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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!

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Chapter 30 - The Prince, the King, and the Devil**Babidi's Ship; Level Four**

Echoing throughout the chamber of Level Four of Babidi's ship were screams that could only be described as bloodcurdling. Far from harmonizing, the screams were beginning to reach a fever pitch; Videl, Piccolo, and Vegeta were clutching at their foreheads, forced to their knees in pain, veins throbbing, expressions wild. The explanation for this bizarre sight was quite simple.

Babidi was making use of his Manipulation Sorcery, with the intention of turning Vegeta, Videl, and Piccolo against their friends. And to Shin's growing panic, it was working.

"Kaiōshin!" Goku blurted towards the deity, who was watching the events unfold with chilled blood and wide eyes. "Can't you stop this!?"

"No..." Shin replied solemnly. "Once Babidi's magic has taken its root in their mind, resisting it is far from an easy task. Even Dābura was taken over, and he was the King of the Demon Realm. We must have faith...faith that your friends can resist."

A red lightning began to crackle around the area, emanating from all three fighters. Their screams rocked the ship, bouncing off the wall in a symphony of misery.

"Piccolo!" Gohan shouted towards his mentor, trying to make himself heard over the sound of screams. "You have to resist it! Don't give in!"

"...possible..." Piccolo grunted thickly through the pain. "...it's...not...possible!"

"Videl! Please! Don't give in!" Erasa called out to her screaming friend. Unlike Piccolo, Videl seemed to be unable to respond at all, her eyes glazed over, screams erupting from her throat.

Turning towards the roaring Saiyan prince, Goku yelled in his own panic. "Vegeta! You're better than this, I know you are! Don't let Babidi get you!"

"...Kakarot...!"

Babidi's Ship; Conference Room

"This is simply fantastic! No, I dare to say the word 'fantabulous!'" Babidi cackled, his hands clutching the crystalline sphere, his face alight with glee. "All three of them are already under my control! Now, I'll release your hidden powers and push all of you past your limits! Brace yourselves, my minions and consider this your raise!"

Tenshinhan had other things on his mind, however, than the simple fact that three of their comrades, including two of particularly long standing, were falling under the control of an evil alien mage. "Can you feel that, everyone!? Piccolo and Vegeta...their power levels are increasing! They're monstrous!" A bead of sweat was dripping down Tenshinhan's forehead; just when he had thought his training was paying off, he was bearing witness to such an insane level of *ki*. He hadn't felt this outclassed since Cell.

If Tenshinhan felt outclassed, it was nothing compared to how Erasa felt at that moment. She had always known all of Gohan's friends were far more than just a cut above her. "*But this...this is insane! They're at least as strong as Gohan when he transformed earlier...no, it might be even more than that!*" The only person who Erasa could feel wasn't anywhere within this ballpark was Videl; her *ki* had received an intense boost as well, but it was almost blocked out compared to Vegeta and Piccolo's and the fact that Erasa could sense it was a miracle.

There was a violent explosion of golden light from Vegeta; his onyx hair turned a vibrant white-gold, and a bio-electric aura crackled around his body. It would seem, in an effort to resist, Vegeta had inadvertently transformed into a Super Saiyan, and with the transformation, his *ki* had only spiked further, eclipsing everyone present with its sheer magnitude.

It was clear that the final touches had been made; each and every combatant was glimmering in their own auras, even Videl, who previously could produce none. Their screams died down, and eventually silenced. With heavy, ragged breaths, the three looked up, their expressions wild, and Vegeta and Videl's foreheads emblazoned with the familiar 'M' that everyone had come to know and loathe.

"Piccolo...!" Gohan's eyes were wide as he took in his former mentor's deranged expression. "Not you...!"

"Damn!" Shin swore, his eyes wide with the sight. "It's too late! They belong to Babidi now!"

Babidi's Ship; Conference Room

Laughing shrilly, the mage couldn't believe his luck. Even at the loss of Dābura, he had managed to acquire three new pawns, and the first two had power that made Dābura's feel eclipsed by their strength. Grinning, Babidi's yellowish-teeth were bared as his lips spread in euphoria. "This is better than any kind of entertainment! Now...where to have them fight!?"

And then it hit him. Without even having to think for too long, the perfect arena hit the alien mage.

"PAPARAPA!"

Papaya Island, Tenkaichi Budōkai

With a familiar alteration as the area was entirely rewritten, the entirety of the Dragon Team had found themselves transported away from Babidi's ship once more. Where there had been a stunned silence was now a mass of noise and chatter. Fresh air filled the nostrils of everyone, replacing the acrid air from inside the ship. It took only moments for everyone to realize where Babidi had transported them to.

The Tenkaichi Budōkai's familiar stone tile arena.

"W-Wait...we're back at the Budōkai!?" Erasa looked around, blinking on confusion.

"It seems so..." 18 affirmed.

"But why would Babidi bring us here?" Tenshinhan queried.

The new arrivals in the middle of the ring, especially a new fighter emitting an unearthly golden glow, had attracted the attention of the onlookers, and a buzz of muttering fell onto the crowd. The remaining Dragon Team, who had been looking from the audience, breathed a sigh of relief when they realized that the mysterious new arrivals causing all the commotion were just their friends making an annoyingly flashy entrance.

"All of that worry for nothing," Yamcha wiped sweat from his brow. "It's just them."

"No..." Muten Rōshi muttered gravely, his sunshades flashing with the reflection of the sun's glare. "...Something's happening..."

The announcer was by far the most surprised by this. To see Son Goku arrive, leave, and then return, and again with his troupe of friends, was more than he had anticipated in a single day. Regrettably, the Budōkai had ended, and the announcer decided to inform his favorite competitor of the bad news.

"Goku, everyone, you all know the Budōkai is over?" He approached them slightly, shoulders raised in confusion. "In fact, your friend Krillin just won the Championship match not too long ago. He's being awarded the prize money and we're more or less about to clean everything up."

Even amidst the chaos, 18 felt a twinge of pride that her husband hadn't been soft on Mr. Satan, and vowed to treat him to something special once this was all resolved.

"Step back," Goku advised sharply, and his tone shocked the announcer so much that the blonde man reflexively did back away, and this was to his credit, as the three powerful entities standing in the middle of the arena began to rise to attention.

In the heads of each of the possessed fighters, they could hear a voice echoing inside, pounding like a drum within their skulls.

"Attention, the three of you! Your new master, Babidi, is speaking! Now that we've got your inauguration out of the way, you're all on the clock! I want you to steal their energy! Fight them as hard as you can, you can even kill them, spray some blood! I want them all dead!"

"Silence!" Vegeta snapped back in response to the voice in his head. "The rest of them don't matter to me; my only interest is Kakarot!"

"I'm inclined to agree," Piccolo snapped his neck, his voice seething like a demon, something Gohan had never heard come out of his teacher's throat. "I'm not interested in fighting a single one of the people here; however, Goku is a different story."

Unlike the first two, however, the 'M' emblazoned on Videll's head began to flash brightly, as if responding. Without any command over her own body, the girl felt herself move, anger and hatred surging through every fiber of her body as the veins pulsed. She launched herself into a crouch, before lunging towards the group of experienced fighters.

It was Tenshinhan who moved before Erasa could even gasp; with speed she couldn't track, the three-eyed fighter materialized in front of them all, and with a single shout, projected a *kiāi* that rippled throughout the arena. The invisible force hit Videll full tilt, stopping her as if she hit an invisible wall, and sending her careening flat on her back.

Babidi's Ship; Conference Room

Babidi watched the events unfold with a distasteful expression. While the girl responded easily to his orders like a puppet should, the other two weren't obeying as they should. "It would appear Piccolo and Vegeta aren't quite under my control yet...well this is certainly a kink I'll have to work out. But, no matter. I'll let them hash it out for now."

"It seems she's rather weak-minded," Tenshinhan noted, a hint of pity in his voice as Videl got to her feet, her senses returning along with control of her body.

Piccolo moved first; with a single swipe of his hand, he lashed it out towards the stadium. There was an blinding flash, and then an explosion, which was followed by screams of terror as bodies burst into pieces, limbs and ichor splattering when not dried by the sheer heat of the blast. As people reacted with terrified shouts, Piccolo himself let out an unearthly laugh.

"That's it, humans! Do you remember this terror now!? This is the return of Piccolo the Great Demon King!"

Gohan felt a vein throb in his head, his body trembling as his emotions began to rise. "Piccolo, what do you think you're doing!? Those were innocent people!"

In Vegeta's mind, however, that display was not enough. Raising his hand, he pointed it towards Goku, his energy beginning to flare. His expression crazed, the Saiyan prince unleashed a torrent of yellow *ki* from his palm, and the beam shot towards Goku at breakneck speeds.

"Are you out of your mind!?" Goku shouted, but nevertheless reacted.

On reflex born from years of fighting, Goku raised his arms and found his footing against the tile, bracing himself against the incoming blast. However, the technique Vegeta unleashed wasn't what Goku had been expecting. Instead of the full blast, Goku found that Vegeta had fired it to only graze him; the blast had thrown him off his footing, but done nothing more. Contrary to expectation, it shot like a cannon past Goku, piercing another section of the stadium, before exploding and continuing beyond the stands and into the city and general populace of Papaya Island.

The blast rocked the island, creating another explosion, leveling buildings and killing hundreds. The result was mass hysteria. The people who hadn't been scared by Piccolo's display had been sent running, screaming bloody murder, at the blatant massacre caused by Vegeta.

"WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!"

"MOVE, GET OUT OF MY WAY!"

"TERRORISTS!"

The members of the Dragon Team who remained in the stands were miraculously untouched; neither Vegeta nor Piccolo had aimed in their directions. Despite lacking any physical damage, the emotional damage was beginning to show as the group was shocked and horrified to see what Vegeta and Piccolo were doing. Bulma, in particular, was white as a sheet, gripping the railing as she witnessed her husband commit murder without care. Had he simply snapped after earlier in the tournament?

"V-Vegeta!"

"I think you'll see your focus needs to be here, Kakarot!" Vegeta replied, undisturbed by the horrendous actions he and Piccolo had just committed. "Unless you want to see the body count pile higher!"

"You always were too soft, Goku," Piccolo turned towards his old rival, and Goku recognized the deranged expression on Piccolo's face very well. He'd seen it many years ago in this very stadium — but this wasn't the kind of nostalgia he'd hoped to experience here.

"Piccolo...Vegeta..." the Earth-raised Saiyan looked at them both with expressions of shock. He was beyond words at this point, but if they failed him now, he was unprepared for what would come next.

Vegeta and Piccolo causally raised their hands, pointing now glowing palms at differing sections of the stadium. In a blinding flash, two spheres of *ki* were released, and in two ensuing explosions, additional portions of the arena had been cleaned away, and more lives taken. Screams of panic soon followed, by they were drowned out by the louder, more established voices.

At this sight, Goku had simply reached his breaking point. A golden aura erupted around him, roaring like a rush of flame, and his ebony tresses stood on end, and the locks became a brilliant white-gold. Fury etched into his emerald eyes, the Super Saiyan glared at Piccolo and Vegeta with an expression of utmost loathing. It had been years since he'd felt this much rage as a Super Saiyan; not since Krillin died.

"There it is," Piccolo grinned. "It seems you're finally taking off the kid gloves, eh, Goku?"

"Your role in this is done, Namekian," Vegeta butted in sharply. "I don't know what false delusions you have in your head, but Kakarot is mine to fight! This possession was the only way I could get him to fight me; if I hadn't done this, he would have been back in the land of the dead, *and I will **not** miss this opportunity!*"

Listening to this struck a chord with Goku. "*Vegeta...I didn't think you were weak enough to be controlled.*"

"And what makes you think I'll let you get your way?" Piccolo replied threateningly. He was never one to be intimidated by Vegeta, certainly not now, with all the power that was flowing through his body. "I'll remove you from the equation first, Vegeta, if you're going to get in my way!"

Vegeta let out a mocking, mirth-filled laugh. The idea that Piccolo could oppose him was laughable; turning towards the Namekian, Vegeta raised a hand with the intention of blowing away Piccolo and another good portion of the Tenkaichi Budōkai. To his surprise, however, between Piccolo and himself flickered Gohan, moving at intense speeds to catch them both by surprise.

"I'm getting the gist of it at this point," the half-Saiyan said, facing Piccolo, his back to Vegeta. "With the three of you under Babidi's control, I think we're way past the point of talking things out. So if you want to fight someone, Piccolo, then I'm your man!" Gohan jabbed a thumb towards his face, staring directly into the black-eyes of the man who had trained him since his early childhood.

Vegeta, Piccolo, Goku, and Tenshinhan looked at Gohan with wide eyes. This was the very same boy who had once shirked away from the fights with the Saiyans, attempted to bargain with the murderous bio-Android, Cell, and yet, here he was, brazenly making a challenge. The reason was clear; Piccolo becoming a slave to Babidi was having its own effects on Gohan.

"I would have thought you would want to deal with your friend," suggested Tenshinhan. He knew it wasn't in Gohan's nature to be able to fight someone like Piccolo openly, and was knowingly suggested a counter-course of action the half-Saiyan could take that might be less hurtful. "Let one of us handle him."

"No." Gohan's refusal was swift and blunt. "With Vegeta so fixated on Dad, I'm the one who should handle Piccolo; besides, Erasa is closer to Videl than I am. If anyone can bring her back to her senses, she can."

"M-Me?!" Erasa blinked, pointing at herself. This entire situation had sent the girl spiraling into confusion. The teacher Gohan had spoke so highly about, the intimidating Vegeta, and her best friend Videl, all had become slaves to an evil mage she'd learned about a little earlier today. She was still far from judging the situation properly, much less did she think she could fight Videl in this current state of mind.

Erasa looked over towards Videl, who had been remarkably quiet since Tenshinhan had put her in her place — though perhaps that was why. The veins throbbing from her head and body, the 'M' shining black, her crazed expression.

"How do you know I can do it?"

Turning back to face the blonde girl, Gohan smiled gently in her direction. "This is what you've been training for, isn't it? Remember that you told me?"

"I don't want this to happen to Videl again. What if you'd gotten there too late? Or something worse had happened? I want to continue our training, and I want to get stronger. So I can protect Videl, in case something like this happens again. I want to keep her safe, Gohan."

Erasa's own words echoed through her head. The words she'd told Gohan during class, clutching his hand as she swore to become stronger. This had been her conviction for becoming stronger, this motivation was the reason she even stood in this ring, wearing Piccolo's colours and his symbol. Erasa slapped her face with both palms, the shock doing a good job to revitalize her.

"You're right!" Erasa replied firmly. "Thanks, Gohan!"

However, Shin had seen more than enough of the madness to step in and intervene. "Enough of this! Can't you all see you're playing precisely into Babidi's hands? This is what he wants — he wants to see you squabble among each other like children, and it's working; you're at each others throats and now you're even drawing lots! Set your petty arguments aside, and focus on the bigger picture! In the face of the whole universe, your individual matters mean nothing!"

Shin's words may have had no effect on Videl or Piccolo, who merely scoffed the god off as naïve and interfering. To Vegeta, however, the words were a spark that ignited a blazing inferno which had been building for years.

"NOTHING, HUH!?" The Saiyan prince rounded on Shin, his aura flaring in rage. Flames of gold cracked the tile that composed the arena, rivulets of golden *ki* began to encircle the prince, reacting to his heated emotions. "This is everything to me! What would you, a Kaiōshin resting on high, know about it?! I've lived my entire life under the thumb of another, and forced to watch my race reach the verge of extinction! I'm royalty, I'm a prince, and this low-class clown has surpassed me time and time again!" Jabbing his finger in the direction of Kakarot, the Saiyan prince's face became, if possible, more enraged. "He's even spared my life, as if I were nothing but a child!" Clenching his fists, Vegeta's aura flared once more, his rage and power climbing higher. "I will not stand for this! He has stolen my pride...and *he will pay!*"

Everyone present could only watch as Vegeta spewed his rage in the direction of Shin, though the majority of it was directed at Goku. The orange-garbed Super Saiyan sighed. "I guess I've kept you waiting quite a long time, haven't I, Vegeta? Lord Kaiōshin, I think it's best you step away."

Shin looked at Goku and Vegeta, Erasa and Videl, Piccolo and Gohan, and let out an exasperated sigh. "...Fine. Had there only been two of you in this madness, I might have been able to try to stop you. Against six, my efforts would be all for naught. Do as you will."

Without any other reply to the dispirited god, Goku turned to the skies, sending his voice to the heavens. "Babidi! I know you can hear me! I'll play your game! Send us all to a place away from people! If you give me that, then I'll fight Vegeta!"

Babidi's Ship; Conference Room

"This is simply great! They're all at each others throats and I didn't even need to get involved!" Babidi chuckled to himself. "Fine, I'll grant your little wish, Goku! I'll move them all separately...I wouldn't want them getting any funny ideas and helping each other!" Uttering his magic words for a final time, Babidi used his magic to divide the ship's fourth floor into three separate areas, sending the fighters and their allies away from each other.

Break Wastelands, Earth

It was within blinking that Gohan felt himself separated from his father, Erasa, and the others. The area around him had begun to change, and he and Piccolo were forced into a new space. A place he remembered all too well. Looking around, he saw from the familiar grassy and rocky plains, devoid of any trees, but with a few plateaus here and there, that this was a familiar place.

The very same wastelands where Piccolo first trained him.

"For Babidi to choose this place..." Gohan growled. "He's trying to play me, isn't he?"

"Who knows?" replied Piccolo, cracking his neck and turning to face Gohan. He reached up, removing his turban and weighted training-cape with a flourish, allowing them to crash onto the ground. With the turban gone, Gohan would finally see the 'M' emblazoned onto Piccolo's forehead, just like the others. The Namekian took a stance, raising an arm above his head, and resting another at his side. Staring intently at Gohan, he gave the half-Saiyan time to prepare himself.

"I guess there is no way out of this." Gohan entered his own stance, mimicking Piccolo's stance exactly.

"There it is," Piccolo's deranged expression briefly became one of approval. "Just like that, Gohan; don't break your stance now, and remember everything I've taught you." Veins throbbing visibly around his head and body, the Namekian spread his feet along the ground. "This won't be like our training before. Make a single slip up, lower your guard for a second, *and I will have your head!*"

Teufel Mountain Range, Earth

The sensation of being transferred to a new location was quickly becoming standard to Erasa, despite the fact that it was a kind of awareness the girl didn't care for. Where there had been the noise of the arena was replaced by the quiet, dulcet tones of nature. The sound of a distant, flowing river, the smell of evergreens and fresh, crisp air, and the general rocky sensation beneath her feet, Erasa knew she had been transferred to somewhere within the wilderness.

"Finally!" Videl crowed, grinning, the sensation of overwhelming power still flowing within her body and mind. "Now that we're away from the blowhards, it's time to get down to business! Even if I have my orders, this is a different matter entirely! I'm going to enjoy beating you down with my own hands, Erasa! I'll wipe you out, and finally...finally, I can feel complete again!"

"...You don't mean that, do you?" Erasa looked at Videl, searching for some hint of truth behind that statement, some denial, maybe even a joke. But there wasn't any trace of her friend in the deranged madwoman who stood before her. The 'M' on her forehead served as a permanent reminder to Erasa that Videl belonged to Babidi now. Exhaling slowly, the girl took up her fighting stance.

"There it is!" said Videl, adjusting into her own stance as well. Gripping both fists in the air, the girl began to flare out her aura, a shimmering white flame that enveloped her whole body. "Now, Erasa! Let's begin!"

Gizzard Wasteland, Earth

His wish granted, Goku, Vegeta, Tenshinhan, Shin, and Eighteen were all transferred away from the arena. Their location was one that Goku and Vegeta knew quite well; it was the wastelands where Goku had led Vegeta to in their first battle. It was no coincidence that the change of venue had led them here; Babidi must have used Vegeta's mind to find this location.

"Here we are..." said Goku, gesturing to the area at large.

"Yes. No more distractions, Kakarot! This place will make a fine graveyard for you!" Clenching his fists as his side, Vegeta's aura exploded around him in a fiery burst of gold. "The table is set! Now let us begin!"

A/N: *And it's finally here! My story has hit the thirty-chapter milestone! Is it a milestone? I'm not sure, but with other popular Dragon Ball fanfiction stories reaching something like chapter 97...but regardless! In just a month and some odd days, it'll be two years. TWO YEARS since I started this story, and you all have stuck with me despite my snail's pace. You don't know what that means to me. I never expected this story to hit it off, I never expected everyone to like it the way they do. So the fact that I can post a chapter every few weeks and get such great response really makes me feel like this is all worth it. Thanks to all of you for helping me get this far! Now, on with the actual author's notes!*

By my chapter's standards, this is a fairly short one. In fact, I think only chapter nine beats this one out in terms of lack of length. And, oddly enough, both chapters are dialogue heavy chapters with either little or no action. This was a chapter I'm sure people have been looking forward to, if only for Vegeta's little "pride" speech. I tried so hard on that one, because it's such an impact speech, moreso in the English dub than the original Japanese. I love the manga, I tolerate the Japanese anime, but the speech in that version doesn't ring quite as true as the dub's speech. So I tried to make my own rendition without using anything word for word. I never like doing that, it doesn't feel like my work if I copy the dialogue exactly as it was written.

To anyone who wanted to see Goku threaten Shin like in canon, I'm sorry. But he'd need to be a STUPID, STUPID man to try and stop three battles. Sure, Videl and Erasa he can handle. Piccolo, Gohan, Vegeta, and Goku? Not so much. He's a smart man, so I made him make a decision as a smart man would. Live to fight another day.

It was difficult, handling balancing issues between three people under a Manipulation Sorcery (I refuse to use the term "Majin", as, in regards to Vegeta, that was a dub only term introduced for the video games and back of the DVD and Blu Ray cases), as Vegeta was the original focus of this little event, but I think I handled it well.

So now for names. Teufel is German for "Devil". Fits Videl well, so I chose it as the name for their fighting location.

I think that's just about everything! Thanks to Demod20 again for proofreading, making sure this chapter is in ship-shape to post! Stay tuned for the next exciting chapter of the Erased Chronicles!

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