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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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39. The Terror of Majin Bū

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Through Instantaneous Movement, Goku and his comrades managed to get to the Palace of God instantly, the entire group landing neatly onto the tiled floor of the Palace. Videl and Marque looked around, utterly stunned, by their new surroundings. From what they could immediately tell, they were *very* high up, more than they'd ever been before.

"This is...amazing..." Videl blinked, looking around the vast expanse of the Palace. "I didn't think there could be a place like this on Earth..."

"I was pretty amazed when I got here for the first time myself," Goku was pleased to see Videl's own wonder mirrored his youthful self. "Granted, I also ran right into Mr. Popo when I showed up, so that coulda been it as well."

"It's a bit difficult to breathe up here..." Marque noted, looking slightly stressed.

"It's pretty low on oxygen up here," Goku explained quickly. "Now...where are they?" He was obviously looking for Dende, and as if summoned by magic, the young 'god' was walking towards Goku and the Dragon Team, wearing an expression of mixed relief and joy.

"Goku! Gohan! Everyone!" He smiled genially, welcoming the group to the Palace. "I'm so glad you guys are alright! With everything going on down there, I was beginning to get worried!"

"You know about everything, Dende?" Gohan inquired of his Namekian friend, happy to not have to explain the days' events yet another time.

"Yeah; I can see pretty much everything down there, and the venerable Lord Kaiōshin filled me in on some other details that I may have missed."

"K-Kaiōshin!?" Gohan blinked rapidly. "He's alive!?! But I thought for sure—!"

"He's fine, Gohan." Dende smiled. "Come, he's resting in the deeper recesses of the Palace, along with someone else you might want to see." Leading the group towards the center of the Palace, Dende called for Mr. Popo to bring their guests out. Within a few moments of suspenseful silence, Shin emerged from the inner Palace, flanked by a man with dark skin that Videl assumed was the 'Mr. Popo' that Goku and Dende had kept mentioning. And following behind them was a figure that surprised everyone present.

It was Piccolo.

While Shin was smiling, albeit guiltily, towards the group, Piccolo carried himself with the air that he always had, and looked at Gohan with an expression of a pleased father. Gohan was stunned, standing in the middle of the Palace, gaping at Piccolo. His *gi* was fixed, his missing limbs restored, and his turban was on his head, obscuring the 'M' that Gohan could only assume was still there.

"Piccolo...you're..." Gohan stammered. "But I thought..."

"You thought you killed me?" Piccolo replied wryly. "Come on, kid, don't you know me better than that? I'm no Vegeta, but I'm far from a softie; it would take a lot more than Babidi's magic to turn me back to my old ways. It might have taken a little longer — the Daimaō in me was restless — but during our battle, I came back to myself. At that point, I wanted to give you a final test, to see if you could finally kill the softness inside of you. Needless to say, you've made proud, kid."

Gohan's eyes began to water slightly, but he couldn't keep the grin from spreading wide onto his face. The dots clicked in his head; Piccolo's actions and words during their fight, they were so similar to his older teaching methods when he was just a boy. Something warm bubbled inside him; affection for his teacher, and Gohan placed both arms at his side, bowing as respectfully as he could.

"Thank you, Piccolo!"

Shin stepped forward, his smile having been replaced with a look of guilt. He looked meaningfully towards the group, trying to find the words to best convey his feelings. "Everyone, I'm...incredibly sorry. I can't find the words to express shame; I underestimated Babidi and Majin Bū entirely, and because of that, you've lost comrades, and now they're loose on Earth."

"Lord Kaiōshin, you shouldn't—" Piccolo began but was quickly cut off by Goku.

"You worked with what you had, Lord Kaiōshin, none of us can hold that against you," replied the older Saiyan in a surprising amount of wisdom. "But, right now, we don't have the time for regrets. I've got a plan, one that might be able to defeat Majin Bū, but first," Goku turned towards the younger Namekian. "We need to talk with you, Dende."

Bulma, still cradling her unconscious son, held Arushinchū out to Dende, who took the orb from Bulma with a look of shock on her face. Bulma explained to Dende how they had gathered the Dragon Balls in an attempt to reverse the damage her husband and Piccolo — the Namekian grimaced slightly — had caused at the Tenkaichi Budōkai arena. When the Dragon Balls were gathered, and she attempted to summon Shénlóng, the Balls didn't respond; no darkened sky, no Shénlóng at all.

After she finished, Dende was silent for a moment. He looked over the Dragon Ball, staring carefully at the crack.

"Do you have any idea what it is, Dende?" Gohan asked, unable to bear the young Namekian's silence. "Is it possible...could we have been using the Dragon Balls too much? Is that it?"

"No...that's not it," Dende replied, still staring into the red star within the glowing orange orb. "My people, we even use the Dragon Balls in our festivals — participate in the festivals and you'll be able to have a wish granted by Polunga, that sort of thing — so there isn't any sort of "overwishing" that can be done on the Dragon Balls. I believe this is just...physical damage."

"Physical damage?" blinked Yamcha in confusion. "Can a Dragon Ball even be damaged? I always thought they were indestructible."

"Another rumour," said Dende. "Dragon Balls are durable, but by no means invulnerable; sufficiently strong force can damage them. Merely none of my people had the courage to attempt it when Freeza's Army invaded our planet..."

"But is there a way to fix it?" Erasa inquired, interjecting in the conversation for the first time. "I'm not well-versed in all of this, but my town, it has a history with these...Dragon Balls." She frowned, trying to find the best way to phrase her words — she didn't want to sound selfish, after all. "But if our legends are true, and there really is a Dragon that grants wishes...well, a cracked Ball can't very well be good for it."

"She's right..." Videll added, surprising Gohan and Erasa. "I'm not sure what your guys' histories with these...Dragon Balls...are, but our city is only even around because of them — at least if you believe the legend, and after this entire day, I think I do."

"It isn't impossible," replied Mr. Popo before Dende could. "A cracked Dragon Ball is something that God can fix, it will merely take time. However, I must impress upon you all that the damage to this Dragon Ball could very likely have been caused by one of you; many of you wield such incredible power, but you never consciously reign it in. In your hands, you possess the power to destroy a planet, much less the power to destroy the very orbs created by God that you all rely on so much. In your future battles, you would be wise to remember this; one careless action could cost you the same items you take for granted."

The entire group was stunned into silence. It was quite possibly the most anyone had ever heard Mr. Popo say at one time, even Goku, Yamcha, Chaozu, and Krillin, all who had trained with God and Mr. Popo up on this Palace. But to make matters worse, his words struck home. They couldn't deny their general carelessness; even the way Vegeta had died could have destroyed a Dragon Ball if they hadn't been careful.

"We understand, Mr. Popo," replied Goku, while Krillin and the others nodded. "I'm sorry, Dende, if any of us damaged the Ball; but still, can you work on fixing it? With Majin Bū on the loose, we'll have more damage to fix now more than ever, and we'll need the Dragon Balls."

"I'll do my best," replied Dende earnestly. "I've never seen a cracked Dragon Ball before, even among my people, so fixing it *will* take time; it won't be quick. But I assure you, Goku, I'll mend the Ball. Now, while we're on the subject of Majin Bū, didn't you say you had a plan?"

"Yeah, that's right," replied Goku. "I have an idea, somethin' that just might work and help us take down Majin Bū. Especially with Gohan still alive, our chances of defeating Majin Bū are getting higher."

"Goku, I don't mean to be rude, but when it comes to Majin Bū, even an army of you Saiyans wouldn't make a dent in him," said Shin. "I've seen his power firsthand, and both Vegeta and Gohan fell to Majin Bū's strength."

"An army might not cut it," agreed the orange-clad Saiyan. "But Fusion just might do it!"

"Fusion?" Piccolo repeated. "Are you referring to something similar to the Nameccian assimilation that I performed with Nail?"

"No, he's referring to the Fusion technique created by the Metamorans!" Dende gasped in realization. "I heard about it on Namek! It's a powerful technique!"

"You know it, Dende...!? Just what I'd expect from God!" Goku grinned excitedly. "I learned the technique from a Metamoran in the afterlife! It can only be used by two fighters of similar size and similar combat strength. After the Fusion technique is performed, the two fighters merge to create a fighter with more power than either of them had individually! The Metamorans themselves were on the weak side, but when they fused, I got some of my best fights in the afterlife from them!"

"And is it a...permanent arrangement?" Piccolo inquired. He was thinking about the Namekian Assimilation that he and Nail used — and what he would later use with the former God, though this was more gaining back a piece of him he'd lost — and due to this, the technique was quite permanent. Nail and God could no longer be expelled from Piccolo's body.

"No; the technique lasts only a half hour, and the two will be split from each other after that." Goku explained. "To top it off, it took me about a week to learn the technique, so it's not something that can be mastered easily, but right now, it's our only hope!"

"Do you think a half hour is going to be long enough for this kind of battle, Goku?" inquired Krillin uncertainly. "If Majin Bū is as strong as you all say, aren't you expecting a longer battle?"

"Half an hour will be all we'll need. I'm sure of it."

"And you want me to fuse with you, Dad?" Gohan asked.

"Yeah. You're going to have to learn a complicated new move in a pretty short span of time, son, but I'm sure you can do it! I'll just have to take you through the steps, one by one. I know you can do it, Gohan."

Elsewhere in Earth's skies...

Babidi and Majin Bū were flying rapidly over open ocean, and the evil mage picked up the sight of buildings in the horizon. While the mage didn't yet know it, he was approaching the Northern Capital of Earth, one of the Earthling's primary cities. "Would you look at that, Bū?" The mage sneered, showing his yellowing teeth. "I think I have something a little special planned for that city...and those little brats who interfered with your fight with Vegeta! Now, go faster Bū!"

Majin Bū made a face, grinding his teeth and rolling his eyes. Regardless, with a sigh, the Djinn sped off towards the Northern Capital.

Within only a few minutes of Goku finishing his explanation on the Fusion technique, and before he could even begin to take Gohan through the steps, Trunks had awoken from his premature "slumber". Immediately asking for his father, Goten looked away from his best friend guiltily while Goku explained for what felt like one too many times what had occurred with Vegeta.

"T-That's impossible...!" Trunks' sniffled, his eyes welling with tears and shoulders trembling as the young half-Saiyan began to fight back tears. "My Dad...my Dad can't die! He's the strongest!" Bulma immediately knelt at her son's side, trying to console the poor boy, her arms wrapping around his small frame, and even Goku had the propriety to feel ashamed. "And where were *you!*?" He rounded on Goku, blue eyes glaring stonily towards the older Saiyan. "Everyone talks about how you're the strongest; how you can do anything! Why didn't you save my Dad!?"

A round of voices rose up in response, from Gohan, to Piccolo, to even Trunks' own mother, each objecting in some measure to what Trunks had just thrown at Goku.

"No...he's right," Goku replied wearily. "I'm not invincible, and I can't do everything. I'm sorry, Trunks; I'm sorry I couldn't be there to save Vegeta. And it's only a small way to even try and apologize...but Gohan and I are going to take on this monster. We'll get revenge for Vegeta!"

Eyes still watering with tears, still trembling, Trunks could only continue to stare at Goku, and his expression didn't soften. Instead, he merely gave Goku a solemn nod, as if to say 'go ahead'. The older Saiyan smiled warmly, and turned to Gohan. "Alright, son, it's time for me to start taking you through the steps of the Fusion techniqu—"

"Calling all Earthlings! Attention! Come now, everybody, listen up!"

Cutting through Goku's words almost directly was a shrill voice that pierced the minds of everybody across the entire planet; those who had been inside the ship and were now on the Palace of God certainly recognized the tone that they had come to be so familiar with.

"Babidi...!" Gohan growled, staring down towards the Earth as if he knew precisely where the voice was coming from.

"T-This is what Babidi sounds like?" Krillin mused. "I expected something a little more intimidating..."

All across the face of the planet, the Earthlings could hear this voice clearly in their heads, and were beginning a slight panic. They weren't used to voices ringing out from nowhere in their skulls, and suffice to say the average Earthling couldn't handle this kind of shock.

"It isn't everyday I have such a big audience for a splendid announcement! This is your new Master Babidi speaking, here with my partner, Majin Bū! I don't suppose you've heard of us? It's so hard to make the news nowadays."

"What does he want *now*?" bemoaned Erasa, who, after her own ordeals on and off that ship, had quite enough of Babidi to last her a lifetime.

*"Consider me something along the lines of a caped vigilante; I'm on the hunt for two particularly foolish fellows who decided it was in their misgivings to give me a **very bad day**! You know how it goes — hire a few new employees, their family and friends dislike their conditions and start demanding fair treatment, that sort of thing! But what's a presentation without a few visual aids? Go ahead, everyone, close your eyes and I'll draw up a few images for you!"*

Everyone followed suit, closing their eyes. As darkness filled their vision, figures began to swim before their eyes. To those on the Palace, the figures they saw were very familiar. It was Goten and Trunks. Everyone on the Palace gave an involuntary shudder; the wizard was after the boys!

"You two know who you are! Come on out of hiding boys, and I promise we'll make the punishment quick! But if you don't..."

A vast cityscape now filled the vision of everyone who's eyes were closed; in fact, they may as well have been looking at the city themselves. They were seeing through Babidi's eyes, sharing his vision through the mage's magic. The city was the Northern Capital.

"No! Don't do it, Babidi!" shouted Gohan.

"As a mage, I'm very efficient. We'll make this quick and easy, but I leave it up to Majin Bū, and he can be a bit...bellicose. Now, go ahead, Bū!"

Through the vision-sharing magic, everyone saw figures began to rise from the city, and heard the non-threatening voice of Majin Bū ring in their ears. Earthlings — Humans — were floating in the air, a result of not Babidi's magic, but Majin Bū. Shrieks of help rang throughout the skies, but no help was coming; Earth's own heroes were forced to watch the spectacle, unable to even confront Majin Bū.

"That...monster..." Goku growled, trembling with a new kind of rage as he watched the people he'd spent his life protecting dangling helplessly in the air like puppets.

"Bū want...candy!"

There was a vivid pink flash, and the Earthlings that had been floating in the air had vanished, but closer inspection revealed something horrible. Suspending over the Northern Capital were now round hard candies. With a violent inhalation, all of the newly created sweet treats were vacuumed into Bū's mouth, and the spectators could watch only in horror as Majin Bū, who many now saw for the first time, devoured them with a look of utter glee on his face.

"Oh but now is this? Nothing is more wasteful than a city with no one living it! How could that have slipped my mind? Alright, Majin Bū, time to clean up after ourselves, hm? But be careful now; get too enthusiastic and the Earth might get destroyed!"

There was a sinister chuckle from the mage himself, and Majin Bū inhaled once more, before releasing a massive expulsion of wind from his body. The gust collided with the city, and Majin Bū dragged it along the entire Capital, completely demolishing the city and leaving only pieces and fragments of buildings behind.

"Oh dear me! I think we might have only made it worse. Oh well."

Babidi clambered back onto Majin Bū's back, and changed the broadcast to show himself and the Djinn in their fullest, before speaking again.

"Majin Bū and I will continue destroying cities like this until those little cowards show their faces!"

We'll give you five days! In five days, everyone on Earth will be destroyed, so you better show yourselves quick, boys!

"

The vision-sharing cut to black, and everyone was finally free to open their eyes.

"They're...horrible..." Dende could only mutter. It was times like these that he felt the most powerless as 'God' on this planet. Was this perhaps what his predecessor had felt? Only Piccolo would truly know that.

The Namekian in question was trembling with barely contained rage. "That madman...! Is he truly going to continue destroying cities until the boys show up in front of him!?" He felt compelled to go and challenge the Djinn and save himself; Babidi would be easy enough to kill, but even he knew Majin Bū would give him more than his fair share of problems.

"Piccolo, stay put!" Goku immediately cut through his comrade's thoughts. "I know what you want to do and you *can't*! None of us can take on Majin Bū alone! I need you to believe in Gohan and I; together, we'll be able to win!"

"Right," nodded the half-Saiyan. Seeing Babidi's latest stunt seemed to have given Gohan even further resolve to kill Majin Bū, even if he had to merge with his father to get the job done. "I'm ready to learn it, Dad, so show me the steps."

The group began to reorganize; if Goku was going to teach Gohan how to fuse, everyone else wanted to be there to see the end result, even the boys. After all, the strongest people present were those two. If they were going to fuse, the end result had to be incredible.

"*He's actually going to go through with the Fusion...*" Erasa thought to herself. She didn't have reservations on the Fusion itself, because Goku had told them it was temporary. She wasn't going to lose Gohan to a mystical alien art. But at the same time, she didn't like that only *he* had to fight. She wanted to help him; to fight alongside Gohan, even if he didn't need it. But her power right now was so insignificant she couldn't be of any help. "*All I can do is watch...watch while Gohan goes off and does something incredibly reckless again...*"

"So, for starter's, we're going to need to equal out our battle power if we have any hope of gettin' this right," Goku explained, frowning slightly. "Watching your battle with Dābura, I could tell that I actually did manage to get stronger than you while I was trainin' in the Afterlife. So, I'll have to lower my *ki* to match your's."

"I haven't really been keeping up with my training," Gohan admitted as he felt his father's *ki* begin to diminish. While he didn't want to admit it, he was surprised that he had been able to keep up with Dābura back during their fight. Vegeta had told him back on Namek that a Saiyan would increase in strength whenever they healed from a near-fatal experience; it was a time to be grateful to his Saiyan genes that he had become stronger after Spopovich and Yamu's attack on him.

"Don't apologize," replied the Saiyan father, smiling towards Gohan. "You guys live in different times, now, so I'm not surprised that you've slacked off in your trainin'. *And there* we go." Goku added, as he felt his *ki* finally matched the level of power he was feeling from Gohan.

"I'm assuming this might be just me, but I can't feel a difference..." Erasa noted, trying to sense how much Goku's *ki* had dropped by, but she was still overwhelmed by the amount of power he had. She didn't think it had dropped enough to be notable, but then again, she never noticed Gohan's *ki* fluctuate either until it had gotten to the point where he was nearly dying.

"These next bits are a bit trickier," Goku said, "and you'll need to pay close attention. The Fusion technique is a series of moves that requires us to move in perfect sync; your posture is going to have to mimic mine."

"*My posture?*" Gohan blinked with some confusion. Were there poses involved in the Fusion technique?

"First, we line up, and place a certain degree of space between us — not too close and not too far away," Goku continued. "If we mirror each other's poses exactly, while repeating the words 'Fu-Sion-Ha!', we'll be able to merge into one really strong fighter!"

It was at this moment that Goku's lesson was interrupted by Babidi's voice springing to life in their heads. It appeared that the mage had found another city, and was broadcasting its destruction to all the citizens of Earth. The Dragon Team, however, staunchly refused to close their eyes again; no good would come from watching Babidi's cruelty. Helpless as they were, they could only wait with clenched fists until it appeared his broadcast had ended, and Goku was able to begin anew.

Breaking the silence after that heavy moment was far from easy, the group trembling with renewed rage and frustration. But Goku knew they were operating on a timetable — him moreso than the rest — and tried to continue as if he hadn't been interrupted. He bent at the knees, and raised his arms to his side. Moving to the right, ("Fuuu-!") he shifted both arms in an arc, until they were at the opposite of where they had been only moments ago.

"Make sure to watch the angle of your arms, and when we switch our arms, this is when we move towards each other," Goku continued to hold his new pose with a completely straight face, proving he'd at least practiced doing this without laughing, "and our feet have to move at exactly three paces." Goku clenched his hands into fists, placing his arms opposite their current position yet again ("-sion!"), and lifted his right leg, placing it over his left in an odd-bent position.

"Watch the angle of your legs here!" Goku instructed, and then forcibly leaned his entire body to his immediate right ("Ha!") , angling one arm over his head, and the other arm to his side, fingers extended, and his right leg now outstretched. "Here, you stretch out your left leg, and our fingers touch like this!"

There was a complete and utter silence as Goku finished demonstrating the Fusion technique to his audience. The fact that the Saiyan had managed to keep a straight face during the entire 'performance' was evident proof that he'd practiced the technique around onlookers enough to not consider it embarrassing — or perhaps it was merely Goku's naïveté at play once more.

"Goku...that was..." Piccolo frowned, looking at Goku — who was still in the final pose of the Fusion — with so much befuddlement it could have been quite funny. He was truly at a loss for words.

"What's wrong, Piccolo?" inquired Goku curiously, standing fully upright again. "Was there somethin' in my explanation that was too confusing?"

"It was..." Piccolo frowned, still trying to find the right words for it.

"Well, dear, the technique was very...very..." Chi-Chi frowned, a bead of sweat sliding down the side of her skull. How does one tell someone so blissfully ignorant that everyone present thought his world-saving technique was ridiculous?

"Dad, that was so cool!" Gohan's eyes lit up as he made his own thoughts known, shattering the awkward silence his family and friends were keeping up. "I thought there'd be a pose or two, but I didn't know there'd be a complete sequence! I've always wanted to try something like this; I had a bunch of ideas a few months ago, I just never got to go through with it—"

"Okay Gohan, you can cut that out now," Erasa walked over, pressing a thin finger firmly to Gohan's lips, causing him to silence and look her way. Leaning in, she whispered, "You know you're the only one who actually thinks those poses are cool, right? It was...kind of awkward to watch a grown man go through with that."

Gohan blinked in confusion. Leaning away from Erasa slightly, he looked at his friends and family, pointing towards himself, "Wait, only me?"

The group at present nodded.

"W-Well..." Gohan scratched the back of his head. Was he out of touch with what 'cool' was?

"Don't worry, son," Goku chuckled. "It's not how the technique looks that matters, it's the end result we're concerned about. If you can learn that technique before my time is up, Gohan, you and I will fuse into the strongest fighter!"

"Alright Dad, let's pract—"

"Hello again, Earthlings!"

Crashing through like a rude awakening, Babidi's voice echoed within the minds of the Earthlings across the planet. The entire Dragon Team looked down towards the planet, where the demented mage obviously was, wearing differing expressions of hatred, fear, and trepidation. This was the third time today, what could Babidi possibly want *now*?

"I do so love it when I receive good news, and a local Earthling has just given me the best information I could ask for! One of my quarries, a young boy by the name of Trunks, lives at the Western Capital!"

"WHAT!?"

The shout was collective, from Bulma and Trunks simultaneously, blasted by shock that Babidi had found out their address.

"Someone told those monsters where I live!" Trunks growled. "How!? Why!?"

"My parents!" Bulma agonized, remembering that her parents were still in the Capsule Corporation building. As stubborn as ever, they would refuse to leave their pets in Capsule Corporation; they might even rationalize their deaths with the Dragon Balls. But right now they didn't *have* the Dragon Balls.

"—so we'll be paying the Western Capital visit! Now's your last chance to come on out, Trunks; unless you want us to wipe your whole city off the face of the map!"

With a mad cackle, Babidi cut the connection the Earthlings, leaving the Dragon Team with nothing but dread in their stomachs.

"Goku!" Bulma immediately turned towards her friend, a look of both panic and pleading in her eyes. "Can't you use your Instantaneous Movement and go grab my parents!? Please! We can't leave them there while that monster goes to destroy the city! You can do it, can't you?"

The deceased Saiyan hesitated slightly; he would like nothing more than to save Bulma's parents, but they were pressed for time, and the Fusion technique was their priority. He opened his mouth but fell silent the moment Bulma snapped at him again.

"We don't have Dragon Balls, Goku!"

"She's right!" Goku thought to himself. Even though Dende and Popo vouched for the young god's ability to fix the Dragon Balls, something good go wrong and right now, they had no means of reviving the dead, meaning that Bulma's mother and father would be in for some trouble if Majin Bū got to them first. Placing an index and middle finger to his forehead, the Saiyan tried to locate the *ki* of Bulma's parents. He stood like this for a few moments only to realize the shocking truth that he couldn't.

"Damn it...!" Goku growled in a moment's frustration. "Everything is so clouded right now on Earth, I can't sense anything! Your parents' *ki* isn't very large in the first place, so searching for it is far from easy."

"So what do we do!?" Bulma looked frazzled. "I know how fast you people move, they could be getting to the Western Capital at any minute!"

"...I could go," suggested Trunks out of the blue. "Let me do it, Mom! Goku! My grandparents are there! I'll drag them out of the house by the collar if I have to. I know I can make it, I'm really fast!"

"That could work," mused Goku. "But it won't help at all when Majin Bū gets there. We'll be in for a hell of a time if you can't get Bulma's grandparents into back to the Palace in time..."

"Then we need someone to head off Majin Bū and Babidi, don't we, Dad?" Gohan inquired, stone-faced. "In that case, let me go and—"

"I'll do it," Goku quickly cut across Gohan, placing a hand on his shoulder. "We only need to stall Bū, and any of us can do that. Why not let the guy who's already dead give a crack at it? You and Goten hold down the fort for me, okay? I won't be long."

"A-Alright, Dad," Gohan nodded firmly, taken aback.

"Trunks, go!" ordered Goku. "And be quick!"

"R-Right!" Trunks' aura flashed, transforming the young boy into a Super Saiyan, and he immediately tore off from the Palace of God, heading towards the Western Capital as quickly as he could. He hadn't been lying about one thing. He was very fast.

Placing his index and middle fingers to his forehead again, Goku latched onto the *ki* of Majin Bū, which was much easier to find. With a wave towards his family and friends, the Saiyan vanished from the lookout instantly.

A Thousand Miles East of the Western Capital, Earth's Skies

Racing at top speeds over the globe, Majin Bū rocketed towards the Western Capital, his and Babidi's eyes set on wiping that city from the maps. For Majin Bū, the trip was short; he was a fast flier. Abruptly, however, Majin Bū came to a halt. In front of him had manifested a figure clad in orange *gi*, with spiky black hair. Blocking his path was Son Goku.

"Hey."

A/N: *And here it is, guys, another chapter in almost two months. I'm really sorry that, after being on an updating high I just suddenly crashed and burned. I had writer's block for awhile — as anyone who read the one-shot I put up would know — but it was only in this particular story. I knew where I wanted to go, but could not put an idea to paper to save my life. But, now, here is the chapter, and I genuinely hope you all like it! I'm sure I disappointed a lot of people with several things in this chapter, but I'll go into the two that I can explain away.*

The first one, the Dragon Balls, I didn't intend to add on a new subplot. My story knows where its going, even if getting there takes a bit of doing. We're not Man of Steel.

The second is Piccolo. I never intended to kill him from the start, and let's be honest, Piccolo's regeneration would allow him to survive such an assault. However, to all those who mourned Piccolo, he is back and his time in the spotlight is not done just yet, so keep holding on!

Now, I don't usually address user comments personally within my Author's notes, as it's not fair to people who make genuine reviews of my series in their comments or simply give me a comment that shows they do care about their response to my series— for a good example, SomeGuyOnHisKeyboard and Hero Entertainment — but to RustBelt Mix, and to anyone who might have suggestions: I appreciate that you like my story enough to want to be involved in it, but for starters, I have this series planned out solidly until the end of the Bū Arc. I know where I am going and what I am doing, so any suggestions would only derail my plans and narrative! But I do thank you for your input. Secondly, I am not the biggest fan of GT at all; in fact, I have a particular dislike for it. So you will not see anything from Dragon Ball GT within my series. Thank you for your time!

As always, let's give a thank you to Demod20, who put in the time and effort to read this chapter before I uploaded it to make sure it was reading fit for all of you. I'll see you guys soon in the next exciting installment of the Erased Chronicles!

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39. The Terror of Majin Bū


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