten!"

"I dare you to try it!" Goten called out, placing his palms in front of him. Whatever Trunks was planning, Goten would block it. He had to block it now, if Trunks was going so far to declare a decided victory.

Trunks' palms flickered and shone with yellow light, the light then coalescing into luminescent white sphere with a yellow outline. Rays of light extended from the sphere in all directions, to the point where it would resemble a children's depiction of the Sun in a book. "HA!" With a battle cry, Trunks shot the sphere forward like a cannon. It collided with Goten, whose palms pressed against it in an effort to keep the sphere back.

For Goten, however, this seemed to be an impossible feat. Trunks' energy sphere was stronger than Goten was, and he was beginning to give ground — so to speak, as he was floating in the air — and he couldn't hold off the force of the attack much longer. If this kept up, he'd be pushed out of bounds. "*I know Gohan said not too...but...!*" Goten's hair began to rise, standing on end as his onyx irises snapped to a vibrant forest green. A golden aura enveloped him, and his ebony-tresses were dyed a vivid gold.

"YARGH!" Expelling a large blast of *ki*, he pushed the burning sphere of energy back towards Trunks, who was utterly stunned, both the fact that Goten would resort to Super Saiyan when they all agreed to refrain from the transformation, and that Goten had even reflected his Burning Attack. The heir to Capsule Corporation was overwhelmed by the impact of his own energy sphere; it collided and exploded on impact. Trunks dropped out of the smokescreen, bruised and singed.

"G-Goten can become a Super Saiyan!?" Goku leaned over the railing, eyes wide. "Wow, they really grow up fast these days!"

"Kakarot!" Vegeta snarled from behind the younger Saiyan, slamming his foot onto the ground, causing it to crack. "Your brat son is a cheater and you know it!"

"I didn't know anything about this!" Goku raised his hands up defensively.

"*I-It is them!*" Mr. Satan though as a fresh wave of panic washed over him like the most chilling spray of water. "*The Golden Fighters from the Cell Games! But why are they here!?*"

"Goten!" Trunks whined, placing his hands on his hips as he shouted at best friend. "We agreed not to turn into Super Saiyans!"

"I-I'm sorry, Trunks! It just happened!" Goten apologized as his hair and eyes returned to their normal onyx shade and his power level dropped accordingly. In truth, this was a bald-faced lie. Goten had known exactly what he was doing, and Trunks was no fool. He knew when Goten was lying, and this was the farthest statement from the truth.

"*He may be a bit dense...but he's also reckless.*" Trunks thought to himself, grinning deviously. "*I think I'll be able to take advantage of his thickheadedness if I try.*" Trunks stood up fully, his devious smile only widening. Goten did not catch on to the change. "Hey Goten, why don't we lay off the blasts for the remainder of the match? We're probably gonna lose control at some point anyway and hit the crowd. Let's keep to traditional fighting, how about that?"

"Okay!" Goten agreed eagerly, clenching his fists at his sides.

"*That's it...*" Trunks knew Goten wouldn't be able to resist a dare. Fighting a distance with blasts might be giving Goten a bit of an advantage. Trunks hated to admit it, but Goten had a knack for creativity in the thick of battle; resorting to blasts could give Goten the edge he needed. But Trunks was physically stronger than Goten. In a hand to hand battle, the advantage could sway in his direction.

"It seems our combatants are discussing the terms of their battle!" The announcer spelled it out for everyone in the stadium stands. "Never before have I seen such a display of camaraderie in the ring!"

The battle resumed fiercely and without warning. Goten and Trunks leapt across the ring, and Goten pushed himself off from the ground with his hands, extending a leg forward, kicking Trunks squarely in the chest. Or so he thought. Goten felt 'Trunks' give way as he slipped right through him; it was an afterimage! Turning around, Goten saw Trunks standing behind him and attacked, only for the image to flicker and fade once more.

"*Two afterimages!?*" Goten looked around frantically, and was met with a sharp blow to the face by Trunks' surprise attack, catching Goten off-guard. Staggering back, Goten was feeling Trunks' actions more than seeing; the heir to the Capsule Corporation seems very determined to win the competition was quickly as he could, his father's systematic method of training showing through in Trunks' own style. Sliding along the tile, Trunks pushed himself upward with one hand, his heel connecting with Goten's chin and sending him hurtling into the air.

"*H-He's too fast!*" The youngest Saiyan grimaced in pain; the force of Trunks' blow made him feel as if he was floating, and in a very bad way. Stunned by the blow to his chin, his body felt numb.

"Bet you've never flown this way," Trunks grinned, appearing above Goten, grabbing him by his *gi*, and pulling him over his head to throw him down onto the tile.

"No!" Goten cried, his small hands reaching for the back of Trunks' own *gi*, rolling beneath Trunks and slamming both of his legs into the older boy's stomach, sending him ever higher into the sky.

"LOOK AT THEM GO!" The announcer shouted. "I CAN BARELY EVEN SEE THEM ANYMORE!"

"Why? Why does he keep hitting me in the stomach!?" Trunks groaned as he straightened out in mid-air. A touch of his father's old impatience was clearly bleeding through Trunks' formerly composed attitude. Immersing himself in flashing white energy, Trunks pulled off a spectacularly downward dive, shooting past Goten like a rocket. Goten, unwilling to let his friend get away, followed him down just as quickly.

"*That's right, follow me now!*" Trunks egged Goten on mentally. His sapphire irises were locked on the grassy lawn outside of the arena. Both of the boys were descending at a spectacular rate, gravity increasing both the speed and the strength of their fall, but Trunks, with his higher power level, had a slight lead. To Trunks, this descent was the key to victory. To Goten, it was a chance to show Trunks up.

To the spectators, it looked like madness.

"What are those two doing!?" Krillin couldn't make sense of any of it.

"They're going to crash!" Erasa shrieked out as the two boys neared the ground.

"Trunks won't!" roared Krillin.

"Goten is!" yelled Gohan.

Krillin was right. Moments before hitting the ground, fighting off the speed of his own fall, Trunks shone with a brilliant golden light. To quickly and efficiently stop his descent, he transformed into a Super Saiyan. He floated in the air as Goten whizzed by him like a bullet, unable to stop in time and embedding himself in the ground like a spear.

"Trunks can become a Super Saiyan too!?" Goku gasped. "What is with this new generation?"

"I-I can't believe what I'm seeing...!" The announcer ran over to Goten's fallen form, looking thoroughly shocked. "The most intense battle in the Youth Division has ended in *astunning* ring out! Trunks is the winner of the Youth Division!"

The entire crowd erupted in cheers and applause; the entire stadium stood up, clapping their hands uproariously. Even if they doubted what they saw, there was no doubt that the audience was entirely enthralled by the fight they had just witnessed. Trunks, standing the center of the all the praise, rather enjoying the moment.

With the most arrogant grin he could muster, Vegeta walked over to Goku, slapping his hand on the taller Saiyan's shoulder, chuckling darkly. "Cheer up, Kakarot! Your boy fought well, but it seems like my son has the better blood." While Vegeta would not admit it out loud, the display his son had shown in the ring had made him very proud indeed. But there was part of him that was living vicariously through Trunks' victory. To him, Trunks' victory over Goten was a victory over Kakarot.

"Poor Goten..." Chi-Chi cast a pitying gaze over her son. She knew he'd tried his best, but he was going to feel very put out about losing.

"Good job, Trunks!" Bulma called down towards her son. She was swelling with pride and trying — with difficulty — to avoid gloating over her son's victory to Chi-Chi. Both women were avoiding looking each other in the eye, but Bulma couldn't stop smiling a smile that strangely resembled her husband's.

"Trunks, you cheated!" Goten accused, pulling himself out of the ground and wiping both dirt and angry tears from his face. "I thought we weren't supposed to turn Super Saiyan! Cheater! Meanie!" For emphasis, the boy puffed his cheeks out, pouting.

"You transformed first, so we're even." Trunks replied, but this wasn't enough to stop Goten's angry stare. Letting out a resigned sigh, Trunks decided to strike up a deal with his innocent friend, if only to wipe the hurt expression off his face. "When we go home, I'll give you three of my toys, any three you want. So cheer up, okay?"

"Really!? Any three I want!?" This was enough to wipe Goten's pouting expression off his face within seconds. "Okay, but make sure you keep your promise!"

"After such a tense battle between two fine young warriors, let's move onto the next attraction! Trunks, the winner of the Youth Division, against the World Champion Mr. Satan!"

"Should we stick around for this one?" Goku queried, chuckling with mirth. "Trunks fighting Mr. Satan? This isn't going to be much of a fight, you know."

Krillin was also starting to shake with laughter. "Right. You better not blink, or you'll miss it."

Even Vegeta, normally so calm, couldn't resist darkly snickering. The idea of his son fighting Mr. Satan was too rich to miss. "Trunks is going to pulverize this noisy fool! World Champion? I've known stronger house plants."

Erasa had to admit, as cold as these remarks seemed, if there was any chance she could see Mr. Satan knocked off his high horse, she'd love to be around to witness it. But then her mind filled with Videl's hateful stare and new-found violent attitude, and she wondered how exactly Mr. Satan losing to a child less than half his size would have on her pride right now. Biting her lip, she was torn between amusement and concern.

The announcer's words struck a chord of panic in Mr. Satan's heart; a shiver ran down his spine that had nothing to do with the temperature. "*W-What am I gonna do?!*" He thought in a flurry of panic. "*That kid ain't human! If I go out there and fight him, he's gonna destroy me. My reputation will crumble!*" He could hear it, clear as crystal; the sound of laughing children, fans turned against him, his entire social standing utterly destroyed because of one fight with an eight year old boy.

"SATAN! SATAN! SATAN! SATAN!"

And yet the crowd was still cheering for him. If he chose to stay here and hide, he'd look like even more of a coward. Steeling himself, Mr. Satan ran out of the wings and up the steps that lead up into the arena, and threw up his trademark double peace sign. Letting out his great booming laugh, he called out towards the crowd in equally great volume (magnified by the microphone the announcer placed to him), "SO, WHO'S THE LITTLE TYKE THAT WANTS TO MAKE A SHOW OF CHALLENGING THE WORLD CHAMPION, MR. SATAN!?" Without warning, he jabbed his finger in the direction of Trunks. "IS IT YOU!? DO YOU THINK YOU'RE READY TO FACE ME!?"

The entire stadium shook with the approval of Mr. Satan. While Trunks found it irksome, it seemed to fill Mr. Satan with something resembling confidence.

"*So he's the World Champion? These people must be delusion, I can't sense that much energy from him at all.*" Trunks thought, surveying Mr. Satan with mild annoyance. "*Maybe about as much as that old hermit with the shades...no, the hermit has more.*" Assuming he must be masking it, Trunks kept analyzing the man.

With a flourish, Mr. Satan removed the cape that he kept tied around his neck, throwing it to the arena floor. Breathing in and then out rapidly, Mr. Satan pumped himself up with a mighty battle cry. His mental preparation out of the way, he quickly performed a flurry of punches, kicks, jump kicks, and a variety of unnecessary physical blows to appease the audience, before panting in apparent exhaustion.

"*Was that supposed to be...good?*" Trunks stared at Mr. Satan, eyes wide and mouth agape. To anyone with the slightest bit of skill, they could see that Mr. Satan's attacks were heavily flawed; they were clumsy and consisted of far too much wasted movement. "*He's going out of his way to look like a fool, right? He has to be! He's the World Champion, after all!*" Firmly deciding on that, Trunks began to perform a few quick stretches to get the blood flowing.

"H-Hey!" Mr. Satan immediately ran forward to Trunks, panicking. "D-Don't take it so seriously, kiddo. This is just an...an...an exhibition game! That's all!"

"A what?" Trunks flashed Mr. Satan a dry look.

"It's a game! Pretend!" Mr. Satan frantically tried to stress the point. "We don't need to fight seriously, so take it easy, alright?"

"No way!" Trunks insisted, glaring coldly at Mr. Satan. "I was taught to never hold back against anyone. If they aren't worth my time, I'll just end it with my power quickly. If they're strong, then we'll have a good fight."

On the railing, Vegeta smirked.

"Don't be childish!" Mr. Satan shouted. "Listen to your adults!"

"But I *am* a child." Trunks replied pointedly.

"Let's get this show on the road!" The announcer replied, as the audience was beginning to get impatient with Mr. Satan and Trunks' banter, even if they couldn't hear it.

"*It's about to start, and this kid isn't listening to a word I'm saying!*" Mr. Satan was quickly arriving at the end of his rope. If he couldn't find a way to make this kid listen to what he was trying to say, he'd be watching his entire reputation crumble beneath his feet quicker than this kid would crumble a wall with his head. Trying to ignore the image of Trunks performing his own, considerably sleeker, warm-up exercises, Mr. Satan knew he had to find a way to win and quickly. And then an idea struck him.

"*He's just a kid! If I pretend to lose to him, no one will see me in a negative light! That's it...I'll let him hit me — lightly — and that'll clinch it!*"

"Okay, let's beg-!"

"W-Wait!" Mr. Satan called, cutting the announcer off mid-sentence. He leaned down towards Trunks, keeping his voice low so that the announcer wouldn't be able to hear a word he was saying. "Listen, uh, kid, I forgot to tell you something important about this exhibition game. Listen really closely, because I'll only say this once!" He had to be convincing; this was his last chance to save his reputation before one eight-year old boy destroyed it in five seconds. "When the match begins, tap me very lightly in the face! Understood? *Lightly!*" He stressed every syllable of the last word.

"That sounds pretty suspicious..." Trunks shot Mr. Satan a surly look. Perhaps the boy knew that Mr. Satan was trying to con him.

"N-No! Think of it like...a greeting! Yeah, it's how World Champion's shake hands! Yeah, that's it!" Mr. Satan gently nudged his fist against Trunks' cheek to illustrate the concept. "Okay? Got it!?"

"Y-Yeah." Trunks was still eyeing Mr. Satan suspiciously, but he was willing to assume there was some truth in what the World Champion was saying.

"Remember kid! *Lightly!*" Mr. Satan hissed, before turning to the announcer and shouting boastfully, "Okay! We're ready to begin the match! Sorry for the delay, I just wanted to give the little tyke some, uh, tips! He's a real strong one, and he reminds me of me when I was a kid, y'know!?"

"Alright, everyone!" The announcer thrust his fist into the air. "With the thumbs up from our Champion, let the fight between the Youth Champion, Trunks, and the World Champion, Mr. Satan, BEGIN!"

Leaning forward, Mr. Satan gestured right to his cheek, the signal for Trunks to perform the 'greeting'.

"Would you look at this, ladies and gentlemen?!" The announcer called out in admiration. "Mr. Satan appears to be giving Trunks a free hit! What a fighter, what a guy!"

"Go for it kid!"

"This is great! Hang in there, kiddo!"

"*Remember, lightly...*" Trunks thought to himself, and he lazily brought his fist up to meet Mr. Satan's face. Despite trying to hold back his strength, the force of Trunks' punch launched Mr. Satan from his spot like a catapult, and he flew from the ring directly into a brick wall, stunned.

The entire stadium was silent.

"*It's just like I thought...*" Mr. Satan thought to himself as he slid from the wall to the grass, his face throbbing and racking with pain. He could feel not only his face pulsate, but his entire body. "*I told that boy! Lightly! Lightly! I feel like I'm dying!*" If Mr. Satan ever needed to pull himself together, it was now, and the motivation was all around him. Or rather, it wasn't. The silence of the crowd told him they were already losing their faith in him. Forcing himself to his feet, Mr. Satan clutched his stomach in apparent pain, and drew the strength to shout once more.

"Wow! He really got me! Kid's got quite a right hook! What a great little fighter!"

"Ladies and gentlemen, I don't believe it, but it looks like Mr. Satan threw the match in favour of young Trunks!" The announcer declared the true finale of the Youth Division to the sound of raucous approval from the entire stadium. The sounds of people praising Mr. Satan filled the air as the man left the stadium, and Trunks was standing in the center of the ring thoroughly confused.

Now taking center stage, the announcer waited for the cheering to subside, when it had, he spoke again. "We will now take a 30-minute intermission before we begin the Adult Division of the Tenkaichi Budōkai! We will resume at 1:40 P.M., so please make sure to make it back here in time!"

This was the announcement everyone had been waiting for. The Dragon Team stood amongst each other, each and every single one of them glancing at possible opponents. The spark of competition flew between each and every one of them. The time was close, so dauntingly close that every fighter could feel the excitement.

In half an hour, the Tenkaichi Budōkai would begin!

A/N: So what's it been guys? About a month since my last update for the Erased Chronicles? I'd like to first apologize for that. To any DBZ fan who knows, Xenoverse just came out only about a month ago, so I've been playing the game ever since I got it. I wrote like one small thing, a tie-in to Revival of Fand then I dove right back into it, and as we speak, **I'm still playing this bloody game.** To anyone with a PS3, if you wanna fight me in Xenoverse, I can send you my PSN handle, or if you find me in the Multi-Lobby, I'm Erasa (obviously), or Carmina (my Majin).

This chapter. This chapter was both fun and a pain to write. Something I realized halfway into the chapter— this is actually the first legitimate battle in my story. Goten vs Trunks is the first legitimate fight in this entire story, so I decided to do it justice. Just like in every chapter, I tried to throw in quite a few call backs to the original Dragon Ball. How many of you guys remembered the Fist of Rock, Scissors 'N' Paper? Anyone? I see like two of you raising your hands in the back! Just kidding, but this fight was full of a few call backs. Even the Afterimages made their return in true Goku fashion because I miss that move. Even the announcer knowing who Master Rōshi was, and what the Kamehameha was, were call backs from Dragon Ball that Toriyama seems to have forgotten.

Erasa, sadly, didn't get much screentime in this chapter; neither did Gohan, actually. And I'll say it now, this is going to be the first of a few chapters that are like that. I love Gohan and Erasa, and this is their story, but there'll be chapters where I like to focus on a few other people, and thus, Goten and Trunks is the first chapter where that really happens, where neither of them get much screentime.

Oh Mr. Satan...Mr. Satan, you piece of shit. Writing him was so NOT fun, it actually delayed the ending of this chapter for awhile.

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-top shape for when I bring them to you guys! He also helps with brainstorming. Anyway, everyone, I'll see you all in the next exciting chapter of the Erased Chronicles. Thank you guys for all of your patience!

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