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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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**By Demod20**

*In the far off wastelands of Earth, the Dragon Team confronts the evil mage Babidi and his ever loyal servant Dābura, the King of the Demon Realm of Darkness. Making their way through the various levels of Babidi's ship, the Dragon Team had come face to face with warriors from across the Milky Way. However, back at the Tenkaichi Budōkai, another conflict unfolds...*

"Sorry about the extended recess, folks!" The Announcer finally spoke to the anxious crowd, all of them either irate from the wait or understandably confused by the sudden departure of so many fighters. But to be frank, that'd be all but two of them, hence the belabored delay that had the martial arts spokesperson talk with the local monks as to what to do. Coming up with a solution now, he was confident in their new strategy. "It seems that our contests had other matters to attend to, more than likely intimidating by our great and illustrious Champion, Mr. Satan!"

Playing to the crowd, he was happy to hear a large percentage of the still seated watchers got up to their feet to roar in applause. Smiling cheekily that he suckered the Satan fans into being invested, he made a spin and gestured to one side of the arena. There, in the flesh, was Mr. Satan, the revered idol and icon of all martial arts whom all flocked to as a heroic deity that not only saved them but somehow was responsible for the resurrection of countless deaths at the hands of the diabolical terrorist Cell.

While the shade-toting blonde mustached man knew better, he knew that the majority of the new generation latched more easier on such an active voice rather than warriors who most likely lurked in the mountains like some kinds of hermits. The sight of the man's stature was enough to convince him afar that he was a fighter close to human limits. Though it was nothing as he claimed it was comforting to see that he was physically adept despite letting himself go after seven years of fame.

Draped in a cape of white over his iconic brown and white gi top, the Afro adorned black mustached man smiled confidently to himself. After one of the monks was sent after him only a few minutes before he was incredibly relieved all of the freak shows had cowered at the mentioning of his name. Even now he could hear his adoring fans roar out his name, instilling a fire in himself he hadn't felt since the last Tournament he participated over seven years ago before the Cell Games happened.

*"With those guys out of the picture, I got a shot at winning this!"* He thought with a loud laugh, posing for his fans, making sure to spin around to get a look at all of them. Even as he bellowed he tried to concocting on how he'd win the Tournament. *"Should I use the Dynamite Kick? Or should I use the Satan Miracle Special Ultra Super Megaton Punch? Now I'm just excited to know how I'll win instead of being terrified of facing those freaks of nature! I'm so happy I don't care whom I'm fighting!"*

"A man who needs no introduction, Mr. Satan is the Champion of the twenty fourth Tenkaichi Budōkai, not to mention the winner of the Cell Game! He is a man of fame, fortune, and integrity, and a role model to all the youngsters in the audience!" The Announcer embellished, noticing his own garish commentary lauding the man next to him caused him to awkwardly lean left to right. He even swore he saw him bead sweat. Either indifferent or in full knowledge of his plight, he waved a hand to the revered martial artist next to him. "LET'S GIVE IT A HAND FOR THE WORLD'S HERO, MR. SATAN!"

"MR. SATAN! MR. SATAN! MR. SATAN!" The crowd echoed with gleeful adoration, fully in the spirit of things now that their hero was on stage.

On another part of the arena stand, Marque could only cringe at the loud shouts of all the other standing viewers. While he was a good friend of the boisterous fighter, ever since his days as a college graduate when he met Quille, the way he carried himself and how he conducted his fanfare was outright embarrassing. He wished the man held a more modest lifestyle instead of something akin to the many 'wrestlers' he's heard talk of on television. At the moment however, he couldn't picture any of them comparing to how grandstanding his friend was.

"Not an ounce of humility or restraint," Muten Rōshi sighed, voicing out loud his grievances with the supposed 'Champion'. "To see this passed off as a 'Martial Arts' makes me need a barf bag..."

"Sorry, Oolong used them all," Bulma laughed lightly, waving off at the empty seat where the portly, anthropomorphic friend used to be sitting. "Something in the snack food disagreed with him and he left for the bathroom ever since."

"Puar is making sure he's okay," Yamcha added with a arm-rested lean on the back of his head, doing his best to tune out the chants going on around him. "Will these guys ever shut up?"

"If they don't, I'll plug some of them-"

"Let's not be too hasty," Chi-Chi admonished Lunch with a sheepish grin, trying to keep the blonde from going Commando on the rest of the audience. "It'll be Krillin's turn to be up soon. Then we can cheer for him."

"Oh yeah. Cheer for the guy who beat my man in the ring. That'll put me in a *much* better mood, sure," Lunch grouched though did retract her hand from her jacket unarmed. As she huffed Chi-Chi sighed, looking around with a slight crease of worry.

"Where did Goten go? I hope he hasn't wandered off far," She verbally queried as she tried to keep calm.

"Don't worry about those two. I'm sure they're just having fun around the stands in the carnival," Bulma waved offhand, holding Marron in her lap as the child tried her best to look through the standing people.

That's when, after Mr. Satan gave a 'rousing' speech to his adoring public, that the Announcer presented a very much beaming shorter fighter. As people sat down, those who knew him from his exciting bout against Tenshinhan were already clapping and cheering him but with far less gusto than the World Champion. It wasn't until he was seen by those present that everyone including his daughter began to cheer for him from their seats.

"Go Krillin! You can do it, buddy!" Yamcha hollered with a wide smile, almost in disbelief that he made it to the finals through a stroke of coincidence or divine luck.

"Knock 'em dead or whatever," Lunch halfheartedly cheered with a spinning gesture of her hand.

"No! Please! Knock 'em dead!" Rōshi shouted out with a croaking laugh of his own that made Bulma roll her eyes.

"You people really aren't his biggest fans, I take it," Marque noted aloud, earning a number of dry to disbelieving looks.

"Somethin' tip you off?" Lunch asked, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Well, if these fighters are as amazing as I've seen them," The father of one trailed off, looking down at the black haired dwarf with a look of knowing. "Then I think Mr. Satan's got his work cut out for him..."

*"Oh boy, this is it,"* Krillin thought as he stepped up on stage, automatically detecting a shift in the mood. From raving chants of adoration to their idolized savior to a lesser cheer for an impressive underdog that won in the first round and preliminaries. He knew he'd have to pull some impressive feats to get the fans on his side, let alone show off for his little girl. *"Can't let this fight end too quickly, otherwise it'll look both unbelievable and be a bit boring."*

"Here he is! The little fighter with a lot of spirit and great skill! Having displayed his tenacity against Tenshinhan in the thrilling first sound battle, let's see if Krillin can withstand our Champion's prowess in the ring!" The Announcer cried out in his microphone with as much gusto as he could. Hearing a fair amount of the audience cheer him on in response, he smiled with satisfaction. Turning around as Mr. Satan simply replied with a confident turn of the chin, he leaned down to whisper in Krillin's ear. "So, since I know you're the real deal, can you beat this guy for me? I'd love to have some decency returned to the Budōkai again."

"Yeah, just give me a few minutes," The Turtle School student replied with a chuckling wink, unfurling his arms to rest at his sides. "Can't have this end in a flash or otherwise people would think this was a set-up."

"Gotcha," The seasoned entertainer winked behind his impeccable shades, taking off to the edge of the ring before hopping off of it. With a crouching land he rose up and swept around in a hundred eighty degree turn to see the battle himself, he roared through the mic. "LET THE FINAL MATCH, BEGIIIIIIIIIN!"

Once the fight was officially on, Krillin smirked as he took a more casual defensive stance while Mr. Satan spread himself open with a passively swinging aggressive one. Almost like a wild animal he circled around the shorter fighter, his grunts and snorts making any semblance of intimidating he may have had withered in the seasoned warrior's eyes. In a way, he could tell there was a genuine martial art buried under the showboating movements that garnered praise and awe from his sheep-like fans.

But that didn't mean he was going to go that easy on him.

"Prepare to fall to the furious power of Mr. Satan!" Mr. Satan roared out loud, jumping forward with an arm cocked back. Moving at a pace that'd outrun bullets the out of shape champion twisted his limb forward to deliver a knuckle sandwich to his diminutive opponent's left temple. His attack connected, but it didn't make contact with the intended target.

"Huh," Krillin commented lightly, eyes wide and blinking as he turned to look at his opponent. His left arm was swiveled upright, index finger catch the center of Mr. Satan's fist with utter ease. "I knew our strength wasn't comparable but I didn't know it was worlds apart. Is this how Goku feels when he fights someone weaker than him?"

"GRRRR!" Mr. Satan growled with indignation, finding the choice of words the stranger made him feel undignified. Even as he pulled back his fist, the crowd had been rendered silent; the sight of their savior's punch being stopped was almost too much for them to comprehend.

"Oh wow! It looks like Krillin has stopped Mr. Satan's patented Satan Miracle Special Ultra Super Megaton Punch! Or...was it a normal punch! Regardless, the World Champion seems to have been stopped, but will it keep him down!?" The Announcer commentated, encouraging the gaping fans to reply in desperate fervor.

"Kick his ass, Mr. Satan!"

"You can do it! You're my hero!"

"Mr. Satan!"

"Guoh," Mr. Satan groaned out, wincing as he saw all of his fans rally to help support him in the stands. Sputtering, he knew he couldn't just cower at this point. Turning back to face Krillin, he crowed as he retorted to his smaller opponent. "BUHAHAHAHA! You think that was my best shot?! I was just probing your defenses, seeing what you got, short stuff! But now, I've seen through your deception and now I can fight you for real now!"

"Of course! That sharp wit and incredible intelligence is always at work! You can never be disappointed by this cunning master!" The Announcer embellished thickly though anyone with a sharp eye could tell by how much he was saying just to butter up the Champion.

"Whose side are you on anyways?" Krillin rhetorically asks, knowing the Announcer couldn't hear him. Rolling his eyes he crossed his arms over his chest and smiled up at the taller fighter. Chuckling he nodded at Mr. Satan with a beckoning taunt. "Come on then. We won't want to disappoint your fans, would we?"

"You asked for it then, chump! HOO-WAH!" Mr. Satan yelled out as he swung a sweeping kick towards Krillin's face. Watching him casually lean back to avoid the wide maneuver he narrowly kept himself from falling over by falling to a one hand stand. Grunting he twisted his body around to launch a leaping double kick to hit him square in the chest. To his chagrin, Krillin leaped up with his knees tucked into his chest, bending forward so his face was only a foot away. Unfolding his arms from his chest he pulled them up to his face...

...and stretched his cheeks, comically taunting him in the small space of time that Mr. Satan's eyes saw him during his kick that he wagged his tongue and rolled his eyes.

"That little-OOF!" Mr. Satan tried to comment before his own kick sent himself sprawling across the ring. Skidding on his gi covered bottoms to a halt, Krillin landed gracefully with a forward flip, arms still crossed as if he hadn't just made a silly face in the Champion's. His old mischievous side came out with this match and he was enjoying every second he spent in the ring with such a buffoon.

"OOOOH! That looked like it hurt!" The Announcer commented with a visible wince.

"Come on," Krillin goaded Mr. Satan, taking slow steps towards the swaying larger man. When the latter struck a fighter's stance the dwarf could see the frustration and a hint of fear in his eyes. He knew now that the notice of what he is was taking effect in his shell shocked mind. Still, it didn't deter him into riling him up. "I know there's more to the Champion than this. Or are you really are just for show and nothing else?"

"You'd think I'll lose to you?!" Mr. Satan pointed accusingly with a hollow question that rang in the air.

"I never said that-"

"HA! I'm through playing around!" He pumped his fist with a smile etched onto his face.

"Didn't you already say tha-?" Krillin began to ask, only to find Mr. Satan backpedal in a few short hops. He could feel the man's ki writhe as if he was readying himself for an attack. While he knew he had no finesse in manipulating his energy, the agitation of it stirring within the less experienced contest fighter showed him his hand unwittingly to the veteran.

He knew that the next move should be his last.

"HOOOOOOOOOOOO!" Mr. Satan bellowed out as he began to charge. After hitting his sixth stride, he leaped up into the air with a reMr. Satanable few forward flips. Angling himself to be aided with the force of gravity, he aimed to land a downward propelling kick. Otherwise known by his now verbally stated, "**DYNAMITE KICK!**"

"*Watch this, Marron!*" Krillin thought as he pulled back his arm as the kick closed in on him. Bending his knees, he seemed to disappear before the whole of the audience's eyes as their visible savior was falling to the ground. Even Mr. Satan's eyes would not be able to see him until he was but inches away. A stern look crossed his face as the punch was thrown, knuckles defying logic with the amount of power it distributed.

"*Wait a minute!*" Mr. Satan realized as the fist began to wedge itself into his chest. Beyond the locks of dark hair he saw the nose-less man and remembered. All too late he was reminded of the unremarkable one of the bunch among monsters and crazy haired freak shows. Despite all appearances he was just as terrifyingly strong; something his entire chest exploded with pain telling his brain about. "*Why oh why did they come to my tournament?!*"

Such were his last thoughts as his body was propelled across the air of the ring flying well past the out of bounds zone before colliding into a barrier wall. A thunderous crash was made, akin to the kind young Trunks had smacked him into. Though this time, the pain along with his own momentum and the gravity pushed into his abdomen was too much for him. Eyes spun as he slipped into unconsciousness and slipped limply onto the grass with a pain filled groan.

Silence sunk into the stadium as everyone witnessed their beloved idol crumpled on the ground. Seconds past as they awaited him to get up and tell everyone he had held back for the sake of good sportsmanship. When such time had passed by the deafening vacancy of dialogue was noticeable. A monk rushed over to Mr. Satan's side, feeling for a pulse and to check for a heartbeat. When he looked to the Announcer with a smile and a thumbs up, the shade-toting man sighed with relief.

"Well, there it is, ladies and gentlemen! It looks like the impossible has just occurred, and you saw it here live! The one and only Mr. Satan has been defeated in a single punch by Krillin! Everyone, I present to you our new Tenkaichi Budōkai Champion! Let's give him a hand!" " He cheered on, beginning his own clap and whistles to the short man.

Slowly but surely, claps were beginning to spread. Encouraged on by the adamant cries of his daughter whom beamed happily her daddy won, his friends also cheered on as well. Even Lunch clapped with a standing ovation as the rest whistled and hollered with glee he had won. As numbers of claps grew soon the whole audience had forgotten what had happened and only that an incredible feat had transpired.

A new Champion was born and had thrown down the old.

"Sorry Mark," Marque apologetically whispered as he clapped with the rest of the Dragon Team. Watching the man being carried off on a stretcher he couldn't help but see the initially bashful short man become overwhelmed with praise. Taking the time to bow respectfully when his opponent past by his gaze, he turned to leap up in praise and holler with gusto.

"I did it! I really did it!" Krillin cried out, tears already threatening to overwhelm him with joy. Long overdue was his achievement of becoming a Tenkaichi Budōkai Champion. Having the worst luck in the past in every Tournament he participated in — even the Cell Games if it counted — he had hoped this time was different. Only through providence that all the rest of the fighters left and allowed him this opportunity. Looking up to see his daughter giggling and laughing with happiness her daddy won, he could only look up in the sky with thankfulness to his wife. "*Thank you for helping me get this far, 18. Now it's your turn to show them what-for. Just come back to us and we can celebrate together. As a family.*"

#### **A/N:**

**Demod20:** *Whew! That was a good write. Hope it wasn't too short cause I wanted to expand where I thought appropriate and shorten it where it didn't need it.*

*If there's one thing I utterly loathed about the premise of Mark, aka, Mr. Satan (and for those Dubbers, it's "Hercule" Satan) it's that he got away with SO MUCH when I felt like he shouldn't have. Deceit is his legacy and no fighter in DBZ ever got rewarded or acknowledged for their merit. In this way, I hoped to show that Krillin gains a legitimacy in that he finally gets a chance to shine and make a legacy that's entirely honest to bring back the dignity the Tenkaichi Budokai was known for.*

*Instead of, you know, a freakin' circus that Mr. Satan wanted it to become to laud his own image.*

*I guess that's all I gotta say. This was a fun little bit and I hope anyone reading got a kick out of reading it. See you all later the next time I'm needed. ^^*

**LasationLover5000:** *So, while I didn't write this chapter (with the exception of the snazzy introduction), I suppose I should say my own piece. First, let me give a thanks to Demod20 for once again lending his writing talents to my series — and for another Kuririn chapter at that (yes, I'm spelling it Kuririn, you have no idea how much self-control it takes to use the spelling "Krillin" in a chapter). At first, I wasn't going to include this, but I got the idea to take this story even further away from what we know than normal, and*

*Demod20 was kind enough to write this chapter in my stead, so I could focus on the main meat of the story! I'm gonna be honest, Mr. Satan, with his glory-hogging, can get aggravating at times, even if the Dragon Team would rather stay out of the limelight. So, Kuririn finally gets his moment in the sun, even if its a bit subdued because it was Mr. Satan.*

*HOWEVER, I assure you this isn't just a throwaway chapter! Stay tuned for the next exciting chapter of the Erased Chronicles, and see how things develop guys! Don't worry, the continuation of the events in Babidi's ship is on the way!*

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