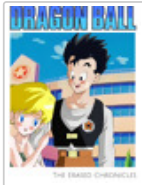


Anime/Manga (/anime/) > Dragon Ball Z (/anime/Dragon-Ball-Z/)

**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

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8. The Wall of Humanity

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"I have to admit, I'm very surprised you came to me, Gohan," Master Rōshi was standing outside the Kame House, his trademark shades glinting in the sunlight as he stroked his snow-white beard. "I would have expected you to seek Piccolo's wisdom, given he was your teacher."

Early in the morning, Gohan flew towards Kame House to seek Master Rōshi's advice for how to handle his attempt at furthering Erasa's training, and to his relief, Rōshi had agreed to give him advice. Standing off to the side of the screen door was Android 18, who had a keen eye locked on Master Rōshi.

"Normally, I would," Gohan admitted sheepishly, having hoped Rōshi wouldn't have assumed Gohan was treating him as the 'last resort option'. "But I wanted to use training methods a human body can take; Piccolo really is a great teacher, but his methods might kill Erasa."

Rōshi chuckled to himself, agreeing completely with Gohan. "A tournament in eight months...that really does bring back memories of when I trained your father and Krillin for their first tournament," The hermit's beard twitched with a smile at the memories; even to this day, Goku didn't know that his greatest opponent in his tournament début — a man named Jackie Chun — had been him.

"Alright, listen carefully, because I will only say this once," Rōshi instructed firmly.

"I'm listening," Gohan nodded, giving the Kame Sennin his full and undivided attention.

"I've lived far longer than you can imagine, and my teacher, Master Mutaito taught me the essence of Ki control many years ago." Rōshi leaned on the staff in his hands, straightening the sunglasses that adorned his face. "It's impressive, from what you told me, how far Erasa has come. But her body is weak and that means her volume of energy to draw upon is low. In order to build up Ki you must build up the body past the limits it has, and then surpass them. Once you know what her limits are, make sure to tell her to push harder, and tell her she's much stronger than she believes herself to be. When she has reached this point, she will breach the limiter that is called the 'Wall of Humanity'."

Gohan nodded as he listened along to Rōshi's sage words.

The aged teacher continued, pleased to finally have someone other than Krillin who understood what he was saying, "Another thing that is important is that meditation is key for harmonizing one's spirit. Ki is formed out of harmony with the mind and body, which in turn causes the spirit to become one with yourself. Make sure you teach her the meditation techniques that Piccolo and your father has taught you. It is key that she learns to harmonize her core, it is the best way I know how that she can hope to break through the limits of her human capacity."

"Got it!" Gohan's entire face lit up with understanding, smacking his fist onto the flatside of his palm. "I think I know what you mean, Master Rōshi!"

"You better!" Rōshi replied, relaxing from the serious discussion they'd just finished. "I forgot half of what I just said!"

In shock, Gohan almost comedically fell backwards, looking at Rōshi in disbelief, while the aged master simply broke out into raucous laughter.

"I'm just messing with ya," He waved dismissively, still laughing.

"Oh..." Gohan blinked in surprise, a weak laugh escaping his throat.

"But in all seriousness," Rōshi stared intently at Gohan, his sunshades glinting in the morning sunlight, peering in far too close for Gohan's own personal comfort. "Make sure you take good pictures of her poses and bring them to me!"

Gohan stared at the venerable master in exasperation, almost finding it difficult to believe this man was his father's first teacher. "...You...you have no shame, do you...?"

"Haven't had that for centuries!" Rōshi replied, breaking out into a fit of laughter once again, only to be quickly interrupted by a firm smack from Android 18, which sent the elderly teacher skipping across the ocean like a stone.

"He never learns," The cyborg muttered in exasperation.

Incredibly, the man recovered almost instantly, swimming back towards the shore, straightening his now crooked sunglasses. "Before you go, Gohan, I'll detail to you my own patented methods of training — the true Turtle School style. Additionally, while the mountains where you and your family live might be ideal for your own kind of training, I recommend moving temporarily to an island south of here where I trained Goku and Krillin."

Convincing Chi-Chi of that might be easier said than done, but Gohan simply nodded in agreement while Master Rōshi gave him specific training methods, and, additionally, equipment to use during Erasa's training. Simply stowing it all away in a Capsule, Gohan gave Rōshi his thanks, before flying off towards Mount Paozu's East District 439.

Satan City, District 666, Erasa's Home; Erasa's Room

"A training island south of the main continent?" It was only an hour after Gohan had met with Master Rōshi that he contacted Erasa to inform her of their training arrangements, and Erasa was shocked to hear the training would be taking place on an island so far away.

"*Yeah,*" Gohan's voice came through the receiver, and Erasa found herself pleased to hear the sound. "*I already mentioned it to Mom, and it took about half an hour to actually get her to be receptive to the idea. She's never been one for having neighbors, which is why we live way out in the mountains.*"

Erasa suddenly felt a small bit of dread hit her stomach like a falling stone. Convincing her father to let her temporarily relocate to an island far south of the mainland was going to be far more difficult than asking him to allow her to compete in the tournament — which, mercifully, he had allowed.

"*Will you be able to make it?*" Gohan asked tentatively, noting the girl's awkward silence.

"Let me talk to Dad about it," Erasa replied. "I'll call you back when I have his response."

"*Alright,*" Gohan replied, equally nervous as the two hung up the line.

The blonde girl collapsed onto her bed, running her hand through her hair as she sighed. Given today was the first day of training, Erasa had already called off school, and all that remained was convincing her father to let her go train with Gohan.

The girl idled around for several hours while she waited for Marque to return to the house, doing things a typical teenager would do, sitting around watching television, as well as dabbling in a few video games. Erasa frowned as she watched the clock tick; she hadn't expected to have to twiddle her thumbs here. If she'd known getting to her training with Gohan was going to take an extra day, she'd have simply gone to school. Leaning back against the frame of her bed, she heard a distance voice from downstairs, and footsteps

coming up the flight towards her door.

"I'm in here, Dad!" Erasa called out, and she heard the doorknob turn.

Marque stepped slightly into the partially opened doorway, knocking on it with a smile. "May I come in?"

Erasa smiled herself as she rolled her eyes. "Yes Dad, you have my permission."

"So glad to have it." Marque pushed the door open all the way, greeting his daughter halfway across the room with a warm hug and an exchange of pats to the back, which Erasa returned, albeit halfheartedly. Releasing his hold on his daughter, Marque furrowed his brow, looking at her pensively. "Something on your mind that you want to tell me?"

Erasa smiled nervously, thinking to herself, "*That's my dad for ya. Always able to tell when something is bothering me.*" She took a deep breath, in and out, "Yes, dad, there was something I wanted to talk about."

"Alright," Marque cocked his eyebrow up with a wry smile. "Should I be sitting down, or you?"

Erasa walked back to her bed, patting the spot next to her. "Both."

Marque heaved a heavy sigh as he sat down next to his daughter, clasping his hands in an entwining fashion. He'd only noticed now that he'd yet to see the changes Erasa had made to room, always busy with work, and took that moment of silence to admire the changes she'd made. In just a short time, the room had lost the childish feel it had; the wave and cloud patterns on the walls and ceilings, and childish memories all seemed to be put away, he had to assume in boxes in a closet. Where waves and clouds had dominated the walls, Marque now recognized a wallpaper his wife had purchased several years ago — Tranquil Grey, as the catalog had called it — an all white-wall paper with grey-flower patterns. The childish toys she owned had been replaced by a shelf of books. The only things Erasa hadn't removed entirely from the room besides her own bed was her Largehard computer, and the giant stuffed bear she'd brought home seven years ago. He turned his head towards Erasa, looking at her with an inquisitive smile.

"Well," Erasa bit her lower lip, turning her gaze towards the window instead of meeting Marque's eyes. "Remember when I asked you if I could participate in the Tenka'ichi Budōkai?"

"Yeah?" Marque furrowed his brow as he recalled their conversation from just last night. "What's the matter? You aren't getting cold feet so soon, are you?"

Erasa turned back towards Marque, her eyes wide, waving her hands insistently. "Oh no! In fact, it's the kind of the opposite!" She clasped her hands together, glancing side to side, before letting out a resigned exhale. "For the tournament...I kind of...need to be away from home for awhile. For my training, you see?"

It took only seconds for Mark to process what his daughter had said, and at first, the most he could get out was a small "Oh...".

Father and daughter looked at each other in silence, before Marque broke the ice.

"Allow me to understand what you're telling me," Marque turned to fully face her with hands on his lap. "This tournament, a martial arts tournament, is so important you need to physically leave home and devote nearly all of your time to training?"

Erasa twiddled her fingers as she looked down at her own lap, kicking her feet gently on the carpeted floor. "It's not like school is an object; we handled it yesterday, and the revitalization of the tournament is such a big thing that Mr. Satan himself is convincing the schools in our district to allow the teenagers to compete if they make the choice; he says he wants some kind of competition from the younger generation."

Marque had to agree with his daughter on this; the school angle had been covered, but the idea of her leaving home for six months to train was still a bit of a stretch. The man sighed to himself, rubbing his face and chuckled, knowing his daughter, just like her mother, would have covered any possible angle before even mentioning this to him.

"So...this training," Marque continued to rub his chin expectantly as he arched a brow up at her direction, "this wouldn't happen to involve a boy, would it?"

Erasa's face flushed a bright crimson and she turned back towards Marque to wave her hands defensively. "N-No, I-!"

Marque, however, raise his hands up to cut the girl off mid-sentence. "I may not be home that often, Erasa, but I do check in at your school. Some of your classmates' parents do work with me at the office, if you remember. They say you've been rekindling a friendship with this boy from the "boonies"?"

"It's not like what you think!" Erasa swung her hands down insistently, clapping her own legs. "Gohan's a nice, thoughtful, and very good friend of mine. We haven't been doing anything you wouldn't approve of. In fact, he's the one who opened my eyes to look forward and not keep being in the past! "

Marque's eyes widened, and he took the time to examine the room again, carefully examining the changes Erasa had made and only now realizing the cause of it.

"He's helped me move on, just as I am helping him," Erasa smiled, placing a hand over her heart. "He's the one that's encouraged me to become a better person. And I see myself becoming that person by studying martial arts. I want to be stronger, dad!"

"Because of what happened to Vidal?" Marque asked in a knowing tone.

"Yes!" Erasa breathed. "Especially because what happened to Vidal!"

Marque rubbed his hands on his knees as his brown eyes fell to the floor, causing the room to go silent; he then turned to look at her, seriously staring at the girl's determined expression. "Is this what you really want? Do you believe this will be the best route for you to take?"

The blonde girl thoughtfully looked to the side and then out the window, noticing the a small cloud flowing up in the sky; her thoughts turn to Kinto'un and the time she's spent with Gohan, and the things she's learned. Erasa then turned to stare at her father, determined blue eyes meeting uncertain brown ones, and she nodded. "Yes."

"Okay then," Marque smiled with a slow nod. "When are you leaving?"

"Tomorrow..."

"Then let me see you off and meet this young man who's training my daughter," Marque smiled widely, winking at his daughter. "It's the least I should do before letting you be whisked off and away from home."

"Oh thank you, daddy!" Erasa flung her arms around her father's neck in her excitement.

"Anything for you, sweetie," Marque wrapped his arms around her, kissing the top of her head- Just know I want the best for you. If I don't approve, don't think I won't change my mind."

"I know," The blonde girl giggled as she released her hold of her father. "Trust me, Gohan's not anything you'd expect."

"Well...we'll see, now won't we?"

Open Air Between Satan City and East District 439; The Next Morning

Flying along the heavily forested skyline, Gohan was making his way towards Satan City. Erasa called the day previous, and told him that her father had given the okay for her six-month stay with the teenage Saiyan so they could train for the Tenka'ichi Budōkai. Normally, this would have been great news, but Erasa told him there was a catch, and it made his heart plummet towards his stomach like a falling stone.

Her father, Marque, wanted to meet him.

The very idea made him nervous; he didn't even know how to begin introducing himself to Marque, but in an effort to make a good impression, Gohan had tried to look as casual as possible. He'd donned a white shirt emblazoned with the characters "飯道", simple blue jeans, and red and white laced up sneakers. He could only hope that he wasn't appearing to be too casual.

The familiar skyline of Satan City came into view and then quickly vanished as Gohan flew right into the city. Normally, he'd be heading towards Orange Star High School, but today, and every day for the next six months, would be focused on the training for the Tenka'ichi Budōkai.

As Erasa's home came within his line of sight, Gohan descended to the ground, landing neatly onto the pavement. Walking towards the front door, he stopped dead, breathing slowly. Gently, he rapped on the blue-painted wooden door, and after a moment of silence — and much to Gohan's relief — it was Erasa who opened the door, smiling at Gohan.

"Gohan, you made it!" She smiled, though Gohan could see in her warm blue eyes that she was nervous as well. Stepping across the threshold, Erasa pulled Gohan in closer, wrapping her arms around him. Mildly surprised, Gohan reciprocated, and the two were locked in a simple embrace as they smiled at each other, their worries seemed to melt away, completely ignorant to the fact that their minor display of affection was in public viewing.

"So...how nervous are you?" Erasa breathed, her voice soft in Gohan's ear.

"More than you can imagine," Gohan replied dryly, though he couldn't help but feel at ease with his arms wrapped around this girl, her familiar scent — a strange mixture of fruit scented conditioner and rose scented shampoo — assailing him at the same time as he thought this.

As the two broke apart, Erasa finally took a moment to look over Gohan's attire. "Well don't you look sharp," She smiled, running a thin finger along his shirt. She slipped her hand into his, pulling him back over the threshold of the house. "Come on, let's not keep my dad waiting."

This wasn't Gohan's first time in Erasa's home, but her father didn't know this. And, true to form, the house was as quaint as he remembered it. As soon as the Saiyan stepped into the home, he was assailed with the sweet scent of the house, one that matched Erasa's, and yet another scent, slightly familiar, but far stronger than he remembered it; sweet and bitter at the same time, with the aroma of salt and pepper. As he recalled, this was the scent of Erasa's father.

Erasa led Gohan by the hand into the family room — a room he'd seen only in passing before on the way up to Erasa's room — and he tried not to show any hint of recognition on his face. Upon entering the family room and tearing his eyes away from the now familiar furnishings, Gohan saw a middle-aged man with pale blonde hair, a thick moustache, and kind brown eyes sitting at ease on one of the sofas that saw itself sitting across from the television. Gohan and Erasa sat themselves on the sofa that sat adjacent to it, and there was an awkward silence; Gohan could only equate this feeling to the police interrogations he'd seen in passing on the crime dramas Chi-Chi would occasionally watch.

"So you're the Gohan I've heard so much about?" Marque gruffly broke the silence, giving Gohan a stern eye that made the boy's discomfort, if anything, worse. While Marque didn't have the scent of hostility around him that would make a Saiyan's hairs stand on end, he had the stare of someone who looked through a person rather than at them — a stark contrast to the warm gaze he reserved for his daughter.

"Y-Yes, sir!" Gohan replied stiffly, his nervousness rushing back in full force.

"You do look very much like Erasa's descriptions of you," Marque noted, Gohan's earnestness causing the man to form a thin smile. "Though I would have expected her martial arts teacher to arrive in something a little more traditional; I wasn't expecting casual wear. Though I do admit, I like your shirt."

"T-Thank you, sir," Gohan laughed nervously. "Those who study martial arts don't always wear their training *gi* as casual wear, so I donned casual wear for the occasion."

"That makes a fair amount of sense," Marque rubbed his chin, agreeing with the alien teenager. "So, young man, if you don't mind my asking, would you mind telling me just when you met my daughter?"

Realizing the true interrogation was about to begin, Gohan inhaled deeply, bracing himself entirely. "I met her seven years ago, sir. Right before the Cell Games, when I came to visit Satan City, to get the taste of city life. Of course, this was back when it was still called Orange Star City. She really bailed me out of a jam when we met."

"You just looked so helpless, I really couldn't help but come to your rescue," Erasa chimed in, smiling as Gohan laughed at her outburst.

"Did I really look so out of place?" inquired Gohan, unable to believe he'd been quite so oblivious looking.

"Like a sore thumb," The blonde teased, and the two had to stifle their own laughter.

Marque, however, cleared his throat, getting the attention of the couple once more.

"That's good, that answers my question," Marque nodded curtly. "But if that was a one-time occasion, how did you become reacquainted with my daughter? I really do apologize for all of these questions, and I usually give Erasa far more leeway than this in her own personal relations with others at school."

Gohan had to fight a nervous flinch at this one — both he and Erasa had agreed to not inform Marque of his escapades as the Golden Warrior. However, he didn't feel comfortably lying completely to Marque, and Erasa always said Gohan was a terrible liar. Letting out an exasperated sigh, Gohan decided to give Marque a edited version of events.

"I guess you could say I'm a vigilante," Gohan explained briefly. "Similar to Videl, actually. I help fight crime in Satan City, though when I arrived, I tried to do everything under the radar. Erasa, however, caught onto me fairly quickly, and ever since, she's been trying to help me balance my crime fighting duties with my school life. Your daughter has really been a huge help."

"Gohan was also the one who saved Videl last week," Erasa offered helpfully.

Marque's eyes widened; this boy was the one who'd saved Mark's daughter from that horrible situation? For a teenager, that was definitely impressive to pull off.

"It wasn't really anything as dramatic as that," Gohan immediately tried to keep Erasa from saying anything else, knowing she'd try and spin it into some tale of grandeur that Marque would be better off not hearing. "I've just been raised to help people; it's what my Dad would have done, and I'm no different."

Not only impressive but humble as well. For a kid in this day and age, Marque knew that was difficult to come by. "Alright, let me ask you my final question," Marque said, much to Gohan's relief. "How have you and my daughter been spending your time together? I'm not entirely oblivious to the fact that you and Erasa have been spending almost every free moment together."

"Recently, we've been devoting most of our time to Erasa's training," Gohan explained casually, becoming more at ease as this continued. "But I've also taken to showing Erasa around the countryside, given how far away I live; basically, quite a bit of sightseeing mixed in with Erasa's own training."

"I see, I see," Marque murmured, taking in everything Gohan said. The three fell quiet as the father stared intently at Gohan, mulling everything over in his head. He couldn't deny that this Gohan was a good kid; humble, earnest, and a politeness that isn't normally seen in teenagers nowadays.

"*They talk and act like they've known each other for years,*" The middle-aged man thought to himself, his stern stare still focused entirely on Gohan. Marque could remember a time when he once acted like Erasa and Gohan were, so many years ago when he and Quile were younger.

The silence returned the air of nervousness to both Gohan and Erasa; what was Marque thinking? Neither of them could read it based on his stone-faced expression, and the two gulped simultaneously.

Breaking the ice after a few minutes, Marque finally spoke again. "I've decided; Erasa, you can go train with Gohan for the six months before the Budōkai begins."

While relief washed over both Gohan and Erasa, it was mixed in with another emotion: surprise.

"You're serious?" Gohan croaked, his voice cracking from the slight underuse it'd been experiencing.

"I'm serious," Marque replied, and his stern expression now broke into a very warm smile. "I feel I can trust you, Gohan, with the well-being of my daughter. Listening to you answer my questions showed me you're well-meaning and humble; you know how to respect other people, and I can tell you were raised right. And besides," He turned to his daughter this time, who was positively beaming with happiness at her father's answer. "If I told you no, Erasa, Quile would be out for my blood."

"T-Thank you, sir!" Gohan cried, beaming much like Erasa was.

"Thank you, daddy!" Erasa got up, wrapping her dad into a hug, which he returned, chuckling.

"Would you mind, Erasa, if I came to visit during those six months?" Marque inquired to his ecstatic daughter.

"Of course I wouldn't mind!" Erasa replied, and this gave Marque a feeling of relief. So long as he could still see Erasa, she wouldn't seem quite so far away.

"If everything's settled, I think we should head back now," Gohan didn't want to interrupt them, but with his mother, time was of essence. "My mother wasn't too keen to make the move down to Elche Island in the first place, and I think if we take any longer, she's going to wring my neck."

"You heard him, we have to go now," Erasa broke the embrace with her father as she returned to Gohan's side. "I'll be seeing you real soon, Dad, don't hesitate to come and visit!"

"Make me proud, Erasa," Marque replied, smiling. "I want to have something to see when I come watch you compete in the Budōkai!"

East District 439; Son Residence, The Next Morning

"Thanks for letting me sleep in your room, Chi-Chi," Erasa stifled a yawn as the two women filed into the kitchen, waiting on Gohan and Goten so they could head over to Elche Island.

"Don't mention it, Erasa," The ebony-haired mother waved it off, smiling. "It's not like I'd have you sleep on a couch or something."

"Awake already?" Gohan asked, walking into the kitchen from around the corner, already dressed in his standard training *gi*, with Goten trailing behind him, wearing a *gi* that highly resembled Goku's. Like most of the siblings outfits, Chi-Chi had sewn this *gi* herself, in an attempt to replicate Goku's image in her youngest child.

"Good morning, you two," Chi-Chi greeted her children as she was fetching herself a warm mug of coffee.

"Good morning, Mom, Erasa," Gohan smiled in Erasa's direction, who returned the smile happily. "I was thinking we could actually head to Elche now. Flying there was be easiest, so, Mom, if you capsulize the entire house, I can carry you there."

"That would go faster," Chi-Chi agreed, sipping her coffee. She'd been thinking of taking a boat, but if Gohan could fly her there, that would definitely make getting to the island less of a chore.

"Um...I can't fly," Goten admitted, tugging on Gohan's *obi* to get his attention. "That won't be fair if you all fly and I get left here, Gohan!"

"You can't...fly?" Gohan looked at his younger brother in exasperation. Having learned to fly from Piccolo at the tender age of four, the art was something Gohan took for granted, and unconsciously come to expect everyone to be able to perform. Given Goten was stronger than Gohan ever was at his age, it naturally followed, to the hybrid-Saiyan, that Goten would have picked up flying someone, even if only from Trunks.

"Are you making fun of me, Gohan?" Goten inquired, puffing his cheeks out indignation, and act Erasa considered made Goten quite adorable. "I feel like you're making fun of me!"

"N-No, not at all!" Gohan waved his hands insistently, backing away faster than a car out of a driveway. "Tell you what, you can ride Kinto'un on the way to the island, alright?"

The younger hybrid agreed, and within minutes, the Son Family and Erasa stood outside as Chi-Chi pressed a button at the side of the home — a modification added by Bulma sometime after the Cell Game — and the house, with a large puff of smoke and noise, reverted to a Hoi-Poi Capsule.

"And just like that, we're packed," Chi-Chi said cheerfully, pocketing the Capsule as Gohan lifted her up with ease, and proceeded to rise into the air, followed by Erasa, who was still slightly slower than Gohan was at lifting off.

"Kinto'un!" Goten called out for the heirloom cloud of the Son family, which quickly pelted their way, landing next to the miniature Saiyan.

"I think it's excited, Gohan," Erasa observed, realizing Kinto'un was probably feeling very put out ever since Erasa had learned to fly and both she and Gohan had stopped using the cloud in exchange for flying to school.

Goten clambered onto the cloud, slipping off and landing on his rear, before scrambling back up and successfully boarding the cloud the second time.

"I don't think Kinto'un is the only excited one," Gohan replied, smiling at Goten's overeagerness. "Alright, let's go!"

Without wasting further time, the group of four tore out across the land, flying until they saw the ocean, and merely pushed on, seawater rushing past them in a trail of cool spray as the group flew full force towards their new training grounds. Passing Kame House, Gohan and Goten waved at Krillin, who was training along the beach, before they saw nothing but blue water once more.

After flying for another twenty minutes, a plume of smoke billowed from over the horizon, quickly followed by the peak of a volcano. Within seconds, the rest of the island had filled out the group's vision and Erasa was among the first to gasp. Having lived on the mainland for so long, and the only island she associated with the word being Kame House, Erasa was very shocked to see such a densely populated island out in the middle of the ocean.

"This is Elche Island?" She breathed in amazement, her sapphire orbs shining with wonder.

"The only one," Gohan replied, smiling at Erasa's easily excitable nature. "My dad and his best friend trained here, and this is where Master Rōshi suggested we do our training."

"It's...well, wonderful," Erasa finished lamely, unable to find any other word to describe it. The island itself seemed like its own little world; with a populated portion akin to a small village, a volcanic mountainous region, and even a dense forest jungle, Erasa noted that she wouldn't be surprised if there was a gigantic turtle supporting this island from under the murky depths of the ocean.

"Gohan, there are a lot of other houses here!" Goten exclaimed, looking at the island with as much awe as Erasa.

"According to Master Rōshi, about 300 people live on this island," Gohan explained. "You'll be seeing more than this if you explore later."

Beginning their descent, the group picked a fairly empty plot of land, closer to the jungle than most inhabitants were comfortable with making a living. The moment Gohan set her down, Chi-Chi pulled out the Hoi-Poi Capsule that contained the Son Family home, and, clicking the device, chucked it and watched it explode in a puff of smoke, revealing their spherical home once more.

"The joys of modern technology," Chi-Chi let out a relieved sigh. "No need to pack, just capsulize everything and you're on your way!" She sounded like a quick commercial jingle, and Gohan assumed she was quoting one. "Why don't you three begin your training now, since we're finally here?" The housewife suggested, as she made her way to the front door. "I'm going to go try and meet our new neighbors."

"That sounds like a plan," Gohan agreed.

"Alright, it's time to begin your first training exercise!" Gohan was standing directly in front of Erasa, who had changed into standard white training gi, the kind she'd used whilst sparring with Videl. Goten was standing next to Erasa, as none of the training she would undergo would benefit the younger Saiyan in any way; he was simply waiting for his time to train with Gohan.

"What will I be doing for training, Gohan?" Erasa asked curiously; she'd attended several martial arts training sessions with Videl before deciding to simply give up and go her own way, but she had a feeling Gohan's training methods would be most unorthodox.

"Today will just be the basics," The older Saiyan explained in response to the question. "The training methods I'm using to teach you were the ones my father's teacher used to teach him martial arts; my entire family uses the Turtle School style of combat, and it started with Master Rōshi. Admittedly, my style is a bit different from how Dad and Mom fight, but it's got its basis in the same school of training."

"What I'm going to start you with is a basic assessment," Gohan pointed towards a very large boulder in the distance. "See that boulder? It's exactly 100 meters from here to that boulder. So, I'm going to have you run that distance."

"Running 100 meters?" Erasa blinked. "That shouldn't be too difficult, but why?"

"I'll explain after I clock your time," Gohan replied, pulling out a stopwatch. "Being a fast runner doesn't necessarily make one a good martial artist, but it never hurts to have strong legs." He and Goten casually walked over towards the stone, Goten poised to act as the announcer.

"Ready?" Gohan called out.

"I'm ready!" Erasa called back, performing a few quick stretches.

"Go!" Goten called out, raising his arm into the air.

Erasa bolted towards the rock on Goten's rallying cry, her feet slamming the ground as she quickened her pace. Had another human been watching Erasa close the distance between herself and the boulder, they may have assumed Erasa's lower legs had been enhanced with tightly coiled springs. Reaching the rock within only moments, Gohan gently clicked the stopwatch, and looked down at the recorded time.

"10 seconds flat." Gohan concluded. "For a human, that kind of speed is remarkable; it's on the level of a trained athlete, and you've only just unlocked your ki."

"So, I hit a good time?" Erasa asked, excited. While she didn't notice it, she wasn't even slightly winded; the run hadn't taken that much of her energy at all.

"It's remarkable, actually," Gohan repeated, placing the stopwatch inside his gi for safekeeping. "However, you're still well within the limit of the human body. With the training you're going to endure for the next six months, you're going to surpass your human wall, and break it down. I'm going to run you through the grinder; by the time the training is finished, you'll be able to run this same distance in 5 seconds or less."

"5 seconds?" Erasa tried to wrap her mind around clearing 100 meters in just five seconds. Not even the most trained athletes could pull that off. Just as Erasa was wondering how fast Gohan could run a 100 meter dash, she saw him bending down to pick up smooth, round stone from the ground.

"Why are you picking up a stone, Gohan?" The blonde queried.

Gohan pulled out a black KEEN marker, and began to scribble something onto the stone. When he had finished, he showed Erasa the stone, and the girl saw it had the character "魔" inscribed on it. "This will be the last of the basics for today, but it's also your most crucial test for the day as well."

Erasa blinked in confusion. "A rock will be my most crucial test? Am I going to throw it?" The girl figured, given the last test was legwork, this may be armwork.

"This won't be a rock throwing test," Gohan clarified, shaking his head. "This will be a rock finding test." And without warning, Gohan gently tossed the rock towards the jungle. While Gohan would call this a gentle throw, it far outmatched even a star pitcher, the rock was soon lost in the thick trees and vines of jungle foliage.

"Finding!?" Erasa spluttered, losing her cool for a brief second. "I'm supposed to find that small rock in a jungle like that!?"

"Yep," Gohan replied innocently. "That isn't the only thing, however — there's also a time limit, and a penalty if you fail to complete it within the allotted time. You have a half hour to find that rock, and if you can't find it, you have to go without meals for the day."

As if on cue, the blonde girl's stomach let out a muffled growling noise, and she realized she had yet to have anything to eat; if she wanted to fill her stomach, she had to find one small pebble in an ocean of forested mess.

"And your half hour starts...now!" Gohan called out, looking at a pocketwatch he had on his person. Without wasting a second, Erasa rose into the air, and flew off, straight down the edge of the cliff and into the dense undergrowth.

The moment she landed in the jungle, the blonde began to feel uncomfortable. It was a stark temperature difference from the main island above; the humidity and heat pressed onto her skin, making Erasa unable to tell if she was already sweating or not. Glancing around, the girl swatted a noisy fly, taking in the scenery. Trees as tall as small buildings acted as a canopy, filtering almost all the sunlight, inducing a dappled effect in the dull-lit jungle; Erasa could clearly hear birdcalls, as well as the grunts and footsteps of several dinosaurs; true to her suspicions, a lone dinosaur she recognized as *camptosaurus dispar* from a book she'd read as a child. Erasa tensed and hid behind the trunk of a large tree as the creature walked past; she had nothing to fear in way of becoming dinner; *camptosaurus dispar* was an herbivore, but she didn't want to risk a run-in with a possibly territorial creature.

"*Just what kind of jungle is this?*" Had Erasa not known any better, she'd have assumed she'd been thrown into a different world entirely; with such a civilized island harboring a wild mess of a jungle like this, who could blame her? "*And I have to find a stone in all of this!?*"

"Gohan, do you think she's alright?" Goten asked curiously, looking over the edge of the cliff that Erasa had flown down. "Isn't just thirty minutes to find a rock like that gonna be really hard for Erasa?"

"It wouldn't be any decent training if it was easy," Gohan replied, having taken a seat on the ground while he waited for Erasa to emerge, with the rock or without it. "That's the one thing both the Turtle School and the Demon School have in common; if the training isn't pushing you to your absolute limits, how can you believe you're actually making any progress? For training to have any benefit, it has to be harsh, rough, and sometimes, very painful. That's what I learned from Piccolo when I was a kid."

Goten looked at his brother, speechless. He hadn't seen this side of his brother before — the determined teacher, molding a student.

"I meant what I said," Gohan continued. "For the next six months, I'm going to run Erasa through the grinder. And in the end, her efforts will pay off."

Trudging through the underbrush, Erasa noted she was assuredly lost. Flying was of no help to her in this densely packed forest either; maneuvering in a suffocating bundle of trees and vines was nearly impossible, leading Erasa to scour the forest on foot.

"*I think I'm starting to take the idea of walking for granted,*" The blonde thought as she caught herself lamenting her inability to navigate the jungle with flight.

While lost in her mourning over the inability to fly, she was snapped back into reality when she heard the rustling and crunching of leaves behind her, immediately attracting the blonde's attention. Pivoting on her heel, the girl saw the source of the noise; a large saber-toothed cat. And it was springing right for her.

Reacting on instinct, Erasa leapt into the air, the wildcat barely missing her as she clung to a nearby tree branch, breathing heavily as she looked down at the figure of the mighty beast, sweat dripping down her scalp in salty beads. She kept her eyes locked on the wildcat, and found herself admiring it, only for the unique position she was in to actually observe one.

A mighty body of pure muscle that lay hidden beneath the golden fur, the sabertooth cat silently pawed the ground, kicking up dust as it snarled in Erasa's direction, before letting out a mighty roar that seemed to shake the area. Erasa knew, if she wanted to so much as have a chance at finding that stone, she needed to get past this cat. It wouldn't be easy however, as she knew this king of the jungle was intent on putting her onto the menu.

Erasa knew she didn't have the time to waste here, and moved on an impulse, leaping from one tree to another, the impact causing the trunk of the next tree to bend. Smirking to herself, she angled her body towards the sabertooth cat, and released the pressure on the trunk, springing forward with great speed. When she neared the beast, she slammed her elbow down into the back of its neck, and the force of her attack caused the sabertooth's cat body to crumple as it fell unconscious.

Erasa panted as she landed neatly on the ground; the effort to just stay alive in this death trap of forest combined trying to locate a very small stone was beginning to take its toll on Erasa. Not only was her breathing becoming slightly ragged, but she noted she felt very sticky; her clothing clung to her body as her skin was coated in a bright sheen of sweat and humidity.

"*I'm running out of time,*" She thought to herself, wiping sweat from her brow, though it did no good. Erasa wanted to sit down and rest — being attacked by a large predator does tend to tire one out — but the girl didn't know how much time she had left, only that the clock was ticking. Taking a mental note that she would need a bath after this, the girl pressed on through the forest, looking for the stone to the best of her ability.

Sitting on the cliff-face that overlooked the jungle, Gohan reached for the stopwatch to gauge Erasa's time, and realised she only had a minute left. A minute left to find one unique piece of hay in a haystack. He stood up, looking down over the mess of trees and vines; when her time was up, he'd send a powerful ki blast into the air to work as a flare.

Gohan didn't want to doubt her, and he had to admit, Erasa had pulled herself out of training that should have taken longer before, but this was different; would she make it back with the rock?

Erasa picked up what she was beginning to suspect was her hundredth rock that looked similar to the smooth stone Gohan had thrown into the forest, and harshly cast it aside when she saw it bore no marking. The rock shattered as it impacted with the ground, being only one of several Erasa had reduced to dust as the pressure to complete her test began to weigh on her.

The blonde reached for another rock, and to her irritation, saw it lacked the marking she was looking for. Just as she was about to cast it aside, she heard a large explosion like a firework, and cast her eyes into the air. Through the clustered canopy of jungle fern leaves, Erasa could see a glowing orb rise into the sky and disperse; once, twice, and three times. It took the girl a moment to realise this was Gohan's signal that her time was up, and letting out a heavy sigh, she cast the rock onto the ground as she started to rise up through the branches and leaves, floating above the jungle. She flew off slowly towards the cliff, not wanting to face Gohan. No matter how long she delayed it, however, the girl reached the cliff after a few minutes, looking as if she was very lost.

Gohan quickly noticed her expression, and that Erasa was standing a little ways off from him, and she didn't seem keen to meet his eyes. "So...did you find it?" He asked tentatively.

Not looking Gohan in the eye, Erasa muttered something too low for even Gohan to pick up, looking downwards at the ground in a way where her bangs covered her eyes.

"I'm sorry?" Gohan inquired.

"I DIDN'T FIND THE STUPID ROCK!" Erasa went from quiet and meek to shouting and angry at the drop of a hat. Gohan was taken aback when he saw Erasa's eyes; normally a soft blue, now they were alight with the fire of irritation.

"Wha...?" Gohan hadn't expected the stress of the test to accumulate in a way that it would cause Erasa to lash out at him. Though he had to assume that meant the test was as difficult as it ought to have been, he didn't like seeing Erasa this way.

"I'm sorry.." Erasa replied softly, hanging her head and shoulders in both shame and irritation; when she did so, Gohan noticed the girl had acquired more than her fair share of bruises, as well as cuts that looked like they were from the claws and teeth of a wild animal. Gohan concluded this was the source of the commotion he heard several times in the jungle below; Erasa had tangled with multiple wild beasts during her hunt for that stone.

"A sabertooth cat attacked me," Erasa explained bitterly. "I met quite a few, actually. I know I had to be so close in finding the stone, but the cats wouldn't let up; by the time I was able to retrace my steps and begin a proper search, my time was up."

"Well, it seems you encountered some trouble that derailed your objective. However," Gohan said, heaved a heavy sigh before plainly staring at Erasa. "That's how life is, and martial arts teaches no differently. Because you didn't get the rock in time, it means you failed the test. Looks like you're going to have to go without eating lunch."

Erasa nodded, and as if on cue, her stomach rumbled, causing the girl to rub it instinctively. "I understand, Gohan..."

"Why don't you go take a rest, for now?" Gohan suggested in what he hoped was a helpful manner. "This was only the assessment portion; the true Turtle School training begins tomorrow."

Nodding silently, Erasa trudged off, her head held low.

Seeing Erasa walk off looking so dejected, Gohan reached out for her, before retracting it quickly. The hybrid scratched his head as he groaned in frustration. "*Darn...! Training someone is a lot harder than I thought! Some supportive mentor I'm turning out to be...*" He cast a gaze towards the sky. "*I guess I'm a lot less like you, Dad, and more like Piccolo...*"

A/N: *So, first off, an apology to all my readers. It's been nearly a full month since my last upload, and I didn't want to take quite this long until a certain chapter later on. To explain myself away quickly, I've been sick with a sore throat; my tonsils swelled up, and this hurt quite a lot, actually. It was hard to swallow, I didn't have energy, barely wanted to talk or write, so I spent quite a few weeks resting because of this. It lasted a lot longer than it ought to have. And to cap it all off, I've been having internet connection issues, which haven't helped crap, and this chapter was also not my forte; human interactions, oi.*

Thankfully, I was able to pull through, especially with some assistance from Demod20; let's thank him right now as he helped me brainstorm quite a bit for this chapter to make sure I didn't screw it up, and of course, his proofreading.

So, as per the usual, let me explain some of the things that went on in this chapter. Earlier, when Gohan went to visit Erasa to meet Marque, he wore a shirt that read "

飯道". The word is "Meshidō", and it can mean one of four things: "Way of Food", "Way of Cooked Rice", "Way of a Meal", and "Way of One's Livelihood". All four of these fit Gohan very well, and I consider it a kind of "crowning achievement" as far as things go; additionally, Marque read it as "Way of One's Livelihood", hence why he stated he liked the shirt. Funny little blooper; I wasn't paying attention at the time and had Marque say he liked Gohan's "shit". Yeah, that's what happens when I'm not paying attention.

As you all remember, to anyone who was a fan of the original Dragon Ball in addition to "Z", Goku, Krillin, Rōshi and Lunch trained on an island in preparation for the Budōkai. To bring back the nostalgic feeling, I brought the island back as well. But this time, I gave it a name: Elche Island. "Elche" is an anagram of "Leche", meaning "milk", referencing the milk delivery Goku and Krillin had to perform. It also just fits well with Chi-Chi.

Dinosaurs. We all know them, we all love them, and I'm sure every person in my readership has seen Jurassic Park. If you haven't...please go watch it. Either way, I doubt every one of you would recognize the dinosaur I used in this chapter: camptosaurus dispar. To be honest, I'm not all too familiar with it myself; however, I dislike using stock dinosaurs such as the Triceratops, so I went with one not everyone would recognize right off the bat.

Due to how long the chapter was getting, I actually cut off some material I intended for after Erasa's training; this will occur in the next main chapter of the story!

So, all in all, I think this was a good chapter; it was difficult to do, because human interactions aren't my area of expertise, but I managed to pull through. I hope you all like it, and I'll see you in the next exciting installment of the Erased Chronicles!

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8. The Wall of Humanity


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