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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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24. The Demon King

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The Tenkaichi Budōkai had come to a messy conclusion in shambles. With Gohan attacked, his energy stolen, and the Dragon Team in hot pursuit, the heroes barely had any regard for the tournament stadium they fled from, even as their friends and family who were left in the dark watched them vanish into the horizon with worry on their faces.

Scuttling around on the Tenkaichi Budōkai grounds, however, were two individuals who were left more confused than worried. The prodigious children of Son Goku and Vegeta — Son Goten and Trunks.

The black haired child watched his older brother, father, and the others flare up their auras and take flight with confusion. Just moments ago, he'd seen his brother attacked and his assailants make off without so much as a cry of intervention. Then minutes later, his father, whom he'd only recently met, had left to follow the attackers, leaving his brother to make a quick recovery and follow as well.

The half-Saiyan's head was spinning.

"Trunks, why do you suppose everyone just...left?" Goten blinked at his best friend in confusion. He looked from Trunks, who had an expression of equal perplexity, to his brother and Erasa's vanishing forms. Even with half-Saiyan eyes, he could still make out their figures in the horizon, though his father and the others were well beyond his range of sight.

"I'm not sure..." Trunks replied, his blue eyes analyzing the horizon as well. "Though, if my dad and Gohan are heading that way, it has to be something big, right?"

"Something big?" asked Goten, tilting his head.

"Like, really major," Trunks kept going, a sly grin forming on his face, "and I bet if we follow them, we might be in for something really cool!"

"Really cool!?" Goten continued to parrot after Trunks, obviously trying to keep up. "You mean we could get to fight with the grown-ups?"

"That's right!" the older half-Saiyan was happy his friend was keeping up. With his own aura beginning to flare, it was obvious Trunks wasn't going to waste his time. "C'mon, Goten! Let's follow them and see what's going on!" He blasted off from his spot on the ground, making his way after Gohan and the others.

"H-Hey Trunks, wait for me!" Goten's own white aura flared around him, and the son of Goku began to make a mad dash after his friend. He didn't want to be left behind.

"I can't believe it..."

Gohan, Erasa, and Kibito were flying full pelt after Goku and the rest of the Dragon Team. Kibito, with no one to drag him down, was ahead of Gohan, who was trying to simply help Erasa keep pace with him. But the half-Saiyan was also lost in his own thoughts, and found himself lagging behind even the blonde martial artist.

"Is something wrong, Gohan?" Erasa looked behind herself to see the man slowing down.

"O-Oh!" Gohan realized he was losing pace and began to speed up, flying at Erasa's side again. "I'm sorry, I was merely thinking...if those two were going around gathering energy...what if I wasn't their first target? What if they had been tapping other people to drain their energy before me...?"

Erasa gasped; the thought hadn't hit her until now, but if these two were gathering energy for this horrible Majin Bū creature, what if Gohan hadn't been their first victim, but just their last stop. "What if we're too late!? If they're only using your energy as the last push they need!" A bead of sweat began to drip down her face. Was the situation already more dire than Shin and the others had led them to think?

"That's what I'm beginning to think..." Gohan raised a finger to his chin, thinking. "I really hope we're not already too late."

"Your worries, while well founded, are easily assuaged," Kibito's stern voice came from ahead of them both. "Your deductions are only half-correct. Those two, Spopovich and Yamu, have indeed been using that device on other Earthlings to drain their energy. However, the energy reserves of your people are minimal; even over the past half of a year, my Master and I believe they have barely gathered enough energy to replenish Majin Bū's reserves a quarter of the way. You needn't worry; your energy will not cause the damage you fear."

"Half a year..." the half-Saiyan muttered to himself. "*Six months ago...that was when I found out about the Budōkai...and when Dad told me he was coming back...!*" Gohan remembered something that Goku had told everyone seven years ago when they had made a wish to Shénlóng to revive the Saiyan.

*"Everyone, it's me, Goku! I'm talking to you from the afterlife...listen to me! Before, when I was talking to Bulma, she told me that I tend to attract a lot of evil people. And, looking back on it, I think she's right. The Saiyans...Freeza...the Red Ribbon Army...if I don't come back, Earth would be a far more peaceful place."*

Had his father been right? Did his pending arrival attract the presence of these new villains? Or was Goku's pending arrival on Earth and the wizard's hidden machinations merely a poorly timed coincidence? Gohan didn't like to give his father's idea credit; Son Goku, who had saved the Earth so many times. Gohan always liked to think of his father as a hero, and thus, tried to push these suspicious to the back of his mind.

"Gohan...are you alright?" Erasa floated around him, looking innocently at the man as she waved her hand around him.

"Yeah, I'm fine..." Gohan lied.

"I hope you are, as we are losing time," Kibito replied, his voice demanding. "Come, we will gain speed and catch up to the Lord Kaiōshin." With his aura flaring brighter than it was previous, Kibito sped off without a second thought.

"H-He's so fast!" Erasa covered her eyes as a torrent of wind shot past them. "I can't match that...!"

Looking at Erasa, Gohan knew he had to put his own issues behind him for the moment. "So you still don't have the necessary speed..." He sighed, smiling. "Normally, we'd settle this with a racing exercise, but I think we're pressed for time. So give me your hand." Without resistance, the two slipped their hands into each others, and Gohan's aura enveloped them both as the half-Saiyan began to speed off after Kibito, flying at speeds that Erasa had never experienced.

*"I'm sorry if it hurts Chi-Chi and Gohan, but please, don't try to resurrect me. Besides, Gohan's a lot better person than I was."*

"Dad..."

Moving at full speed, it only took Gohan, Kibito, and Erasa a few minutes to catch up to Shin and the others, and then keep their pace with them. The group had been flying in utter silence — Shin had already explained everything to them at the Budōkai, and thus, there was nothing he'd glossed over which needed further discussion. The entire group had a basic grasp on the situation they were getting into.

Their journey took them into a rocky wasteland; one of many, in fact, to dot the surface of the planet. The air was hot and arid, and Erasa could feel her throat begin to parch. Were the others simply not noticing, or were they used to such barren scenery? Having gotten a feel for the group at this point, Erasa was almost sure it was the latter. As they approached, Shin noticed that Spopovich and Yamu were decreasing in speed, and on his instruction, they did the same, while suppressing their *ki*.

Standing in the center of the wasteland, contrasting almost insultingly against the various shades of brown, yellow, and green that surrounded them, was a bright blue spaceship. Spopovich and Yamu had already landed, and were speaking with a strange looking entity in front of the craft.

As they made a quiet descent, Kibito noticed something that was suspicious to him. "This is most peculiar..they've chosen to land here, and yet this is a place we have searched before."

"The ground looks odd too," Gohan noted. "Almost like the entire area has been dug up."

"Of course!" Kibito exclaimed, breaking his own apathetic manner as an epiphany hit him. "That accursed mage hid his ship underground! That's why we weren't able to find it!"

"For all your efforts, you missed a spaceship because you couldn't be bothered to do a little digging?" asked Vegeta critically.

"The ship itself is far larger than it appears," offered Shin helpfully. "Babidi is far from a master craftsman, but his magic is superb. The entire vessel was created by Babidi's own prodigious magical skill, and is subject to his whim. Hiding even that craft underground would be a simple task for him. However, this tells us something far more critical."

"What's that?" Goku inquired.

"Babidi knows that we're on Earth," replied Shin. "It's the only reason he would go out of his way to hide the ship on this planet where the native inhabitants wouldn't have the slightest inkling of who he is!"

"Should we attack now?" Erasa asked, looking down at the two individuals, still speaking with the third, new one. "Before they have a chance to supply Gohan's energy to Majin Bū?"

"No, he will most assuredly revive the Majin outside of his ship, on the surface," Shin replied gravely. "It is in our best interests to wait until then; any rupturing of the ship could accidentally offset Majin Bū, and set him free. Forgive my worries, but I fear that even at half of his full strength, the Majin will be powerful enough to defeat all of us and wipe out all life on this planet."

"With only half?" 18's eyes widened; she didn't show much emotion, but her mind was trying to process the concept of that kind of sheer power.

"The person they're talking to, is that Babidi?" Tenshinhan asked, glancing towards the ship with all three of his eyes.

"No, that is someone unknown."

Spopovich and Yamu handed the unknown entity the device, and he turned to walk into the ship, the automatic door closing as it received him. The two energy thieves were left to wait outside.

Erasa took the time to survey the area a little closer, and saw something that truly horrified her. Surrounding them, even in the far reaches of this wasteland, was a small village that dotted the landscape. And littered around this village were the corpses of humans, all of them dead. A few of the bodies were even mutilated beyond recognition, and one of them was entirely ripped apart, intestines spilling out with other gore.

"*All of these people...*" The blonde girl thought, indignation flaring through her. What was worse was that it even looked like some of the villagers had fought back; her keen eyesight could see guns and even knives littering the area. The bodies of children were collapsed under adults, posed in positions that made it obvious that parents had tried to protect their children from *something* before being slaughtered.

"Gohan..." The girl nudged the half-Saiyan next to her, and wasn't even surprised to hear that her voice was a choked out growl that didn't belong to her. Gohan, however, clearly didn't recognize it and had to glance twice at Erasa before realizing she was the one speaking. "Look." She pointed a quivering hand away from Babidi's ship, and Gohan followed its movements.

When he met the same sight she was greeted by, he felt the flames of fury rise in his body.

"It's happening again..." He growled, the sight of the managed bodies reminding him vividly of the emptied cities around the continent when Cell had been on the loose. "*It's always like this...innocent people, losing their lives to scum like this!*" However, Gohan had no further time to dwell on it; the door began to open again, and two figures stepped out from the automatic door, followed by the third who had left only moments ago.

The two figures were oddities, contrasting each other in height. The very first who came to the attention of the present group was a man of large stature, who resembled the common depiction of the 'Devil'. He had skin of a reddish tinge, a smug expression with a thin black beard, a bald head with small horns jutting from the forehead, pointed ears, much like Piccolo, and was tall and muscular. On his forehead was emblazoned a large black 'M', much like Spopovich and Yamu had on their own.

The other individual was much shorter, with a bulbous head, balding head and large protruding eyes; it gave him a very 'alien' look. He was floating above the ground, and wore the same 'M' symbol that adorned the foreheads of the other individuals on a buckle that was attached to his clothing.

"My Lord..." Kibito gaped, his eyes and body quivering as he set his sights on the two new people emerging from the spacecraft. "This can't be...that cursed being...he's managed to even force the King of the Demon Realm to submit to his magic!"

"The 'King of the Demon Realm'?" Piccolo repeated the term in surprise. It seemed so long ago when he had used a similar term to refer to himself. But the time of 'Piccolo the Great Demon King' was long gone.

"The King of the Demon Realm...Dābura..." Shin's narrow eyes glared straight ahead of them. "I hadn't thought Babidi would go as far as to ensnare such a being!" Babidi always had a taste for powerful bodyguards, but Shin hadn't expected the corrupt mage to take such a step up when it came to his choice of minions.

"Dābura must be the larger one," Tenshinhan assumed, his expression grim. "I can feel his power from here, and I don't even think that's the entirety of it."

Erasa was inclined to agree with Tenshinhan. The larger man, Dābura as Shin was calling him, was releasing a positively horrid *ki*. Simply expanding her senses only slightly caused the girl to recoil as a wave of pure evil washed over her. If what Shin had said was true, and Babidi could truly manipulate the evil in the hearts of others, then bringing Dābura under his spell would have been all too easy.

"You're correct, Tenshinhan," replied Shin darkly. "I don't mean to alarm any of you, but the larger man who stands besides the smaller — the mage, Babidi — is known as Dābura, and he is the King of the Demon Realm of Darkness. That realm is the domain of Demons, and it exists on the flipside of this world; like two sides of the same coin. One of you present may be the strongest in this world, but in the Demon Realm of Darkness, the Demon King Dābura reigns supreme."

The latter remark garnered the attention of everyone in the group, though admittedly for different reasons each. However, what was certain, if Shin was being honest with them, was that Babidi had managed to acquire a very formidable foe, and perhaps the situation was becoming more dire than the Kaiōshin had anticipated.

"Pay close attention, everyone," Shin continued. "Dābura, as of this moment, may be the most formidable threat present on the enemies' side. If we continue, there may be a point where we are forced to fight him, so I feel the need to warn you: as the King of the Demon Realm, he's been afforded many unique abilities, magical in nature. However, his most frightening ability is to petrify targets through saliva; if it touches you, you will be turned to stone. Should we engage him in combat, I implore you, be on your guard."

"Petrification...Saliva?" Erasa repeated, stunned. Her imagination briefly went haywire, imagining Gohan and herself, forcibly turned to stone, and she shuddered.

Goku let out a groan; it was clear to those who knew him well that he didn't favor going into any sort of combat situation with an unfair advantage over his opponent, and Shin had committed a *faux pas* in Goku's mind.

"They're saying something!" Piccolo interrupted the discussion, and everyone's attention was now firmly on the events below.

"This is...impressive..." Babidi's voice, a raspy screech of a sound, was apparent to the ears of Piccolo, though the others in the group couldn't make it out properly. 18 began to push the functions of her auditory receptors to properly gauge anything that was being said. "It appears you two have collected quite a large amount of energy here."

"We live to serve, Master," Yamu made a bow so deep he could have scraped the ground.

"With our kind of power, it was far too easy!" said Spopovich excitedly.

"Indeed, indeed," Babidi hummed, stroking the device in his hand. "You've done well, the both of you. However, I'm sorry to say that your services are no longer required."

"W-What?" Spopovich glanced at Babidi, confusion and fear etched onto his face.

"I believe you Earthlings have another phrase for it?" Babidi mused, smiling darkly. His eyes narrowed, and Spopovich's body began to convulse horribly. The bald man began to spasm and twitch, his eyes bulging; from his throat, horrible choking sound began to force itself from his throat. Yamu could only watch in horror as his comrade began to swell in size; blood began to spill from his nose and mouth, and with a horrible explosion, his entire body ruptured. Limbs flew apart, blood and other fluids sloshed onto the ground.

"Ah yes," Babidi continued, letting out a high-pitched laugh. "You're being let go."

Erasa let out a hastily stifled gasp of horror from behind the rocks. Without any effort at all, without even moving, Babidi had forced Spopovich to explode. "*What...what are we dealing with!?*"

Yamu was shocked, his jaw hanging open. Spread across his torso was a splashing of Spopovich's own blood, but Yamu was too horrified to realize it. Backing away from Babidi, the bald fighter, normally so calm and collected, had long felt his blood chill and his composure shatter. His white aura flared around his body and he positively exploded from the ground towards the air, fleeing away at breakneck speeds.

The mage let out a sigh as he watched his former minion quite literally head for the hills. His bulbous eyes swiveled to his other compatriot, an alien-creature with an elongated white head, beige face, green eyes without pupils and odd lips. The man's torso was white, armor like, with spikes jutting out from his back. The rest of his body was either possessed of black skin, or wearing black spandex. Emblazoned on his forehead the same, now familiar, 'M' symbol. "Pocus, be a sport and take out the trash."

"As you wish, Master!" Pocus replied in a nasally voice. The alien extended his gloved hand, gripping it by the wrist. Smirking, his hand began to glow with strong *ki*, and from it, a compressed bullet was fired. The energy sphere shot forward, chasing Yamu down without much effort; when it made contact with the man, there was an explosion that rocked the area. From the smokescreen, only a few small pieces of charred flesh fell to the ground.

"He's killing his own men!" Gohan gasped, watching the explosion from the ground.

"How can anyone be that cruel?" Erasa clapped her hand to her mouth in horror.

Vegeta watch the display, hard-faced. Betrayal of one's own men was far from something surprising to him. Betrayal was the currency of the realm in the Freeza Army; Vegeta himself had employed such methods on his own partner, Nappa. "Those two should have chosen a better employer."

"Your marksmanship is excellent as always, Pocus." Babidi conceded. "Now, Dābura, while I would love to celebrate the delivery of this gift, it would appear we have guests. The Kaiōshin and Kibito appear to have joined our little get together uninvited."

Dābura's narrow eyes glanced upward, to where he could sense multiple powers. "Yes. They're hiding away over there, suppressing their *ki* and believing we can't sense them. Discounting the Kaiōshin and Kibito, I can sense six additional powers in all. Even if the energy of the Kaiōshin and Kibito can't be used to revive Majin Bū, the others do possess immense energy."

"They must have followed Spopovich and Yamu," the mage concluded, stroking the device in his hands once again, as if reminiscing of fond memories. "Not only did those two provide us with the energy in this container, they proved to be the perfect bait! Fortune smiles on me today! Now, Dābura, listen closely; lure them into the ship. Kill some of the weaker ones if you must, but rile them up. Simply leave the Kaiōshin for me. That upstart 'god' who killed my father...I will cause him pain undending before he dies!"

High up on the rocks, Piccolo's ears twitched as they picked up this entire exchange. "Our cover has been blown, everyone."

Gohan looked over at his teacher, surprised. "What do you mean? They're just talking among themselves; our *ki* is even suppressed. This is the best cover we could get, Piccolo."

"No, he's right," 18 replied stiffly. "It seems the big guy down there, Dābura, is pretty skilled at sensing the *ki* you guys use. He's felt your energy signals and Babidi has just given him the order to draw us into the ship."

"A trap..." Erasa whispered. But the goal was to kill Babidi, so, in the end, wouldn't they have to go into the ship regardless?

"Everyone, please, be on your guard," Shin instructed. "We won't act until they do."

"Pocus, come with me," Babidi ordered, his voice cutting off the alien's immediate protests. "Dābura is more than enough for this. Should they prove sufficiently powerful, you can battle them on Level Two." With a swish of his cloak, the mage turned, and walked back into the ship, Pocus following him, flashing a disgruntled expression towards Dābura.

"Now..." Dābura clenched his fists, turning to the side and casting an aside glance up at the Dragon Team. "Let's get to it!"

"Here he comes!" Piccolo shouted but it was too late. Dābura proved to be an extraordinarily fast being, and appeared in front of them in a blur of motion. His demonic visage confronted that of Kibito, and extended a palm. Without giving a second thought, the Demon King expelled a crimson blast of *ki* which enveloped Kibito, eradicating the attendant from existence before he could blink.

"Kibito!" A mixed amount of cries from the group shot up as Kibito was erased by Dābura.

"Now for the weakest link!" Dābura turned his palm towards Erasa, letting loose another blast of energy without so much as a second's reprieve. It all happened so fast that Erasa was unable to react, and barely had the thoughts of her own death crossed her mind than she felt her body lifted up off the ground and moved out of the way. When her mind finally caught up to the events, she realized that her body was being cradled in Gohan's arms.

"G-Gohan...!" Erasa choked out. Her heart was beating quickly, the entire experience had been a rush. Gohan, who was kneeling on the ground with her in his arms, gently let her down, before standing up to full height. Erasa, finally able to get a good look at him, saw a hardened expression on his face; if she had to make a comparison, Gohan was reminding her of Vegeta.

"Looks like his reflexes aren't as bad as I expected," the Saiyan prince in question noted, appraising Gohan with a surprised look.

"Erasa, stay right there," Gohan insisted. It wasn't an order, it sounded much more like a plea. However, Erasa's heart was still beating a few ticks faster than she would have liked. Her pulse was racing, her palms were sweating, and she finally realized the issue. She was frightened.

Dābura glowered at Gohan. As a proud Demon King, Dābura wasn't fond of being deprived of a target, nor of being defied by a mortal man. "It's been centuries since a Human has dared challenge me, boy. I don't believe you know just who you're dealing wi-!" Dābura's sentence, however, was cut off as all of the air rushed from his from his lungs. Pain racked his body as Gohan materialized into his view, the young half-Saiyan's fist lodged firmly into Dābura's stomach. Vivid emerald eyes glared defiantly into the face of the King

of the Demon Realm, and a fist met jaw at Dābura was sent staggering back by the force of another blow.

"I...I didn't even see him move..." Erasa blinked, truly not having realized Gohan had vanished from her side until she felt his *ki* flare up near Dābura.

While his tresses remained firmly black, a golden aura was licking Gohan's body and his eyes were bright emerald. Gohan was channeling enough of his Super Saiyan energy to pose a threat without transforming, the same thing he'd done against Kibito earlier in the Tenkaichi Budōkai arena.

"So you do...have some powerful energy, boy!" Dābura snarled, clutching his stomach and rubbing his jaw. "But don't get cocky! I let my guard down, and it won't happen again!" His goal was to rile them up, not to engage them in combat. If it was simply one of them — even this powerful child — Dābura was confident he could win. He wasn't, however, fool enough to battle them all. And he knew just how to rile this boy up. Dābura formed a wad of saliva in his mouth, imbuing it with magical energy, and launched the spittle from his mouth towards Erasa.

Gohan's eyes widened, and he turned to shout. "ERASA! MOVE!" This distraction proved to be what Dābura needed, and the Demon King extended his hand, emitting a powerful blast of energy that sent Gohan hurtling back.

Erasa heeded Gohan's words, but not in the way he had been hoping. The girl launched herself from the ground, the gob of saliva missing her cleanly. It hit the ground, landing on a small lizard and petrifying the creature almost instantly. Erasa paid no mind to the occurrence below, flying full pelt towards Gohan. She extended her arms, creating a thin bubble of *ki* to soften Gohan's collision with her, catching the man with only a tad difficulty.

"That fool!" Vegeta let out an exasperated groan. "How could he turn his back when his opponent was in front of him!?"

While Piccolo was inclined to agree, he couldn't deny he himself had made many similar moves. Rather than condemn Gohan for showing concern, the Namekian felt pride instead. "*You've finally found someone you want to personally protect...*"

"*She's a wily thing...!*" thought Dābura angrily. "So, it appears that damned Kaiōshin forewarned you of my abilities!"

Erasa let Gohan go, and the half-Saiyan began to float of his own power, letting out a sigh. "Thanks, Erasa. But why'd you do that? This guy seems to have it out for you right now; if you get too close, you might get killed!" He clenched his fists.

"I already had to stand still and do nothing before while I watched you be hurt, Gohan," Erasa replied firmly, placing a hand to Gohan's face tenderly. Her blue eyes locked onto his emerald ones, and her expression hardened. "To watch you suffer like that hurt more than I could bear...! I won't stand still and watch you get hurt when I can do something to help!"

Gohan sighed, and let out a reluctant smile. She hadn't changed her stance from earlier, even after an attempt on her life. "There really is no stopping you, is there?"

A whizzing noise caught the attention of the two, and they broke apart as a red blast of *ki* shot between them, before spiraling out towards a plateau. The raised formation was destroyed in an explosion.

"I'm sure you two have a lot to talk about, but don't believe we're done yet," Dābura snarled, his hand extended. With a guttural growl, the Demon charged towards Gohan and Erasa, and the two barely had time to raise up their guard. However, in a battle full of distractions, yet another voice called out to interrupt them again.

"Taiyōken!"

There was was a resulting flash that shone through the area. Everyone immersed by the incredible glow, which was comparable to the very sun itself, and blinded. The resulting party, especially Erasa, who had turned to get a look at the voice, and thus gotten the full brunt of the blast along with Dābura. She clutched at her eyes, staggering back from the pain. Dābura himself came to a screeching halt, his eyes burning from the technique.

With only their hearing to inform them of anything, the cry of "Kikōhō!" rocked the entire area. Dābura felt his body enveloped in a powerful energy, pushing him back with an extreme force. This effort, however, was enough for Gohan and Erasa to realize it was time to get to the ground. Sight deprived, they could still feel for each other's *ki*, and gripping the hand of the other, descended downward, where they could feel the *ki* of their comrades.

It took only moments for the sight of everyone to return. Erasa, rubbing her eyes, saw everything that was blurred come back into clarity. Tenshinhan was standing tall, his hands forming a triangular shape, pressed against the giant set of prayer beads around his neck. He was in the middle of releasing another energy blast from his hand at Dābura, who was being overwhelmed by the immense *ki* blast.

Eyes narrowing, Tenshinhan let his hands fall to his sides. *"That was two Kikōhō...each with as much power as I put into the ones against Cell..."* He knew his *ki* reserves had increased exponentially these last few years, but he hadn't known how much until today. Those Kikōhō would drain him of all his life force with the amount of power he put into them seven years ago.

"You could have warned us, Tenshinhan," Gohan sighed, rubbing his eyes as the world came back into focus.

The others were just beginning to regain their sight as well; Shin's eyesight had recovered much quicker than the rest, so perhaps his eyes were stronger than the rest?

"Sorry about stealing your thunder, Gohan," Tenshinhan said apologetically, though there was a slight grin on his face. "However, you seemed to be having a little bit of trouble and I thought I should step in."

The Demon King was steaming in the literal and figurative uses of the word; never before had his temper been so riled. And yet he believed his role had been fulfilled, even if it had damaged his pride. If there was any solace in his head, it was the fact that he'd held back his power considerably — after all, Master Babidi wanted them alive. The Demon King turned to face the group, and declared boldly. "If any of you have the courage, come and face me in the ship! I'll be waiting in the deepest recesses of Master Babidi's spacecraft!" Descending towards the ship, the door opened to welcome Dābura inside, and he vanished, leaving the heroes to collect themselves.

"I'm going," Gohan said simply, already standing with one foot on a raised rock, preparing to take flight. "It appears those guys want a fight, and I think it's time we show them who they're dealing with."

"Gohan, I have my reservations," Shin insisted. "We all know this could be a trap; simply luring us in, so why play right into the enemies' hands?"

"The entire reason we're here is to kill Babidi, isn't it?" asked 18. "It's better to go down and meet him on our own terms, rather than sit up here and let him cook up some other kind of plan. Or do you believe we're simply going to accomplish something by doing nothing?"

Shin cast a long look at Babidi's ship, and the smug face of the mage slipped into his mind. *"She's correct...if we simply stand out here, Babidi will merely scheme up another way to get the energy. I could potentially be putting thousands of innocents at risk by staying out here...and besides..."* Kibito was dead. That thought firmly lodged into his head. Kibito, like the others before had fallen due to the mad schemes of those involved with Majin Bū. "No. You're right. Everyone, follow my lead. This ends today."

And following Shin's orders, the group leaped from the cliff, flying down towards the ship. And yet, behind them, a figure was skulking among the rocks, following them. It was Videl, who had seen the entire exchange between Erasa, Dābura, and the others. She removed herself from the rocky formations, following them with light steps, her *ki* suppressed.

*"If that thing is where they're going, then I'm going in too!"* The girl thought with a stony resolve. *"You two won't get away from me!"*

**A/N:** *And the 24th chapter is finally out! I'm sorry, everyone, for taking so long on this chapter, especially since it isn't the longest. However, it's been a busy time since my last update. I got a promotion at work, so I have a few more responsibilities — which have only served to make me far more tired — and with Thanksgiving, the impending arrival of Christmas (or other Holidays should you celebrate them), I've been making more visits to family and whatnot. So, yeah, I've been caught up.*



Regardless, let's get a few things covered, shall we? So, first off, I have not forgotten Goten and Trunks; if anyone thought they wouldn't be showing up, no, I just left them out of the chapter last time because they'd pretty much disrupt the narrative. But I don't intend to leave them out entirely, even if I know quite a few people who would rather I do. So I included them in the beginning, to get them out of the way and moving.

So as you can see, I don't forget a lot of things that Toriyama does in the series. As my story still exists within the canon of the series — to get this out of the way as well, consider my story a naturally branching timeline set in Universe Seven. Unless I state otherwise, the timeline works like this:

**Timeline 1** — The main timeline of the Dragon Ball series.

**Timeline 2** — The timeline of "Young Man Trunks" or the Trunks of the Future, who journey to Timeline 1 to warn everyone of the past. Subset of Timeline 1.

**Timeline 3** — The timeline of "Cell", who killed "Young Man Trunks" and returned to the past in Timeline 1. This, I believe, is a subset of Timeline 2.

**Timeline 4** — The only timeline I'm not sure about, as it is mentioned on Dragon Ball Wiki (a wiki known for making up information and misrepresenting facts), but this timeline is similar to Timeline 1, only the Cell Games occurred without Trunks. So, consider it a subset of Timeline 3.

**Timeline 5** — The Erased Chronicles timeline. This is a timeline where a few events happened only mildly differently before the Majin Bū arc. However, critical differences are Erasa and Gohan meeting before Gohan becomes a high schooler, meeting Videl as well, etc. Erasa's mother's death is also a feature unique to this timeline, as it impacts her character greatly. From that point, the events seven years past the Cell Games also begin to change drastically as well; there are also mental changes to Gohan. In this timeline, it would seem, his battles as a child had a more lasting impact on him than in Timeline 1. Subset of Timeline 1.

And thus, the timeline is now covered.

I was surprised at how fun Babidi was to write. Like, he was just straight up fun, His smug attitude, sarcastic nature. Whoa boy I'm having fun with him. Also, to cover a few more things, "Dābura" is technically "Dabra", however, I prefer "Dābura" to "Dabra", since it sounds a bit weird; even I kind of read it as "Da-Bra" as opposed to "Dabra". While I wanted to capture the pun of "Abracadabra", I went for "Dābura" this time. Yes, "Dābura" and not "Dabura" either. Also, for anyone asking, "Pocus" is indeed "Pui-Pui". The English translation for the manga, for some reason, named him "Pocus", and I prefer it over "Pui-Pui" because I can't think of what "Pui-Pui" is a pun on, while "Pocus" keeps the magical theme naming for Babidi and company. On the note of names, I am sorry to those who don't like the use of the name "Bū" over "Buu" or "Boo", but both "Bū" and "Buu" are viable, as is "Boo". I'm simply opting for the former.

Speaking of Dābura, why did I have Shin warn everyone of his spit beforehand? Because he actually mentioned in the original series that he 'should have warned them', meaning he knew beforehand (as we see when Shin explains it later). Since I am taking a huge shift with my own Shin, I'm having none of that.

Now, shout-out to all my Videl haters, your favorite girl is about to stowaway on the ship!

So, I think that about covers everything. To all of my American readers, let me wish you a belated Thanksgiving, and to my readers in general, if I don't get a new chapter out by the end of this month (I will try, I promise, to all of you reader this chapter before the release of Chapter 25!) let me wish you a Happy Holiday Season. Happy Christmas, Happy Hanukkah, Happy Kwanzaa, and whatever other Holiday that happens in this very festive and busy month. Make it into the New Year safe and happy, everyone!

As always, let's give a thanks to my friend Demod20, for proofreading this chapter and making sure it was ready to post. I'll see you all in the next exciting chapter of the Erased Chronicles!

< Prev

24. The Demon King

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