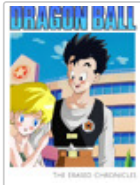


Anime/Manga (/anime/) > Dragon Ball Z (/anime/Dragon-Ball-Z/)

**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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The crowd was in an uproar as Videl stepped towards the ring. It was quite clear that, if only due to her father's fame, Videl was quite beloved and well known by many fans of the Tenkaichi Budōkai the world over. But this wasn't the kind of recognition she wanted, not anywhere close.

"Keep cheering, the lot of you," She thought bitterly. "We all know you're just hoping I'll put on a show like Dad, that's all." She grit her teeth in irritation; even now, all they could see was the daughter of Mr. Satan.

Spopovich joined Videl in the ring, and his expression towards her was one of pure anger and hatred. He seemed to be seething with unexpressed rage, the veins in his head throbbing, his body practically quivering. It only took Videl one look at the man to be unnerved.

"He's a creep...and so different from before..." She could remember Spopovich from when her father fought him in the previous tournament. He'd had longer hair then, and his complexion didn't resemble that of a drowned corpse. And then there was that strange 'M' plastered onto his forehead like a drunkard's mistake in a tattoo parlor. The girl bit her lip; why did everything about Spopovich now feel so very wrong?

The announcer, oblivious to the animosity emitting from every fiber of Spopovich's being, began to commentate. "I'm sure all of you know Videl — daughter of the illustrious Mr. Satan! This girl had quite a track record as a vigilante behind her; a superhero in her own right, held in similar regard to Satan City's own Golden Warrior! She's worked with the police force and has arrested her fair share of criminal! But the apple doesn't fall far from the tree! Just like her father, Videl has an accomplished career of martial arts under her belt; she even won the Youth Division when it was first instated, seven years ago!"

As if they weren't possibly cheering loud enough, the roar of the crowd became positively deafening. Sharpener was in the crowd, joining in with the cheering on of his high school friend. He seemed fairly confident in Videl's skills, and was among many who believed Spopovich would be on the losing side in this round. He was already impressed by Erasa's show of skill — it at least explained why she'd been absent from school for so long, but she was performing some insane new things in this tournament.

"If Erasa can do all of that, Videl should be capable of that, and more!" Sharpener thought confidently.

"Her competitor is a man we know very well — Spopovich!" The announcer called out, trying to speak over the cheers for Videl. "He's the man who made Mr. Satan who he is; he competed in our previous tournament seven years ago! Regrettably, he lost to Mr. Satan in the first round of the Tenkaichi Budōkai! But it seems, with a new look, he seems eager to take home the gold!"

From the wings, Shin was watching Spopovich with as much contempt as he was with Videl. Spopovich and Yamu were more than likely unaware of the divine presence among them, however, Shin was watching them like a hawk.

Erasa's attention, meanwhile, was on Videl. Like the crowd, she was wishing her friend good luck, but it wasn't verbally expressed. She knew nothing would anger Videl more right now than to hear her voice. So she settled for wishing in mentally instead, "*Good luck...Videl...*"

"We've kept you waiting long enough! Without further ado, *let the match begin!*" The announcer called for the beginning of the tournament match.

Videl crouched, putting one hand forward in a clenched fist, and raising her other hand, clawed, up to her side. Her eyes narrowed as she surveyed Spopovich. She didn't like this match, not in the slightest; even if she beat Spopovich, her father had gotten to it first. Wouldn't the world just see it as expected? Ignoring her own misgivings, the girl launched herself from her place on the stadium, crossing the marble tile faster than anyone had ever seen her move before.

With a shout, she leaped into the air, and slammed the sole of her shoe directly into Spopovich's face. There was a sickening crack, which earned a morbid smile from Videl — she knew her kick had shattered his nose — and Spopovich was sent careening backwards.

"And Videl has landed the first blow!" The announcer cried out as the large form of Spopovich hit the ground before a full minute had even passed in the match. "For such a small girl, she sure packs a wallop! Spopovich is down already! I'm going to start the count!" Before he could even begin, however, Videl raised a hand, and pointed a slim finger towards Spopovich, who was already beginning to stand to his feet.

As the hairless man began to stand to his feet, he was clutching his nose; blood — or was it blood? Blood wasn't usually purple. — was spurting from it. Videl's suspicions were confirmed, it was definitely broken. But what she hadn't expected was another disgusting crack as Spopovich forced his nose back into place. It may have been a temporary fix, but it did the job.

"*Just as I thought, he's disgusting...*" Videl was taken aback by this, but not perturbed no more.

Spopovich took to the offensive, quick despite his bulky size. He swung a muscular leg towards Videl, and she quickly extended the palm of both hands to block it. The force of the blow caused her to stagger briefly, causing her to equate the thickness of the limb roughly to a tree trunk. But she wasn't one to tolerate minor setbacks, and tried to retake the tide of the battle. Her own leg was thrust into Spopovich's stomach, stunning the man briefly, before she thrust her palm upwards into his chin, which only added to his pain.

"She's pretty skilled," Goku noted, watching the fight unfold. "I'm pretty surprised, she could be close to Erasa's level."

"You think so?" Gohan kept his eyes on the battle before him as well.

"It wouldn't surprise me," agreed Erasa, rather than dispute her friend's achievements. "Videl's always been more tenacious than I was. Gohan only showed her the basics of *ki*, but I know Videl, and she wouldn't be the type to only settle on learning the bare minimum for anything." She was smiling, apparently dwelling on a fond memory. "I bet you anything she was involved in heavy self-training the moment she left us."

Back in the middle of the ring, Videl seemed to be dominating, and the crowd was loving every minute of it. Staunchly keeping her footing, Videl let loose a flurry of physical blows onto Spopovich's stomach, before connecting a powerful roundhouse kick into his side that sent him flying like a ragdoll. With ease, however, Spopovich flipped back onto his feet merely seconds after crashing into the ring, and as he stood up, seemed relatively unfazed by the beating he'd just received.

"*Is...is nothing connecting with him?*" Videl thought, trying to steady her breath. Just the attempts to topple Spopovich seemed to be taking its toll on her; if she didn't find a way to defeat him quickly, Spopovich could win this match through sheer attrition.

"Graaaaaaagh!" Spopovich let out a strangled yell as he shot forward like a human bullet, thrusting a leg upwards and landing a solid blow to Videl's chin. The force caused her to be launched backwards, but she responded in kind by flipping back onto her feet. The effort, however, was wasted. As she tried to leap back, her pigtailed that were fluttering at her side proved to be her undoing — a thick, pale arm came out of nowhere and grabbed Videl by her hair.

Spopovich yanked Videl hard, and she could feel herself being pulled by the roots. Snickering madly, Spopovich held Videl high like a freshly picked vegetable, and began a furious barrage of punishing blows with his free hand into her stomach, causing her to gasp and shout in pain. Spopovich prepped Videl to be thrown down onto the marble, which suddenly, a very sharp pain shot through his hand, causing him to let go of Videl, and stagger back, his hand bleeding.

"W-What's this!?" The announcer gasped in shock. "Despite having Videl cornered, Spopovich is now crying out in pain and his hand is bleeding! What new development are we seeing here!?"

As she landed on the ground, Videl's pigtails were notably different now. The individual strands of hair were standing on end, rigid and refined like needles; dripping from them were droplets of blood that splashed to the ground. Shaking her head, the remaining droplets shook off, as the spikes simmered down, regaining their original shape as ebony tresses.

"What'd she do to him?" Krillin looked at Spopovich clutching his bleeding hand with surprise. "I almost thought he had her."

"Subtle *ki* manipulation," Piccolo replied in an off-hand manner. "It's a basic, but useful skill; she channeled her *ki* through her hair, giving it the hardness and shape of needles. She's a talented girl."

"Videl..." Erasa was torn between proud and concerned. Videl was certainly talented, she could have said that much, and such a unique ability wasn't even one she'd have considered for herself. But at the same time, Videl was looking like she was already reaching the end of her tether. "*Come on, Videl...you have to pull this out of the water...*"

The girl in question hardened a few strands of her hair again, plucking them out. Glistening between her fingers were five threads, shining black like iron; senbon made directly from her hair. Videl ducked down, swiftly throwing these bodily-produced weapons from her hands towards Spopovich's legs; the needles pierced flesh, causing him to buckle in pain.

"V-Videl, by some strange technique, had produced needles from hair follicles!" The announcer couldn't contain his own surprise. "Normally, weapons are against the rules, however, as we've seen in this tournament before, producing material from your own body is an exception! It's a rare skill, and Spopovich is feeling the pain from it!"

Videl, taking advantage of Spopovich's momentary lapse in composure, took to the sky, flying high above the arena, panting.

"That's it!" Erasa called out, in spite of herself. "Stay up there until you can regain your strength, Videl!"

"W-What's this!? Videl has taken to the sky! I repeat that, Videl is flying!" the comment from the announcer only seemed to bring it to light to everyone else. The daughter of Mr. Satan, who had proclaimed such actions as flying were tricks and illusions, was floating in the air above the ring. As far as everyone could see, she was entirely unsupported as well, leading to confusion in the audience.

On the ground, Spopovich ripped the needles out of his legs, blood spurting out as he did so, and threw them aside. The *ki* channeling through them faded and the needles returned to ordinary strands of hair, floating on the air and out of the ring. The man snarled, glaring up at Videl before a sinister grin formed on his face. To Spopovich, Videl was nothing but an annoying insect at this point — a bug he wanted to squash.

"This is bad..." Goku muttered, an odd expression of confusion and concern on his face. "She might be better off surrendering than continuing the fight."

"W-What do you mean, Goku?" It was Erasa's turn to look confused, turning to look at Gohan's father, bewildered. "Videl's doing fine right now!"

"No, she isn't..." Krillin interjected, looking equally disturbed. "I thought something was wrong at first, and I'm sure Goku can feel it now too. I can't sense this guy's *ki*. I don't want to blow my own horn, but I'm fairly good at this sort of thing...and it's not energy we're feeling from him."

"So when I could feel their energy earlier..."

"You were closer to the truth than the rest of us," Gohan muttered. "I didn't notice before, but you, Krillin and Dad are right. We're not feeling *ki*...what we can sense from his is nothing but sheer malice and hatred. It's coming off him in waves...!"

Erasa was quivering as she watched Spopovich prepare to crouch. "*So...when I thought I was feeling his energy before...this is what it was? Just unadulterated malice!? But why couldn't Gohan feel it?*" Deciding none of this mattered properly at the moment, Erasa bit her lip. If Videl didn't surrender now...what would happen?

Spopovich leaped from his crouching position, a maniacal grin slipping onto his face, and he too took to the skies, soaring higher above the arena to match Videl's altitude.

"And now Spopovich is flying as well!" If Videl flying was shocking to the announcer, seeing Spopovich soar freely was nothing short of astonishing. "Is this some new fad or something!?"

"I-Impossible..." This was a cry echoed by both Videl in the air and Erasa on the ground; the two were on the same page for the first time in six months.

"Gehehehe..." Spopovich chuckled to himself, and spoke, in a guttural, slurred voice. "Surprised, girly? Don't make the mistake of thinking you're the only one with special skills!" Before Videl could even react, Spopovich raised his hand; an invisible force shot from it, pressing into Videl and pushing her slightly. She recognized the skill, and thrust her hand back in kind, responding with a *Kiai* of comparable force.

Surprised, Spopovich didn't react in time and was forced backwards by the force of Videl's *ki*. The girl then launched herself forward, placing her slim hands on the man's bald head. She channeled her *ki* into both palms and forced Spopovich to careen downwards towards the arena with the force of a second invisible blast.

The crash into the ring did nothing more than irritate an already furious Spopovich. The man clambered out of the small crater that had been caused by his impact, pieces of tile falling from his body. Veins were visibly throbbing in his skull, arms, and chest; Spopovich's teeth were grinding in irritation, and he may have cracked one out sheer force.

"*H-He's not even dented!?*" Videl thought incredulously. "*I'm going to need some kind of back-up plan...recovering up here isn't going to be an option if he can fly too...*"

True to her own thoughts, Spopovich would not let Videl rest. Nearly as soon as he'd recovered, the bald man leaped back into the air — "This is amazing, ladies and gentlemen! Nothing fazes Spopovich; he keeps getting up!" — and his arm connected with Videl's neck. Wrapping his arm around her upper chest and neck, the man plummeted to the ground with Videl, crashing into the arena.

"Another dent in our precious arena!" The announcer cried out. "And I don't think Videl is going to come out of *that* looking any better than the tiles!"

There was a raucous shouting towards the announcer for this less-than-tasteful comment, and he hastily apologized.

In the stage, the dust was clearing; Spopovich stood tall above Videl, who was feeling pain in all areas of her body now. Her outfit was tattered from the crash, and she was bleeding out. Inwardly, she was thankful that she'd coated her body in a soft shield of *ki*; it managed to buffer the impact slightly and reduce the damage.

"*I think I'd be in worse shape if I hadn't done that...*" The daughter of Mr. Satan thought to herself. "*But I think I'm finished...I can't feel anything in my body...*"

"And Videl isn't moving, everyone!" Came the cry from the announcer. "I'll start the ten count! One...! Two...! Three...!"

But to Videl's surprise, and the surprise of the crowd at large, Spopovich grabbed her by the scruff of her collar, hoisting her into the air.

"W-What!? It seems Spopovich has lifted Videl out of the crater! Is this bold gesture of camaraderie from our returning combatant!?"

"You can stop the ten count, ref!" Spopovich snarled — his disposition disproving the announcer's foolish misconception. Placing her on the ground so that her feet barely touched it, he grinned maliciously. "She's still standin', ain't she?"

"Y-Yes, she is, b-but I don't think..."

"Then we aren't done yet!" Spopovich threw her back into the crater, before releasing a powerful *kiai* that forced her deeper into the cracked tile and granite. The pain rocked her body again, and there was no shield of *ki* to mitigate the pain now. Spopovich picked her up by the neck, and began to mercilessly punch her in the stomach. Videl's eyes widened, the sapphire orbs briefly taking on a caesious tone as they lost their vibrant sparkle.

"This is horrible!" The announcer cried desperately. "Spopovich is incessantly attacking a Videl who can't even fight back. I can't look anymore!" Despite this statement, turning away wasn't an option. He was the announcer after all.

On the sidelines, Erasa and Gohan were horrified at what they were witnessing. While Gohan could only gape in horror, Erasa was starting to clench her fists in frustration. Gritting her teeth, the blonde girl was quickly contemplating doing more than simply watching this assault continue. To the surprise of everyone present, her intentions were noticed quickly when they could feel her *ki* begin to rise.

"Erasa..." Goku cautioned quickly. "Don't do anything rash! They can't let this keep up for much longer; give the announcer time to call it."

"Are you crazy?" The blonde girl quickly snapped back at the Saiyan, her vibrant eyes shining with the gleam of anger. "I *can't* just stand here! That's my friend out there, and he's *killing* her! This isn't a match anymore, he's going to seriously kill her!"

She wasn't far off the mark; Videl was barely conscious anymore, and her condition seemed critical. The announcer was about to make a call, when there was a flash of crimson, and Spopovich was sent careening from where he stood. In a bold move, Erasa had ignored Goku entirely, and was now standing inside the arena, cradling the limp form of Videl in her arms.

Spopovich, briefly taken aback by this turn of events, looked quite blankly at Erasa.

"What's happened!?" The announcer shouted into the microphone. "Stunning the entire crowd, a fellow competitor has intervened in the match! This has never happened before in the history of the Tenkaichi Budōkai!"

"E-Erasa..." Videl choked out, unable to completely form a coherent thought.

"Don't say anything right now..." Erasa replied. She turned to the announcer. "Call a medic out here, now! Call the match, I don't care, she needs medical attention!"

"R-Right...!" The announcer was flustered, taking orders from a competitor, but quickly did as he was told.

"What do you think you're doing?" Spopovich's slurred voice shouted at Erasa, but the blonde didn't bother to turn towards him. "I wasn't finished with her!"

Erasa walked off to the side of the arena, and medical monks hurried over with a stretcher, followed by the announcer himself. Gently, Erasa placed Videl onto the suspended cloth, and she was rushed away without further hesitation.

Spopovich wasn't one to be ignored; the veins throbbing in his head had reached their tipping point, and he lunged towards Erasa. Both hands extended, he made to grab the girl and crush her in his grip. What he didn't expect the back of a small fist to come colliding with his face. For the second time in a day, his nose had been broken, and additional shattering of his teeth followed.

"I was a bit preoccupied, tending to my friend," Erasa replied coolly; her innocent demeanor was gone entirely. Every cell in her body was demanding that this man pay. "But if you want my attention, you have it now."

"W-Why you...!" Spopovich made another stupid lunge, not even bothering to fix his nose this time. He thrust his fist forward, only to find his body stopped by Erasa's bare palm. The blonde girl was glaring furiously at Spopovich, her entire body trembling, not from the impact, but from anger. Clenching her left fist, she thrust it hard into Spopovich's stomach, winding him. He stumbled back, clutching his stomach, saliva dripping from his mouth.

Without missing a beat, a slim leg shot upward with the force of a small cannonball, colliding with Spopovich's chin. The force of the blow sent him spiraling into the air. With an expulsion of *ki*, he steadied himself. This comfort was short lived, as Erasa rocketed upwards, meeting him at his own altitude, much like he had done to Videl.

In the stands, Gohan was watching Erasa move with a kind of amazement. He knew she was strong, but in this burst of anger, she seemed to have unlocked another well of strength; he could feel it. She wasn't close to their level in the slightest, but her *ki*, right now, was boosted significantly.

"If you want to make someone hurt so badly...let's see how you like it...!" Erasa cupped her hands to her side, taking a familiar stance within the air that everyone on the ground could recognize. "Ka...Me...Ha...Me..." *Ki* began to glow between her palms, coalescing into a large, vivid blue sphere. "Ha...Me...HA!" With a thrust of her palms, the sphere elongated into a beam of energy that shot towards Spopovich with blinding speed.

There was an explosion in the air as the blast collided with Spopovich; from the plume of smoke itself, the bald fighter descended towards the ground, crashing into it like a pale meteor.

"That was..." Goku gasped in surprise.

"...a Kamehameha!" Gohan felt a very conflicting sense of pride for Erasa mixed with the concern he was feeling.

Despite the success of her first ever Kamehameha, the joy would be short lived. Spopovich erupted from the crater in a furious rage, and prepared to lunge towards Erasa again.

"Spopovich! Stop playing around!"

A yell from the sidelines, however, stopped Spopovich dead; in mid-rush, he stopped on the ball of his feet, turning around to see the formerly quiet Yamu standing atop one of the walls, glaring coldly down at him. Yamu slowly lifted his body from the wall, floating down towards the arena. "Your opponent is incapacitated, and you waste time here? Regardless of whether the victory is yours, we did not come here for this."

"R-Right..." Spopovich immediately heeded his partner's words, without a single bit of hesitation.

As Spopovich turned to return towards the stands, the announcer was seen talking in a very hush-hush manner with several monks. Erasa had no choice but to let Spopovich go; she'd only intended to intervene long enough to save Videl, it had been Spopovich who engaged her. She made her way back to the wings, feeling more angry and confused than she'd ever had before.

"Does anyone have a Senzu?" Goku looked at his comrades, but Kuririn shook his head.

"We didn't anticipate something like this! It was just supposed to be a tournament."

"I'll go get some from Karin, then." Placing two fingers to his forehead, Goku flickered and vanished on the spot through Instantaneous Movement. Erasa arrived just in time to witness this, but her emotional state left her unable to fully process the fact that a man had just vanished into thin air in front of her. Gohan immediately rushed over towards her, but seemed to be unable to find the words to make anything better.

"I'm sorry..." Erasa was the first to break a very awkward silence. "I know rushing in there was a stupid thing to do...but I couldn't help it. No matter what anyone said, I could just stand here safe behind the wings and watch Videl get hurt, Gohan!" Her eyes looked at Gohan, as if begging him to understand why she did something so incredibly reckless.

Gohan was silent for a moment, before he chose to speak. "You don't need to apologize to me for that," The half-Saiyan smiled, showing he meant what he was saying. "It's the whole reason you started training, wasn't it? To keep Videl safe? In your shoes, I would have done the same thing." Gohan stopped to note mentally that he'd done the same thing several times before, but that was neither here nor there. "But you can rest easy now; Dad's gone to get a Senzu! With that, Videl will be as good as new."

"A...Senzu?" Erasa's expression blanked. She was quite glad for Gohan's words of support, but confused at a word she didn't recognize. After having it explained that a Senzu was a unique bean that healed almost any injury, Erasa's demeanor perked up noticeably. Videl was going to be alright!

"After quite a gripping match, I have quite a bit of information to relay!" The announcer's voice rang throughout the stadium. "After discussing it with the monks, we've decided to award Spopovich the victory in the preceding match." A torrent of angry shouts and many choice words echoed around the stadium, and the announcer flinched in reflex, perhaps expecting items to be thrown. "As no rules were broken," He had to start speaking above the crowd now, "he cannot be disqualified despite his actions. Furthermore, the matter of Erasa engaging in combat outside of her own tournament match was discussed—"

Erasa gasped; had she done something worth disqualification?

"—and it's been decided that, in light of the situation, her actions will be excused as a one-time exception."

In response to this, the crowd's roars died down and the reaction switched to cheers. It seemed, in spite of charging in a rage, the crowd was very happy that Erasa had rushed in to save their idol.

"Furthermore, I've recently received news that Videl's condition is not life threatening, but she will remain in critical care for some time! So, to you Videl fans, your idol is going to be doing just fine!"

Two sensations of relief washed over Erasa at one time. Foremost, the fact that Videl's condition wasn't life threatening — critical, but not life-threatening. This was her primary concern, and this meant Videl would last long enough for Goku to bring back that 'Senzu' thing. On a lesser scale, the fact that her actions hadn't had any lasting damage was a relief as well.

"What!? My baby girl's in the hospital!? She's hurt!?" Mr. Satan, who had been reclining in a plush armchair, smoking a very expensive foreign cigar, jumped from his comfortable seat in shock. "That's impossible! She's the second strongest person in the world — after myself, of course! She must have gotten careless, and let her guard down!" Without waiting for another word from the monk, Mr. Satan threw the cigar aside and ran out of his comfortable suite.

The monk watched him go with an expression of amazement, and quickly picked up the cigar, mumbling something about fire hazards.

Without even waiting for someone to let him in, Mr. Satan burst through the door to the hospital wing, and was horrified to see his daughter's state as she lie in the hospital cot. She didn't seem to be entirely conscious, though her eyes were struggling to stay open; she was bruised severely, and her body was leaking blood onto the pristine sheets. The medical monks were tending to her wounds, dressing them; several bandages and gauze had already been applied.

"I-Is she going to be alright!?" The Champion asked, quivering at the sight that made his blood chill.

Videl stirred mentally. *"Dad's...here?"*

"I won't say she's fine," One of the monks said while applying disinfectant towards the wounds. "But her injuries won't be life threatening. We'll apply first-aid here, but medical professionals from the Eastern Capital hospital are already bringing a helicopter towards our island so we can transfer Videl to the Ōmori Medical Center. Her injuries run from several shattered bones, fractured ribs, internal bleeding and several ripped muscles. Even with surgery, she's going to require a four-month rehabilitation process."

"Videl...!" Mr. Satan approached his daughter, feeling absolutely crushed. His eyes began to water with emotion, and he couldn't stop the tears from flowing down. But mixed within his grief was anger. Not at his daughter, but at the people she'd begun to associate with. "This is all my fault! If I'd just kept you closer to me, you wouldn't have felt the need to rely on those cheap tricks...you wouldn't have tried to become like those posers! Daddy's sorry, Videl! When you get out of the hospital, I swear I'll make it up to you!"

This caused something to stir within Videl entirely differently to the awareness of her own father. Anger, and irritation. The feeling of being fed up with the man's delusions. Even if her beaten up state, her brain was working clearly, and she could remember back to some months ago, after she'd learned how to harness her *ki* from Gohan. How she wanted to show her father what she could do.

Six Months Prior...

"Ten days..." The ebony-haired girl was smiling brightly as she flew away from Elche Island. "Ten days and now I can fly...!" She was truly surprised that Gohan had kept his end of the bargain, and taught her how to fly, but the sensation of suspending herself in the air was liberating to say the very least. She caught herself doing a few flips in the air, spiraling around and giggling like a giddy child.

Could something so simple make her so happy?

Feeling like a mischievous child, Videl settled on an idea. "I don't want to reveal to Dad that I can fly, at least not yet. I want to save that for the tournament...but showing him that I can manifest ki can't hurt, can it? If he thinks that everything Gohan and those fighters from the Cell Games can do are just tricks, he'd have to believe me, right?" Continuing to speak to no one in particular, she decided she was right. After all, wouldn't Mr. Satan believe his own daughter?

Her skills with flight had improved considerably; even from Elche Island, it only took the girl an hour to rush home, and this was flying full pelt. She landed on the roof of her home, not wanting her father to notice that she'd flown. She entered through the normal entrance she'd use when using her jet flier, and eagerly started looking for her father.

"Ms. Videl, welcome home." Jū met her as she descended the steps, bowing dutifully.

"Thank you, Jū," Videl replied, surprised to see that Jū was still working so late. It would usually be Jichū's turn to serve as the main caretaker — the head of their many servants — while Jū got a chance to rest. Videl could only assume she was sick, but that was neither here nor there. "Jū, have you seen Dad?"

"The Master is resting in private quarters," The elderly butler replied, pushing his glasses up the bridge of his nose. "I can take you to him, if you wish?"

"Don't worry, I can handle it," Videl replied.

"As you wish," Jū bowed deeply again before excusing himself.

Videl walked down one of the mansion's longer hallways, being quick to clap her hands. As she did, the hall flooded with light, the clap-activated lighting turning on. Perhaps her Dad was trying to go cheap on the electric bill this month, the hall wasn't meant to be so dark. She couldn't repress her excitement, unable to stop feeling giddy as she turned down towards her father's resting room. Finally, she could show her Dad something that he couldn't do; something unique to her between the two of them. He'd have to be impressed.

Gripping the knob of the door she came across, the girl entered what one could only describe as a "man-cave". She knew her father had extravagant tastes, and she'd seen the room once or twice before, but it wasn't one she preferred to enter. Perhaps it was an issue of pride, but she didn't believe a martial artist should relax in a room filled with an expensive pool table, it's own miniature cinema, and a bar with some of the rarest and most obscure wine. Walking directly past a bookshelf filled with the kind of magazines a dirty old man would find enjoyable, Videl saw her father sitting in front of a very large television, watching a movie about pirates.

"Hey Dad," Videl nudged her father, shaking his shoulder. "Dad!"

Mr. Satan, who had been engrossed in the comedic styling of the main character, the Captain, react with relative surprise when he daughter was nudging him. "Oh, Videl, it's just you! What've I said about coming in here without warning me first?" He truly did seem frazzled; perhaps Videl's surprise appearance was a bit much?

"Relax Dad, I'm not here to make you reorganize this place," Videl chided her father; whether this was his worry or not, she couldn't be bothered trying to change what her father did in his free time. She'd given up on that years ago. She decided to bite the bullet; she really want him to see this. "You remember those competitors from the Cell Games, right?"

"Them?" Mr. Satan laughed haughtily. "Those posers who made a mockery of their martial arts with all of those light shows and fancy mirror tricks?! They make my blood boil just thinking about them!"

"Dad..." Videl sighed. "There might be more to all of that. I really want to show you something, so please, try not to freak out." Videl placed her hands out in front of her, and Mr. Satan cast her a suspicious look. It wasn't hard to see why he'd be suspicious. Daughters who approach their fathers, and tell them not to overreact don't generally have the best things to say.

Mr. Satan's immediate assumption was that Videl was going to say something involving a boy, but, surprisingly, he managed to keep himself quiet and waited to see what she was going to say.

Videl closed her eyes, focusing deep within her body. Mentally, she searched for that familiar 'warmth' within the center of her body; after her training for flight, she found it surprisingly easily. Within her palms, a sphere of light began to flicker until the orb started to shine vibrantly; the small star was fully formed, casting its light onto the smiling, exuberant face of Videl.

"W-W-W-What in the blue blazes is that!?" Mr. Satan reacted like a man set aflame; he pushed himself out of his plush armchair, causing the chair to topple towards his daughter instead, who deftly moved out of the way. He then proceeded to back away from Videl, his eyes locked onto the sphere floating in her hands. "Where'd you get the e-equipment to pull off those kind of tricks!?"

"It's not a trick, Dad!" Videl cautiously kept the sphere levitating above one hand, while she reached out with a free hand towards her father, who only seemed to be trying to inch further away, and yet at the same time, didn't want to collide with the widescreen TV. "It's called ki; it's the inner energy of every living thing!" As if for emphasis, she brought the sphere down to Mr. Satan's eye level, but this had the opposite effect of what she'd hoped. "You have it too!"

"That's enough!" Mr. Satan suddenly became stern, recovering himself quickly. He had immediately entered 'parent' mode, taking the authoritative tone of voice he always had when Videl had misbehaved when she was younger. "You're the daughter of the World Martial Arts Champion — and two time World Grappling Champion — Mr. Satan! You should know better than to resort to these tricks! To try and be like those...posers!"

Videl was stunned into shock. She had been expecting that her own father would believe her, but was he this insistent on maintaining ignorance? And the last word he used had really struck a chord with her. 'Posers'. And then Videl remembered, as if from somewhere far away, something she'd told Erasa seven years ago:

"It's all just a trick! Dad even says so — the destroyed portions of towns? Just explosives he set up before he arrived. Everything this guy's displayed are just light shows and tricks. Super powers don't exist, you know that. This isn't a fantasy world, Erasa, you've got to get your head in the game!"

She could only chuckle weakly at this, and the sphere in her hand began to flicker and fade away. For years, she'd really believed her father was the strongest fighter alive. Even when she'd found out about these mysterious new abilities, she'd thought he'd believe her, and listen to her. But even now he was denying it, vehemently at that. "Why can't you just accept it, Dad? That this is something I can do," She placed an abnormal amount of emphasis on the pronoun as her cheerful expression quickly turned to one of bitterness and anger.

"It's simply not possible!" Mr. Satan replied adamantly, his stubbornness only matched by that of a mule. "Real martial arts doesn't involve anything as flashy as that! We live in the real world, Videl; those 'super powers' don't exist outside of special effects!"

That was the final straw. To hear her own words thrown back at her was more than Videl could cope with. Swiftly, she turned on her heel, walking towards the door. Gripping the doorway tightly, it began to crack slightly, and she turned to look back at Mr. Satan with a fiery glare in her eyes. "If you can't accept what I can do, Dad, then I'll train for the tournament on my own! And I want you to watch me fight out there! And when it's done, I'm going to take your Championship belt from you!"

Without another word, or even waiting to hear her father's own mumbled answer, Videl stormed from the room.

Present Day, Hospital Wing

Unable to move, unable to form coherent sentences, Videl was left with these bitter memories. Even now, her father didn't see. He'd refused to watch her match, he refused to believe anything she said about the existence of *ki*, and he still tried to coddle her and treat her like a child. And even worse, she'd lost her own match in the tournament, and had to be saved by *Erasa* of all people.

Click.

Mr. Satan and the medical monks all turned around to see *Erasa* stepping into the hospital wing, her hand gripped tightly around something. Her eyes were filled with worry, and the moment she cast a glance towards Videl's hospital cot, she let out an involuntary gasp. While her injuries may not be immediately life-threatening, she looked horrible.

"Erasa...?" Mr. Satan looked at his daughter's childhood friend perplexed. "W-Why're you here?"

The blonde girl wasn't entirely surprised. Mr. Satan had more than likely been spending the entirety of the Tenkaichi Budōkai. "I'm competing in the tournament, Mar...Mr. Satan," Reflexively, she had to stop herself. Erasa was one of the few people on 'true name' terms with Mr. Satan, and whenever she or her father visited the man, they both referred to him simply as "Mark". But he insisted they use his stage name of "Mr. Satan" or simply "Satan" outside of his house.

"I thought you quit martial arts when you were younger," Mr. Satan replied, blinking rapidly.

If the current situation wasn't so dire, Erasa would be giggling at the confusion that her very presence had on the father of her best friend. But now, she sighed. She didn't really want distractions. "Let's just say something's rekindled my interest in it...anyway, Videl, I have something for you," Erasa held up a small green object — a bean — and walked over towards Videl. "I need you eat this. *Please!* It will help with your injuries."

"E-Erasa, you can't just give Videl strange food while she's injured!" Mr. Satan ran over to the blonde girl, gripping her shoulder. "I know you're concerned, but home remedies aren't going to do anything now! You should leave this to the doctors!"

"Miss, I must insist that you don't give any of our patients foreign food while they're in our care!" A mustachioed medical monk implored.

Erasa ignored them both.

With what little strength she had, Videl met eyes with Erasa; in her dazed and wounded state, it was hard to see what Videl was thinking just based on her expressions. Erasa held the bean over Videl's face, and the two stared at each other for a moment. Erasa half-believed Videl was going to keep her mouth shut — by which point she would have to find another way of administering this medicinal bean — but slowly, Videl opened her mouth.

The blonde girl smile kindly, and placed the bean in Videl's mouth, in spite of the renewed insistence that Videl not eat it coming from Mr. Satan and the monk. Erasa stepped back as Videl began to chew. In her weakened state, it took a full minute, but she swallowed the bean. There was silence from Erasa, a worried whine from Mr. Satan...and then Videl sat up, blinking.

"*It really did work!*" Erasa thought, her smile growing vibrant, as she breathed a sigh of relief. "...*Thank you, Goku...*"

Mr. Satan and the medical monks on duty could only watch and blink in stunned confusion. Mr. Satan approached his daughter, asking nervously, "Videl? Videl, baby, are you alright?"

"I'm...healed...?" Videl was in the middle of unwrapping the bandages on her body, flexing her fingers. Every bone that had been broken was painlessly fixed, the internal bleeding dammed, and, in anything, she felt as if she was becoming slightly stronger than before. A benefit of healing, perhaps? She even felt well fed; a little too well fed, in fact. The only thing that the bean hadn't healed was her pride.

"How do you feel, Videl?" Erasa approached her friend with her father, looking curiously. She'd never seen these Senzu work before, and only agreed to use it on Videl because Gohan, Goku, and the others were insistent the bean would work, and it was the only chance she had to save Videl herself.

"Dad...and you monks...can you all please leave me alone with my friend for a moment?" Videl inquired coolly. If anything could have chilled the room faster than her mood, it wasn't present. The monks looked confusedly at Mr. Satan, as if asking for the father's permission to leave Videl alone with the strange blonde girl. "Give me my privacy." This time it was worded much less like a request.

Erasa sighed. "Mr. Satan, please listen to her. She just wants to talk, it can't take long." Catching the hesitant look on the faces of everyone present, she added, "Please."

Reluctantly, Mr. Satan and the others filed out, leaving Erasa and Videl alone in the hospital wing. Figuring she was in for the long haul, Erasa took a seat on a small stool with wheels, and let the silence persist until Videl decided to speak her mind.

"Why'd you do it?" Quietly, Videl posed her question. Regardless, Erasa could detect the bitterness in her voice, and already knew into which waters Videl wanted to steer conversation.

"Did you expect me to sit there and do nothing?" She tried to keep her voice level while replying to Videl, but after their encounter earlier that day, Erasa was starting to find self-control difficult. Even she had her limits, and Videl was coming dangerously close to them.

"You interfered," Videl replied, her voice becoming steadily louder. "That was my battle; I didn't ask for anyone's help! I told you what this tournament means to me, Erasa, and yet you still had to jump in?!"

"I couldn't stand back and watch! What kind of person would sit and watch their best friend get killed!? Because that's what would have happened if I hadn't saved you!"

"Maybe I didn't want to be saved!"

Erasa was stunned into silence at this. This incredulous statement finally rendered her wordless. Silently, she stood up, casting aside the wheeled stool, and made for the door. Without turning around to face Videl, she spoke, and her voice was horribly cracked.

"I don't know what's come over you these past few months — why you've changed so much..." Erasa bit her lip. "But I won't simply stand by and let you get killed because of your own ego, Videl! You don't have to do everything on your own; I'm here, I've *always* been here!" She made her exit, gently closing the door behind her, and left Videl alone with her thoughts.

"Always, hm...?" The ebony-haired girl watched Erasa walk out without bothering to stop her. In the back of her head, however, the image of a smiling child with short-cut tresses of golden hair, and blue eyes tried to swim to the surface of her mind. She pushed it back down where it belonged, and in a fit of frustration, punched her own hospital cot; under her enhanced strength causing it to wheeze and buckle before it was crushed entirely, causing her to topple to the floor.

Gripping the rubble, Videl was consumed by a single thought.

"*I have to get stronger!*"

A/N:

*AND SUCCESS! I managed to pull out a chapter without taking a full month or more to do it! Someone turn on the weather channel, because I think Hell has just frozen over. Either that, or Lilith is town...no, I usually get some kind of warning when that happens: dogs forming into packs, blood weeping down the walls. This was a chapter I've wanted to write for quite a long time, and I mean QUITE A LONG TIME. To put it bluntly, I've had the title for this very chapter formed out the moment I knew I was gonna really continue into the Boo arc with this. So pretty much from Day One, **Blood on the Dance Floor** was slated as a title chapter. Additionally, this was always going to be the moment Erasa used her first Kamehameha, again, from the moment I decided to change the events from who'd be saving who. This will be one of many chapters that'll simply be a lot of things I've planned — either with or without Mang, and in a few cases, other friends who slip in ideas — in advance being put into written format. So yeah, this was a very eventful chapter that I've really wanted to put out into words.*

So when it comes right down to this chapter, there wasn't a lot of Gohan. This chapter was a Videl and Erasa chapter, unlike the last chapter, which was pretty much Gohan-Erasa-Videl. Good Kami, it's a threesome. But yeah, that's very much who the focus was on this chapter. But, no worry, next chapter is very much a Gohan-Erasa chapter, given the events that anyone who has glanced at the early Buu arc can see. I hope you guys enjoyed Videl's battle with Spopovich. I tried to have her showcase a few things that are new to her; expert ki control being used for new abilities. Nothing like creativity to make for a good fighter.

*Now, for the puns in this chapter. The first and foremost is the Ōmori Medical Center. This isn't a pun, so much as a reference — and don't shoot me here. I've come to realize that, in the Dragon Ball fanbase, saying the words "I prefer the Jaco manga to the Burdock special" is tantamount to admitting you've committed some terrible felony. But I'm going to outright state it now: this story exists in a world where the **canonical** events by Toriyama happened before the events of my story. Meaning Burdock never became a Super Saiyan, Chilled exists in the realm of filler with Coola, and Burdock **did** confront Freeza, just the rest of that special didn't happen. Also, Gine exists in this story, Jaco*

exists in this story, and actually, keep that stored in the back of your head, it will be important later. The only exceptions I'm making in regards to filler for this story are Pikkon...obviously because he was shown...and a few other events from the Cell Saga. But even then, I cherry pick and choose what I want. For example: Pikkon exists. The Afterlife Tournament, however, **did not happen**. That is within the context of my series, however, as canonically, Pikkon doesn't exist at all. Okay, moving on, the Ōmori Medical Center is a reference to Tokunoshin Ōmori from Jaco the Galactic Patrolman. He's one of the main characters, and a scientist. As of my story, he now has a medical center named after him. Simple and clean.

The next one is a named based pun, specifically, Jichū, which is a pun on jijo (侍女, meaning "lady attendant" or "maid") and jochū(女中, meaning "female servant" or "maid"). Last but not least...yes, Mark was watching Pirates of the Caribbean. Okay, so I think that's about everything. As usual, let's give a thanks to my friend Demod20, who helped proofread all of this to make sure it was shipshape for you guys to read! I'll see you in the next exciting chapter of The Erased Chronicles!

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22. Blood on the Dance Floor

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