

Make a Difference

Von Nevaeh

Kapitel 9:

"Are you sleeping?"

Goten opened one eye, but it was dark in the hallway. "No. Is everything ok?" He heard Bra shuffling closer, bumping against his bed, feeling for where he was lying. "Move. I don't want to get into your pants, I just seem to have spent too much time cooped up with you."

The bed was almost too narrow for two people but he got out of the way as good as possible. Bra must've been out a while, she was ice cold and he hissed when she accidentally brushed her feet against him. Unfortunately he hadn't found any controls for the room temperature. Though to be fair it was warmer than on the ship and way warmer than outside.

"Or maybe the storm outside is just too loud." Goten stopped when he heard a noise from upstairs and Bra snorted.

"Bet that we just stopped here for Yasai's booty call. Is it Nasu?"

Goten grinned, pushing against Bra until she lifted her head to make room for his arm. "No, someone else. Someone stronger. She could've fucked Nasu all the time, right?"

"I guess." She was quiet for a while. The storm was making the blinds rattle, just enough to distract him. "There is another bedroom here, and something that looks like an office. And a cellar."

"You went down there?"

"Yeah. It's just for storage, there were some clothes and other junk. Not interesting." She was so warm... it was comforting.

"Wonder if we're gonna see the castle tomorrow. Looked impressive in the pictures."

"Mhm." A few seconds later, Bra's breathing had evened out. He fell asleep while listening to it.

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"Ah! Be careful!" The sharp pain shot from her spine right into her tail. "The cupboard..." He was moving away, a few steps to the side to slam her against the wall. She was so close... it had been important for them to meet, but it had also been important for her to get it all out of her system. It had been long enough. He kissed her again, rough and hard and pounded into her as if he was afraid she would vanish. It was just right. Just perfect. Just... she felt the waves of her orgasm wash over her, trying to keep onto the sensation. When he let her down, she just stumbled over to the bed, catching her breath while her overheated body enjoyed the cool sheets.

"When was your last fuck, Yasai?" He chuckled, still out of breath, just like her. That was good.

"I don't like to mingle with my subordinates, Nappa. And that's not why I wanted to see you. Well, not... exclusively."

"I'll see what I can do. Shouldn't be a problem in the next few days. Not sure if I can help you with the convincing though."

Yasai turned her head, barely seeing anything in the dim light. "I'll manage. Are you... convinced?"

He tried to grin, reluctantly. "It's all a bit fantastic. But you saw that mixed transforming. If they are really from the future..."

She slapped him lightly on his shoulder. It was getting cold, she should put something on. "The DNA is a match. I'll have to wait for the results but if the Prince is her father... you should know. Is he ready to make some babies?"

"Not quite that premature... it doesn't matter. The King will decide. But..." He leaned over, his huge frame blocking out all the light. She felt his tail slowly caressing her thigh, making her shiver. "I'll support you anyway."

"Good." She wasn't often on planet and she needed him if she wanted it all to work out. He was her only ally in the palace. "How is it, old man? Ready for another round?"

"Haven't had a decent workout in weeks."

Grinning, she lifted her head up enough to feel the scruff of his beard and whispered: "Then fuck me like you mean it."

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When Goten woke up the next morning, he was sure his arm was gone. He didn't have any feeling in it. At least it had given its last by serving as a good pillow, since Bra was snoring peacefully on it. He carefully tried to get up without waking her and almost succeeded until she turned around, her eyes small and hair sticking everywhere.

"Wha... is it morning?"

"Can you get off my arm? I really need to go to the bathroom."

She reluctantly lifted her head and he felt the blood flow back into it, prickling horribly.

"Don't use that green stuff in the shower, it smells like garbage." Bra turned around again and pulled the sheets over her head. The blinds had opened on their own, but it was still storming outside hard enough to not let much light through. He hated the planet already.

Just when he got out of the bathroom, showered and a bit more awake he heard someone in the hallway. Bra came outside, still a mess but she didn't seem to care.

"Who's there?"

"Yasai probably. We should ask her for the schedule."

Speaking of the devil she came around the corner and for the first time not wearing her uniform. Instead she was wearing a tight, red pullover and dark red pants with rubber boots, a coat under her arm.

"Gohtin, you are already up." She gave Bra only a short glance. "You can stay here for now, I'll let you know when I get an appointment in the palace. Don't leave the house."

"Are those the mixed?" A tall man came around the corner, with a uniform that looked a lot like what Vegeta had been wearing all the time. He got a few steps closer, curiously eyeing them. "You don't even look like a Saiyan..." He lifted his hand to touch Bra's hair but she angrily swatted it away. Goten grabbed her arm, ready to defend her if necessary. But the man just laughed and looked at Yasai.

"Leave her, Nappa. I need to go to Oskarina, is it on your way?" She put on the coat and gestured for Nappa to follow her, not without throwing them a threatening glance.

"I don't even want to leave the fucking house. Stupid bitch, I'm not some animal to be shown around!"

Goten sighed when Bra stormed off. He had been the one who got presented after all... shrugging, he made his way to the kitchen.

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"The one who came to Earth with dad... I think that was mister booty call." Bra pushed her wet hair from her face while leaning in the kitchen door. He had finally figured out how the microwave oven thing worked and put some of the food inside that had tasted worse while cold.

"Nappa?" He tried to remember, but it didn't ring a bell. "That means your dad is here."

"The Prince is still a child. He should be... four years old or something. The... the time measurement is so odd here." She shrugged and started opening the drawers until she found a cup. "So we can't rely on his help, eh?"

"No. Guess not. The water tastes weird, by the way."

Bra grimaced when she took a sip from the tap water. "Ugh, have you seen bottled water anywhere?" When he shook his head she shrugged and drank it nonetheless.

"How did his huge dick fit into that tiny woman? She is half his size!"

"And here I thought we'd have a serious conversation." Bra laughed and walked over to the couch. "As if you hadn't wondered about it!"

The morning dragged on endlessly. Goten got back into his bedroom to continue reading on what he could find about Vegeta-sei while Bra was watching what was indeed TV. They ate something that was mildly offending but they didn't know what it was or how to make it better so they tried not to think about it too much. The afternoon wasn't any better. The only company they got was a cleaning bot. It didn't talk and it just beeped when Goten tried to hold it in place. They didn't see many people on the street, only occasionally a car drove by. They didn't hover, which was odd. Late afternoon a snow plough came through and cleared the road from the piling icy snow. When it started to get even darker outside he heard a noise and went to investigate. Yasai stormed inside, didn't pay him any attention and was gone a few minutes later, back in her uniform. Groaning, he shuffled into the living room where Bra was watching something loud and colourful.

"Yasai was here for a second. And I found out that the plants here are really yellow. It's not dead. The sky is red, something about the light that comes from the twin suns..."

"Yeah the colours are a bit off here. I found out that the trendy Saiyan lady should try to wear her hair *natural and dye it black if that isn't the case anymore* and anyway you shouldn't cut it ever. Rubber boots are THE it-piece this season in Vegeta-machi by the way. Oh, and some city state on the other side of the planet is currently electing a new official because the previous one is involved in some fraud and if you want to know the newest gossip from the palace, rumour has it they want to change the standard uniforms from dark blue to light blue." She threw the remote away and groaned loudly. "Honestly, this is like visiting your weird relatives in a country where everything is slightly similar but not enough to be interesting? I just want to DO something!" She groaned again, long and loud. "Even the news are boring! I haven't found anything that wasn't local news, and with local I mean the damn planet!"

"I have watched the snow plough drive by. It was really slow but it cleaned the road perfectly."

"I want to go jogging. I'm finally on a planet again and I just want to move! Don't look like that, I'm not gonna go out there to jog!" She threw her head back in frustration.

"It wasn't so bad when we were still on the ship."

"We didn't know what we had to expect. Everything was new and different... this here... want to do some language lessons? I'm still behind and I'm sick of reading about trade routes and local animals and shit."

"Why isn't there anything about Freeza? All I found was the homepage of his company or whatever and it was not informative at all. Besides the horrifying fact that you could buy planets sorted by natural resources..."

"The same reason we can't find anything about the government here I guess. We're not supposed to know."

Bra was quiet for a while, staring at nothing. "I can't imagine that someone would blow this place up. That it doesn't exist anymore at home, and it could've been... Earth." She bit her lip, her eyes moving rapidly. "It's the right decision to prevent it, Goten. So that they can roll up their hair in stupid balls and wear rubber boots. Not everyone here is a murderer, right?"

He smiled, a tiny smile. "No. And we'll make sure they don't get punished for their boring lives."

Yes. That sounded good.

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Three days passed. No one bothered them, not Yasai, not one of her lackeys, not a single person. It had stopped snowing only for short periods of time so they still had a natural avoidance of going outside and it was starting to make her nervous. Goten was occupied most of the time with trying to get better at Vegeta-go, but Bra was only in the mood to participate occasionally. She had it down well enough to get around anyway. She had also figured out quickly that although the gravity was bearable, it wasn't as if she was back to her old capacities. Running up and down the hallway three times was already exhausting, though it at least gave her something to do. Stretching was fine, she was only a bit out of shape...

On day four, someone came over and gave them a pack of clothes. Didn't talk to them, left immediately after. But it was a sign that maybe they finally would visit the palace. It would hopefully be more interesting than Yasai's place. Bra had gone exploring with Goten and although the other rooms had been a bit more personal it was still boring as shit. Just with more plants. Considering how they had been picked up Yasai probably didn't spend much time at her house. Still, not even a book to read.

Goten was the first one to examine the bags, happy to do something else as well. Bra watched from the couch, not really interested in *fashion* when she was still trying to figure the place out. She knew now that Yasai was the first of eight royal children. Prince Vegeta was the most recent one and probable new king. Obviously women weren't fit for the job, though Yasai definitely had an aura of competence that made her a good candidate. Bra snorted when she thought about it. Besides that... the planet was the third one the Saiyans had inhabited and there were a few colonies. She

hadn't been able to find out what happened with the previous ones though. Most of the planet's economy was based around the strong military that was partially national security and partially for hire. There was nothing else the Saiyans seemed to have achieved.

"We got some rubber boots."

Bra absentmindedly looked at the sea green boots Goten was holding up. She snatched it away from him, feeling the material. It wasn't rubber, more like some sort of fake leather. Very soft and warm. "So we're going on a trip presenting the newest fashion."

Goten laughed and inspected the rest of the bag. If Yasai finally managed to get her plan working it meant that Bra would get into a military university. There had to be people she could talk to. She looked like a foreigner, so they wouldn't be too weirded out by her questions. And she had a lot of them.

Later in the evening, Yasai stormed into the living room, wearing her red ensemble again.

"We'll go to the palace tomorrow. Get up in time, I don't want to be late."

"How do I set the alarm?" Bra eyed her, annoyed. Somehow getting off the ship made her even less tolerant of getting ordered around.

"Push on the display on the wall. Set it to 7. You're smart, you'll figure it out." She grinned before she left the room. Bra's gaze wandered to the wall on the other side, where she had already seen something like a clock. The numbers were directly on the wall though, and she had figured it was just fancy wall decoration.

"Well, they got some interesting technology in this shit place after all."

Goten snorted. "Can we finish this first before you play around with it?"

Rolling her eyes Bra took the tablet again and started questioning Goten some vocabulary. The evening was still young.