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**The Erased Chronicles**

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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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**Last Time on the Erased Chronicles:** *Descending deep into the depths of Babidi's ship, the Dragon*

*Team defeats the mage's prized warriors, touted as the Universe's strongest and most unique fighters. With Erasa and Vegeta securing their victory, the beautiful Android 18 stepped up to fight the Majū, Yakon, a creature who thrived in darkness and fed on light. With her infinite energy generator and crafty fighting style, the cyborg was able to secure the third victory for the Dragon Team, and make their way down to the final Level of Babidi's ship — Level Four. With his master beginning to panic, the King of the Demon Realm of Darkness, Dābura, volunteered to be the final fighter they must face.*

*Can the Dragon Team prevail over Dābura and make their way to the true threat — Majin Bū?*

With the defeat of the Majū, Yakon, the Dragon Team was able to descend to Level Four. To the surprise of practically no one present, the décor had not changed in the slightest. Had they not been sure they weren't going delusional, the group would have assumed they were having a *very* bad case of déjà vu. Without wasting a beat, the Dragon Team began to debate on who would begin fighting next; Tenshinhan, Goku, Gohan, Piccolo, and Videl were the only ones left who had not yet fought anyone.

"I wouldn't mind having a chance, myself," Gohan volunteered. "If my hunch is correct, they're most likely going send in Dābura. I wouldn't mind a chance to finish what we started; no holding back this time."

"I actually want to see you in action myself, son," Goku chuckled, slapping Gohan gently on the back. "It's been seven years since I've seen my own boy fight; you must be even stronger now than when you fought Cell, am I right?"

Chuckling sheepishly, Gohan had to shake his head. "I actually don't think I'm *quite* up to snuff if that's what you're expecting, Dad."

"Yes. I'm sure Gohan's been too busy with his studies, and going out on *dates*, to have any real training," Vegeta's usual derisive wit never failed him, and that wouldn't change now. "Though I could be wrong; maybe the boy's slipped in some training during P.E. or something." Looking Gohan dead in the eye, Vegeta continued. "So I'd like to see this too. Go on; impress us all."

Erasa's face flushed red. Vegeta hadn't been entirely wrong; ever since high school had started, she and Gohan had been devoting quite a lot of their time to each other, so if he had had any training regimen before meeting her, she'd more than likely demolished its organization. "*But, I don't really regret it, and Gohan hasn't complained,*" she added to herself with a slight hint of smugness.

"Then it's decided," said Piccolo, walking over to Gohan. "It's your moment, kid. When he shows up, make us proud."

Smiling, Gohan looked up at his Namekian teacher. "You got it, Piccolo."

For the final time, the familiar whirring of the door emblazoned with the "M" symbol caught their ears. As the door began to rise, the imposing figure of Dābura stepped out, shoes clacking against the tiled floor. With a swish of his cape, he bowed mockingly towards the intruders who had trespassed into his Master's ship for so long. "Welcome, Earthlings." When Dābura spoke, his deep, guttural voice carried through the room. "To see mere mortals that could defeat the likes of our greatest fighters...regardless, this is the end of the line. None of you shall make it past me."

"It's him...Dābura!" Shin gasped, his eyes narrowing as the King of the Demon Realm of Darkness made his grand appearance. He had figured this and perhaps even feared it; Babidi's final fighter would be his strongest, if only for an attempt to clean up the mess.

"And here he is, the guest of honour," Vegeta replied, arms crossed, looking directly at Dābura. "We've been expecting you, *Demon King*."

"Let's dispense with the small talk, shall we?" The King of the Demon Realm of Darkness suggested, pulling himself up to his full height. "You will fight me here and now; all of you, come at me at once!"

"A little more confident than before, aren't you?" Vegeta continued to deride the Demon, smirking. "I remember your performance outside Babidi's ship, and I got quite the feel for your power. Do you really think you're worth all of us?"

"Do you really think that was my full power?" was Dābura's prompt reply. "My goal was to lure you into the ship. I daresay I succeeded. And now I shall defeat each of you and present Majin Bū with your formidable *ki*. Since you've got such an attitude, why don't I start with you?"

"No!" It was Gohan who interjected. "*I'm* your opponent, Dābura. I haven't forgotten our encounter outside the ship, and I've got a score to settle with you." The half-Saiyan jabbed a finger in the demon's direction, and then a thumb back at himself. "You and me."

This caused Dābura to smirk, his already smug expression growing, if possible, moreso. It was obvious he was confident in his ability to win, and yet Gohan seemed to be just as confident. "Fine; I will grant your request!" Turning towards the ceiling, Dābura spoke loudly. "Master! Take us directly to the Demon Realm! If the boy wants a one-on-one duel with me, he shall get it!"

"*You sound confident, Dābura!*" Babidi's voice, shrill and pitched, broke through to everyone, his telepathy reaching directly into their minds. "*Do not disappoint me! I will not have this turn into a larger disaster than it is! PAPARARAPA!*"

The instant the incantation was uttered, the room altered itself, the plane being rewritten as they were transported from the Babidi's ship directly to the Demon Realm. It was, surprisingly, what everyone had been expecting, or at least, what one would think of when the term 'Demon Realm' was uttered. The sky was a bleak, purplish-black, and the atmosphere was notably thicker. The area they'd been taken to directly was rocky, but those with keen eyes, such as Goku and Vegeta, could see the beginnings of buildings in the distance. The shadow of a castle loomed over them, further away than even the buildings were; it was obviously Dābura's. High above the clouds, parting them if only to give off its sickly glow, was a crimson full moon.

"Welcome, mortals, to the Demon Realm!" Dābura gestured to the dimension at large. "This is where we will do battle, and it shall be your final resting place!"

It was true. Shin would recognize the Demon Realm even from a vague description, and this was it. He could feel the sickly atmosphere settle around him, and while he was unperturbed, due to his own power, the idea of a Kaiōshin, the god overseer of the Universe, ever stepping foot only this unholy ground would shame those who came before him.

Gohan stepped forward, rubbing his wrists, prepping himself to begin combat. The moment he moved, he felt movement alongside him, and saw that Erasa was stepping forward, just behind him. Instantly, he nudged her backwards.

"But Gohan—" The beginnings of a protest formed in the human girl's mouth.

"I know what you're going to say," Gohan smiled gently at Erasa, his eyes showing much of the same kindness people had come to expect from his father. "But this is different now. I just want you to stand behind me; don't move, and don't panic. I won't let a single bit of energy slip past me. I'm holding nothing back this time."

Erasa sighed; she didn't want to let Gohan walk off into battle against this literal demon on his own. However, she knew that he was right to tell her to stay back. She could feel Dābura's power, and to her, it felt like there was no end to it. A simple, black abyss that would consume her if she continued to peer further into the depths. Gripping his hand, the blonde leaned up to firmly kiss the half-Saiyan, catching him off guard.

"Fine, I'll be content to sit back and watch you work...so don't lose!" She replied, her usual energetic demeanor returning as she flashed Gohan a wink.

Feeling renewed, as if he could take on anyone, Gohan nodded, and stepped forward to face Dābura.

"You've got a lot of faith in him, haven't you?" asked Goku as Erasa walked back to the main group, many of whom were acting politely oblivious to their display.

"I have to..." Erasa replied. "If all I can do is watch him, if the only thing I can do right now is cheer for him...then my faith in his abilities is the best I can do for Gohan right now."

The deceased Saiyan smiled. It seemed Gohan really had found someone just right.

"Have you finished saying your farewells, boy?" Dābura asked, watching the younger and shorter fighter walk towards him. "You won't get another chance."

"I haven't said anything of the sort," Gohan's eyes narrowed, as he breathed in and out. He could feel it; even as they spoke, Dābura's *ki* was rising steadily. His title and status as the King of the Demon Realm was not misplaced, this much Gohan knew. Taking a stance, the young half-Saiyan began to focus his *ki*; as the energy welled up from the center of his body, and began to spread throughout him like blood through a circulatory system. His muscles inflated, and electricity began to surge throughout his body. His ebony tresses flowed upwards, wafting in the aura that began to encircle his body; in a bright flash, they went from black to white-gold, glowing like pearls.

"*Is this...Gohan's ki?*" Erasa thought to herself. She was beginning to be reminded of the Tenkaichi Budōkai, when Gohan had transformed to fight Kibito, only to be jumped by those thugs. His power was rapidly increasing, just like then.

With a mighty bellow, Gohan's aura surged into the air, creating a spiraling tower of *ki*. His entire figure flashed golden, as when the display of lights died down, Gohan stood before Dābura, his hair rigid, standing on end, but a brilliant white-gold, his eyes a sparkling emerald green, immersed in a golden flaming aura that licked at his body as the flames burned. Within the aura crackled electricity, snapping around his body at random intervals.

"*This is it...*" Erasa felt the air escaping from her lungs as Gohan's *ki* began to overwhelm her. Looking at Videl, she saw the black-tressed girl was having similar problems, and yet it was simply those two being crushed by the sheer pressure of Gohan's power. "*This suffocating power...this is the real Golden Warrior...*"

With Gohan fully transformed, Piccolo was the first one to take notice. "He's stronger. Gohan's power is even fiercer than it was when he transformed at the Tenkaichi Budōkai."

"Saiyan biology," grunted Vegeta. "When he recovered from that energy drain, his body adjusted accordingly and raised his battle power. I suppose being turned into a living lure did the brat a favor after all..." He continued without hesitation. "And yet he's still not as strong as he was when he fought Cell. Your son's been slacking, Kakarot!"

Goku chuckled, scratching the back of his head. "It's not as big a difference as you're makin' it, Vegeta. Let's see what Gohan can do out there, right?"

The transformed half-Saiyan walked even closer towards Dābura, his body brimming with power, his mind and instincts running wild. This was the power beyond the Super Saiyan, a power that was first his and his alone. Looking upwards towards the King of the Demon Realm, a smirk crossed Gohan's face as he saw the shock on Dābura's own.

"Don't worry. I'll kill you nice and easy."

Dābura only had moments to contemplate the shocking, out-of-character line from the half-Saiyan, before he felt a crushing impact slam into his stomach. The demon felt bile rise in his throat as the force of Gohan's first punch caused him to stagger backwards. Anger, however, overshadowed rage, as the Demon King responded with a sharp blow of his own, landing a solid punch directly Gohan's face.

The blow rocked through his head, but Gohan stood his ground, his feet giving way only slightly. With extreme force, Gohan retaliated, sending a punishing kick to Dābura's chin. As his opponent was stunned by the blow, Gohan followed up with a barrage of punches, forcing Dābura on the defensive as the King of the Demon Realm could do naught but block. In a surprise move, Gohan laced his fist with *ki*, releasing a golden blast of plasma that caught Dābura off-guard and knocked him backwards.

"Feh..." Gohan scoffed, his palm smoking with translucent gray vapor — similar vapor which was fading away from the form of Dābura — and cast his hand to his side. "We've only just gotten started and you're already a disappointment. Aren't you supposed to be the King of the Demon Realm? I think it'd be embarrassing, losing on your own home turf!"

"You're a mouthy little brat, aren't you!?" Dābura snarled, his slitted black eyes glaring in the direction of the transformed half-Saiyan.

While it wasn't in Erasa's nature to agree with someone like Dābura, she couldn't deny the truth to his words. Gohan's personality in this form seemed to different, so...drastic. It explained the shift in *ki* she felt; it wasn't just a huge increase in power, its very nature was screaming, exuding power and arrogance. "*This...this is a completely different Gohan...!*" She felt her body quivering, and it took her a moment to figure out why; she was frightened. Frightened of the ruthless attitude this Gohan had adopted. "*Is it just an intimidation tactic...or is this really what he's like?*"

"I see his attitude hasn't improved a bit," Piccolo noted, watching Gohan as if remembering a bad memory. "I can't say I'm surprised; he never bothered to adapt to this form like he did with you as a Super Saiyan."

"I'm wonderin' if he should have simply used the Super Saiyan form instead," said Goku, watching Gohan with equal apprehension. "His power is impressive, I'll give him that. But if he can't control himself, then he might as well be fighting blind."

Leaping from side to side as if performing a warm-up exercise, Gohan shot the air with a few quick punches. "Come on now, we've got an audience watching us, and this is, as they say, *your* place. I think they want a show, Dābura!"

"You might want to watch yourself, boy!" snapped Dābura. Calming himself before he allowed the child's ego to work him into a fury, the Demon King went on the attack. He launched himself from the ground, cracking it with the physical force from his legs as he forced himself through the air. Approaching Gohan at breakneck speed, he saw the teenager ready his fist back, preparing to attack.

But the King of the Demon Realm was not to be fooled — at least not multiple times in the same day. With precision, he channeled a different energy, one that this child had no access to, Dābura vanished, leaving behind an afterimage created through sorcery. Gohan's blur of a punch pierced the afterimage, which at first seemed solid, only to flicker and fade into nothingness. Taken aback by this, Gohan's surprise proved to be the distraction that Dābura needed, and Gohan felt a sharp blow strike him from the side, sending him careening across the Demon Realm's soil.

Vegeta was watching that fight with an ever-growing impatience, and it had only just started. He had quite enough on his mind to begin with, and to see Gohan already making such amateur mistakes was only serving to add to his irritation. "That *fool!* He fell for such an obvious tactic! This is what seven years of slacking does for you, he's lost his fighting sense!"

While the Saiyan prince expressed his frustration, Erasa was far more worried. At the moment that Dābura's fist had struck Gohan and sent him flying out of sight, the girl's senseless fear had instead been replaced almost instantaneously by worry. "*Gohan...get up! You have to win!*"

As he slid along the ground, Gohan flipped back onto his feet, landing in a crouch and leaping back into the fray. He and Dābura met, their fists clashing against each other, creating a small shockwave. Pulling back, a fierce exchange of blows began; with each blow, Gohan and Dābura landed another solid attack on the other party. Fist met face, fist met stomach, but neither side balked. It was in the heat of the moment that Gohan found an opening, and his fist caught an incoming blow from Dābura, pulling him in and sending him over his head.

Dābura spun around in the air, stabilising himself and turning down to glare at the young Super Saiyan. Gohan, however, was intending to kill Dābura, and wasted no time in performing a follow-up attack. Launching himself upwards from the ground on the spot, Gohan pursued the Demon King, who began to make what one would call a tactical regroup, and took off in another direction across the sky of the Demon Realm.

"What's wrong, Dābura, can't take it?" Gohan called, his golden aura shimmering behind him like a vibrant flame. "You started this, after all, so get back here and let's finish it!"

"Do you take me for a coward, child?" Dābura replied, his gravelly voice thick with anger. Continuing to fly backwards, the King of the Demon Realm of Darkness coated his palm in *ki*, and began to release a multitude of *ki* spheres.

Gohan flew directly into the volley, and with a fury of swift hand movements, deflected each and every plasma sphere, sending them off in different directions. Originally, he had considered dodging, but Erasa and Videll were still behind him, making that out of the question.

"And...there they go," Tenshinhan said as Gohan and Dābura flew further away from the group. "If we want to watch this fight, I think we're going to have to follow them." He began to float, and was quickly followed by the remainder of the party. Erasa and Videll were having noticeable trouble, however, this had more to do with the thick atmosphere in the Demon Realm still requiring their adjustments than being a statement at their ineptitude or otherwise in regards to the Air Dance Technique.

"If you're simply going to drag us down, you may as well stay here," said Vegeta harshly as he took off after Gohan and Dābura ahead of the group.

"...What he meant to say, I believe, was that you shouldn't stress yourselves if you're not feeling up to the task," supplied 18 helpfully. "None of us would look down on you — besides the thick-headed prince — if you waited back here. You're both still getting used to this, after all."

"That sounds like you're trying to say I can't handle it!" Videll glared at the older woman. "I'm not missing this just because I'm a little short of breath!"

"*Short of breath but not short of fire...*" 18 noted.

"I'm not going to hang behind either," replied Erasa, her eyes locked in the direction she could feel Gohan's powerful *ki* clashing with Dābura's. "I can't very well support Gohan hanging back, can I?"

18 smiled, and a light chuckle escaped her throat. "No, I suppose you're right. Alright, come on."

### **Demon Realm, Lake Dzoavits**

Gohan and Dābura's battle had carried them well across the Demon Realm, and they had resumed a furious physical fight over the crimson waters. Gohan felt Dābura catch his fist, and respond with a crushing blow of his own into the young Super Saiyan's stomach. Gohan retaliated with swift kick which was matched by Dābura. The two felt even, in *ki* output, and even physical prowess; furthermore, both had one thing in common.

They'd been out of action for a long time. Gohan had his studies, but Dābura, as the King of the Demon Realm, had not been in a proper battle in several centuries. Both fighters were rusty, and yet still were fierce, clashing against each other as they moved across the water, disturbing the clear ruby surface with frothing pink waves. Both reached to grapple the other at the same time, and their hands locked. It became a power struggle, with the two attempting to overwhelm the other through sheer brute force. Their auras began to flare out, golden mixing with red and black, lightning crackling around the both of them. In a burst of power, Dābura overwhelmed the youth, spinning him like a top and slamming both hands down onto Gohan, sending him hurtling into the frosty lake.

"Like moths to a flame, child," Dābura muttered, his face breaking into a sneer. He could sense several energies following him at varying speeds, and knew that the boy's friends were on their way. "*Good. They'll be in for a treat not many mortals get to see.*" Dābura dove into the water at breakneck speed, catching up to the descending Gohan, catching him by surprised and clenching his hand around Gohan's neck.

"I've got you now!" He shouted, his voice unimpeded by the water — in fact, Gohan found he too could breath. But the more disturbing fact to consider was that Dābura was forced Gohan further into the depths of the lake, and when the transformed half-Saiyan looked below, he could see a shimmering light that certainly didn't belong at the bottom of a crimson red lake. They broke through the light in seconds, and Gohan felt himself floating in the air again, unimpeded by the water. Channeling his *ki*, Gohan forced Dābura away with an explosive wave of energy.

Looking around, Gohan was surprised to see just how quickly the area had changed. For all of Babidi's "levels" being the same, the Demon Realm appeared to have quite the variety. Glancing down, he saw that wherever he was, it was heavy with volcanic activity for the most part. Lava flowed across the ground, mounds of rock jutted from the surface, magma flowing from the depths, quickly becoming lava flow. It was quite clear that touching the ground could mean death. But what surprised Gohan the most was when he looked directly upwards; rather than a sky, even the bleak sky that he had seen when they first arrived, there was a mass of the same crimson water that they had just dove through functioning as a canopy.

"What the hell is this place?"

"Welcome to the lower level of the Demon Realm," Dābura replied, his mocking bow showing once again. "How will you fare now, boy, in this volcanic wasteland?" Dābura thrust a hand forward, his face breaking into a maniacal grin. Through sorcery, the same kind of sorcery that Gohan had seen Piccolo use before, the King of the Demon Realm generated a sword with a black blade and silver edge; the *tsuba* was formed into a star, and the blade itself had a hook on the back.

Noticing the blade, Gohan grinned, the idea of his peril forgotten in the face of a new challenge. In this ascended Super Saiyan state, his Saiyan blood began to boil. "That's it; I was hoping you'd try harder, or this wouldn't even be a fight." Gohan placed both of his hands above his head, one palm against the back of his hand, and began to charge his *ki*, channeling a sphere of white energy with a golden yellow outline.

"MASENKO!" Gohan thrust his arms forward, the energy blast that Piccolo had taught him years ago bursting from the sphere, speeding towards Dābura.

Dābura grinned, and his sword began to vibrantly glow. He swung the blade down, releasing a torrent of black energy with a red outline towards the oncoming Masenko. Both blasts clashed in mid-air, white and black, gold and crimson overlapping, flaring out before becoming one in the center of the struggle. The blasts both exploded in a blinding flash, pushing Gohan and Dābura back in mid-air.

"*I guess he's got some interesting techniques up his sleeve...*" Gohan thought to himself, the blinding flash dying down as his opponent came into clear view. Dābura had taken advantage of the flash, closing his eyes on and honing in on Gohan's *ki*; he was now within range, brandishing his weapon towards the half-Saiyan and swinging it in an arc, aiming to decapitate him.

Gohan ducked into a crouch, the sword grazing the tips of his golden spiked hair, and he slammed his fist directly into Dābura's stomach. Gohan thrust his left elbow towards Dābura, only for the winded Demon King to catch the blow in his free hand, surprising Gohan, who was when greeted with a swift kick to the stomach in return, sending him flying back.

As the battle raged on beneath the waves, the Dragon Team had made it to Lake Dzoavits with Vegeta in the lead. They could still sense the furious *ki* within this same general area, and if they were right, they should be on top of it.

It was Piccolo who first figured it out, looking directly into the crimson waters that churned with each and every blow that occurred from beneath them. "If I had to hazard a guess, I'd say Gohan and Dābura are beneath the water."

"You mean they're fighting...*underwater*?" Erasa looked confused. How long could Gohan stay underwater that such a fierce battle could be raging? A demon she could give the benefit of the doubt, but Gohan was still partially human, so he had to breathe, right?

"Pay attention to my wording," replied Piccolo sharply. "Beneath the water. This lake isn't all it appears to be. If we dive down, we'll see if my hunch is correct." And so, following Piccolo's lead, everyone descended towards the churning waters, vanishing beneath the surface. As soon as the waters covered their heads, they found themselves unencumbered as they would normally be by the liquid.

"What in the...?" 18 was the first to speak out of shock, and realized her words were as audible as if they'd been spoken in air.

"It appears I was right," Piccolo affirmed. "This water is enchanted by some form of magic."

"We also seem to be heading in the right direction," Tenshinhan surmised. "There's light coming from the bottom of the lake; it's flickering down there." It made sense that Tenshinhan's eyes would catch the light first, as they were the strongest eyes out of the entire Dragon Team, complete with a third eye for extra perception. The light grew brighter as they neared it, and they were overwhelmed by as it as their bodies felt exposed to fresh, admittedly hot, air.

"What is this place!?" Erasa gasped, her reaction quite similar to Gohan's when he first landed. Her eyes scanned the area, and she saw multiple rock formations jutting out of the ground, fresh magma spilling out to become lava. She scanned the skyline, and saw, with a jolt, that the sky they'd seen before was replaced with a large canopy of crimson water.

"It'd appear that we've gone down a level," Piccolo surmised. "I've heard tales of the Demon Realm, and while my previous incarnation, my father, prided himself as the Great Demon King, and I myself would follow suit in my second life, I was never a true demon."

"Though some of us might disagree..." Tenshinhan muttered, memories of his battles with Piccolo rising to the surface, despite no lingering resentment. Goku chuckled.

"Regardless, I considered myself a demon due to my nature, and my offspring followed suit," the Namekian continued as if he had no interruption. "But this is the true Demon Realm, where the true Demons dwell...and this must be the lower level."

"The lower level...of the Demon Realm?" Videl parroted, amazed. This was more than she could have ever dreamed of seeing, more than she ever thought existed within the world.

As soon as everyone had drunken it in, the task for searching for Gohan had become a relatively easy one. Once the general shock was gone, his *ki*, clashing with Dābura's, became like a beacon, and everyone craned their heads in the direction of the energy, with the exception of 18, who followed suit after everyone else had found him.

"There he is!" Erasa called out, pointing towards where the others were already looking.

"And putting up quite of a fight," continued Piccolo, noting that Gohan's form was improving the longer he continued to fight. Even if his ego was a problem, his power was immense enough to compensate.

"Hmph..." Vegeta scoffed. "You think he's doing *well*? I'd have had this farce over in an instant! Your brat's wasting time, Kakarot!"

"Give him time, Vegeta!" Goku cautioned, raising his hands up defensively. "He's still adjusting, he hasn't had a real fight in seven years!"

"That's because he's been slacking off!" replied an agitated Vegeta. "That's why he's gotten this weak! That brat had some impressive strength once, and now look at him, a pitiable failure! He's a mockery of a Saiyan!"

Erasa wanted to say something in response; what Vegeta was saying about Gohan was beginning to get to her. From what she could see, he was putting up quite a good fight, just like Piccolo said, and for Vegeta to go off on the warpath simply because Gohan wasn't finishing it as quickly as Vegeta wanted him to wasn't fair, in her eyes. However, she also remembered that Vegeta could be quite temperamental; his display at the tournament not forgotten, she had decided, in the middle of opening her mouth, that leaving the issue alone would be best for her health.

Further away from his friends, unaware of their argument, Gohan continued his battle with Dābura. The Demon King extended his hand, combining sorcery with his deep well of *ki*, creating a black and red sphere of energy. Lightning crackled around his hand, and Dābura grinned maliciously. "Blaze Bullet!" He released the sphere, exploding from his hand in the form of a crackling, black and red meteor, lightning snapping around it.

With the attack closing in, Gohan made a wide leap, the energy blast slipping under him and continuing to fly directly into one of the rocky formations jutting outward. There was an explosion of *ki* as well as rocky debris and fresh magma, the Blaze Bullet utterly destroying the formation. Turning his head back to Dābura, Gohan laughed. "That was too weak!"

"Then how about this!?" In the intervening moment between his attack and Gohan's distracted glance behind him, Dābura has closed in; placing his hand directly in front of the Super Saiyan teenager, he released a similarly coloured red and black blast of energy. The *ki* beam overwhelmed Gohan, forcing him downwards to the ground where the lava was flowing.

Caught in the technique, Gohan was rendered almost helpless, being swept away by the sheer pressure of the blast. However, remembering quite clearly that Erasa was waiting for him, the half-Saiyan refused to be carried away to certain death into the lava below. Channeling his *ki* around his body like a barrier, Gohan released it outward, creating a giant explosive wave which disrupted the flow of the blast, allowing him to escape.

Dābura grimaced, pulling his hand back and watching the Super Saiyan glare from a distance, lightning snapping around his golden aura. "You're a feisty one; I haven't had this much of a challenge from a mortal in a thousand years."

"I think I'm being much more than a challenge for you, 'Demon King'," Gohan shot back. "That right there was the most damage you've done to me this entire right. But care to try again? Right now, with my power beyond a Super Saiyan's, I haven't even scratch the surface of what I can do!"

"Cocky little..." Dābura could feel his patience waning. Gripping his sword, he charged in, intending to bifurcate Gohan and end this sorry mess as quickly as he could. Enveloping himself in his aura, Dābura sped towards Gohan; nearing him, he lowered his sword down in a straight slash.

Gohan reinforced his hands with *ki*, his golden aura localizing over both. As the sword neared his face, Gohan's hands moved like a blur, clapping over the blade and stopping it short of his spiky golden head.

Dābura's golden eyes widened, shocked that the half-Saiyan was able to block his own specially crafted sword. Keeping his grip firm, Gohan slammed a foot into Dābura's stomach, causing the demon to lose grip on his blade and get pushed back. Gohan pulled it from him, lightly twirling it in his own hand.

"A sword, huh? This *does* take me back," Turning towards Dābura, Gohan grinned. "This is a pretty good blade you've got here." The aforementioned blade began to shine as it reflected Gohan's own golden aura.

"Little brat...!" Dābura growled, clutching his stomach, saliva dripping from his mouth.

"Sorry, I'm sure you'll be wanting this back," Gohan tossed the blade back towards Dābura, his hand moving at the speed of a blur again. Gohan himself quickly became a blur, phasing out and reappearing behind Dābura, slamming his knee into the demon's back. The blow pushed him forward, stunning him, leaving him unable to react as the speeding sword pierced his stomach.

"Did he just...?" Erasa gasped, her eyesight having been enhanced enough by her training that she was able to see the battle in the distance, and Dābura having, well, fallen on his own sword, so to speak.

"He did." Tenshinhan confirmed, all three eyes wide. He remembered when Gohan had fought Cell in this state before, remembered the boy's attitude, his ruthlessness while dominating the Bio-Android. It was all coming back full force here, against Dābura. He sincerely hoped that the teenager wouldn't allow his emotions to run to his head, and prolong the battle any longer than it needed to be.

"Gohan!" Goku called out towards Gohan, cupping his hands in front of his mouth. "You're doing great, son! But you need to finish him now! Before he gets angry!" Given the past history of this form, it was fitting that the father would think to issue a warning to his son.

"I know, Dad!" Gohan called back towards his father. "I won't make the same mistake twice!"



Unable to listen to all of the chatter further, and blood dripping his mouth, Dābura ripped the sword out of his stomach, tossing it aside. With blood firmly leaking from his torso, the demon turned to face Gohan, ignoring his wounds for the sake of finishing the fight. Inhaling deeply, air filled his lungs and he exhaled, igniting it not with *ki*, but with combustible digestive fluids he expelled along with air, something unique to demons.

The air ignited in a blinding blaze, rushing towards Gohan, covering a wide range, appearing to the half-Saiyan as a wall of flame. Acting on reflex, Gohan deftly dodged upwards, the fire shooting beneath him, its heat only adding to the sweltering temperature in the area. Dābura followed suit by hurling a glob of his specially coated saliva, enhanced through sorcery, directly towards Gohan.

Remembering quite clearly what Shin said the saliva could do, Gohan knew he had one chance, and one chance only; he had to time it just right. Pulling his arm back, Gohan punched forward, releasing a shockwave of air towards the glob of saliva. The air impacted it, pushing the liquid back towards its own originator. It splattered onto the demon, whose reaction time was slowed by his wounds, landing on his shoulder.

"What!? What did you just do!?" Dābura shouted angrily as he felt his clothing begin to go rigid.

"It was a flash of intuition," Gohan replied, watching Dābura's body begin to petrify and turn to stone. "Shin told us what your ability was, remember? And the moment you used it on me, I decided the quickest way to get you of the way was to return your fire. I didn't think it would work — you should logically have some form of resistance to your own liquids — and yet here you are, becoming a brand new garden statue."

"Damn it...all..." Half of Dābura's body was already pristine white stone, his expression frozen in shock as his head had become fully solidified. Within a few more seconds, he was nothing more than a floating statue, beginning to fall to the ground as Gohan watched. Impacting harshly, the figure of the former demon shattered against the rocks, and the lava began to overtake it.

With his enemy defeated, Gohan released the transformation, his golden hair and emerald eyes returning to their onyx hue. His aura faded, and his expression relaxed, becoming gentle once more. This was not the only change that had occurred. Once Level Four had recognized the defeat of Dābura, Babidi's magic reversed itself, and the space once again became Level Four of Babidi's ship, bringing the group closer. Heaving a heavy sigh, Gohan flew over towards his friends and family.

It was with a huge surge of relief that Erasa took a look at Gohan's features, far from the harsh and arrogant expression she had seen doing battle with Dābura earlier, were now the kind and soft, more subdued expression of the man she had come to know and love. Floating over to the half-Saiyan, she gently brought him into her arms, ignoring the presence of the Dragon Team, intent on keeping Gohan all to herself for another moment.

Reciprocating easily, Gohan ruffled the girl's short blonde hair. "I'm not returning from war, you know? I told you that you didn't have to worry, Erasa, and I kept to my promise; I'm back in one piece."

The girl laughed, a weak laugh mixed in with a slight hiccup. "I knew you could do it. When you told me that you were going to win, that was all I needed to hear. I just..." Blinking rapidly, her sapphire eyes looked up into his onyx ones, as if she was trying to formulate the words to say. "...when you were in that form, you didn't feel like Gohan. I noticed it during the Tenkaichi Budōkai as well, but that was only when I noticed your energy. Over here, I heard you speak, I saw you fight...and you'd become entirely ruthless."

"It's...it's a Saiyan thing," Gohan replied lamely. "It's happened before, and to be honest, I'm not used to that form, so I'm not always sure what to expect when I go that far while fighting. But it's always temporary, and I *always* come back to myself when I'm through. Besides, I learned never to go too far in that form anymore. It's caused more harm than good, if I have to be honest."

"Harm or not, that victory was marvelous," Piccolo floated forward, congratulating Gohan. "You fought well, Gohan."

"Thanks, Piccolo," Gohan replied, grinning at his teacher. Looking at Erasa and then over to his father, he said, "I'm sorry for worrying you both. But now, with Dābura out of the way, all that's left is Babidi."

"This is true," Shin broke the silence he had kept during Gohan's battle with Dābura, and his narrow black eyes looked down on the floor, the circle in the center of the room staying firmly shut. "We've defeated Dābura, his final warrior, and this is the final level. Why does the door not open for us?"

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

The alien mage had entered a brief state of panic. Having seen the fall of Dābura through the crystal ball, Babidi had activated an emergency protocol to temporarily seal the final door on Level Four, which was the only thing keeping the intruders out of his quarters. However, this would not last for long, and Babidi was being pressed into a corner.

"Dol, Pocus, Yakon, Dābura, every minion, gone!" Babidi threw his hands up in a blind fit. "How could these intruders be so powerful!? If I could just get them to bicker among each other, turn someone against them, even one, I—" Before he even finished his sentence, Babidi let out a loud laugh, fueled half by panic, half by realization. "Of course! *I can* turn them against each other!" Focusing on his crystal ball, Babidi surveyed the group. "I don't know how I didn't think of this before; not all of them can be pure, there has to be someone in this group of fools I can sway to my side!"

Focusing his sorcery, Babidi began to peer into the hearts of each and every person standing on the ground of Level Four. He passed over Shin; as a Kaiōshin, he would be impervious to most forms of sorcery, his own included. The crystal ball focused next on Goku; peering into his heart, Babidi found, to his dissatisfaction, something of a ray of light within the man. Innocent to a fault, he seemed to hold no ill will in his heart that could Babidi could latch onto.

Making a face of disgust, Babidi moved onto Gohan, and found, with even greater irritation, innocence and purity similar to Goku. He looked into the heart of the girl Erasa, the one Gohan was holding so dear, and found that she bore no impurities that he could use; her heart was as warm and pure as the two men before her. He turned to Tenshinhan and found a similar situation; in fact, the man was reformed even, and his heart was as pure as the others. The blonde woman with eyes of ice, Android 18, was next, and Babidi found that there was not a trace of evil to be found in her heart. Beginning to lose hope, Babidi inspected Vegeta next.

His face lit up.

"This is it!" Cackling, the mage was elated. "He's different from the rest of them! Resentment, anger, jealousy! He's got it all! He didn't come here for the purpose of defeating evil! And now...what about the rest of them? I have such a selection, why stop at just one!?" Babidi moved his crystal ball from the focus on Vegeta, and surveyed Piccolo, and found, much to his delight, something that could work in his favour.

"Its faint, but its definitely there," Babidi said to himself. "A sliver of darkness from time gone by...but a sliver is all I need!" He turned his attention to the final person, the weakest, the young girl. Peering into her heart, he found emotions rumbling in a perpetual storm. "She's as bad as the one in the spandex! She doesn't want to be here, but she wants to prove herself. She's jealous, she's angry at the world!"

His irksome laugh reaching a high point, the mage gripped the crystal ball firmly, and the images of Videl, Piccolo, and Vegeta swam to the surface of the orb. He began to focus his immense magical reserves on the three targets. With three of them turned, and being friends with the other four who remained, a victory was assuredly in sight.

### **Babidi's Ship; Level Four**

"It's been several minutes," Shin noted, still suspicious. "Why hasn't it opened?"

"Stand aside!" Vegeta said roughly, walking towards the circle in the ground. "If he won't come to us, then we'll simply go to him! This wai—" Vegeta was stopped mid-sentence, his words cut short and his arm, which had been risen and pointing towards the circle, immediately reached for his head, clutching it. The prince began to scream in pain, his eyes wide and quivering as if his entire brain was on fire.

Vegeta was not the only one. Piccolo and Videl were beginning to experience a similar feeling, and all three quickly fell to their knees as the pain overtook their bodies, their screams reaching a crescendo.

"W-What's going on!?" Gohan exclaimed, watching the three collapse with a look of pure shock on his face.

"It's...it's Babidi!" Shin realized, his eyes wide as saucers, and his blood beginning to chill. "He's trying to turn them to his side!"

#### A/N:

*And here it is, Chapter 29. This chapter was a very good one for me to write, since it is technically Gohan's first actual battle in my series to date. One of the main characters, and he's only just now fighting 29 chapters in. Not counting his battle with the bandits, that was more of a massacre than an actual fight anyway, so I think we're good on that front. So, getting things out of the way right now, you'll notice Gohan was performing — and acting — quite a bit differently than he did in his battle with Dābura in the canon manga or in the anime. Looking at the manga's fight, I just think Toriyama had forgotten Super Saiyan 2 existed with Gohan. He didn't show the hallmarks the form, no electricity, no increased aggression, none of it. So I made sure to make it apparent Gohan was using Super Saiyan 2 the moment I got the fight running. Secondly, yes, I took Gohan's increased aggression and arrogance he would normally have in this form and ran with it. Gohan, canonically, has only used this form twice: one against Cell, and once in the tournament, but no other times. Bojack is a movie, he doesn't count. Gohan has had no time to train this form and master it, to overcome its flaws like he did with the Super Saiyan form. As such, his attitude would change drastically. Thirdly, I took advantage of the power boost a Saiyan gets from when they recover from near death (what Dragon Ball Wiki incorrectly refers to as a "Zenkai"). When Gohan had his energy drained, and he was healed, he should have received a power boost proportionate to it. So my Gohan has that going for him as well as the Super Saiyan 2 transformation.*

*So about the Demon Realm. We never saw it canonically. It wasn't in the manga, as far as we know; the place he fought Dābura in the series was only ever called "Demon World" in the video games. While Dābura did request a "planet similar to this one" in the anime, this may only have been in the dub, and even if it wasn't, it was still anime-only. In the manga, the location they fought in was simply never named. So I took the liberty of creating my own little demon world; nothing major. BeneathThisMask requested there be a "Second" level to it, sort of like Hell, and I liked the idea enough to go run with it.*

*Now for names, which I haven't covered in awhile. "Dzoavits" is a demon from Shoshone Native American legend that, according to Wikipedia, "who stole the sun and kidnapped children. He is associated with volcanism and cannibalism."*

*The end of this chapter is what I'm really liking. I am considering 18 "pure" enough, as she was never really evil in this timeline, unlike the future timeline, where it was quite obvious 17 and 18 were some evil motherfuckers. As it has been seven years since then, I'm sure 18 has developed enough as a person that she wouldn't be considered "evil" anymore. Tenshinhan is the same, he's developed enough from his past "villainous" self. Piccolo is a different story. Merging with God and Nail or not, he was quite literally born from evil. Also, I hear tell it was originally Toriyama's idea to make Piccolo the one brought under the spell, not Vegeta. Just a rumour I've heard, but I decided to include it. It was also a suggestion from BeneathThisMask, and I liked it enough to agree. Videl was the more obvious choice, people have been calling it out for ages, and yes, you guys were right, I had it planned for awhile.*

*As always, a big thanks to Demod20 for proofing this baby. I'll see you all in the next exciting chapter of the Erased Chronicles!*

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