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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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"I won, Gohan!" Erasa was still enthralled at her win, flying over from the ring without a second thought into the wings, embracing Gohan eagerly, her face plastered with a wide smile. "I-I can't believe it, but I actually did it! All because of what you and Mr. Piccolo said, mainly!"

"You did really good out there, Erasa!" Gohan couldn't resist grinning back; her eager attitude was infectious. He returned her hug eagerly, nearly lifting her off the ground, unable to repress his own excitement at Erasa's first proper victory. "Your big finishing move was spectacular, I didn't expect that kind of stunt from you!"

"I just took Mr. Piccolo's advice," the blonde replied casually, but she felt really proud of herself. All of the nervousness she had was gone. "He told me to use *everything* at my disposal to win; I assume everything could also include my opponent and they're own techniques."

"...You've got some promise after all, kid," Piccolo replied with a small grin. "You were very crafty out there; I'm looking forward to seeing how you progress in the coming battles. You're going to need that wit about you in the next round; you're going to be fighting one of us, after all."

Her excitement dropped at that a little. Piccolo was right; the next match was going to decide *her* next opponent. Which meant this was going to be a match she needed to pay attention to. "*If I can study everything about the two competitors in the upcoming match...who knows? Maybe I can pull an upset in my next fight!*" She thought to herself. Within this comforting thought in mind, the girl settled next to Gohan, his arm around her waist, while she paid rapt attention to the announcer, who was beginning to speak again.

"After such an intense battle, I can't keep the audience waiting too long!" The announcer crowed, his voice reaching high into the stands. "Let's move onto the second match! TAO PAI PAI VS. NUMBER 18!"

"Go get 'im, honey!" Krillin grinned, cheering his wife on. The blonde cyborg returned his cry with a thin smile and a slight flush as she walked out of the wings, into the stadium. Tao Pai Pai, her opponent, was walking alongside her, and they made their way up the steps in silence.

"Go, mommy!" Marron called out to her mother from the stands.

"And here our our competitors! The first is a newcomer, who identifies herself only as Number 18! Female competitors are certainly rare, but not unheard of in the Tenkaichi Budōkai! This will be 18's first time competing in the tournament, but I expect a great deal of promise from her! Walking into the ring next to her is Tao Pai Pai; a return fighter to the tournament! Competing in the 23rd Tenkaichi Budōkai, he was disqualified due to unlawful conduct in the ring! Here's hoping he can perform fairly this time around!"

"Unlawful conduct..." Tenshinhan muttered bitterly from the wings, his arms folded. "That's certainly one way to phrase it. I still have the scar from his 'unlawful conduct'."

"I'd love to say that maybe he's changed," Goku replied, his eyes narrowing as he watched Tao step onto the marble tiles. "But Tao isn't the type. Let's just see how it plays out; I'd like to think 18 can handle herself against someone like Tao."

"You certainly gave Vegeta and Piccolo the benefit of the doubt," Krillin dug his elbow into Goku's ribs playfully, to which Goku couldn't help but weakly laugh in reply. He didn't really have any defence for letting two powerful threats live when they could have just as easily come back to kill them all, rather than conform.

Stepping into the ring, the announcer cleared his throat. "Tao, while we're pardoning your earlier offence in the 23rd Tenkaichi Budōkai, the head monks have told me to ask you to surrender any w-weapons you might have on your person before we properly begin the match." Even as he asked the question, it was quite obvious the announcer was uncomfortable being so close to Tao, let alone asking him to give up deadly weapons.

There was a brief pause, and Tao cast the announcer a dirty look — or at least his mouth was raised into a grimace, the robotic eyes he now had made truly conveying emotion nearly impossible — and let out a prolonged sigh. "If you *insist*," he replied cheekily. From his sleeves, he pulled several explosive grenades, gas grenades, a few assorted blades and firearms. Popping off his left hand, he removed the retractable blade, and laid them all at the announcer's feet.

"You may clean them away if you wish, or leave them here for the spectating pleasure, it honestly doesn't faze me one way or another," Tao made a sweeping gesture at the pile of weapons on the tile, smirking.

Tenshinhan frowned, but said nothing. Had Tao been planning on utilizing those from the start, or did old habits merely die hard?

"Without any further ado; LET THE MATCH BEGIN!"

Back in the center of the ring, 18 and Tao had already taken their appropriate places. 18 took a fighting stance, spreading both legs apart at opposite angles, angling one arm bent in front of her, and the other just by her head. Her icy-blue eyes stared into the red lens that belonged to Tao.

Tao bent at the knee, extending one leg forward. Resting his right arm at his side, curling it into a fist, he extended his left arm forward. Automatically, the computing devices within his body began to analyze the girl, scanning her body in its entirety. Within two minutes, the scanners had fully analyzed the entirety of her bodily structure. "*My sensors indicate this girl is a cyborg, like myself. 60% bio-mechanical; it seems her skeletal and most of her other bodily systems have been replaced by synthetic parts.*"

"What's the matter, Tao?" The Cyborg woman replied, sounding impatient. "Are you simply too shy to make the first move?"

"Know your enemy, as they say," the former assassin replied, grinning toothily. "I was trying to gain an assessment of your abilities, but my sensors can't detect your power. So I dug a little deeper. Whoever created you was quite a genius. I'd hazard a guess at the infamous Dr. Gero?"

"You aren't the only one who likes to use knowledge of their opponent to their advantage," 18 replied, bitterly biting back a retort towards the Dr. Gero comment. "Dr. Gero collected quite a bit of data on you during your battles with Son Goku and Tenshinhan. My databases have recorded an in-depth understanding of your moves and style of fighting." She sighed. "Though, even without that, I don't think you're going to put up too much of a fight."

"And what makes you say that?" Tao replied snappishly, only to find the palm of a thin hand connect to his face, sending him sprawling across the polished tile of the tournament ring.

"Because I know just how to dismantle an inferior model."

"After a few minutes of heated conversation, the first attack has been launched by Miss Number 18!" The announcer shouted. "And what an attack it was; I didn't even see her move, and then Tao was suddenly flying across the ring! What power! What speed! What a woman!"

"Inferior model...!?" Tao hissed, standing up in irritation. He wasn't able to feel pain from that blow; it merely connected with part of the machinery that made up 90% of his being. "I've been reconstructed in the past several years since my disgrace at the Tenkaichi Budōkai! I am Neo Cyborg Tao, and with the new techniques I've created, I cannot lose to you now!"

"Upgraded, you say?" 18 replied dryly. "You forget you were temporarily employed by the Red Ribbon Army. Commander Red liked to get background information on his 'clients', and they researched you thoroughly, Tao. You're simply running on Dr. Gero's outdated blueprints."

Tao was letting his composure slip and the fight had barely begun. Unbeknownst to him, 18 was pushing all of his buttons, intentionally goading him. And it was showing. He dashed towards 18, thrusting a kick upwards towards the girl. The blow struck the cyborg's chin, granting Tao the opportunity to land an additional kick to the abdomen, sending her flying.

Spiraling backwards, 18 stopped her movement in mid-air, floating through the power of her artificial *ki* generator.

"And we've got another competitor who can fly like gravity just doesn't mean a darned thing anymore!" The announcer cried. "I'd stop getting shocked, everyone, because with our line-up of competitors, this is going to be a regular sight for quite awhile!"

Off to the sides, lurking in the corners of the wings, were the two mystery fighters, Spopovich and Yamu. With their faces set on the match, they held up a strange device, a dial, and directed it at the arena. To Spopovich's apparent displeasure, the dial did not move; no sound was made, and no change occurred. The bald, muscular man gawked dumbfounded at Tao and 18's battle. Watching them exchange blows, his frown set deep in his face.

"But..." He looked down at the dial again, "no energy?"

"That is strange," Yamu agreed, "but that simply means they aren't organic, if they cannot produce energy. Master warned us of such a possibility; their energy will not suit his needs."

Back in the ring, Tao and 18 were locked in a fierce exchange of blows. Despite having shown many dirty tricks in the previous tournament, Tao was actually seeming to fight fairly as of the moment; he raised his arm up to deflect a sharp kick from 18. Extending his eyes, they flashed red, shooting two laser beams straight at her collarbone. The blasts hit, singing through the cloth and sending a sharp wave of pain through 18's body.

"*An opening!*" Tao grinned maliciously, delivering a flurry of open palm strikes to 18's abdomen, winding the beauty. Without hesitation, Tao slammed the base of his palm into her chin, forcing her head upward. Pivoting on his heel, the man sent 18 flying with a sharp kick to the side.

"*I'm actually impressed,*" Tenshinhan thought, all three of his eyes intently watching the battle. "*Beyond his shameful display earlier, Tao's actually showing something resembling a warrior's pride. It's been 18 years since I last considered him to be a figure worthy of my respect. Did he actually take the time to reflect on his actions? Or is all of this just a farce?*"

"You're certainly not a bad spot of competition," Tao commended 18, detaching his hand and pointing the nozzle of his personalized arm cannon at her. "But you're no match for this!" The one flaw this technique would have was unique in the case of his opponent; she had no biological readings strong enough for his scanners to detect. He'd have to aim the attack the old fashioned way. A sphere of light, yellow-ish pink, began to form at the nozzle of the cannon.

"An arm cannon!?" Krillin shouted incredulously. "Doesn't that count as a weapon!?"

"No, not quite," Goku shrugged. "It's his arm, and he's merely using it to channel his energy. So long as it counts as part of your body, they can't fault you for it. I fought someone back when I was a kid who was the same way."

"Super Dodonpa!"

With a blinding flash, the sphere expanded into an elongated beam of yellow and pink, tearing across the arena towards Android 18.

"Another blast of energy is barreling down toward Miss Number 18!" The announcer exclaimed.

The force of the *ki* blast force winds to whip around 18, her pale tresses gently slapping around her face. A thin smile crossed her face, and her icy-blue eyes narrowed. The girl braced herself against the tile of the arena, thrusting both of her hands in front of her. The blast collided with her open palms, pooling into a singular sphere once again; sparks shooting off everywhere, striking the ground like fits of lightning.

Gritting her teeth, 18 lifted the beam upwards, deflecting it and sending it spiraling high into the sky.

This feat shocked Tao enough that the blast petered out and exploded in the air. He looked taken aback, stepping backwards, intimidated by her display of power.

"You called it a 'Super' Dodonpa, right?" 18 inquired, brushing hair lazily out of her eyes. Flexing her fingers to work off the burn from that blast, she began to walk forward towards Tao again. "That's quite a pity. There wasn't much bite."

"I-Impossible...!" Tao trembled, his hand reattaching itself as he stepped back. "To deflect the Super Dodonpa through sheer brute force..."

"Here," 18 raised her hand upwards, spreading her palm and charging a sphere of energy, pink in hue. "I'm not much for naming my attacks, but if I want to ride the bandwagon...I suppose you could call this the Photon Blitz." The sphere exploded in a vibrant flash of light, expelling a long, trailing beam of energy, white, outlined with the same pink hue of the sphere, towards Tao.

Flickering out of sight, Tao took to the skies, making a hurried and panicked retreat.

"I didn't say you could escape!" 18 called, moving her hand in an arc. The energy beam followed, avoiding the ground as it tracked Tao on 18's own orders, bending to the Cyborg's mind.

The beam was faster than Tao, and it quickly caught up to the man. "Haaaaaaaaaah!" With a shout, he unhooked his hand once more, placing the nozzle in front of the tip of the energy beam. Within seconds, the beam bent and flowed into the arm canon, until it was absorbed completely. This display shocked 18, and even the rest of the Z-Warriors were left stunned.

"Since when did Tao upgrade to become an energy absorbing Cyborg?" Goku whistled, almost as if he was impressed. Sure, it wasn't training, but Tao had taken steps to improve himself in some regard, and that was something the Saiyan could appreciate.

"I suppose he's always going to have something hidden up his sleeve," Tenshinhan muttered, watching Tao's performance with disdain.

With the laugh of a man gone wild, Tao turned his free hand towards 18, detaching it and revealing a second nozzle in place of his wrist. "Reversal Wave!" From the nozzle, a beam of energy detonated like a bomb, double the size of the blast 18 herself had released. Yellow-pink in hue, the energy ripped up the tile at it flew towards the blonde Cyborg. Still overcome by surprise, the blast overwhelmed 18, creating a large explosion.

"18's been enveloped in a blast of energy!" The announcer reported. "But perhaps worse, the ring is being destroyed by these energy attacks! Will we even have a ring left by the end of the second match!?"

The smoke began to clear, fading away in the breeze. When the smog had vanished entirely, 18 was revealed, floating in the air over a small crater and outright destroyed portion of the ring. Her clothing was ruffled, but she was perfectly fine, almost entirely unharmed. Brushing the hair out of her eyes, she smiled in a serene way that was disturbing in its calmness.

"Just as I suspected," the Cyborg dusted herself off. "Outdated Red Ribbon Technology, in this case, you're an Energy Absorption Model. You're utilizing nodes in your both of your arms to absorb energy, disassembling the molecules and converting it into a form of power the mechanical body can use. Though, if I'm correct, you directly channeled the absorbed energy from one node to another, layering your own energy on top of the energy you absorbed to boost the power of your energy attack. That was impressive...about seven years ago. But my model is more efficient. I produce limitless energy."

"L-Limitless energy!?" Tao repeated, his scanners deploying as if to confirm the notion, only to be reminded harshly that he was unable to analyze Cyborg 18. "Y-You jest! That has to be a bluff! Such a feat is impossible, even with Dr. Gero's technology!"

"Why don't you test the theory then?" 18 took a stance, clenching her fist to her side. "It's quite obvious neither of our energy attacks are going to affect each other — although I could make the attempt to overload your circuits — so why not switch back to melee?" Smiling coldly, she slid into a stance, raising one hand above her head, with her other still clenched to her side.

Tao was beginning to regret surrendering his weapons at the start of the match. Anything unexpected could give him an edge against this girl, but he had nothing besides his own basic components left. Gritting his teeth, he knew had no choice left but to continue the match.

Both cybernetic opponents crossed the marble tiles, clashing again, meeting the sides of their arms against each other. Tao swiped his metallic hand at 18 in a wide arc; the woman ducked, the hand flying directly over her head. She struck her palm upwards towards his chin, forcing his head backwards; with a leap, the girl swung her right leg directly into the side of his face, sending him careening backwards.

"And Tao has been sent backwards with the force of powerful blow!" The announcer's play-by-play came loud and clear. "You can feel the pain from here, folks! I would not like to be him right now."

Flipping back onto his feet, Tao looked positively furious. Every ace in the hole was thwarted, his weapons gone, and his patience truly waning. But, far worse than that, was his stunt earlier; absorbing 18's energy had done him no good when he simply reflected it while adding his own energy to it, in the hopes that it would kill her. Because of that, his own energy reserves had drained severely, and they were not replenishing. Simply decreases in stamina drained his energy, but there was no source of energy he could access that wouldn't result in a ring-out.

"*Damn it! Damn it!*" Tao growled, beginning to lose his composure. "*She has to have a weakness! Every living creature has a weakness!*" Thrusting his fist forward, he grit his teeth. There was an explosion and his metallic fist launched itself from his wrist towards 18's face. Catching the girl off guard, she was struck directly in the face with metal extension. Moving forward in a blur, Tao re-attached his hand to his wrist, and slid, knocking 18 off her footing.

"*I have to admit, that was unexpected!*" 18 thought as she flipped back onto her feet, trying to regain her footing. Landing crouched with one hand planted firmly onto the tiles, the girl felt a hard knee strike connect to her abdomen, keeping her hoisted into the air as he leveled several sharp palm blows in quick succession. Whether it was desperation or a sudden spike in fighting spirit, Tao was performing admirably and 18 was simply not putting up a fight in return.

"Tsu-ohhh!" With a mighty shout, Tao thrust his fist forward for the final blow. There was a soft sound of impact; 18's hand had moved in a blur to catch Tao's blow, stopping his finisher with an icy smile.

"So I suppose that's the most you can muster?" She asked, a slight hint of a sneer in her tone. "All of that effort, and you haven't managed to slow me down."

Tao could tell instantly that the woman wasn't lying. Despite all of the physical effort that went into his attacks, and the fact that he knew for a fact each and every one of them connected, 18 wasn't any worse for wear; in fact, it was *he*, Tao, who was breathing heavily.

Brushing her hair out of her face, the cyborg smiled. "Did you think that my claims of infinite energy were false? My stamina is limitless; physical skirmishes simply do not tire me out. But your reserves are already depleting. I don't need sensors to detect *that*. I think you should simply walk away now. If you don't, I'm going to take you down hard."

"You ask the great Tao Pai Pai to surrender!?" The assassin grit his teeth in fury, wrenching his hand away from the girl. He had one final last resort to dish out; from his sleeve, the assassin popped out a Hoi-Poi Capsule, quickly pressing the button on the top of the Capsule. With an audible *POP!*, the capsule exploded into a hefty rocket launcher. Hoisting the weapon over his shoulder, Tao began to aim.

The entire crowd began to panic. If Tao improperly aimed that weapon, a good chunk of the stands would be going up in flames.

"W-What's this!?" The announcer called out in panic. "Despite removing all weapons from his person before the match, Tao has produced a Rocket Launcher from this Hoi-Poi Capsule! What a terrible oversight! But, weapons are strictly forbidden for use in the Tenkaichi Budōkai. Tao, you are once again disqualified! Number 18 is the winner!"

"You truly expected me not to have a trick up my sleeve!?" Tao shouted madly, turning away from Cyborg 18 and aiming the rocket launcher directly at the tournament wings, where Son Goku and Tenshinhan were waiting with the other competitors. "If I can't kill those two in front of the crowd like I intended, then I'll get rid of them this way! *Say good-bye, boys!*" Pulling the trigger, the contraption released its missile in a large burst, firing directly towards the other competitors.

"That cheat!" Goku cried in surprise.

"Conniving bastard...!" Tenshinhan growled, readying himself to deflect the projectile.

But out of everyone, it was Gohan who moved first. In a blur, the Saiyan teenager sprinted forward, catching the rocket in his hands, quickly grounding himself and stopping its flight. Effortlessly, Gohan heaved the powered projectile into the air, where it proceeded to explode with a clap like thunder, shocking the entire crowd with his display of strength and speed.

"I-I-Impossible..." Tao let the rocket launcher slide from his shoulders in surprise. "He blocked...a rocket..." Getting a closer look at his face, Tao took another step back. "*H-He's older...but it's him! That boy I met back near Chazke Village seven years ago...Goku's son!*" Tao remembered quite clearly when the boy had stopped him from killing that elderly martial artist. After finding out he was Goku's son, the assassin had made a very quick escape.

"Well well well," 18 slowly walked over to Tao's side. "You're disqualified, and your assassination attempts have gone over badly. You couldn't possibly get more humiliated in front of this crowd, could you?"

"W-Why you...!?" Tao rounded on 18, only to be struck hard by a blow to the side of his neck, sending him flying out of the ring and into the hard brick wall adjacent to it, knocking him unconscious.

"Oh wait, I spoke too soon." 18 picked up the rocket launcher, walking out of the ring and tossing the weapon carelessly aside. Having already been declared the winner, and knocking out that careless fool, she didn't have any reason to stay in the ring after all. Walking back into the waiting area, she was greeted by the smiling face of her husband. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Erasa checking Gohan's hands for signs of injury, despite his reassurances to the contrary.

"You did great out there, 18. Not that I doubted you for a second," The former monk grinned. "Though, what was with all that shop talk out there? I haven't heard you sound so threatening since you were still after Goku."

18 smiled, this time a genuine smile that she reserved only for her husband and daughter. "Old habits die hard. Besides, I think an intimidation factor goes a long way towards winning a match."

"Let's move on with the next match!" The announcer's voice could be heard, loud and clear in the waiting room. "The third match! SON GOKU VS. VEGETA!"

"...And while we're speaking of intimidation," Krillin cast an aside glance at the two soon-to-be-competitors.

For the first time since the match-ups were announced, Vegeta was finally taking an interest in the proceedings. With his name called, and Kakarot to be fighting him in the tournament right now, this was the chance he refused to pass up. "*Here it is! Finally...I'm going to crush you, Kakarot!*" Smirking, the Saiyan Prince was the first to leave the wings, leaving Goku behind.

"This really is going to be the match to see," Gohan said, looking at his father carefully. He could already see the excitement forming on his father's face. "Good luck out there, Dad!"

"Yeah," Goku grinned, taking the encouragement from his son to snap him out of his own thoughts. For the first time in years, he would be fighting one-on-one with Vegeta. Just the excitement of the match-up was enough to make his Saiyan blood rush. Clenching his fists, a grin crossed his face as Goku left the waiting room. "Here we go! I'm coming, Vegeta!"

A/N: Just like always, I really need to apologize for taking way too long to update this chapter. Despite the fact that I wanted to do this chapter, I had a serious case of writer's block for this chapter. It was a certain point, about...half way through the chapter, maybe...that writer's block hit me like Goku hitting Nappa. I actually had to force a lot of the words out. But as far as the chapter went, I actually think it turned out alright. Does anyone actually remember Tao? Because I had fun bringing Tao back for this story; he was always a favorite villain of mine, so I did like bringing him back. The only problem was the obvious writer's block situation. Not just that, I couldn't figure out how to make Tao credibly fight 18.

In terms of power levels, I'd place Tao somewhere around Cyborgs 19 and 20. So, as you can see, he's well under the level of 18, who was stronger than her 'master' upon basic activation. What was really difficult was getting in character for Tao and 18. I've never written them, ever, so it was a bit...jarring, to say the least. Tao though, was easier than 18. She doesn't emote nearly as much as Tao, so I pulled a bit of a unique twist with her, and made her very sarcastic and stand-offish while fighting; like she was when fighting Vegeta.

To people curious about why Tao was permitted to compete again, he had a ban from the tournament he was in at that time, it was never stated to be a lifetime disqualification. However, I'm pretty sure he's gonna get one now. Anyway, beyond this, I don't have much to say about this chapter. I will say to look forward to the next chapter, but don't expect a lot. Not that I'm going to be lazy, but I don't want you guys to go into this next match with the highest expectations when you have to remember what arc this is.

So here's a fun fact: this is chapter 18. In which 18 fought. And it's apparently been 18 years since Tao last fought in the Tournament. Amusing, isn't it? And this wasn't even intentional.

Now! I'm sorry for not updating soon, I'll try to get another chapter up this month, I promise! As always, let's thank Demod20 for proofreading and helping my chapter come to life. I'll see you guys next in, in the next exciting installment of the Erased Chronicles!

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