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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!

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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Erasa was replaying the finer points of Tenshinhan and Krillin's battle in her head. Like Goku vs Vegeta before them, that was a battle of two seasoned warriors going head to head in fierce combat, and it had been a spectacle to behold. But at the same time, looking at their impressive displays of skill, it had also caused her to take an introspective look at her own abilities.

How far had she come in just six months of training? Farther than a normal person? Gohan seemed to think so. But she needed to go even further; press her limits. Watching these actual fighters in the ring, she could see that now. They were full of impressive feats, and the most she could do besides fly was generate a very basic energy projectile.

Was she slacking? Or expecting too much of her own abilities in such a short time? After all, none of these people seemed remotely human — even though she was sure at least Krillin was — so was she just comparing herself in a way where she was already at a disadvantage? The blonde girl frowned. "*What am I thinking!?*" Her face contorted in irritation, her delicate features becoming sharp. "*Gohan trained me as hard as he could...if I sit here and grumble now, it'll just insult the hard work both of us put in during all of that training!*" She clenched her fists. "*I need to stop this...this...doubting...myself! I will get stronger, I know it!*" Slapping her cheeks, the girl decided it was time to get back to everyone else. The flimsy excuse of 'running to the restroom' during the intermission between matches while the ring was repaired wouldn't work for too long.

As the girl ran through the hall, she saw the figure of another person walking directly past her. The flash of twin pigtailed caught Erasa's blue eyes, and she turned to see an angry Videl sauntering off in the opposite direction from the arena. The blonde skid to a stop, turning around to see her friend continue walking without any regards to her.

"Videl...?" Erasa began quietly. At the sound of her voice, Videl stopped, but didn't turn, and made no other move to show she acknowledged Erasa. "W-Where are you going? The arena's the other way, and the next match is about to start?"

Silence was the only response.

"Listen...shouldn't we talk?" The blonde continued, taking steps towards her friend, raising her hand towards Videl. "We didn't get off to a good start this morning, but I don't want to leave it just like that...we've been friends too long for these petty arguments, haven't we?"

Videl twitched, and at first, she debated whether she should even reply to Erasa at all. With a sigh, she relented. "You don't get it, Erasa."

"I don't...get it?" Erasa's blue eyes narrowed. She had to agree with Videl on this one, but only because the ebony-tressed girl had been acting erratically for quite some time now. "What don't I get? What's wrong?"

"I didn't come for the thrill of it. This year's Tenkaichi Budōkai will define me for the rest of my life." She clenched her fists, her nails almost biting into her skin. "I was finally going to set myself apart from Dad...it was going to be perfect; a former champion gets beaten by the current champion's daughter! How would anyone disagree who was the best then? But...he had to ruin it by losing!"

"Videl—!"

"No!" Videl snapped, turning on the spot to stare daggers at Erasa, her vibrant blue eyes piercing Erasa's own. "You think I care anymore that you're with Gohan!? I don't! You can keep that Golden Warrior freak! I didn't even want him to begin with, so you can have him! You two were clearly meant for each other!" Tears were beginning to glint in her eyes, and an angry blush crept into her cheeks.

"That's not fair, Videl!" replied Erasa, with equal frustration.

"Fair?! FAIR?!" Videl's eye twitched at Erasa's statement, and she jabbed a finger aggressively at her blonde friend. The jab sent a breeze throughout the air which Erasa recognized as a soft surge of very angry *ki*, manifesting itself in the wind. She walked menacingly towards Erasa, learning in until they were virtually nose-to-nose. "I'll tell you what isn't fair. Being born into a family where I don't remember the comfort or love of a mother. Being raised to idolize my *father* as a great man, only to find out he's been lying to me. *Me*, his own daughter! This shadow he's stretched over me for years was nothing but an act and he'd do nothing to fix what everyone sees me as. Videl, the daughter of Mr. Satan."

"...I...didn't know you felt this way..."

"It doesn't matter anymore," Videl sighed, backing away from Erasa, and stepping a few paces back. "I'm going to win the Budōkai, regardless if that pointy haired lout was in it. You and I will face each other in the ring. To you, this may be just sport, or a game, but this *is* it for me. There is no turning back. I will be either the Champion myself or forever stuck in the shadow of a father who hid things from me. From this point on, you and I are opponents until the Budōkai is over. Don't talk to me until we're both standing on the ring. Until then...I've got nothing more to say to you."

Turning away from Erasa, Videl walked off, and vanishing around the corner, leaving the blonde girl to trail, shouting after her.

"Videl! VIDEL!"

Erasa made it back to the Tenkaichi Budōkai's waiting wings. Upon entering the cool shade of the structure, her eyes searched for Gohan. She found him, standing in a corner, speaking with Piccolo. She could easily guess why. Piccolo's match would be the one coming up next; whether it was a matter of nerves or not, she was sure they had to be discussing the possible outcomes. She was just about to decide to talk to Gohan later when she saw Piccolo point a clawed hand in her direction, and Gohan turned around to see her standing there.

It was Erasa's morose expression that caught Gohan's attention from that point. Piccolo excused himself, and the Saiyan hybrid walked over to Erasa to see what was the matter. The blonde explained to Gohan the incident with Videl, and Gohan let out a sigh, which was quickly followed by a small smile.

"You and Videl are starting to remind me of Vegeta and my father," He said, leaning against the wall, folding his arms. "I'm not a therapist, and I can't say I'm an expert in dealing with falling out with friends either," He briefly noted in his head how the closest friends he had before going to school was an alien from another planet and a dwarf twice his age, "but, if you two *are* anything like Dad and Vegeta; the only way you're going to be settling this is in that ring."

"So we have to fight in the end...?" She asked, her voice sounding pained. "I don't know if I can bring myself to do that..." She bit her bottom lip nervously. She desperately wanted to think that she could settle anything with Videl just by talking. Videl had put up with a lot of Erasa's antics when they were children, but she'd also been there when Erasa needed her the most, and vice versa.

"And now she wants to throw it all away..." Erasa whispered aloud, looking firmly at Gohan with tears beginning to form. "She's obsessed with us now; obsessed with her father, obsessed with being the best." She clenched her fists at her sides, before drying her eyes, a look of firm determination on her face. "But if she wants to settle it in the ring...then fine, I'll just have to give her the therapy she needs."

Gohan smiled, stepping off the wall to embrace Erasa, stroking her hair. "That's the spirit. Don't worry, Erasa; if anyone can talk some sense into her, you can."

Erasa reciprocated eagerly, and let out a breathy sigh as she embraced the half Saiyan. "Thank you, Gohan. I—I needed this talk."

"After a brief recess, we're now back to the Tenkaichi Budōkai!"

The booming voice of the announcer was the only thing strong enough to distract Gohan and Erasa's attention from each other, if only due to the suddenness of the noise. Breaking apart, the two of them let out a sigh.

"Between Krillin and the Announcer, we won't have much time to ourselves during the intermissions, will we?" Gohan asked, chuckling.

"It doesn't look like it," Erasa smiled, feeling slightly annoyed at the announcer now. The pair turned their attention now towards the ring, listening to the announcer continue his speech.

"Let's proceed right into match number five!" The announcer crowed, extending a hand towards the wings. "In this match, we have Shin vs Majunior! Our next pair of contestants are strange in appearance but are undoubtedly strong from personal experience. Let's give them a hand as they work their way to the repaired ring!"

As Piccolo made his way towards the exit of the wing, with Gohan wishing him luck, the Namekian was surprised to see that Shin had seemed to have virtually manifested himself next to him, a serene expression on his face. Piccolo's eyes locked onto Shin, utterly stunned, but he forced himself to keep moving.

"*At last...*" Vegeta thought to himself, standing against a wall with his arms crossed. "*I might be able to see what this mysterious 'Shin' can do. For awhile, I haven't been able to sense his battle strength.*" His eyes narrowed intently as he focused onto the mysterious 'Shin'. "*What is he?*"

"This is Shin's first time here! However, Majunior is another Tenkaichi Budōkai who fought with our very own Goku in the tournament so many years ago! I speak from experience when I say that watching him in battle is a terrifying sight to behold!"

Piccolo took a brief moment to shoot an disgruntled glare at the announcer as he and Shin made their way towards the center of the ring.

The audience began conversing among themselves well before the two had made it to the center ring; many of them seemed to recognize Piccolo, but none of them could agree on where they'd seen him before.

"Wasn't he with those guys who fought Cell?"

"Yeah, I saw him on TV."

"It's not just that, I swear I saw him on TV years ago...but he can't be the same one..."

"Without further ado...Let the match begin!" The announcer cried.

At the moment of his cry, Piccolo felt himself freeze. Shin hadn't done anything that he could detect, and yet simply standing before Shin gave him a feeling of unease. "*I...I can't bring myself to attack him. Just what is he!?*" This wasn't the least of it. The entire atmosphere of the tournament arena had changed. Where before, it had been so lively — Piccolo could have heard even the most asinine conversations from the other end of the stands, in fact — it was now eerily silent.

"Erasa!" In the wings, Gohan was looking at Erasa with a panic-stricken look on his face. Piccolo turned to see the problem; Erasa had stopped moving, and was standing still like a statue. Looking at the announcer, and even the rest of the stands, they were all undergoing a similar state of paralysis. It was as if time had stopped for everyone but himself and his strongest comrades.

"What...what did you do...?" Piccolo asked thickly, choking through his anxiety. "Impossible...you can't stop time, can you?"

"It's nothing quite as elaborate as all of that," Shin replied modestly, his disturbing smile etched onto his face. "While there are unique abilities like that in the further reaches of the Universe, I in particular don't possess it. No, this is simply one of my more advanced telekinetic abilities."

"Telekinetic...!?" Piccolo's jaw was agape. He'd seen mental abilities before; he himself possessed them, Goku and Vegeta had them in varying capacity, and other beings on other planets had even more advanced variants than they could display. "*But to paralyze an entire stadium of people...it's inconceivable!*"

"No, it isn't," Shin replied, and Piccolo stepped back in further shock. Shin could read minds.

"If you want an explanation, think of it like an expansion on my ability to see the thoughts of others, only slightly more...invasive." Shin continued on, as if looking into Piccolo's mind was something anyone could do. "Using my own mind, I can invade the mind of other individuals, and forcibly lock their mental functions through nothing but my own mental power. To someone watching, such as yourself, it would appear as if I have frozen time, but I've merely frozen *them* in place. There are limitations, however; I can't perform such a skill on those of strong power or strong will."

"Like us," Goku noted, watching Shin carefully, his arms folded. After having witnessed a stadium that contained his friends and family being frozen in time, Goku was now on full alert, watching Shin with rapt attention.

"Precisely, Goku."

"Why freeze the entire arena like this!?" Gohan asked, splitting his attention in half between the frozen Erasa and the mysterious Shin.

"Because I have something to tell Piccolo — and you all by extension — and interruptions would be most unwelcome." Shin replied, his blank, dark eyes looking at Gohan with a kind of curiosity. "Especially you, Gohan. I would very much like you to be aware of everything I am going to say from here on out."

To the group at large, it sounded suspicious. However, they agreed to listen, if only to hear what Shin had to say.

"Let me make this brief. I am the Kaiōshin — the current Lord of the Universe." Shin explained, taking a very polite bow towards Piccolo.

"T-The Kaiōshin!?" Piccolo stood, mouth agape. "I-I've heard about you! You're at the very top of the hierarchy of Kaiō, above even the revered Dai Kaiō!" In actuality, this knowledge had once belonged to the Namekian who had called himself 'God', but it was Piccolo's knowledge now. This would explain why Piccolo couldn't sense a thing from Shin. The *ki* of such a deity was unique, not even present to mortals.

"You're very well informed, Piccolo. And, those two over there," Shin gestured to the frozen figures of Spopovich and Yamu, who were glaring towards the ring, even though they were frozen. It appeared they were very aware of Shin, or had been before the paralysis happened. "They're not here just for sport, unlike yourselves. They're after only one thing; the *ki* of the strongest individual at this tournament."

"*The strongest person here!?*" Vegeta thought to himself. "*And they didn't reveal themselves when I fought!?*" The very thought that two individuals were here for the strongest fighter and hadn't tried to target him was oddly infuriating.

"That's because you aren't the one, Vegeta," Shin replied. "And, judging from their actions, neither is Goku."

"Why don't you drop the mystery act and tell us who they're targeting," Gohan asserted.

"Boy, watch your tongue!" Kibito lashed out angrily at Gohan, his composure shattered. "You've learned who you're in the presence of, and yet you speak so insolently!?"

"Calm yourself, Kibito." Shin replied calmly. "Have you not realized, Gohan? If your father and Vegeta weren't the targets...then the energy they want is yours."

"What...!?" Gohan was taken aback by this particular revelation. "That can't be right! I haven't kept up any kind of training regiment in the past seven years...right now, both Dad and Vegeta have gotten stronger than I have and then some."

"That's right!" Vegeta chimed in, a smug grin crossing his face. "Gohan's been far too busy going out on dates and studying in school to do any meaningful training." At this, Gohan looked rather sheepish; Vegeta's condescending attitude and matter-of-fact-tone did little to help him save face. "Though maybe I'm wrong. Maybe the boy's been sneaking training behind his mother's back or during P.E. or something. He could very well surprise us with unknown reserves of strength!" He trailed off in a sarcastic chuckle. It was quite clear Vegeta didn't think much of Gohan's current strength level.

"That is an incorrect assumption, Gohan," Shin waved away Gohan's doubts as if they were meaningless. "Or rather, you're only partially correct. Regardless of what you think, however, Spopovich and Yamu are here for *your* energy, there is no other person with a strong enough signature they need."

"And what about you?" Vegeta barked. "If you're so important, why haven't they come for your *ki*? Or his?" He gestured roughly towards Kibito.

"The energy of a Kaiōshin is unique, Vegeta," Piccolo answered in Shin's stead. "Haven't you noticed? You can't feel his *ki* can you? What stands before us is a higher deity, whose *ki* possess wholly different properties that set him apart from the energy we mortals use. It's very likely that the person who controls Spopovich and Yamu simply *can't* absorb the *ki* of Lord Kaiōshin in the same manner that ours can be absorbed, or it simply wouldn't be compatible to their purposes."

"Very astute, Piccolo," Shin nodded, his smile ever present and perhaps wider due to Piccolo catching on quicker than the rest. "These men, Spopovich and Yamu, are being controlled by an evil wizard who goes by the name of 'Babidi'. To make a long story brief, he has unique and dangerous magic, that allows him to control the evil in the heart of an individual. Once he places someone under his spell, they become vastly more dangerous, but will also follow his every order. They are gathering energy under his orders, and they've entered this tournament to scout out only the most powerful fighters. If they attack Gohan, no one must intervene, and Gohan, *you must not resist*. The alternative is allowing them to tap into the energy sources of potentially billions of Earthlings to substitute for Gohan's reserves of pure energy."

"Why do we need to even allow them to make the first move!?" Vegeta argued. "Look at them now; we can erase them off the face of the planet and no one will be any of the wiser!"

"I'm siding with Vegeta on this one," Goku shrugged. "It seems like the simplest route, doesn't it?"

"If it were that simple, Vegeta, I'd have done it myself," Shin replied quickly. "We *need* them alive, so we can track down where Babidi is hiding. Neither Kibito or I have been able to find him since we arrived on this planet, and if we can find him before he's applied the pure energy to his purposes...we will be able to prevent the ultimate terror from awakening. It's name is Majin Bū; a djinn, a devil that has existed for as long as living creatures have had emotion."

"A 'djinn'?" Tenshinhan frowned. "That's a first for me."

"Majin...Bū...!?" Piccolo mouthed the name. "Is this...this Majin Bū...—"

"Yes, Piccolo, Majin Bū is the sensation you've been feeling since before the beginning of the tournament," continued Shin, cutting the Namekian off. "The fact that you can even feel the sensation of Majin Bū, and the presence of Spopovich and Yamu here in the Tenkaichi Budōkai, means that Babidi has already started to make his move. I am no fighter — as a deity, my abilities lie more in my mysticism than combat — however, I would rank my own strength far greater than the one you all call 'Freeza'. Additionally, if we were to come to blows in this stadium, I'm afraid I would be victorious, Piccolo."

The statement didn't sit well with Piccolo, and yet the Namekian had no doubt that the words Shin spoke were truthful. And yet the idea that he would be inferior to a deity was not at all surprising, and still, Piccolo felt something was lacking. Shin had only specifically mentioned *his* reserves of strength. Were Goku, Vegeta, and even Gohan closer to Shin's level than he, Piccolo was?

Had he really slacked off in his training that much? Or had he simply reached his ceiling?

"Thoughts like that won't help us now, Piccolo," said Shin, having read Piccolo's mind with ease. "I've come to all of you to ask that you lend me your strength; Piccolo, Gohan, Goku, Krillin, Tenshinhan, Vegeta, and 18...you all, those who defend the Earth. If you don't work with me, the revival of Majin Bū will mean much more than simply the destruction of the Earth. He will rampage throughout the universe and lay waste to everything until he falls asleep or destroys everything; whichever comes first. Do I have that from all of you? Your cooperation?"

"Sure!" Goku was the first to agree to the Kaiōshin's proposal. "With everything you're sayin' about this Majin Bū, he sounds like a really strong guy! If I'm lucky, I might be able to take a crack at him!"

"Giving up my energy to protect the Earth...?" Gohan could already hear the panicked shouting of both his mother and Erasa if he was to be attacked by two strange people in the middle of a public tournament. "Fine. You have my cooperation as well. But once you've got a heading, I'm coming with you all as well. I want to see this Babidi."

"I-I'm not so sure about coming along myself," Krillin replied nervously. "I mean, I'd love to help and all, but—"

"When it comes to that, I'll step in," 18 interjected before his husband could finish. "Krillin you stay enrolled in the tournament, focus on winning us that prize money so we can finally get off that old bum's island." Crouching down, she whispered in his ear, "Look, with all of us out of the tournament, the only one left is that big hair oaf, Mr. Satan. With any luck, you're going to have a clear shot at victory. Just do this for me, I can handle whatever this lot is going to be doing anyway."

Vegeta simply nodded, grunting his assent. If Kakarot was going to be roping himself into this, he would be sure to be right there.

"I'll be there," Tenshinhan gave his assent as well. "I didn't continue my training to cower when the Earth is presented with a new threat."

"You have my power at your command, Lord Kaiōshin," Piccolo replied, though there was a slight grudge in his consent. He knew the sensation he'd been feeling would require more than just himself or Goku to handle. They had to comply with what Shin was asking.

"My deepest gratitude to every single one of you," Shin let out a relieved sigh, the first human emotion he'd displayed since making his presence known. "I couldn't imagine how this would have played out had I gone another route and kept this information from you all until the worst possible moment..."

The buzz of talk began to fill the air as the movement in the stadium resumed. Erasa, previously frozen, was moving against, intently staring at the ring with excitement in her eyes.

"I can't wait to see the beginning of this match, Gohan!" She looked at the half-Saiyan, her eyes still wide with anticipation. It was clear that she had no idea that she had been briefly frozen, or even that any time had passed since Shin and Piccolo had stepped into the ring. In the eyes of Erasa — and the other spectators in the stadium — not even a second had passed between the immobilization and Shin lifting his powers.

"E-Erasa?" Gohan looked confused at Erasa's ignorance to her previous predicament.

The announcer made to walk off the ring, but stopped suddenly when Shin floated past him, landing lightly off the ring and into the grass beside the ring.

"The Budōkai doesn't interest me in any capacity other than stopping those two," Shin turned back towards Piccolo, his smile returning to his face. "For the sake of keeping with the proceedings, I'll allow you to advance to the next round, Piccolo. The best of luck, should we see the next round of the Budōkai."

"W-What's this!?" The announcer gaped at the figure of Shin, who proceeded to rise back into the air and float back into the rings to rejoin Kibito. "No sooner did the next match begin, but our competitor, Mr. Shin, has suddenly disqualified himself in a most cryptic manner! I can't believe it, but...the ring is still intact!" The announcer sunk to his knees in tears of joy. There was an awkward silence as everyone let him have his moment, before a monk hurriedly came over and cleared his throat loudly.

"O-Oh, right!" The announcer hurriedly stood up, straightening his sunshades and speaking directly into the microphone. "By way of forfeit, Majunior is the victor!"

Grumbling, Piccolo walked out of the ring, his cape flowing behind him as he angrily made his way back to the wings.

"P-Piccolo...?" Erasa looked at the Namekian with a mixture of concern and confusion. "What happened out there? Why'd he forfeit, just seconds into the match?"

"I'm sure he had his reasons," Piccolo growled, causing Erasa to flinch slightly. Piccolo didn't stop walking until he'd distanced himself from the remainder of the group, and stood with his back against the wall, losing himself in his thoughts.

"Gohan, is there something wrong with Piccolo?"

The half-Saiyan frowned. He would have been much more content leaving Erasa in the dark about anything involving these new developments, but he had a feeling she'd find out about them one way or another, so him explaining would be the best way to avoid misunderstandings. With a sigh, Gohan relented and explained everything that Shin had told them. He was reluctant, at first, to mention the fact that he had to willingly allow himself to be attacked by Spopovich and Yamu, but there wasn't going to be any way to avoid Erasa seeing it when it happened.

"And you agreed to this!?" Erasa's voice was nearly a howl at this; everyone present looked at her with a degree of incredulity, but that wasn't her concern. "What if that kind of energy drain kills you, or something just as bad? Did you stop to consider that, Gohan, before just plunging blindly into an agreement with some 'god'?" She gripped the shoulders of his *gi*, her blue eyes glaring at him.

Despite the girl lapsing into a sudden fit of hysterics, Gohan couldn't help but chuckle, running his hand through his unkempt tresses. "I knew you'd react like this. We find out about a creature with the power to destroy the planet and more...and you're worrying about *me*." His ebony eyes met Erasa's sapphire orbs, and she felt herself beginning to calm down from this simple bit of eye contact. "I'm not going to die from something like this, Erasa, so calm down." Gently, Gohan removed her hands from his shoulders, but kept them in a firm, yet soft grip. "This kind of event is par for the course with us. Please, you don't have to worry."

"Still...you went ahead and agreed to this without even asking me, Gohan..." Erasa replied, her voice trailing off lamely. She wasn't even sure herself what she was trying to say.

Placing a hand to her cheek, Gohan smiled tenderly. "The next time someone wants to kill me, I'll consult you first. How's that sound?"

In spite of herself, Erasa started to giggle, which then went on to full blown laughter. Steadying her breathing, she quickly picked up the pace of the conversation again. "Fine; but when you're recovering from that energy drain, I'll be right there with you, okay?"

"It's a deal."

"Ahhh, to be young again," Krillin muttered smugly to himself.

"Now, for the event I'm sure many of you have been anxiously waiting for!" The announcer pulled out his roster with a flourish. "Match number six! Mr. Satan vs the mysterious Yamu!"

At the mention of their hero's name, the entire crowd erupted in a roar of cheers for their false idol.

"SATAN! SATAN! SATAN! SATAN!"

In the stands, Chi-Chi was covering her ears, and Bulma had joined in; both women were obviously aggravated that they couldn't have procured seats away from the sheep.

Lunch's reaction, however, was less than kind. Already irritated by Tenshinhan losing his match, the woman opened a Hoi Poi Capsule with a loud *POP!*, and in her hand, she was holding a shiny Smith and Wesson Model 500 double-action revolver. "If the next five people I see don't shut up, they're gonna be breathin' out of new airholes!"

"L-L-Lunch, please calm down!" Yamcha tried to wrestle the gun from the hotheaded blonde, while Chi-Chi and Bulma simply proceeded to take Marron and duck.

"Mr. Satan is known to everyone here as the reigning Champion of the Tenkaichi Budōkai and the man who defeated Cell! While some express doubts, it's no false statement that he at least holds a special place in the hearts of many people around the world!" The cries of the crowd grew louder than perhaps were deserved for a man like Mr. Satan, but regardless, the announcer made no comment. "Our next entry is Yamu! A complete mystery as far as his background, I pity him for having to face the Champion in the first round!"

Bounding madly onto the ring like a dog let out of its cage was Mr. Satan. He brandished his cape over his shoulder, and let out a booming laugh that carried throughout the entire stadium. In response, the entire crowd began to renew their fierce chanting of his name as Mr. Satan threw a double peace sign into the air.

"NOW THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO HEAR; THE SOUNDS OF MY BEAUTIFUL FANS CHEERING MY NAME!" The former grappler called out to his legions of loyal fans. "WHO HERE IS READY TO SEE MR. SATAN THROWN DOWN IN THE RING, LET ME HEAR YOU CHEER LOUDER!"

"SATAN! SATAN! SATAN! **SATAN! SATAN! SATAN!**" The cheers became ever louder, and the very sound of the voices of so many people seemed to give Mr. Satan even more vigor.

"Well, Mr. Satan!" The announcer walked up to the man with his microphone. "I'm glad to see you seem to be in top form!"

"I'd say I have a 110% chance of victory in this match, in fact!" Mr. Satan replied, grinning smugly. "I pity the man who has to face me in the ring today!"

"And speaking of that man...!" The announcer gestured towards the side of the ring, as Yamu was finally making his way up the steps. "Yamu has entered the ring!" Stepping back, he allowed both fighters to approach center ring. "Without further ado...Let the match begin!" The announcer cried.

Mr. Satan settled into a crouch, raising his hands up to eye level, inclining pinky and ring finger inward. Narrowing his eyes, he kept an eye on Yamu. Unlike the other strange individuals he'd seen in the tournament, he didn't think there was anything weird about his opponent. "*In fact, I bet I could take 'im out in only three minutes! Just give me a moment to prepare my new special technique: Rolling Attack Satan Punch! He'll never see it coming!*"

Yamu, however, wasn't focusing on Mr. Satan in the slightest. Instead, he inclined his head to the side of the ring, looking at his partner, Spopovich. The man in question was standing close to the edge of the wings, holding a device and pointing it directly at Mr. Satan. Despite his simply looking appearance, Spopovich was focusing a great deal of attention on the device, analyzing it with detail.

"NOW!" Mr. Satan shouted, standing tall and pointing a finger at Yamu. "Prepare yourself, Yamo! You're about to taste a Mr. Satan original technique, straight from my personal teachings!" He crouched again, taking a strange stance not even a seasoned fighter would recognize. "ROLLING ATTACK S-!"

Before Mr. Satan could finish his bold declaration, Spopovich looked up at Yamu and shook his head.

Yamu heaved a sigh, and turned away from Mr. Satan, walking towards the edge of the ring. "This battle is pointless. I don't need to waste my time here." He stepped off the ring, throwing the match in the same way as Shin had moments before, leaving Mr. Satan in the middle of an incomplete technique, and the crowd entirely stunned.

"W-What's this!?" The announcer looked on in awe. "Was Yamu simply too afraid to fight Mr. Satan in single combat!? Does he have a stomachache!? Whatever the cause, you've witnessed a first in the history of the Tenkaichi Budōkai right here, ladies and gentlemen! Two consecutive matches where a competitor has thrown in the towel without lifting a finger!"

Mr. Satan, complete oblivious to his own luck, stood tall, placing both hands on his hips, and smiled for the crowd. "THIS IS HOW IT'S GOTTEN, EVERYONE! NO-NAME FIGHTERS COWER AT THE NAME OF MR. SATAN!" With the crowd cheering for him, despite him not having done anything, Mr. Satan made his own way off of the ring.

"He doesn't understand just how lucky he has it..." Gohan muttered, watching Satan walk away from the ring and back towards his own private quarters.

"Yeah..." Goku's eyes were on Yamu instead of Mr. Satan, the former in whispered conversation with Spopovich. "He wasn't scared of Mr. Satan in the slightest; he just didn't think that he was worth his time."

"Regardless, we avoided what could have been a messy situation," Krillin supplied. "Besides, I was kind of hoping to see Yamu wipe the floor with him." When Gohan and Goku looked at him incredulously, Krillin shrugged again. "What!? It was funny when Cell did it."

"In spite of these very unique match endings, we'll move right into the seventh match!" The announcer quickly regained his composure, in spite of how the matches had been proceeding. "The next match! Spopovitch vs. Videl!"

At the mention of her friend's name, Erasa reacted in shock. "Videl is fighting next!?"

The lady of the hour stepped forward, looking more angry than she'd ever been before. Regardless of Erasa's reaction, the ebony-tressed girl ignored her entirely as she proceeded out of the rings and towards center stage.

Cracking her knuckles, she breathed in deeply. Now she was going to get her moment in the spotlight.

A/N: So, let me start first by apologizing. It's been a month and a week, give or take, since I've last updated my story. For that, I can't apologize enough, especially to my loyal readers who are so patient to sit through my stories fluctuating updating schedules. You guys help motivate me to do this; I wouldn't want to put up a chapter without knowing that I had someone waiting to see what was coming next. I kind of let my life get away from me in the past month: friends to visit, new games to play that I have to get my monies worth on, been working the graveyard shift at my job, so I've also just been extra tired even during the day...whoa boy. But, as always, I get a chapter up, and I really hope you all enjoy it! I'll try and get the next one up sooner, so once again, I apologize and can't thank you guys enough for sticking with me.

Given how long this chapter has been in production, it's actually changed quite a bit from the original intention. This chapter was originally going to have quite a heavy Piccolo focus; I wanted to expand on the interactions between Piccolo and Shin. But after I realized my original idea wouldn't work — I have a policy on incorporating filler ideas; Pikkon is like the exception — so I changed tack at the speed of light. And the result was a chapter that had a huge focus on Erasa, which I liked. Quite possibly my favorite moments in this chapter are her interactions with Videl and Gohan, but ESPECIALLY the one with Gohan. Which is rare, I rarely like any moment I write, but that's an exception.

To anyone wondering why Shin's ki couldn't be detected, he is a god. And I made sure to search through the manga to make sure I got it right and there were never any mentions of them ever being able to feel Shin's ki at any point in the series. Vegeta mentioned being unable to feel Shin's battle strength, and when Goku teleported to the Sacred World of the Kaiōshin via Instantaneous Movement, he only sensed Gohan's ki, and was surprised to see Shin and Kibito.

While we're talking about Shin, I'm sure you all realized I tried to make him a LOT more badass than he was in the series. The databook itself confirmed that Shin is many times stronger than "the Super Namek Piccolo", and, contrary to what the dub states (where he said that the Kaiōshin were "a thousand times stronger than Freeza", I didn't apply a figure to that ranking because it was dub only). While the comparison to Freeza was still made in the manga, it was more along the lines of being able to defeat Freeza in a single blow, hence why I avoided used exact numbers.

Anyway, the chapter I've been looking forward to for a long time is coming up: Videl vs. Spopovich. This is going to be quite the chapter, at least in my eyes. I guess you could call it one of those chapters that'll set a few things in motion for later. Not just that, it's gonna have a kickass title.

As always, let's give a huge thanks to my friend Demod for helping me brainstorm and proofread my story. He makes sure these things are shipshape to show everyone here! Stay tuned for the next chapter of the Erased Chronicles, everyone, it's on the way!


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