


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



### The Erased Chronicles

By: LastationLover5000 (/u/5708835/LastationLover5000) ✉(https://www.fanfiction.net/pm2/post.php?uid=5708835)

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

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

♥ Follow/Fav

A+ A- A ≡ Tl 🔊

< Prev 23. The Level Beyond Super Saiyan Next >

From the beginning to the current point, one could not say the Tenkaichi Budōkai had not been eventful. With the speed of the matches keeping the audience on the edge of their seats, and many — the audience included — coming close to death, this year's Budōkai would be one for the history books. With the intense, nail biting drama of the last match behind them, and with the new's that Videl would be just fine, the audience tried to place their enthusiasm towards the upcoming match of two virtual unknowns:

Son Gohan vs. Kibito.

Standing in the wings, the two combatants were waiting for the intermission to end, and for the announcer to call them forward. While Kibito stood silently by his superior, as if resigned to his role, Gohan was actively involved in conversation with the rest of his friends and family, sans Vegeta, who had again resumed his position afar from the others.

"Are you still sure this is okay?" Erasa inquired, concern in her voice. She was speaking directly to Gohan, and while it was phrased as a question, it was obvious that the girl was not okay with Gohan willingly stepping into the ring, knowing he would be attacked by two strange people.

"I'm going to place my bets with the Kaiōshin," Gohan replied simply. "When it comes down to it, I'm considering Piccolo's judgement, and it's not often that he's wrong. You can't see any alternative option, can you, Piccolo?"

Piccolo couldn't help but feel prideful when his former student turned to him like this for his own judgement. "No, I can't. I've been feeling a nagging omen since before the Tenkaichi Budōkai; the fact that Lord Kaiōshin would step into the mortal realm has done nothing to soothe my fears, but make them worse. If the threat that Lord Kaiōshin speaks of is truly so great, then for now, we're going to have to trust his judgement."

"Past experience has always told me it's never a good thing when gods have to start intervening..." Krillin sighed, raising a hand to his forehead. "Why is it every time I associate with you guys, I get dragged into these kinds of situations?"

"Doesn't the anticipation excite you though, Krillin?" Goku was grinning in spite of himself. "It'll be just like old times, eh?"

"Let me remind you who those old times generally bite in the butt, old buddy," Krillin replied, jabbing Goku in the sides.

"I'm not worried, Erasa," Gohan told her, smiling. "Like you told me; after it's all said and done, you'll be there."

Remembering what she told him, Erasa nodded firmly. "I won't leave your side until you're on two feet again."

The announcer and the Tenkaichi Budōkai temple monks had postponed the match for slightly longer than was originally intended. Because of the gruesome previous match, and the injuries Videl had suffered, paperwork and forms had to be filled out and filed away — miraculous healing or not — and the Head Monk was already in discussion with the other monks about instating a new rule against the use of excessive force. With the paperwork completed, however, the intermission was finally approaching its end.

"Alright everybody!" The announcer ran towards center ring, shouting into his microphone. "It's time to begin the final match of the first round! Without further ado, let's call up our competitors for the eighth match: Son Gohan vs Kibito!"

The crowd, despite still recovering from the shock of Videl's match, let out an enthusiastic roar.

"That's my cue." Gohan sighed. Tightening his *obi*, he turned to Erasa, who was still looking at him with an anguished expression. He knew it was taking all of her self-control to not ask him for the third time not to do something so reckless, and he flashed her a smile. "Erasa, it's all right. I'll see you in a few minutes."

Even with the smile on his face, Erasa had to fight an instinctive urge to pull on his hand and drag him back. Putting on a smile herself, albeit forced, she encouraged him on. "Alright, go ahead."

Shin, meanwhile, was casting a cold eye towards Spopovich and Yamu, both of whom were watching the ring, waiting for the competitors to step forward. "Be wary, Kibito...when Gohan shows his true powers, they will strike. Don't allow them for a second to believe events have not been going in their favour."

"Of course, Master." Kibito replied, bowing dutifully.

Gohan stepped into the light outside of the wings, followed by Kibito, and the crowd's cheering grew still louder.

"That's what I like to hear!" The announcer tossed the microphone into the air, spinning on the spot and catching it behind his back before he continued to speak. "What we have here is a very interesting match-up, folks! Son Gohan is a first-time competitor here at the Tenkaichi Budōkai, but he's more than just a new face! The man we have stepping into the ring is the eldest child of Son Goku, the legendary fighter you saw in the ring only a few short hours ago! Meanwhile Kibito, his opponent, is a virtual unknown! However, both fighters appear like they've give us an entertaining bout!"

In the stands, Chi-Chi, Bulma, Yamcha, and the rest of Gohan's friends and family who were watching the tournament let out a whooping cheer for the prodigy child.

"Go get 'im, sweetie!" Chi-Chi punched the air with her fist. "Win us that prize money!" Chi-Chi was placing all of her hopes in her older son now, as her husband had lost his match to Vegeta, and Goten had only come in second during his tournament. "Make your mother proud, son!"

"No pressure, right?" Yamcha chuckled to himself.

Sharpener felt himself lean forward at the mention of Gohan's name. "*That kid from the sticks is here too?*" Beginning to lean in so far he was in danger of tumbling down into the arena, Sharpener's blue eyes widened in surprise. "It's...it's really Gohan! Who knew he had it in him, entering a tournament like this!" Chuckling to himself, he felt he had to admire Gohan's nerve. "*So that's why he turned down my suggestion to join the boxing club! He was preparing for this behind our backs!*"

Leaning back against his seat, Sharpener decided the best thing to do was to cheer Gohan on. The blonde man didn't know how much martial arts Gohan knew, but he figured the quiet boy from school might need the morale boost. "Fight, Gohan! Make sure you don't lose in the first round!"

Standing in the ring, Gohan felt himself jump slightly. With his enhanced hearing, he was more than capable of picking up the sounds of individual voices coming from the crowd, and the moment he heard Sharpener's voice, he let out a weak chuckle. "*Looks like, when I go back to school, I'm going to have to deal with more attention than I actually want.*"

"Now, without further ado...let the match begin!" The announcer called, as Gohan and Kibito finally reached the center ring. With the recent matches firmly in his mind, the man quickly made himself scarce, expecting great things from the son of Goku.

"My Master may be confident in your strength, Gohan...but I have my own doubts that a mere mortal will be of sufficient aid to us." It was the first time Gohan'd ever heard Kibito use so many words, and his direct and blunt manner of speech was far from flattering. The man's gaze was stony, and it was clear there no lie behind what he said: he had no faith in Gohan's power. "And yet standing here begets nothing. Transform."

"Transform?! You know I can transform?" Gohan was taken aback by Kibito's statement. The man knew he could transform, and worse, wanted him to transform in the middle of a crowded stadium, where people were watching. If Gohan went through with it, the Golden Warrior's cover would be blown at a televised event.

"They won't make a move until we do, Gohan," Kibito's voice was edgy. "While we dally, innocent lives are in danger."

As much as Gohan hated to admit it, Kibito wasn't lying. If what Shin said was true, then the longer Gohan put it off, the more danger they'd be in. But he had to find a compromise. Kibito wanted him to transform, but he never specified the extent. Gohan clenched his fists at his sides, and a small wind began to pick up around him. With the same ease as becoming a Super Saiyan, Gohan was immersed a golden aura, duller than his standard aura; his eyes had become vivid green, and his hair, while remaining black, was tinted with the highlights of his aura. "How's this? Is this sufficient enough for you?"

"What's he doing?" Krillin looked at Gohan curiously. "He feels like a Super Saiyan, but I've never seen a Super Saiyan with black hair."

"It's a half-way state," Goku supplied, recognizing it at once. "When Gohan and I were training in the Room of Spirit and Time, we mastered the Super Saiyan state, and because of that, we can manipulate it a lot easier. What Gohan's doing is drawing out a portion of his Super Saiyan power, while remaining in his normal form." Goku, however, couldn't understand why Gohan was so worried about keeping up appearances. "He doesn't want to transform."

Spopovich, on Yamu's cue, picked up his device, and pointed it in the direction of Gohan. While the meter spiked noticeably, Spopovich and Yamu were far from impressed by the readings.

"No...this energy is still not enough to serve the Master's purposes..." Yamu looked at the readings on the meter in irritation.

Casting a wayward glance in the direction of Spopovich and Yamu, Kibito could tell they had no plans of making a move. "No. An impressive display, but a far cry from what they seem to require. Show me your Super Saiyan power."

There really wasn't any way out of it. "Since you're asking so nicely, I don't really think I've got any way around it." Gohan replied, letting out a resigned sigh. "But since I'm going to transform with all of these people watching, I may as well make sure I go all in. Let me show you something more than just a Super Saiyan!"

"Something...*beyond* a Super Saiyan?" Kibito was perplexed. How could there be something that existed beyond the Super Saiyan form?

The crowd, however, was growing restless. Both Gohan and Kibito had simply been standing there in the middle of the ring, talking. The only thing that had happened for several minutes was Gohan's miniature light show, and the crowd was beginning to complain. However, Gohan and Kibito ignored them. There were matters more pressing than a dissatisfied crowd.

A bio-electric aura was already beginning to spark and crackle around Gohan's body. The flickers of electricity, crackling and snapping, mixed with the golden aura, which, far from the soft, flickering flames they had been a moment ago, were beginning to resemble a raging blaze. Gohan's muscles bulged, if only slightly, as power began to course through them. The wind around Gohan's body began to pick up, and his very *ki* caused the ring to tremble; the tiles, loose already from numerous matches that required quickly made replacements, began to tremble and rise into the air along with his power.

On the sidelines, Spopovich and Yamu glanced at their device again, and saw that the arrow was beginning to move frantically. Slowly, but surely, the device was beginning to measure unfathomable amounts of power.

"*His power is rising fast...!*" Kibito could feel Gohan's *ki* begin to spike; it was already far beyond what he expected, far beyond what he expected a mortal to be capable of. And yet it continued to rise without any ceiling in sight...the attendant of the Kaiōshin was at a loss for words.

A growl began to escape Gohan's throat, the half-Saiyan tapping into vast stores of *ki* hidden away inside his body. Unlike becoming a Super Saiyan, this took far more work on Gohan's part; he hadn't used this degree of power for seven years, and never before had he tried to force it out willingly. His hair, formerly a dark black, shone brilliantly as the tresses were dyed a pale gold. With a mighty shout, Gohan pulled the last drops of *ki* from his body, his aura expanding to briefly encompass the arena, blinding everyone with its golden light.

The tiles began to crash into the ground, some falling into place, the others crumbling and withering away to dust. Gohan stood in the center of the ring, a shimmering god among mortals; his aura was a raging fire, mixed in with the crackling current of a bio-electric aura. His hair, while not as noticeably different as it was during his childhood, was standing on end, spikier, more rigid, the pale gold hue shimmering with an almost neon quality.

"I-Impossible...!" Sharpener gaped, watching the luminescent figure of Gohan standing in the center of the arena. "G-Gohan is...the Golden Warrior!?"

While Sharpener on the one hand was at a loss for words due to sheer confusion, Erasa, watching from the sidelines, was of a different kind of speechless. She'd seen a Super Saiyan before, but Gohan's recent transformation was giving off a vibe entirely different than the serene aura of his Super Saiyan state. This incarnation of the Golden Warrior was stunning, in multiple ways.

"His *ki*...it's suffocating..." Erasa felt the intensity of Gohan's *ki*; it seemed to be pressing in on her throat, inhibiting her ability to breath. Looking around, she saw that none of the other fighters were affected by this in such a way. Even the audience remained undisturbed. Why her? "*Am I...simply the weakest fighter nearest Gohan?*"

There was one fighter who was late to the spectacle of the Super Saiyan transformation. Videl, who had managed to make her way out of the hospital wing — despite the insistence of the physicians there — arrived in time to witness what she first believed to be golden flame. Only when she got closer did Videl realize what her sapphire eyes were seeing. The one standing in the middle of the ring like a conflagration waiting to happen was Gohan.

At first, Videl had to admit she found Gohan in this state to be stunning in every sense of the word. It was a knee jerk reaction, one she wasn't able to suppress; the glow of the golden light gave him an unearthly enhancement to his features that Videl had never seen before. However, as quickly as this realization came, it was swept aside by a crushing feeling of loathing. If this was Gohan — and there was no denying it — then that meant only one thing.

"*I was right! Gohan was the Golden Warrior!*" Videl's expression contorted from one of shock and awe to irritation and anger in the span of a few seconds. The vigilante from Satan City that Videl hated more than anything was *Gohan*. This feeling was conflicting; she was already unsure about how she felt in regards to Gohan. Then to find her suspicions confirmed, and in such a flashy manner. "*Has Erasa known this whole time? She must have...while she was out spending all that alone time with Gohan...'training'!*"

Videl felt her anger and indignation build. The fact that both Erasa, her own best friend, and even Gohan, had hidden this from her, was a thought so frustrating she couldn't bear it. To add insult to injury, Videl remembered all of the feats Gohan had performed as the Golden Warrior; all of them, caught on live television, playing the hero in her town. And what had she accomplished in that time, while he was secretly hiding his power, pretending to be a normal student? Mocking her? The ebony-tressed girl clenched her fists. "*Erasa...Gohan...!*"

"What's this!?" The announcer called into the microphone. "Just like Goten and Trunks, Gohan is immersed in a strange golden light! The sight is truly a spectacle to behold; if it weren't for these shades, that display of light would have blinded me!"

"His power...it's staggering...!" Kibito took a step back in shock at seeing the full extent of Gohan's *ki*. "*I hadn't expected to see this much power from a denizen of the mortal world...!*"

"So...is this flashy enough for you?" Gohan asked, his voice rougher, with an edge to it. This transformation always brought out the worst in him, and he could feel it, even now. The agitation,, anger, an urge to fight; traditional Saiyan emotions that flowed through him when he forced his power past the normal extent of a Super Saiyan were bringing themselves to the surface.

"As always, Gohan's *ki* is amazing...!" Piccolo said.

"Bah!" Vegeta scoffed. "You may find it impressive, but the boy was far stronger when he fought Cell. I knew it; he's gone soft in these peaceful times."

Standing on the sidelines, Spopovich and Yamu were now staring at their device with utter and complete shock. The dial had gone from only responding slightly to going completely and utterly haywire. It was becoming hard to hold, trembling as it measured the insane energy output of Gohan's.

"This...impossible. 4,000 kili...no, it's more than that...it's still rising..." Yamu looked up at Gohan, unable to comprehend the *ki* that the device refused to stop measuring. "All of this energy...Spopovich, ready the siphon. This boy is our target!"

The burly man nodded, and proceeded draw out a mysterious device; it was alabaster white, almost alien in appearance, consisting of a container, ending in a very long needle. Emblazoned on the side of the device was a large 'M' that matched the tattoos on Spopovich and Yamu's forehead. "Spopovich, hold him down. I'll drain his energy!" Without a second thought, the two rushed towards the ring.

"They strike, Gohan!" Kibito saw Spopovich and Yamu rushing towards the ring from his periphery vision. "Remember, they need to take your energy without issue. Do not resist."

Not resisting was difficult for Gohan in a state where violence seemed like the best possible option. As Spopovich and Yamu leaped into the arena, much to the panic of the crowd and the announcer, Gohan had to force his body to relax — just in time for Spopovich to bind him in a bodylock. Repressing the instinctive urge to fight back, Gohan felt something sharp piece into his sides.

"W-What's this!? The announcer shouted. "Spopovich and Yamu have suddenly jumped into the ring and attacked Gohan!"

"G-Gohan?" Chi-Chi stuttered as she looked on in disbelief as she sees her son attacked. Noticing that he was struggling and no one was doing anything, her face began to pale and eyes dilate. Standing to her feet, she was on the verge of leaping from the stands until Yamcha reached out to hold her back. Even through her struggles, her tear filled eyes stared on as she screamed out loud with nothing but dread filled fear. "GOHAN!"

Piccolo had to avert his eyes at the sight; whether they were all in on the plan or not, it took all of his own self-control to simply allow Gohan to be attacked.

Erasa was equally horrified; she thought she'd been mentally prepared to see Gohan be assaulted, but she was wrong. She could feel her entire body trembling, and she could feel herself subconsciously taking steps towards the arena again. Every part of her was telling her to do something, to stop this; she hadn't let Spopovich get away with manhandling Videl, but now she was forced to stand there and watch Gohan be attacked? Realizing she was moving, she had to force her legs to stop; turning away, Erasa forced herself to bear with it.

Laughing maniacally, Spopovich turned to glare at Kibito. "If you even think of interfering with us, we'll kill you! You got that!?"

Kibito, however, did not budge an inch. Unlike the others, his face betrayed no hint of emotion, no shock, no concern. Gohan had willingly agreed to their plan, and his energy was being taken for a much greater cause. He was also more than capable of handling the issues the boy would have after the drain was complete; for Kibito, he may as well have been watching a river flow.

Gohan could feel all of his strength leaving his body; as his energy began to fade, so did the fierceness associated with his ascended state. His hair, formerly a vibrant gold, was petering out and returning to its dull black color, with his eyes soon to follow. His entire body felt numb; with his *ki* being siphoned away, Gohan no longer had the strength to resist these two, much less move a finger. With a sort of dull recognition, he felt the piercing object ripped from his side, and as Spopovich released him, he fell to the tournament floor with a dull thud.

"We've done it...!" Yamu held the device aloft, a twisted grin spreading across his normally stoic countenance. "We've taken all of his energy! Let's report back to the Master!"

"That was easy!" Spopovich grinned stupidly as the two immersed themselves in a bright aura. "Like taking candy from a baby!" With their mission accomplished, the two of them took off from the arena.

"W-What just...?" The announcer was trembling with shock, unable to comprehend the events that had unfolded before his eyes.

"M-My baby..." Whatever colour that had still remained in Chi-Chi's face faded entirely when she saw her son fall to the ground. She herself looked on the verge of fainting, and Bulma had to quickly try and console the mother of two.

"Gohan!" Completely at odds with the rest of the stadium, Erasa pushed past everyone, moving into a leap that segued into flight as she glided towards the arena, landing next to the fallen half-Saiyan. Kneeling down, she placed a hand on his face and suffered a jolt — he felt cold and clammy; his skin was a sickly green hue. If Erasa couldn't see his body quivering, she'd have assumed he died. Turning on the spot, she shouted frantically towards the announcer.

"Get a stretcher! Please! He needs the hospital wing!" With her throat dry, her voice sounded pain, cracked even — it didn't sound like her own.

"R-Right, I'll get on that!" The announcer seemed at a loss for what to do, and felt subconsciously relieved someone was taking charge. He was interrupted, however, before he could call one of the medical monks over.

"That will not be necessary." Kibito's voice was calm, devoid of the panic that had swept the rest of the arena.

Erasa rounded on him, her expression wild. "*You're* the reason he's like this! Is this how you treat your allies? Letting them suffer as live bait and then leave them without hel-"

"It won't be necessary," Kibito continued as if Erasa had not snarled at him in a manner akin to a rabid wolf, "because I can heal him for you." Turning to the announcer, he spoke again. "I ask that you leave his recuperation to me. Recovery through practical means would take far too long for time is of the essence."

Speechless, Erasa stood with her mouth agape for a moment. She gave Kibito a hard look; if she was honest with herself, she didn't trust him. But still, if he could get Gohan on his feet quickly, she didn't have much choice but to relent.

"It is as Kibito said," Shin held out an arm to stop anyone else from trying to do exactly what Erasa had done. "Actions by any of you would be meaningless now. Kibito will tend to Gohan's wounds now. However, I will follow those two; all of those who have agreed to take the risk, please, accompany me."

Shin took off silently from that spot, leaving no chance for any of the others to reply.

Goku was left slightly grinning. If he wanted to be honest with himself, the prospect of this new threat only excited him. "Majin Bū...I wonder how strong he is?"

Then came a harsh voice that snapped Goku out of his prospect of a new adventure.

"I hope you haven't forgotten that I'm following you, Kakarot," Vegeta walked over to the taller Saiyan, pulling him down to his own level by grabbing his blue undershirt. "Once this situation blows over, we *will* have our battle; I don't care if we're in the middle of the desert, I will not miss this opportunity!"

"I get it, I get it!" replied Goku, and Vegeta's gloved hand released its hold on his *gi*. "I promise, after everything is said and done, you and I will have our match, Vegeta!" With Vegeta satisfied by this, Goku made a wide leap towards the ring, landing next to Gohan. "Can I leave my son with you?" He asked, looking up at the taller man.

"You needn't worry," Kibito answered. "As soon as Gohan's energy is back to full capacity, I will catch up with you and my Master. I'm sure that Gohan will want to come as well."

A relieved Goku smiled. "Thanks, Kibito." With a wave, the Saiyan took off from the arena in the direction that Shin had traveled. Vegeta, grumbling in irritation at Goku's lackadaisical attitude towards the prospect of them fighting, followed in hot pursuit.

Without any hesitation, Piccolo was the next to follow after the two Saiyans, his mind burdened with the thoughts of the days events. As much as he wanted to check on Gohan's condition, even he knew trusting the Kaiōshin's judgement was their best option; at least until their own plan could be formulated.

Tenshinhan followed quickly; in the back of his mind, he was already imagining Lunch being even angrier than usual. He'd have to make it up to her after everything was resolved.

Krillin sighed, scratching the back of his head. "It looks like it's about to be one of those days again...you're following after them, right?"

"Yeah, I've already agreed." 18 replied simply. Looking down sternly at her husband, she said, "Try not to screw up and let Mr. Satan actually win. If he somehow pulls it off, I think I'd have to hurt you."

The dwarf laughed, an infectious laugh that showed his wife's idle threat was just play. "C'mon...even *I* can't lose to a guy like that." All Krillin needed to remember was that man's poor showing at the Cell Game; if he actually lost to Mr. Satan, he wouldn't be able to show his face around his wife.

18 flashed a brief smile at her husband. "Our daughter is watching, so make her proud." Slipping her hands into her pockets, 18 turned and flew after the rest of the team.

As everyone had filed away, Kibito knelt down at Gohan's side, and placed his hand on his back. This tactile method had its uses; he could feel just how much energy had been taken, and how much had to be restored, and Kibito was astounded. His body began to glow with a golden hue, and the light from his body was transferred to Gohan's, until both entities were giving off a vibrant shimmer.

The shock of energy being forced into Gohan's body jolted him into a state of alertness. He was still unable to move, however, the lethargy was already fading and he was becoming more and more aware of his surroundings.

Unable to do anything but watch, Erasa did the only thing she could do. Kneeling down at Gohan's side, she firmly gripped his hand, watching in silence as Kibito began the healing process. Erasa had promised Gohan she'd be at his side while he was recovering, and she intended to be here until he stood up again.

*"All of this pure energy..."* Kibito thought to himself, finding it truly taxing on his own reserves of magical energy to restore Gohan's *ki*. *"Even with what I've supplied, he isn't even at a fraction of his full strength...and what's more, I can sense energy hidden deep inside this boy. Such latent potential...and yet he's a mortal? I see now why they chose his energy..."*

As warmth and feeling began to return to Gohan's body, he could feel something in his hand; a soft, but firm grip; a female hand.

"E-Erasa...?" Gohan's voice was thick and cracked. He still could barely move.

"Gohan!?" Erasa gasped; he was speaking now. She was starting to relax. If he could speak, that was a good sign. The girl gripped his hand tightly. "The Kaiōshin's assistant is healing you! Just hang on, alright?"

"And please remain silent," Kibito more to Gohan than to Erasa, though the latter made an offended expression nonetheless. "Be quiet and remain still; the process is nearly complete." With silence now hanging over them like a dense fog, Kibito was able to focus on the task at hand. With beads of sweat slipping down his face, the attendant of the Kaiōshin completed the healing process, feeling his magic nearly expended at such a feat. "Sit up. You're fine now."

Gingerly, Gohan sat upright, testing his body before "This is...amazing..." He gasped, clenching his fists as he sat on the tiles. "I feel...amazing...completely and utterly amazing..." In fact, Gohan was feeling stronger now than he had been before the energy drain. Remembering the other times where he had nearly died, or been trained to the point of near death before recovering, it suddenly made sense to Gohan. This was his Saiyan biology at work.

The half Saiyan was brought out of his reverie by the collision of a small frame to his own; arms were thrown around his neck and he was taken aback as a pair of lips were pressed to his. In a rush, Erasa had tackled Gohan before he could even try and stand up, and was giving him a kiss that could only be described as frantic. Confused at first, Gohan wrapped his arms around Erasa, responding to her kiss fiercely with one of his own. Both of their minds had gone blank, the preceding events entire lost to both of them as they shut off the world for their own singular moment.

Only when Erasa broke away from him did the two of them breathe again, and the entire arena came around them in full colour. She was flushed, but by no means displeased with what she'd done. "So...um...how are you feeling?" Was all the blonde girl could say.

Gohan, however, was smiling in spite of himself. While his fair skin tone had developed a flush near the face as well, this was more due to the surprise of the sudden kiss than anything else. "I'm doing fine now, all things considered." His hand twitched, and he remembered. "Thanks, Erasa; I could feel you there while Kibito was restoring my energy."

"I told you I would be," Erasa replied simply, a tender smile spreading across her face. Her eyes were searching Gohan for any signs of injuries; to her pleasure, she found that he seemed to truly be back at full strength. She let out a sigh of relief, and draped her arms over Gohan again, resting her head on his shoulder. "I know you told me not to be...but still, when they attacked you...when I saw you fall like that...I was so worried...!"

Gently, Gohan wrapped his arms around Erasa, returning her embrace with one of his own. "It's okay." When he spoke, his voice was calm and soothing. "It's okay to be afraid, Erasa. That tells me you're still human and that you care about me. I'm sure if our situations were reversed, I'd be just as worried about you as you are about me."

"As remiss as I feel to interrupt you, precious time is being lost," Kibito said pointedly. "I will go on ahead. Keep pace with me as soon as you're done here." Abruptly, Kibito took off, flying in the direction that everyone else had gone in.

"He's...not a patient man," Erasa noted as the two finally stood to their feet. "So I suppose you're going to follow him, aren't you?"

"Yeah..." Gohan let out a sigh. It seemed Dad had been right. He never could show up without the Earth being in danger, and here they were, being thrown pell mell into another sticky situation. "It's for situations like this that I first started training. I can't simply shirk away from a fight now. Can you go tell Mom where I'm he-?"

"No." Erasa cut Gohan off before he could even finish his request, placing a thin finger to his lips, looking cross. "I already know what you're going to say, Gohan, and I'm not having any of it. You want me to stay here because you think it won't be safe, right? Didn't I train too? Were all my efforts for nothing? I'm not going to sit here and let you go off and fight while I do nothing."

"But-!"

"No." Erasa said with finality.

The hybrid let out a resigned sigh, and couldn't help but laugh. "Alright, I get it. I guess I've lost, haven't I? Then let's go!"

With her eyes lighting up at Gohan giving in, the two took off from their arena, leaving the arena nearly devoid of any competitors, and the announcer shaking and stunned.

"All of them...gone..." The announcer said meekly. "...What's going to happen to the Budōkai...?"

On the sidelines, Videl watched Gohan and Erasa's entire exchange, and a vein was throbbing in her temple. But beyond simple irritation, a curiosity was eating away at her, and she found herself in the face of a temptation too good to resist. If everyone in Gohan and Erasa's strange little group were all headed in one single direction, then there had to be something there worth checking out. As suspicious as Erasa and Gohan were being, the black tressed girl knew one thing; she had to investigate.

Without further ado, Videl lifted off from the ground and flew after the others.

In the stands, Marque could only watch as Gohan and his precious daughter flew off into the horizon, completely abandoning the tournament below. His mouth agape, the man was as stunned as the rest of the audience. Gohan had been attacked by two suspicious characters in broad daylight, and then more than half of the tournament's roster had left, single file...by flying in the air no less. He'd seen his daughter and many other competitors perform the action during the matches, but it still felt like an odd new part of his reality. However, something more troubling was eating at him than these occurrences.

His daughter had willingly chased after Gohan's two assailants, throwing herself deliberately in harms way. He hadn't forgotten just how easily the girl had beaten the larger man when she rushed in to save poor Videl, and yet still, a father couldn't help but worry. While he was looking at the departing figure of his daughter and Gohan, something caught Marque's eye; a group of being just a few rows down who seemed more invested than the rest of the audience.

Marque wasn't a foolish man, and he decided to play on a hunch. Standing up, the man navigated his way down through the rows, getting jostled by a few of the rather rude audience members on his way down. Marque reached the target row, and he could see the group in clearer view; sitting with them was a man he recognized from when he watched the Tenkaichi Budōkai as a boy. The famous Muten Rōshi, who the announcer had mentioned earlier had trained that contestant, Son Goku. If Goku was Gohan's father, then certainly this man might know something.



Cutting through the rest of the crowd, Marque approached the strange group that so easily stood out from the rest of the audience.

"...sensing something ominous in the air..." Muten Rōshi's shades shined in the sunlight as he was speaking to a woman with black hair tied in a bun. Marque worked up his own courage, and cleared his throat.

"Excuse me? Muten Rōshi?" The blonde man said gruffly.

The elderly man turned away from his companions, looking at Marque through his sunshades. There was a brief silence, in which Marque seemed to have lost his nerve as quickly as he'd gained it. Before he could say anything else, however, Rōshi spoke again.

"You're the father of Erasa, aren't you?"

Marque let out an involuntary gasp, and hurried to regain his composure. "Y-Yes, yes I am. It's a pleasure to meet you, sir. I've heard quite a lot about you."

"It's always nice to meet a fan," The elderly master replied casually. "But I don't suppose you're here to get my autograph, are you?"

"No," Marque said, happy to see Muten Rōshi was quick on the uptake, even if the man couldn't quite fathom how. "I know you all know, so I need to ask...what's going on with my daughter?"

Muten Rōshi let out a sigh, and motioned for Marque to sit down in one of the empty seats near them. "You may want to take a seat, Marque. There's quite a lot you need to know."

**A/N:** So first, let me start off with an apology. This chapter was going to be out earlier, but the latest chapter of Heart was due earlier last month as well, thus the October release of The Erased Chronicles was pushed back. However, I know I've been taking far longer than is fair to any of you, so I tried my hardest to make sure this chapter wasn't still being written by the second week of November.

*Lo' and behold, I have succeeded.*

*This chapter is a good one for me. For starters, the "Prince of Destruction" arc finally begins here. To illustrate, my story is current split into two arcs: "That Girl From Seven Years Ago" arc, and the "Tenkaichi Budōkai" arc, which, as of now, has just ended. This means that the Majin Bū and Babidi related shenanigans are about to begin now. But I'd also like to assure you all that this is where some of the fresh changes will begin. You're already starting to see them, I take it. A different fighter roster, everything was explained to the heroes two chapters or so ago...I will do my best to make this a fresh experience for everyone, so please, hang in there guys!*

*A few things of note here; this is only the second time Erasa and Gohan have kissed in my story. As far as the story is concerned, they have shared more than just the first kiss we've seen; the kiss illustrated here was more Erasa's relief that Gohan was okay, and the attitude was in regards to how quickly she rushed in to do it, not "Oh my God, I just kissed him for the second time".*

*Another thing of note: how did Rōshi know that Marque was Erasa's father? He can read minds. This is an actual ability of his from the original Dragon Ball manga.*

*Something about this chapter is its one of those 'retelling canon event' chapters, so I tried to make it fresh, but I don't think I succeeded too well. However, who knows? Maybe you all will like it. Regardless, as always, let's give a thanks to my friend Demod20, for proofreading this chapter and making sure it was ready to post, in spite of being half asleep at the time. I'll see you in the next exciting chapter of The Erased Chronicles!*

[< Prev](#)

23. The Level Beyond Super Saiyan


[Next >](#)

Type your review for this chapter here...

 Post Review

As ▼

Actions ▲

 Share

 Follow/Favorite

[Help \(/support/\)](/support/) . [Privacy \(/privacy/\)](/privacy/) . [Terms of Service \(/tos/\)](/tos/) . [Top](#)

 (<http://blog.fictionpress.com>)  (<//www.twitter.com/fictionpress>)  (<//plus.google.com/+fanfiction>)