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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!

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

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41. The Parting of the Ways

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Goku arrived back on the Palace of God, looking rather worse for wear. Breathing haggardly, he cast a wayward glance down at the world below. Piccolo was making his way towards him, but Goku was more interested in the sudden shift he felt in the *ki* down below.

"Looks like...Majin Bū's done it," Goku noted. "He's killed Babidi. I figured he'd want...to be rid of 'im sooner or later."

"That's true," Piccolo noted offhandedly. "His *ki* has vanished." Walking over to the edge of the Palace of God, Piccolo cast an aside glance at Goku, who looked thoroughly exhausted. "Do you think...that he'll calm down now, with no one pulling the reigns?"

"Honestly, I hope so..." replied the reanimated Saiyan with a sigh. "Let's wait and find out..." It only took a few minutes — perhaps even less — for Goku and Piccolo to get an answer to their question. *Ki* signals were disappearing down on the lower world, and, if possible, *faster* than before. From what Piccolo could gather through observation, Bū was having fun.

"Damn...!" The Namekian growled. "He's even *worse* now that he's killing these people just for a good time!"

"I guess...it was a bit much to hope for..." sighed Goku.

"Are you alright?" Piccolo asked concernedly. "You should have Dende heal you."

"No...I'm going to have to go back to the Afterlife to heal this..."

"Also, I have to ask you..." Piccolo continued seriously. "If you had fought Majin Bū at full strength in Super Saiyan 3, do you think you'd have been able to defeat him?"

"I dunno..." Goku hesitated. "*Probably*, but...if I wanted to be pretty honest, Majin Bū is a really strong guy...I might not have been able to win at all..."

"Probably!?" Piccolo replied indignantly. "But does that mean..!?"

"Piccolo...I'm not supposed to even be here..." Goku said calmly. "My time was done...seven years ago; I wouldn't have minded...helping Gohan through the Fusion technique, but...I *cannot* be the one to defeat Majin Bū...after all...what will they do when I'm not around...?"

"But then...how will we handle the Majin Bū situation...!?"

"I'm not really sure...I don't think he'll destroy...the Earth just yet..." Goku replied, breathing heavily. "I baited him...with the promise of a strong fighter...so I think he might try to wait it out..."

"That's right! You and Gohan are going to fuse, right?"

"No...I don't think I have much more than an hour left..."

"An hour!? Certainly you have more time than that!"

"No..." replied Goku. "Super Saiyan 3 is somethin' I can really only use in the afterlife...where time doesn't mean much...down here, it goes...a long way towards tuckerin' me out, so I had to...borrow from my remaining time..."

Their conversation was cut short, however, by the arrival of Trunks, who was carrying his grandparents firmly with each arm, despite their protests. Placing them down onto the tiled Palace ground, Trunks landed after, and ran up to Goku.

"I'm back!" He said, grinning.

"Good job, Trunks...!" Goku congratulated the boy with as much vigor as he could muster in his current, exhausted state. Looking over at the parents of one of his best friends, he flashed an apologetic look. "I'm sorry about rushin' you here the way we did, but it was kinda important..."

"You could have at least called, Goku," replied Dr. Brief sternly, straightening his spectacles as he helped his youthful wife up from the tiles. "Neither of us are young anymore, we're not used to being rushed out of the house and into the air like that — by our grandson, no less!"

"Mom, Dad, we didn't have a choice!" replied Bulma indignantly. "If we just left you, Majin Bū would have blown up the Western Capital, and the Dragon Balls aren't working properly right now! We can't afford to make reckless decisions!"

This shocked the couple briefly; they had been pretty confident that if their city was destroyed, their daughter would have been able to revive them with the Dragon Balls.

"So, Dad, are we going to try that fusion?" asked Gohan, walking over to his father, Erasa tailing behind, watching like a hawk. "We have to practise the steps, don't we?"

"We actually can't...Gohan..." replied the tired Goku, sighing. "I don't think I have more than an hour now, and that isn't goin'...to be enough time for you to really get a handle on fusion. If we'd had even a *few* hours, it might be enough...but not now...not with the clock nearly ticked on out..."

"Damn..." Gohan clenched his fists. Fusion, even though his father had just pulled the option out of thin air, had been their last trickle of hope; the last chance that they thought they had.

"What do we do now...?" asked Erasa worriedly.

"If I might interject...perhaps the young ones could try to use the Fusion Technique?" Mr. Popo appeared, almost literally from nowhere, within the midst of the group, his blank expression unchanging as he gestured to Goten and Trunks. "They are roughly the same size, and have combat strength comparable to one another; I believe they are the ideal candidates for this technique."

"Oh...that's genius, Mr. Popo..." Goku grinned, wiping sweat from his face.

"Wait just a minute, Goku!" Chi-Chi walked over to her husband, jabbing a fist into the man's chest. He looked tired enough that even his Earthling wife would have been able to knock him over from that simple gesture. "Are you trying to tell me you want our little baby to fight a monster!?"

"Chi-Chi...now really isn't...the time for that..." Goku replied in exasperation. "Chi-Chi, I don't have much time left...if it isn't Goten and Trunks, I'll be seeing you all before the end of the week! I don't want that!"

The former martial artist gasped slightly, taken aback by the suddenness of Goku's outburst. She didn't know what to say — for the first time since they'd been married, words were failing her in an argument against her husband.

"Please...Goten has to fight..." Goku continued, and then he looked at Bulma. "Bulma...I'm sorry, to you and Chi-Chi..."

The woman sighed, the motion shaking her shoulders and lavender tresses. "In the end, there's not much we can do...if they don't fight, we die, right?" Bulma turned to look at Gohan. "But what about you, Gohan? You're almost as strong as your Dad, aren't you?"

"At this point, I'm not really sure..." Gohan replied, scratching the back of his head nervously. "When I first fought Majin Bū, I thought I could handle it, but I was sorely outclassed. In the end, I almost died—" Erasa clenched his hand at this —and, at this point, I might be more in the way of the fight than anything. Without Dad, there's no one else on my level I can fuse with, after all..." He gnashed his teeth silently, cursing his own inability to do anything.

Goku turned towards Gohan, placing a hand consolingly on his son's shoulder. "It's fine, son. You did all...you could — we all have. But now, we should...leave it up to the boys. Whaddya say, Goten? Trunks? Are you two...ready to learn to fuse!?"

The two boys looked at each other silently, as if debating over whether or not they should entertain Goku's idea. In the end, it was Trunks who answered, confidently responding to Goku, "Yeah! Let's do this Fusion thing and get back that Majin Bū creep for what he did to my Dad!"

"That's the spirit! I'm not sure...how much time I have left, actually..." Goku began, but was interrupted by a voice.

"You have twenty minutes, Goku."

Goku spun around, shocked, to see Uranai Baba, the older sister of Muten Rōshi, who was floating on her crystal ball, looking seriously at Goku. "B-Baba!? Twenty minutes!? Is that really all I've got!?"

"I'm sorry, but that's all the time you've got left."

And so, for twenty minutes, Goku and Piccolo led Goten and Trunks through the motions of the Fusion technique while their comrades watched. For twenty minutes, Earth's greatest hero tried to pass on knowledge and teachings to his youngest child, and the child of his greatest rival. For twenty minutes, the group was forced into a calm silence as Goku and Piccolo repeated instructions and corrections — and more than once, displayed the technique — for the benefit of the children.

But time, no matter how prolonged, cannot be stalled forever, and Goku's remaining sands in the hourglass were flickering to the bottom.

"Your time is drawing to a close, Goku," replied Baba sternly. "Come now, say your farewells so that we can get moving."

The moment Baba said this, nearly everyone began to crowd around Goku — with only the likes of Marque and Videl shifting off to the sides, as they didn't quite belong in a scene like this — trying to exchange their goodbyes with the beloved man.

"You really have to go, don't you, Dad?" asked Gohan soberly.

"Yeah..." replied Goku, smiling gently at his son. "I wish I could have stayed longer — I wish...we could have used...this day for something else..."

"It's fine, Dad," shrugged Gohan with a determined smile. "I came to terms with the fact that you'd have to leave again when you told us it was only for a day. I just wish we weren't leaving everything like this," he gestured widely, as if trying to encompass the globe. "I wish I wasn't so powerless to help...so weak that my little brother has to fight for us..."

"Gohan..." Erasa whispered. She didn't know what to say; she didn't have anything consoling, not this time.

Goku, however, smiled. "If you're really...serious about it, son...then why don't you swing on by Master Karin?" Karin was the eight-century old talking cat who lived atop Karin Tower, in the Sacred Land of Karin. "He might...be able to give you a hand..." Looking at Erasa, he nudged in Gohan's direction. "I want you to go with him as well...he's gonna need you..."

"M-Me!?" Erasa pointed at herself confusedly, sapphire eyes widening in surprise.

Goku flashed a tired grin, and to him, that seemed to be all he needed to say, leaving his oldest son and Erasa very flustered indeed.

Exchanging more farewells with his friends and family, Goku was surprised as Chi-Chi simply gave up on any air of politeness and rushed through the others, pushing aside the likes of Piccolo, Muten Rōshi, and Yamcha simultaneously, and throwing her arms around her husband's neck. In a surprise move, she pressed her lips to Goku's, and the Saiyan's eyes widened for only a moment. Too tired to resist, he mimicked Chi-Chi's actions, and for a short moment of time, the two of them were wrapped in this embrace.

As they pulled apart, Goku asked Chi-Chi, "So..what was that for?"

The wife smiled at the innocent nature of her husband, always the simple man. "We've never kissed before...not in the entirety of the time since we've been married." The edges of her eyes watering slightly, she didn't break her smile, nor remove her arms from her husband's neck. "I wouldn't be able to live with myself if I didn't give you something to remember me by — if I wasn't here, like last time, not when you're leaving for good."

"Goku, come on, your time is ticking..."

As Goku turned to leave, Goten stepped forward, the miniature version of his father looking nervously. He was struggling to find the words he wanted to say, and only a string of stammers came from the seven year old's mouth.

"What's the matter, Goten?" asked Goku, but the boy still found himself unable to say anything.

"I think I know," replied Chi-Chi tenderly, kneeling down beside Goten. "You want Daddy to give you a hug, don't you?"

"Uh-huh..." Goten nodded.

Goku's face broke out into a grin, and he bent down to pick up Goten. "Well then! Why didn't you just say so?" Laughing with as much vigor as his energy level would allow, he lifted his son into the air, who was stifling back tears. Bringing him in close, Goku hugged his son tightly, ruffling his hair. "Be strong...alright, son? You and Gohan take care of Mom, alright?"

"Okay..."

Setting Goten down, Goku could postpone his return no longer. Rising into the air with Baba, he waved cheerfully back down to his friends and family on the Palace of God. "Bye, everyone! I'll see you all again when you die!" With that oddly cheerful tone as he shouted down with all his energy, Son Goku returned to the Afterlife with Baba.

### **Afterlife, Serpent Road**

After the brief travel through dimensions, Uranai Baba arrived above Serpent Road with Son Goku in tow. Floating on her crystal ball, she turned to the Saiyan, whose physical condition had recovered the moment he returned to where he belonged — the afterlife. "Alright, Goku; I believe you can navigate the rest of the way from here. Give that old North Kaiō my regards, will you?"

"Will do, Baba!" Goku replied, cheerfully waving the old woman off as he flew over the winding path of Serpent Road. Looking down at the road he knew so well, Goku wasn't surprised to see a line of what appeared to be formless white clouds. These were souls, this much he knew. And it didn't take much guessing for him to figure out whose souls they were, either.

"Majin Bū must be pretty busy back down on Earth..." Goku muttered. "I hope you kids can handle it..." Approaching the end of the line — literally and figuratively, as he'd reached the Devil Realm of Enma Daiō, the red oni that judged the souls of the Afterlife — the Saiyan descended, cutting in front of the others souls and making his way into the Devil Realm. "I may as well stop by and say hi to him," Goku noted, ignoring the oni who insisted he wait in line like the rest. As he approached the desk of the gargantuan oni, he saw him talking with a soul, and heard a particularly familiar voice, albeit disembodied.

"I'm only going to ask one more time; the situation being what it is, and the circumstances of your death being what they were, we can *lessen* your sentence, Vegeta," Enma spoke with insistence.

*"And I've already told you I don't have a need for that; I died on my own terms, and I can accept what you're meting out; where I'm going..."*

It was a voice that Goku would recognize anywhere, even if it no longer had a body attached to it. "V-Vegeta...?" The name slipped out of Goku's mouth before he could stop himself, and both the oni and the soul turned to look towards Goku.

"Son Goku!" Enma boomed with surprise. "What is this; you're back early, aren't you?"

"It's a long story," Goku said, waving off Enma's surprised tone. "But...Vegeta, is that you?"

Despite lacking the necessary organs — or even body — to make the sound, the soul of Vegeta began to make irritated grumbling noises. *"This is rich, truly."* The soul muttered with distaste. *"I never thought I'd have the misfortune of being pitied by you in death, Kakarot."*

"Pitied...!?" Goku blinked in surprise. He couldn't get a read on Vegeta's expression, but he could tell his former rival was far from pleased to see him. "Even while you're dead, you're still gonna hold a grudge against me, Vegeta?"

*"Did you think I'd simply let it go because I'm dead, Kakarot?"* replied the furious wisp.

Goku sighed, and looked up at Enma. "Hey, Enma. Can you give Vegeta his body back? It's not easy to have a conversation when he's like this—" the Saiyan gestured to Vegeta's soul form, making strange hand movements to illustrate his point —"so can ya do me that favor, please?"

Enma frowned, looking down at Goku, Vegeta, and the line of souls — the majority of which were all from Earth — and mulled it over for a moment. It was certainly bending the rules, but Goku had always been a special case, and it wouldn't be the strangest thing the oni had ever done for Goku. "Fine; I was going to have to do it at the end, anyway." Flipping through his pages, Enma placed a special stamp on Vegeta's entry which read "体", and the latter's soul was enveloped in a light that began to take shape as his body re-materialized. A halo — a temporary addition — floated above the Saiyan's torch-like hair, and he looked down at himself in surprise.

The body which he had reduced to dust in his effort to defeat Majin Bū had been restored.

"Hey, Vegeta." Goku grinned. "I heard what you did while I was knocked out. If I knew you had that kinda potential, we could'a beat Majin Buu together easy!"

Despite these encouraging words, Vegeta shot an icy stare in Goku's direction, surprising him.

"What?"

"...Do you know what I hate?" The prince breathed harshly.

"Eh?" Goku blinked in confusion, surprised at the sudden question and Vegeta's statement.

"Constantly, you belittle my pride, Kakarot," Vegeta crossed his arms, grimace set firmly in his face. "Whenever we fight, you coddle me, you treat me as if we are equals — when in reality, *you* are my better. From the time you defeated Freeza, the gap in our powers was clear, but you never acted like that in our battles. Constantly patronizing me; you do it out of pity, Kakarot, and I cannot abide that!"

"But—"

"Enough!" Vegeta spat. "I could feel it, you know? While I was standing on that damned road, waiting to be judged; your *ki*. Even this far into the afterlife, I could feel your *ki*; how much stronger than me you had really been during our match. You were hiding it, letting me believe I had a chance to defeat you! Do you have any idea how insulted I felt, Kakarot — that at the end of our match, when victory was so close at hand, I still couldn't match up to you!?"

"That's not true!" Goku cut Vegeta off. "I've never pitied you once, Vegeta! You of all people know how we Saiyans get stronger whenever we fight; how it brings the best in us! Ever since our first fight, I could see your strength; you were strong, way stronger than I ever thought was possible! I was amazed — I knew we'd have to fight again, so I asked Kuririn to let you leave the Earth. But has never been pity, Vegeta; every time I get to fight you, I'm thrilled to have the chance!"

"Don't you think it's a little too late for you to try comforting me, Kakarot?" replied Vegeta with mild irritation. "You always were like this; blindly oblivious to everything around you!"

"Well, it ain't comfortin' you, that's for sure," replied Goku indignantly. "That's just how I've always been, Vegeta — I've never had any real sense of Saiyan pride, growin' up on Earth with Grandpa, so I had to "borrow" your pride from you. I never meant to insult your pride, and to me, you'll always be my greatest rival. I truly enjoyed our rivalry; without each other, I don't think either of us would be as strong as we are right now."

Vegeta let out a defeated sigh. Even at this point — well past the end — Kakarot was simple to the point of stupidity. He didn't understand — no, he couldn't understand — but at the same time, the Saiyan prince felt inclined to agree to some of what Kakarot had to say. "In the end, I should have seen this coming," replied the Prince quietly. "You were always one step ahead of me; the first to become a Super Saiyan, so naturally, I would have come up short." It was a surprisingly placid tone for the recently angry Vegeta, and looking at Goku, his face wore a defeated, but peaceful expression.

"I believe I've stalled long enough, Kakarot," continued Vegeta. "But before I go, how are they? Bulma...and Trunks?"

"You don't have to worry, Vegeta," replied Goku. "Bulma is fine, and our sons are training right now to defeat Majin Bū. They might be the only hope Earth has left, though, just to be safe, I went and told Gohan a little somethin'. If the boys can't do it, he'll be able to I'm sure."

And then, very un-like Vegeta, a smile spread across the Saiyan Prince's face. "It'll be fine. We're talking about our sons, after all. I have complete faith in them...complete faith in Trunks. They will be able to win!"

"Yeah!" Goku grinned. "So...I suppose this is it, isn't it?" Goku extended his clenched fist towards Vegeta, a cheeky smile on his face. "I know it might sound a bit brash to say this *now*...but good luck, Vegeta."

Vegeta looked at Goku's extended hand, eyes wide with confusion, but in the end, he sighed and smiled for a final time, gently bumping fists with his rival. "Yes. Farewell, Kakarot."

After confirming they were finished, Enma stamped Vegeta's entry in his booklet for a final time, confirming where the man was to be sent: Hell. As his particular punishment before wiping his memories and then the following reincarnation process would require his body, Vegeta trudged off towards the entryway to Hell, his face stern. In the end, he'd died a warrior. In the end, he'd died protecting those he loved. With Kakarot watching his back, Vegeta had no more regrets. He stepped over the threshold, and into the waiting arms of the Underworld.

*Farewell.*

*A/N: And here it is! It took awhile (oh who am I kidding, it took the same amount of time it always does), but the chapter is finally out. It is the middle of October, and I really wanted to get this chapter up and running before Dragon Ball Xenoverse 2 came out; let's face it, when that game is out, I will be very sidetracked. But, all in all, I think this is one of my more emotionally driven chapters, the likes of which I haven't done since Chapter 38. In the end, it turned out well, I think: Goku's farewell to his family, Goku's closure with Vegeta, and my setting of future events that will come to fruition. I know this chapter had minimal focus on Gohan and Erasa, but trust me, I intend to rectify that; very very soon, do I intend to rectify that. But bear with me for now, as I focus a little more on the other characters that exist in this world. Also, to anyone who has been keeping up with Super, you'll probably get what that whole kiss scene was about.*

*Now, as I close off this chapter, once again, let's give a thanks to Demod20, and also Firegod00 this time, for both looking over my chapter and proofreading the thing to prove that writing while intoxicated is indeed the best way to go. As a final note, please check out the new story that will tie into the Erased Chronicle's future: The Future is Black, written by a good friend of mine, JacobKingston10, and uploaded to my profile. It focuses on events in Dragon Ball Super, and will lead into a special chapter down the line for my story! I'll see you all in the next exciting installment of the Erased Chronicles!*

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41. The Parting of the Ways

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