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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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It had taken a few minutes before Erasa could be properly settled down. The body of Dol was had slid limply down the side of the wall in the domed room; Piccolo, having detected that the body was still alive proper, had administered the finishing blow while Erada had buried her head in Gohan's shoulders. Never the one to be gentle, he was now cleaning shining red ichor from his claws.

Her eyes red and puffy, Erasa had finally removed her face from Gohan's *gi*, and had begun to fully calm down. Hiccuping slightly, she let out a groan. "Look at me...I'm a mess...utterly a wreck..." She wiped the tears from her face, sniffing, and gently wiped the tear smudges off of Gohan's *gi* as well. "I'm sorry, Gohan...I look ridiculous, don't I?"

"Well...yeah," Gohan replied, his tone apologetic over his blunt reply. "But that's nothing to be ashamed of. What you just had to do...I'd actually be more worried if you had a heart of stone. To feel as responsible for a parent's death as you do...I can understand that." With Erasa still cradled in a gentle hold, Gohan's eyes glazed over.

Destroyed Cell Games Arena, Seven Years Ago

The situation was dire. Unleashing his hidden power in a fit of rage, Gohan had managed to overpower Cell's Developed Form — what the creature had called its "Perfect Body" — and forced the bio-android back with his immense Super Saiyan powers. The creature had even spit up Android 18, causing it to revert to its Second Form. However, it is when a cat is cornered that it strikes the hardest, and Cell revealed that it had one final ace in the hole.

Detonation.

With an explosion powerful to destroy the entire Earth threatening the lives of the Dragon Team and the citizens of the planet, the options seemed dim. With nothing left on the table, Goku played the final card he had; Instantaneous Movement. With this technique, he'd be able to teleport Cell off of the planet, away from everyone; however, he knew he'd most likely get caught in the explosion himself.

Which was why seeing him arrive next to the inflated body of the Bio-Android was a shock to the young half-Saiyan. His father looked down at the boy with a gentle expression; the kind eyes of a loving, proud father. With his fingers poised to his forehead, he smiled.

"You did well, Gohan...I'm proud of you, my son."

With his eyes widening and pupils dilating, Gohan could only sputter out the single word, "Dad!?" He recognized the posture; Goku had used the Instantaneous Movement twice before, and hadn't taken Gohan more than a second to put two and two together. "What are you doing!?"

The smile on Goku's face became sad. It was clear that the Saiyan father immensely regretted what he was about to do; that he wished there was another option. But he'd said farewell to his friends, and his resolve was set. This was something that would save the lives of the people of Earth, and his family and friends. "Tell your mother that I'm sorry...that I won't be coming back this time. Take care of her, okay? ...Good-bye, Gohan."

With his gentle smile switching to a determined expression, Goku vanished from the spot, taking Cell along with him. A silent wind swept through the wasteland; the entire group was silent as the fact washed over them: Goku was gone.

It hit Gohan first, like a tidal wave of emotion. Grief rocked his body, tears fell from his eyes, as he shouted to the heavens, where his father was now. "DAD! No...No!" Sobbing madly, Gohan beat at the ground, causing it to crack. His shoulders shook as misery fell from his face and echoed in his cries.

The first to step over was Krillin, the former monk placing his hand on the crouched boy's shoulder. His words were those of comfort. "It's over...you and Goku...you guys did it together."

Despite his efforts, they did little to ease Gohan's pain — his guilt. "Krillin...it's my fault...it's all my fault! I—I could have killed Cell back when Dad told me to...but I got too proud...I wanted to see Cell suffer..." He had let his father die. This was a fact that would stick with Gohan for the remainder of his life; his pride had cost them his beloved father.

Babidi's Ship, Present Day

"I know that feeling far more intimately than I'd like to..." Gohan whispered. Looking over at his father, who had certainly not missed a single word Gohan had said, he thought to himself, *"It seems even knowing where your parent is in the afterlife doesn't do anything to make it better."* Breathing heavily, the half-Saiyan looked at his father.

While Goku was a clueless man, he was not a deaf man, and not immune to his own son's woes. It had taken him a moment to put two and two together to get what his son was implying. Crossing the distance between the room separating him and Gohan, the adult Saiyan placed a hand firmly onto Gohan's shoulder. His expression was gentle, the fatherly expression Gohan had missed over the last seven years.

"You've really been carrying a lot these past seven years, haven't you son?"

The nearly-adult half-Saiyan was quiet for a moment, before replying. "I'm sorry, Dad. Sorry for seven years ago, back when I could have killed Cell. I *know* you're fine with this arrangement as it is, and I *know* you don't blame me, but I can't help feeling responsible. Mom's missed you so badly for these last seven years...and before today, Goten barely knew who you were."

Goku's grip tightened around Gohan's shoulder, if only a little. "None of this is your fault, son. I should have told you in my good-bye, but there wasn't enough time. I didn't want you to blame yourself; losing yourself in a battle like that happens to the best of us. It's only natural for Saiyans. It was my fault for pushing you that far; even Piccolo made me realize my error in judgement. I shouldn't have forced you into that battle, so what happened in the end was on my head, son. And just being dead hasn't changed the fact that I'm proud of you."

Relief washed over Gohan, cool and refreshing like fresh flowing water. At his father's reassurance, a load was being lifted from his shoulders. This was something that had been on his mind for years, and to hear his father's words was finally enough to take his mind off the matter.

"I do hate to interrupt your latest melodrama, but we have a schedule to keep!" Vegeta interrupted, an apparent edge in his voice that showed the Saiyan Prince was losing his patience. "If you want to stand here and keep talking, that's fine; *I'm* going on ahead." Without waiting for a reply, Vegeta leaped into the circle in the middle of the domed room, descending down towards Level Two.

Blinking at Vegeta's sudden interruption, the group flashed each other a look, before realizing they should follow quickly, lest Vegeta make trouble for them all. The group leapt into the tunnel that led down to the second Level, landing neatly to see Vegeta waiting, arms crossed, finger tapping his bicep with the air of utmost impatience.

"He's...not a very pleasant guy, is he?" Videl observed, watching Vegeta with apprehension.

Thinking that Videl wasn't one to talk, Gohan explained that Vegeta was actually a pretty decent guy, once you got past the brutish exterior — and he wasn't wrong, he'd seen on more than one occasion that there was a heart inside Vegeta. It was just buried deep under a layer of thick spikes.

"Somehow, I doubt that," Videl replied dryly.

Looking around the room, Goku was the first to notice that it was not different from the previous room at all. It was almost as if taking the tunnel down from Level One to Level Two had merely looped them back towards Level One again. "You think they'd bother to change *something* up if we're gonna have to go through the ship like this, wouldn't ya think?"

"Goku, I'd believe this ship was built more for efficiency than aesthetics," Tenshinhan chastised his friend with a small sigh. Though he had to agree with Goku on the fact that the ship's décor left much to be desired, he understood that mass-producing rooms was probably the easiest way to make a ship this large, if Babidi had indeed made it through magic.

"I do wonder how long we'll have to wait," 18 mused, her sharp eyes cast on the door. "It isn't polite to keep guests waiting, even if you'd rather not have them around."

"I'm not sure 'guests' is the right word for us," replied Erasa uncertainly.

As if to answer their thoughts, there was a whirring sound that attracted their attention. Turning towards the automatic door that was emblazoned with an 'M' on it, the door began to open. They knew this to mean only one thing; their next opponent was stepping out. What stepped out was 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.

"It's him..." Erasa muttered next to Gohan. "He's another one who was with Babidi outside of his ship."

"Welcome, warriors, to Level Two," when the alien spoke, his voice was raspy and nasally — possibly an effect of lacking a nose on his face — and there was a hint of smugness behind it that could grind on one's nerves. "I used to be the warrior of Level One, and I would have explained how things work in here. But I see that's no longer needed. My name is Pocus, and I will be your opponent this time!"

Taking a stance, the alien began to rapidly punch the air, moving at a speed that Videl and Erasa were unable to track, but the others could see quite clearly. "Not a single one of you will make it out of this ship alive; as I beat you into the ground, every drop of your energy will be absorbed by Lord Bū! Such is your misfortune for having been fated to face me in battle!" His shoulders quivering, the alien began to laugh maniacally.

"I see we've gotten ourselves a noisy one," Tenshinhan sighed. He'd met plenty of opponents like this, who preferred to boast than they actually fought. Only a few — such as Vegeta — were actually able to back their claims up, and from what he felt of this alien's *ki*, only the two young girls would be unable to defeat him.

"Which one of us is going to fight him, then?" asked Goku, looking around at the group at large. "Erasa already had a turn, and there aren't enough Levels for all of us to get a chance!"

Without waiting for the rest of the group's assent, Vegeta stepped forward, arms crossed, and face set. "I'm not going to just stand here and keep watching; you all stay back, and I'll handle this guy." In truth, Vegeta wasn't eager to fight because Pocus seemed strong; he could feel the alien's *ki* as well as the rest of them. The Saiyan prince was merely frustrated. The events at the Tenkaichi Budōkai — Kakarot throwing the match, and just how far he'd been willing to go in a brief moment to win the match — was still eating at Vegeta.

He needed something to take his mind off of it, and stretching his muscles might be the way to go.

Despite his objections the previous time, Shin remained silent now, rather than raise a fuss. "*The strength of these warriors is formidable, I know that much. So show me what you can do — I still need all of your powers to help me defeat Majin Bū. I will watch objectively for now.*"

"Sending a single, solitary fighter to battle me alone?" Pocus jeered. "Master Babidi warned me that your high strength makes you dangerous, but in fact, all of you are just reckless idiots!"

"You lot are bigger idiots than any of us could ever be," Vegeta shot back, walking forward slowly, distancing himself from the group. Due to the annoying personality that Pocus had, Vegeta's fiery personality was flaring back, all distractions gone. The additional factor that that Pocus reminded him strongly of a former 'business associate' of his only fueled the dislike he was feeling for the alien standing before him. "Welcome to the end of your life. And I can promise you, it's going to hurt." Fists clenched at his sides, Vegeta's stoic expression split into a maddening grin.

"Ready for the pain?"

If they could be visible through the thick carapace on his head, a vein would be seen throbbing in Pocus' forehead. The green-eyed alien snarled, having taken Vegeta's bait hook, line, and sinker; rushing in, the creature jumped into the air, performing a spin kick.

Without wasting any movement, Vegeta raised his hand, catching the leg in a firm grip. Looking at Pocus with disdain, Vegeta only remarked "Pathetic," as he slammed his leg into Pocus' stomach, releasing his hold on the alien's leg and sending him flying towards the wall of the ship. Pocus slid down the wall, landing on his knees; just that single kick felt like it had shattered a few bones, and he could feel pain in his organs. Looking up, he could see Vegeta standing in front of his, looking down on him literally and figuratively.

Pocus launched himself upward, only to be stunned by a kick to the jaw that sent him towards the ceiling of the building instead. As he fell, Vegeta pursued, landing a swift and crushing knee blow to the alien, and careening him across the room once more.

"He's...amazing!" Erasa gasped, watching as Vegeta was turning Pocus into what amounted to a game of football, albeit with a living body instead of a ball.

"And just as usual, he's all business," Gohan remarked.

Propelling himself across the floor of the room, Pocus attempted to land a solid, powerful blow on Vegeta. However, the Saiyan prince raised a hand, catching the blow with his gloved palm. Releasing his hand, Vegeta began to unleash a flurry of punches onto Pocus' torso before the latter even had a moment to be surprised that his attack had been halted.

"This is madness!" Babidi exclaimed, watching the battle from his crystal ball. "For Pocus to be losing, and with no dignity at that! Dābura! What was Pocus' home planet again?"

Within seconds, Dābura answered. "Planet Zun."

"That's the one! I take so many people from their home planets its almost hard to keep track," snickering to himself, Babidi raised his hands towards his crystal ball, focusing all of his magical energy. "Planet Zun it is! Papparah!"

Within an instant, the entire area changed. Far from the drab, circular room they had been in, the group had been transported to what appeared to be the outside. However, it didn't resemble Earth in the slightest. The sky was perpetually dark, with three moons scattered throughout the sky. The terrain was littered with barren landscape, rocky in appearance. The atmosphere was thin, and the air acrid; this made it noticeably hard to breathe for both Erasa and Videll. But what shocked the two of them most was the very moment they'd been transported here, their bodies buckled and their knees hit the ground.

"What...the...?" The two of them, Videll notably much closer to the ground than Erasa, were straining against a force that seemed intent on making them for more intimate with the dirt than either cared to be.

Vegeta, who had been in the middle of punching Pocus several times in the face, looked around with surprise at their new surroundings.

"What's going on?" Gohan had already knelt down to Erasa's side, easing her to her feet and letting her lean on him as support. Being busy helping Erasa maintain her own balance, the half-Saiyan was unable to lend Videll assistance.

"It's Babidi's magic," Shin explained quickly. "Using a spell, he was able to transport us to an entirely different location. This isn't simply an aesthetic change; it's legitimate translocation. More than likely, this is a planet where Pocus can gain an advantage."

Staggering backwards from Vegeta, Pocus couldn't help but grin, snickering to himself. "Welcome to my home planet, Zun! This planet has ten times the gravity of your Earth, and I was born and raised on this planet!" His snickering became full on garish laughter that scratched at the ears of everyone present. "Those two children have succumbed to this planet's gravity first, and soon you will be next! You don't have any hope of-!"

Pocus' boasting, however, was cut short by Vegeta jumping lightly from side to side, even performing a few punches that were so swift they could not be seen. "Don't presume I'm the same as those human brats! If this was five hundred times the gravity of Earth, you just might have an advantage. But ten?" His face broke into his smug grin once more. "*I don't even feel it.*"

"What!?"

In the span of a second, Vegeta had flickered out of sight and manifested in front of Pocus. His grin never fading, the Saiyan prince placed both gloved hands onto the alien's stomach. There was a blinding flash, and before he could comprehend what had happened, Vegeta had overwhelmed Pocus in a flash of blinding white *ki*. The blast was far more intense than the Kamehameha that Erasa had used earlier, and atomized Pocus with ease.

The abrupt ending of the battle shocked all spectators, sinful and righteous alike. Vegeta, on the other hand, merely looked irritated and disappointed. "That Babidi...giving me such a weak opponent." With a disdainful look towards the smoke that was quickly fading where his fallen opponent had once stood, the Saiyan prince walked back towards his allies.

"He never holds back, does he?" Tenshinhan remarked. "It's always these moments that I appreciate he's on our side."

The whirring noise of the hole that led to the next level of the shop attracted their attention. With the murder of Pocus, Babidi's ship had acknowledged a winner, and they were able to proceed to the next level.

"Let's get this done, we haven't got all day!" Vegeta snapped, leaping down through the tunnel.

"Hey Dad," Gohan motioned his father over, still holding Erasa at his side, helping her withstand the increased gravity of planet Zun. While she didn't look drained — due to the received support — it was obvious that walking to the hole would be a struggle for the girl. "Can you help Erasa get through the elevator down to the next level? I need to give Videll a hand."

True to the statement, Videll was still fighting the forces of Zun's increased gravity, and had been on her hands and knees ever since Babidi had switched their locations. Sweat was beading down her face; the effects of the increased g-forces, as well as the thinner atmosphere on planet Zun, were beginning to take their toll on her body.

"Sure," Goku agreed to help the girl readily, and slipped his arm around her shoulders and waist, while Gohan slipped away to go help Erasa's best friend.

"T-Thanks, Goku," Erasa muttered her gratitude to the man.

"Don't mention it," the Saiyan replied. "I remember when I first had to withstand 10x Earth's gravity." Chuckling to himself at the memory of crashing chin-first into Kaiō's planet, Goku lifted the blonde martial artist in-training off the ground and down through the tube. The two were followed quickly by 18, Tenshinhan, and Shin, leaving Gohan and Erasa alone on Zun.

Kneeling down, Gohan wrapped an arm around Videl's waist and another around her underside, gently beginning to lift the black-tressed girl off of the ground. It took a second for Videl to become fully aware that Gohan was helping her up, and, predictably, her response was less than kind.

"Stop it..." She mumbled, her brain was hazy as her speech. "I don't...I don't need help."

"At this point, I can't take what you want into consideration," Gohan told Videl firmly. "If I leave you here to fight this off, you *are* going to die. Even if you hate me for it, just bear with me until we're safely down in the next Level."

The girl couldn't form a proper response, but she knew something. She *hated* the fact that she was so weak that she needed Gohan's help; this was the second time in the very same day that Videl had been saved by someone. First, it had been her friend, Erasa, saving her from the man her father had beaten. Then, it had been Gohan, the man who took her best friend away.

"*Why can't I do anything on my own!?*"

"Not only Dol, but Pocus too!?" Babidi grit his yellowish-teeth, the anger bubbling inside the extraterrestrial Mage. "Dābura, I've been relying on *your* intel that you scoped out on this planet to plan my attack. You told me that there weren't any fighters this capable!"

"I-I'm sorry, Master," the Demon King faltered, a comical sight to see one so imposing balk so quickly under the fury of one so short. "When I visited this planet 300 years ago, the strongest martial artists were nowhere near this strong."

"Three...hundred...years ago!?" The mage felt a vein throbbing in his head as his anger spiked. "I'm relying on information that's almost as dated as my own plan!?" Fuming, Babidi tried to calm himself down as he planned his next course of action. He needed someone who could handle these Earthlings and their surprising abilities; Dol and Pocus had been too weak, he could see that now.

"Yakon. I'll send in Yakon."

"Hurry it up!" Goku called towards the door. "I'm gettin' sick of waitin'!"

"*These Saiyans are remarkable...*" Shin thought to himself. "*To know no fear in the face of Babidi's machinations and the warriors he sends to fight. In all honesty, I was probably blinded by useless fear myself — the possible threat of Majin Bū is enough to send ripples of fear throughout the Universe to all who remember what it can do.*" Looking at the backs of these warriors — Saiyan and Earthling alike — Shin couldn't help but smile. "*Perhaps this is what I needed...the exposure to those who know not fear...who haven't seen what Majin Bū can do...*"

"If I had to keep up the video game comparison," Gohan said, "then all of this waiting is just the level loading."

Free from the effects of Zun's enhanced gravity, Erasa and Videl were readjusting to normal the g-forces of Earth. And yet, with the readjustments to the gravity for Videl did not come with her normal fire; instead, she seemed to be lost in thought, or at the very least, not paying attention to her surroundings. Perhaps she'd been humbled by having been saved twice in a single day.

"We might be starting to rattle them," Erasa suggested helpfully. "It's been two Levels already, so that has to be throwing them off their groove, right?"

"That's *possible*..." mused Gohan, who didn't altogether believe that. If the enemy was taking this long, the more likely scenario was simply that they were making more cautious preparations. This meant the possibility of a more formidable opponent worth their time, or simply another disappointment. "*And we won't have to wait long, either...*" Gohan noted as the familiar noise of the automatic door caught their attention.

Crick. Crick. Crick.

There was the echoing sound of something solid and bony hitting the floor, making a clicking sound. The pounding of feet followed, indicating something large was emerging from the shadows of the door; this suspicion was confirmed when a large, green-skinned, two-toed foot landed firmly out of the doorway. The foot was followed by a body of horrifying imagery; a feral creature, completely green in colouration, that resembled an overgrown, bipedal lizard. Oddly proportioned, a bulky torso sat atop thin, bent legs; from the torso sashayed long, thin arms, complete with three fingered clawed hands. Perched atop these hands were claws as well. On its stomach, a large 'M' was emblazoned. The creature gazed at them through bulbous eyes, its fang-lined mouth drooling.

Erasa watched the creature advance on them, her sapphire eyes surveying it in horror. However, a new kind of horror washed over them when she took in its features; the multiple claws. She remembered, with a jolt, the dismembered bodies they'd seen outside the ship before entering.

"Gohan..." Erasa whispered, pulling on the side of the half-Saiyan's *gi*, clapping her free hand to her mouth. "This...this is the *thing* that slaughtered all of those people. It has to be."

"Who do I eat first...?" The beast's drool began to pool onto the floor as it gazed directly at the ragtag group of warriors.

"I see...I should have expected this," Shin said gravely. "I recognize this foe; it is the Majū, Yakon. It is a creature from one of the furthest ends of the galaxy, from the Planet of Darkness. One of many, I have heard that a Majū is afforded unique abilities, including the fabled ability to devour light."

"Devour...light?" Erasa blinked in confusion, turning towards Shin. "What do you mean?"

"It is exactly as I've said," Shin replied simply. "As a Majū, one of Yakon's unique abilities is devouring light; this includes *ki*."

"But then how can we-!?"

There was a rustle of movement, and the entire group was surprised to see 18 step forward, walking towards the Majū with a stone cold expression. The cyborg woman had wasted no time marching to the fore of the group, face set. "If this is a creature that can absorb energy, then let *me* fight it. I think I'm just the opponent its looking for."

"You?" Shin was baffled. "To be honest, I was expecting someone like Goku or Gohan to fight next. Shouldn't you step back and let them have their turn?"

Piccolo was the first person who had put two and two together, a smirk slid across his face. "No, Lord Kaiōshin; in fact, she may very well be the most ideal opponent *for* this battle. I speak from experience, in fact."

In terms of conventional wisdom, Piccolo was the first person that Shin would listen to; not simply including the fact that he seemed far more level-headed than the rest of the Dragon Team, or the fact that he was the former God of Earth, but the fact that *he* was the one Shin had revealed himself to before anyone else on Earth. Shin had placed more confidence in Piccolo than the others, and wouldn't waste it now, and thus relented.

"Shall I eat you first?" Yakon eyed 18 maliciously; to his bulbous eyes, the cyborg was simply a walking meal, and he always preferred it if food presented itself to him, rather than having to chase after it.

The blonde cyborg shot the Majū a look disgust; her pale eyes narrowed. She wanted to end this quickly. Gero hadn't had the decency to install any form of a scanning device when he had implanted them with cybernetic units — at first, she had assumed it was simply an oversight, or an error he meant to fix, but she realized only after the Cell incident that it had been an intentional design flaw — so she was unable to gauge Yakon's power. But this was merely a minor setback.

It was Yakon who made the first move.

Despite its immense size, the Majū tore across the small room, moving quickly enough that neither Erasa nor Videl could see the creature. Not even its colour was visible; to the two human girls, this beast was entirely invisible as it moved across the room. Lack of scanners or not, 18's own eyes, enhanced as they were by the mechanics of Red Ribbon technology, were more than enough to follow the movements of the Majū, Yakon.

"For its size, its speed is impressive," Tenshinhan noted. For the Dragon Team, following Yakon was second nature; they didn't need to use their eyes, when *ki* was available for them to sense. This didn't mean their eyes were useless; with their bodies conditioned and fortified through training, they could see far better than any normal human — or even better than Erasa and Videl. And thus, the battle was fully visible to them, even the movements of 18, who they could not sense.

The cyborg dodged Yakon's strikes with ease. Having been fitted with mechanics for the original purpose of defeating Son Goku, 18 was no slouch when it came to combat. Regardless, she had to admit that Yakon was stronger than Taopaipai had been; she wondered if it had something to do with being a biological opponent. There was a shine through the air as she saw the glistening claws of Yakon slice towards her. 18 raised her arm up to parry, and heard a ripping sound as she pushed Yakon's arm back; the claw had managed to avoid her arm entirely, but ripped her right sleeve off.

18 cast a glance down to the sleeve that slipped from Yakon's claw; had this been seven years ago, damaging her clothes would have infuriated her. Now, 18 merely breathed a sigh of relief that it had been her sleeve and not her arm. Yakon pursued, mouth agape, evidently intent on making good of its threat to devour the young woman. The claws atop its wrists extended, becoming scythe-like; with swift movements, Yakon began to slash at 18.

Leaping deftly backwards, 18 managed to avoid the claws entirely; the keratin slashed through the air at record speed, but were unable to touch the woman. Wiping hair out of her eyes, 18 began to process her options. He was *fast*, there wasn't any denying that. And if he could consume energy, this limited her to basic physical combat. With her own speed and superior skills, handling Yakon wouldn't be too hard.

"*It doesn't even possess half of the strength Vegeta did when I fought him as a Super Saiyan,*" the blonde cyborg noted confidently, remembering with a slight amount of smugness how she had not only shattered Vegeta's arm, but his pride as well. If this creature couldn't even muster up half that strength, she would end the battle effortlessly.

Yakon tore through the air towards 18, bring down the extended claws in an attempt to land a deathblow. 18 vanished, reappearing directly on top of the claw; she cocked her leg back, swinging it forward, directly into Yakon's chin. The blow sent him flying, sending the large beast careening across the ship. With a resounding crash, he hit one of the walls, his large form slumping down. 18 was truly no longer holding back.

"Oh no, not Yakon as well!" Babidi watched his minion be thrown across the ship by the lithe form of 18. Body trembling, he was beginning to panic. Earlier, when he'd taken the energy draining device from Spopovich and Yamu and had injected it into Majin Bū's shell, the meter that tracked the building energy jumped all the way to half strength in just one shot. He was so close to reaching his goal.

"I will *not* let some trifling Earthling girl ruin with my plans!" The alien mage, trembling with anger, raised his palms towards his crystal ball. "I'll just give Yakon a little home field advantage! *Papparapah!*"

Where once there was bright light, darkness swallowed everything. The entire group was shocked to be lost in such intense dimness. It was so dark that everyone present may as well have had their eyes shut tight. No one could see even a centimeter in front of their faces, and it wasn't long before someone voiced their concern.

"This is the Planet of Darkness," said Shin, always the first to reply. "It is Yakon's homeworld, located in the far reaches of the Northern cluster of galaxies. Due to its remote proximity, scarcely any light penetrates this world; certainly not enough for the eyes to see with. It is on this world the Majū developed the ability to absorb absolutely any light they could. Once again, it seems, Babidi has taken his fighter to a favorable field."

"Well the name certainly works..." Erasa grumbled, blinking repeatedly as if hoping to clear up her eyes; naturally, this had no effect. She didn't need anyone to tell her to remember her training, however, and was able to detect the presence of her friends blazing next to her as *ki*. Out on the battlefield, she could still feel Yakon's *ki* in all of its terrifying glory; 18, however, was invisible to her, a fact that the girl could not stand.

18 looked around; or at the very least, attempted to look around, but it was pointless. She was unable to see anything in front of her, and knew she had to proceed cautiously. Her confidence from only moments ago was dwindling; she had no sensors, and while her eyes were enhanced compared to normal human eyes, they weren't meant to see in the dark — another fail-safe to ensure her absorption, she assumed.

"*I'm going to need to adapt and it'll have to be quick...*" The cyborg thought to herself. With the shortcomings she had in terms of fighting in anything other than broad daylight, this battle had just gotten quite a bit more difficult.

ClackClackClackClackClackClackClack!

The sound of something sharp and bony making sound with the ground caught her attention; one advantage she still had was enhanced auditory receptors. Her ears still worked regardless of the time of day, and she could hear the rapid approach of a predator who had just entered complete and total hunting mode. Listening intently, 18 tried to pinpoint the location of the noise, and was surprised; either due to overconfidence in its abilities, or simply due to running on instinct, Yakon was trying a full frontal approach.

She could feel vibrations in the air, subtle but present, that indicated the swinging of a blade. At the very last second, 18 was able to step back, flipping against a rocky terrain. As she landed, she felt fabric move, and realized the blade had come frighteningly close to slicing her from the shoulder down. Stepping back when she did, however, had ensured only her shirt was cut, and only with a minor gash at that.

ClackClackClackClackClackClackClack!

There was the sound again, and if anything, it was coming faster. Listening once more, she could detect the beast's direction, and realized that, with surprising speed, it had taken to her back and was running towards her from the rear. In a bold move, 18 leapt into the air, hoping there was nothing but emptiness in the darkness above. Her instinct proved correct, and Yakon's strike missed her yet again.

"It's hard to tell what's going on out there," Gohan noted, suffering from the same inability to feel 18's *ki* that the others were. "But I can still feel that creature moving, so I have to assume it hasn't caught 18 yet."

"But how much longer can she keep this up?" asked Tenshinhan, who was unable to pierce the darkness, even with three eyes. "We don't know how her fighting style works, and if she is fighting blind, she may need our help."

"Give her a moment," Piccolo replied. "The Cyborgs never tire, remember this. Until she finds a way out of this, she can continue to fight him endlessly. Besides, she's doing far more than running blind."

18 could hear Piccolo, and knew he was right about one thing; with her generator, her stamina and *ki* supplies were endless. She could continue to fight and run circles around Yakon until it died merely from its biological limitations.

"*Limitations...*" The word rocked 18 for a moment. She remembered what the mohawked-man referring to himself as 'Shin' had told them about Yakon being able to absorb energy. But something even further back was beginning to resurface; the entire reason Gero had pursued the idea of an infinite energy generator was due to the limitations of the energy absorption model, both in their output and their intake of energy.

A smile crossed her face as she raised a hand to her side; there was a glowing pink flash and a sphere of energy, white in the center with a pink glowing outline, formed above the woman's palm. The luminescent orb began to cast out a glow onto the darkened world. Yakon, surprised by the sudden light, stopped in his tracks, having been planning an assault from the side. The Dragon Team looked on in surprise; none of them had seemed to immediately consider simply using their own *ki* to light their way.

"Even if I could hear you, it was going to get me nowhere," 18 noted, turning to face the paused Majū. "While it was certainly not a waste of my energy, it was a waste of my *time*. I admit I'm ashamed it took me so long to figure this out, but now, I can see you."

Yakon blinked, the demon's bulbous eyes evidently surprised to see the light manifest itself. "The dark abyss isn't working...?" It asked blankly, before its twisted face into a maddening grin. The grin then broke apart as Yakon opened his mouth wide, much like a snake. There was a vacuum-like suction coming directly from his mouth; 18 could feel her body nudging, and her hair was whipping her face in the direction of Yakon. But it was the *ki* orb in her palm where the most changed were taking place; it had already lost stability and was being funneled into Yakon's mouth. Within seconds, the sphere was gone, and the area plunged into darkness again.

"I *did* warn you," Shin's voice came through the darkness, exasperated. "Yakon consumes light; this includes *ki*."

"And that's exactly what she's banking on," Piccolo replied. "Just watch."

A sharp exhale pierced the darkness. Unseen by 18, Yakon was rubbing its stomach. "That light was truly delicious; do it again, why don't you? I've never had such unique and strange tasting light before!"

In the darkness, 18 smirked. This was what she had been hoping for; Yakon seemed like a creature who was driven purely by instinct, and once it found a delicious food, it wouldn't let up. Extended a hand towards where Yakon had just been, another pink orb of *ki* began to charge, brightening up the room and bringing the smug expression of Yakon into sight.

The Majū laughed, an bellowing laugh from deep within its stomach. "I'm glad you're such an idiot! I'll drain you of energy and then devour you whole!"

Without uttering a word, 18 let loose a volley of *ki* blasts from her palms, a patented technique of her's, despite it being relatively common. Before the blasts had even left her hands, the suction had begun again; as if guided by a wind tunnel, the *ki* was following the arc of the vacuum, directly into Yakon's mouth and down his gullet. To the beast, this was the perfect treat for him; he'd never been able to consume such a large volume of light, living on this planet where scarcely any hit the surface.

As the group watched the display through the flashing light of *ki*, it looked like absolute foolishness to an outsider. For 18 to willingly be feeding energy to a beast that consumed it was essentially feeding your arm to a crocodile. The only one who looked confident was Piccolo, who was glad 18 had finally put two and two together.

The energy continued to zoom down Yakon's throat at an impressive rate; his back was glowing from the excess light, a shimmering pinkish-hue lighting him up from the rear. But then something odd began to happen. He began to glow from the front as well, a vibrant, flashing light, much like an alarm. Following the glow, Yakon began to swell in light, inflating like a balloon.

"What's...happening?" Erasa gasped as she watched the demonic creature begin to resemble a truly horrible carnival prize.

Before anyone could answer, there was an ensuing explosion that brightened the entire area with a giant flash. In the few remaining moments of light, the Dragon Team could see that Yakon had exploded, and the few pieces of his body that had not incinerated were scattered everywhere. The light began to die down, but not before the circle on the ground began to open, confirming that the ship recognized 18's victory.

"Wh-What happened?" Erasa asked again through the thick darkness.

"18 is a unique Cyborg," Piccolo was the first to supply Erasa with information. "She and her brother run on limitless energy; for a creature who can drain energy, there was going to be a limitation to just how much energy they could consume before it became too much to handle. 18 knew this, and was able to use her unique trait of limitless *ki* to simply overstuff Yakon, causing him to explode." It was moments like this that Piccolo was grateful his race did not require food.

"That's...unbelievable..." Erasa looked at where she thought 18 was, both amazed, and rather intimidated.

Light flared one final time; 18 was walking towards them, holding an orb of *ki* to light her path. Beyond superficial clothing damage, she had survived the battle without so much as a scratch, a testament to her credibility as a fighter. "Regardless, now that I've won, we only have Level Four left. I want to get this over with; I can't keep my husband and daughter waiting on me too long." As she said this, the woman's mind drifted to the husband she'd left back at the Tenkaichi Budōkai, wondering how he was doing.

Babidi's Conference Room; Final Level of Babidi's Ship

Having witnessed the explosion of one of his favorite minions, Babidi was fuming. Had he been capable, steam would have been erupted from him in some form. "Three of my minions defeated in less than one half of an Earth hour.." Vein throbbing, temperature rising, the miniature extraterrestrial mage was at the end of his rope. "Minions *do not* grow on trees, don't they know this!?" Glaring at his crystal ball, he sincerely wished death upon all eight of his intruders.

"Master, he fell for an obvious trap," Dābura pointed out, attempting to reassure Babidi. "I assure you, Master, I am no such fool. Now that they have reached Level Four, they have to fight me! I will show each of them terror, and fill Lord Majin Bū's shell with their energy!"

"But Dābura, if you die, it will mean the end of my plans!" exclaimed Babidi, clearly filled with panic and worry; not out of concern for Dābura, of course, but for himself.

And yet Dābura was confident in himself. "Do not fear, Master. I am Dābura, King of the Demon Realm of Darkness! No matter what strange powers they have, no matter their numbers, there is no one in the mortal world who can best me!"

A/N: *And I made it! The chapter is up, and I managed to get it out before the month ended! Exactly 20 days after the first upload! Which means this has been the first time in awhile I've done two chapters within the same month! I feel pretty good right now. So, let's get all of this out of the way right now, eh!? First things first, to anyone questioning Gohan's guilt over his father's death, and Goku's subsequent heart to heart with his son, I think you'll have noticed I've tried to make it a recurring thing in this story to give people more believable reactions. While I'm sure that's a bit alienating to a few of you (and even I had a moment when I believe I overdid it, though also still believe it has merit — please consult Gohan's flashback in chapter 7 to see exactly what I am talking about), I don't regret it at all. Dragon Ball in general has had underwhelming emotional scenes in some cases (some cases, not ALL) and that makes it very difficult to actually bring emotions into this story. So, giving Gohan a hang-up about his father's death — which he did have for all of two seconds canonically — is fine in my book, especially since I had him explain it here and resolve it. It's not often Goku and Gohan get a father-son heart-to-heart.*

Now, to the meet of things. You'll notice I used a few lines from the dub here. You'll also notice they were Vegeta's. While I do personally like them, they were thrown in as a treat for a fellow author on this site and a good friend of mine, BeneathThisMask. Besides, when some lines are golden and work, why change them? But as for what I did change, you'll notice a few things. First, I am still referring to PuiPui as "Pocus". Why am I doing that? Beyond being overly fond of the manga, even the localized one, I have absolutely no idea what PuiPui is a pun on, and am forced to believe it was gibberish. Because of this, I opted to use Pocus, carrying over the magic-based pun names for most of Babidi's group. As for his planet name, to all of you who watched the dub (which is PROBABLY more than half of my readership, love you all), "Voon" was a dub only name choice. The correct name is "Zun", and the reason I opted for the correct name beyond faithfulness is that Zun is a Japanese onomatopoeic word which is used when something weighty sits or falls to the ground. This ties into the gravity on the planet, ten times that of Earth, which makes things heavier there; since you all know how much I love to use wordplay and puns as much as Toriyama, I kept the onomatopoeia.

Moving on to the fight with Yakon, you'll notice I had 18 do the fighting instead of Goku. I have a few reasons for this. The first reason is I am trying to have Goku do relatively little this time around: this isn't his story, this is Gohan's story, and I don't want to have Goku overshadow his son. Which, believe me, is hard to do because I grew up with Goku as my hero and it takes a lot of self control to not have him do these things, even though I want him to stand back as well. The second reason is the one stated in story; with her infinite energy generator, 18 is the perfect opponent for Yakon to face because she can perfectly exploit his weakness. While Goku did this in canon, it cost him some ki, even if it was minimal. 18 never loses ki, never loses stamina, so a battle like this was perfect for her. The other reason was, well, I wanted her to have another battle.

Before I close out, a review from Samfire1998 has brought it to my attention that people don't particularly have much faith in humans. I suppose that's understandable, when they haven't done much against the villains in the series. However, to Samfire1998, and other people who don't think humans should be strong, I heavily advise against that, if only because moments like Tenshinhan showing up Dābura are not going to be the final time he or other humans get to be epic. I'm not only going to focus on the Saiyans this time, I will be giving other characters limelight as well. Trust me, I mainly spam Saiyans in the games as well, but in this story, I will give other races some due credit.

And I think that's all, I'm sorry for a four paragraph author's note. I have two personal shout outs to give this time; first, a thanks to BeneathThisMask for reviewing the heart-to-heart scene I had with Goku and Gohan. I wasn't confident in it, but after talking to him and showing him the scene, he told me it was good to go so I implemented it as intended. Second is, as always, Demod20, who proofread the chapter at large to ensure I could post it! So, enjoy this, and I will see you guys very soon with chapter 28 of the Erased Chronicles!

P.S.: After writing this chapter, it has come to my attention that it is the birthday of the original airing of the Dragon Ball anime series. Happy Birthday, Dragon Ball anime! May you rest and never bring us filler again!

< Prev

27. Demon Loves the Dark

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