

Browse ▾ Just In ▾ Community ▾ Forum ▾ Betas ▾

Story ▾ Search

Anime/Manga (/anime/) > Dragon Ball Z (/anime/Dragon-Ball-Z/)

**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

A+ A- A   

< Prev

32. Son Gohan versus the Great Demon King

Next >

Gohan's body twisted, avoiding a strike from Piccolo, the Namekian's sharp claws cutting into the air.

Gohan heard the whizzing sound of the strike, dodging beforehand. Flipping onto his hands, the half-Saiyan cartwheeled back, the grass against his hands a soothing feeling in the midst of all the chaos. He and Piccolo had already begun battling moments ago, and he had yet to transform. It wasn't hesitation, not in the slightest; he was gauging Piccolo's power, something best done through battle, not just in sensing *ki*.

And he had to admit, he was feeling like his work was cut out for him. Piccolo's *ki* was at an all-time high; Gohan hadn't felt this much energy coming off Piccolo since the Namekian had battled Freeza's first transformation. But now, all of that power was coming to kill him, rather than to protect him. Piccolo wasn't going to be able to guide him through this.

Gohan clenched his fists, his arms resting at his sides. "*He's serious. I don't even need to ask him to know that if I don't fight like I mean it, I will die...*" Gohan's innocent eyes narrowed, as the onyx irises turned green. The time for warm-ups was over. "HAH!" With a heavy shout, his aura flared white before flashing into a vibrant gold; his hair changed from the onyx tresses he normally sported to a beautiful white-gold, and stood on end. The golden flames that immersed his body were peppered with streaks of lightning bolts, flickering off his aura at a frightening pace.

"There is it..." Piccolo grinned, his mouth wide to reveal his fangs. "The Ascended Super Saiyan! Now I know you're taking this seriously!" Piccolo spread his arms wide, and he began to glow a vibrant white. His aura flared, flashing, threatening to blind as his power rose. The yell that escaped his throat was primal, threatening to rip the muscle apart as the powerful shout continued to rise with Piccolo's *ki*.

"Amazing...!" Gohan gasped, his eyes wide at Piccolo's display of *ki*. If he thought Piccolo's *ki* had maxed out when they started, he had been sorely mistaken; this sheer level of power output was something Gohan had never thought possible from his old teacher. "Your battle power is...higher than anything I've ever expected, Piccolo."

"Keep that smart mouth up, kid," Piccolo replied. "It'll be the death of you."

The two flickered away from their standing points, crashing in mid-air. The physical shock reverberated in the air, shaking the ground as the two powerful super warriors continued their battle. Gohan thrust his elbow forward, crashing it into Piccolo's chin. The Namekian responded in kind with a powerful punch to Gohan's jaw. The blow sent the half-Saiyan reeling, but he did not stop pressing his assault. Ignited in a furious aura, the two exchanged continued a powerful exchange of blows. Had any ordinary humans been on the ground, the most they would have heard was a sound akin to repeated explosions, unable to see the sheer speeds at which the Namekian and Super Saiyan were travelling.

Breaking apart from each other for only moments, Gohan pursued Piccolo further, only to be pushed back when the Namekian extended his hands and released an explosive blast of pure white energy, matching his aura. This was not the Masenko, but another move that Gohan recognized from his teacher — the Bakurikimaha. Extending his hands, Gohan released an invisible energy wave, a *kiai*, which the blast collided against. In his current state, he was unable to mitigate the entirety of the blast, and the Bakurikimaha exploded against the half-Saiyan, sending him falling to the ground in dust and smoke.

Descending rapidly to the ground, Gohan utilized another *kiai* to soften his fall, landing neatly on the ground. Only when the damaged half-Saiyan looked up did he realize he was too late to notice a rapid *ki* building. Floating high in the air above him was Piccolo, and the Namekian had his index and middle fingers resting on his forehead, coated in energy. The energy crackled and snapped like lightning, and Gohan could detect that it was an immense amount of *ki* build-up, even if he didn't recognize the technique.

Grinning maliciously, Piccolo brought his fingers down from his head, thrusting them forward toward Gohan. With a shout that shook the heavens, he proclaimed the name of his technique.

"MAKANKŌSAPPŌ!"

A vivid bright light was expelled from Piccolo's fingers, twisting itself into a beam of energy, with another beam wrapped around it in a spiral. All of Gohan's instincts told him one thing, and one thing only: dodge. Pressing hard against the ground, the young Super Saiyan pushed himself upwards into the air. The Makankōsappō flew past Gohan, and collided with the ground in a fierce explosion. Gohan looked downwards and saw that his instincts had been correct; this "Makankōsappō" was a special kind of beam cannon created by Piccolo for the intent of piercing a target. Where he'd been standing was now a giant hole, in the shape of the spiral blast.

"If I'd gotten hit by that, I'd have been killed in an instant..."

Regardless of whether the blast had killed him, killing him was still Piccolo's intention, and the Namekian raced after the fleeing Saiyan teenager, roaring mightily. Gohan turned, and the two clashed, fists meeting in the air, rocking the ground below them once again. The two powerful fighters continued to clash, their exchange continuing for moments; hundreds of punches in what would equate to a human second.

Receiving a crushing blow to his stomach from Piccolo, Gohan retaliated in kind, slamming Piccolo's jaw with his foot. The blow sent the Namekian staggering, and Gohan leapt backwards through the rocks, gaining distance from Piccolo. He made a bound into the air, supporting himself with *ki*. The young warrior was lamenting the fact that he hadn't taken a Senzu from his father at the earliest opportunity, but this was no time to be lamenting lost beans.

"I'm low on gas, and Piccolo's got a whole tank to burn..." Gohan thought, cupping his hands to his side. *"But I can't fight economically if I want to win. At the same time...I still don't want to kill you, Piccolo...!"* He tried to shake these thoughts from his head; he could fight without killing, he had to. Even in this ascended state, where his instincts were everything, he had to fight that.

This was Piccolo, his teacher, a second father. And he'd break him from Babidi's spell.

Lost in his thoughts, his hands cupped but fresh with no energy, he only just noticed that Piccolo's arm was racing towards him at breakneck speeds. It was Piccolo's arm-stretching ability, a remarkably simple tactic that was too easy to counter once the user had seen it before. And Gohan had seen it many times during training. He braced himself, ready to grab the arm and pull Piccolo in. However, he noticed something different.

As it closed the distance, the hand that was in the fore of the arm seemed to be increasing in size — until Gohan realized it wasn't a simple matter of an object in the distance becoming "bigger" as it got closer.

The hand and arm had increased to gigantic proportions.

"What the he—!?" Gohan felt the immense hand wrap around him, crushing pressure closing the young Saiyan warrior in. "Piccolo, what the hell is this!?"

"An ability I developed a long time ago to use against your father for the purposes of crushing him!" Piccolo replied darkly. "I can increase my body to gigantic proportions and augment myself that way. But he found a way around it, that damn man. But I trained, and worked out the kinks in that particular ability! Now, I'll crush you with it, Gohan! It's been swell, kid!"

The pressure of the engorged hand sent waves of pain throughout Gohan as Piccolo flexed his carpal muscles. He could feel the stress Piccolo was applying to his bones and muscles. If he didn't break out of this, he would die; while he was holding back, Piccolo was not. While he was holding back, Piccolo was fighting to kill. And Gohan knew this. But why couldn't he do the same?

His expression worked up, and his muscles began to fight against the force Piccolo was working onto his body. With a vein throbbing in his temple, and his *ki* flaring in a violent bright flash, Gohan flexed his muscles and forced the fingers that gripped him apart. With a shock-wave blowing the hand away, Gohan breathed heavily. It moved backwards like a snake, retracting back to its owner.

And then, out of nowhere, Piccolo's other hand launched forward. This time, Gohan was ready; as the arm raced towards him, the young man moved to the left, twisting his body to avoid it. The green appendage raced by him, leaving only a powerful gust of wind to signify its passing. With the arm out of the way, Gohan was free to attack — or so he thought. He felt something unbearably large collide with his back, sending him hurtling into the rocks.

"You're not paying attention to my moves," Piccolo remarked harshly. As he spoke these words, Gohan was forcing the rubble off his body, grimacing. His *gi* was tattered, his skin marred, and his expression frustrated.

"I taught you better than this, didn't I?"

As if to retaliate, Gohan forced himself back into the air, dashing towards Piccolo. He delivered several hard punches that only hit air; Piccolo successfully dodged each and every blow, listing lazily to the left and right as needed. Gohan found his fist caught in the grip of the Namekian, who twisted Gohan's arm downward. Grunting, Gohan attempted to spin in response, swinging his leg towards Piccolo.

Piccolo loosened his grip, vanishing on the spot, the blow slashing where he used to be. Gohan didn't need to detect *ki* to tell himself where Piccolo was, however. A fist came to a screeching halt on his cheek, causing the half-Saiyan to shake with shock. Piccolo's voice sounded in his ear, clear and menacing.

"A blow like this would have flattened your skull. And after all of those training drills on the cliff-side."

Gritting his teeth, Gohan swirled around, attempting to attack Piccolo again — only to come face-to-heel with Piccolo's foot, which sent Gohan careening across the sky. Following after him, Piccolo performed a crushing Double Axe Handle, and Gohan crashed to the ground like a meteor. Crashing to the ground, Gohan wound his body rocked with pain, but had no choice but to force himself back to his feet.

Piccolo remained floating in the air, looking down on Gohan, literally and figuratively.

The young Saiyan gripped his hands to his sides, an orb of white energy, outlined in yellow, forming. Expression furious, he forced his hand forward, releasing the blast of *ki* towards Piccolo with a kind of recklessness. The Namekian sidestepped it, the blast careening past him. It hit a large plateau, destroying the rock-face in a resulting explosion.

"And that was simply careless," continued Piccolo, his black eyes staring menacingly towards Gohan. And then he moved, the distance between him and Gohan closing to nothing. Piccolo struck, and Gohan's instincts took over, retaliating at the very last moment. Fists shot past each other, collided forcefully with jaws, and caused saliva to spray at the two combatants glared from behind pushed cheeks. The physical exchange was enough to push them away from each other, giving each fighter a moment to gain their ground.

"Do you really think I'm going to stop here, Gohan?" Piccolo growled. "You're merely going to be my first target; my first volunteer. After I'm finished with you, I'll continue my work as the Great Demon King! The work your father brought to a halt!" He clenched a fist in front of his face, before swiping his arm back down to his side. "I'll start by taking out Son Goku...and then the rest of your friends and family will follow!"

Gohan's eyes widened, his green irises contracting. These were instinctual reactions, common to a Saiyan who felt threatened; and Gohan's own instincts were beginning to rise to Piccolo's words, no matter how much the young man wanted to suppress them.

The Namekian spat on the ground, ascending into the air. "You're pathetic, you know that? The son of Goku, the boy who saved the world from Cell...my student. You wouldn't know any of that from your pitiful performance here!" As he floated above Gohan, who watched Piccolo almost blankly, the Namekian pointed a finger down towards Gohan. Glowing with a bright white light, he traced a line in the air. "After you, I'll start with Erasa."

Gritting his teeth, Piccolo declared the name of his technique.

"MAKŌU!"

The line crackled with electricity before exploding with a roar like thunder. If the sound was thunder, the accompanying flash was the bolt of lightning. The line released a massive surge of energy that flew down upon Gohan in a rain of needles — constructs of *ki*, finely tuned with the intention of slicing into the target they collided with.

Gohan raised his arms to block, and the needles shredded into his body on impact. The senbon rain slit his skin open, creating fresh wounds and those that missed still pierced the ground. Gohan quickly saw the advantage of this technique. The needles weren't as powerful as the Makankōsappō, but they didn't need to be. By releasing a massive deluge, Piccolo increased his range for practically minimal *ki* cost; furthermore, by creating fresh wounds inducing bleeding, Gohan had a new worry.

Bleeding out.

But Gohan's mind was working out more than just the dynamics of this technique. It was processing Piccolo's words. The anger bubbling under Gohan's tranquility threatened to spill over. He thought of his father, fighting Vegeta, and Erasa, fighting Videl. He could feel the *ki* of these battles flaring out, these two, hard at work putting aside their feelings of camaraderie, placing the situation above their feelings.

"So what am I doing?" He thought to himself as the needles pierce his body. His face contorted in both pain and anger. Anger at himself, anger at Piccolo, anger at Babidi. "Am I so weak that I can't bring myself to put Piccolo down for the sake of the world? For the sake of my friends and family? For Erasa?" The half-Saiyan's *ki* began to build, tinting his white-gold locks a brilliant pure gold. With a mighty yell that strained the throat, he exercised his *ki* and repelled the remaining needle rain, shattering any needles still coming forward and leaving an indent in the ground from his pure *ki*. The Saiyan's eyes glimmered with a vibrant fury, causing Piccolo to look quite taken aback.

"What's the matter, Gohan?" He asked mockingly. "Are you feeling angry, or perhaps even betrayed? Has it finally sunk in that I don't jest?" His arms rested at his side, the familiar confident grin returning to his face. "Or does the act of me turning precious memories into jokes simply fill you with fury? Regardless, it's not enough. You've become too complacent; an utter disappointment."

"You may have a point there," Gohan replied, his voice almost quiet. "I'll be the first to admit, that might be my biggest mistake. I went into this battle thinking I could avoid killing you. But it's dulling my fighting sense, and doing everyone else a disservice; so from now on, no more restraints. No reserves. I'm coming at you seriously, Piccolo."

"Let's see how far you get then, Gohan," Piccolo beckoned the boy closer. "Without your father or I holding your hand!"

The wind rushed through the wasteland, rustling the grass, and brushing past their skin. The warm air of late afternoon was akin to an alarm bell, the drop of a bullet that signaled the start of the second round. Blood pounding in his head, Gohan rocketed from his spot on the ground, and Piccolo rocketed downwards. Moving much smoother than before, Gohan ducked under the blow from Piccolo, winding around and slamming his elbow into the Namekian's side.

Grunting about how the elbow had collided with a unique Namekian organ, he spluttered saliva, clutching his side. Before he could recompose himself, he felt a firm grip on his ankle. Gohan had slipped down below Piccolo in the confusion, and placed a vicegrip on his ankle. Before Piccolo could react, he felt force act on his body as he was careening towards the ground. Gohan had thrown Piccolo directly into the unforgiving ground below.

Piccolo flipped in the air, skidding along the ground to prevent a violent crash. A bright light attracted his attention, and he looked up to see a sphere of energy descending towards him. Gripping both hands, the Namekian knocked it back towards Gohan, who reacted instinctively and deflected his own energy attack. The blast shot haphazardly behind him, crashing into a plateau some distance away and exploding.

In this instance, Piccolo seemed to unhinge his jaw. From his gaping maw, he released a powerful *ki* blast, brilliant white in colour, towards Gohan. The Super Saiyan thrust his hands forward, meeting the energy beam and stopping it dead. Applying his own force onto the plasma blast, Gohan did something that should have been impossible: he ripped the beam in half. It split directly down the middle, disrupting and dispersing the flow.

"*My chance!*" Piccolo thought, utilizing the distraction of his energy beam's destruction to dissipate the distance between him and Gohan to nothing. Closing in, the Namekian thrust a powerful blow to Gohan's stomach. The Saiyan, still bleeding from the needles and reeling from the blow, forced himself to counteract Piccolo's blow, headbutting him violently. This act surprised Piccolo, stunning him in more ways than one.

Gohan's eyes were shimmering like an emerald flame. The Namekian took this to mean one thing and it was true — Gohan had found his resolve. He recognized the steely expression and fiery eyes from seven years ago, when the young boy had entered this Super Saiyan state and fought with the diabolical Cell. This was Gohan when he entered the mind of a warrior, and would fight without mercy. The Gohan who tortured Cell. The Gohan who killed Dābura.

The Gohan he trained to become a fine warrior.

"GRAGH!" Piccolo roared, thrusting his fist forward. Instantly, the arm expanded in size, catching Gohan by surprise and landing a crushing blow, before retracting back to normal size. Reeling backwards, Gohan regained composure quickly and gripped Piccolo's arm. Kicking away from Piccolo by pushing off his chest, Gohan tore the arm off in a violent fury. It tore from the shoulder down, purple blood spraying into the air, mixing with the red blood still dripping from Gohan's wounds as it fell to the ground.

Piccolo stumbled back, quickly finding himself the victim of a savage snap kick from Gohan that sent him airborne into the opposite direction against his will. Gohan watched him fly, Piccolo's severed arm gripped firmly in his hands. Blood mixed with his aura, floating into the aura before evaporating, but Gohan paid his wounds no mind; he merely watched Piccolo with his expression of quiet fury.

The Namekian forced himself to come to a complete halt; focusing entirely on his severed arm, green liquid spurted from the wound, replacing the violet blood. Within seconds, after a painful shout from Piccolo, an entirely new arm formed from where the old one had severed. Panting, though considerably less than he has years ago, Piccolo flexed the new arm and glared at Gohan.

"Oh, right," the half-Saiyan youth had the dignity to look surprised. "Regeneration. With as many times as Cell did it, I shouldn't be surprised that you can as well. He got the ability from you, didn't he? Regardless..." He lifted the arm in his hand up, tossing it aside like yesterday's garbage. The severed limb hit the ground and remained limp. Had it *been* Cell, that arm might very well have simply started squirming and formed into an entirely separate entity. Mercifully, Piccolo's regeneration wasn't as advanced.

"*We both might be running low,*" Gohan thought to himself. "*I felt Piccolo's ki drop when he regenerated that limb, and the decrease hasn't fixed itself. I'm not doing any better myself; fighting Dābura was already rough, but losing blood the way I am...I need to end this quickly.*"

"Are you simply lying to yourself?" Piccolo asked, his voice an aggressive growl. "Your arrogance is astounding, Gohan, it truly is! You think you can beat **me!**?"

"Yes." The reply was sharp, confident, and given without hesitation.

"Then I'll blow you away! Along with your last ounce of hope!"

"Not before I beat you into the ground!"

Moving with such speed it surprised Piccolo, Gohan exploded from his spot, a sonic boom thundering in the air behind him as he moved. Gohan's knee collided with Piccolo's jaw, and, stars flying in his eyes, Piccolo retaliated, his long nails slashing at Gohan's chest, creating a fresh new wound. The young Saiyan struck back, a fist striking Piccolo with a powerful punch, and yet Piccolo was no slouch. For every blow received, another was traded in return; Gohan and Piccolo had begun clashing again, white aura mixed with gold, forming a brilliant star in broad daylight.

Gohan ducked beneath a rushing fist, only to find his own blow blocked by Piccolo's powerful wrist. Gohan thrust his knee forward, but Piccolo took a step back, dodging it and receiving only a rush of air. Vanishing, Gohan took to Piccolo's back with hyper-speed, landing a surprise kick, before performing the same vanishing action and appearing in front of Piccolo, jabbing forward.

It was Piccolo's turn to vanish, dodging at hyper-speed before returning, slamming both legs into Gohan's face. With Gohan successfully distracted, the Namekian flew higher into the air, as fast as his *ki* would allow. Gohan attempted to follow, but Piccolo was already taking the next action. His palms glowing with *ki*, and released them in a violent fury. The blasts were released as individual spheres, hanging around Gohan like glowing baubles. They created a perimeter, encasing him inside.

"MAKŪHŌIDAN!"

The Namekian clenched his fist, and the bullets of *ki* converged upon Gohan. Some fell like rain, others shot up from below, and rocketed towards him from the side. But this was a perfect technique, with no blind spots; even with all his training, there was no way to dodge. Gohan could only forcibly withstand the bombardment as the *ki* bullets impacted him from all angles. The blasts collided and burned his skin, causing addition pain and damage, but Gohan withstood the entire bombardment.

His breath ragged, he glared at Piccolo defiantly. While the Makūhōidan had caused considerable pain, the heat from the energy spheres had given him one advantage; the majority of his fresh wounds had been cauterized, and the bleeding stopped.

"Keep fighting. Don't stop until you've won. Your enemy is still standing; slowing down is something you can't afford!"

With his new attempt on Gohan's life failed, Piccolo darted downward. Gohan, in response, darted upwards, and the dance of murder began again. A punishing blow to the stomach. A furious snap kick to the chin. A violent elbow to the side of the jaw. An equally powerful elbow square in the face. The two opponents, master and teacher, levied blow after blow with enough force that passersby would have assumed there was thunder without a single cloud in the sky.

The two clashed in mid-air, their hands interlocking as a new power-struggle began. They tried flexing their muscles, trying to force the other to give in, but found no purchase. With two mighty shouts, Gohan and Piccolo began to flare what remained of their *ki*. Violent auras, gold and white, mixing and melding together, flared up, lightning crackling, and becoming a glowing sphere. The *ki* sphere expanded, creating a whirling storm of energy.

One of them had to prevail, and Gohan was the first to act on impulse. He took a step forward, twisting his whole body to the flank. Upsetting Piccolo's own balance, the half-Saiyan was able to throw Piccolo directly over his shoulder, directly towards the ground. Piccolo flipped through the air, landing neatly onto his feet, snarling.

"This is it, Gohan! My final attack; with all of my power, I **will** kill you!" He cupped his hands in front of his body, and began to charge *ki* in the center of both palms. The sphere was small at first, but a vibrant orange-white.

Gohan responded in kind, immediately cupping his hands to his side. "Then let's end this, Piccolo. I won't hold anything back either! Ka...!" The energy sphere began to form at his palms, a vivid blue orb that shone brilliantly. "Me...Ha...Me..."

Both of their respective spheres increased in size, pulsing with additional *ki*, the last reserves of the two super warriors placed in each of their palms.

"GEKIRETSU KŌHA!"

"HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

Piccolo raised his arms high into the air, before thrusting forward, releasing a powerful blast of energy, orange-white in hue, towards Gohan. The aforementioned Super Saiyan released the violent energy wave from his palms, shooting it downwards towards Piccolo. The two blasts collided with a blast like a cannon; orange and blue began to clash, merging in the center to form a brownish-hue. Tendrils of energy shot from the epicenter of the beam struggle, snapping at the ground and super-heating the air as if they were lightning strikes.

The center sphere began to move between the two competitors, Piccolo and Gohan fighting for dominance over the other. Seizure-inducing lights began to flash between them as the struggle continued; the two beams seemed to be almost equal, partially due to each party's depleted reserves of *ki*. But unlike Piccolo, Gohan had something driving him, something pushing him forward. He *had* to win.

The smiling face of a girl with innocent blue eyes and short blonde hair flashed in his mind. And Gohan surrendered to his own *ki*; his blast increased disproportionately to how much *ki* he should have had left, enveloping Piccolo's in a violent tunnel of blue light. Piccolo's blast vanished entirely as his body felt the impact of a fully-powered Super Kamehameha collide with him. The energy wave forced Piccolo directly into the ground, colliding with the surface of the planet. Before it managed to rupture the surface and destroy the core, Gohan immediately shut off the flow of energy. The blast stopped, and he felt all of his energy leave him as he descended to the ground in an exhausted mess.

Laying on the ground, in a gigantic crater, smoking from the sheer energy, was the defeated form of Piccolo. His left arm, and both legs, had been entirely blown off by the blast, and the Namekian was suffering extreme burns. He did not appear to be breathing. Gohan landed on the ground, feeling incredibly weak as his white-gold tresses returned to their normal ebony-hue, and the Saiyan fell to one knee. "Piccolo...I..." Gohan couldn't find the words, the aggression of his Ascended Super Saiyan state gone, and the sight of his defeated teacher filling him with mixed emotions. "I'm sorry I couldn't save you...but I had to..."

"*I did it...*" He thought to himself. "*Erasa...Mom...I did it...*" This was true. He'd bitten the bullet, and found himself in this battle. Hesitating against Piccolo had nearly been the death of him, but he found his strength, and struck Piccolo down, keeping those he loved safe at the same time. And yet the young warrior did not have the time to relish his victory.

Quite literally from nowhere, Gohan felt a tremor around the planet that chilled his blood. A *ki*, so cold, so empty, it chilled his blood. He didn't recognize it, and knew it could only belong to one entity.

Majin Bū.

The battered halfling forced himself to his feet, and began to haphazardly float in the air. He needed to get towards that horrible *ki*. Tenshinhan, 18, and Shin were over there. He cast a look at his old teacher. Leaving the man's lifeless body in the wasteland felt like a horrible omen, but Gohan had no choice. The longer he stalled, the greater the chance of casualties.

"Watch me, Piccolo." Gohan muttered. "I'll do everything I can!"

A/N:

Whoo boy. This chapter. This chapter. So, while I was writing this chapter, I got hit with the worstcase of writer's block I've had. I just...I could not write a thing for a solid week. I didn't know what to do, my head was killing me, and I felt pressure from all sides. I wanted this chapter to be good, but I could not for the life of me figure out words to put down. I would open up the document and just stare at it blankly. It really sucked. Mercifully, my inspiration came back a few days ago, and I was able to put this chapter into its final stages! I actually very much like this chapter, if only because Piccolo has not had a lot of time to shine in the series since in the Android arc. This was literally the first time since the Androids that he's actually had a fight, and I had Piccolo show that he has not been slacking by showcasing numerous different techniques, including the ability to localize his Gigantification Technique on certain parts of his body to maximum effect and minimize the risk. His other techniques, which are unique to this chapter, fit his "demon" thing, I actually quite like them.

The Makankōsappō is obvious; I kept the Japanese name because "Special Beam Cannon" sounds like it was named by a three-year old. I had to have Gohan dodge it because that technique is not blockable. You may have seen him do it in filler, but the Makankōsappō and the Kienzan are two techniques which can kill targets stronger than the user. Had Gohan tried to block it, he would have just died, so he had to dodge it. The next technique was the "Makōu", which, when written as "魔降雨" literally means "Demon

Rainfall". Next is the "Makūhōidan" (魔空包圍彈) meaning "Evil Air Encirclement Bullet". This is the Japanese name of the technique known as "Hellzone Grenade", but technically, both names are inaccurate. In the Daizenshū, which I do use as an accurate source for names, the technique is referred to as the "Tracking Scattering Kikōha". The final technique is the "Gekiretsu Kōha" (激裂光波), meaning "Violent Light Wave", an expansion on the "Gekiretsu Kōdan", the filler-only technique he used against Number 17.

And, with all of this, Gohan has defeated Piccolo! What's going to happen from this point on? You'll have to keep reading to find out!

So, something to realized. The Prince of Destruction arc will be going on for ten chapters as of the next chapter. For a quick recap, the arcs are as presented:

That Girl From Seven Years Ago Arc: Chapters 1 - 13

The Tenkaichi Budōkai Arc: Chapters 14 - 22

The Prince of Destruction Arc: Chapters 23 - Undetermined.

Now, as always, let's give a thanks to my friend Demod20, who gave this chapter the good 'ol once over to check for errors and make sure it was ship shape! I'll see you in the next exciting chapter of *The Erased Chronicles*!

[< Prev](#)

32. Son Gohan versus the Great Demon King

[Next >](#)

Name:

Type your review for this chapter here...

[Post Review](#)

As ▾

[Actions](#) ▴[Share](#)[Follow/Favorite](#)[Help \(/support/\)](/support/) . [Privacy \(/privacy/\)](/privacy/) . [Terms of Service \(/tos/\)](/tos/) . [Top](#)[Ⓜ \(http://blog.fictionpress.com\)](http://blog.fictionpress.com) [🐦 \(//www.twitter.com/fictionpress\)](http://www.twitter.com/fictionpress) [g+ \(//plus.google.com/+fanfiction\)](http://plus.google.com/+fanfiction)