

# Make a Difference

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## Kapitel 1:

The bar was awfully crowded and at least three people were constantly pressed against her, trying to order drinks. Bra could've gotten a seat in the VIP lounge, but the masses of people distracted her. She downed her drink in one go and gestured for another one. She never got herself drunk. But this time... maybe it would help. At least she could ignore everything for a little while. Smoking calmed her down, but it wasn't good enough.

She had actually thought it was serious with Pan. And just when she had wanted to tell her exactly that, Pan had... *'Maybe we should take a break'* And what if it was all her fault? What if the fact that Bra didn't want to make it public was the reason, what if Pan thought Bra's feelings weren't valid just because she didn't advertise them so much? Didn't Pan know her better than that? It was probably best in that case. It still fucking hurt.

Someone touched her shoulder. She ignored it, but the hand didn't move until Bra turned around, ready to slap whoever thought to annoy her right now.

"Fuck off, I'm not interested!"

It was Goten. Of all people, she had to run into Goten. How had he even seen her?

"Me neither. Are you alone? Wanna talk? Haven't seen you in ages!"

Bra's eyes narrowed. She wanted him to leave, she especially didn't want him to draw attention to her. It was an awful evening, even without paparazzi and autograph hunters. And he looked buzzed himself.

"I don't wanna talk."

She turned around again, a new drink already on the counter. She downed that one as well. Better leave, this wasn't working as she had hoped. She could buy a bottle of something at the next corner store... When she got up, Goten followed her. It did feel good when she was finally outside, the air still moist and hot but refreshing for Southeast City weather. She took a deep breath, and another.

"Are you okay?"

She eyed him. He was looking good, better than she remembered. It had been a few years... since Trunks had moved out. There was no reason for Goten to hang out at her family's house anymore. They hadn't actually been friends. She wondered if Pan had told him... "I'm fine. Had a shitty day, I'm gonna get home."

She didn't wait for him to react, just walked away. Sadly he followed her. "Do you wanna fly to West City? You're pretty drunk..."

Bra suppressed the urge to roll her eyes. "I have an apartment here. I'm studying at SE. Goten." She turned around abruptly. Goten stumbled not to run into her. "I'd love to catch up, but not today. I really.... I'm so tired and I just want to go home."

Goten's concern was written plainly on his face. Maybe he forgot that she wasn't his lil sister. "Didn't find someone to fuck but besides that... hey, do you mind if I crash at your place tonight?"

She huffed, but she didn't have the energy anymore to argue about his thinly veiled plot to protect her. "Whatever. It's over there..." She gestured over to the left side of the street. "Hey, you wanna fly? It's faster than walking."

He shrugged and picked her up carefully. She was pretty confident that she wouldn't throw up, but just in case... "Over there, a bit to the left... yeah that house with the trees... no, one more... okay." Goten dropped down in the back alley, right onto another man. They hadn't checked. It was already late. They hadn't even touched the ground when everything started spinning.

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The rubble hurt her feet. She was only wearing sandals with a very thin sole. And it was cold as fuck. Every time she exhaled she left a small cloud of air and the shivering got worse with every second. Her hair was covering her shoulders somewhat, but it helped only marginally. Goten sat next to her on the bench, looking equally miserable. His arm was starting to turn blue and all his hair was standing up from his arms. At least he wore pants and sneakers.

"What just happened?"

Goten stared blankly at the other side of the street, at the destroyed buildings. One was still spitting water out of a burst pipe. It couldn't have happened long ago. She fished a cigarette out of her bag, handing one to Goten who took it absentmindedly.

"I don't know."

"Does your arm hurt?"

He looked down, as if he had forgotten all about it. "Yeah. Actually."

She inhaled deeply, and again. And again. It calmed her down, but it didn't warm her.

She shuffled a bit closer to Goten. "I don't think we're on Earth anymore."

"I don't either." He took his phone out. No signal. "I think that guy was teleporting. I mean..." He pocketed it again.

Yes. Why not? Her mum had built a time machine, why not teleporting. Bra took another drag. Right when they stumbled into him they immediately switched to this place and Goten fell awkwardly on a steel beam. The man was gone before either of them could react. And now... they were sitting in a dead city, under a yellow sky with no living being around. Bra couldn't feel any Kis, but she wasn't very good at it anyway. "Is someone around?"

Goten finished his cigarette and threw it on the ground. "I can't feel anything in the area, but I'm not good enough for the whole planet." He shrugged apologetically. Goten obviously hadn't spent his time training as well. "At least it looks like something similar to humans lived here. The bench fits us... that bathroom looks normal." He shrugged again. "Maybe we should fly somewhere else, find..." He stopped, looking at the far end of the street. She had felt it, too. Someone was coming.

"Do you want to hide?" They weren't that strong. They should be able to handle it.

"No. Let's see who they are." A few seconds later five people arrived. They looked human. Except for the tails. And the armor that looked very much like... her dad's. She instantly grabbed Goten's arm, feeling how tense he was. Something was very weird indeed.

One of them walked towards them, a tall man with a short afro and very dark skin. He shouted something in a language they didn't understand.

"Goten... who are those people? They look like..." Bra eyed the rest of the group. There were two other men. One with a sidecut and light brown skin, one with an unruly mob of shoulder length hair and a huge scar on his chin. The women didn't look any nicer, a tall one with a ponytail and blond tips, small eyes in a round face and the other one, darker skinned, with a straight bob. She looked most like her dad and Gokusan. They all wore dark green body suits and some kind of patch on their uniform.

The man stopped shouting, staring at them expectantly. It didn't help to sit around and do nothing, so Bra got up and pulled Goten with her. They stopped a few steps in front of the man.

"We don't understand you and we don't know where we are." She gestured around, shaking her head. "Can you help us?"

Goten leaned down, his face close to hers. "What are you doing?"

"Trying to get us out of here, obviously." She whispered. Better safe than sorry.

The man started talking again, and scar-guy pulled a tablet out of a bag around his

shoulder.

"Maybe they have a translator", she whispered again.

Goten stood up straight again when the man came closer, typing something and finally pushing the tablet towards Goten. He took it reluctantly.

"What are we supposed to do with that?" Bra eyed it curiously. She couldn't read the script. It didn't look familiar at all, besides looking like a normal website layout. "Don't know. Maybe it's translating and we have to type something? I just can't... read it."

"Me neither. I'm too cold and drunk for this shit, seriously..."

The display started to change and a little ringing noise came out. "What the..."

Before Bra could inspect it closer the first guy grabbed the tablet, quickly typing away again.

*"Strangers - you - from - where - restricted - planet - Freeza - cleansed - not - permission"*

Bra slowly looked at Goten, completely confused. Was Freeza back? Had someone resurrected him again? Were those five people really Saiyans? They smelled like it, and maybe her dad simply didn't know some were left, but would they really work for... Freeza?

"We don't want to be here, we just landed here. On accident."

Bra shook him. "Goten..."

"What? We have to do something and they could tell us where we are!"

Afro was typing again. Bra pressed her lips together. Goten was right, but she wasn't happy about it at all.

*"No - ship - identify - yourself"*

"We teleported! Someone teleported us! Just tell us where the fuck we are and how we can get away!" Bra pushed Goten away. Her head was hurting and she was cold and her patience was running thin. "I'm Bra. This is Goten. Who are you?"

Goten gave her a stern look, but didn't argue. There was no time for that, but she was sure she would get a mouthful later.

*"Word - meaning - not - understand - planet - Tushkin"* Afro typed again. *"Fly - base - continue - talk"*

Sidecut and short bob were walking towards them. Bra took a step back, her eyes

moving frantically between Goten and them. "Goten, can you fight? Something's happening."

"I think they want to pick us up to fly to their base."

That made sense. But it didn't give her a much better feeling. "Can't we fly ourselves? I don't want to..."

"Doesn't really matter..." Goten muttered quietly, Bra almost didn't understand him, but he picked her up and started hovering. The two Saiyans who had walked towards them shortly looked at each other until short bob shrugged. They spoke quickly and flew off, careful to keep Goten and Bra between them.

"Goten, what kind of insane parallel world is this? Why would those people work for Freeza after he destroyed their planet?"

Goten eyed sidecut who was flying next to him. "I don't know. But if they really are working for him we have to get away before they deliver us to him."

Bra pressed her lips together. Goten was right. The last time Freeza had appeared he had been insanely strong. Her dad had fought him in his god form and there was no way she or Goten were a match for that kind of strength. But they needed a ship first and maybe a clue where they were. She closed her eyes, sighing. Goten's aura was so nice and warm. She drifted off.