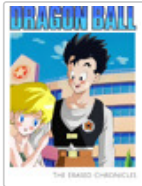


[Anime/Manga \(/anime/\)](/anime/) > [Dragon Ball Z \(/anime/Dragon-Ball-Z/\)](/anime/Dragon-Ball-Z/)**The Erased Chronicles** Follow/FavBy: LastationLover5000 (/u/5708835/LastationLover5000)  (https://www.fanfiction.net/pm2/post.php?uid=5708835)

In an alternate timeline where Gohan encounters Erasa, 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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44. The Creature of Wrath

Next &gt;

**Palace of God, Earth, Morning; 11:30 am**

High in the sky, the world was quiet. Silence floated around the Palace of God, with the only sound being the occasional rush of air. The members of the Dragon Team who were hiding on the Palace were quietly asleep, the stress from the previous day having taken their toll. Mr. Popo had given the Earthlings beds, while not sleeping himself, and Dende was resting within the god's chambers. Deep within the Palace, the young Goten and Trunks rested on a king-sized bed, having been given some of the better resting quarters due to their sheer importance in the coming battles.

Due to reckless sleeping, the boys were scattered across the bed haphazardly. Goten was sleeping closer to the edge of the bed, with his left foot kicking Trunks in the face. The lavender-haired boy made a face, but didn't wake, only edging his face away, trying to escape in his sleep. With these antics, it was almost hard to believe they were the ones destined to fight the horrible Majin Bū. But with all the time they spent sleeping, they were wasting valuable time that could have been used for training.

And the drill sergeant Piccolo was simply none of that.

"GOTEN, TRUNKS, WAKE UP!" His voice was amplified, shaking the Palace from sheer decibels. "YOU'VE SQUANDERED ENOUGH PRECIOUS TIME ALREADY!"

Goten and Trunks awoke with a jolt, looking around themselves in pure confusion. In a daze, they stared at each other, and then looked at Piccolo, looking at him with utterly blankness on their faces.

"Who...are you?" Trunks asked, his vision blurred with sleep.

"...still sleepy..." Goten murmured groggily.

A vein throbbed in Piccolo's temple, the Nameccian having lost his patience within the past five seconds of waking them up. "Enough dawdling! I said UP! The more time you take, the less time you have to master the Fusion technique, and the more Majin Bū will wreak havoc on Earth! Now out of bed!"

The second yelling startles the boys into enough alertness that they realized the situation and slid out of bed. Trying to look at attention, they rubbed their eyes to remove the sleep. Yawning, Goten posed a question to Piccolo.

"Piccolo...what about breakfast?"

Grinding his teeth, the Nameccian snapped back. "Fusion! You're having Fusion for breakfast, that's what! Now get downstairs so we can begin!"

Grumbling under their breaths, the boys followed their teacher out of the bedchamber and towards the outer portions of the Palace. After a review, Goten and Trunks would be dispensing with practising the moves themselves — today would be the day for the actual Fusion, and Piccolo would rather not damage the Palace.

"*You two need to succeed...*" Piccolo thought to himself, his face firmly set. "*Our hopes are pinned on you — for the survival of Earth. And for both your sakes — master the Fusion today!*" Stepping out into the open air and tiled floor of the Palace of God, Piccolo turned to face the boys. "Now, let's resume our training! Goten and Trunks — Earth is counting on you!"

"Yes sir!" The two responded, now completely awake and determined. Today, they would master the Fusion — and kill Majin Bū.

### **Majin Bū's House, Outside Ginger Town; Earth**

At the house of the Djinn, Majin Bū was an early riser, and had been awake for several minutes waiting Mr. Satan to cook him a meal. Sitting at his table, the Djinn banged a fork and knife to the clay structure. "Satan! Food!"

"It's comin', Mister Bū!" replied the man, who was busying himself in an apron over a stove. He had questioned at first just how the stove worked in this clay house, but in retrospect was simply glad it did. Sliding eggs and bacon onto a plate, the 'Champion' brought it over to Majin Bū, who devoured it with gusto before standing up, and heading towards the largest open hole in his house — the 'door'.

"W-Where are you going, M-Mister Bū?" asked Mr. Satan.

"Bū going to destroy more cities!" replied the Djinn cheerfully. "Bū still waiting for the strong guy to come! You make lunch for Bū when Bū return!"

"S-Sure!" said Mr. Satan, forcing a smile. "I'll make the best meal ever, you just watch!" He waved as Majin Bū began to float and headed off. "Good luck, Mister Bū!" He waited in silence in he was sure that Majin Bū was a good distance away, and his smile immediately became a grimace, with his hands dropping to his sides. "Damn right, you better go!" shouted Satan, a vein throbbing in his head. Running back into the house, he rummaged through his duffel back and found the detonator.

"This much TNT is gonna blow Majin Bū to bits!" grinned the man, gripping the detonator tightly and remembering the dynamite that he set up around the house the day prior. "I really *will* save the world!" Grinning to himself, Mr. Satan busied himself with the preparations of a meal — even victims about to be executed were afforded a last meal, after all, so why wouldn't the merciful Champion afford Majin Bū the same?

Over a half hour later, as Mr. Satan was beginning to prepare the choice meal, he heard a *thunk* that had become very familiar, along with the shock of fear that accompanied it. Ignoring the chill in his spine, Mr. Satan ran outside, bowing his head in frantic apology. "M-Mr. Bū, I'm so sorry but dinner isn't ready yet!" After a moment's silence, he looked up to see a confused Majin Bū holding a tired looking puppy.

"B-Bū?" Mr. Satan pointed at the puppy. "W-Where'd you get that dog?"

"He no run," Bū complained, holding the puppy towards Mr. Satan with an upset expression. "He no scared of Bū. You ask him why he no run?"

Mr. Satan examined the puppy, and it didn't take him long to find out the problem. "Um, I don't speak dog, but I think the problem is his leg is broken."

"Leg broken?" Majin Bū's squinted eyes looked at the puppy held in his gloved, and saw his leg was bent and bruised. The puppy itself even looked exhausted, and frequently let out whines, indicating it was in quite some pain. "Okay! Bū fix! Then he can run away!" Waving his hand over the puppy, it flashed bright pink, and his expression perked up, much to Mr. Satan's surprise.

Placing the puppy gently to the ground, Bū tried to shoot it away. "You go now! Run! Then Bū kill you!"

Despite Bū's insistence, the puppy didn't run; in fact, it nuzzled up to Majin Bū's leg, yelping happily. Bū looked down, confused, and looked up at Mr. Satan. "Satan! He still no run! What now?!"

"I think he likes you!" replied Mr. Satan, unable to suppress a grin as he watched the happy puppy. Bū, on the other hand, was only left more bewildered, and looked from Mr. Satan to the puppy before lightly jogging off in another direction. The puppy followed, barking happily as it believed Majin Bū wanted to play a game with it.

"Puppy like Bū?" inquired the Djinn, pointing at the dog.

"Yeah! Don'tcha see how his tail is wagging? He's happy!"

"He likes me!" Grinned Majin Bū. "Just like you!"

"Um...sure!" Mr. Satan didn't quite have a reply ready for that; it wasn't something he expected from Majin Bū.

"It feels nice!" replied Bū, still smiling. "Bū has friends!" He remembered the man who he healed earlier, the one with the broken leg, and how nice it had felt to heal that man's injuries. He was feeling that same strange sensation now — the dog, and Mr. Satan, made Majin Bū feel very warm inside. He didn't know what to call it before, but Mr. Satan had just told him, because the dog was feeling the same way.

He was happy.

The Djinn bent down towards the dog, conjuring some chocolate and handing it towards him. "Here, puppy! Bū give you chocolate! You eat!"

"N-No, Mr. Bū!" Mr. Satan hurriedly rushed over to chastise the Djinn. "You can't feed him that! Chocolate is really bad for dogs! We have to feed him dog food instead!"

"Dog...food? What's that?"

"You know what, why don't I go get some?" suggested the man, whipping out a Hoi-Poi Capsule from his *gi*. "You stay here and play with the puppy, and I'll go get it some food from the store!" Mr. Satan mounted the motorbike, pulling away as Majin Bū cheerfully waved at him. When he drove the span of several feet away, he grinned to himself and hopped off the bike. "*Now's my chance!*" Ducking beneath a rock, the man pulled out a pair of binoculars and gripped the detonator.

Peering through the binoculars, ready to press the red button, Mr. Satan paused. What he was watching through the binoculars surprised him. He couldn't hear anything, but Majin Bū was playing with the dog, and the dog was affectionately licking his face, with Majin Bū appearing to be laughing. His hand relaxed, and he loosened his grip on the detonator. Letting out a resigned sigh, Mr. Satan stood up, and tucked away the detonator and binoculars.

"...I'll do it later. I don't want to hurt the puppy."

On his way to the supermarket, Mr. Satan was lucky to have passed by two murderers without incident. In the wake of Majin Bū's siege on Earth, there had been Earthlings who had already given into far baser behaviours; murder, rape, and theft among them. Even officers had abandoned their stations at jails and prisons, and mass breakouts had occurred within hours, leaving criminals and citizens in the streets. And within the vicinity of Majin Bū's home, an affluent young man and his retainer had gained a taste for murdering their fellow men. And they were inching closer towards Majin Bū's home, with the intent on confronting the Djinn, high on the euphoria of killing.

Back at Majin Bū's home, the puppy was happily digging into a bowl of dog food, his tail wagging. As Mr. Satan and Majin Bū watched the puppy eat in relative silence, Mr. Satan put on a brave face, and turned to Majin Bū to ask a question that had been on his mind for awhile — especially since he'd come to see the Djinn's innocent face recently.

"M-Mr. Bū, can I ask you a question?" inquired Mr. Satan tentatively.

"Okay."

"Why do you go around...killing people? A-And destroying our cities?"

"Because it's fun!" replied Majin Bū cheerfully.

"T-That's all?" Mr. Satan was aghast, his jaw dropping. Such a simple reason...and it cost so many lives?

"Bibidi and Bobbidi told me that's how you play!"

"W-Who were they?"

"Mean people," replied Bū. "They said they made me!"

"W-Well, I don't think you should listen to p-people like that!"

Majin Bū made a face, and Mr. Satan quickly backed off, recanting his earlier statements and covering his face in fear of being struck. But Majin Bū did not move, and merely looked at Mr. Satan with an intent curiosity, before finally speaking again. "You no think Bū should kill?"

"N-No...I don't think...you should..."

"Ok, then! Bū quit! Bū kill no more!"

Mr. Satan first breathed a sigh of relief that he hadn't been killed for that line of conversation, and then feeling glee that he had actually managed to convince Majin Bū to stop wreaking havoc all across Earth. He couldn't believe his luck, but with this victory, he felt he truly was the Champion of the World that everyone thought he was. With this victory in mind, Mr. Satan pulled out a surprise he had bought for the puppy; a squeaking rubber ball. With the green squeaky toy, he showed Majin Bū how to play fetch with the puppy; throwing the ball, the dog would run for it and retrieve it for the Djinn.

"See?" Mr. Satan grinned. "Throw the ball, and the puppy brings it back! It's called fetch!"

"It's fun!" grinned Majin Bū, laughing as he gently threw the ball after the puppy brought it back. The green sphere soared, and the puppy barked and barreled after it.

Then it happened suddenly. A sound like an explosion, snapping and banging, ripped through the air. It was followed quickly by a whine, and the puppy dropped to the ground. Time seemed to slow down for Mr. Satan and Majin Bū, and they almost didn't hear the whooping sounds coming from the distance — the location of the shooters in question, the rich young man and his retainer.

But the most horrifying aspect of all was Majin Bū. The Djinn was standing completely still, and his eyes had jugged wide open, staring at the wounded puppy, nothing short of mortified. He was silent, devoid of sound, and still stood immobile, like a statue, as if he was unable to comprehend entirely what had just happened.

Mr. Satan, however, recognized the sound for what it was — a gunshot. To his horror, he immediately put together what had happened. Someone had shot the puppy. Whirling around, he saw a young blonde man with a ponytail and an older, portly man standing on a plateau in the distance. "...What are those *fools* doing!?" He said through gritted teeth. However, his expression of anger and disbelief quickly changed to shock and terror.

The young man was raising a missile-launcher over his shoulders, expression wild. "Hey, hero! Why're you out here hobnobbing with Majin Bū, eh?" Raising the missile-launcher to adequate shoulder height, he grinned. "Don't matter now, I suppose! If I blow ya up right 'ere and now, we'll be the new heroes! Say bye-bye!" There was another deafening explosion, and the man fired a missile straight towards Mr. Satan and the immobile Majin Bū.

In a flurry of panic, adrenaline rushed through Mr. Satan, and he fled from the oncoming missile. Only just getting out of the way, explosions rocked behind him as the missile — and multiple others, along with pelts of gunfire — collided with Majin Bū, obscuring Satan and Bū from view. When they had finally exhausted ammunition, the young man threw down his weapon. "They're in smithereens!" He declared in jubilation.

The smoke, however, began to clear, and standing exactly where he had been was Majin Bū — and he wore a terrifying expression on his face indeed. A hissing noise was emitting from his body, and steam issued from the multiple holes that adorned him like, as if his anger was letting itself loose in the only way it could. Face contorted in rage, and letting out guttural growling, the Djinn finally took a step forward, sending terror through the bodies of the shooters.

Yet, before Babidi's former minion could take any action, the two were surprised by the arrival of Mr. Satan. In a sucker punch, the man landed a solid blow to the portly retainer of the younger man, and he had been sent hurtling from the plateau to the solid ground below. The affluent young man looked over to see Mr. Satan, wearing a furious look on his face, and was momentarily taken aback at being confronted by the man himself.

"How...*dare* you!?" snarled the martial artist, angrily stepping forward. "You think you're just going to get away with this!?"

"I'd like ta see you try an' stop me!" replied the man, reaching for the nearest weapon.

Mr. Satan, however mundane he would appear to Gohan and his associates, was still far superior to the everyday man — in a surprising burst of speed, he moved forward and kicked the large weapon directly from the man's hands, where it fell away with a clattering sound. He proceeded to unleash a barrage of punches and kicks, brutally beating the young man in a barely contained rage.

"You dirty...rotten...piece of...*shit!*" spat Mr. Satan. "You don't deserve to live!" With a final kick, he sent his opponent tumbling downwards off the plateau to meet with his associate, spitting after him as he went.

Witnessing the entire exchange, Majin Bū's body began to relax, and his emotions started to settle. Mr. Satan had stepped in and beaten down the bad men that had killed the puppy. His friend had been there. It was some small form of condolence.

Mr. Satan was walking towards the downed puppy, muttering under his breath. He would help Majin Bū bury the poor thing, at the least. As he neared the dog, he saw the puppy's leg twitch, and a spark of hope ignited within him. "M-Mr. Bū! It's the puppy! He's still barely alive!"

These words spurred Majin Bū into action, and he rocketed towards the downed puppy with haste.

"Can you fix him!?"

"Bū can fix if not dead," replied the Djinn, placing his gloved hand over the wounded puppy. To Majin Bū and Mr. Satan, the entire world flashed pink in this instance, and when the miraculous light faded, the puppy's expression perked up once again, his fresh wound closed, and his energy returned. Majin Bū and Mr. Satan exchanged elated smiles, and grabbed each others hands, jumping and cheering.

For the second time, a sole gunshot cracked through the air; silence descended as Mr. Satan's eyes widened. He felt pain, and a burning sensation, and quickly realized he had been shot. The psychological shock came next, and his coordination left him as he collapsed to the ground. The young man was laughing in the distance, a smoking gun pointed directly at Mr. Satan.

"Serves ya right!" He shouted, and took off running in the other direction.

Majin Bū froze up, his eyes fully open for the second time. He watched his friend fall, and whatever rational thought he had was quickly leaving. Body trembling, steam issuing from his body rapidly, the Djinn placed his gloved hands over Mr. Satan, and the pink flash occurred for the third time that day.

Mr. Satan blinked rapidly, his hands running to the where the wound had been. "W-What...? Hadn't I just been...Bū!? You saved me!"

Yet there was no glee on Bū's face this time. No elation, no joy at saving Mr. Satan's life. His expression was twisted, wrought with pain, and veins throbbed in his forehead as the steam continued to issue forth. "Go..." Majin Bū said through gritted teeth. "Take puppy...run away...! You'll die!"

"Run? We'll d-die!? Bū, what's wrong!?" Mr. Satan implored, watching his new friend undergo this kind of pain with concern. "Come on, tell me, I can hel—"

**"RUN!"**

Majin Bū bellowed; his voice truly demonic, echoing throughout the area. The ground shook with the vibrations.

Truly terrified for the first time since he'd met the Djinn, Mr. Satan scooped up the puppy and obliged, apologizing quickly to Bū as he fled. Behind him, Majin Bū was struggling to keep himself composed, but found that his blind fury was no long so easily contained. The steam issuing from his body now billowed forth relentlessly, amassing above the Djinn, high in the air. Exhausted, drained of power, Majin Bū looked into the sky.

It appeared to be a cloud, but Majin Bū knew better. With dread, he watched as the smoke cloud above his head began to move, adjusting itself, shrinking in from the vast cloud form to a more manageable shape. It seemed to squirm, twitching and adjusting itself into new shapes. Limbs began to form, and a cape, followed by a head. Within moments, a grey-skinned, fully formed entity had appeared; emaciated, with a blank stare, wearing clothing identical to Majin Bū.

A second Majin Bū had been birthed.

Mr. Satan stared into the sky, his eyes wide, mouth trembling. "What...what's goin' on!?" He muttered through chattering teeth. But he never received an answer.

Only more shock and terror.

The second Majin Bū, the hovering gaunt figure — Skinny Bū? — almost appeared to be surveying its surroundings in utter silence. Its eyes, white irises with black sclera, moved back and forth, taking everything in. A sudden gust of wind blew through the area, whipping its cape around it, giving it a cloaked appearance, befitting of a reaper. *And then it moved.*

It was a horrific jerking motion, as if a dead body had been forced into action, beyond all rights denied its rest, and rocketed across the sky. Mr. Satan was initially terrified that the creature was coming for him, but it bypassed the man entirely — its soulless white eyes were locked onto a new target: the young man who had shot Mr. Satan and the puppy. The gaunt Majin Bū's arms were outspread, like a child playing airplane, and it cleared the distance between itself and the gunman within seconds.

"What—!?" The young man had turned around in time to see the horrific creature coming his way, only to be met by one of the second Majin Bū's outstretched arms — and immediately exploded in a fountain of gore. The sheer force from the Djinn's thin limbs, complete with the speed at which it had been moving, took its toll on the shooting within seconds. Blood, cloth, and flesh sprayed from that solitary spot backwards, drenching the ground in a line of red.

The thin Majin Bū turned its head towards its plump counterpart — with the rest of its body following suit — and it flew quickly towards the original Majin Bū, landing deftly onto the ground. The two stood facing each other, the plump Majin Bū confronting the wasted Majin Bū. The two came to blows immediately, the original Majin Bū feeling threatened by this presence — all of his anger and wrath concentrated into a single being.

The plump Bū stuck first, but the thin Bū moved out of the way, a spectre in the air that its original could not touch. When the thin Bū responded, it slammed its own head directly into Majin Bū's, denting the pink creature's face with ease. The plump Bū's slid back, and his wasted counterpart wasted no time in pressing its assault, the corpse-like body with its jerking motions somehow proving a capable combatant. It kicked Majin Bū back, causing him to tumble as Mr. Satan and the puppy could do nothing but watch in abject horror as their friend was being pushed.

Flat on his back, pushed against the wall, the fat Majin Bū glared towards his evil counterpart. A lot of his power had been lost in that unique fission, and he realized where it had gone — towards the creature standing in front of him. It had taken the brunt of the original Bū's strength, and Majin Bū was losing. Pointing his antennae at the bone-thin Majin Bū, he shouted. "Bū make you chocolate!"

His antennae glowed pink, and a thin ray of energy was shot towards his anorexic counterpart. What followed, however, would be more surprising than anything that had come before. Inhaling, the thin Majin Bū expelled its breath towards the energy blast, and this gust had enough force that the energy beam turned on Majin Bū. In shock, the original Bū's eyes widened as his own Transformation Beam hit him, forcibly transforming the previously terrifying Djinn into a Majin Bū-shaped chocolate cookie.

The thin Bū — now the only Bū — walked over and picked up the chocolate cookie. Bending down, he scooped up the former Djinn, and consumed the chocolate. There was a moment of silence, and then Majin Bū's face broke out into a devilish grin, complete with a maniacal laugh as pink smoke issued from its entire body. It swirled around Bū's entire body, obscuring it, and lightning crackled, pink and vibrant.

Through the smoke, its body was visible, as if by silhouette, and it could be seen changing. The thin frame widened, the image of the upper vest and cape were lost. Lightning continued to snap through the smokescreen until it vanished entirely, revealing, in the place of the skinny Djinn, a new Majin Bū. This Majin Bū was a vibrant pink, much like the original plump Bū, however, he had a completely muscular build, fit for a fighter, and the skinny Majin Bū's white eyes and black sclera.

Wrath and Kindness mixed into a single body once again. Majin Bū had been reborn.

Majin Bū stood still, immobile. There was utter silence, and only Mr. Satan remained watching. The man was conflicted. His friend was gone — he'd seen Majin Bū become a chocolate cookie and be eaten, never mind how something like that actually worked. And now this creature was standing only a few feet away from him, superficially resembling Majin Bū, but far more terrifying.

Finally moving, the reborn Djinn folded his arms, glancing from side to side and letting out a yawn that showed how bored he was. And suddenly, without warning, Majin Bū leaned back, letting out the earsplitting howl of a banshee. The noise raked through the air, blowing Mr. Satan away in a powerful gust. From the force of his vibrations alone, Majin Bū was sending shock waves into the air, and the ground beneath him began to shatter and crack, splitting apart.

### **Palace of God, Earth**

High above Earth, on the Palace of God, the boys were still busy practising the Fusion technique. On the edge of the platform, however, Dende had been observing Earth — regretfully the most he could do was watch — and witnessed the entire sordid affair involving those idiot Earthlings, Mr. Satan, Majin Bū, and the puppy. Gripping his staff, the God of Earth could only watch in abject horror at the new creation, this new form of Majin Bū.

"I have to inform Piccolo and Lord Kaiōshin!"

### **Majin Bū's House, Outside Ginger Town; Earth**

"This is bad..." Mr. Satan muttered, having regained some form of composure but been reduced to hiding behind a rock, staring out at the new form of Majin Bū. What kind of monster cracks the ground by screaming?

Among those forgotten in the chaos was the portly retainer of the affluent young man who had shot Majin Bū's puppy. If anything, the man was just as surprised as Mr. Satan, if not more so, having had no experience with Majin Bū before this. Regardless, panic quickly overtook him, and he reached for a pistol, making the worst mistake of his life. He unloaded the weapon into Majin Bū, riddling the Djinn with bullets.

With an expression of utter annoyance, Majin Bū let the bullets pass through him, splashing like they were piercing liquid. The portly man looked on in abject horror as Majin Bū gave him an expression set in utmost irritation, stationary. Behind him, several bullet holes littered the ground, showing the true futility of the man's act. And it would be his final act.

Face breaking into a wide grin, Bū began to stretch his entire body, extending into the air and taking on a liquid texture. A mass of sentient fluid rushed towards the corpulent retainer, and before he could so much as run, it forced itself into his mouth. A torrent of liquid invaded his throat, forcing itself down his throat without care or mercy, and the man found his belly expanding due to the sheer volume of liquid he had swallowed. His eyes began to bulge, bugging out of his head and his body twitched violently, before simply exploding in a massive spray of pink and red. Blood, cloth, and what was left of organs splashed to the ground. The pink mass of Majin Bū flowed out, before beginning to amass into a sphere, which solidified and took the shape of Majin Bū once more.

Landing neatly onto the plateau, and feeling quite accomplished indeed, Majin Bū turned around to notice someone else was left. Much to Mr. Satan's alarm, Majin Bū was staring *directly at him*. It happened in under the span of a second; expression wild, Bū slung himself forward towards Mr. Satan, arm cocked back, ready to kill the last remaining thing in the area. Ducking down and covering the puppy, Satan frantically prayed to whatever God he could to save his life. After a moment of still breathing, the man looked up, confused as to why he wasn't dead.

"D-Did I scare him off?" Mr. Satan asked, looking around. No sooner did he head look upwards did his body run cold with fear, and he realized that assumption was wrong. Floating above him was Majin Bū, staring directly at him.

"Sa...tan..." the Djinn muttered, before looking away from Mr. Satan and flying in a complete other direction. Vanishing completely from his view, Mr. Satan fell back to his knees.

"Bū...he still remembers me..."

In the distance, Majin Bū was laughing maniacally, entirely unprovoked and yet unable to hide his insanity. He tore across the landscape, ripping apart trees and rending the land asunder in his wake, his expression switching from madness to determination at the drop of a hat. Majin Bū had a goal in mind now, and with a sharp upward curve, he took towards the sky, heading above the clouds.

### **Palace of God, Earth**

Standing above Earth on the Palace of God, Piccolo let out an involuntary shudder. Dende had informed him and the Lord Kaiōshin of what had happened down below — the change in the Djinn, and how it become a more terrifying creature by far. Shin was distraught; how could he have failed so miserably to keep the Majin Bū issue contained? As a god, he was lackluster, and he knew this; he'd never felt more ashamed of himself than now.

Piccolo was horrified. However, the situation was about to get worse. Much worse. The Namekian could sense a dark *ki* rapidly approaching the Palace.

"Everyone! Brace yourselves! He's coming! Majin Bū is coming!"

"WHAT!?" The reaction all around was a shocked gasp, a terrified shiver from the guests of the palace at large.

"He can sense *ki* now," growled Piccolo. "Damn it! The Fusion isn't even complete and he's on his way! Dende!"

"Y-Yes!?"

"Take the boys to the Room of Spirit and Time! Do it now! I don't know how much time I can buy, but I'll have to stall him somehow!"

"The Room!?" Dende replied, shocked. "Why now?"

"It's our only chance; the boys haven't mastered Fusion just yet, and it will keep them safe from Bū! Go!"

Without any further argument, Dende rushed to the boys, aided by Mr. Popo, and was quickly ushering them towards the inner Palace, despite their protests about being pushed.

"Please, you must come quickly!" urged Mr. Popo. "We do not have much time!"

No sooner had Mr. Popo uttered these words, than Majin Bū himself had arrived, causing everyone to freeze. Stopping quickly above the Palace, he hovered in place, staring intently down at his newfound prey with a malicious smile. Landing on the edge of the Palace of God, the Djinn stepped forward menacingly, looking around as if trying to remember precisely why he had come.

To many here, this was their first time seeing Majin Bū; Videl, Yamcha, Muten Rōshi, Marque, and the others had never seen the demonic creature before. It was a new experience to Shin as well, though this new form of Majin Bū looked disturbingly familiar; a ghost of the past, come back to haunt him. "*But it couldn't be...he can't be...*"

"*H-He's here...!*" The Nameccian thought, a bead of sweat dripping down his scalp. He could feel his body trembling; was this fear? He remembered this sensation well, but it was an experienced he'd not felt since his time fighting Cell. It was comparable to the time the bio-Android, looking for Androids 17 and 18, carrying the pain of hundreds of souls with him. And Piccolo was feeling that fear anew.



With another cursory scan around the Palace, Majin Bū looked directly at Piccolo, leaning his head lazily to the side. "Bring." He said firmly. His voice was soft, a far cry from what the others expected, but it carried the threat of his presence well enough.

"What?" inquired Piccolo lamely. It was hardly a question so much as a statement, but it didn't tell Piccolo anything.

**"BRING!"**

The Djinn shouted his demand this time, letting out powerful shock waves that rattled the tower, whipped up gusts of wind, and hurt the hearing of those nearby.

Taking another brave stab at conversation, and wondering desperately why Dende and the boys were no longer retreating into the Palace's recesses, Piccolo spoke again. "Bring...what? Tell me what you're looking for, and perhaps I can bring it to you."

"The ones who will fight Bū," replied Majin Bū simply. "Bū was promised a fighter; I know they're here. The only place with big power."

"...well that's certainly reassuring..." muttered Kuririn to Yamcha. "This Bū *can* sense *ki*."

Attracted by the sound of the strange new voice, Chi-Chi and Bulma emerged from the deeper parts of the Palace, looking for the source of the sound. The two women's eyes widened when they took in Majin Bū, with Bulma's first immediate reaction being to hide behind a pillar.

"They *are* here, yes," replied Piccolo. "But they aren't ready to fight yet. Please, you need to give them a little more time! You want the best possible fighter, right? Goku promised you a strong opponent! Give them just a little time to prepare, and you'll get your fight!"

As if jogged on by what Piccolo was saying, Dende and Mr. Popo forced themselves to move, and urgently pushed Goten and Trunks along ("Ow! Stop it! We can walk by ourselves, you know!") toward the entrance to the Palace chambers.

Majin Bū considered it for a moment, before shaking his head. "Nah. I don't like to wait. Bring them out now. I kill."

"*Damn it all!*" thought the Nameccian. "*Why did he have to be so stubborn!? There has to be a way I can bide time — even a little! The boys just aren't ready yet!*"

"Hey! Didn't you learn any manners!?" Chi-Chi's shrill voice broke through, as the mother of two sauntered over next to Piccolo, glowering at Majin Bū. "One of the warriors you want to fight is my baby! Piccolo asked you to wait, so why don't you do as he says so my son can get the time he needs to prepare!?" She jabbed her finger angrily into the Djinn's stomach, being the furthest she could reach with ease.

There was a brief silence; the shock of Chi-Chi's bold, and insane, actions had rendered everyone mute. Piccolo had no words of caution. Bulma had no words of rebuke. Muten Rōshi's aged wisdom failed him in this moment. Everyone on the Palace had simply frozen from Chi-Chi's brazen actions; Dende and Mr. Popo, with the two boys, once again bearing spectacle.

"Human too loud," Majin Bū scowled. He extended an arm, which doubled for the function of shoving her away. A flash of pink light followed from his palm, engulfing Chi-Chi and piercing the Palace. Gasps and screams of horror ensued, and in that instant, Chi-Chi was no more.

"CHI-CHI!" Voices melded together; Bulma, Gyūmaō, Yamcha, Kuririn, and others.

"MOM!"

The most horrifying noise, however, had come from Goten. His eyes were wide, the edges beginning to shine with tears. His voice had come out in an anguished sob, and he was staring Majin Bū down with utter and complete fury. "You...monster..." The boy's voice was strained, tears flowing now in full. Electricity was beginning to crackle and snap around the boy's body; in that instance, something in his brain simply snapped.

With a shout that reached high into the sky, a massive yellow aura erupted from Goten, engulfing him and rocketed upwards like a pillar of golden fire. Mr. Popo was forced away from him due to the sheer intensity of *ki*, and beneath his feet, the tile began to crack, spreading out from Goten. The entire Palace shook with the force of the boy's *ki* output, and his ebony tresses began to stand on end, becoming spikier, and his irises, formerly black, became a vibrant emerald.

His power soon stabilized, and the boy's *ki* wrapped around his body neatly like a cloak. Electricity snapped and crackled within his aura, rapidly disappearing and reappearing, and bouncing from his aura to tear into the tile of the Palace. His hair looked distinctly different from his Super Saiyan hairstyle; it was spikier than before, as well as more rigid. A single lock of hair hung over Goten's face, and two more at either side.

Piccolo recognized it instantly. "It's...the Super Saiyan 2...!" In fact, Goten looked identical to his father when he displayed the form against Majin Bū. The *ki* emanating from him was overwhelming; certainly reminding him of the intensity and rage he felt from Gohan's *ki* when the boy had fought Cell during the Cell Games.

"Ah yes," exhaled Majin Bū. "There's my fighter! Now! You fight Bū!"

"That's right, Bū!" Goten snapped. The tears flowing freely from his eyes now were drifting upwards, propelled by the veritable force of *ki*, and his emerald irises bore into Majin Bū's empty, white ones. "I'm going to rip you apart!"

As magnificent as the power display from Goten was, Piccolo knew it wasn't going to be enough. Goku had bypassed this form after a mere demonstration, and opted straight for Super Saiyan 3 after hearing from Babidi that Vegeta had used the same transformation to no avail. If Goten fought Bū now, he might put up a good show, briefly, but it would just end in a pointless sacrifice.

"Goten, you can't!" insisted Piccolo. "You're in no fit state to battle Bū right now; if you want to have any hope of winning, you *have to perfect the Fusion* with Trunks!"

"No! I want to kill him, Piccolo!" Goten was slipping past the point of being able to be reasoned with, and Majin Bū was already taking a stance, eager for a fight. With both parties so ready, it would be hard to talk down either of them. But still, with the youngest son of Goku, he had to try; everything right now was being put on a bet. Goten and Trunks being able to master Fusion. Gohan coming back from wherever he had disappeared to without telling them. Nothing was certain and they *could not afford mistakes*.

"Goten! Listen to me, and listen right now!" Piccolo immediately assumed an authoritative tone of voice — it was the only way he could reason with these children. "If you rush in and fight him now, you'll be throwing away everything we've worked on! If you want to avenge your mother, get into the Room of Spirit and Time with Trunks and master the Fusion! You'll have ample time, just go!"

His time reasoning with Goten was time money to Majin Bū, however, and the Djinn worked up a furious expression. "You've kept Bū waiting long enough! Bū fight now!" He rocketed forward, aiming towards the newly transformed Goten. Reacting instantly, Piccolo leapt in front of the boy, and took a powerful elbow blow to the stomach, digging his heels into the broken tile of the Palace. His body rocked with pain, but he'd succeeded. Majin Bū was stopped cold, and Goten watched wide-eyed with shock.

"I'll...buy you the time you need!" Piccolo grunted, and gripped Majin Bū's arm with his two hands. "Don't waste it, boy!"

"But, Piccolo—" Dende objected, but his words were silenced quickly.

"I was once the God of Earth, Dende," Piccolo replied, and his voice had an aged serenity to it now. "It was my job to guard this planet and its inhabitants, and all I could do was watch, unable to do anything, while my only contributions were the continued existence Dragon Balls. I must selfishly ask you to do the same; now, I will defend this planet with my life! Take the children to the Room of Spirit and Time!"

"Let...go!" growled Majin Bū, the Djinn furious as he tried to wrench his arm from Piccolo's suddenly vice-like grip.

"You're coming with me!" Letting out a powerful shout, a vibrant white aura surrounded Piccolo, and the caped Namekian shot off of the Palace, forcibly dragging the Djinn with him. Violently, he threw Majin Bū down towards Earth and rocketed downward himself in pursuit.

It was time for the Great Demon King and God to fight and protect the planet one final time.

**A/N:** I should just not apologize for the wait anymore. It's been awhile guys, I know, and I'm sorry; December? No bueno. Not the best month; add to the fact that I got sick at an inconvenient time, work was at its busiest this month, and the general holiday season...yeah, this chapter wasn't going to make it to December. But, it's here now and that's the best part. I had a LOT of fun with certain parts of this chapter. Mr. Satan bored me early on, but when he avenged the dog, I had a lot of fun. However, I had my MOST fun Evil Bū. I took great care in its description, great care in executing its actions. And I'm sure a lot of you are wondering: GOTEN SUPER SAIYAN 2!? PICCOLO DOING SOMETHING PRODUCTIVE!? This is because of two things I hated in the original Dragon Ball manga. The underuse of Goten, the adorable mini-Goku clone, who exists purely for marketing, and Piccolo telling Majin Bū to kill all the Earthlings. I will be damned if Piccolo pulls off such a savage 'we can use the Dragon Balls' method here, especially due to the damaged Balls anyway. So, to all the Piccolo fans: I'll see you next time on the Erased Chronicles! P.S.: Thanks to both Firegod00 and Demod21 for proofreading this chapter.

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