

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

**The Erased Chronicles** Follow/FavBy: LastationLover5000 (/u/5708835/LastationLover5000)  (https://www.fanfiction.net/pm2/post.php?uid=5708835)

In an alternate timeline where Gohan encounters Erasa, Videll'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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< Prev

43. Djinns, Devils, and Holy Water

Next >

"HAIL SATAN! HAIL SATAN! HAIL SATAN!"

These words rung throughout the head of the man known as the "Champion of the World". Mark — better known to the world by his stage name, Mr. Satan — tried to relax as his own personal helicopter descended. The aircraft was descending a fair distance from a structure that had been built recently just outside of Ginger Town; the house of the horrible djinn known as Majin Bū.

According to reports, the monster had caused an entire town to vanish, and shortly after, this house had appeared, as if an omen. People who had seen the djinn's magic on display with Babidi's broadcast to the world feared the worst. However, when Mr. Satan had assured the citizens that the missing populace must have simply evacuated — as many Earthlings were doing in the wake of Majin Bū's siege across the planet — a brief calm had been restored, as the Earthlings heeded Mr. Satan's words to not fall for these "tricks".

And they had bought it. Trying to shake off the butterflies in his stomach, Mr. Satan kept his mind focused. This was his chance to redeem himself after his embarrassing loss in the Tenkaichi Budōkai, the people had their faith in him shaken. *"But with the little bald one nowhere to be found, I can discreetly take out this Majin Bū character and reclaim my status as the Champion!"* To no one in particular, Mr. Satan flashed a peace sign, grinning to himself.

The helicopter made a rocky landing, shaking the former 'World Champion' in his seat. Unbuckling himself, the man and his attendants stepped out of the helicopter and onto the fresh grass outside of Ginger Town. Clutched tightly in Mr. Satan's grip was a duffel bag, and when inquired about the nature of its contents, only hurried his assistant back into the helicopter with a vague comment and urged them to leave.

"Alright...now, to sneak on up...and see if he's there...!" Mr. Satan moved as swiftly as he could, ducking behind whatever available foliage he could find to avoid being seen. The sight was comical, but the "World Champion" either wasn't aware or didn't care. Regardless, he snuck his way towards the oddly constructed home, and craned his head through one of the numerous holes in the clay construct. To his great luck, it appeared that the djinn was currently not home.

The 'World Champion' glanced at the sky. It was evening and the entire sky was painted in hues of red, orange, and yellow. If Majin Bū *did* sleep, he'd certainly be returning home soon — meaning Mr. Satan would have to get to work if he had any hope of setting up a trap for Majin Bū before the djinn returned. *"I'm no fool...fighting that freak head on has got to be some sort of suicide mission!"* Patting his bag, however, he grinned devilishly to himself. *"But I've got some surprises when Bū hauls ass back here!"*

Palace of God, Earth

"Goten, raise your arms! Trunks, close your legs!" Piccolo shouted instructions towards the two half-Saiyan children as he watched them struggle to perform the Fusion properly. Even after their early twenty minute drills with both the Namekian and Goku, and the further hour of practise they'd had since then, Goten and Trunks hadn't made any notable progress in mastering the Fusion techniques poses, and the sun was setting in the sky, eating away at what precious time they had.

"It took Goku a week to master this technique! Steel yourselves and we can accomplish it within the next day!" barked Piccolo, completely in "drill sergeant mode".

"You think he'd give them a break..." muttered Chi-Chi worriedly. "I know I don't have a choice, and I have to let Goten fight an' all...but it's past his bedtime!"

"I'm not too big on letting Trunks be up this late either," agreed Bulma, the two mothers watching their children with looks of worry. It was only with considerably self-control that they had not yet mutinied Piccolo's training camp and whisked their beloved son's to bed for a good night's rest — the training had only begun an hour ago, and they were able to swallow their motherly instincts for a little longer so the boys could grasp the necessary basics.

"Fu! Sion! Ha!"

This had been the most repeated set of words, as if the mantra was the only thing staving off the incessant threat of Majin Bū down on the surface below. The idea had been to practise the dance itself, and commit the moves to memory — neither Goten nor Trunks were actively controlling their power levels now, which was fortunate due to the multiple mistakes they kept making.

"I didn't think such an art existed..." Shin said as he watched the two boys continue to practise the technique. "To merge two entities into a singular being...is there no end to the surprises of humans?"

"You're not a very informed god, are you?" replied Kuririn sardonically.

"I'm sorry to say that it appears I have far more to learn than I thought," Shin said contritely.

After yet another half hour — by which point the reddish hues in the sky were melding with purple and the sun itself was begging for sleep — the boys had practised themselves to the point of exhaustion themselves, and neither one of them were truly used to staying up as late as it was.

"Alright, that's enough!" Chi-Chi walked over towards the trio, clapping her hands loudly. "Goten! It's past your bedtime and you need to sleep!"

"Same for you, Trunks," insisted Bulma sternly, following the younger mother's lead. "Saving the world is important, but you won't be able to manage a thing if you fall asleep in the middle of the fight, will you?"

Despite the children's protests and insistence that they could stay awake longer and practise, their mothers forced them to move. Relenting — and unable to stifle their yawns — they were led away into the inner chambers of the palace by Mr. Popo towards the bedchambers.

"Aren't you going to say something?" asked Yamcha. "Bulma and Chi-Chi just single handedly overran your bootcamp."

"There are some battles even *I* won't participate in," replied Piccolo flatly.

Majin Bū's House, Outside Ginger Town; Earth

With the sun truly beginning to set over the horizon, the unfortunate Mr. Satan had not yet come up with anything particularly concrete to handle the giant pink elephant in the room. He had, however, managed to set up several sticks of dynamite — strategically hidden, of course — across Bū's land. "*Now, if I can just make it on out of here, when that fatso gets back, I'll blow this entire place to smithereens!*"

It wasn't ironclad but it was certainly a start.

The 'World Champion' was too busy salivating over the prospect of this victory to notice that his quarry had already descended, stepping gently over his house before crashing onto the ground with a loud noise. Mr. Satan jumped, and turned around to find himself face to face with none other than the djinn himself, Majin Bū. He broke into a cold sweat; perhaps this was what cornered prey felt like in the presence of their predator?

"Hello!" Majin Bū said cheerily. "What candy do you want to be when I eat you? Chocolate? Gummi? Maybe even gumball!?"

"W-W-W-Wait!" Mr. Satan hurriedly backed away, reaching for his duffel bag. "M-Mister Bū, I didn't come here to get eaten! I heard tales of your greatness and so I made this long journey to bring you presents! Please accept them from this humble man!"

"Prezint?"

"Yeah, t-that's right! Presents! Gifts!" Reaching into the bag, Mr. Satan pulled out a giant, corked bottle full of pale, blue, clear liquid. "We regular folk call this soda! It's a real popular drink and I thought you might like to try it! Go on!" He handed the bottle to Majin Bū, who took it in his gloved hands with a look of curiosity. He uncorked the bottle, and began to try some, before guzzling the entire thing.

"That's it! Keep drinking and you'll be a dead man in no time! That bottle is full of cyanide, enough to take out a bull elephant!"

After downing the bottle, Majin Bū grinned, looking at Mr. Satan with a contented look on his face. "That taste good! Very sweet! Bū like! You got more?"

"Uh..y-yeah..." Mr. Satan was stunned, watching Majin Bū with an expression of complete shock. That was a two-liter bottle of cyanide — never mind the trouble of actually procuring it — and this...*thing* was showing no adverse effects. He bent down, and reached into his bag once again, pulling out a handheld gaming system. It was a hinged system, complete with a dual-screen on both the bottom and top half. It was one of the latest handheld systems on Earth, and was quite popular for its 3D functions.

"H-Here, Mister Bū!" Mr. Satan let Majin Bū take the handheld from him. "You turn it on like this, and try to play one of the games! Look, they have one of the real old fashioned ones here! Try and match the blocks to create a pile!"

"Erm..." Bū groaned in frustration as he tried to play the game, showing visual signs of irritation and discomfort. "This too hard to play!"

"G-Give it a try just a little longer!" Mr. Satan insisted, sneaking away from Majin Bū and pulling a remote detonator out of his pockets. *"...And just like that, die Majin Bū!"* His thumb slammed the button on the detonator, and he plugged his ears for the deafening explosion behind him. Turning around with glee on his face, the smoke quickly cleared and Mr. Satan was left wide-eyed at Majin Bū, who stood there smiling.

"Hey! That part was fun!"

"That's...that's great..." Mr. Satan gaped.

"Bū like you!" replied the djinn, his childish grin still plastered on his face. "You funny! You become Bū's servant!"

"W-What?" It didn't register with Mr. Satan until a second later, and out of a sense of self preservation, the 'World Champion' agreed. "W-Why, thank you, Master Bū!"

"Okay! You come into Bū's house! It's getting dark! Dark time means dinner and sleep!"

And that was how Mr. Satan got roped into becoming the servant of Majin Bū. But could the 'World Champion' still prove himself to be the saviour of the Earth? As he began to prepare Majin Bū a meal, Mr. Satan was starting to wonder that himself — and if he'd gotten into a bigger mess than even he could handle.

Karin Tower, Sacred Land of Karin; Earth

"The...Chōshinsui...?" Erasa repeated. "Um...what *is* that?"

"Yes," replied Karin. "The Chōshinsui is a magical elixir, devised ages ago by a sage who represented the gods themselves, for the benefit of the people below the Heavenly Realm. By drinking the Chōshinsui, it will draw out your latent and untapped abilities — with it, you can ascend to new heights. However, if you've already trained and hit the wall that is your limits, then the Chōshinsui won't affect you at all."

"Wait...if Dad knows about the Chōshinsui...didn't he drink it?" Gohan inquired.

"A fair question. Yes, your father did drink the Chōshinsui when he was but a boy, before his battle with your teacher's former incarnation — Piccolo Daimaō."

"But...Dad always had more hidden potential to unlock," Gohan pressed further. "If the Chōshinsui unlocks all of your power, why didn't it work on Dad?"

Karin frowned. "You're not incorrect. It *did* bring out some of your father's hidden power — in fact, it was so impressive I believed that boy was special. And I was right."

"You were...right?" Erasa blinked.

"Yes. I told you before; the Chōshinsui was created by, in essence, by the gods for the mortals below the Heavenly Realm. But your father isn't from this planet, Gohan. The Chōshinsui is a divine gift from the gods, meant to protect Earthlings and give them strength. It was created so to prevent Majins, among others, from abusing its power — or someone like the Piccolo Daimaō of old."

"It didn't work...because Dad wasn't an Earthling?"

"Precisely. By all rights, your father should have died that day. But you Saiyans are notably tenacious, aren't you? And every time you recover from nearly dying, you become stronger? That's what happened to your father when he drunk the Chōshinsui. Saiyans truly are impressive."

"But I'm a Saiyan too...what good with the Chōshinsui do for me?" asked Gohan, becoming slightly confused.

"Oh come now, boy, they said you were intelligent!" chided Karin. "You might be Saiyan, but you're only half. You are half-Earthling; Earthling like this girl of yours."

"Um...I have to ask, this water sounds a little...convenient, isn't it?" stammered Erasa. "I mean, bringing out our inner power and everything sounds great, it really does. But nothing that nice exists without some kind of drawback." It was only basic logic. Anything quite so convenient had to have some kind of catch.

"A good eye," replied Karin. "Yes, the Chōshinsui...is also a potent toxin. It *can* release one's hidden power — according to the lore passed down from ancient times — but failure to be accepted by the water will result in death."

「 *Result in death.* 」

These weren't quite the words of hope that the couple had been hoping to receive from Master Karin, and yet, this was what they were confronted with. If they were rejected by the Chōshinsui — if their bodies were unable to fight off the toxin within the water — they would die. That was the task that Goku had been confronted with, many years ago when he drunk the water on a night much like tonight.

"*And now we have to make the same choice...*" Gohan thought, eyeing the container on Karin's cane with some trepidation. It only occurred to him just now that this container, emblazoned with the character for "神" on the side, must be the Chōshinsui itself. The very thing that could kill him was lazily resting on the cane of an old cat hermit.

"Will...will the Chōshinsui make us that much stronger?" Erasa asked, a bead of sweat dripping down her scalp. "Is the reward really worth the risk?"

"That depends on you," replied Karin. "How much do you know about *ki*?"

"Enough," shrugged Erasa. "Gohan gave me a rundown of how *ki* works, at least how I can use it, and I've been applying that in my training."

"I see...so you've grasped the bare basics at least," Karin leaned on his cane, stroking the fur on his chin. "Let me give you something more of an in-depth rundown. I don't even think Gohan knows this; this knowledge is more for those who study *ki* as part of their training, and it comes with being a hermit. *Ki*, the life energy that flows within our bodies, is made up of two types of energy. Physical energy — often simply called "energy" — and Spiritual energy — which is broken down into two distinct parts, "courage" and "mind".

These two parts, spiritual and physical energies, mix inside the body into what we call *ki*, and they rest within the center of our bodies." He pressed his stomach for emphasis, showing theoretically where the well of *ki* would be located. "Physical energy is innate to the body itself; you're born with it, and it is the barest aspect of *ki*. But the Spiritual energies — "mind" and "courage" — that exist within our bodies are unique to *you*. They are influenced by your personality; your very spirit. The stronger these aspects, the stronger your spiritual energies. And with Earthlings, this is especially prevalent. *Ki* is influenced heavily by your emotions and convictions. That is why the results of the Chōshinsui depend on you — if your reasons for drinking the water are just, then you will gain power, even if you did not come here to seek it."

"My...convictions?"

"Yes. But the slightest hint of self-doubt will dull the water. The two of you are advised to drink from it only if you are confident you will succeed. No one will think less of you if you don't."

Erasa breathed deeply. Confidence. Convictions. What did she fight for? She hardly needed reminded of that anymore — this entire day had been a trial in and of itself. What she fought for was standing right next to her — as well as up on the Palace of God. "...I'll drink it. I wouldn't be able to live with myself in the morning if I didn't drink it; if I had an opportunity to help everyone and it simply passed me by. I can't do that, Master Karin."

Gohan smiled, his black eyes glinting. "I don't think I need to be told twice. I'll drink the water as well, Master Karin. I can't stand aside while my little brother, Trunks, and even Erasa try to carry this entire mess on their shoulders." A brief flash of light cross his visage — the flash from Majin Bū's Kikōha that had sent him hurtling across the planet. "Not when I was helpless to stop it before."

"...You're both crazy..." Yajirobe muttered. Having remained silent during an explanation that went over his head, he was surprised anyone would be willing to try that water again. Goku was crazy for trying it the first time, and his opinion hadn't changed on the water in those years since.

With an immense sense of pride, Karin took the container from his cane and set it onto the ground. "You two are truly something else. Alright." He went down a small flight of stairs, and came back quickly with two cups. Pouring the water into the containers, Gohan and Erasa saw that the liquid was black — a far cry from the clear water they had expected, and truly did believe now that it was poisoned.

"This is how much you two will have to drink," Karin handed them each the glasses, and stepped back. "I wish you both luck."

Gohan and Erasa turned to look at each other, and raised their glasses. This wasn't the time for farewells. Inhaling deeply, the two gulped the water down with only mild hesitation.

The effect was instantaneous. The moment they swallowed, their cups clattered to the floor, and horrendous screams of pain escaped their throats. The very sound itself sounded as if their bodies were on fire. Writing in pain on the floor of Karin Tower, Gohan and Erasa's trials had only just begun.

A/N: So, after well over a month, multiple sicknesses, multiple games, and a lack of motivation to write Mr. Satan, I'm back! Yeah, I was surprised to of what happens within a month, two weeks, and some odd days. I got a little sidetracked, and I was sick from October until late November, so that certainly didn't help things in the slightest. Regardless, I am back and God did I not want to do this chapter. I was actually considering rushing every single thing involving Mr. Satan into this chapter alone, but given the timeframe in which my story takes place, I had to avoid that. Mercifully, I managed to work other characters into this chapter as well, so it isn't a Mr. Satan stand-alone. But what most interests me in my own chapter is my last additions. Yes. I took the Chōshinsui and I ran with it in my story. It never got an expalantion beyond "oh it draws out all of your power" but for Goku, we as know, it DIDN'T draw out all of his power. So I took the basic concept and expanded on it. Furthermore, Karin's explanation of *ki* has some mention in the series' databooks; in the first Chōzenshū, in fact, it is mentioned that *ki* is made up of three parts: "energy" (元気, genki), "courage" (勇氣, yūki), and "mind" (正気, shōki). I merely expanded on it by introducing the concept of two halves of *ki*: Physical energy (身体エネルギー, shintai enerugi) and Spiritual energy (精神エネルギー, seishin enerugi), to incorporate these aspects.

With this chapter, I am over the "hump", so to speak. The Majin Bū arc is nearly at a close, and we'll be getting into some new material after that before I take us down a familiar road again. I hope you all stick around for what I've got coming — please maintain an open mind as well. You've stuck with me this long, why not hang around for the rest of it? As always, let's thank Demod20 for proofreading and making sure this chapter is shipshape. I'll try and be a lot quicker about the next one, so I'll see you soon in the next exciting installment of the Erased Chronicles!

< Prev **43. Djinn, Devils, and Holy Water** Next >

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