

Make a Difference

Von Nevaeh

Kapitel 11:

He hadn't locked her up, aware that she had no problem kicking his damn doors down. And she would've left immediately, if not for the fact that she wasn't sure she would be able to get back again. It seemed unwise to lock herself out without knowing what was expecting her in the city. She didn't even have any money.

The apartment had been a little more interesting than Yasai's at least. Less plants, but more decoration. He had a huge print of the King on his wall in the living room. Weird, but she didn't want to judge other people's decisions for interior design. Maybe it was mandatory. The walls were light yellow, no plants in the living room, one in the bathroom in front of the huge window. No curtains, see through, and a building on the other side. Bra had made sure to stay out of view as good as possible. The kitchen was barely a kitchen, more a place where he had some dishes and a kettle. The previous night someone came over and delivered food. If it was the norm and not the exception he didn't need more. There was no office, not a lot of personal items, not a lot of civilian clothes. Nothing to read, nothing to listen to, nothing to watch. She wasn't sure if all those things were just on other devices or if the Saiyans really didn't like to relax that way.

Someone came over to bring her something to eat, hours later. It was tasty, much more than what Yasai had given them. Some kind of meat, very soft with something she couldn't quite place, yellow balls, squishy and subtly sweet and some grains. The food was different from home, it filled her right up. Well, if a whole planet full of Saiyans had to eat like she did at home they wouldn't be on Vegeta-sei number three and there were a few billion Saiyans permanently living on the planet...

Nappa came back later in the evening with more food and... the Prince. When he spotted her he immediately ran over. She noticed that someone had braided his hair flat against his head. It looked adorable.

"You were in the office yesterday. Do you live here now? What's your name? What do you do, are you organizing things, are you cleaning? Are you a new teacher?"

Bra giggled, gesturing him to sit next to her. "I'm Bra. I don't live here now, I'm just staying over until I get my own place. Right, Nappa?" Nappa grunted in acknowledgement. That was good. "But I'm not working here. I'm going to study at the university."

"And you extra came here for that? Couldn't you stay in your colony?"

Bra grimaced but didn't correct him. It didn't matter. "The university here is better."

"But no one wants mixed here. I know that because..."

"Vegeta. Get your food and stop babbling. And you, too."

Grumbling, she got up to fetch her plate. "Is anyone allowed to talk or should we stay quiet all the time?"

"If you've got nothing to offer you've got nothing to say, Bura." He smiled at her when he handed her the chopsticks.

They ate quietly. It must've been a rule since Vegeta didn't even try to talk and he seemed to be very curious like all small children. The moment they were done he was right at it again, though. "Do you wanna watch something with me tonight? Nappa said he doesn't have time and you are here anyway, right? Bra?"

"Right." She looked at Nappa, not sure if he really wanted to leave her with the Prince. "You can watch one show and then bed."

Nappa went into his bedroom afterwards, with his tablet. So not leaving the apartment but too busy to play babysitter... that was good.

"Vegeta, I don't know much about Vegeta-sei. Do you want to tell me about it?"

He looked up from where he was fiddling with the remote control, temporarily lost in thought. "Sure! Can I touch your hair?"

She smiled, softly, and lowered her head for him. He yanked on it painfully one time, but it was okay. Afterwards he could barely stop, about how he was training already and how his teachers were so mean sometimes and how the King was scary but he had to meet him once a week anyway and Nappa didn't allow him to do anything ever...

"What about your mother? The Queen?"

Vegeta stopped talking for a moment, frowning. "There is no Queen. My mother is..."

"No Queen? But someone..." *Had to birth you.* The concept was obviously foreign enough that Vegeta didn't immediately know an answer to it.

"My mother is in the troops. I haven't met her. Her name is Zukka. Do you know your mother?"

Zukka, hm? "Yes, I do. Where I come from, when two people like each other they stay together and have children." It was very simplistic, but it wasn't the time to teach that to a four year old. "It's not like that for the royal family?"

"No..." Vegeta looked even deeper in thought. She hoped he won't get a headache.

"No. That sounds weird. Everyone is in the care house, the one were the babies are. I went to the royal school afterwards, with some others. The rest went to a city school. Why should my mother be here? She's not working in the palace."

"But..." Bra let it be. If she confused him too much he would start questioning everything and that would be her fault, then. He got a hint, that had to be enough.

And Bra was a bit wiser. "Doesn't matter. Didn't we want to watch something?"

Vegeta's eyes widened dramatically when he remembered. "It has already started! We need to..."

It was a soap opera about people with green skin and a head full of horns, barely humanoid. Bra couldn't follow any of it, she didn't know the plot and the accent was hard to understand, but Vegeta had fun. He wasn't bothered when she pulled him lightly to her side to lean against her. Goten was gone. She was really alone now. But... at least little Vegeta was with her. If she didn't think too much about it, he could just as well be one of her nieces.

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Vegeta immediately wandered off to get ready for bed when the show was over. It was weird, seeing him so obedient. She definitely hadn't been like that when she was little... Sighing, she got up to go to the bathroom. Yasai had mentioned she would drop Bra's stuff off, but so far she hadn't been able to change her clothes for the last two days. Even slept in it. And she really wanted to smoke and listen to some music. When she came back, Nappa was sitting on the couch, idly looking out the window. There was nothing to see. It was dark and snowing again.

"Is something wrong? Lil Vegeta did go to bed as ordered." She raised an eyebrow, but Nappa didn't react. He just gestured her to sit down. Warily, she followed suit, though she kept a safe distance to him. Who knew what this was all about.

"Your DNA test showed that you are indeed the daughter of Prince Vegeta. So your story is true."

She frowned, not saying anything. She hadn't had any doubts about that.

"How did Vegeta survive?"

So that was it. But if she told him... It was the only thing she had to bargain.

"Did I survive?"

She bit her lip. It made sense that he wanted to know. "Yes. You did. But you died soon after you... found our home planet."

"I see. And Yasai?"

"Hadm't heard of her. There was no one else."

"I wonder how he managed that..."

Bra wasn't sure who he was talking about and she definitely didn't feel like comforting him. He had come to Earth to kill them after all. But he had also made sure that her dad had survived until then. Probably. Maybe. She wasn't sure.

"Dad became a Super Saiyan, you know. He became more powerful than you could even imagine."

Nappa huffed, a weird sound coming from someone that threatening. "But not fast enough."

"He was still a child!" Was that how those people were thinking? Put their whole faith in a four year old? "Why not blame the King? It's his duty to protect you all, or not?"

"I'm not blaming anyone. I wanted to understand how the Prince I had raised ended up forgetting where he came from."

Bra's eyes became stone cold. She had enough of it! "He never had. He's well aware of his *duty* to avenge his people, so much so that I thought it would be good to help you. It wasn't because I care so much about it."

The smile didn't reach his eyes. "You're mixed, but you're still half Saiyan. Have a little pride in that. If you would've been born a proper Saiyan..." He raised his eyebrows. "You and Yasai are very alike. Had I been around you would've turned out just as well as she did."

He got up and walked back to his room while Bra was left sitting with a lump in her throat. *He* had made her like that. He had made her father like that. She had been right to be wary.

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The next day she was grossed out enough to finally wash everything she was wearing. It was annoying to do it by hand, but there wasn't anything looking like a washing machine. They obviously only used their homes to sleep in them... Bra took liberty in taking one of Nappa's sweaters to wear until her clothes were dry. It wasn't her fault everyone was bad at keeping their word. At least it was big and soft and warm and definitely more comfortable than anything she had worn in the last weeks.

While the day passed so very slowly she wondered if they tried to get her spirits down. She almost went crazy with boredom. TV was not very entertaining since she didn't have the necessary cultural background for most of it, stretching only occupied her for an hour, situps and pushups tired her out too quickly to get the time by and lying around staring out the window only made her think about stuff she tried to ignore. Maybe little Vegeta would come back in the evening. It had been fun with him. Goten had been right. They shouldn't have let them separate them.

When she finally heard the door hours later she didn't stir. Nappa would eventually make noise when the food was ready and she hadn't heard Vegeta with him. She closed her eyes again when something hit her legs and she almost fell off the couch, screaming. It was a bag, its contents spilled over her. She saw her purse in the mess.

"Your things." Nappa eyed her, her naked legs poking out from his shirt. "So you don't have to wear my stuff." Bra immediately pulled the shirt down. Her underwear was still drying. Nappa grinned knowingly and dangled another bag in front of her. "Get up, I've got your dinner."

"Thanks. Isn't Vegeta with you?"

"No." When she sat down, Nappa put a small container in front of her. "I didn't have the time to drop him off at his school yesterday. I try to avoid that."

"But aren't you raising the little princes and princesses?" She lifted the lid a bit. It looked like cake.

"I'm supervising. That's a specialty of Vegeta-miyako."

"A what?" The cake? Why was he giving her cake? Was he trying to be nice all of a sudden? It was weirding her out more than the constant animosity.

"Every city on the planet has their own food they know best how to do. That's the one from Vegeta-miyako. To make you appreciate your people some more." He grinned, so damn sure of himself.

"That needs more than some cake, you know." Though when she tried it, it was one of the best things she had ever eaten. No cake on Earth had ever tasted like that, sweet and creamy, with some crispy bits inside, a flavor she couldn't quite identify.

"If you get back to your planet, I want you to tell Vegeta about all of it. All of this." Bra smiled, a tiny smile that barely lifted the sides of her mouth. So he did care a little. "I'll tell him that you have damn good cake, Nappa." That had to be enough. She didn't owe him anything. "I appreciate it though. That you have faith in us making it back. Guess you believe me now that we don't know how we got here?"

He didn't answer and they spent the rest of dinner in silence. When they were done, Bra watched how Nappa put the dishes away. *If* they made it back... she had so many questions. She had never asked, she knew her dad wasn't comfortably talking about it anyway and it hadn't been anything that had interested her. It hadn't been anything that had affected her at all. And now she could use all that knowledge and there was nothing there. Maybe they didn't make it back. Maybe they would be stuck on the damn planet and she couldn't even tell her dad everything she had seen. She wondered if he would like to know some, or if all that had happened while he wasn't on Earth was awful enough that he didn't want a reminder. She only had a vague idea what it could've been, but if it haunted her dad of all people it must've been... awful.

"You two had worked for Freeza. He hadn't told me... how bad it was. Do you think it was bad?"

Nappa put the last plate away, slowly. When he turned around Bra immediately sat up straighter. It was frightening. "We worked for Freeza?"

She frowned, not sure if she had said something especially upsetting. "Yes. I mean... I'm not sure why, but..."

"If he destroyed our planet, there's only one reason we would've worked for him." He was right. It made sense. It made... too much sense. "Bura, coming here was the right decision. You like your father... it's good to spare him from that."

"And you."

"Well..." He shrugged, a gesture weirdly out of place.

"Is it really so bad?"

He stared at her, long enough for her to squirm in her seat. "We have no death sentence on Vegeta-sei. If someone messes up they get transferred to our Lord's troops."

She pressed her lips together, trying not to blurt out the first thought racing through her head. *Give me my father.* He was too young to take care of himself. They may be able to spare him whatever had happened to her father, but she wasn't sure if it was better to leave him on Vegeta-sei. But instead... "Yes. I guess it was the right decision.

When do I get to start at the university?"

"Soon." He hesitated for a moment and Bra already felt anxious about what was coming now. "Do you want to fuck?"

"What? No? Why?" She pulled the shirt down lower. Talk about completely uncalled for!

"Why? Because I asked? What do you do on your planet?" He laughed, but it sounded relaxed. That was good.

"Not just asking. That's... rude. Aren't you with Yasai?" The one he had raised. Something was seriously wrong with the Saiyans.

"What does that have to do with anything? She's not here."

As if that was enough of an explanation. "I'm... I'm not into dicks."

He shrugged again and left. Turned around without another word. She was definitely lacking crucial cultural understanding. Later, when she was lying on the couch again, wearing her own underwear but still the sweater and stared out at the snow she couldn't keep the thoughts from running rampant in her brain anymore. She wondered if Earth had been that confusing to her father as Vegeta-sei was for her. She wondered if Goten was alright. She wondered what had happened, all that time ago. She hoped the month would go over soon. She realized they had to leave the moment Goten was back.

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The next day she finally got a schedule with her classes, a tablet full of additional information and a tiny flat in another building on the palace grounds. She had asked if she could see her father again, but Nappa had been very certain that neither she or him would have time for that. She was also not allowed to contact Goten on his top secret mission. When she sat down on her bed and the storm banged harder than ever against her window she finally realized it. That she was completely alone.

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"Commander Mikan, Nashi, Poroto and Cilek. And this is Son Goten. We have one month to achieve the transformation, so I expect every one of you to give all you got and more if necessary. Understood?"

All four of them immediately screamed in acknowledgement while Goten stood next to Yasai, trying not to show how uncomfortable he was. He knew it made sense to train more than one person how to become a Super Saiyan, but seeing the four that had been chosen made him worry even more. It was one woman, taller than him, her skin almost as black as her dreadlocks. Three men, one with a sharp face, one smaller one with brown skin and a buzzcut and one with curls and thick eyebrows. All of them had the same rank as Yasai and if all of them had her personality...

He didn't know what to do. There hadn't been a good time to mention it, but he had absolutely no idea how he should teach them. He had become a Super Saiyan when he had thrown a temper tantrum as a child. That wouldn't work with those people. And although he was sure they wouldn't be able to hurt him if he failed as an instructor he

was still well aware that if it didn't work out he had to be the one to kill Freeza. Maybe that was all the motivation he needed. Taking a deep breath he tried to calm himself down. It was still a few days until they would reach their destination. He should be able to think of something they could do.

"We will go to Vegeta-sei one for our training. It is remote, barren and not under surveillance." Yasai beamed while everyone started cheering immediately. Of course they were excited about it. Achieving the legendary transformation on their home planet. It was almost like a religious ritual.

He felt cold sweat run down his spine. He shouldn't try sticking to his own advice. *Do what Trunks would do.* This time, he definitely should do what Vegeta would do.