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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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**Satan City, District 666, Satan House; Living Room**

*"Earlier today, the Golden Warrior saved Satan City from terror once again."* Videl was sitting on the sofa in her father's ludicrously large home, legs huddled up to her chest as she kept her eyes glued to the face of the female reporter on the television set. *"Heroically apprehending four armed criminals who were attempting to use children the Satan Day-Care for hostages, the —"*

Raising the remote towards the television set, Videl jammed on the power button and furiously threw the remote at the screen, jumping up from the couch in a huff.

As if on cue, one of the many butlers that served the Satan household appeared around the corner. "Ms. Videl, I heard a disturbance. Do you require assistance?"

"Nothing you can help me with, Jū!" Videl replied snappishly, leaving the trained butler unperturbed as she stormed her way up the stairs to her bedroom.

"I do wish she would show some restraint," The man called Jū sighed empathetically. His eyes swiveled to the television set, and saw the remote firmly embedded into the widescreen. "This is the third television set this week." Straightening his glasses along the bridge of his nose, he removed the remote from its perch, before concluding he should inform Mr. Satan that he would have to purchase yet another television.

Oblivious to having destroyed the television set, Videl yanked open the door to her room, before slamming the door shut behind her. Briskly walking across the smooth tile floor, the ebony-haired girl elbowed the punching bag that dangled from her ceiling out of the way, collapsing heavily onto the black and red hued sheets and quilts that adorned her fluffy bed. Her eyes fell on a big poster placed on the far-wall of her room; a life-size picture of her father, Mr. Satan, wearing his Championship belt and flashing his trademark smile for the camera. How long had it been since she'd first gotten that poster? Several years now? She'd been so proud of her dad then.

Remembering her father's various accomplishments, however, didn't give her a sense of pride today. Instead, they brought the fires of anger; not at her father, but at the city's new 'hero', the Golden Warrior.

*"He shows up in our city, completely out-of-left-field, and prances around like he owns the place!"* She thought furiously, grabbing one of her crimson pillows and squeezing it tightly in a fit of frustration. *"Who does he think he is?! Acting like a superhero straight out of an overplayed comic book!"* Raving to herself, the girl threw the pillow she was clutching across the room, hearing its muffled impact with her Fony Gamestation 4.

"And then there's Erasa, defending the Golden Warrior as if he's not doing anything wrong! We're best friends, aren't we supposed to be on the same side here?!" The thought of her best friend defending the girl's newfound nemesis truly got Videll riled up, and she tossed and turned on her bed in irritation. "It has to be that Gohan's fault — she's already spending too much time with him. He's got to be distracting her, twisting her perception!" Hissing madly, Videll firmly decided Gohan was the one at fault for all of this.

"Who does he think he is?" She started to rant aloud by this point, apparently having lost the ability of internal dialogue. "Using that tall gait of his to get her to look up to him. Puff out that muscle bound chest of his behind that uniform and...flex his biceps when in gym..." Videll's face began to heat up as she continued to pick apart everything she saw in Gohan, "...and staring at her with those big dark eyes with that smile and stupid hair." Her face flushing redder than a ripe beet, Videll hid her face into her spare pillow, crying out a muffled, "Wait-a-minute, what the hell am I saying?!"

Removing her face from the pillow, Videll took a slow, deep breath, trying to calm herself. "Don't focus on him, don't focus on him, don't focus on him!" She told herself firmly, smacking her face. "Maybe if I sleep, I can calm myself down." Without even removing her day clothes, the girl collapsed back onto her bed, firmly keeping her mind locked on the time she'd spend with Erasa the next day; a free Saturday morning with her best friend.

### **Satan City, District 666, Satan Training Hall**

"Thanks for agreeing to come out and spar with me," Videll smiled warmly at Erasa as the two took a seat on a bench, the former wiping sweat from her brow. Finally managing to fit herself into Erasa's schedule, Videll had to admit, she couldn't be happier. Having asked a few days prior, Videll managed to get Erasa to meet up with her and function as her training partner in a sparring match. Fitting the situation and the location — the Satan Training Hall — the two girls were currently wearing white training *gi*, though the attire seemed far more fitting for Videll than Erasa.

"Of course!" Erasa replied, smiling brightly. She'd only been too eager to meet up with Videll, especially given the early hour; she still had time on her hands before she was to go meet up with Gohan. "I've actually been slacking off in my gym, so this little workout might help catch up."

Admittedly, Erasa didn't have the experience in martial arts that Videll did. Both girls had entered training when they were younger, but while Videll pursued the art with fire in her eyes, Erasa had decided it might not have been for her, and went to try out with various sports and teams instead.

Videll's bright blue eyes blinked rapidly in confusion. Erasa, slacking off in her physical activities? They'd both been devoted to remaining committed to their training since they were young children, and neither she nor Erasa had been deterred. Of course, there had been that time when they were seven, when Erasa tried out for the swim team, and there had been that incident with the swim noodle. Videll shuddered, trying to shake that memory off. "Slacking off, Erasa? It's surprising to hear that coming from someone who attends club meetings in between her classes and even during Sundays."

"Well, what can I say?" Erasa scratched her cheek nervously, flushing pink in the cheeks. "I've been rather busy, as of late..."

"You mean with that boy?" Sharp as a whip, Videll countered the girl's statement with a waspish hiss. Unfortunately for Erasa, she'd just pressed the 'Gohan' button, and she shouldn't have done that.

"Hm?" Erasa blinked, unaware of the fact that she'd just touched Videll's trigger. "That boy? Do you mean Gohan?"

Videll let out an exasperated sigh. "Who *else* do you spend all the time chatting and staring at with doe-eyes? OF COURSE I MEAN GOHAN!"

Erasa should have expected this. Videll had been harping on Gohan's case ever since the boy had first enrolled in their school, and it was one of the reasons she'd been hesitant to pay her best friend a visit. Briefly contemplating not dignifying Videll's statement with a response, she sighed, "We're just good friends, Videll. We had a great time those years ago and rekindling a friendship like this seems natural." Her eyes narrowed, and a sly smile crossed her face. "Why? You're not jealous are you?"

Videll's face flushed a deep red, flabbergasted at Erasa's bold accusation. "N-no! Why would I be jealous!?" She spluttered, her denial of the obvious plain on her face. "I'm not jealous, I'm concerned! You don't know for sure that Mr. "Not-Blonde" isn't really the Golden Warrior!" The ebony-haired girl, still flustered, spoke now with the air of a person trying to get a conversation back into territory she was comfortable with. "I don't want you getting into trouble, in case he's finally exposed!"

Erasa shook her head in exasperation, ignoring the irony of Videl's statement as there were *several* things about Gohan the blonde knew that Videl did not. "And here you go with the Golden Warrior again! Haven't we already told you Gohan's not the Golden Warrior?" Videl winced at how easily Erasa used 'we' when referring to herself and Gohan, as if they were a packaged deal. "Why do you still believe that? What do you have against the Golden Warrior anyways?"

Videl's sapphire eyes narrowed sharply at her best friend. "Erasa, you don't get it! I'm Videl, the daughter of the World Champion, Mr. Satan! I'm expected to be great, just like him! But when people look at me, they're not seeing me and you know that — just 'the daughter of the great Mr. Satan'." She spat the last seven words as if they were poison. "If I let some cocky vigilante steal the spotlight, not only will I forever be stuck in my father's shadow, but I might not even be able to save the stragglers that the Golden Warrior overlooks, or is just plain careless with!"

"From what I hear, he's very considerate to bystanders." Erasa was quick to defend Gohan from Videl's accusations, though she felt arguing against the girl by this point was useless. "He doesn't even hurt crooks that much."

"Rumors are rumors!" Videl replied acidly. "Just you wait — when he and I meet again, face to face, I'll show him who the *real* hero of Satan City is!"

### **East District 439, Base of Mount Paozu, Son Residence**

Excitement. This was the feeling coursing through the body of one Son Gohan as he reclined on the round roof of his mountain home. Ever since last week, it seemed like the times he and Erasa were together were becoming something akin to a bright light in his life; warm and bright, like the sun. When she was around, his thoughts drifted less to the bitter memories he had of his father's death — the guilt, and the pain, seemed to vanish when she was near.

Leaning back in the light of the near-morning sun, Gohan heard the sound of a door opening and closing, and looked down off the side of the roof to see his mother walking out with a large basket of laundry. Briefly cursing himself mentally for not choosing a better perch, Gohan quickly tried to duck out of sight, but the trained eyes of his mother caught the movement in her peripheral vision.

"Good morning, son!" She called up loudly, causing Gohan to wince nervously. "So glad to see you still remember your mother's here!"

"Good morning, Mom!" Gohan called back, waving frantically. He knew that tone better than anyone — except perhaps his father. Chi-Chi wasn't happy Gohan had snuck onto the roof without even saying good morning beforehand.

"Since you're so eager to be out here, why don't you give your mother a hand with your own laundry?" She asked pointedly, making it clear it wasn't a question so much as a demand in disguise. "Goten and I are heading out to West City, so I'd like to get this done quickly!"

"S-sure!" Gohan replied hastily, leaping smoothly from the roof and landing deftly onto the grass, before straightening himself up and walking over to his mother, who tossed him the laundry basket while she erected the clothes line, smiling to herself.

"It's so nice to have you out here helping me, Gohan," She said sweetly, taking the Saiyan youth by surprise. Her furious visage from the past week was ingrained into his psyche; it was actually shocking to remember that his mother could smile sweetly.

"Don't mention it, Mom," Gohan replied, a feeling of relief washing over him. If he was lucky, he might be able to finish the laundry quickly, and have his mother head to West City with Goten in a very good mood, thus freeing up Gohan's entire day.

"So, how's your first week at school been going, Gohan?" Chi-Chi asked as she took the basket from her son and the two began to unfold the wet clothes to hang on the line. With expert hands and nimble fingers, she unfolded the sopping cloth and strung it on the line even faster than Gohan, possibly due to years of housework. "You never spend any time talking to your mother anymore; you cut your arrival time close to the line when you get home, you vanish into your room after dinner before I can so much as ask you a question, and even now, on the weekends, it's like you're deliberately tiring out Goten and then vanishing off into the forest."

"It's just been a really busy week," Gohan replied airily, waving off Chi-Chi's accusations. By focusing on unfolding the clothing, he could avoid eye contact, and therefore, his mother couldn't pick up on him avoiding her statements. "I think I'm doing alright at fitting in, and the classes are easier than I expected."

"Don't become lax in your studies just because the classes aren't difficult, Gohan," Chi-Chi chastised sharply, though she smiled again. "I'm glad to hear all of the studying you did as a boy paid off, even if it did have...periodic interruptions." Despite the casual tone of the conversation, Gohan could hear the ice in his mother's tone; she'd never been fond of the times when his father had taken him along to save the world, even prioritizing his studies over the fate of the planet, despite the logical fallacy.

Gohan knew very well his mother expected him to graduate with the highest of honours, and he had to say it wouldn't be impossible. He briefly remembered that, even as a seven year old, his mother had him study theoretical physics, among several other things that most parents would find too advanced for their child. "Don't worry Mom, you know me, diligent as always. I've even turned down several — repeated no less — invitations to the boxing club."

"That's my boy," The woman laughed, a cheerful smile sparking up to her eyes, evidently proud of Gohan for finally putting his studies over fighting. "You're going to make a great scholar son, just you wait! I'll be so proud of you!"

Gohan sighed to himself, returning to hanging clothes on the line. While he'd never tell his mother, he wasn't fond of the studying she'd made him do as a child. While he'd come to appreciate it, as it came with its benefits, he still felt there was more to his childhood that he'd missed out on, that she'd taken away, just to turn him into something she wanted. Not wanting to spoil his mother's cheerful mood, however, Gohan only nodded, smiling, as they continued to hang the clothes in silence for several more minutes. The sound of an engine, faint in the distance, caught Gohan's ear, and realization quickly dawned on him that Erasa was already on her way.

Gohan knew he had to think up an excuse to get away from Chi-Chi; the question being 'how'?

While unfolding clothing, Chi-Chi's nose, though significantly weaker than Gohan's, picked up a strange scent from his clothing. Having lived around her family their entire lives, she unconsciously recognized their scents by this point. However, the dim smell wafting into her nose was a new one; it smelled sweet, like fruit shampoo. Narrowing her eyes, she glanced at her son, who was busying himself with another garment, before she hung the shirt up on the line, her back to him.

Finally, Gohan came up with what he prayed sounded plausible. "I think I hear Goten calling! He may need something!" Running his mouth quickly, Gohan immediately leaped into the air, quickly trying to make a break for it. "See you later mom!"

"Wait, Gohan, where are you-!?" Chi-Chi turned quickly to see Gohan ascending into the sky, about to head off towards a clearing she knew was in the distance. However, in the sky, something caught the woman's eye; a hovercraft. A hovercraft...Gohan trying to fly off, in the same direction and the feminine scent that lingered on his clothing. Chi-Chi's brain was working like gears, and quite quickly, everything clicked in the sharp mother's head.

He was meeting up with that girl.

"Not so fast, young man!" Chi-Chi shouted, causing Gohan to stop dead in his tracks, cursing his luck. "Don't look me in the face and lie to me! What, do you think I was born yesterday!?"

"W-what do you mean, Mom?" Gohan replied nervously, immediately regretting every decision he'd made since this morning.

"Don't play dumb with me, Gohan! And you get down here on ground level when I'm talking to you!" The furious mother snarled, glaring upwards at her eldest son, who descended to the ground with a look of trepidation on his face. "Do you take me for a fool, like your father?! How do you think I feel, with my own son sneaking around and lying behind my back!?"

"T-that's not it at all!" Gohan protested, though he couldn't deny he had been sneaking around to see Erasa, and *had* given his mother a complete and utter lie, but it was only because she made it necessary, couldn't she see that? "Why can't you get it? I can't just be a...loner all the time. It's not a bad thing for me to make friends at school; if I don't try and socialize, what's the point in being around people my own age?"

"Friends are fine, but I don't want you spending so much time with that girl!" Chi-Chi roared over Gohan's protests. "I've told you time and time again; I don't want anything getting in the way of your studies, and this includes tramps like this girl!" Her chest and shoulders were heaving, a sign that she was breathing heavily.

Gohan gritted his teeth, his fists clenching slightly. "But mother—!"

"Don't you 'but mother' me!" The furious woman argued back, quite beside herself by this point. "But it's nice to see you finally get it, I *am* your mother, and as your mother, you will do as I—!"

"MOM, SHUT UP!" Gohan demanded, stunning Chi-Chi into silence with his sudden, furious outcry. "Everything you're saying, just, stop! Do you hear yourself? Anything you've said, in the past seven years, *have you heard anything that's come out of your mouth?*"

Absolutely dumbfounded by her son rounding on her in truly justified fury, Chi-Chi could only remain quiet as Gohan continued to speak.

"How do you expect me to get any kind of real world experience like this if you keep being so overbearing and overprotective!?" The Saiyan-hybrid ranted on, his furious gaze locked on his stupefied mother. "I never ask for much, you know that better than anyone! I've always done what you've asked, and yet you're still this insistent on keeping me under your thumb!? Don't you think it's time to let go? Don't you think I can handle myself!?" Breathing as heavily as Chi-Chi had been moment's before, he carried on. "And to make it worse, you're torturing yourself with the delusion that Dad is coming back. He's *gone*, Mom! I saw it happen!*I made it happen!*"

Years of pent up anger and frustration were pouring out of Gohan like a dam that had finally burst; Chi-Chi, unfortunately, was the village drowning in the impending flood of emotion. "He's never coming back; how do you think it makes not only me feel, to hear you blindly hold onto this, but Goten as well! He's never met our father, and you're making a little boy think a dead man is coming back!"

"I-I..." Chi-Chi choked on a reply, tears welling up in her eyes.

"You need to let go, Mom." Gohan replied sharply, glaring before he turned his back on her, erupting in a pillar of energy and taking flight, leaving a small crater in the ground due to forgetting to restrain his own power. Refusing to look back, he left his mother, who fell to her knees in defeated silence.

Approaching the clearing surprisingly quickly, Gohan saw Erasa standing outside her hovercraft, looking up at the sky, waiting for him. The moment she saw his form in the sky, her face broke out into a wide smile, and she began to wave frantically. At the sight of her smiling face, Gohan decided firmly to himself that arguing with his mother over Erasa was worth it, and descended to the ground.

"Did I keep you waiting?" Gohan inquired, landing neatly on the ground as Erasa bounded over to him.

"No, not at all." She said smoothly; to be fair, Gohan had kept her waiting, if only for a few minutes, but she was far too polite to tell me this. "It took me awhile to land the hovercraft." Her sapphire orbs narrowed, trained Gohan's face, and immediately, she caught a hint of something amiss. "Gohan? Is something the matter?"

"It's..." Gohan sighed, remembering that he couldn't lie to Erasa. "My mother and I...we, ah...we said some things to each other. Loudly. I'd rather not dwell on it at the moment, to be honest."

"That's fine," Erasa replied, knowing it was best not to pry. If Gohan wanted to tell her at some point, he would, but she wouldn't make him say anything if he didn't want to. They stood together in an awkward silence, Erasa slipping her hand into Gohan's, an effort to give him some emotional support that he truly appreciated.

"Alright, let's begin your training." Gohan said firmly after a moment's additional silence. He couldn't dwell on this forever, and Erasa had come to learn. "Are you sure you still want to learn how to use *ki*?"

"What's that? Are you trying to weasel on out of teaching me, Gohan?" Erasa accused playfully, gently jabbing a finger into Gohan's chest.

"N-No, that's not it!" Gohan defended himself hastily, the tension broken as the two returned to their casual selves. "It's just, this might be difficult for you, that's all! Learning how to use *ki* is far easier when you begin as a child. The older you get, the more difficult it becomes to start from the ground up."

"We won't know until we try, will we?" Erasa replied, undaunted by Gohan's cautionary warning.

"That's always true. Let's begin." Gohan took a seat on the ground, in the same spot, and Erasa followed, sitting cross-legged. "Our goal is to get you to learn to use *ki*. When one learns to use *ki*, their body is activated in various ways; strength, endurance, speed, all of these are enhanced, and can make additional training easier." Gohan let out a weak laugh. "I know I sound sure of myself, but, to be honest, I've never taught anyone before."

"Don't feel unsure," Erasa replied soothingly. "I'm not going anywhere, Gohan, so take your time."

"Watch me," Gohan said, cupping his hands out in front of his body. "I'll try and take this as slow as I can, so you can follow it easier."

Remaining silent, Erasa watched, her eyes alight with curiosity.

"Tapping into *ki*, you must clear your mind and only focus on the inside. Feel that warmth build up in the center of your body and focus on that. Siphon all of your will and concentration on that ball of heat inside of you. Then, you start to pull it out, like a ladle," A dim, blue light began to shimmer between the space of Gohan's open palms. It coalesced as it gained mass, shape, and rotation, as if forming a structure akin to a miniature star using Will alone. "draw it out, little by little, and you form *ki*."

Erasa was at a loss for words; it wasn't that she hadn't seen *ki* before, far from it. She was simply entranced by Gohan's level of control. Ever since last week, when she thought of the energy Gohan manipulated, all she could think of was the destructive display he'd shown off back on Nanab Island. "It's so...pretty..." She murmured, crawling forward on her hands and knees to get a closer look at the spiraling sphere. An expression of innocent curiosity adorned her face now, utterly fascinated with the display.

"Alright, now, you try it!" The light flickered out in Gohan's hands, snapping Erasa back into reality. "Remember, remain absolutely calm."

"Roger that!" Erasa resumed her sitting position, and, like Gohan had prior, cupped her hands out in front of body. Trying to recall the demonstration Gohan had shown not moment's before, she tried to become calm. She found the easiest way to do this was to steady her breathing; breathing slowly in through the nose and out through her mouth, a basic breathing exercise.

Gohan's eyes caught onto this immediately, and a smile crossed his face. "*She picks up on things quickly,*" The hybrid thought to himself, impressed. "*Controlling ki does start with proper breath control, which is essential in any martial art. I think she might have a talent for this.*"

Having achieved what she felt was an even breathing pace, Erasa kept still on the grass. Closing her eyes, she focused only on herself at this point, trying to remove everything mentally from existence. With this, it became easier for her to listen for what Gohan had said — the center of her body. To her surprise, she found it; a warmth deep within her body that beckoned the young girl that moment it realized she was consciously aware of it.

"*She's already reached her inner well of ki!*" Gohan was amazed at this progress in only ten minutes of practice. Could she actually make such quick progress?

As if instinct took over her body, Erasa mentally responded to this warmth. Determined, she began to respond by 'pulling' back on the inner tug, aiming draw this warmth to the surface. Astonishingly, she could start to feel the warmth spread from the center of her body towards her palms. "*Am I really about to do it?*" She thought excitedly.

It was here that her control lapsed. The warmth retreated back to the center swiftly, causing Erasa to gasp in shock as she felt strength leave her body, nearly collapsing to the ground from the exertion.

"Erasa!" Gohan rushed over to her, bending down next to the girl's fallen frame. "Are you alright?!"

Breathing heavily, Erasa looked upward at Gohan, smiling weakly. "I was so close, Gohan. I could feel it, but then I got excited..."

"The emotional anchor will go away in time, don't worry," Gohan assured her, smiling. "For someone whose never drawn onki before, you've already made astounding progress! Come on, let's go take a break. I can grab us something to eat!"

"Woo hoo!" The ecstatic cries of the Saiyan hybrid soon filled the air as he quickly tore off his shirt, throwing it to the ground and making a leap into a glistening, flowing river. Surfacing, he waved frantically over at Erasa. "Watch me, alright? I'll catch us a big one!"

"Go, Gohan!" Erasa cheered, laughing. The sight of Gohan active with such vigor seemed to restore her own stamina as well, and his good mood was infectious. She relaxed at the riverside, letting her body recover as she watched the still waters. Gohan had vanished underneath their surface, and she was left to her own thoughts in this time.

"*He's so happy,*" Gohan's cheerful expression, that wide, innocent smile was locked in her mind's eye. "*How can he be like that, after fighting with his mother? Does he repress it all? Or is there more to it?*" She remembered briefly how Gohan would avoid much talk of his mother over the course of the last two weeks. And when she was mentioned, they weren't necessarily positive things. "*His mother...she actually seems violent. What if she doesn't like me? What if she thinks I'm not good enough for Gohan?*" The blonde girl's mind worked overtime, churning out several situations in which Chi-Chi would reject her — violently at that, with one involving a German Suplex — and she shuddered.

Water splashed onto the lakeside, sweeping up to Erasa's feet as Gohan emerged from under the water's surface, carrying a squirming fish nearly half his size against his glistening wet form. Laughing, Gohan held the fish into the air, triumphant. To anyone who had known his father, it would be remarkable just how similar to Goku Gohan was in this moment.

"*I think Gohan is the only person I know who fishes like that,*" Erasa thought with a giggle, only stifled after what she saw besides the fish. In her eyes, Gohan's herculean body shined with the refraction of water still rolling off his skin. Even with a happy-go-lucky grin on his face and an innocent wave, it looked almost like the spitting image of a god from myth was smiling in her direction. With these thoughts in mind, Erasa's innocent mental quip turned to one of a dazed fantasy, causing her cheeks to flush hotly. "Oh gosh, Gohan, please put clothes on before you make me pass out...!"

Gohan's smile changed to one of confusion as he threw the fish onto the riverbank, before leaping out of the water himself. "Why would you pass out?" He inquired, taking note of her red flushed face. Still sopping wet, Gohan bent down, moving in close to Erasa and pressing his forehead to hers. "You look a bit dizzy; do you have a fever?"

That was the point Erasa lost control of herself; having Gohan in such close proximity, his glistening, chiseled features became even more apparent. Her face flushed even darker, and she swore she could pick up his scent, before darkness fell and she blacked out on the spot.

The smell of cooking meat wafted towards Erasa's nose, and her body responded, eyes flickering as they snapped open. The sun shined down into the sapphire orbs, causing her to squint to dim the light. Sitting up, the crackling of a fire could be heard and she saw Gohan, mercifully clothed, sitting in front of a fire. The fish he'd caught was nowhere to be seen; instead, there were multiple slices of it propped up over the fire, and it would appear they'd been cooking for several minutes.

"Hey, you're awake!" Gohan waved cheerfully, a wide grin on his face. "You didn't have a fever, but you fainted for some reason."

"How long was I out for?" Erasa asked groggily, rubbing her head.

"Only fifteen minutes," Gohan replied casually. "I took the liberty of starting the fire, gutting and preparing the fish. Judging from the smell, it should be ready pretty soon. After we eat, we'll start your training again."

At that, Erasa felt excitement run through her body. They were going to try again. She *had* to get it right this time, she absolutely had to. "I won't mess up this time, Gohan. I know I can do it!"

"You'll do just fine." Gohan agreed, turning towards Erasa. Cupping his hands, he formed another small sphere of energy within his palm, yellow this time, spiraling and glowing bright, like the sun. "Here, give me your hands."

Confused, Erasa extended her hands to Gohan, who took them gently in his free hand. Gently, he placed the sphere of energy within Erasa's palms, where it floated, luminous

and self-sustaining. Erasa's confusion changed to a look of excitement as she realised she was holding a sphere of *ki*.

"I figure it might be easier on you if you get a feeling for what you're striving for," Gohan carried on, smiling as she saw her face light up in a way that had nothing to do with the yellow sphere. "Remember this feeling; it will help you when you try it for yourself."

Gazing, entranced, at the radiant sphere that hovered within her palms, Erasa could only say that she felt uplifted. The feeling of holding *ki* within her palms was intoxicating. She tore her eyes away from the sight, flashing a determined smile towards Gohan. "Let's eat, Gohan. I'm ready to try again!"

A few hours had elapsed since the two had eaten lunch and resumed their training. With Gohan standing above her like an ever watchful guardian, the blonde teenager sat, cross-legged on the cool grass. The entire forest was immersed in silence; only the wind blew, cool and crisp, and even the sounds of nature seemed to silence themselves in preparation for this moment. As Gohan instructed, she calmed herself, once again resorting to the breathing exercises she knew so well.

Achieving a state of peace with remarkable ease, Erasa felt it once again; a warmth deep within her body that beckoned the young girl that moment it realized she was consciously aware of it. Responding to this warmth, Erasa mentally pulled on it herself, drawing the warmth from the center of her body to her palms. The sensation of Gohan's own *ki* resonated firmly in her mind, the feeling of euphoria that she felt was firmly in her memory, and, with a flash, a lustrous white sphere took form in her palms.

"Gohan!" Erasa gasped, the spiraling sphere afloat between her palms seeming to respond to her own excitement as it glowed ever brighter. "Look! I did it!" A similar feeling that had welled up inside her body before, when Gohan had given her the sphere of *ki* to hold, was now returning, tenfold.

"That's amazing, Erasa!" Gohan declared, stunned with her progress. "This has to be because of your athleticism. While it may not be martial arts, your body is still trained physically from all the physical activities you've done all your life!" During the past two weeks, Erasa had explained to Gohan that she was a member of several various teams and clubs over the course of the school year, all of them related to sports or physical fitness in some way. "That must have made it easier for you to draw out your *ki* like this!"

"Do you think I can learn to fly like this?" She breathed, undeniably excited.

"Hold your horses!" Gohan laughed, taken in by her enthusiasm. "Drawing out your *ki* consciously is just the first step! Now you have to learn how to control it, and that's what we're going to work on tomorrow."

Chi-Chi sighed as she slipped into her steaming hot bath. Ever since her, for lack of a better term, fight, she had been solemnly contemplating what led this on for the past hours of the day. After pacing and staring at walls in uncharacteristic silence, she decided a bath would do her some good. After all, she didn't have her father build her the bathroom extension in her home for nothing!

By the time her luscious thighs slipped beneath the steaming, azure surface, she shuddered and let out a relieved sigh. Goosebumps trailed up her dry arms she propped onto the bath's tops. With her voluptuous breasts partially submerged, they floated buoyantly within the steaming moisture. Letting her hair down, Chi-Chi let out a small smile of brief enjoyment as she settled in the bath. Her entire bare outline rippling under the water and lapping against her shining sleek skin that would be the envy of many women her age and a generation younger.

But after settling for a few more moments, Chi-Chi's smile quickly faded, before finally settling into an inversion that reflected her inner turmoil. Her eyes stared at the water's refracting exterior, allowing her mind to wander over the last seven years she's spent with her family. She always remembered seeing Gohan look so happy, even after the death of the father he cherished so much. But looking back harder, she would always see the hesitance in his actions whenever she brought up her deceased husband and how he would have handled the situation he was within. She thought, at times, Goku was a terrible role model but his pleasant demeanor had always had her wondering about her personal judgement.

Then when she gave birth to Goten, she experienced the most joy she had in ages. The uncanny resemblance to his father was there in their son and she wanted, honestly, to find a way to keep his image around. She groomed the small clumps of hair her baby boy had as he grew up to resemble it exactly as her father, so subtly that not even Gohan questioned it all these years. Remembering this caused her eyes to well up with tears, causing them to flow down her cheeks and drip onto her floating, smooth bosom.



"Goku...are you really not coming back? Have I really been holding onto something that's not here anymore?" Chi-Chi thought as her lips quivered, shortly before giving way to a series of sobs. The water dispersed in motion as Chi-Chi bent forward in the bath, covering her face with both hands as she cried into her palms, overcome with grief and sorrow.

"I miss you...I miss you so much, Goku!" She wept bitterly into her hands as her voluptuous frame shook with every cry and shaky breath she let out.

**Author's Note:** AND CHAPTER FIVE IS FINALLY DONE! First off, let me apologize to everyone, even though I know that will sound repetitive. This entire time since the latest chapter, I got caught up with my friends, work, and even some images that I'm doing on the side (that, as of this point, I have still not finished, note to self). I'm just grateful how patient you guys are, and I really hope this chapter isn't below your expectations!

As usual, I have a pun or two to cover. This time around, it's Jū, Videl's ever faithful (and mistreated, poor man) butler. His name, like every other name here, is a pun on something. In his case, it's a pun on the Japanese word kajū (家従) or, quite literally, "butler". Yeah, really digging deep, ain't I? I couldn't come up with a butler pun otherwise that didn't sound like a child's attempt at humor, but if anyone has any, send 'em my way. Videl does have loads of servants.

I think that's all I have to say regarding this chapter, this time around. As usual, I have to thank my friend Demod20, he's always a big help writing these chapters, when it comes to looking over it when I've finished, and brainstorming to help me think of which direction to take what.

I'll see you guys in the next exciting installment of the Erased Chronicles!

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