

Anime/Manga (/anime/) &gt; Dragon Ball Z (/anime/Dragon-Ball-Z/)

**The Erased Chronicles**

♥ Follow/Fav

By: 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 ≡ Tl ⓘ

&lt; Prev

38. 愛してる

Next &gt;

The eruption of white cleared, soon giving way to a massive crater. Floating above the crater was the form of Vegeta; with all his *ki* expelled, the Saiyan Prince had been burned entirely to white ash. This form retained the shape of the Prince, still wearing the expression he had when he let loose the massive explosion of *ki* in an attempt to eradicate Majin Bū from the face of the Earth entirely.

Vegeta's form began to fall to the ground, heading directly towards the crater; a sudden gust picked up, impacting him, and he began to crumbling, giving way and scattering to the wind. The Saiyan Prince was finally gone from the Earth in both body and soul, and his remains were scattering to the four corners of this world. This was the result of his final sacrifice.

It would appear he had even won. Majin Bū had been scattered into hundreds of pieces, and each piece lay as motionless and lifeless as the fragment of a once living body should. This, however, was a dream; a dream that would soon become a nightmare. The pieces began to twitch and squirm, and soon, they began to fly upwards towards a single point, all compiling into a sphere of pink flesh for the latest time.

Sprouting limbs as it took the form of a body, Majin Bū shouted his presence to the heavens, and landed heavily onto the ground.

"Bū no see strong guy!" The Djinn noted after a quick survey of the area. "Strong guy not here! Bū made him go away!" Evidently pleased with himself, he began to strut around for a few minutes, and even did a few celebratory stretches. It was only when he heard a rather annoying, shrill voice that the Majin remembered he was not as joyfully alone as he had hoped.

"I'm so very glad you're alive, Bū!" Babidi was floating over, his barrier having kept him safe and sealed away from Vegeta's massive explosion. "So, very, very glad. But, now that we've gotten that interloper out of the way, let's get a move on terrorizing Earth! I'm a busy man and we've got a schedule to keep!"

"Bū want to play more!" The Djinn grumbled and complained. "Bū want to find more strong guys and beat 'em!"

"No! None of that!" The irate mage snapped. "Bū, you forget who is the one calling the shots! If you keep acting like a spoiled brat, then I'll treat you like one! Now, either we get a move on, or I'll seal you back in the sphere for another million years, see how you like a time out! Hm!?"

With a sigh, Bū felt his jaw twitch, but he relented in the end. Babidi dispelled his barrier, clambering onto the Djinn's back and gripping onto it tight.

"Alright Earth, look out! Here comes Majin Bū and Babidi!"

The unlikely pair took off, flying away from the rubble, leaving two figures lying motionless on the ground, in the middle of the rubble and destruction, a single of these figures stirred. Shin, who had been unconscious during the entire battle between Vegeta and Majin Bū, had seen neither the beginning, nor the end. The Saiyan Prince's death and noble sacrifice had been entirely lost on him. His vision was blurry, and the deity could barely see his surroundings, much less move. But it could be said his life force was astounding.

"Gohan...Tenshinhan...18..." He choked out. "I'm...sorry..." Blood splattered from his mouth as he shook in pain. "*Everyone...I've doomed all of us...*" As he thought these effacing last words, his consciousness began to fade to black. Prior to completely going under, his blurred vision picked up the shape of a figure rushing towards him. With his vision as affected by his condition as it was, the figure was blurry, even to his normally extraordinary sight. It closed over him, but Shin blacked out, and knew no more.

### **Tuefel Mountain Range, Earth; Outskirts**

"It had to be around here..." Erasa muttered, flying low into the dense sea of trees. Videl was still unconscious, and Erasa kept a tight grip on her, while trying to find the exact spot the mystery object fell. Ignoring the caress and oftentimes smack of leaves and branches, the girl made her descent, until she landed into the middle of the lush forest held by the Teufel Mountain Range. After pushing the underbrush away, after a few more minutes, the young martial artist stumbled upon a clearing, and her innocent curiosity turned into utter panic and fear.

Lying, sprawled out in the clearing, appearing almost peacefully at sleep, was Gohan.

A chill washed over Erasa, as if the girl had been forcefully thrown into a ice-cold bath, and it took all of her self-control to not simply drop Videl and rush to Gohan. Hurriedly, she placed her limp best friend against the trunk of a tree, where Videl rested; as she was, she may have been peacefully at sleep, and would have looked quite beautiful in the dappled light of the forest. With more haste, she immediately rushed to Gohan's side, kneeling down with such speed and force she may have been sliding.

"*I can't sense his ki,*" Her thoughts were quick-paced and panicked. She knew enough about *ki* and was beginning to consider herself relatively skilled at getting a feel for it, and she simply could not feel Gohan's. "*Come on, come on...*" Frantically, the blonde scrambled for Gohan's wrist — which was horribly cold — and placed her thumb and forefinger against it. For the first time in her life, she cursed his Saiyan biology; his wrist was quite thick, and she had to apply a lot of pressure to get a feel for his pulse.

After the passing of a few moments, the girl breathed a sigh of relief. She could feel his pulse, beating steadily. It was still far quicker than a normal human's pulse would be in this ragged state, but — at least she estimated — slower than his normal hybrid heart usually would beat. Then there was good news; Gohan still had a pulse.

The bad news, he was critically injured. As best she could, she sat *seiza*, and rested Gohan's head on her lap. He was horribly bruised and battered, more than likely from his fight with Piccolo, and then whatever else had sent him flying directly past her. He had lost a lot of blood, and he wasn't reacting to any stimulus at all. *This* was more bad news, compounded with the fact that Erasa was scared to move him, as injured as he was, and both she and Videl had very little *ki*.

Thus, a horrible realization hit the girl, and it hit like a freight truck. She was stuck here, right now, in the middle of a forest, with Gohan wounded and Videl unconscious for quite some time. Seconds were quickly turning into minutes, and these minutes were dragging on, slowly edging into hours. The wind blew through the forest, rustling the leaves and caressing the idle bodies of the three; it was perhaps the only thing still moving. Gripping Gohan's body, Erasa desperately tried to work a way around her predicament.

"*What am I going to do...!?*" She thought, her face working up. Gohan's insentient form lay against her lap, and where her *gi* was torn she could feel the coldness of his body. This, beyond anything, made her extremely worried. It was a thought she had been trying to avoid from the moment she came across his body lying alone in the clearing.

「*He's dying.*」

The thought crept nastily into her head, and she suddenly felt the looming presence of something dark and horrific looming over her. She'd avoided the thought when she first arrived, shoved it away like an unwelcome visitor. But it had reached the forefront of her mind now, and she couldn't simply shove it away now. It was a very real possibility, and reality had a way of anchoring itself to a person.

With this thought made real, with her acceptance of the possibility of Gohan dying, she felt a void wrench its way open within her. At first, she thought it was something akin to dread, but it was worse; it was a horrible mix of terror and sadness. Before she'd even realized it, tears began to well up at the edge of her brilliant blue eyes, and they streamed down her face in full. Warm, wet emotion poured from her eyes, and she gripped Gohan tightly as she let the tears flow.

*「He's dying...and there's nothing you can do to help.」*

"G-Gohan...!" Her shoulders shook, as her tears fell flat onto Gohan's face, sliding down and hitting the soft forest floor. "Y-You can't d-die...!" She choked the last word out, and again, she wanted to shove it away. For the second time in her life, she was faced with the prospect that someone she cared about was dying, and she couldn't do anything. Someone she loved, loved so dearly, was slipping away. "Please...Gohan...I love you...! H-Hang in there...please...!" As her voice cracked with uncertainty, she continued to plead.

*「Something. Do **SOMETHING. ANYTHING!**」*

New thoughts filled her head. Thoughts of desperation, thoughts of determination, even. There had to be a way to help. Even if she could just keep him stabilized, until Videl woke up; anything. Her mind was working overtime, desperately sorting through thoughts, shuffling the files, trying to find a way she could help Gohan. Within a few minutes, she came to a conclusion, and clung to this new bit of hope, like a drowning man would cling to a life preserver. Gripping Gohan's cold hand within her own, the girl took a very deep breath, and her hand began to glow within pale light. The light drifted from her hand towards Gohan's, and immersed his entire body with its glow.

"Take it, Gohan..." She thought, keeping her touch as tender as she could. "Please, take my ki, and just hold on for a little while...I won't let you go! I'll be here for you, right by your side, until you wake up. Stay with me!" She kept a steady flow of her *ki* flowing, and applied it directly to Gohan's body; the young girl was directly siphoning her own inner energy and pouring it into Gohan in an effort to stabilize his condition.

Undisturbed, she sat like this, Gohan resting on her lap, and the young girl sending her *ki* directly into the body of the one she so dearly loved. It was a quiet task, and it required her utmost attention, and she became lost to time in this endeavor. As time slowly snailed on, she felt a significant change in his temperature; his body, so cold, was beginning to warm up. It was slight, but the change almost made new tears well up in happiness.

Continuing her ministrations, she could feel herself begin to grow tired; she had been low on *ki* when she originally got here, after her fight with Videl. This wasn't doing her any favours, but she didn't care; her priority right now was Gohan. If they got out of this, she'd worry about herself.

"It's working..." Her blue eyes flashed with determination now. "Come on...hang in there..."

Her efforts, however, were soon to pay off; Gohan was moving, if only slightly, and she could see that his breathing was reaching a 'normal' pace. She almost had to stifle a gasp as he began to splutter and cough; with heavy lids, his eyes opened slightly.

Vision blurred, and body numb from the immense beating he'd taken, along with immense blood loss, Gohan was barely able to move. Looking straight up, his eyes struggled to take in everything at once, and the area around him slowly came into focus. The very first thing that came into focus was Erasa; Gohan could clearly see her pale face, blue eyes — reddened from crying — and short-blond haircut hovering over him; the canopy of trees above her head came into focus only later.

"E-Erasa..." His voice was hoarse, cracked; the exhaustion of his state was getting to him.

After hearing his voice, then, and *only* then, did she allow relief to wash over her. Gently, she made a shushing noise, a caring smile sliding onto her face as easily as if she'd been greeting him from a particularly long nap. "You don't need to talk; just rest for now. I'll keep you safe until Videl wakes up, and we'll get you to Goku." She was already working on that; if she could get Gohan to his father, those beans would have to bring him back to full health; maybe even better. They'd saved Videl. They can save him too.

"I'm sorry..." Despite her urging, Gohan continued to speak, and his hand clenched her's gently. "I'm sorry...that I made you worry like this..." Chuckling, he contemplated his current predicament. "I'm a wreck...aren't I?"

"Nothing we can't get patched up," replied the blonde soothingly, beginning to feel far more in control of the situation now that her boyfriend was lucid. "Something tells me this is going to be a sight I'm going to have to get used to..." The last part was added half-playfully to alleviate the tension, but half-sullenly, expressing her underlying concern.

Removing her hand from his, she pulled Gohan closer to her form, until his back was resting on her torso, and his head resting far more comfortably on her shoulders, and she placed her hands onto his body and began to pour her energy into Gohan again. They were silent for a few minutes, Erasa keeping her motions focused on steady breath control to allow for the proper amount of *ki* to be channeled, and Gohan simply too wounded to speak.

"Don't...ever leave..." Gohan muttered, and it seemed almost more to himself than to Erasa, and yet he was still very much conscious. "I...love you, Erasa..." Angling his head upwards, Gohan flashed a weak smile towards her. "We're probably way...too late in the game to be reserving those words for now, aren't we...?"

Giggling, Erasa had to agree. "I guess 'better late than never' applies here, doesn't it?" In a move that took Gohan by surprise — due to his wounded state, as he was no stranger to the sensation — Erasa bent forward, and pressed her lips to his. It was a different feeling than their previous kisses; Erasa had to be gentle, to avoid causing Gohan any further pain, and she focused on the moment to distract herself from the new taste of iron. To Gohan, it was a mixture of pain and pleasure, and then they broke apart, he couldn't help longing for a little more.

"Sorry...I kind of just couldn't help it..." Erasa flushed pink.

"Don't apologize..." replied the wounded half-Saiyan. "To be honest...it was a nice distraction from the pain..." Leaning back into Erasa's shoulder, Gohan let out a long, drawn out breath. His brain was working overdrive, but his mouth remained firmly shut; he wanted to say something, to say something more. But now just didn't seem right. "Erasa...when everything's finished; when the chaos is gone...and we're back to our little school life..with our friends...I want...to ask you something..."

"Ask me...something...?" Erasa parroted, blinking rapidly. The way Gohan was speaking, and the way he emphasised this statement, made her heart start beating rapidly, though she couldn't figure out why. "What is it, Gohan?"

"Just wait...until we're done with all of this...please?" Gohan continued to ask in his weak voice.

Smiling gently, Erasa relented, and tightened her embrace around Gohan. She began to weaken her flow of *ki* to his body as her's began to near its limit; if Videl didn't wake up soon, she'd have to rely on whatever bit of Gohan's vitality had been restored to bide their time. Trying to relax, with only the silence and Gohan's steady breathing to remind her the world was alive, time began to tick again.

"What a nice sight to wake up to..." A bitter, female voice broke their self-enclosed world to pieces. The couple turned to see Videl, still resting against the tree. Her blue eyes were looking at the two of them with a mixture of forlorn longing and petty jealous, and her bottom lip trembled only slightly. The 'M' was still emblazoned boldly on her forehead, but she seemed calmer than she had in her earlier rages. "I suppose I lost, didn't I?" She sounded, if possible, even more bitter.

"Yeah..." Erasa replied, her tone apologetic. "I didn't mean to get so rough, but you weren't listening...so I kinda...had to knock you out..."

Videl frowned, averting her eyes from the pair of them. Erasa's words hadn't seemed to help as much as they were intended; rather, Videl only seemed to look even further dejected. "*Idiot...*" She thought to herself. "*That wasn't was I was talking about...*" With a slight grimace, she turned her head back to Erasa and Gohan, forcing herself to look at the two of them. Biting her bottom lip, she began to speak, and it was slowly, as if she was fighting the very words coming out of her mouth.

"Erasa...Gohan...I'm...*I'm sorry*...for...for everything..."

Gohan and Erasa exchanged looks, almost perplexed by Videl's words, before turning to their friend and classmate with smile. She may have been a lot of trouble over the past few months — and today more so than usual — but a genuine expression of regret was something that a friend could always accept. Erasa was the one who affirmed their acceptance, however.

"You don't need to worry, Videl. I'm just glad you're back with us now."

## Break Wastelands, Earth

Lying motionless on the ground was the world's hero, Son Goku. After Vegeta had knocked the mighty warrior unconscious, he'd stayed down for quite some time. It was only now, a few hours after everything had occurred, that Goku was beginning to awaken. Pushing himself up from the ground, the Saiyan still felt a pain in his stomach — from Vegeta's assault, no doubt — and rubbed it gingerly.

"Damn it, Vegeta..." He muttered, noticing his bag of Senzu scattered onto the ground. He picked it up, tucking it away neatly within his *obi*, and stood to his feet. His body, while still wrecked from the battle with Vegeta and his reckless attempt to use the "Super Kaiōken", but after his rather abrupt 'rest', he was at least able to move more efficiently than he'd been able to when Vegeta attacked. "He just had to go off and fight Majin Bū alone..." Standing up, he expanded his senses out into the world, searching for familiar *ki*. No matter how hard he searched, Vegeta's *ki* was gone. Even Tenshinhan's *ki* was non-existent.

Regret and sorrow washed over Goku immediately; both Vegeta and Tenshinhan had been killed. Vegeta due to Goku's insistence to comply with the Prince's wishes, and Tenshinhan because the Saiyan had simply let his former rival go off to face Majin Bū with the Kaiōshin. While Goku could not sense 18, due to her nature as a cyborg, he had to assume she had fallen as well.

"Everyone..I'm sorry, I'm so sorry...!" Goku growled, frustrated. In such a short time, the entire situation had gone to Hell in a handbasket. But those three had died, what about his son? And Piccolo? And those two girls? When he reached out with his senses for another time, what Goku felt made his heart sink lower; he couldn't feel Piccolo's *ki* at all. Gohan's *ki* was present, but incredibly weak; with him were the two girls, Erasa and Videl. And further off...

"Goten and Trunks..." Goku frowned. His youngest son and Vegeta's were making their way across the globe at a steady pace, but their *ki* seemed relatively strong and undisturbed. Goku decided to make reaching Gohan his first priority. He placed his index and middle finger to his forehead, and searching for Erasa's *ki* — which was more vibrant than Gohan's at the moment — Goku immediately vanished from the spot with his Instantaneous Movement.

## Tuefel Mountain Range, Earth; Outskirts

Before anyone could have blinked, Goku, wounded and battered, appeared within the Tuefel Mountain Range, just as Erasa and Videl were taking Gohan both their shoulders to lift the wounded man up. Goku's sudden arrival shocked the two so much that they nearly dropped Gohan, and it took a moment to recover.

"Dad!"

"Goku!"

Three different shouts acknowledged Goku's presence, and the Saiyan greeted the odd trio quickly. "Gohan, you're alright!" His voice thick with relief, Goku walked over towards his son and the two girls, rummaging about within his *obi*.

"For a given definition..." Gohan chuckled dryly, looking at his father. "You don't look...much better off, Dad..."

"Vegeta did a number on me," Goku replied, pulling out the bag of Senzu from his *obi* and taking three beans from the satchel. He handed each of them to the persons in front of him. "Eat one of these, quickly; you'll be good as new." He explained the latter for the benefit of Videl, who'd only eaten the bean one time prior. He kept his gaze primarily on his son, who could still barely stand; Erasa took it upon herself to feed him the bean, before eating hers. Videl was staring at it, as if reluctant to take part, but devoured the bean in the end.

Within seconds of each devouring their bean, their wounds healed, beginning to stitch themselves with fresh skin; lost blood pooled back into their veins and their *ki* began to replenish. Gohan himself was feeling even stronger than he had before they'd went off in search of Babidi's ship, the perks of convenient Saiyan biology. Goku took this chance to eat a Senzu of his own, and experienced the same sensations that Gohan did.

"Whew!" Gohan breathed in deep, flexing his muscles and gripping his hands as Erasa let him stand on his own. "It feels pretty good to be back at 100%!"

"So can anyone give me an update?" inquired Goku, looking from one to the other with a blank expression. "Vegeta knocked me unconscious and went off to fight Bū, I've gathered that much..."

Gohan explained — rather quickly and with a notable darkening in his voice — about his battle with Piccolo — interrupted only by a sharp intake of breath from Erasa — and how he'd had to unleash all the power he'd had at the time to defeat and kill Piccolo. He then told his father about how Tenshinhan and 18 had died fighting Bū, but he'd been defeated too quickly to make much of a difference, and woke up in the forest with Erasa and Videl.

"So that pretty much confirms all of my suspicions..." Goku muttered. "And what about the Kaiōshin?"

"He was either unconscious or dead when I arrive..." replied Gohan morosely. "I couldn't sense his *ki* to start with, so I'm not sure. But Majin Bū didn't seem like the type to leave survivors if he could avoid it..."

"If this Majin Bū is as strong as you all say, what are we supposed to do now?" Videl flashed Goku a hard glare, as if daring him to come up with a response. "All your strongest friends are dying and it's only been a few hours! Can we even stop him!?"

"I do have an idea..." Goku replied. "But first, let's get the boys and regroup up on the Palace of God. I'll explain everything there."

"What about Bulma, and the others?" Gohan interjected.

"And my dad, he should still be at the Tenkaichi Budōkai arena, probably wondering where I am..." Erasa added on. It was true that the Budōkai was an event, a festival; even in the few hours that had transpired since they'd left, people would more than likely still be simply enjoying the amenities of that the Budōkai festival had to offer.

"Then let's get them all, and quickly." Goku replied hastily. He could feel Majin Bū's horrible *ki*, and it was moving, moving *fast*. He placed his index finger and middle finger to his forehead again, feeling for Goten and Trunks' *ki*. "Everyone, grab onto my shoulder or crowd around each other. We're moving in style." Gohan gripped his father's shoulder, and Erasa reached for Gohan's hand. Videl stood for there for a moment, looking at the three of them with perplexity.

"What's he going to do..?" She queried, her eyes narrowing suspiciously.

"Just grab onto us!" Erasa extended a hand; she had no idea what Goku was planning on doing but she was going to trust Gohan's father's judgement. Videl hesitated further, but in the end, clenched Erasa's hand.

"Everybody ready? *Let's go!*" Focusing on Goten and Trunks' *ki*, Goku used Instantaneous Movement again, and everyone transported with him.

### **Skies; Over Earth's Ocean**

Whatever Vegeta had hit Trunks with, he'd hit him hard. Goten had managed to put quite a bit of distance between himself and Vegeta, carrying his best friend's unconscious body over his shoulder, and he was now flying over open ocean. He didn't know where he was going, to the boy put in his best guess and was heading right back to Papaya Island, and hopefully meet up with his mother and Trunks' mother.

They'd have to know what to do, they're adults. Lost in his thoughts all alone, Goten didn't notice when his father, and group of others, teleported right in front of him, and the young boy crashed right into his older duplicate. Clenching his face, the smaller Saiyan groaned in pain.

"Owie owie owie..!"

"G-Goten, are you alright!?" Goku looked slightly shocked as everyone broke away from his, floating in the air. "I'm sorry little guy, I didn't mean to run right into you like that..."

Goten was in a torrent of emotions when he saw his father. His best friend, unconscious at the hands of his own father, was hard enough for him to comprehend. But the explosion just minutes ago following Vegeta's ceasing of being told him he died saving the both of them. So seeing his awry parent before him just made him ebb tears from his face while looking up at him with confusion and relief in equal measure.

"D-Daddy," Goten cried out while holding his best friend tightly, his face stained by streaking tears. "I-I don't know what's going on. V-Vegeta hit Trunks and...then he told me to take him away. And-And I think he died...he died fighting that monster...to save us! What's happening now?! Where's Gohan?!"

Gohan's initial reaction was anger at Vegeta for doing what he did to Trunks, but Goku could only respond with one of understanding. He knew what it meant to get your child out of a dangerous enemy's sight before they could come to harm; he remembered this well when he fought against Freeza, and urged Gohan to flee. Vegeta's methods had a been a bit more...*Vegeta*...but he had Goku's sympathies.

"I'm right here, Goten!" Gohan alerted his younger brother to his presence quickly and kindly. He'd never seen the boy in such a state, and was quick to rush to the younger Saiyan's side.

"Vegeta...you didn't need to go that far, though..." At every turn, Goku was getting hit with regret. Turning to Goten, Goku smiled, and reached down to gently pat his son on the head and ruffle his hair in a fatherly way. "This is no time for tears, son. You made it out alive. You did well; I'm proud of you, Goten!" At this, he saw his youngest son's face begin to brighten in the middle of his tears, even if only slightly.

"So, what about Trunks?" Gohan queried, looking at the unconscious boy. "Can you hand me a Senzu, Dad?"

"Um...I actually think it might be better to leave him out of it, for now..." Erasa offered tentatively. "I know it's only a small bandage for the wound, but when he wakes up, he's going to have to confront the fact that Vegeta's...well, not here anymore. And given the current situation, I think that's something best reserved for later. I know how it is to receive that kind of news, and timing is honestly everything..."

"You might be right," Gohan agreed, and it was decided to ease Trunks into the news by simply leaving him unconscious. Following Goku's subsequent instructions to crowd around him and either cling to him or to each other, Goku began to search out for either his wife or Bulma's *ki*. Internally, he groaned about how small their *ki*'s were, and thus, difficult to find; much to his relief, however, there were stronger *ki* he could detect first; Yamcha, Krillin, and Muten Rōshi. But their location struck them as odd.

"What's wrong, Dad? Can't find anybody?" Gohan asked, almost directly into his father's ear.

"No, no, it just took longer than I was expectin' is all," Goku replied. "But they're all over at the Western Capital now..." He had an immediate sense of foreboding, latching onto Krillin's stronger *ki*. "Hold on, everyone!" With another burst of Instantaneous Movement, Goku was translocated with his ragtag group to their penultimate destination.

### **Western Capital, Capsule Corporation**

"I still can't believe Vegeta and Piccolo would do that..." Krillin was reclining in a chair against a desk in one of the upstairs rooms at Capsule Corporation. Chi-Chi, Bulma, Yamcha, Muten Rōshi, Lunch, Chaozu, Gyūmaō, Puar, Oolong, and even Marque were gathered into the very same room. Off in the corner, Marron, Kuririn's daughter, was playing idly with a child's toy and paid no attention to the conversation her father was having.

"There had to have been something wrong with him!" Bulma immediately jumped to her husband's defence. "I know he used to be like that, but Vegeta's changed after all these years; he wouldn't just blow up a stadium of people without..."

"—a reason?" Yamcha interjected. "Bulma, I think it was pretty plain as day when he and Piccolo went psycho ranger all over the stadium grounds!"

"To be honest, I've been inwardly nervous for the longest time that Piccolo would revert back to his old ways..." Krillin muttered shamefully. "I just didn't want to believe it could happen."

"...I thought it was kinda cool," shrugged Lunch, still in her blonde-haired iteration. "It ain't every day you get to see people explode 'n shit like that. It's gettin' harder and harder to cause that kinda mayhem."

Everyone flashed Lunch a look of disbelief before continuing.

"When they arrived, I could sense a horrible *ki* within all of them," Muten Rōshi explained gravely. "No matter how we slice it, it would appear Vegeta and Piccolo have reverted to their old ways. Even that strange girl with them had the same evil *ki*. But.." He sighed heavily, and pointed towards the table next to where they crowded around. On the table glistened several bright orange orbs, shimmering with the light of the red stars that floated inside. "I think the bigger problem right now is this..."

Muten Rōshi picked up one of the orbs, looking over it as if he was seeing it for the very first time. Within the orb, there were two stars floating inside it, designating the ball as Arushinchū — the Two-Star Ball. But, perhaps more interestingly, was what crossed the Dragon Ball, stopping only short of covering the whole of the sphere; a horrible crack, like shattered glass, decorated the orb.

"I still can't explain it," Bulma looked at the orb in frustration. "It's the only Dragon Ball out of the bunch that's damaged like this — she pulled out Ūshinchū, the Five-Star Ball, for reference, and it was as smooth as ever — and we couldn't even summon Shénlóng." It had been the first time that the mighty Dragon God had never answered their summons, but it was also the first time they'd ever seen a damaged Dragon Ball.

"I didn't think they could be broken," Chi-Chi was equally perplexed. "Goku and I have always been rough with his gran'pa's Dragon Ball, and it was always fine."

After some thought, it was Yamcha who came up with the idea. "Hey, guys, why don't we just go check with Dende? When Piccolo Daimaō killed Shénlóng, didn't Goku appeal to God and have him fixed? Since Dende is the new God, he'd be able to fix the Dragon Ball, right?"

The entire group was silent for a moment, and finally, Krillin slapped his face with his palm, groaning. "That's such an obvious solution! Why didn't we think of it? Good going, Yamcha!"

"That actually might be our best bet," agreed Bulma, as Muten Rōshi placed the damaged Ball back into the pile on the table. "We'll take one of my higher grade vehicles there; I was able to get to the Palace once before but it wasn't an easy ride."

As the group began to discuss methods of travel, Marque was staring at the Dragon Balls with a look of reverence. He'd heard the stories, many times over, and he knew the legend of the Shénlóng, who had saved their town of Orange Star City centuries ago. It was an old tale, but everyone in the city knew it — perhaps more before the city had been renamed Satan City — and he'd told it to Erasa when she was a child.

An older version of the tale did include mention of seven mystical orbs, and that their particular city was named after the sphere with the single red star, which now sat in front of him. Now, the current versions only mentioned this single orb, and Marque was astonished that he could actually see it in the flesh — so to speak.

Alarmingly, before anyone could have made a move to stand up and make their way towards the door, the room was suddenly filled with people. Goku, Gohan, Erasa, Videl, Goten, and Trunks all poured into the room, making an already filled upper balcony room quite cramped with the sudden addition of six new people in the oddest places. There was a stunned silence, — fittingly, as people do not just appear out of nowhere, and Marque himself had nearly jumped into the table and scattered the Dragon Balls across the floor.

There was a shout of names, and people rushing to greet each other. Erasa embraced her father, the man relieved to see his precious daughter in one piece, but out of the others, Chi-Chi was the first to move, rushing over to her husband and two sons, clamouring over the Goku and Gohan the most. "Goku, what happened!?" She gripped his ripped *gi*, holding it up for better inspection. "Dear, you're a wreck! And Gohan, sweetie, you look just as bad! Who did this to you two? And where's Goten!?"

"I-I'm right here, Mom," Goten walked out meekly from behind the adults, still carrying Trunks' unconscious body over his back. Chi-Chi rushed to her youngest son, but was abruptly thrown out of the way by Bulma of all people, who ran towards Goten in a panic when she saw Trunks' unconscious over his shoulders.

"Trunks! Trunks!" Immediately prying him away from Goten, she cradled the boy in her arms and looked stonily at Goku. "Goku, what happened to my son!?"



Goku flinched slightly; it wasn't that he was unused to Bulma's harsh tone — that was her bread and butter, and growing up with her as one of his best friends, he was no stranger to it — but it was far more the weight of what he was about to have to tell them. He remained silent for a few minutes, but it did nothing to lessen Bulma's stare, and now, everyone's eyes were on Goku. And so, for the third time today, the events of the past few hours were being explained to someone not fully aware of them. Gohan and Erasa chimed in occasionally with things they knew better than Goku, and to ease the burden of the truth off the dead martial artist.

To say that the news was not taken well was an understatement.

Bulma's eyes immediately filled with tears, her shoulders trembling, despite her firm grip on her son. Whatever composure she did have was immediately lost, crumbled, under the weight of the wave of grief that hit her in the wake of Goku's news. Tears poured from her face like water, and she fell to her knees. "Vegeta! Vegeta!" Sobbing uncontrollably, the woman cried out her husband's name. "Why...!? Why'd you go off and be so reckless...!?"

Chaozu floated there in silence; the story of Tenshinhan's death hit the doll-like dwarf hit him like heavy weights, and though he was shaking, he couldn't bring himself to cry. He was Tenshinhan's best friend, partner, and fellow martial arts student. Instead, he would look forward; Tenshinhan wouldn't want him to despair over this, and he refused to sully his sacrifice in that manner.

Lunch was considerably more...vocal. Gripping a capsule with a vivid number four on it, the woman conjured a MAT-49 out of seemingly thin air with a very loud POP!, her face brimming with anger, and tears glistening at the very edges of her vivid emerald eyes. "Show me this Majin Bū! I'll fuckin' kill him for killin' Tenshinhan! An eye for an eye! He won't even see it comin'!"

Krillin, the final recipient of the bad news, could only look at his best friend, stunned, as if hoping Goku was just playing the world's worst prank on him. But this wasn't Goku's style, and he knew that, so when no exclamation or change of expression came to Goku's face, Krillin could slump back in his chair, utterly defeated. His face worked in grief, tears beginning to stain his eyes at the thought that his wife was dead, and now, the monster that killed her was on the loose. "Even worse...how do I begin to explain this to Marron!?"

"Everyone, I'm sorry, I really am, that I had to be the bearer of bad news right now..." Goku almost didn't have the heart to interrupt the mourning of his friends and family, but they were running out of time; they wanted to taken affirmative action, they would need to move now. "Our first goal is to get to the Palace of God; we need someplace safe, and that might be the safest place to be. I know this sounds harsh, but we'll have to make our plan from there, and fix everything with the Dragon Balls later. I'm just glad you didn't summon Shénlóng before we told you any of this."

Now, it was the other groups' turn to be silent, and they stared awkwardly at Goku.

"Actually, Goku..." Yamcha muttered. "We...did try..."

Goku blinked. "You 'tried'?" He was confused, tilting his head at Yamcha. Normally, when Shénlóng was summoned, the entire Earth was wrapped in a void darker than the blackest night. But that hadn't happened during the time he'd been awake.

"Well..." the older martial artist walked over towards the table, picking up the Arushinchū and showing it to Goku. The orb gleamed in the electric lighting, but Goku's eyes fell on the crack that decorated the sphere. His eyes bugled, and he could only stare, slack-jawed, at the damaged Dragon Ball in Yamcha's hand.

Gohan took a look at it, and his reaction was shock equal to his father's. "But...Yamcha...what happened?"

"We don't know..." Yamcha frowned, placing the orb back onto the table. "It was the only Dragon Ball that was like this when we found it, and when we tried to summon Shénlóng, he didn't respond. We tried every variation on the chant and everything, but when the sun was still out, we figured something was wrong. We were just about to head to Dende before you showed up."

Goku frowned. Three of his friends were dead, his best friend's wife was dead, the monster that killed them was on the loose...and now a cracked Dragon Ball? He didn't want to know if the situation could get any worse.

"Come on, Dad," Gohan gripped his father's shoulder. "We should hurry up and get to Dende."

**A/N:** Whoo boy, this chapter. Just, this chapter. This is the first casual chapter since chapter 14, holy crap. Like, the first chapter since chapter 14 where I have not had a single battle. And what a chapter it was; I tried my best to keep the feel train going in this chapter, and it was nice to finally have a moment to focus on Erasa and Gohan's relationship, rather than having things punch things. I tried to accomplish several things in one chapter, and I think I was fairly successful. Also, as of the last chapter, the "Prince of Destruction Arc" has come to a close as of the last chapter; now, the Majin Bū arc has begun. To give you a quick lowdown on the arcs:

"That Girl From Seven Years Ago" Arc — Chapters 1 - 14

"Tenkaichi Budōkai" Arc — Chapters 14 - 23

"Prince of Destruction" Arc — Chapter 24 - 37

"Majin Bū" Arc — Chapter 38 — Onwards

So, what is with this chapter, hm? Or more specifically, what's up with the cracked Dragon Ball? Why is only one cracked? All good questions, but you'll have to wait until the next chapter to see anything else! Also, as a final note, since I believe I just started using the term "Palace of God", this is the canonical, original Japanese term for what the Western fans keep calling "Kami's Lookout". Glad to clear that up!

One final thing. I'm sure you're all wondering what the chapter title means. Japanese isn't my strong suit, but I deliberately went with the chapter title "愛してる" (aishiteru), or "I love you", as opposed to "大好き", which is more akin to "I like you very much", as opposed to "aishiteru", which is admittedly rarely used in Japan outside of anime and manga but it means "I love you", and is typically reserved for romantic affection. As such, given the interactions with Erasa and Gohan this chapter, I figured a Japanese title would work better, as Westerners throw around terms like "I love you!" when someone brings them a chili dog.

As always, thank you to Demod20 for previewing this chapter and making sure it was shipshape. BowToThePrince10 was also considerate enough to view it and give me a second opinion, which I needed as I wasn't confident in this chapter! But both of them gave it the okay! Now, I hope you all like it — even all you naysayers out there — and I'll see you all in the next exciting chapter of the Erased Chronicles!

[< Prev](#)

38. 愛してる

[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>)  ([//www.twitter.com/fictionpress](http://www.twitter.com/fictionpress))  ([//plus.google.com/+fanfiction](http://plus.google.com/+fanfiction))