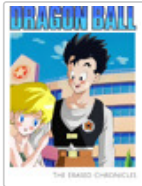


Anime/Manga (/anime/) > Dragon Ball Z (/anime/Dragon-Ball-Z/)

**The Erased Chronicles**

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!

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"Why did I have to be stuck with such an overbearing mother?" This thought ran through Gohan's head as he rode to school the next day on Kinto'un. It wasn't that he disliked his mother — far from it — she simply had a habit of overreacting. Granted, it had been his fault that he had come home late last night, but Chi-Chi didn't seem to quite understand something important.

Gohan could take care of himself. Better than any human teenager, for that matter.

"She's so bent on having a normal life that she forgets it's impossible for any of us," Gohan thought to himself in frustration. It had become impossible the moment she chose Goku for a husband, no matter how much she tried to emulate the rustic life in terms of their remote location. He let out a sigh as his mind wandered to his mother's verbal smack-down of him last night.

East District 439, Base of Mount Paozu, Son Residence; The Previous Night

"Where were you!?" Gohan flinched under the shrill, commanding voice of his mother as she towered over him on a comical fit of rage. "I ask one thing of you Gohan, just *one thing!* Be home at eight 'o clock sharp! That's when I have dinner on the table, isn't it!?"

She was raving mad, and Gohan took her shrieking in silence. He didn't have any real excuse, it had been his fault that he was late, so he didn't open his mouth to reply.

"I don't know *where* we went wrong with you, Gohan!" The ebony-haired woman threw a dish absentmindedly into the sink, glaring at her eldest son. "Maybe high school is too much for you! I knew I should have kept homeschooling you, *I knew I should have!*" She sighed theatrically, before rounding on her son again. "It's that minx you met on your first day, isn't it!? She's distracting you from your studies! Gohan, do I need to go up to your school tomorrow and tell her off? All this...fraternizing can't be good for you!"

Gohan's eyes narrowed at Chi-Chi's bold statement, and he felt himself reflexively clench his fists tightly in annoyance. "No Mom, you don't need to do that." He said through clenched teeth, struggling to keep his voice steady. "If you would please calm down, and think about it for a moment. There wouldn't be any point in me going to a public school if I wasn't going to make a friend or two. Just because that friend happens to be a girl isn't grounds for you to panic."

"Son, what I want you to understand is, an up-and-coming scholar doesn't have time to associate with girls," Chi-Chi replied fiercely. "I don't want anything standing in the way of your success!"

"Mom, I'm trying get you to listen—!" Gohan's futile reply was cut off by his mother's angry retort.

"No, you listen to me! You lost the right to reason with me when you broke the one rule I laid down," Chi-Chi responded in a heaving tone. Her shoulders rising up and down with her chest, further emphasizing just how infuriated she was. "you break my trust, of course I'm going to be angry!"

"I'm sorry, mom, really!" Gohan pleaded further, keeping his fists balled near his sides to contain his rapidly rising anger.

Sighing heavily, Chi-Chi turned her back to her eldest child. Massaging both of her temples, she sighed with resignation, "Well...I guess your father wouldn't mind you making friends. Though I'm sure he wouldn't approve of you missing more than one curfew."

Turning on her heels, Chi-Chi poked Gohan's chest as she glared up with dark promise behind her onyx orbs, "I'm letting you off with a warning, Gohan. Miss curfew again, and there will be consequences. Understand?!"

Gohan nodded, sighing with relief but failed to muster up the strength to smile.

Much to his relief, he saw the now familiar sight of Satan City coming into view, and couldn't help but appreciate the fact that he was happy just to be back here. As Kinto'un approached the edge of the city, something that brought if possible, further relief and happiness to Gohan caught his eye; Erasa, who was standing at a lamppost near the edge of the city, waiting on Gohan to arrive.

"Hey Gohan!" Erasa called down from the ground, waving up at the dashing cloud. As if on command, Gohan steered Kinto'un towards the ground, landing neatly next to Erasa.

"Need a ride?" The teenage Saiyan asked cheerfully, a feeling of elation rushing into simply at the sight of Erasa. To him, the sight of a familiar, friendly face made his mother seem as far as mentally as she was physically, and that was just what he needed.

"I dunno, I was always told to avoid getting into cars with strange people," Erasa replied playfully.

"Kinto'un isn't a car, and I'm not people," Gohan shot back, and Erasa laughed, climbing aboard the flying cloud, gripping onto Gohan's waist as they ascended into the air again.

"So, how'd last night go?" Gohan asked immediately, not having forgotten how he was unceremoniously forced out of Erasa's home last night when her father had returned home.

"It went easily enough," Erasa replied casually. "Dad was suspicious at first; the expression on my face was a dead giveaway, it seemed. But I managed to convince him it was just my re-watching of the Cell Games that had me so spooked. What about you? You make it home alright?"

The gears grinding in Gohan's brain, he decided that telling Erasa the truth about how his mother had reacted when he'd made it back home; doing so would simply spoil her good mood. "It, uh, went fine," Gohan was wishing he could lie as smoothly as Erasa could, and he could already see her sapphire orbs narrowing in response to his statement. Working fast, Gohan spun a very weak lie, "I made it home, did my schoolwork, and went to sleep; it went pretty easy!"

"Gohan..." Erasa said sternly, leaning over his shoulder. "You have really got to work on that poker face if you want to tell an kind of lie around me."

"O-okay, okay, you got me," Gohan replied quickly, and started rummaging through his book-bag quickly, an act that garnered Erasa's curious gaze. Rustling through textbooks, pencil cases, and several papers, Gohan pulled out a thin sheet of paper obviously taken from a sketchbook. "I got sidetracked last night, and I worked on a concept for a 'superhero persona' before I went to bed." In actuality, he'd worked on the concept to distract himself from his mother, but he needn't tell Erasa that.

Erasa took the paper from Gohan, and gave it a looking over. "*He's...good at drawing but what is this?*" She was right to question such a strange design. To her, it simply looked ridiculous, like something one would see on a children's television show. The outfit in the concept consisted of a tunic, black tights, white gloves and boots similar to those worn by two competitors in the Cell Games, a cape, and an helmet with a visor. Sketched off to the sides were an alternate version of headgear featuring a bandana and sunshades.

"So, what do you think?" Gohan asked eagerly, almost childish in a way, as he waited to see what Erasa's reaction would be. His joy, however, was quickly cut short, as the sound of shredding reached his ears. Erasa, with a comically deadpan expression, ripped the concept paper into halves, then quarters, and finally eights, each time more aggressively, before throwing the pieces of paper off the side of Kinto'un.

"M-my concept art!" Gohan futilely tried to grab the pieces while remaining perched on Kinto'un. His precious superhero concept art had been ripped into pieces.

"Don't feel bad, Gohan," Erasa said playfully, mussing up Gohan's hair in her attempt to console him. "You look so much better as the Golden Warrior."

Gohan's distress vanished almost instantly as Erasa's words caused him to flush like a beet. *"In that case, I don't think I should show her concepts two through forty-five."* He thought to himself as Kinto'un landed neatly on the top of their school building.

"Thanks for the ride, Kinto'un!" Erasa waved to the cloud cheerfully as it took off. It appeared she was already getting along very well with the Somersault Cloud. "You know, Gohan, while the overall design was horrific, you're actually a really good artist!"

"Is that so?" Gohan laughed weakly, unsure how to respond to such a backhanded compliment.

"Even though I can't say I liked the design, I really did like the detail you put into the sketch," She said gently as Gohan opened his locker to swap the textbooks he had with the ones he would need. "You also seem to have a fairly decent understanding, given the detail you placed into the body as well."

As much as Gohan liked to receive praise from Erasa, his humble nature caused him to shrug it off without actually basking in the moment. "Its just one of many hobbies. Sometimes I play piano, clarinet, or even write—"

Eyes wide as saucers, Erasa cut Gohan off mid sentence, "Whoa, slow down mister industrious! You're a musician as well as a writer too?!"

"Yeah. Mom was real eager in getting me to become a jack of all trades since I could walk," Gohan explained, none too happy when he realized one of his first memories involved sheet music. "You could say that's how I got to take anything new that's academic in stride."

Erasa laughed brightly, a laugh that sounded more akin to wind chimes to Gohan than a sound that could truly come from the human throat. "Gohan, you truly are one-of-a-kind."

Stopping in front of Erasa's locker briefly, the two made their way to the classroom, which was empty for the most part, with the exception of a few students who arrived early. Among them being Sharpener, and Videl, the latter who wore an expression notably similar to the one Gohan saw on Chi-Chi's face when he'd returned home late.

As the two took their chosen seats, Videl craned her head at them, eyes narrowed suspiciously. "Did you two walk to school together or something?" She asked, her tone skeptical.

"Well, I gave Erasa a lift," Gohan replied innocently, not knowing he was simply fueling Videl's fire.

"Videl, calm down, it's nothing to get worked up about," Erasa said soothingly, trying to assuage whatever worries were working their way into the heroine's mind. "You and I walk to school all the time as well, don't we? So what's the harm in Gohan and I coming to school together?"

"I-It's completely different!" Videl spluttered incredulously, unable to comprehend how either of these two could possibly be so naïve.

"Let them breathe, Videl," Sharpener intervened, much to everyone's surprise, cutting off the girl in the middle of her lecture. "Besides, it's not like I've never given either of you a ride to and from school before. Ease up, will ya?"

Gohan was caught off guard by Sharpener's intervention; hadn't this been the student who was more than verbally aggressive only a few days prior?

"So, Gohan, you consider my offer to join the boxing club?" The long-haired blonde asked pointedly.

"*And that explains it,*" Gohan thought as he gave Sharpener a very quick, deadpan refusal, causing a bitter look to cross Sharpener's face.

"Videl is starting to remind me an awful lot of my own mother," Gohan whispered to Erasa under his breath, timing his comment with Videl turning her attention away from them in a huff. "She seems to be almost obsessive about preventing us from spending any kind of time together."

"I've started to clue in on that," Erasa replied in a hushed voice. "So I was thinking...why not spend the weekend together with me?" She winked at Gohan, pressing a red pencil to his chest in a playful motion. "You and I can have the entire weekend to relax without your mother or Videl hounding behind us."

"That sounds great!" Gohan replied, elated at the prospect of actually having some time alone with Erasa. "I recommend showing up around noon this Saturday. Is that alright?"

"I'll be there!" Erasa's elation showed through her voice. With the time set, the two would finally get their alone time, out of the prying eyes of Chi-Chi or Videl.

East District 439, Mount Paozu, Bamboo Forest, Saturday

"You can't catch me, Gohan!" The euphoric cry of the young Goten echoed throughout the area as he dashed along the mountainside, weaving in and around bamboo stalks to avoid his pursuing older brother.

"Just you wait, Goten! I'm not so out of it that I can't tag you!" Gohan, laughing at his brother's infectious excitement, dashed after him.

Goten, thinking quickly, latched onto the nearest stalk of bamboo, applying his Saiyan strength to cause the giant trunk to bend forward. "And CHARGE!" He cried, releasing his pressure on it; the stalk shot back in the direction Goten had bent it from, launching the boy towards his brother in a surprise maneuver.

"Whoa there!" Gohan reacted on reflex, quickly leaning to the left and dodging Goten's startling aggressive strike — a reflexive action drilled into him through harsh training with Piccolo.

"You fell for it!" Goten replied, laughing madly as he landed on all fours. Now crouching down much like a monkey, he made a mad scramble in the other direction, desperate to lose his older brother in the forest.

"You're not getting away that easily!" The older brother made a mad dash after Goten, each of them ducking around the stalks to avoid damaging the forest.

The otherwise strange occurrence taking place was referred to by Goten as "Super Tag", a game that is essentially the same as regular tag, but Gohan and Goten use the entirety of their mountain home as their playground, and thus, the game is played on a much grander scale. "Super Tag" was the Son siblings favorite game to play, albeit for different reasons. Goten enjoyed it simply due to his childish nature. Gohan, on the other hand, enjoyed it because the energy exerted in the game easily tired Goten out, thus giving him more time to do what he needed to do during the day — and on a day like today, he needed to garner as much time as he could.

The two proceeded like this for a few more hours, Gohan working hard to ensure Goten exerted himself as much as possible. This was entirely part of Gohan's plan —the longer they played, the more exhausted Goten would become, giving Gohan a clear field to spend the remainder of the day with Erasa. When it was high noon, Goten collapsed on his rear next to a large bamboo stalk.

"Whoo boy!" Goten crowed as he wiped a thin sheen of sweat from his forehead. "You're really fast, Gohan! I didn't think anyone was faster than me or Trunks!"

"No, you surprised me, kiddo!" Gohan skidded to a stop alongside a flowing river, kneeling by the side to wash his face, wiping the sweat away. "I'm surprised how quick and resourceful you are! You might actually make a good training partner if I ever need to get the gears running again!"

"Really!? You mean it!?" Goten's eyes glittered with excitement. "You'll really let me train with you!? Promise!?"

"Of course I mean it!" The older sibling replied, flattered that his brother was so excited at the prospect of training — he really was just like their father. "When I need a really strong training partner, you're the man!"

"I get to train with Gohan, I get to train with Gohan!" The younger sibling cheered in excitement, nearly jumping the height of the bamboo tree with his newly restored energy.

"C-calm down, Goten!" Gohan urged in a panic; had his plan backfired with just a few words of encouragement? "We can't start training right this instant!" These words shot Goten down like a rock and he dropped back to his seat along the riverbed. "So...since our game of tag is done, and you did say you were tired, do you want us to head on home?"

"*Super Tag!*" Goten insisted childishly, puffing his cheeks out. "It's not cool if you don't call it 'Super', Gohan!"

"Alright, I've got it!" Gohan laughed weakly, raising his arms up defensively.

"I'll wait here for Trunks!" Goten decided, kicking his legs energetically. "He said he'd come over to play today, and if I wait here, he can just find me by feeling for my energy!"

"You're alright with me just leaving you here?" Gohan inquired, hardly able to believe his luck. Goten already had plans, he didn't need to return home and make some quick excuse to his mother as to where he was heading; could he really be this lucky? "Alright, Goten, then I'll see you at dinner!" Gohan immediately took off flying, waving down at his younger brother. "Don't get lost on the way home!"

"I won't!" Goten called upwards, waving frantically as his brother flew off.

"I suppose I should make myself visible, if I assume Erasa is arriving by jet flier." Gohan thought aloud, and he took off straight towards his house, an aura of white ki surrounding him as he flew at top speed. Arriving at his home in record time, Gohan landed quietly on the rooftop of his spherical house, determined not to tip off his mother, and simply waited. Sitting idly for around a half hour, he heard the purr of a vehicle's engine; Gohan used his Saiyan eyes to gain a clear picture of what was in the distance. To his great pleasure, he saw Erasa piloting a hovercraft.

"*I should get her to land that away from the house!*" Gohan thought frantically, lifting himself into the air, flying towards Erasa's hovercraft. The last thing either of them needed was Chi-Chi seeing Erasa land that craft in front of their house; Gohan could just imagine the reaction, and that would ruin his and Erasa's day. Pulling quickly up towards the window of the hovercraft, Gohan tapped as gently as he could to get Erasa's attention.

The blonde girl jumped in shock; she hadn't seen Gohan arrive next to her, and she slammed the brakes to come to a complete stop, the vehicle living true to its name and simply hovering. "Gohan!" She gasped, breathing heavily. "Please don't do that again, I nearly swerved this thing in shock!"

"S-sorry!" Gohan apologized quickly. "Erasa, I'm going to need you to park that thing out of sight; if Mom sees you pulling up by our house, she will flip out!"

Taking Gohan's word for it that Chi-Chi's reaction would be comically over the top, Erasa agreed to follow Gohan's plan of discretion. Following his silver-hued lit trail of light, she eventually was led towards a secluded meadow open enough for her to land. Soon after Gohan tapped down on the ground, the hovercraft thrummed down to the grassy field, gently clanking to a perfect landing. With the brief clicking of gears, the bubble shaped shield pulled back, allowing Erasa to make an agile jump down to the soft soil in front of her aircraft.

When she stood on her feet, Gohan couldn't help but have his eyes drawn to distinct changes to her appearance.

Trading her various style of halter tops she adorned for her schooling days, Erasa now affixed a lime-hued tank top with a black undershirt pooling underneath the emerald colored, sleeveless fabric. A pair of white shorts replaced her normal pair of jeans and knee length bright cargo pants. In doing this, it granted an alluring view of her creamy complexioned legs, leading down to a pair of green laced white tennis shoes. The casual nature of her attire complimented her bright smile and curious sapphire eyes blinking at his staring onyx orbs.

"Gohan?" Erasa inquired aloud, a perplexed smile stretching across her face.

Gohan shook his head, scratching his head with a habitual reflex. As he laughed sheepishly, he couldn't help but wave his free arm in her direction to help emphasize his awe, "I just...you look so fantastic! I almost didn't recognize you out of your school clothes!"

Erasa giggled, raising her hand up to cup her mouth to stifle her laughter. Even as the half-breed looked on with confusion, she did her best to hide a blush of her own at the compliment, even if it was clumsily given. Lowering her hand back to rest over her chest, she batted her eyes playfully at her friend, "Oh Gohan, such a man with great words. One of these days you'll need to write a book to share such great words with the rest of the world!"

"Haha, maybe someday!" Gohan laughed with playful agreement.

"Then there's you," Erasa said impishly, walking over to Gohan and tugging on his shirt in a playful motion. Like Erasa, Gohan had abandoned the common clothing he'd done for school days, but his attire was far more uninhibited than hers. The hybrid had chosen very simple clothing for this occasion: A sleeveless white shirt that detailed Gohan's chiseled Saiyan physique, grey-hued sweatpants, and a pair of black laced white athletic shoes.

"You really are in good shape," Erasa observed, blushing slightly. She'd only seen Gohan in his fairly conservative school ensemble before, and inwardly wondered how his clothes could hide so much muscle. *"I wonder how the people of the city would react to see just how much the real hero puts the idol to shame."* She thought in amusement.

"You really think so?" Gohan replied sheepishly. Admittedly, he had been slacking off in his training ever since his dad had passed on, and thus, by the standards of his father and Vegeta, he was actually 'out of shape', but something about Erasa's silver words gave him a sense of pride.

West City, Capsule Corporation, Gravity Chamber

Meanwhile, in West City, the Saiyan Prince named Vegeta was working hard at training, using the Gravity Chamber based on the same mechanism used by Goku during his 5-day flight to Namek. Suddenly, he seized up, and felt his eyes force themselves shut, his nose scrunching up, and his lips part as he jerked forward, letting loose a violent sneeze. Blinking rapidly, the Saiyan Prince wiped his nose, muttering to himself, "Someone must be talking about me."

"So, what are we going to do today?" Erasa asked Gohan curiously as the two teenagers left the clearing, and her hovercraft, behind. "It's quite obvious we can't hang out at your house — not just yet anyway — but did you plan anything?"

"Actually, I did have something in mind," Gohan assured her, a smile crossing his face. "Erasa, you've never really been outside Satan City, have you?"

"To be honest, not really," Erasa confessed. "Satan City IS a big city, so it's not like there's any need to actually leave it. In fact, this might be the farthest I've traveled on my own."

"Perfect!" Gohan exclaimed, before calling out into the sky a name that was familiar to Erasa by this point. "Kinto'un!" The familiar whizzing of the Somersault Cloud caught the ears of Gohan first, and then Erasa, whose eyes lit up at the sight of the magical artifact.

"I've decided I'd take you across the continent," The hybrid couldn't help but laugh at the girl's infectious excitement. "The next stop is everywhere, so are you ready to go?"

"This is what you've had in mind?" Erasa bubbled, eyes glinting as she looked at Kinto'un. Her mind already picturing herself and Gohan flying the cloud across the countryside.

"Huh?" Gohan queried, misinterpreting Erasa's question entirely. "You don't want to?"

"Of course I do!" Erasa countered quickly, almost sternly. "I didn't think this was what you had in mind at all, Gohan!"

It was becoming quite clear to Gohan that he'd made the correct choice; taking Erasa out of the city, especially given how little she'd seen, might be just what she needed. And she seemed absolutely elated at the prospect. Without hesitation, the duo clambered aboard the heirloom cloud, and at Gohan's command, the cloud immediately ascended into the air, giving the two a bird's eye view of the forest.

"Kinto'un, go!" Gohan ordered, and the Somersault Cloud tore through the sky. As if on reflex, Erasa quickly wrapped her arms around Gohan's waist, to avoid falling off due to the speed as which Kinto'un was moving. Tearing straight over the forest with as much speed as was safe for Erasa's frail human body, within a few minutes, they'd approached a familiar skyline.

"Gohan, is this...Satan City?" Erasa blinked in confusion. Didn't Gohan say she was going to show her something new, besides the city she'd lived in for her entire life?

"You've never quite paid attention to the view you have when we take Kinto'un, have you?" Gohan asked her as the cloud quickly broke over the forest and into the city, soaring high overhead.

"Yeah, I can see something pretty amazing from this point of view," Erasa commented aloud, lightly chuckling with her eyes examining his muscular frame she clung to from behind. While she didn't want to admit it, being pressed against Gohan in the manner she was proved to be very distracting, and it kept her from truly appreciating any view she could see by travelling on Kinto'un.

"Wait a second, what?" Gohan innocently asked in confusion. Something in the tone of Erasa's reply tipped him off that she was being sarcastic, but he didn't fully understand the implications.

"Don't worry about it," Erasa replied, waving it off as she enjoyed his naïveté. She'd never met anyone quite like Gohan before. "But, in all seriousness, no, I actually haven't paid any real attention to the view. What does that have to do with flying over the city?"

"Why don't you look down this time?" Gohan beckoned Erasa to look down towards the city as Kinto'un slowed to a snail's pace so that Erasa could get a proper view of everything.

"It's...amazing!" Erasa gasped, her eyes alight with curiosity and excitement. Looking at the city from Gohan's point of view was awe-inspiring for someone who'd lived on the ground for so long. Buildings, which before had been taller than her, with some skyscrapers towering over the girl, now jutted upwards at her, like man-made trees. The roads were full of cars, and yet she could hear naught but the rushing wind; from where she flew, the normal bustling noises of traffic were gone. But what shocked her most was the colour; an assortment of silvers, reds, blues, and yellows, all on display for her to see.

"The world seems so...small!" The blonde struggled to find the right words for what she was feeling. "I know this is Satan City...but from this far up, it's like I'm looking at a whole different world!"

"That's it!" Gohan agreed, taken in by Erasa's utter captivation of the sight below her. "It's all a matter of how you see the world. If you change your perspective, like we're doing now, then your entire reality will change with it."

"This is entirely different from the looking upward from the surface, or even looking out through the window of my jet flier!" As her excitement with her new found perspective grew, her eyes continued to sparkle like jewels. "I feel bad, in fact, for everyone down on the ground right now." She felt something like pity because everyone down on the surface wouldn't be able to experience this kind of elation. "Gohan, can we go someplace else too?!"

She was almost like a child in how easily she was impressed, though perhaps Gohan only saw it this way because he'd been flying since he was five. "Of course! Hold on tight, I've got just the place!"

Erasa didn't need to be told twice to 'hold on', as Kinto'un made a sharp turn for the east. The two quickly said farewell to Satan City as it faded into the horizon behind them. While Gohan could completely see everything, his Saiyan eyes not missing a detail, Erasa could only see a green and brown blur.

"Gohan!" Erasa protested above the roar of the wind. "What's the point to this if I can't see anything!?"

"You're not supposed to," Gohan replied casually, able to hear Erasa's silvery voice with ease despite the wind; in fact, it might have been better if she hadn't tried to talk above the currents. "What I'm going to show you is right here!" Kinto'un slowed down to a reasonable pace, and the blur of colour in Erasa's eyes exploded into shape and form as she took a sharp intake of breath at the sight.

What filled her vision now was something she'd only seen in textbooks or on the news; the Broaf mountain range. "It's...beautiful!" From the height she and Gohan were flying, Erasa could see everything; the sharp jagged mountains jutting out of the Earth, various shades of brown and green clashing as dirt, stone, and foliage all met on the face of the mountains. However, she could see this mountain range was part of something more; connected to it were forests, with the amount of trees running from thick to thin, and she could even see bodies of water, such as a large lake, glistening and sparkling under the afternoon sun. Even several rivers and creeks, albeit difficult to discern, standing out as they reflected the light of the sun, were visible to her weak human eyes, flowing along the ground at the base of the mountains.

"I can't believe it!" She gasped, her mouth widened into a small "o", and her eyes lit up we brightly was the waters down below. "That a sight like this can exist! Gohan, it's stunning!"

"Would you like to take a closer look?" Gohan queried, pleased to see Erasa was enamored by the sight of nature in all of its glory.

"Of course!" She replied eagerly. "Can't you take me down?"

"If you want me to, sure!" Gohan agreed, seeing no problem at all with Erasa's proposition. "You may want to grab onto my neck then; the speed will be a bit different from what you're used to."

While this confused Erasa, she simply assumed a descent on Kinto'un would require the cloud to pick up speed, and did as Gohan asked, wrapping her thin armed around Gohan's muscular neck. What came next, however, was a complete surprise.

"Gohan, wh-whoa!" Before Erasa could so much as complete her question, she suddenly felt her body jerk forward with Gohan's, and felt a comforting warmth under her body. It quickly dawn on her that this warmth was Gohan's own body heat, and Gohan was flying down towards the forest with her on his back.

"Hold on, Erasa!" Gohan called out as he made a quick descent, heading straight down towards the ground. If Erasa didn't know any better, she'd say Gohan was about to crash into the rock-solid ground, and, by instinct, she felt a twinge of panic.

"Gohan!" She cried out cautiously, but it soon became apparent that she had nothing to fear; moments before the would-be collision, Gohan leveled himself with ease, showing ki control he'd polished ever since the age of four. Erasa heaved a sigh of relief that was nearly drowned out by Gohan's own joyous laughter.

"Flying like this really is the only way to travel!" He said, blissfully oblivious to Erasa's brief episode of panic.

After a moment, Erasa had to agree with Gohan; while she enjoyed flying with Kinto'un, something about Gohan's ease and control of his own flight made it a completely different experience. Of course, she had to admit, flying with absolutely no space between her and Gohan was nothing to complain about either.

"Hold on tight, Erasa," Gohan urged her, picking up speed and altitude. She didn't need telling twice.

Despite Gohan's immense speed, he maintained excellent control and flew straight through a forest, weaving through the dense grove of trees flawlessly; Erasa, by this point, was at total ease flying with Gohan, and now tried her best to keep up with the sights of the forest. It took her a moment to realize that, even now, she was seeing the world from Gohan's perspective. Flying effortlessly along the ground was something only someone like Gohan could enjoy, and while it bewildered her as to how he could even do it, she realized that it had to be liberating.

Flying was the ultimate escape. Only now, she and Gohan were escaping to freedom together.

Making a sharp turn, Gohan flew towards a flowing river, and flew directly over it, leaving a wall of water rising behind him. The sound of gurgling water was soothing to both, and Gohan and Erasa looked down at the river to see two happy teenagers looking back at up them, and couldn't help but watch the smiles spread from ear to ear. Gohan dipped his hand into the brisk, cold waters, gently splashing several droplets playfully back at Erasa, who giggled happily.

For these two, right now, they were alone and free from their worries; invasive friends and psychotic mothers didn't exist here, not for them.

"Hey Gohan," Erasa started, several minutes later, as Gohan ascended high into the sky again, joined by Kinto'un. "I don't want to sound like I'm prying, but, how can you do these things? Your flying? The crime fighting? Where's it...come from?"

"That's actually quite a long story," Gohan replied, surprised at Erasa's sudden curiosity. "It might be easier to just give you a demonstration. Kinto'un, come here!"

At Gohan's command, the Somersault Cloud pulled up at their side, and they boarded their mystical mount once again. "Take us to an island, Kinto'un!" Gohan ordered, and with a sharp U-turn, the cloud tore across the Broaf Mountain Range at high speed.

Erasa was breathless; she'd never thought she'd have been able to have so much enjoyment in one day, and Gohan was simply one surprise after another. The sight that greeted her next was accompanied by the sharp smell of salt and seaweed, and the roaring sound of water crashing against the rocky shore. Filling her eyes with sparkling blue, she realized they'd reached open ocean in just a few minutes, and were flying very close to the water's surface.

"Alright Kinto'un, go a little faster!" Gohan urged, and the cloud tore across the salty waters, and an island came into view. Small though it was, this island was vital in the continued existence of earth. The island in particular was home to the revered Kame-Sen'nin, more commonly Master Rōshi, the man who had trained both Son Goku and Krillin.

"What's that pink house?" Erasa asked, pointing at a small, bright pink, one-bedroom house that was perched on the dead center of the island.

"Oh that? That's Kame-House!" Gohan answered as Kinto'un flew right past the house, and additionally, Master Rōshi, relaxing on a folding beach chair, holding a magazine labeled "AhhHan!", with several others stacked next to him. As Kinto'un whizzed by, it jolted the master from his chair, sending his entire stack of dirty magazines flying into the air.

"My magazines!" Rōshi cried out in a panic, frantically trying to reclaim them.

"Sorry, Master Rōshi!" Gohan called back in apology, waving at the man.

In response to his quick arrival and departure, two people emerged from the Kame House. A short man with a shock of black hair, wearing an Hawaiian shirt and tan shorts. Accompanying him would be a petite, pale-skinned woman of exceptional beauty with short blonde hair, who was wearing a sleeveless jean jacket with white pants.

These two individuals were Krillin, and Lazuli, more commonly referred to as Android 18, and both were wearing expressions of comical, wide-eyed shock on their face.

"Was that...?" Rōshi adjusted his sunshades as he stared into the distance.

"...Gohan...?" Krillin focused on the retreating form of the cloud with the two teenagers riding, blissfully unaware of their audience.

"...with a girl?" Android 18's expression and voice betrayed equal shock.

"Chi-Chi's going to kill him." They all agreed sagely, before resuming their daily lives.

It didn't take long for the two to reach an island far more secluded than Rōshi's island; a deserted island located to the east of it. Kinto'un descended close to the shore, hovering just above the ground, allowing them to slide off with ease. Standing directly on the beach, Gohan took a deep breath, feeling his ki flow through his body. "Alright, Erasa, watch carefully. This is where my abilities come from."

Erasa kept her eyes locked on Gohan, a childlike curiosity in her eyes.

Gohan took a stance, cupping both hands at his sides. "Kaaaaaaa...meeeeeeee...haaaaaaaa...meeeeeeee..." Between his cupped hands, Gohan could feel a familiar heat, the warmth of latent ki energy focused into one single point. As his words emitted focus and disciplined control over the energy drawing up from his core to the center of his palms, the air began to simmer around him like a humid visage upon a desert. The culminating ki took colour and form, becoming a glowing white sphere emitting a bright blue glow. As rays danced between the spaces of his digits, a signifying thrum and high pitched whistling indicating its full priming.

"What's this?" Erasa breathed in shock. Was Gohan holding light between his hands? Then she remembered; this had happened before, in the Cell Game videos. Gohan's father had performed this technique on Cell, and it had been one of the few moments caught in clarity on tape. Which meant Erasa knew what was coming next.

"HA!" Gohan cried, thrusting both hands forward. The energy sphere expanded and then exploded into a violent, blue-hued beam of plasma that ripped across the ocean, forcing the water on either side of it to rise, revealing the seabed below. As the energy petered out, the sea walls crashed together once more, and the tide rushed in at Gohan's feet.

"What was that, Gohan?" Erasa breathed in awe. It was one thing to see that feat performed on video, and another to witness such a dazzling light show in person.

"That was the Kamehameha," Gohan explained. "The technique takes latent ki from my body, focuses it into a single point between both hands, and expels it in a beam of energy. My ability to fly," He floated a few inches off the ground for a demonstration, "also comes from 'ki'."

"Ki..." Erasa placed a thin finger to her chin in thought. It wasn't something she'd ever heard of before, though the concept of 'internal energy' probably wasn't anything new. "This 'ki' energy...can anyone learn it?"

"While it takes training, any person can learn to draw out their ki," Gohan assured her. "Though it's a bit more difficult for humans." In normal situations, Gohan wouldn't have been quite so blunt, but he needed to use the term 'human' to provide better context for his next statement. "For Saiyans, however, drawing out their ki is a lot easier. That's what I am; half-human, and half-Saiyan."

"Saiyan?" Erasa looked perplexedly at Gohan.

"An alien race from a different planet," The hybrid was very much aware of just how ridiculous this sounded, but if he could tell anyone, Erasa would be the person he could tell.

Erasa flashed Gohan a look of scrutiny. "You *look* absolutely human," She countered, but, reflecting on what he said answered far more questions than it raised, at least when Gohan's abilities were brought into question. She also had to remember that an anthropomorphic dog was their king, so this was certainly not the most ludicrous thing to happen on Planet Earth.

"I believe what you're saying." The blonde told him, smiling brightly. "This sounds like a novel or something; high-school girl's new friend turns out to be an alien from outer space!"

"I can definitely see the humor in it," Gohan grinned, relieved to see Erasa was as casual as she ever was.

"But Gohan, this 'ki' thing...can you teach *me*?" The blonde implored, her eyes glinting. "Can't you?"

"Wait a second!" Gohan cried in surprise. "Why are you suddenly so keen on learning?"

"It's just...it's something I decided while we were in the Broad Mountain Range!" Erasa said firmly. "By learning how to use 'ki', I can relate more to your own world, Gohan." While this was half-true, internally, Erasa knew the true reason why she wanted to use 'ki' so badly. Just being able to fly was so liberating, and she wanted that kind of freedom. Freedom from her fixation on her own past. But not only that. By learning to use 'ki', she could become closer to Gohan, and the unique world he's opened up to her. A strong part of her knew that was the real reason she wanted to do this.

Gohan was unsure at first, but repeated pleading from Erasa sold him on the idea entirely. "Alright, alright," He conceded weakly, having the feeling this might be the first in a long line of discussions where he'd be on the losing end. "I'll teach you how to use 'ki', but it's not going to be easy. We'll start next weekend, how does that sound?"

"I can't wait to get started!" Erasa's voice brimmed with excitement.

With his explanation out of the way, Gohan decided to show Erasa more of the countryside. With hours of enjoyment spent sightseeing, their day didn't end until the Sun began to hang low in the sky, dyeing the entire land red in a burning sunset. With their plans successfully made, the two decided it was time to call it a day. Flying back towards Mt. Paozu, Kinto'un descended into the clearing next to the gleaming figure of Erasa's hovercraft.

"So, Gohan," Erasa said playfully, "we still have another day before school starts again. Same time tomorrow?"

"Of course!" Gohan replied, almost too quickly, and Erasa noticed, smiling to herself. His innocence really was endearing.

"Before I go, I just remembered I had something," Erasa reached into her pocket, pulling out a blue Hoi-Poi Capsule. She tossed it to Gohan, who caught it seamlessly. "Don't open that 'till you get home, but you forgot them at my house!" She was being deliberately vague, before the bubble shaped shield pulled back on the hovercraft, allowing Erasa to clamber into the cockpit. "See you tomorrow, Gohan!" She said cheerfully before the engine roared to life, and she rose into the air. Waving happily down at Gohan, who waved back at her with a broad smile on his face, the hovercraft took off towards Satan City.

Gohan took off from that spot, and arrived home only a few minutes after Erasa had left. Much to his relief, his mother avoided asking any awkward questions, as it wasn't uncommon for Gohan to go off by himself on the weekends — he and his father shared a similar love of nature and fishing — so there was nothing to arouse her suspicion. With the Hoi-Poi Capsule clenched in his palm, Gohan proceeded to his room. Pressing the button on the top of the capsule lightly, Gohan gently tossed the capsule and it exploded in a puff of smoke, revealing...a polished pair of black men's shoes.

Gohan stared at them in silence, wondering why Erasa would give him capsulized shoes. After several moments silence, it suddenly hit him, and his mouth twitched. "Wait a second...are those my shoes?" As the seconds ticked on, and the gears clicked on Gohan's head, he couldn't help but double over laughing, realizing that he'd only just now realized he'd dashed out of Erasa's window on their first hangout without shoes

Arriving at her home within the hour, Erasa landed the hovercraft directly in front of her house. With a click, the bubble shield rose back, and Erasa made a deft leap out of the craft, landing smoothly on the sidewalk. Pressing a bright red button on the side, the craft reverted to the form of a Hoi-Poi Capsule in an explosion of smoke. Unlocking the door to her home, Erasa walked inside, kicking off her shoes and flipping on the lights. Well aware her father was still at work, Erasa immediately ascended the stairs and went to her room, turning on the lights as she was confronted with the bright colours she was so used to. But as she collapsed on her bed, and looked at the cloud patterns on her wall, something about them seemed off to her.

"What have I been doing?" She muttered to herself, eyes firmly locked on the childish paintings that adorned her walls and ceiling. "To stay locked in the past like this..." Groaning in frustration, she slapped her hand to her forehead. "How can I talk to Gohan about wanting to help him, when I can't even help myself move on?" Flashing before her eyes was the figure of a woman with neck-length blonde hair, and features that matched Erasa's own. "If I can't move forward now...I won't be able to help Gohan when he needs me there." After several more minutes of silent deliberation, Erasa slid off the bed, walking downstairs to the storage closet. Digging through it, she found several rolls of wallpaper. Smiling to herself, she remembered that her mother used to use these when the walls needed to be redone; her father, on the other hand, was never the type for chores.

"Erasa?" The puzzled voice of her father, Marque, caught her attention, causing the blonde to look over her shoulder in surprise. "I was calling for you for five minutes." Straightening his tie, his brown eyes fell on the rolls of paper clutched in her arms. "What are you doing with those?"

"Just a little renovating, Dad!" Erasa said, smiling as she headed back towards her room, determined to follow through on her resolve before she reconsidered everything.

The look of surprised on Marque's face quickly melted into a kind smile, his thick moustache twitching with the action. "*Quile...you've be so proud of our daughter. It's been a long time, but she's finally moving on.*"

Author's Note: *First off, lemme apologize for the delay everyone! It's been over a week since my last chapter, and I'm sorry for that. In response to one of the reviews I received, I will try to post these as frequently as possible — I do love what I do — but I also have other things to do during the week, such as a job, and then there's things I do just to amuse myself, such as games. Anyone who paid attention to Erasa's casual attire can tell I based it off May's new look from Omega Ruby and Alpha Sapphire, and that's all you need to know to get I am an avid Pokémon fan. So, while I will try to get these up as often as I can, if they're a bit later than they usually are, I got caught up in some other activity, and for that, I apologize in advance.*

To anyone not in the know, Lazuli is Android 18's real name, as confirmed in an interview with Toriyama. Android 17's is Lapis.

I actually had a lot of fun writing this chapter, even though it took me over a week; I worked really hard to make Erasa and Gohan's free time as cute and adorable as possible, and I hope it was well received. In the next chapter, training begins, look forward to it. Additionally, the scene with Gohan's shoes was inspired by a Guest commenter; I wish they'd had a username so I could give them a shout-out properly, but thank you! I'm also glad to see that some people got the puns I used for the console names, though they were a bit easy. So here's my question this time; anyone get the puns in the names "Marque" and "Quile", Erasa's parents? What about the teacher that appeared previously even though he didn't appear in this chapter? On a final note, let's give a thanks to my friend Mangetsu20, who once again looked over the finished product to make sure it was passable, and MrB1ank, who photoshopped the image I used for thsi chapter! Anyway, stay tuned, everyone, for the next chapter!

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