

FanFiction (/) | unleash your imagination

Login (/login.php) | Sign Up (/signup.php)

Browse ▾ Just In ▾ Community ▾ Forum ▾ Betas ▾

Story ▾ Search

Anime/Manga (/anime/) > Dragon Ball Z (/anime/Dragon-Ball-Z/)

**The Erased Chronicles**

♥ Follow/Fav

By: 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 ≡ Tl ❶

< Prev

2. The Return

Next >

It has been seven years since Earth's most recent crisis; a terrifying event called the Cell Games. Earth's greatest heroes gathered in a tournament to the death that would decide the fate of the Earth by meeting the monster Cell in combat. The planet was able to live to see another day through the sacrifice of the noble Son Goku, who gave his life to defeat Cell, and the combined efforts of the young Saiyan Son Gohan, and the prideful Saiyan Prince Vegeta, who ensured the creature was destroyed utterly.

Despite losing its greatest hero, Earth finds itself in a state of peace. Years after the defeat of Cell, the Earthlings, blind to the efforts of the thankless Z-Fighters, frolic in peace, worshipping a new hero, Mr. Satan. Despite this, the lives of the Earth's special forces continue, even without Goku. And Gohan's greatest adventure begins. What would that be?

His first day of secondary schooling.

"Gohan, honey, come down or you're going to be late!" The ringing voice of Chi-Chi, Gohan's mother, and wife of Goku, came from the kitchen as Gohan was putting on his new secondary school uniform. To be honest, he didn't need his mother to remind him about this day — to be truthful, the thought of returning to Orange Star City had kept Gohan up for the entire night. He was both excited, and even rather nervous, since he would finally be attending an actual school with real people. He couldn't help but chuckle at the absurdity of the man who saved the world being nervous about his first day of school.

"I'm on my way down, mom!" Gohan called down from his room, snatching up his bookbag as he closed the door behind him, heading into the kitchen to say good-bye to his mother. To someone who hadn't seen Gohan's family since the Cell Games, if they entered the kitchen with him, they would have noticed an important new addition to the Son family. Since Goku's passing, seven years ago in the Cell Games, Chi-Chi had given birth to his second child, a young boy named Son Goten. A dead ringer for his father, the boy was an energetic child who idolized his older brother.

"Alright, Mom, I'm about to head out," Gohan said, ruffling his brother's hair cheerfully. "If I go now, I think I'll make it on time."

"I'm so proud of you, Gohan," Chi-Chi said, tearing up slightly. "Your first day of public schooling...I can't say your father would be proud, the kind of man he was, but I still wish he was here to see this."

Gohan couldn't help but internally agree as to how his father wouldn't be the least bit impressed in his attending a school, as the man had never had a day of proper schooling in his life, but he didn't actually voice this to avoid ruining his mother's good mood.

"Here you go Gohan," Chi-Chi took a small bentō box from the counter, handing it to Gohan. "Your lunch! Have a great first day, alright?"

"Thanks, Mom!" Gohan accepted the bentō happily; if he and his father had any similarities, it would be the Saiyan love of food. Part of him wanted to eat it right now, but he thought it best to save it until he got to school.

"Gohan, can I come with you!?" Goten asked eagerly, rushing over to his brother. It made Goten sad to see Gohan have to leave; he'd never really been away from Gohan since he'd been born.

"Sorry kiddo," Gohan knelt down in front of Goten, ruffling the boy's hair again. "You have to be a bit older before you can go to my school. Don't worry, I'll be back quick, I promise!" Realizing he couldn't dawdle anymore, Gohan jumped up, dashing out the door as Goten watched him huffily.

"Kinto'un!" Gohan called out into the sky, leaping into the air, only to be caught by a flying golden cloud. Sitting cross-legged, the cloud shot straight into the air, heading towards Satan City. The last thing Gohan heard from his mother before his house was out his hearing range was "Watch out for airplanes, dear!"

Flying through the sky at 643 km/h, Kinto'un tore across the forest, heading straight for Satan City. As he sat on his fluffy perch, Gohan could only think of what his school was going to be like. He hadn't been to this city in years, certainly not trying to pass off as a normal human. Just the thought of that was ludicrous. After a half hour, Gohan saw the city come into view. It was a nostalgic sight, the same sight he'd see when he'd visited seven years ago.

"The edge of town...I ought to get off now," He hoisted himself up, leaping off of the flying cloud, which tore off in another direction. "Thanks for the ride, Kinto'un!" Gohan called back, waving at it. "Pick me up for the ride home!" Landing neatly on the ground, Gohan was confronted with a large sign, adorned with the face of Mr. Satan. Emblazoned on the sign, in bold letters, was SATAN CITY.

The hybrid snickered at this. *"Oh Dad. If only you were here. You'd love to see this. The world still believes Mr. Satan saved them all from Cell. They even named a city after him,"* Raising a finger to his chin thoughtfully, he was surprised to see that this didn't bother him, despite the fact that his mother despised Mr. Satan for stealing what she saw as Gohan's credit. *"That's probably for the best. Gohan City doesn't have the same ring to it."* The boy took off at a light sprint, trying to maintain a human speed. His mother and he both agreed on one thing — hiding his powers from the public was best. As he looked at his watch, however, he realised he really was running short on time.

"I really might have dawdled at home too long," The boy thought, folding his sleeve back over his digital wristwatch. Stopping, he checked around the corners. The street was quiet, with no one around to see him. "Alright...no one around. Let's push it!" The boy tore off down the sidewalk, keeping his steps light to avoid crushing the ground, as if he was gliding, but moving at a speed that tore past any car, causing a driver and his wife to skid to a stop, checking back to make sure their eyes hadn't been playing tricks on them.

"Excellent!" Gohan thought aloud, whizzing down the empty sidewalk. "At this pace, I might make it with a few minutes to spare." A sound, however, quickly caught Gohan's sensitive Saiyan ears, a sound that told him exactly why this side of the street was as empty as it was.

Gunfire.

"Not now...!" Gohan gritted his teeth; even faced with the choice of going to intervene, or actually make it to class on time, Gohan already knew which choice he would make, and quickly tore off towards the sound of the guns. The scene, by human standards, was already horrific; it was a shoot out in front of the Satan City Bank, several police officers were ducking behind their cars, all of which were riddled with bullets, in a desperate attempt to avoid the criminals use of firearms. Much to Gohan's horror, he could feel very weak ki signals inside the bank, fading quickly. People were dying.

"Not again...!" Gohan groaned in exasperation. "For a city where the hero lives, it sure has an excessive amount of crime." Ducking behind the bank, Gohan gave another look around, before stashing his book-bag into a bush. "I don't want anyone to know it's me, so I suppose I'd better..." Within an instant, Gohan had transformed into a Super Saiyan. Having long since mastered the form under his father's not so strenuous training regimen of 'spend an entire week as a Super Saiyan', transforming was second nature to him now. Gohan almost felt relaxed as the soothing warmth of the Full-Powered Super Saiyan state spread throughout his body; it was like stepping into a sauna.

"Just try to take us, pigs!" One of the masked robbers cried out, firing a barrage of bullets towards the cowering police. The bullets pierced the sides of the cars, and shot through windowpane, shattering glass as it sent the crowd in a panic. Gohan deftly jumped into the air, and quickly dispatched two of the criminals through a swift kick to the chin and a sharp jab to the back of the head, causing both to collapse to the ground as Gohan landed in the back of their pick-up truck.

"Look!" An elderly man emerged from hiding behind a building, dusting off his suit and straightening his glasses. "It's him, everyone! The Golden Warrior!"

At this name, a few other cowering individuals crawled out from their hiding spots.

"The Golden Warrior is back!?"

"He's really back!? But it's been a month since he last arrived!"

"Sock it to him, Golden Warrior!"

And then there was this little situation. While the world remained blissfully ignorant of Gohan's defeat of Cell, Satan City knew Gohan as a hero through the name of the "Golden Warrior", a superhuman who appeared occasionally to fight off crime in Satan City. He wasn't quite sure how he felt about this kind of attention, to be honest. It was one of the reasons he was glad Mr. Satan enjoyed hogging attention.

"You little shit! WHO THE HELL ARE YOU!?" The remaining criminal, in a panic, pointed his weapon directly at Gohan and opened fire.

In the blink of an eye, the adolescent grabbed each and every bullet from the air, crushing the bullets within his palm. Holding out his hand for the criminal to see, Gohan let the flattened bullets fall straight to the ground. As the criminal backed away in horror, speechless at this display of superhuman ability, Gohan leaped into the air, slamming his foot into the man's face with a jump side-kick, sending him careening onto his back, the boy landing with both feet onto the cement.

"H-he's a monster! Let's get out of here!" The two criminals Gohan had subdued not a minute ago were scrambling back into their truck, which roared to life as they put the key in the ignition. Shifting the truck into drive and slamming their foot onto the accelerator, the criminals frantically tried to escape from the justice that Gohan was delivering.

Gohan turned, standing up to full height as he kept the truck in his watchful eyes. Standing absolutely still, it almost seemed like the criminals were going to make a get-a-way, until Gohan raised his hand, pointing it directly at the escaping vehicle.

"HAH!"

With a mighty yell, Gohan released a *kiai*, a powerful, invisible force that shot forward, tipping the truck over, the vehicle skidding along the street, throwing the doors open, but the force of the collision cramming the criminals inside.

"W-who was that guy...?" One of the criminals groaned, squeezed into the seat of his own car. Gohan, meanwhile, dashed back to where his book-bag was hidden while everyone was distracted, reverting back to his normal form. Walking out to see a bewildered police force, a strange scent caught his nose. Pungent, like cinnamon, it causes his hair to stand on end, and worse, smelled familiar.

"Hey, you!" A sharp voice caught his ear, coming from behind him. Almost jumping into the air, Gohan turned, nervously coming face to face with a girl around the same age as he was, with dark black pigtails, pale skin, and piercing blue-eyes that matched her very angry expression. She was also wearing a white t-shirt with black biker shorts, and her gaze was focused intently on Gohan. When she spoke again, it was just as sharp as before, and she sounded every bit as angry as she looked. "Who did that?!" She jabbed her gloved hand in the direction of the wreckage caused by the 'Golden Warrior'. "That hardly looks like something the cops would pull off."

"Um...I don't know..." Gohan lied quickly, backing away as slowly as he could, now that her attention seemed focused on the crime scene. "I-I didn't see it..."

The girl slammed her fist into her palm, grinding her teeth. "And after I came running! I should have been the one who stopped them!" At this, Gohan quickly began sneaking away from the violent girl, eager to put as much space between inquiring minds and himself as he could.

"Oh! Miss Vidal!" One of the citizens who had seen Gohan dispatch the criminals came rushing over to the girl, eager to tell her what he saw. "I was wondering when you'd show up! I saw the whole thing! It was the Golden Warrior!"

Vidal let out an exasperated sigh. "The Golden Warrior? *Again*? This is the third time already!"

"It was amazing!" The old man was raving by this point. "He was so fast and powerful! He handled the crooks so easily...and he flipped over the getaway car with just...a yell..." The elderly man trailed off, realizing how ridiculous he sounded, despite every word being true. "As a matter of fact, isn't he a friend of yours? He wears the same badge you have, so I assume he must go to Orange Star High School." The man gestured to the badge on Videl's shirt, a white circle with an orange star, that held a large 'S' inside it.

"Huh!?" Videl was taken aback by this little revelation. "All the students at school wear this badge. Could there really be a student like that? Someone with golden hair?"

Gohan, far out of earshot of this little conversation, had only caught the name of the girl before he had fled. Videl? That name sounded so familiar...had he met that bothersome girl before?

Orange Star High School - Classroom 3B

The sound of chattering filled the crowded classroom. Students talking about the homework they should have done but didn't, whether or not they'd actually get a substitute teacher, dodging crumpled up paper balls thrown in their direction, or some just watching the clock as it ticked its way to 8:00 AM. The future leaders of society at their finest.

One girl sat near the far right edge of the third row in the classroom, was a girl with cropped blonde hair, bright blue-eyes, wearing a striped green tube top and jeans, with a similar badge to Videl and Gohan's perched on her shirt's torso. Oblivious to the chatter around her, her thoughts were drifting to the recent news of the Golden Warrior having returned to Satan City. "A Golden Fighter..." She chewed on the tip of her pen, lost in own thoughts. "Just like those fighters from the Cell Game videos...and just like him. But it couldn't be...could it?"

"Hey Sharpener," The sharp voice of Videl snapped the girl out of her haze. "Tell me; are *you* the Golden Warrior?"

"Oh please," A boy with back-length, pale blonde hair, who resembled an adult more than a teenager, scoffed at the notion. "As if I would have the time to run around the city playing 'hero'." He moved his blonde hair out of his eyes, as if trying to impress Videl with the motion. "How could I? I had boxing practice this morning."

"But if it is him..." The blonde had a sudden stroke of genius. Turning to her best friend, she casually threw out an idea that was sure to be shot down. "Hey Videl, you ever consider this 'Golden Warrior' might be stronger than your dad?"

"Stronger than Videl's dad?" One of the boys in the row in front of them, a bespectacled boy with red hair and freckles, snickered. "Come off it, Mr. Satan is the strongest man on the planet. He could probably take this Golden Warrior with both hands behind his back!"

"If you say so..." The blonde murmured, her attention now captured by the sound of a throat clearing.

Their homeroom teacher, Mr. Fahcolty, entered the classroom. He was elderly, his hair bright white with a receding hairline, and a thick white moustache. Adjusting the thick glasses that adorned his face, he turned to speak to the class at large. "Greetings, my young...scholars..." He tread over that last word carefully; as rowdy as this class was, they barely deserved to have the term 'student' applied, much less a more esteemed title such as 'scholar'. "A transfer student has decided to grace our school with his presence — and this young man actually knows how to read."

A few people flinched at that; it was quite like Mr. Fahcolty to take a pot shot at the class, but who could blame him? Even with Videl, who wasn't exactly unintelligent, class 3B had the lowest average in Orange Star High School.

"Son, you may enter," Mr. Fahcolty called outside the door, and a young man entered the room, looking around the classroom quietly. "Go on, introduce yourself."

"H-hello..." The boy looked around the classroom nervously, trying to take everything in. "My name is Son Gohan. It's nice to meet everyone!"

"Son Gohan?" The blonde girl knew that name; she knew it very well in fact, even though she'd only met the person who the name belonged to for one day, seven years ago. "I knew it! It has to be him! That face...and that name..."

"Son Gohan here has proven to be an exceptional student, making perfect scores on every single one of his entrance exams — English, Chemistry, Mathematics," Mr. Fahcolty shot Sharpener a stern look over the rim of his glasses. "*Several* of you could do well to learn from young Gohan's example."

"Example this!" A student in the far back of the classroom made a shrill, high-pitched whistling noise, causing several other students to laugh in reaction.

"All of you, quiet down!" Mr. Fahcolty shouted above the ruckus of the students. "Every one of you kids are an embarrassment to public school!" He rubbed the bridge of his nose, sitting down at the teacher's desk in the front of the classroom, muttering something about a transfer. "Gohan, you may take any free seat you wish."

"Oh, alright!" Gohan looked around, scanning the room for a seat that looked comfortable.

"Hey, new kid!" The blonde girl stood up, waving in Gohan's direction. "Come on over here, the seat next to me is free!" She gestured towards the empty wooden seat on the edge of the row next to her.

"T-thank you!" Gohan quickly made his way over to the third row's seat, taking his place next to the blonde girl, who was giving him a scrutinizing look.

"Nice to meet you, Gohan," The girl spoke with a silvery voice that rang a familiar bell in Gohan's ear. It was only just coming to him now that he'd sat down, but among all the humans present, this girl had the strongest scent, and it seemed like one he'd encountered before. While the artificial scents of shampoo and conditioner were present, the girl's scent was naturally sweet, inviting even. "I'm Erasa. The tough looking one next to me is my friend, Videl." She jabbed her thumb at a girl with piercing blue-eyes and ebony hair, a girl that seemed to be analyzing Gohan hard.

The girl he'd met in front of the bank just this morning.

"*I suppose my name didn't ring any bells at all,*" Erasa thought to herself, her shimmering blue-eyes locked on Gohan. "*I'll have to take more...direct measures, when class lets out.*" Hoping to prod Gohan into conversation, she continued, "You'll never guess who she is, would you? This girl is Mr. Satan's daughter."

"*The* Mr. Satan?" Gohan exclaimed, surprised. "That must be interesting, being a celebrity's daughter and all."

"I figured you'd be surprised." Erasa chuckled at Gohan's reaction; he as was amusing as he ever had been, she noted. "He was the man who defeated Cell, or so they say. It's why they named the city after him."

"Ya don't say..." Gohan made sure to avoid that topic. No accounting for taste, right?

"Wait...I know you!" Videl peered towards Gohan from Erasa's side. "I saw you at the bank this morning!"

"Yeah, that was me..." Gohan replied slowly. This girl...did she have something against him? "*I've never met someone quite so persistent and forceful...aside from my mother...*"

"Oh, the bank, was it?" Erasa pried, ever curious at this point. "Wasn't that where the *Golden Warrior* was?" She emphasized the title, looking directly at Gohan.

"The Golden...Warrior?" Gohan parroted the word, confused. "Is that another celebrity?"

"You don't know?" Erasa raised an eyebrow in Gohan's direction. "The Golden Warrior is the local town superhero. They say he's a superhuman with glowing, golden hair, and super-strength. He's already made a name for himself as a silent deliverer of justice." Both Erasa and Videl were looking in Gohan's direction at this; Videl was still analyzing the boy, but Erasa's look was different. It was a look of knowing.

"*They're talking about me...!*" Gohan tried to slip out of view at the mention of his exploits. "*The two times I came here to register for school...and the bank robbery this morning!*"

"Come to think of it..." Videl flashed Gohan a sharp glare. "I heard the Golden Warrior was wearing a white shirt, black vest, khaki pants, and our school's badge. Funny...that sounds just like what you're wearing."

"*T-this girl...!*" Gohan flashed a look of brief panic, and could have sworn he saw a smile slip across Erasa's face.

"Would you look at that?" Erasa said in a singsong voice. "Gohan, you and the Golden Warrior have the same fashion sense."

"Y-yeah..." The hybrid teenager replied weakly. "What are the odds?"

"*What are the odds indeed?*" The blonde girl thought.

"Oh come on, Videl!" Sharpener argued. "Look at this kid. Does he look like any kind of fighter? Besides, his hair is pitch black, not blonde."

"Quiet down, all of you!" Mr. Fahcolty called out from in front of the blackboard.

Orange Star High School P.E. Field

After indoor classes, the students filed out onto the field for Physical Education. Gohan wasn't quite sure how he felt about this. On the one hand, just getting out of the classroom and into the fresh air was a relief. Everyone had stopped gossiping about the Golden Warrior by this point, and were caught up in their own conversations. On the other hand, physical education was what Gohan had been dreading.

"Today," The coach, a burly looking man with very short, black hair and a thick moustache of matching colour, stood in front of the class, "we will be playing a game of baseball. Everyone, go and pick your teams."

"You any good at baseball?" Sharpener was the first to confront Gohan before anyone could even start selecting their teammates.

"Well, I've never played," Gohan admitted, "but I have read several books on it, so I think I have a good grasp on the rules."

"Never played baseball, he says," Sharpener let out an exasperated sigh, "you really must be from the boonies."

"Whose team are we putting him on then?" Videl asked, sounding slightly annoyed. She and Sharpener were each on opposing teams, and she didn't quite feel like being stuck with the new kid who didn't know the first thing about how to play the game.

"He's on our team, of course!" Erasa insisted, shocking the three at her side. She tugged on Gohan's sleeve, pulling him slightly closer. "Don't worry Videl, I'm confident that Gohan can handle something like baseball. All you need to do is watch what he can do."

"Are you sure about this...?" The black-haired girl inquired uncertainly. "He doesn't look like he'll be able to do anything at all..."

"Trust me, he can. Aren't I right, Gohan?" Erasa said pointedly, edging closer to Gohan and winking. Flustered, the boy nodded, confused as to why Erasa would place that much confidence in him, though, he had to admit his own physical skills were more than likely the best out of everyone present.

"I guess we're stuck with you," Videl conceded reluctantly. "Go take right field. You do know where that is, right?"

"Yes, I know," Gohan put his baseball cap on, grabbed the mitt, and proceeded to the outer right side of the field. "*I need to make myself look like a bad player,*" Gohan thought to himself, a few minutes into the game, the crack of the baseball bat ringing in his ears. "*Mom and Bulma told me that if the general public knows what I can do, it'd cause too much of an uproar. Humans sure can be difficult to live with...*" Lost in his own thoughts, Gohan didn't notice that Erasa was watching him carefully.

Clearing his throat, Sharpener stepped up to bat, his teammates calling out for him to hit a home-run. Sharpener was just an all-around athletic student; boxing was just his preference.

"Heh heh..." Videl chuckled, standing on the pitcher's mound, preparing to throw the ball. "I'm not makin' this easy on you!" Placing all her force behind it, Videl threw a fastball, proving herself to be a power pitcher. With ease, Sharpener retaliated, swinging the bat to meet the oncoming ball. With a loud *KLANG!*, the ball shot high into the air.

"Whoah, did you see that hit!?" One of the students exclaimed from the sidelines.

No sooner had Sharpener started to run, than the entire class gasped with shock. Reacting with lightning quick reflexes, Gohan had leapt into the air, catching the ball with ease. Casually floating, blissfully unaware of the shocked looks of his class, the Saiyan teenager analyzed the field. "*The runner on third's left the base...so that means, if I throw to third, I can get him out!*" Gripping the ball, the boy tried desperately to control his strength. "Alright now..." He thought aloud to himself. "Steady...nice and slow..." As softly as he could, Gohan threw the ball downwards toward the baseman on third.

"Whoah, whoah, whoah, whoah!" The poor student panicked as the ball collided him with the force of a powerful punch; stronger than any ball Videl had thrown. Placing his barehand behind the mitt, the baseman tried to absorb the impact as the colliding ball lifted him off his feet slightly, throwing him back onto the ground and off his base. In the mitt, the ball was spiraling until it stopped, smoking slightly from the friction.

"Uh...he's out?" The boy on left field called out uncertainly.

As Gohan descended, he was greeted by the shocked faces of his classmates. Covering his face with the brim of his hat, he tried to walk by without meeting their gazes. "*I guess that was a little much...*"

The only person in class who didn't seem surprised at this was Erasa, who was watching Gohan with a satisfied expression on her face. "*That jump was just as fast as when he saved me from the car!*" She thought, positively beside herself. "*It is you, Gohan!*"

"Hey, kid..." The coach shot Gohan a perplexed look. "Did you just...how did you just jump 9 meters into the air?"

"It was an accident!" Gohan explained away quickly, ducking past the coach on his way to the bench. "That's right, just an accident!" Naturally, no one bought that excuse, but they didn't press the matter further. No sooner had Gohan sat down, however, than he heard, "Batter up!", and remembered it was his turn to bat. Picking up the metal bat, Gohan made his way over to the batter's box.

"I wonder if the new kid swings as hard as he throws..." One Gohan's classmates muttered off on the sidelines.

"Are you left-handed, kid?" The coach looked at Gohan, baffled, as the boy took up a power stance in the left-handed batter's box.

"I can't do it this way?" Gohan inquired, looking back at his coach, equally as confused as the man himself.

"You can, but your grip is wrong." The man continued.

"Huh? Grip?" Gohan repeated in bewilderment.

"...Why don't we just let you try it and see how it goes?" The coach conceded, as he was at the end of his tether with this line of conversation.

Sharpener took his place on the pitcher's mound, smirking as he watched the inexperienced form of Gohan try and figure out what he was supposed to do. "Stupid hick...stealin' my home-run? Why don't I give you a good scare?"

"*Watch it...*" Gohan thought to himself. "*Everyone's already nervous around me...I'd better not swing the bat.*"

"*Here I go! Better jump for the moon, kid, or you're dead!*" Sharpener threw the ball with all his might, sending a fastball that rivaled Videl's own barreling towards Gohan, who simply stood there, waiting. Within seconds, the ball collided with full force into Gohan's face, knocking off the boy's hat, and causing nearly everyone present to react in stunned disbelief.

Sharpener himself could only stand there as his jaw nearly hit the floor. "That...idiot! Why didn't you get out of the way!?"

Oblivious to the shocked stares of nearly everyone, Gohan stood up straight, turning to the coach. "Hey coach, that's a 'hit batter', right?"

"Y-yeah..." The stunned man could barely speak as Gohan threw the bat down, utterly pleased with himself.

"That worked like a charm!" Gohan thought, running towards first base. *"I got on base and I didn't have to do anything superhuman!"*

Shuddering, Sharpener could only look at Gohan with shock. "Just...what the hell is this guy?"

"Not much longer now," Erasa thought, watching Gohan's progression out of the batter's box.

Orange Star High School - Locker Hall, Near Exit

As the final bell rang, and the sun was beginning to set, every classroom was starting to let out. Gohan, eager to get home, was already at his locker before most other students had crowded the hallway with the chatter of gossip. Taking all the textbooks he'd need for this day's homework assignments, he closed the locker, just in time to hear Sharpener call for his attention.

"Gohan, right? You thought about joining any clubs yet?" Quick to the point, Sharpener was.

"I haven't given it any thought, actually..." Gohan knew that clubs were a big part of high school life, but he hadn't considered joining any clubs when he enrolled in school. Given his mother thought it best he keep a low profile, attending school and leaving quickly was the best plan of action.

"Then go out for boxing!" Sharpener suggested, giving Gohan the first genuine smile he'd seen from the boy the entire day at school. "You're a lot stronger than I'd given you credit for; you'd be a great fighter, with proper training!"

Doing his best not to laugh at the irony of this statement, Gohan shook his head. "Um...I actually don't think I can go out for any clubs...since..."

"His commute to and from school takes forever, Sharpener!" A silvery voice, coupled with the familiar, sweet scent of Erasa caught Gohan's nose once more; it looked like she'd come to rescue him from this conversation, much to his relief. He hadn't had any excuse ready to refuse. "He lives all the way out in the village in East District 439. He's probably going to be late just wasting time talking."

"Just like I thought, the boonies," Sharpener walked off past the two of them, waving offhandedly. "Alright then, see you two tomorrow! Consider the boxing club, Gohan!"

"Thanks for coming in like that...Erasa, right?" Gohan croaked, very much relieved to see Sharpener leave. "I didn't really have an excuse ready to refuse his offer..."

"Oh don't worry about it," Erasa giggled at Gohan's innocence. "You never have been good at lying."

"What?" Gohan blinked rapidly, confused at this. She was talking like she knew him. To be honest, her scent did smell familiar; it registered somewhere in his brain, pleasant memories of times gone by.

"I've actually been meaning to say something to you," Erasa turned around quickly, carrying on as if Gohan hadn't said anything. "Good work blending in today, *Golden Warrior*."

Author's Note: *And here we are at chapter two! Glad to see everyone could make it, because now we're really starting the story and we're about to pick up steam! As with before, lemme get just a few things out of the way; first off, Kinto'un is the Japanese name for the Flying Nimbus Cloud that Goku owns. It literally means "Somersault Cloud"...creative genius on the part of Toriyama, really. I'd also like to apologize to anyone whose is reading this, plays baseball, and thinks the baseball scene is a little clunky. I*

do not play the sport myself, and it was a very difficult scene to write. Something else you all will notice is that this does carry on from some of the canon material in the series; there will be chapters like that, that tie directly into the canon, but I promise to do my best to work in original dialogue, and given this is Gohan and Erasa's story, their reaction to events will be key!

I'd like to give a thanks to my friend, Mangetsu20, who helped me with the baseball terms this chapter, as well as gave it the first read before I put it up on the website, to make sure it was shipshape! I'll see you all in chapter 3, so hang tight!

< Prev

2. The Return

Next >


Name:

Type your review for this chapter here...

 Post Review

As ▼

Actions ▲

 Share Follow/Favorite[Help \(/support/\)](/support/) . [Privacy \(/privacy/\)](/privacy/) . [Terms of Service \(/tos/\)](/tos/) . [Top](#) (<http://blog.fictionpress.com>)  (<//www.twitter.com/fictionpress>)  (<//plus.google.com/+fanfiction>)