

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, 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

A+ A- A   

< Prev

45. The Daimaō and the Majin

Next >

Sacred Land of Karin, Tower of Karin

High in the sky at the Tower of Karin, screams rocked the ancient structure. Since consuming the Chōshinsui, Gohan and Erasa had been writhing on the ground in constant pain, the corrosive toxin of the water coursing through their veins. Unceasing screams, and unable to sleep through the night due to the sheer pain, Gohan and Erasa were fighting back the water with all the will they possessed.

It seemed that, at some point, the pain had become too much for Gohan, and he had instinctively transformed into a Super Saiyan to try and mitigate it. The golden-haired boy writhed on the ground, as even his Super Saiyan form could not help him here. But Erasa was an Earthling, and had no such transformation to fall back onto, used her brief flitting of consciousness to reach for Gohan's hand, and gripped it hard.

"I won't...give in...to this!" she thought fiercely through the pain. "I'll beat it...and stand back up...with Gohan!" Faces flashed in her head — Gohan, Videl, and her father. The three reasons she had to become strong, to protect the ones she loved; the reasons she had made the decision to drink that water in the first place. She *couldn't* die yet.

It only registered in the back of her head, but there was a faint pressure from her hand; Gohan was reciprocating. Even amidst the mind-numbing pain of the Chōshinsui, the two of them were together.

Room of Spirit and Time, Palace of God

Goten and Trunks were ushered through a door near the back of the Palace of God by Mr. Popo and Dende. When they entered the room, the boys noted it was needlessly hot, and it was becoming hard to breathe.

"We are on limited time," said Mr. Popo as he turned to leave. "This room is equipped with food and bath; the bed is located down this hallway. Within this space, time moves differently. You will be able to train for much longer in here than outside. A single minute outside is equal to six hours in here."

"Please, take advantage of this Room," added Dende. "You two might be our only hope; I don't believe Piccolo is fully capable of defeating something like Majin Bū." As if they needed the added pressure, Dende closed the door on this ominous note, officially sealing off the boys into the Dimension of Time.

"Hey, Goten, should we—?"

There was a sharp intake of breath from Goten, and the boy flexed his muscles as he exerted his *ki*. His aura flared in golden flames, bio-electricity snapping around him, as his hair shot upwards. Black tresses became golden, and his onyx orbs became emerald. The boy channeled his anger, hatred, and rage at Majin Bū, fully releasing his Super Saiyan 2 transformation once again.

"Trunks!" Goten snapped over his shoulder. "We're gonna start!"

Trunks blinked rapidly. He had been about to suggest they get a bite to eat before they start training, but he didn't feel like Goten was in the mood to have anyone second-guess him. "Y-Yeah, okay..." Trunks replied with a nervous swallow. He couldn't believe the *ki* he felt coming from Goten. It wasn't as strong as Majin Bū or Piccolo, but it was just as fierce as his dad's *ki* had been when he fought against Bū.

Taking a stance, the lavender-tressed boy stared down his furious friend. If Piccolo could buy them half an hour, that would be almost a full week of training in here. And they had to make the most of it.

"Alright, Goten! Let's go!"

Kappa Wastelands, Earth

The sky was rocked with explosions, as two figures, wreathed in white and purple, rocketed downwards towards Earth. The Djinn, Majin Bū, had been hurled from the Palace of God by the Namekian Piccolo, who had followed in a hot pursuit. However, Majin Bū was by no means pleased, and a violent descent accompanied the two towards the far off wastelands, furiously clashing in the air. How Piccolo had managed to keep him at bay thus far could be considered nothing short of a miracle, but his goal had been successfully achieved — they were a distance away from the Palace of God, and no remaining Earthlings would be harmed.

No one but Piccolo lived this far out.

"You..." Majin Bū growled. A vein was throbbing in his head, and his face was contorted in rage. "You've made Bū angry!" Steam issued from the Djinn's body, and Piccolo could feel his *ki* rising; apparently, he didn't take well to being thrown from the heavens and resisted across the planet.

Piccolo knew he'd worked himself into quite a predicament. He'd attacked this creature on a whim; it was either throw himself into the lion's den, or risk using the entire population as a bargaining chip. "Did I make you angry? Was that really all it takes?" Grinning, Piccolo cast aside his weighted cape and turban, the "M" emblazoned on his forehead still very present, and the Namekian took a stance, spreading his arms wide at his side. "*Nail...God...comrades, lend me your strength again.*"

His *ki* began to flare, and the souls within him began to stir. Piccolo was never a lone fighter; the spirits of God and the lone warrior of Namek were with him, and they were the source of his incredible power. With a mighty shout to the heavens, the ground beneath Piccolo began to quake, and a blinding white aura immersed his entire body. The ground began cracking, giving way beneath the weight of the *ki* emanating from Piccolo.

Even Majin Bū was surprised, though excitement was also beginning to form within him. The strong opponent he wanted — was *right here!* With a maniacal shout, Majin Bū launched forward, spinning towards Piccolo like a pink corkscrew gone mad. Closing the distance, Majin Bū slammed his arm down on Piccolo with a powerful chop. There was a loud explosion, and the ground burst into pieces — to Majin Bū's shock, Piccolo thrust his own arm upward to block the strike; still clad in white *ki*, the Namekian grinned.

"That's the look I wanted to see on your face; feeling a little scared?"

Bū didn't know what Piccolo meant; how could he be scared? "Scared! Bū not scared! Bū kill you and prove it!"

Twisting his incredibly malleable body, Majin Bū's legs swung around and caught Piccolo entirely by surprise, sending the Namekian warrior flying backwards. He managed to catch himself, and back flipped away to gain a bit more distance — admittedly foolish when he could fly, but nonetheless. Regardless, Majin Bū pursued, catching up to Piccolo without a struggle. The Namekian's eyes widened, and he only barely moved his head when a foot came flying out of nowhere.

The *ki* coated Namekian, retaliating with a sharp punch to the gut of the Djinn; Majin Bū staggered, if only briefly, but recovered without much issue. The rose-hued creature struck again, slamming his pink fists into Piccolo's body, and the Namekian was not as lucky this time. The blows impacted, forcing Piccolo back, and immense pain rocked his body. A knee came into contact with his stomach, and Majin Bū stretched his arm around Piccolo's neck. Dangling the Namekian high with his stretched arm, he punched him repeatedly in the torso.

"Urk...!" Piccolo's breath was forced out of his body with each consecutive blow, and he tried to force the constricting limb from his neck. Staring directly at Majin Bū, two vibrant, thin beams of *ki* were released from his eyes, shooting directly into Majin Bū's eyes and erupting outside the back of his head. Majin Bū doubled over in pain, releasing Piccolo.

Piccolo dropped to the ground, and channeled *ki* into both of his palms. "Makankōsappō!" From both his palms, a powerful, spiraling wave of *ki* was released from the Namekian's palm. *Ki* spiraled around the initial wave, and it connected with Majin Bū's stomach, forcing itself out on the other side, leaving a gaping hole in the Djinn's body. He grinned; a shot through the brain and then the torso was honestly overkill, but enough to kill most things.

...But Piccolo was wrong about Majin Bū. The Djinn turned to glare at him, his eyes and torso regenerating as he did so; the gaping holes were filled in with flesh, and Majin Bū quickly became as good as new.

"*Regeneration!?*" thought the Namekian. "*No...that's far above regeneration! It's practically sorcery!*"

Majin Bū snarled, a vein throbbing in his forehead. He let out a roar, emitting powerful shock-waves that spread out in all directions, cracking the ground beneath him. As quickly as he was done, however, a smile formed on his face. He seemed torn between excitement at a powerful opponent, and frustration at the fact that he had been struck. "You strong...yes...Bū can have fun with you!"

The Djinn launched towards Piccolo again, the cracked ground simply giving way beneath him, resulting in a large crater. Much to his surprise, Piccolo opened his mouth wide — perhaps on reflex — and released a powerful blast of yellow-hued *ki* in an encompassing wave. But Majin Bū countered easily, swinging his arm with a powerful strike and batted the *ki* blast away. It flew off behind Bū, going quite some distance before exploding in a blast that resembled sunset.

A powerful *ki* blast, entirely negated. And Majin Bū closed in for the kill without mercy, striking Piccolo's jaw head-on with a punch. The glowing white Namekian staggered back, and was beset by a barrage of powerful punches and kicks from the Djinn; each and every blow hit with far more force than he expected, and he was forced to confront the fact that he was indeed fighting a one-sided battle that he hadn't seen since Cell. With massive force, Piccolo thrust his limbs downward, utilizing the extending arms of the Namekian species to propel himself upward. They stretched like rubber, and contracted once he'd gained enough height.

Majin Bū, however, wasn't one to be deterred. Prey could only escape for so long before the predator caught up to it, and Piccolo was no exception. He pursued through the air, lifting off with a grin. And yet, when prey was cornered, it was often prone to extraordinary feats in order to survive. Piccolo clasped his hands above his head, and his arms expanded to gargantuan sizes. It was his turn to grin, and the Namekian smirked as he slammed the enhanced limbs downward. They collided with Majin Bū, slamming into him with a powerful motion; he rocketed towards Earth, crashing into the surface like a pink meteor.

Reducing his arms to their normal size, they stretched forward once again, extended and contracting back at an incredible rate. Grinning like a man crazed, Piccolo struck the downed form of Majin Bū from the air repeatedly with a powerful combo attack, utilizing his arm's ability to extend to great effect — multiple straight punches, with Piccolo's immense strength augmented by the stretching of his limbs.

Winning the battle wouldn't be possible. He knew the gap between his and this Majin Bū's strength had grown far too wide. "*But I can still buy time! Time for those boys! And time for Gohan!*" As he felt each punch connect, the ground rocketing, the Namekian took only a slight moment to regret the current state of affairs. "*We shouldn't be leaving something like this to you all...and in the end, it doesn't feel right. But it's our only option!*" And he knew what his role was now; to tip the odds, however far he could, in the favour of the Earth.

Contracting his arms back, he stared downward. The collision of Majin Bū with the ground, as well as his own multiple blows, had done a large number on the planet below. The crater was large and deep, and Majin Bū's body was pummeled to bits within it. Part of him — the God that remained — was pained to see the planet he was responsible for maimed like this. But another part of him — the Great Demon King and the Champion of Namek — primed his focus to the battle itself.

Majin Bū is not dead, rang a warning in his head. *Keep your guard up.*

It was childish advice, as if speaking to oneself. But nevertheless, correct. Majin Bū's body began to stir, the pieces and pummeled bits of flesh forming into a singular mass once again. Majin Bū stood up, glaring at Piccolo. "Is that all?"

"...You're a tough bastard, if nothing else," replied Piccolo shortly. "I didn't think this would be easy, but I'd hoped I would have been on the way back to the Palace by now."

"No. Bū kill you. You won't be making it back to the Palace."

"Hm?" Piccolo's narrow eye's widened. For a brief moment, the Djinn's speech had become more...eloquent. A far cry from his rough, childlike speech patterns of before, that was certain. With a slight feeling of unease, he braced himself. His time for stalling was about to run out.

Majin Bū lunged forward; his upper body stretched, leaving his legs standing firmly on the ground. He shot upwards, his torso appearing next to Piccolo and slamming into the Namekian's back with a Double Axe Handle; the same manoeuvre that Piccolo had used to send him careening towards the Earth. It did indeed send Piccolo flying downward, but the Namekian managed to bundle himself with invisible *ki* to slow and stop his descent. His white *ki* aura, blinding, flared again, immersing his body in light once more.

Majin Bū's lower body was quick to follow him upwards, sliding through the air, his body returning to normal proportions. The Djinn turned to face Piccolo, and extended his own arms; they spun around each other like a spring. The unique nature of the move took Piccolo by surprise, and the arms collided with him, unfurling in a powerful motion that sent Piccolo spiraling downward.

Plummeting towards Earth, the Namekian was determined not to let up the pressure. He swiped his finger in a straight line, and a thin line of *ki* followed his nail. And then, it exploded with a crack like thunder, and the flash of lightning. *Ki*, moulded and shaped by expert *ki* control, rocketed upwards in the shape of needles, piercing Majin Bū's body. Unlike with a normal flesh and blood body, due to the Djinn's unique make-up, he was rent entirely asunder, becoming pieces of floating flesh in the sky.

Piccolo skidded to the ground, coming to a halt as he used his hand to prevent a complete collision. Raising his hands above his head, he placed one palm over the other and charged a crackling sphere of yellow *ki*. "Masenkō!" Thrusting arm and palm forward, the sphere of *ki* expanded into a massive wave. The yellow wave encompassed everything above Piccolo, reducing the shredded pieces of pink flesh to ashes that fell from the sky.

"That's i-!"

The rain of ash, however, began to rush upwards in a powerful gust. Piccolo stared wide-eyed as the remains of Majin Bū solidified from a gas into the flesh and blood form.

"How...?!" Piccolo gasped, looking at the reformed Djinn in horror. "That's...impossible! Are you immortal?!"

"...might be," replied Majin Bū. "I might be immortal." Grinning, his white eyes swiveled down to look at the horrified Piccolo. "Are you scared?"

There it was again. The Majin's speech patterns were altering, and Piccolo's sensitive ears were picking up on that. Even more-so, Majin Bū had thrown his own words back at him. "*What, is it developing a sense of irony?*" thought the Namekian. "*Regardless, I reduced him to ashes and he's still coming back for more! What is this monster!?*"

Majin Bū descended to the ground, coming to rest within the crater below them. He craned his head to the side, his mouth opening into a wide smile. A gust of wind rushed past them, and as if it was their signal, the battle was quick to resume. Majin Bū lunged forward, with Piccolo responding. Bū struck first, extended his arm, before sweeping it in an arc. It struck Piccolo like a whip, surprising the Namekian.

Majin Bū pushed his advantage, closing in and slamming a fist into Piccolo's stomach. He unleashed a hellish combination of blows, striking Piccolo in the abdomen, chest, stomach for a second time, and unleashing a powerful uppercut with his right arm. The blows forced Piccolo to reel backwards from the sheer power. An arm came flying out of nowhere, and Piccolo instinctively ducked, his white *ki* aura igniting once more. With Majin Bū's blow missing, the Namekian retaliated, slamming his forearm into Majin Bū's body, and placing both hands on the Djinn's stomach.

"Makōsen!"

A powerful wave of *ki* erupted from Piccolo's palms, the *ki* blast enveloping Bū and using all of its might to push him backwards. Enveloped by the *ki*, Majin Bū was ripped in half, his lower body incinerated, the ground beneath left with a gigantic gash. But everything above the torso had survived, and Piccolo horrifically knew that it was far from over.

"I was hoping there would have been more to you than this," replied Majin Bū dryly. With a simple flex, he regenerated his lower half, and let out a fresh exhale. "You seemed fun, at first — but it looks like you're running out of steam."

"*I was right...!*" Piccolo thought. "*His speech patterns...even his movements...they're adjusting as we fight. He's learning through the mere task of fighting with me. What terrifying talent. But how? This sort of combat aptitude is beyond even Goku!*"

Focus on what is in front of you, came another internal warning. Wrestling with the unknown will merely distract you, Piccolo.

The warning was not unappreciated, and Piccolo took a stance. Raising a hand in his front, and a hand to his side, Piccolo crouched with legs spread. To his surprised, Majin Bū took a moment, and then mimicked the same stance.

"Now it's my turn," said Majin Bū. With a mad grin, the Djinn lunged forward. His speed was blinding, and Piccolo didn't see him move. But he *felt* it; a powerful, ripping pain. Majin Bū had taken to his back, and gripped in his hand was Piccolo's arm. The Namekian let out a scream of pain, purple blood spilling onto the fresh grass and dirt of the wasteland. He turned to face Majin Bū, glaring as he gripped the flesh-bleeding stump.

"You dodged it, didn't you?" asked Majin Bū. "You couldn't see me move, but you avoided me on instinct...and so I only took an arm." He turned his torso around to grin at Piccolo, and his lower body followed suit. "I was right; if I fight you, I can have some fun! But you aren't the strong opponent I was promised. You're not even close." Casually, he tossed the arm towards Piccolo. "But you're not done yet? Are you?"

"...You're unusually verbose for a monster," replied Piccolo. Concentrating on his bleeding stump, a fresh limb erupted from it, dripping a peculiar liquid. Flexing the new limb, Piccolo shook the liquid off. "I didn't expect that from something like you."

Majin Bū chuckled. "I suppose you could say that. I don't know why I've begun speaking this much myself. I wasn't as inclined to speak before...but you've brought out something in me. It's a shame that no one will be here to witness your final hour. But before I kill you, what's your name?"

"...Piccolo."

"Piccolo," repeated Majin Bū. Extending both hands, Majin Bū began to charge crackling *ki* from his palms. "Makankōsappō!" From both his palms, a powerful, spiraling wave of *ki* was released from the Djinn's palms.

"*Oh shit!*" Piccolo's eyes grew wide as saucers, and he immediately leapt into the air — that technique could not be allowed to touch him. The murderous beam of light passed beneath him, and Piccolo was relieved to have missed it; then a powerful collision occurred, and he was hurtling back downwards to Earth. He could see Majin Bū floating above him and pieced it together immediately.

He'd used the opening from releasing the Makankōsappō to catch Piccolo by surprise.

To make matter's worse, Piccolo's head was spinning. He'd received a powerful elbow strike to the skull, and was notably disoriented. He collided with the ground, the impact stunning him only further. With his victim sufficiently stunned, Majin Bū formed a hand-seal in front of his body. There was an explosion, and the *ki* channeled through this hand sign collided with the ground. It enveloped Piccolo, rocking the ground as it left a gigantic, square-shaped crater in the ground, Piccolo falling into the depths of this new grave.

It was the Shin Kikōhō, which the original Majin Bū had copied during his fight with Tenshinhan.

Piccolo was hammered with a second blast, and then a third, his body burning in the immense *ki* of the Crane School's ultimate technique. Barely conscious, he fell towards the ever increasing depths of the crater, and fully expected to be finished off in the incoming final strike. But a final Kikōhō never came.

Majin Bū's attention had been diverted by something new. His body had been sliced in half, and his bottom half fell to the ground. Locating the source of the new threat, his eyes landed on the nascent arrival: Videl, who has extended her crackling, red *ki* sabre towards Bū. Majin Bū appraised her for a moment, his black and white eyes narrowing. The lower half of his body which had been cut off stood up, flying into the air to rejoin its master (Videl gasped in horror) and Majin Bū flew over to Videl.

"A new person? Are you brave...or stupid?" He leaned closer to Videl, his menacing visage close to her terrified face. She was trembling now; she'd acted rashly, when she felt Piccolo's *ki* dropping. It had been a desperate bid to be of some assistant, but she realized she hadn't thought it through — and now this monster was going to kill her. Leaning in yet closer, Majin Bū's head tentacle pointed at Videl. "You...smell like Satan. Who are you?"

She found her voice, though it took effort to wrench the words out of her throat. "H-How do you know my dad?"

"So you're Satan's daughter," replied Majin Bū. He raised an arm. "Still, you interrupted Bū's fight with Piccolo. *I don't like interruptions.*" Videl shut her eyes, and Majin Bū swung his arm down. But as quick as he swung it down, he jolted to a stop. There was a massive shift in the wind; Majin Bū could feel it. Lowering his arm, he looked up towards the sky. It was coming from that 'Palace'. A powerful *ki*.

"You are lucky, girl," said Majin Bū, floating into the sky. "I can feel it. My strong fighter. He's finally ready. I'm not interested in you now." His entire body coating itself in a violent *ki*, he took off into the sky like a rocket. Grinning, the Djinn began to laugh once again. His strong fighter was here — the opponent he was promised by the guy with the long hair.

Videl, meanwhile, collapsed to her knees. She was shaking, her body sweating in a sheer panic, and it was a miracle she hadn't wet herself from the terror of confronting that creature. "*I'm an idiot...and yet I'm a lucky idiot...! I managed to survive...*" She cast a look towards the gigantic crater left by Majin Bū. As soon as she regained her composure, she'd have to dive into that and save that guy. "Piccolo, right? You just hold on..."

In the back of her mind, however, she was worried. Worried for everyone back on the Palace. Gohan and Erasa had gone off somewhere else. Piccolo was down. And those two boys were their only hope.

What kind of situation had Earth landed itself in?

A/N: *And here it is! It has been nearly two months, and I'm so sorry, but I have been so utterly distracted by anything and everything, and I haven't had anything resembling a drive to write recently. Again, I am sorry, but hey, here it is, just a little before that two month bar. I will admit, when I wrote this chapter, it was an enjoyable one. I HATED Piccolo making the Earthling's into Majin Bū's cannon fodder, and I desperately wanted to change that, and with this fight, I really hope I did. I took advantage of the Nameccian (yes, that's how it is spelled in the databooks, I'm using the original spelling for your convenience) and Majin physiology. Majin Bū's most specifically. We've seen time and time again he is a creature who can learn and evolve based on what he encounters and who he fights, but for most of the "Super" Majin Bū's appearance, he was fighting a child, and then absorbed people before Gohan could make that much of an impression.*

So I drew it out and had him learn from his battle with Piccolo, as well as mimic a technique, like he did with the Shin Kikōhō.

I swear, I'm turning Videl into my own Mr. Satan; she's doing way more shit than she probably should, and is damn fucking lucky she did not get killed right now. Anyway, as always, thanks to Demod20 for proofreading it, and I'll see you all as soon as I can in the next exciting chapter of the Erased Chronicles.

< Prev

45. The Daimaō and the Majin

Next >


Name:

Type your review for this chapter here...

 Post Review

As 

Actions 

 Share

 Follow/Favorite

[Help \(/support/\)](/support/) . [Privacy \(/privacy/\)](/privacy/) . [Terms of Service \(/tos/\)](/tos/) . [Top](#)

 (<http://blog.fictionpress.com>)  ([//www.twitter.com/fictionpress](http://www.twitter.com/fictionpress))  ([//plus.google.com/+fanfiction](http://plus.google.com/+fanfiction))