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### The Erased Chronicles

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In an alternate timeline where Gohan encounters Erasa, Videl's friend from childhood, what happens when they develop a romantic relationship? Explore the Erased Chronicles, an alternate timeline where Gohan and Erasa try and balance their relationship with all the chaos of Majin Boo's arrival on Earth! Things won't always be what you expect, in this new tale of Dragon Ball Z!

Rated: Fiction T (https://www.fictionratings.com/) - English - Romance/Supernatural - [Gohan, Erasa] Videl, Majin Buu - Chapters: 51 - Words: 298,236 - Reviews: 803 (/r/10393414/) - Favs: 641 - Follows: 701 - Updated: Apr 6 - Published: May 31, 2014 - id: 10393414

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"Feeling alright?"

With fifteen solid minutes of intermission, Gohan and Erasa had a little further into the waiting room, sitting against a stone wall while waiting for the matches to resume. Erasa, if anything, looked slightly shaken, and to Gohan, it was only natural to be concerned.

Erasa nodded, her eyes, wider than ever, glancing up at the figure of Vegeta, who seemed to be giving the rest of the Dragon Team a wide berth. She was very much aware of the fact that she — and her father, Videl, and so many others — would have been killed in the blast. "It's funny...even after all of that training, I felt so confident. Now I feel as powerless as I did during the incident with Videl and those criminals. I felt like I couldn't protect anyone, much less myself." It was only after admitting this that she realized she was shaking; she'd probably been quivering for the past several minutes, which was why Gohan steered her to the back to recover in the first place.

Gohan was speechless. Erasa was usually so lively, so full of energy, that to see her like this left him at a loss for words. But he had to say something, he had to do something; he couldn't bear to see her like this. After such a heart pounding evasion for what could have been a terrible tragedy he couldn't help but empathize with her panicked state. She reminded him a long time ago when he was a child, feeling just as helpless.

With a decisive action, Gohan wrapped his arms around Erasa, pulling her in for an embrace. Having been lost in her own little world, this bit of physical contact was startling, but the blonde didn't reject Gohan. His hug was returned with a nuzzle beneath his neck, allowing his arm to softly stroke her upper back and left arm, ensuring that her shaking would subside as he held her close.

"You don't need to feel powerless anymore," He said soothingly, keeping his hug as gentle as he possibly could. "For those six months, you worked harder than anyone I've ever seen. I don't think I've seen someone progress as quickly as you did. Besides; I'm still here. As long as I'm around, Erasa, I won't let anything hurt you. You don't have anything to be scared about."

Erasa felt reassured by Gohan's words, and yet at the same time, bothered by them. She didn't want to be protected; wasn't that the entire reason she'd started her training in the first place? She tensed briefly, wrestling with these conflicting feelings. If she had to rely on Gohan to protect her forever, then all of her efforts would amount to a grand total of nothing.

"I...I appreciate that, Gohan, really, I do," Erasa said slowly, looking up at Gohan. "But I don't want that; I don't want those kind of results for my training, or...or that kind of relationship between us." She was trying to formulate her thoughts as carefully as she could, but she knew they had to be said. "I know you're used to being strong, being able to do everything, but what good will I be if you have to protect me every time? If I can't stand and fight besides you, rather than let you stand in front of me?"

Gohan looked down at the girl's earnest expression, and saw for a moment, the pleading in her eyes. She desperately wanted this; this wasn't merely a passing fancy. Sighing in a resigned fashion, he smiled. "If you've really got your heart set on that, then there's only one thing to do; we'll redouble your training from the ground up!"

"R-Really!?" Erasa smiled, an open-mouthed grin of excitement. "You mean it!?"

"There's no reason not to," Gohan replied, and Erasa could feel her body relax. Another chance to train, to keep improving!

"Am I interrupting something?" An amused voice, chuckling to itself, could be heard approaching them. Gohan and Erasa almost didn't hear the footsteps approach, much less feel the energy signal, so lost in their own world. Looking up, they saw a grinning Krillin standing next to them, grinning a friendly, knowing smile. The two of them, blushing crimson, immediately broke apart, fumbling as they did so.

"H-How much of that did you hear?" Erasa stammered, still red-faced.

"Enough of it," Krillin replied. He nudged Gohan in the ribs, grinning. "As long as I'm around, Erasa, I won't let anything hurt you?' *Real smooth*, Gohan," The former monk's grin widened as even Gohan had to blush, gritting his teeth.

"K-Krillin!" Gohan objected, hissing almost violently.

Continuing to smile, the shorter man took a seat down next to both of them. "I don't think you two need to worry about it at this point; even Goku knows there's something going on between the two of you."

Erasa and Gohan blushed again. It wasn't as if they were trying to hide anything, but still, having someone just bring up the nature of their relationship like this was more embarrassing than they felt it ought to be. Perhaps due to their naiveté and general inexperience with relationships, but regardless, the two of them were still flushing.

"Beyond that, I did catch most of your conversation, Erasa, and if you're trying to get stronger, I think you're hanging around the right crowd," Krillin smiled encouragingly. "Sure, we can't all be freaks like these Saiyans and Namekians —" Krillin inclined his head towards Gohan at this point to indicate both an example and the joke — "but I think you can improve. Look at me! Even Goku and I used to be able to go head to head for awhile!"

"Y-You think so?" Erasa cast Krillin an admiring, but surprised look. She hadn't thought too much of the man at first, but looking him over now, she could definitely feel impressive power hiding within him. And beyond that, he seemed to be very earnest.

"Just because we're human doesn't mean we can't keep up with all the unnaturally talented out there," Krillin replied. "And speaking of which..." He stood up — an act which did nothing to improve his height — and stretched. "I should probably go get ready for my match against Tenshinhan. There's only about five minutes left for the intermission."

"He's really a nice guy, that Krillin," Erasa told Gohan as the dwarf walked away. She smiled to herself. Perhaps getting used to his friends would be easier than she thought if they were all this kind. And then she remembered; they weren't. Her eyes searched for Vegeta, and she saw him standing in a corner of his own, with the rest of the competitors giving the Saiyan prince a wide berth.

Vegeta was staring at his gloved hands, a look of mingled rage and indignation on his face. He felt ridiculously conflicted, and yet that in and of itself unfeasible. The Saiyan prince was infuriated that Kakarot seemed to have intentionally thrown the match, but this anger was conflicting with an emotion he wasn't familiar with. "*What came over me...!?*" The man's normally narrow eyes were wide as he believed his hands were trembling. "*To defeat him...how far will I go? Will I sacrifice Bulma...and even Trunks, my son!?*"

These emotions caught in the Saiyan's throat; expressing them was far from a reality, but he didn't know how to handle something so foreign. In irritation, Vegeta slamming a gloved fist into a brick wall, leaving a hand-sized hole in wall as bricks crumbled. Gritting his teeth, he sighed.

"I just need to defeat Kakarot. When I've left that clown behind, all of this can be settled!"

After the intermission, the ring was restored to semi-functioning state — naturally, such quick repairs weren't the most reliable, but the announcer had a feeling that, as the fights continued, there would be less and less of the ring left no matter what. The spectators had resettled into their seats, many of them having returned with chili dogs, soft drinks, and other assorted junk foods.

"They sure patched the arena up quickly," Erasa noted, her sapphire eyes widening at the sight of it. It was certainly spotless, repaired from any cracks and craters that had been left from the previous matches.

"A waste of effort," Piccolo muttered in reply. He remembered how he was able to destroy the ring in seconds at full power when he was younger. Even holding back, all of the competitors in this tournament had enough power to grind it to dust.

"After that life threatening third match, and an intermission that I'm sure we all needed, let's begin match number 4!" The announcer cried, pulling out his roster. "In this match, we have Tenshinhan vs Krillin! Our two competitors, please step into the ring!"

At the sound of their names, Tenshinhan and Krillin flashed a shared grin and knew the feeling they had was mutual; excitement at finally meeting each other in the ring.

"Good luck, Krillin!" Erasa called out as the dwarf walked alongside the taller man towards the ring. "You too, Tenshinhan!"

"Make sure you win, dear," 18 told him; the tone was more threatening than encouraging, but her smile diminished the effect.

Krillin grinned, scratching the back of his head, and Tenshinhan acknowledged Erasa's call with an inclining of his head. As the two walked out of the wings and stepped into the ring, their enhanced senses could pick up calls now ringing from the audience instead.

"Good luck, Daddy!" Marron was shouting at the top of her lungs from her seat in the stands, and Krillin waved excitedly at his daughter.

"Tenshinhan, make sure you win this match or there's gonna be hell to pay, you hear me!?" Lunch violently called down to the taller man. Tenshinhan, used to her violent nature at this point, flashed a thin smile and proceeded to the center of the ring with Krillin.

"In this match, we have two very powerful veterans who have competed in the tournament before!" The announcer continued his trend of delivering backstory on competitors towards the uneducated masses. "Krillin, a friend of the mighty Goku! He too was a student under Muten Rōshi, and trained alongside Goku. He's competed in multiple past tournaments, and this could very well be his first Championship!"

"It will be if I have anything to say about it," 18 muttered mutinously.

"Tenshinhan is a former student of the Crane Hermit, Muten Rōshi's legendary rival!" The announcer gestured theatrically from Krillin to Tenshinhan. "A competitor in several past tournaments as well, he's known for his unique techniques and fighting style! He's even been a former Champion, stealing a victory right out from under Goku! These two promise to give us a thrilling, head to head battle!"

"I've never seen these two go at it before," Goku spoke his thoughts out loud, crossing his arms over his chest as he kept watch from the competitor waiting area. He was thankful that the Announcer didn't care where he stayed, despite him being disqualified in the last round. He guess it paid to have a healthy reputation in the tournaments he participated in the past. "I can't wait to see what they got up their sleeves."

"Well, I'm not sure it'll be that even," Gohan piped up, earning his father's head tilting in his direction, attracting an upward glance from the nearby Erasa. "When I went around to tell everyone of the upcoming tournament with you attending, Krillin seemed to be more concerned with family life. We haven't seen Tenshinhan in seven years and I can only assume he trained non-stop, like you and Vegeta."

"Is he that serious a guy?" Erasa asked with a head turn back to the ring, watching both opponents take up spots at the stadium's center.

"When it comes to training, I don't know anyone other than Piccolo who keeps at it harder than I do," Goku confirmed with a nod and a sly smile. "I'm actually excited to see how much his power has grown."

"Hmph, I won't hold my breath," Piccolo roughly dismissed, verbally dissuading what his passively attentive gaze to the three eyed Crane Fighter.

As Erasa's thoughts swirled in her head about the differences, both in *ki* and physical size, between the two opponents on the ring she couldn't help but overhear dialogue spoken between the two. The audience's quieted atmosphere in exchange for near tangible suspense could be felt even down among those competing or observing up close.

"You know Krillin," The Crane Schooler began, taking a arm-crossed upright stance to solidify his confidence in his victory. "I'm not someone who enjoys embarrassing others. If you forfeit now, I'm sure everyone will understand and I won't think less of you for it."

"That's funny," The Turtle Schooler replied, still amidst doing stretches while standing a good distance away. "But I can't back down because I want to. I got my family depending on me this time around."

"Family, huh?" Tenshinhan closed his eyes as he dwelt on the image of the stalwart companion of his, watching him from the stands. Opening all three orbs he settled into a spread-legged stance, arms tucked by his robed sides. Allowing a small smile to splay his face he retorted to his new adversary. "I got someone depending on me too. And unlike someone who's played civilian, I took my training seriously. Here's the results on full display!"

Zippering through the air, the three-eyed fighter appeared just a meter in front of Krillin, sweeping out the shorter man's legs from beneath him.

"Agh!" Krillin exclaimed as his head hit the ring's surface, given little respite as his side was kicked, punting him across the arena by the much larger man.

"And they're off!" The Announcer crowed out, revving up the audible excitement of the crowd as the two engaged in close quarters combat.

Skidding across the tiled surface by the tips of his fingers, the Turtle Schooler clung to the ring by edges of his digits. Swinging himself around, both feet whipped into the teleporting chest of Tenshinhan's chest, causing him to grunt as he backed up from the sudden hit. Letting go of the ring, Krillin flipped himself head over heels to propel himself just eye level with him, nary a few inches away from the beads wrapped around the Crane martial artist's neck. Swinging a flurry of kicks and punches each one was deftly blocked or caught by the Crane Schooler, causing the ring beneath their feet to tremble and quake outwards.

"C'mon! You can do it!" Chaozu cheered from the stands, watching his friend exchange blows with the shorter opponent.

"Go Krillin!" Bulma called out with his daughter bouncing eagerly in her lap. "You can do it!"

"Go daddy!" She cheered as well, shaking her arms with emphasis of her desire to see her father win.

Amidst the barrage of legs and arms Krillin threw at Tenshinhan a sudden ruffling within the inner recesses of his cloak was seen. In a blur of motion, one muscular arm arched up and over his shoulder, clocking the Turtle Schooler's head atop his raven crested head. Wincing at the pain, it left him open to a upper cut to his chest, followed by a left over-arching arm chop to his cheek finished with a left handed palm thrust. Bouncing on his back he flipped back onto his feet, already feeling trickles of blood ebb down his lips and bruises form across his face.

"*Those arms*," Krillin realized with his gaze watching two bare arms prop up from behind Tenshinhan's shoulder, as if they had been concealed the whole time.

"Incredible! It looks as if Tenshinhan brings a whole new definition to fighting with your arms behind your back. This multi-armed technique of his sure must come in handy," The Announcer joked out loud, earning a handful of boos, some of which protested enough to start lobbing various foodstuffs at his direction.

"Huh, I remember those," Goku quipped at the sight of an age-old technique he remembered his old rival used against him in the 22nd Tenkaichi Budōkai. "He was certainly quick on making those this time around. He really *has* improved."

"Did he just...grow arms?" Erasa almost gawked, doing a double-take at what she could see from the close-up distance the competitor line was granted.

"Well, Tenshinhan certainly has a flare for the bizarre," Gohan admitted with a chuckle, scratching his chin idly at seeing the arms for the first time.

As people commented on Tenshinhan's new appendages, they retracted back to the segments of linen they had sprouted from, returning his body to normalcy. Raising a single arm up, an intimidating smile encroached upon his visage. Lighting across the edge of his index finger was an orange light, crackling as bio-currents flowed up and down his arm.

Leaping upward, Tenshinhan disappeared in a blur, causing Krillin's eyes to open wide at the disappearing three-eyes. Turning his head around he tried to focus on his ability to sense *ki*, finding no sight of him anywhere. When he felt a defining ping, he turned around with a fist already throwing around his blind spot. What he hit wasn't his adversary but a orange-golden beam of hot plasma, Dodonpa.

"Ow!" Krillin yelped as he deflected the attack successfully but earned burnt knuckles as a result.

"Here I am," Tenshinhan announced with a whizzing arrival behind the stout warrior.

Leaping forward in a roll, Krillin spun around upon righting himself just in time to discharge a sphere of *ki* from his hand. Seeing it easily reflected with a wave of the taller warrior's arm, he saw a second one appear within the periphery of his left eye. Grappling the tile next to his crouched right knee, he cartwheeled away just in time to avoid a hammer fist strike. During his retreat from the two enemies, he stumbled straight into a third, this one already spinning in a clockwise direction, thrusting a roundhouse kick to connect to Krillin's hastily raised guard.

In mid glide the dwarf was subjected to a sudden underhanded punt by one Tenshinhan, carried up to be kicked even higher. When the third shimmered into being just above the ascending Turtle Schooler, he hammered down with both hands, sending him flailing back to the arena. Unimpeded the once bald monk smashed into the ring with a devastating shockwave that was followed in its aftermath.

"Wow! After a string of combos by Tenshinhan, our competitor Krillin took a nosedive straight into the ring. Only because of the smoke produced I can't see so no countdowns just yet," The Announcer declared from observation, having instinctively taken cover away from the worst of the landing's aftershock. Peering through the smoke, he could only see a vague outline of the shorter fighter with three Tenshinhans surrounding him. "Aside from that, it seems Tenshinhan has Krillin cornered. How will he pull out of this one?"

"Just stay down," One Tenshinhan said, the other already taking aim with a Dodonpa being prepared to fire at the dwarf. Seeing him on his hands and knees, shaking, it was visually apparent he was struggling to stand. "You'll get hurt worse if you continue."

"Hurt? Please," Krillin growled in a low tone.

Feeling a spike of *Ki*, all three backpedaled at a quick pace. Seeing his diminutive adversary rise up in a blurring spin, his arm stretched out, already throwing the meter wide Kienzan disc. Guided by his hand the *ki* projectile swerved in an arc that cleaved the air that left trails of yellow, bifurcating and dismembering all three opponents. When they phased into a fizzling sea of visual static, Krillin pulled back his rotating saw with his mind, inclining his head to see the real Tenshinhan hanging above his head.

"W-Whoa!" The Announcer cried out with astonishment at the feat performed in front of him. "I-It appears Krillin was playing possum, and then threw around a strange destructive disc of some sort to cut his opponents down. Now normally lethal take downs are illegal, but seeing as there are no bodies left, I don't think this can be a penalized action on the competitor's part."

"Finally, he hit something with it," Piccolo grumbled out with an exaggerated sigh.

"He's not out of the woods yet," Goku commented with a raise of his head, nodding with certainty of what he knew was about to be unleashed. "This could be it."

"Wait, is that-?" Gohan trailed off, feeling the sudden explosive surge of *ki* rise to the surface.

"**Super,**" Tenshinhan enunciated in a loud shout, his outstretched hand bathed in what looked like a mantle of golden light that shined down like a star to the stadium below.  
"**Dodonpa!**"

In a single flash of light, a large explosion enveloped the air above and in front of the viewers. The loud bang from the blast made many ears ring but was surprisingly localized, not producing much of a shockwave from what it had impacted. With a cloud of smoke and steam swirling in the air from the impact it caused, it took more than a handful of seconds to find out what happened.

Below on the arena floor with one hand stretched upward was the twitching and panting Krillin. He felt the beads of sweat flow down his limbs as much as his matted crown of hair. Even his legs shook at the force that he narrowly avoided being pummeled by. Watching Tenshinhan's form lower, cape aflutter, he couldn't help but show a wry smile on his person for surviving the ordeal.

"Wow," Erasa mouthed out, her eyes as big as saucers at seeing Krillin still standing after an explosion of such a scale. "He's...so strong."

"Surprised?" Krillin asked with a cheeky grin, more to Tenshinhan than to anyone else.

"Very," The three-eyed warrior spoke honestly, looking really none worse for wear in comparison to his opponent. "You swung your Kienzan at the last second in the air and expanded it to absorb the brunt of my blast. I'm impressed."

"Th-Thanks," Krillin thanked with a slight chuckle, standing more erect as he scratched his right cheek. "I've been getting the feeling you've been suppressing your true power this whole time. At first I thought we were close to even. But after I felt those hits that sent me crashing into the arena, I'd know hidden power anywhere."

"You're sharp as always," Tenshinhan replied with a mirthful grin. "Nothing seems to get past you."

"Here I am, thinking I was holding back twenty percent of my total strength and you just brush it all off as if it's nothing. You're becoming more of a monster than Piccolo," He playfully jabbed.

"You want to see my full power? I guess you earned it," He offered with a more serious expression, spreading his legs and pulling his arms close in on his sides. "Just so you know, this will mean the end of the fight if I do. This won't take more than a minute."

"By all means," Krillin announced with a renewed fighting stance. "I'll take you with everything I got."

"Here it goes. Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!" Tenshinhan shouted out loud, bringing up the large reservoir of his power to the surface, intent on using it to absolutely finish the match for good.

With gradually growing volume, Tenshinhan raised his power, causing the entire stadium to shake and the tiles of his ring to rattle. Pulse after pulse of pressure came from his body, creating a *ki* infused wind that began to make the stout opponent cross his arms in front of his head to protect his eyes. When the three-eyed man's power peaked a bright mantle of transparent light settled over his cloaked form, creating a fierce storm of kinetically charged air waves. Such ferocity was in his power that the dwarf could feel the soles of his feet slide across the ring, quickly moving closer and closer to the edge.

"Wow! Look at him!" Gohan exclaimed as he raised an arm to shield his brows, his hair and attire bristling in the face of the power being projected.

"It's incredible! I can practically taste it!" Erasa shouted over the roar of Tenshinhan's power projection.

Whistling over the wind blowing his dynamic shaped tresses back, Goku kept his arms crossed, showing no discomfort at the phenomena occurring. "I gotta say, I'm impressed. If this was the Tenshinhan seven years ago, he could give Cell a run for his money. Don't you think so, Vegeta?"

"He's no threat to me," The unabashed Saiyan Prince declared evenly through the howling wind, eyes closed with arms folded with a leaning posture to the far corner of the competitor area; his upturned hair flowing in the direction of the roaring storm but did nothing to disturb his focused solace.

From Piccolo's perspective, with his cape flapping behind his towering back, he saw something akin to a surge of true strength. His mouth was briefly agape with eyes wide open at what he was sensing. Shaking his head at the sound of the others commenting, he concealed what he felt about the three eyed martial artist. *"This isn't good. If someone like Tenshinhan can be equal with me, what chance do I have against Vegeta, let alone Gohan?"*

"I-I don't know if you folks can see this, but it seems that Tenshinhan is unleashing an incredible wind from his body! I'm struggling just to keep track, just as Krillin is to keep his footing on the ring," The Announcer chimed out, finally finding himself on his hands and knees with a view of Krillin's backward travelling form.

"Darn it!" The black haired man thought as his heels squeaked to a slow crawl, feeling the edges of the ring as the relentless wind of *ki* continued to push him back. He had brought up his *ki* to the fullest but it didn't even register on the visual spectrum. All it did was stop him from flying off the ring and landing on his head in the out of bounds area. "Tenshinhan is crazy strong now! How can I even compete if I can't beat the only other Earthling in this Tournament that's my caliber?"

"You can do it!"

Krillin's eyes opened with a start, his head turning to look over his shoulder to see among the audience that was standing up, either to get a better view or take cover was his daughter. Held in Bulma's arms, he heard his daughter call out to him with nothing but pure encouragement. The lavender haired woman shook her fist at him, shouting something equally as unintelligible as Chi-Chi, only adding to the confusion as the latter was unintentionally strangling Oolong while Yamcha and P'uar gave the women a wide berth on the bench.

"Send him flying!" Bulma finally managed to get out over the roaring pressure of Tenshinhan's power.

*"Oh yeah, thanks for the tip,"* Krillin thought with a lame smile. *"I'd be lucky to even make him stumble back a step. Wait a minute! That's it!"*

"Go Tenshinhan!" Yamcha cheered back, earning the evil eye from his ex. Regardless, he pumped his fist with vigor. "Win this thing for me!"

"For you? He should win it for me!" Lunch insisted with an angry snort, crossing her arms as her blonde hair whipped behind her. To her left Chaozu was content in watching diligently a foot above the seat using his own power to suspend himself. He settled with hands folded in a silent prayer, smiling earnestly in eagerness to see his dear friend win the round.

"Ready to forfeit, Krillin? I can keep this up all day if I have to!" The three-eyed man shouted his query over the roar of his own power. He was practically in his own world, ignorant of the cheers for him or his opponent.

"Actually," Krillin announced, forcing himself forward one step, shoving his arms through the unrelenting wind to cup openly in front of himself. Drawing them back to be held at his hip, one eye remained close in the face of the blistering *ki* wind while his hair whipped about his scalp. "I got a way to beat you without breaking a sweat. Ka...Me..."

*"A bluff?"* Tenshinhan quickly thought, his power rolling off himself in waves as he felt Krillin's *ki* begin to multiply at the fixed point in his palms. When he heard an unmistakable thrum of a technique he had used in a tournament his smile was pulled back into a look of surprise. *"No, he's really doing it!"*

"Ha...Me," The Turtle Schooler called out, allowing the sphere to shed rays of luminous azure tinted *ki* into the space behind him, creating a gleam that was caught in the eyes of all the observing audience. Including the poor Announcer still lying prone on the stadium's grassy out of bounds area.

"Oh here it comes, ladies and gentlemen! A Kamehameha from Krillin to retaliate against Tenshinhan's wind technique!" The Announcer proclaimed with certainty, his opaqued shades becoming eclipsed with the sight of the brilliant cobalt energy.

"Wait, if he fires it there..." Muten Rōshi trailed off, feeling a sudden apprehension for the audience opposite of himself in the stadium. But then, a thought occurred in the old Turtle Hermit's head. *"Is he baiting Tenshinhan to take the attack head-on? That reminds me the time he did such a thing in the tournament I fought him in a match."*

*"You know I can deflect it if I want. You can't think I'll just let you fire a Kamehameha that strong and not deflect it,"* Tenshinhan rationalized, his eyes scrutinizing in a frown as he kept unleashing his power to bear on the monk. He watched him take one step after another, making a small steady headway back towards the three-eyed fighter with a swelling ball of *ki* held at his side. A nervous twitch was felt in the Crane Schooler's muscles, watching the Turtle Schooled martial artist trudge on with a serious glint in his eyes that didn't look of a man being mischievous or planning a feint. *"I won't fall for your trick. Firing the Kamehameha won't do anything for-"*

"HA!" Krillin shouted, unleashing a magnificent *ki* blast from his hands. However it wasn't simply streaking at the intended target. Instead it was firing the other way, controlled in a way that it'd propel Krillin's whole body like a rocket towards his standing adversary.

"What?!" Tenshinhan shouted out loud, his concentration broken at the sight of Krillin's body flying towards him at a surprising pace.

"There he goes!" The Announcer managed to call out impeccably with the firing of Krillin's Reverse Kamehameha.

The dark haired Turtle Schooler managed to cover the space between them in a second's time, smashing headlong into the Craner Schooler's solar plexus with a shocking crash. Still propelled by the reversed Kamehameha, the three eyed man was sent flying off his feet with a sputter of surprise complemented by a trio of bulging eyes. Streaking through the stadium air until Tenshinhan's back smashed into a wall, Krillin felt himself ricochet off the solidly built man.

"W-W-W-Whoa!" The Orin Monk cried out haplessly, sliding above the surface of the ground by a narrow margin till his body collapsed with relief back on the ring. "Whew. Safe."

"Barely," Tenshinhan called out, prying himself from the stadium wall, leaving it to crumble in his body's release. Unfortunately he felt the surface of the soft soil on his heels long before freeing himself from the barrier. Dusting himself off he let loose a few coughs as he rubbed the tender spot his defenseless midsection was hit by. "You got guts, I'll give you that much. The only other man who tried that kind of move was Goku against Piccolo. A good thing you didn't punch a hole through me with your head."

"Please," Krillin answered with a sheepish laugh, waving it off as he sat himself upright on the ring. "If we had duked it out, I wouldn't have stood a chance. I had to psych you out and hit you at the same time. If this wasn't a tournament, I know which one of us would be eating dirt."

"Still, you won," Tenshinhan announced, turning to look at the distant flabbergasted Announcer. Focusing through his third eye he sent an invisible bio-electric shock that'd feel like a zap of static on the man's neck, he coerced him to get his act together enough to climb onto the stage. Returning his gaze back at Krillin he did a small leap and landed beside his competitor, stretching down a hand for him to take. "Congratulations."

"Hahaha, thanks," The shorter martial artist accepted with a genuine smile.

"Well look at that! In a surprise turn of events, Krillin knocked Tenshinhan out of bounds. This leaves Krillin the winner of the fourth match, moving him into the semi-finals of the tournament!" The Announcer declared with a dramatic wave of his hand, earnestly projecting his voice through the mic in his hand.

When everyone roared with applause and cheers, there was a singular bark of outrage. When Tenshinhan turned his eyes around to the source of the disgruntlement, he couldn't help but look weary. He could see Lunch on the verge of strangling Yamcha, with Puar timidly urging the woman to calm down from behind a few seats.

"You jinxed him! I knew you were responsible for this!" She urged with a look of frustration plastered across her angry visage.

"H-How is this my f-fault?! Let me go, crazy woman!" The scar-faced man pleaded as he was shook around like a rag doll.

"Well, someone apparently doesn't know how to take loss very well," Chi-Chi said with a huff, turning her head at the sight of Lunch's indecent behavior.

"Weren't you the one screaming at Goku just a little while ago for losing?" Bulma thought with a dubious raise of one brow as she stared at the widow next to her.

"Daddy did it! Daddy did it!" Marron giggled out with pride and bubbling happiness, immediately distracting the light purple haired woman.



"Yes he did, didn't he?" Bulma cooed, bouncing the blonde haired child in her arms, smiling widely down at her blue eyed face. "Your dad is going to the finals, isn't he?"

"Yes! My dad's the best!" The little girl boasted with a dramatic wave of her arms to either side. "Mom too! They're both so awesome!"

Krillin couldn't help but glow with pride that he managed a win for his little girl to see. Scratching the back of his head he could only speculate as he headed back to the contestant area who he'd be paired up in the next round. By the time he arrived he saw 18, standing there as if she was always present among the Dragon Team, having been adamantly quiet throughout the whole ordeal. When he reached her side, he received a smile and nod from his normally stoic faced wife.

"Nice work," She rewarded her husband in small words.

"Thanks," Krillin meekly accepted, trying to suppress the blush working its way up his neck.

"Congrats, Krillin!" Goku congratulated with a big smile, reaching out to fist bump his friend. "You made it through the Semifinals for the first time. I guess I was the unlucky one this time around" The man trailed off into a laugh.

Tapping Goku's knuckles with his own, he couldn't help but laugh at the irony of the situation. "Yeah, who would have thought after all these years our positions would reverse in a tournament, huh?"

"Congratulations, Krillin," Gohan praised his friend as he reached down to shake his hand, followed by Erasa with earnest. "You really caught us by surprise. For a second there I almost thought you were going to fire that Kamehameha at Tenshinhan."

"Your doubts wound me, kiddo," Krillin feigned hurt, smiling wryly as he wiped his nonexistent nose with a finger. "If I really fired a Kamehameha at him, it wouldn't have gotten far with Tenshinhan on the arena. His power is so huge I was afraid it was going to be snuffed out just by him sneezing."

"Guess we both have a knack for using our heads in winning a fight, huh?" Erasa asked with a wink.

"Hahaha, good one, Erasa!" The dwarf laughed out loud with Gohan and Goku, leaving only 18, Piccolo and Vegeta to miss the proverbial cue.

"Still," Goku mulled out, rubbing his chin thoughtfully as he looked down at Krillin's hair covered head. "The way you used the Kamehameha was the way I did against Piccolo. Except I don't think I used my head to punch a hole through his chest, did I?"

Looking over to confirm with the still as statue Namekian, he'd find himself recoil with shock at the devil's glare he gotten. Without saying a word he showed exactly what he thought about those memories. Laughing sheepishly Goku turned the other way just as Piccolo did, leaving Gohan and Erasa with Krillin and 18 to sit in awkward silence.

"Hey," 18 called out quietly to Krillin, curling a finger in beckoning for him to come closer.

"Uh, yes ma'am?" He inquired meekly, unsure exactly what she wanted. But what he got was 18 leaning down to sweetly place a small kiss on his cheek. Feeling his whole face swell in a color akin to a tomato, he looked up with a dumb grin as she smiled back down at him.

"That's your reward for doing so well," She insisted with a mischievous edge to her voice. It sounded very odd, coming from 18.

"C'mon guys," Gohan insisted with a wave of his arm, pointing with a look of intrigue at the arena, already seeing the Announcer on stage eager to get the ball rolling.

**A/N:** Oh wow! What is this magic!? Two Erased Chapters in a month? I know what you're all thinking; I finally decided to mix tea, Red Bull, and coffee into one giant power drink. Mercifully, I didn't do that, which is probably why I'm not seeing sounds right now. This chapter would have been out next month, but it became part of a 'project trade' of sorts. Demod20 and I decided we would each write a portion of the chapter on each other's work for one story; he opted to write a portion of this chapter, namely, Tenshinhan and Krillin's fight, and in return, I'm going to be writing a portion of one of his stories, A Predator Among Us. To anyone with a liking for both BLEACH and Aaroniero Arruruerie,

*the ninth Espada, then go take a look at that story: it centers around an Aaroniero who took control of Rukia's body and is using it to achieve her new objectives. Out of all of his works, it's a personal favorite of mine, and the fact that he's letting me be involved in even a slight way makes me very excited. Rest assured, I read his contributions and as far as I am concerned, I can't find a complaints for them, so I'm very grateful for his support and help this chapter.*

*So, after a talk with a friend of mine — he contributes to this site under the nom de plume "BeneathThisMask" — and a review or two (to give a few name drops: SomeGuyOnHisKeyboard, erotic1ad11, oddalice, and Valana, who are just the most recent), and they all mentioned how they like the pairing, or the moments with the pairing, or that Erasa and Gohan have good moments and need more. And I'll be honest, I lost track of that in the heat of the tournament. Taking all of this into consideration, especially during a talk with BeneathThisMask, I came to realize I need to focus just more more on Erasa and Gohan, given the past few chapters have had relatively little of them. And not just those two, but Erasa's interaction with the Dragon Team as a whole. That's why I opened this chapter with Erasa and Gohan, and tried to keep her interacting with people like Krillin, and Tenshinhan, and remarking on the ensuing battle with Gohan. Let me assure you, Erasa is not going to fade into the background when the Majin Boo arc begins. I have plans for her, so just trust in me everyone! Also, thanks to BeneathThisMask, and the reviewers I named and didn't name for this little bit of a wake-up call. I'll do my best to keep Erasa and Gohan at the forefront in future matches without resorting to telling it from an observer's perspective.*

*Sure is a lot of people who went into making this chapter what it was.*

*Moving on, the fight between Tenshinhan and Krillin. I didn't write it, the entirety of that battle was all Demod20's work, as part of our 'trade'. And I have to say, I like the work he did. The callbacks to Tenshinhan's techniques, while showcasing how both Krillin and Tenshinhan have improved over time — Krillin being able to guide and expand the size of the Kienzan can only be attributed to hard training under the heel of 18, and Tenshinhan being able to use his techniques both quickly and far more efficiently is due to his own special training. The funny thing is, Tenshinhan was actually meant to win this match and move on in the tournament. However, upon deciding I had further use for him, I instead opted to have Krillin progress through the tournament while Tenshinhan lost the match. This isn't meant to be an insult to Tenshinhan; far from it, he's a very powerful fighter. However, Krillin is crafty and sly, with ingenuity always being his strong suit. While Tenshinhan is by no means dumb, Krillin has always fought in a pragmatic manner, and that was how he won the day here.*

*Something I like most about this chapter is that it is starting to show a lot of character, both in their inner thoughts as a result of current events — Vegeta, Erasa, and Piccolo — or their relationships with others — Krillin and 18, Tenshinhan and Lunch, Bulma and Chi-Chi, Vegeta and his wife and son, Gohan and Erasa (the biggie) and Erasa with the other characters. I'm going to try really hard to keep this going, I promise!*

*Regardless, the next chapter of the Erased Chronicles promises to deliver its best, with the unique match-up of Majunior vs. the 'Mysterious' Mr. Shin. How will I handle this? Well, that remains to be seen. As always, thank you to Demod20 for proofreading the majority of this chapter, as well as brainstorming and his major contributions to the final half. Another final thanks to BeneathThisMask for the discussion preceding this chapter, it helped quite a bit, and all of my reviewers, not simply the ones I name-dropped, for your continued support! This is Erased Chronicle's 20th chapter, guys, and the story is already over a year old! I'll try to bring you my continued best, so stay tuned for the next exciting chapter of The Erased Chronicles!*

&lt; Prev

20. Crane vs Turtle

Next &gt;


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